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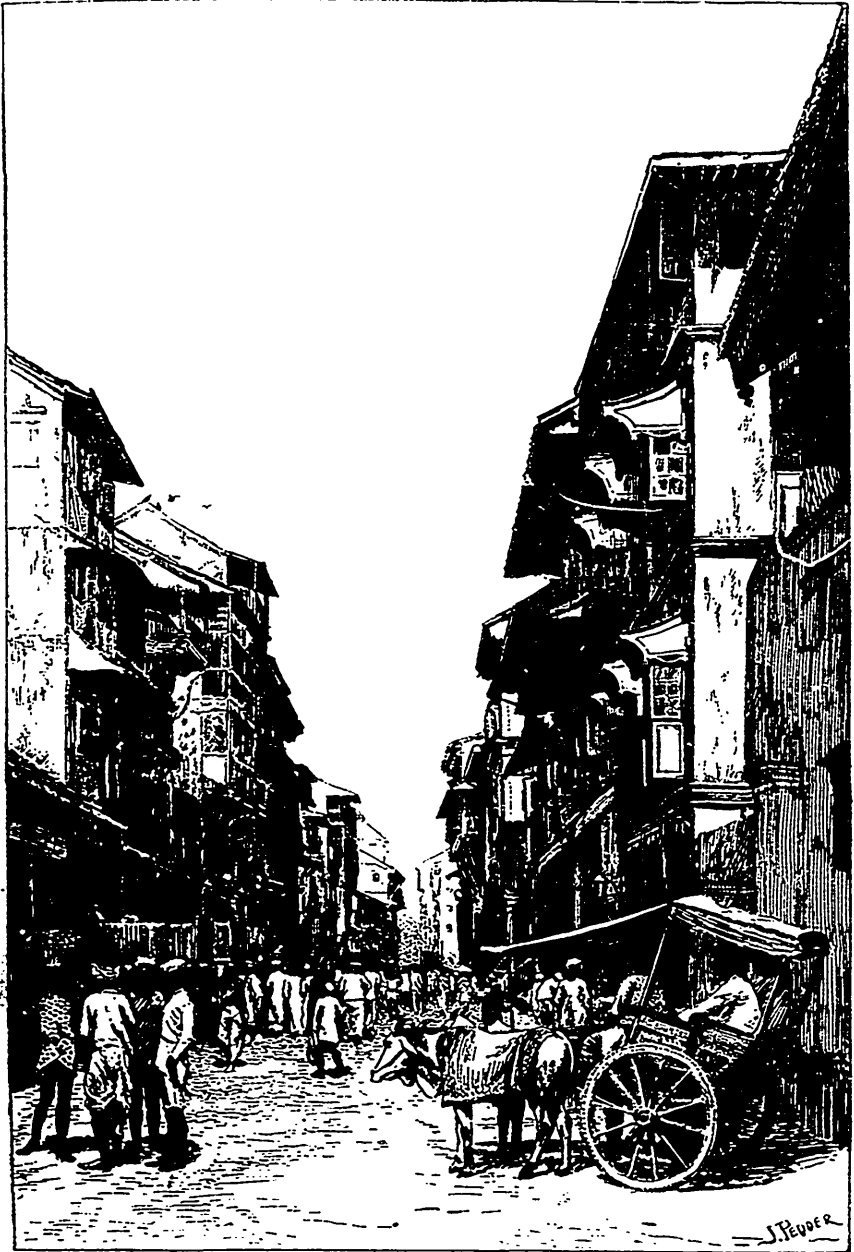
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STREET SCENE IN BOMBAY.

THE
METHODIST MAGAZINE.

DEVOTED TO

Religion, Literature, and Social Progress.

W. H. WITHROW, D.D., F.R.S.C.,
EDITOR.

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THE Methodist Magazine.

JANUARY, 1892.

INDIA: ITS TEMPLES, ITS PALACES, AND ITS PEOPLE.*

I.



A BOMBAY SAILING BOAT.

"In the history of the world," says a recent writer on India, "nothing is more wonderful than the acquisition by England of her Indian empire, except her retention of it. That, at a distance of some thousands of miles, a population of thirty-five millions should control the destinies of a population of two hundred and fifty millions is a fact, the romantic and extraordinary character of which cannot be wholly explained away." We purpose in this series of illustrated articles to present an account of Great Britain's Indian Empire more full and recent and accurate than has ever

been attempted in any Canadian publication.

"India," says the Rev. Dr. Patterson, "forms a great triangle, jutting out from the continent of Asia, having for its base the

* *Picturesque India*. By W. S. CAINE, M.P. 8vo, pp. 606. London: George Routledge & Sons. Toronto: William Briggs.

We are indebted to the courtesy of Mr. W. S. Caine, and of his publishers, Messrs. George Routledge & Co., for the use of the numerous and excellent
VOL. XXXV. No. 1.

Himalaya Mountains, which rise to a height in some places of 29,000 feet, and stretch for a distance of 1,500 miles along its northern frontier. Its length from north to south is over 1,900 miles, and its breadth from east to west, where it is widest, is nearly as great. India is thus equal to the whole of Europe without Russia. It forms a continent rather than a single country, and presents every variety of scenery and climate, from the highest mountains in the world, with summits robed in perpetual snow, to river deltas, only a few inches above the level of the sea and scorched with the most fiery tropical heat.

“The population of India amounts to over 254,000,000—equal to that of all Europe, without Russia, and more than double what Gibbon estimated the Roman Empire to contain in its palmy days. Of these, over 200,000,000, or about four-fifths, reside in those Provinces directly under the British Government, and the remainder in those States under subordinate native rulers. Among them are spoken ninety-eight languages, with a much larger number of dialects. In religion over fifty millions are Mohammedans, and a million and three-quarters Christians, of whom the majority are Roman Catholics, leaving 200,000,000 of heathen.”

The British East India Company, though formed in 1600, had up to the middle of the last century only six factories scattered over the peninsula. The real beginning of English political ascendancy was in 1757, when on the banks of the Indus, where the foot of an Alexander had faltered, a merchant's clerk conquered an empire. With three thousand troops, on the Plains of Plassey, Robert Clive routed an army of sixty thousand and laid the foundations of our Indian Empire of 250,000,000 souls. The almost uniform success of the English Company attracted alliances with the native chiefs, and gradually the British rule became extended over nearly the whole country. Not all the annexations can be justified, yet on the whole this vast extension of power has been a providential responsibility which could not be avoided.

We shall have occasion to speak often of an Indian bungalow. We, therefore, pause to describe it. A bungalow still forms the

engravings which will illustrate this series of papers, and also for permission to draw upon Mr. Caine's magnificent volume for most of the descriptive text that will accompany these engravings. Mr. Caine's book contains two large folding maps of Northern and Southern India, prepared by W. and A. K. Johnston, and has two hundred and sixty engravings, many of them full page. For those who wish to have full account of the entire country, in a single volume, we commend this book as best within our knowledge.—ED.

favourite residence of the European. It is a villa or cottage of one floor only, with wide doors, and an abundance of large windows, provided with venetian blinds, or lattices instead of glass. It is built of brick, but plastered with a fine white lime, made from sea-shells; and it is always surrounded by a wide verandah, where the inmates may incline at ease, enjoying the grateful shade and the cool sea-air. Within, the bungalow consists of clean, neat, spacious apartments, having cement floors



A CORNER OF THE COTTON GREEN.

covered with matting, and furniture tastefully made, together with objects of ornament in sandal-wood or ivory. Over the dining-table and over the couches hang punkahs, or movable ventilators, which by their motion diffuse a pleasant coolness. The curtains are of bobbinet, and hung so as to complete the elegant *ensemble* of the fairy-like abode. Nearly every bed in the bungalow is likewise enclosed in bobbinet curtains, without which protection the ubiquitous mosquitoes would assuredly murder rest.

The kitchen and "offices" are in the "compound," or enclosed ground to the side or rear of the house: and here the large staff of native servants, nearly all men, obtain accommodation. Shrubs of much beauty and variety, mingled with feathery palms and acacias, render the compound attractive, and frequently a garden is formed, with soft lawns and beds of flowers. But unless it is plentifully watered by artificial irrigation, its appearance is anything but inviting.

India presents one of the most important mission fields in the world. With a civilization and a literature going back to long before the time of Christ; with its highly cultivated Brahmin



A BOMBAY BRAHMIN.

caste and a vast substratum of human wretchedness, it presents at once extraordinary difficulties and remarkable facilities for the diffusion of the Gospel. While the proud Brahmin looks down from the heights of a lofty scorn on his conquerors, who were naked savages at a time when the ancient pundits of India were then learned sages, yet now, as in the days of the personal ministry of our Lord, the common people, weary with waiting for a healer of their woes, hear gladly the Word of Life.

The Hindus, or original natives of India, whether professedly Buddhist or Brahmins, are pagans, and consequently idolaters. They build splendid temples to the honour of their numerous gods, in which are set up idols of gold, silver, brass, wood and stone, frequently of the most hideous and repulsive form.

To these idol shrines are brought offerings of food, fruit and flowers; and although the gods cannot appropriate the offerings, the priests in attendance, who live in ease and indolence, can; and thus the simple people are deceived. On the occasion of their great festivals, when the people congregate to the number of tens of thousands, the sin and folly of these miserable idolaters are most apparent. Then may be heard the wild and frantic shouts of the multitude as they drag along the car of Juggernaut,

crushing beneath its ponderous wheels the wretched victims devoted to destruction, to propitiate their bloodthirsty deities. Then may be seen devotees with iron hooks thrust through their flesh, swinging in the air amid the deafening shouts of the mad-dened throng, who regard the act as highly religious.

"Hinduism," says the Rev. Dr. Lathern "is the central fortress of civilized heathenism. The world has no other such closely compacted system of error. Hoary with age, it challenges attention on the ground of its great antiquity. Its temples are magnificent, and its ritual adapted to the popular sense. Millions of priests avow their belief in countless millions of gods, and all are pledged to the perpetuation of these false religions. Rising height above height, like the ranges and ridges of the Himalayás, the shadows of this stupendous and embattled structure seem to darken the day, and its proud spires to pierce the skies. Hinduism numbers 160,000,000 of adherents, and is one of the mightiest of earth's idolatries. One of the most eminent of modern missionaries, when first confronted by this towering and frowning citadel of error, realized keenly the sense of his own weakness and the utter insufficiency of human resource. A feeling came over him, such as he might have had if he had undertaken to cut down the primeval forest with the blade of a knife, to level the Himalayas with a pickaxe, or to empty the Ganges with a teacup. 'What field on the surface of the globe can be compared to Hindustan, sunk beneath the load of the most debasing superstitions, and the cruellest idolatries that ever polluted the surface of the earth, or brutalized the nature of man?'"

"Temples," continues Dr. Lathern, "are a prominent feature of Hinduism. Benares alone boasts ten thousand splendid fanes. India is a land of superb and stately structures. The Seringham pagoda was erected at a cost equal to that of St. Paul's. There are several groups of religious buildings in the Tanjore district, each one of which involved an expenditure equal to that of an English cathedral. Hindu temples, however, have little resemblance to the churches of Christendom. They seem to have more in common with the Hebrew temple at Jerusalem—court within court, terrace rising above terrace, and a diminished central site for the main sanctuary. The space occupied by a popular idol in India is usually flanked by extensive enclosures, comprising several acres. But as you pass through court after court to the hideous gloom of the contemptible sanctuary, the buildings diminish in size and elaboration.

"But what shall be said of the idols, in a land that is wholly given to idolatry? In addition to more exalted divinities, the

minor gods and goddesses are all but innumerable. Heavenly bodies, various productions of the earth, beneficent rivers, the mysterious wind, the cloud-capped mountain, the spreading banyan, the sacred ox, the gamboling monkey, the noxious reptile, stocks and stones, mean and miscellaneous things, fair or foul, angel or demon, through hope or through fear, find a place in the pantheon. The Hindu makes to himself graven images, the likeness of anything in heaven above, or in the earth beneath, or in the waters under the earth, and bows down to them and worships them.



A BRAHMIN WOMAN.

“India is the land of pilgrimages. It has numerous cities and shrines and streams of reputed sanctity; and for the sake of penance, ablution or some ceremonial observance, multitudes of people are perpetually on the move. At the annual festivals, in honour of popular idols, thousands of pilgrims throng to the temple service. Many of these are weary wanderers after rest. Waters of sacred rivers are regarded as efficacious for the cleansing of moral pollution; and, as the most magnificent river, the Ganges, is thought to be specially potent for the purifying of the soul. As a means of salvation, or for the accumulation of merit, a Hindu achieves immense feats of devotion. Think of a pilgrim, starting from the source of the Ganges,

traversing the river to its mouth, measuring the same distance on the opposite bank, and getting back to the starting-point at the end of six years!”

When nearly the whole of India and Ceylon was brought under British rule, a brighter day dawned upon the country than it had ever seen before. With all its faults, the British Government of

India has been merciful, mild and benign, compared with that of its Mohammedan rulers, who previously swayed the sceptre; and it has been more likely to benefit the people than the partial and temporary rule of other European powers which it has in a great measure superseded. But though open to English commerce, India, by the decree of the East India Company, was closed to Christ's Gospel. For many years it discouraged every effort that was made to evangelize the Hindus, and even prohibited Christian missionaries from settling in the country so long as it was in its power to do so. In the midst of numerous difficulties and discouragements, however, the Church, Scottish, London, Baptist, American, Wesleyan and other Missionary Societies, have done much towards spreading the light of the Gospel among the dark, benighted, teeming millions of India.

After these introductory remarks we are prepared to follow Mr. Caine's admirable descriptive account of this great Indian Empire, beginning with the busy seaport on the west coast, Bombay.

Bombay has been called "The Eye of India." It is the largest, most populous, and enterprising city in the Empire. More than half the imports and exports of all India pass through its custom-house. Nine-tenths of the persons entering or leaving the country do so at Bombay; it is without exception the finest modern city in Asia, and the noblest monument of British enterprise in the world. The traveller, eager for the wonders of Agra, Delhi, or Benares, is too often satisfied with a couple of days spent in driving through its spacious streets, neglectful of the wonderful life of this great city and seaport, seeing nothing of its institutions, its arts and manufactures, or the interesting peoples who make up its population of 800,000 souls.

The various government buildings, though handsome in elevation, have no details of interest, containing merely a succession of offices for the use of the clerks connected with the different departments. The finest building in all Bombay is the new railway station and offices of the Great India Peninsula Railway, completed in 1888, at a cost of £300,000. Its great dome, surmounted by a huge figure of Progress, dominates the whole city, and is conspicuous from every open space.

The markets of Bombay, like those of every Asiatic city, are full of picturesque interest to a European visitor. The best time to visit the market is in the early morning, about seven o'clock, when the flower and fruit stalls are at their best, and the fresh fish is being brought in from the bay. In the Castle and Arsenal are stored every kind of warlike material and ordnance, sufficient to furnish an army of ten thousand men at a day's notice. The

workshops employ nearly a thousand artizans, making tents, harness, saddlery, accoutrements, and other equipments, or cleaning and repairing small arms. In the Compound the European stranger will probably see his first banyan trees, one of which is three hundred years old, whose shade is utilized as a sort of museum of ancient and curious guns.

Bombay, after New Orleans, is the greatest cotton port in the world, and a visit should be paid to the Cotton Green about noon, at which time "high change" sets in. Any open market in India is sure to be a striking picture of native life, brightened with an endless variety of costume and kaleidoscopic colour. The cotton



THE GREAT CAVE AT ELEPHANTA.

market of Bombay is no exception. Four million cwts. are exported from Bombay in the year, and over two millions more are consumed in the eighty-two mills in the Bombay presidency, the bulk of which are in the city; the value of all this cotton is about £12,000,000.

The human life of Bombay differs from that of every other Indian city by the dominating element of the Parsis, who, by their wonderful energy, enterprise and education, have become the most important and powerful influence in the Bombay presidency. These people are the descendants of ancient Persians, who fled from their native land before the Muhammadan conquerors of Persia, and who settled at Surat 1,100 or 1,200

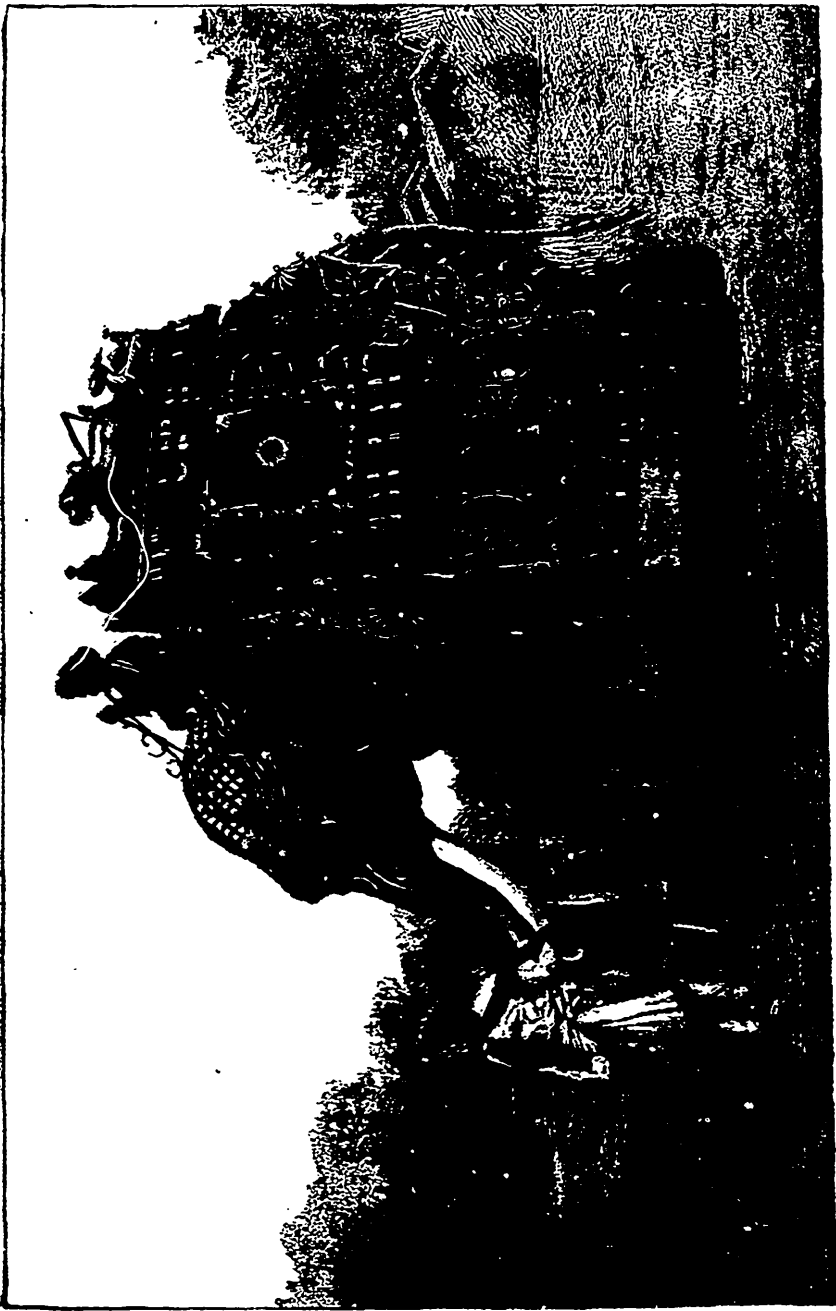
years ago. They now number in all about 70,000, the great majority of whom reside in Bombay. They speak English fluently, and it is carefully taught in their schools. The founder of their religion was Zoroaster, whom tradition says was a disciple of the Hebrew prophet Daniel. He teaches a pure and lofty morality, summed up in three precepts of two words each, viz., good thoughts, good words, good deeds, of which the Parsi continually reminds himself by the triple coil of his white cotton girdle, which never leaves him.

The Parsis are often spoken of as "Fire Worshipers," a term which they rightly repudiate with indignation. They are Theists. God, according to the Parsi faith, is the emblem of glory, refulgence, and spiritual life; and therefore the Parsi, when praying, either faces the sun, or stands before fire, as the most fitting symbol of the Deity. The interior of their temples is entirely empty, except for the sacred fire in a small recess, which is never allowed to expire. The walls are bare, without the slightest decoration. There is no pleasanter sight in Bombay than the groups of pious Zoroastrians praying at sunset along the shores of Back Bay.

The "good deeds" of the Parsis are in evidence all over Bombay, and are by no means confined to their own people. The charities of Sir Jamsetji Jijibhai, his sons and grandsons, would need a volume to describe. Hospitals, schools, dispensaries, colleges, and other valuable institutions are scattered over town and province with a lavish hand. One of his sons is known to have thus given away a quarter of a million sterling. No community in the history of the world has, in proportion to its numbers and wealth, such a charitable record to produce; it puts modern Christianity to the blush.

Hindu charities are also large and generous, but usually confined to their own people. Their benevolent endowments generally feed the hungry, clothe the naked, or erect and maintain temples. The most curious and interesting of the Hindu charities is the Hospital for Aged and Infirm Animals, at Pinjrapole, which is a unique institution. Here, in cages and inclosures, are hundreds of decrepit cows, mangy dogs and cats, parrots, pigeons, and other domestic pets, fed and cared for tenderly in their old age.

At Surat there are also three or four hospitals for sick animals, and about one thousand head of cattle can be accommodated by them. The sick are physicked, the feeble taken tenderly into the suburbs to graze on green pastures, and the chance calves nursed into maturity and used as servants to the hospital patients.



STATE ELEPHANT OF THE GAEKWAR.

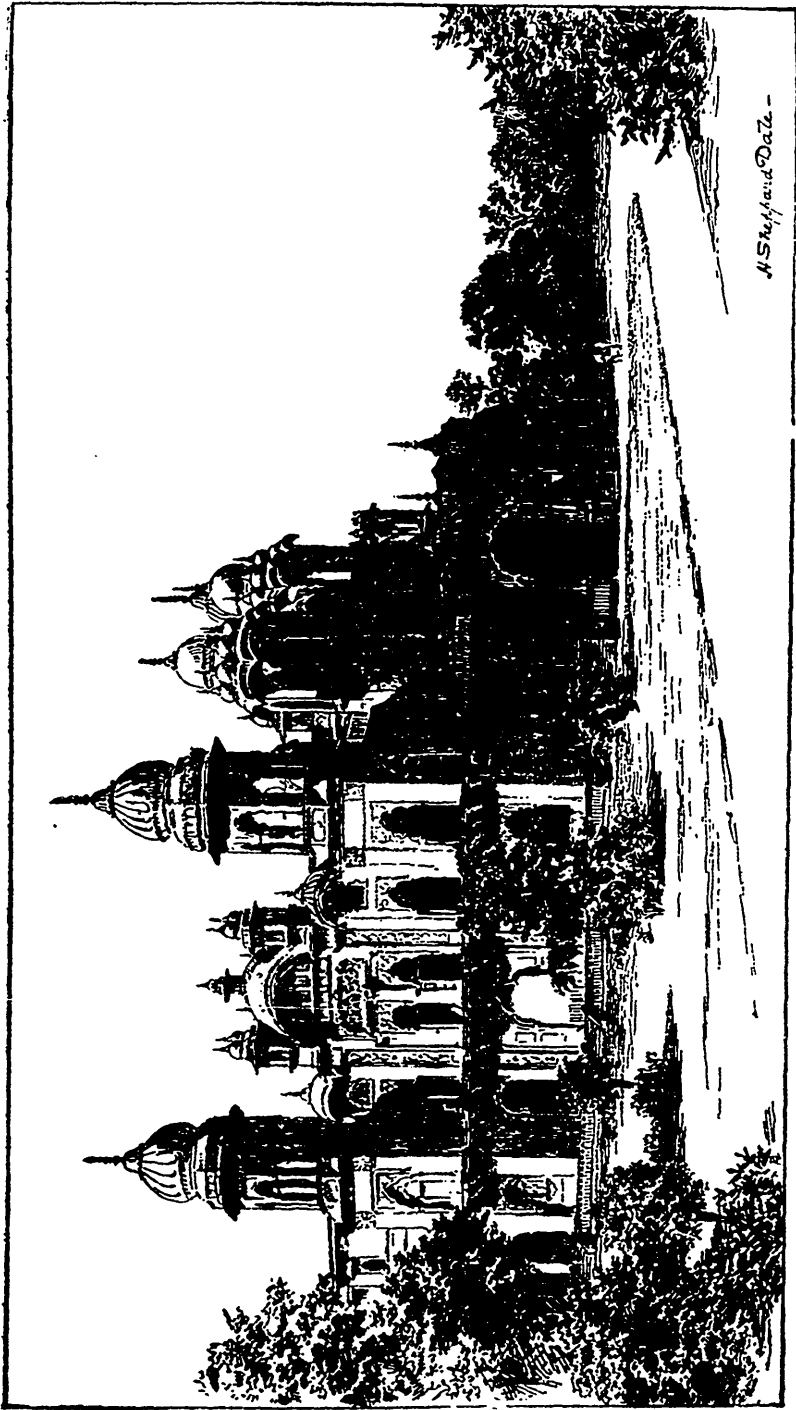
There are cages of deteriorated street dogs—a gruesome sight—fowls with hopeless pip, attenuated sheep and goats, ragged old cage-birds; and at Ovington hospital, even insects are cared for, for in a separate chamber bugs, fleas, and other vermin are fondly cherished.

The traveller, in India, will find a never-ending amusement and interest in the crowds of gaily dressed natives swarming in and out of the shops, the quaintly frescoed houses, or the mosques and temples. Everything is done in the open air. The shops are frontless, and the bargains driven on the parapet in front, while each handicraft is pursued under the eyes of every passer-by. In India everything is hand-wrought, and is therefore a work of art.

At busy times of the day, the narrow cross streets, in which the various trades and crafts group themselves, are blocked with a noisy, good-humoured crowd of men and women, innumerable ox-carts, fakirs, pedlars, beggars, water-carriers, dogs, crows, kites, pigeons, and parrots. Every Indian has a love of jewellery, and a wealthy Hindu often has £20,000 or £30,000 worth in his safe for the decoration of himself and the ladies of his zenana, while the poor choose this form of investment in preference to any other. It is a common thing to see some women sweeping the streets or carrying a load of cow dung with gold and silver bangles, and armlets of considerable value, or wearing a handsome hemispherical gold ornament, peculiar to the women of Bombay.

The Caves of Elephanta are visited as a matter of course by every stranger who comes to Bombay. Elephanta is a small green island, six miles distant from the Bunder across the bay. There is no necessity for filling pages with a lengthy description of these interesting Hindu monuments, dating from about the 10th century. The principal temple is 130 feet square, the roof of the cave being sustained by twenty-six massive fluted pillars, and sixteen pilasters. Round the walls are groups of massive figures, from twelve to twenty feet high, carved out of the solid rock.

Missions.—Just four per cent. of the Indian population of Bombay are Christian, and this includes Portuguese and Eurasians. The Church Missionary Society established a station in Bombay in 1820. The Salvation Army are doing good work among sailors and other Europeans, beside rescue work and prison visitation. They are held in high esteem by many of the leading Parsis and Hindus, who subsidise the Army for temperance work among the cotton-mill hands.



H. Sheppard Del.

PART OF THE GAJWAR'S NEW PALACE.

At Surat a Protestant Mission was first established in 1812. It was in connection with the Baptist Mission in Bengal. The present Mission Press, from which millions of Christian books and Scriptures in Gujarati have been issued, was started by Mr. Skinner in 1820. Nearly 8,000,000 pages, of which upwards of five-and-a-quarter millions were of purely religious literature, issued from the Mission Press, Surat, in 1888, and 110,835 books were bound in it.

Baroda is a non-tributary independent Native State of the first rank, in direct political relation with the Government of India. Its ruler is called "the Gaekwar," which signifies "a cowherd." The Gaekwar has just completed a superb modern palace, estimated to cost £300,000. It is the most elaborate specimen of Indo-Saracenic style in all India, and its internal decorations are wonderful in detail and variety. The trappings of the State elephant are very gorgeous and magnificent. The regalia of Baroda is valued at £3,000,000 sterling. At a little distance from the palace are two guns, weighing 280 pounds each, of solid gold, with two companions of silver, the ammunition waggons, bullock harness, and ramrods being all silver.

LEADING AND FOLLOWING.

BY ANNIE CLARKE.

"And when He putteth forth His own sheep, He goeth before them."--John x. 4.

HE goeth before them
 All the long way,
 Up the high mountain,
 Barren and gray ;
 Down the dark valley,
 Misty and cold ;
 Bravely they follow—
 Love makes them bold.

He goeth before them,
 Dim is the light,
 Loud rings the tempest,
 Dark grows the night.
 Calmly they follow,
 Fearing no ill,
 Loving His leading,
 Trusting Him still.

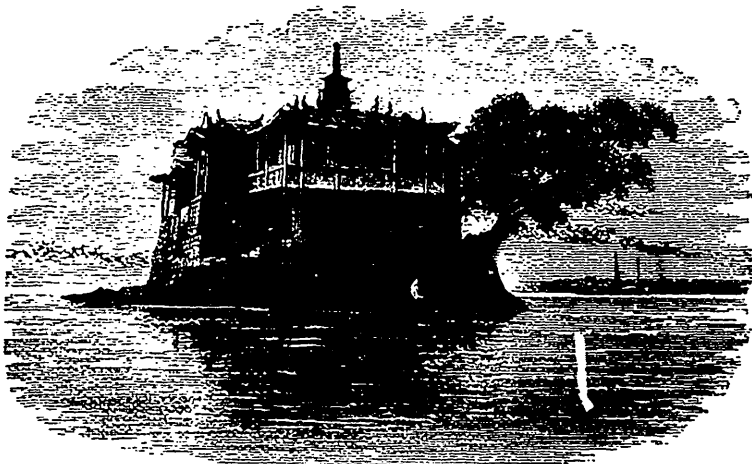
HE goeth before them,
 Out of the night
 Into the dawning,
 Into the light !
 Out of the tempest
 Into the calm,
 Where the wind loiters,
 Breathing of balm.

He goeth before them,
 Pastures are green,
 Still are the waters,
 Golden their sheen !
 Gladly they follow,
 Safely they rest
 Joyfully proving
 His way the best.

VICTORIA, B.C.

THE REV. DR. HART'S MISSIONARY JOURNEY IN
WESTERN CHINA.

BY REV. JAMES COOKE SEYMOUR.



TEMPLE IN THE RIVER MIN. NEAR FOO CHOW.

CHRISTIAN missionaries have all along been among the truest pathfinders of empire. They are to-day mapping out many new nations whose magnificent future is not far off. They are tracing the lineaments of a vast and permanent renaissance in the old and oldest civilizations of the world.

We owe a debt of gratitude to one of these heroes, the Rev. Dr. Hart, whose book on "Western China and Mount Omei" has recently been issued from the American press. This is a vivid picture of China's "Far West"—a portion of the Flowery Land until recently hermetically sealed to foreign knowledge. This charming book becomes specially interesting to Canadian Methodists when it is remembered that the region it so graphically describes is the chosen field for the latest venture in missionary enterprise of Canadian Methodism, and the eloquent writer is at this moment leading a noble band to begin the work in that remote province of China. The narration of the journey to Western China describes the route in large part by which our Canadian contingent will reach their field of labour.*

*In the accompanying map of China the large star indicates the part of the country in which it is intended to open up the work of the Canadian Methodist Mission. Some idea of the distance our missionaries will have to travel to reach their destination may be gained from the fact that after

We will let Dr. Hart largely speak for himself. In April, 1887, he, with several other missionaries, started from the city of Hankow for their long and perilous journey. Hankow is on the Yang-tse River, about 650 miles from its mouth, and, including suburbs, has a population of at least 800,000. Their first run was to Ichang, 160 miles "as the crow flies," but 360 counting the bends in the river. The steamer on which they had embarked was a worn-out "tub." Her rate of progress gave poor prospects of reaching Ichang in ten days. "I asked the engineer," relates Dr. Hart, "our present rate of speed. In my innocence I had fired a bomb, and was somewhat startled by the pyrotechnic explosion which followed. 'She is doing well—quite four knots an hour,' he said."

The people of this province showed little respect for foreigners. The air was often rent with the shout of "foreign devil," while mud and clay were hurled upon the boat from every available quarter. "This portion of China," says Dr. Hart, "has often been described. The geologist, botanist, archæologist and ethnologist have crossed and recrossed this rich, alluvial basin, teeming with millions of people, and filled to plenteousness with the rich and varied products of a never-impooverished soil.

"Thousands of junks anchored along the shore give an appearance of thrift not seen elsewhere above Hankow. The Tungting, one hundred miles above Hankow, is the largest lake in China. It is the centre of a large timber traffic. Rape-seed in full bloom is seen in all directions, and fills the air with fragrance. In the distance are mulberry orchards, the trees laden with large, dark, tender leaves, while here and there are fruit trees white with blossoms. Four-wheeled waggons are drawn along the banks by water-buffaloes. A wheel-barrow of a peculiar construction, such as I have not seen elsewhere, is used here.

they arrive at the mouth of the River Yang-tse-kiang, which will occupy about twenty-eight days, it will take about two months to reach Ching-too—the principal mode of travel up the river being in native boats, which is necessarily slow.

Dr. Hart, in setting forth the advantages arising from the position of the province in which our work is to be located, gave as one, the lack of foreign element. It is disgraceful that one of the chief difficulties the missionary has to encounter is the wickedness introduced and indulged in by those representing Christian nations.

Some idea of the size of the country may be gained by observing that it stretches through over twenty degrees of longitude and from about the twentieth to the fortieth of latitude. Our readers will do well to follow Dr. Hart's travels on the map.

It has a small wheel, not more than a foot in diameter, placed two or three feet in front of the large wheel, and is supported by shafts.



“As everywhere in the mountainous districts of China, so here are magic streams, fairy dells and wonderful caves which are the scenes of mythical and legendary tales without number. The people tell of a strange race, having white faces and red hair, who

came down the rapids in ancient times and took possession of these caves and pillaged all the neighbouring land. From whence they came and to what race they belonged was never known; but when they were satisfied with their booty they vanished into the land of mystery.

"Ichang is situated upon the north bank of the river. The annual rise and fall of the river is about sixty feet. Although it was dark before we came to anchor, our arrival caused an excitement, and a line of battle junks lying near the shore saluted us with a fierce cannonading on account of a military officer who was on board. The amount of powder burned, and the din and display made in the reception of a third-grade officer, made me wonder what would be done should the Emperor himself arrive. We had come on a feast night, and all the shore was alive. The river was studded with red lights for several miles; they swept past us in all directions, bobbing up and down with the waves and circling round and round with the currents.

"We were detained nine days in Ichang, all of which time was spent in hiring a boat and making ready for our journey. The boatmen regard all foreigners as treasure-houses, and begin by demanding of them three times the price they would ask of a native for the same service. The boat for Chung-King, 400 miles to the west, is at last secured. The unnumbered objections, quibbles and evasions practised by that meek, emaciated captain are too numerous to be recorded. A boat is seventy feet long and eleven wide. In the centre of the open deck, and extending its whole length, is a pit four feet wide and three feet deep, in which are a furnace, kettles, coal, bricks, store-room and pantry. This is presided over by a diminutive being with sore eyes and small pigtail, with just sufficient intellect to boil a pot of tea and steam a caldron of rice, and jump on deck in trying times and holler with the best on board. Here he stands full sixteen hours a day, washing, wiping, rattling chopsticks, fanning, blowing, scraping kettles, punching the fire and wiping his eyes—an indispensable being, the glory of every craft.

"At length we are in the Ichang gorge, with the cool and gentle April breeze in our faces. Its grandeur cannot be painted with word or brush. The wide river has narrowed to two hundred yards, and flows as quietly as the Hudson, while on either side tower cliffs of limestone, slate, conglomerate and granite, to the height of fifteen hundred to three thousand feet. Here and there are clefts a thousand feet high and a hundred wide. Pretty cones stand up carpeted with grass and shaded with firs—a mass of living green. These tiny parks, with their lovely climate,

furnish a home to numerous birds and insects. On the more sloping shelves small patches of wheat, barley and peas are seen. Trees of many kinds with their roots grapple with rocks; flowering shrubs cling to every crevice, while ferns and blossoms hang from the damp, over-jutting boulders.

“Everything we see around us has a fascinating interest; even the clumsy junks, rowed by fifty men or more, rushing into view as by magic, and lost as quickly. The men are screaming as they row. One stands in their midst; he looks daggers at this file, and then at that; he stamps his feet and yells and pitches their screaming on a higher key. Each man tugs at the oar with all his force, until the long clumsy timbers bend and creak. I had wondered why we had so much bamboo-rope on board, for our house is covered with immense coils of it, while every boat we see is piled with stacks of rope and cable. At the rapid I saw the need for this, when a thousand feet and more were dragged out by a hundred men and drawn over sharp rocks or through holes worn a foot deep by constant friction. I have never seen a severer or more degrading occupation than tracking a junk up this river, nor one that was less remunerative. Three dollars a month without board cannot be a great inducement, yet there is no lack of sailors ready for the work. Whenever we are to ascend a dangerous rapid—and nearly all are so considered by the natives—a boatman brings out an old, rusty, four-barrelled blunderbuss, rams the barrels full of powder, and stations himself at the side of the boat for the most serious business connected with the ascent. As the boat strikes the first fierce breakers one barrel is discharged into the water. The gun is then dropped upon deck and the sailor tugs for a while at the ropes. When we have swung around and ploughed and plunged sufficiently with little progress, he drops his work, whatever it may be, and fires again. The third and fourth chambers are likewise emptied if the business is continued long enough.

“To those acquainted with the Chinese ideas of demonology this will appear to be the most natural and necessary proceeding. Malicious spirits are in and around all dangerous places, ready to do all manner of mischief. They can be frightened by terrific sounds. In passing all such places the Chinaman beats a gong, explodes fire-crackers or powder in any form. During the day several reports of cannon were heard, and immediately after each one a beautifully constructed paper boat came in sight and passed down on its religious voyage. All this to appease the wrath of the dragon-king.”

At Kwei-cheu-foo was a telegraph office with ten operators,

whose average work was ten messages a day, one for each. The missionary party sold some books at this place—pictorial Scriptures and other illustrated Christian literature. The people



THE GREAT WALL OF CHINA.

happened to be "in good nature, pilfered no more than usual, and cheated in paying quite in the regular way." On nearing Tungling Point the skipper made a blunder in trying to run a rapid, which came near proving a serious disaster. "In came the water, and over went tables, chairs, boxes, trunks, cutlery, crockery, bottles and empty tins went flying to leeward. The oven was shattered, ashes, charcoal, and flour all mixed together. The rudder-room was nearly demolished, and the old gold-washed god was cast down from his throne and hung dangling by the side of the boat." Fortunately things soon got righted.

Dr. Hart often stepped on shore and made little excursions while the boat was rounding a point or slowly making its way. One of these he thus describes: "Yung-yang-hsien is an attractive city. A fine monastery stands on the opposite bank of the river. These temples strike one as far above the average Chinese building in symmetry, and have

several beautiful cupolas covered with green-glazed tiles, which glistened in the early morning sun. The monastery is noted for possessing the head of the celebrated warrior Chang-fei, of the third century. It is supposed to be enclosed in a shrine here, and is worshipped, while his body is at Pao-ling-foo, and is also enshrined as a god. The country is becoming daily more interesting and more productive. Here, as in other parts of the province, there are regular market days—every third day.

“The *chai*, or cities of refuge, are very numerous, and some of them most picturesque, perhaps none more so than Shih-pao. There is a small town around this peculiar rock with a large temple facing the river, and behind it is a nineteen-storied wooden tower. It is one of the most striking works of art we have yet seen.”

Even in that Far West the opium curse is visible everywhere. Poppy culture is the favourite and most lucrative of all farming operations, and the best of the land is given up to it. “The price of rice has risen one-third within twenty-five years owing to this constant poppy encroachment, and we see the two greatest crops grown in many sections of the province—opium and Indian corn—turned to deleterious uses, namely, smoking and drinking. Very little corn is eaten or fed to stock, so extensively is it distilled into alcohol. The sallow complexion of the people, their emaciated forms and languid movements attract our attention everywhere along the river. I do not see a beautiful face or figure, nor a rosy cheek; a dead leaden colour is on all faces, old and young, male and female. Upon the mountain sides are hundreds of workmen; approach these busy labourers and you will see this death-like pallor on all faces. The climate seems the acme of perfection—a long, pleasant summer, with a cool, agreeable autumn and bracing winter. There is plenty of food, and of excellent quality for China—rice, wheat, millet, peas, beans, corn, oils and fruits of many varieties—all within the reach of the humblest labourer. Yet the pallor of death is everywhere. Not cities alone, but the quiet, out-of-the-way places are all saturated and besmeared with the black paste opium, even to the gods. Oh, seductive viper! Curse of millions! Who shall dare to stand up in the presence of this fast-fading, degenerating people, and say the evil is not wide-spread and fatal?

“The city of Tophet is beautifully situated. The little picturesque mount below the city is one of the most interesting points to travellers in China. It is literally covered to its top—which is about five hundred feet above the river—with large temples and mammoth banyans. More celebrated, however, than its beauty, is the historical notoriety to which it has attained, first

from Taoist recluses and next from the wonderful claims put forward by the Buddhists, who for a time have held a sort of religious monopoly of the Hadean manifestations here exhibited to the upper world. Some of the stone monuments erected a thousand years ago are still standing, and the characters engraved upon them are still decipherable. Yen-lq-Wang, King of Tartarus, is the chief divinity worshipped; but the religious tastes of the Chinese are too varied to permit any one god to hold absolute sway over any celebrated locality, so we find both Buddhist and Taoist gods, who hold the destinies of mortals in their keeping—not only in Sheol and Hades, but in Paradise—receiving full honours here. The Goddess of Mercy, with a thousand hands and eyes, is popular here as everywhere throughout China. Votive offerings are in very general use all over China, and many are promised which are never paid.



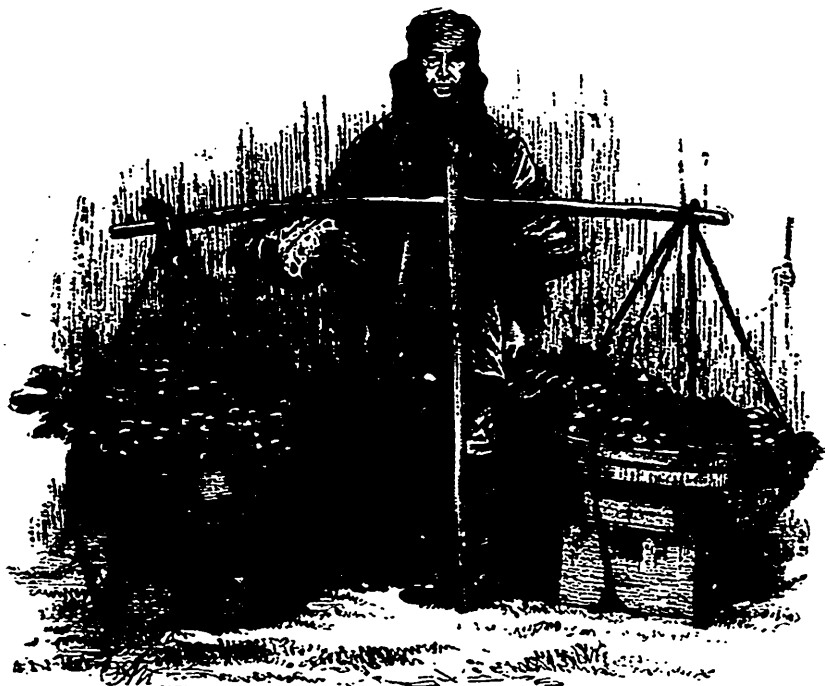
PART OF GREAT WALL, WITH TOWERS.

“A story is told of a man on a boat which was in great danger of being wrecked, who vowed that if saved he would give a certain saint a taper as large as himself. A fellow-sufferer suggested that he would not remember his promise, when the first man replied, ‘Did you think me in earnest. Let me get my feet on dry ground, and I would not give him so much as a tallow candle.’ But the amount of offerings adorning these temples prove that many such promises are religiously fulfilled.

“The only evidence I had of the proximity of Fung-teu (Tophet) was that as I sought my boat above the city a crowd of vagabonds followed me, throwing mud and gravel.”

Coming to anchor at the somewhat important city of Feu-cheu our traveller had an agreeable greeting. “Irish potatoes in full bloom are no longer a rare sight, but to stumble into a cabbage garden—foreign cabbages, beautiful heads—was a greeting. I

congratulated the old gardener upon his success. His wife stood by a stone handmill near the cottage door grinding wheat; with one hand she turned the upper stone, and with the other dashed water and wheat into a hole in the top of the stone, while a wheaten paste poured out into a receptacle below. I thought she looked at me with surprise and disgust until she heard me bargaining with her lord for ten cabbages, when something like admiration came into her wrinkled face. It is wonderful what a cheery influence foreign products in the country and foreign merchandise in the city have upon the traveller."



FRUIT VENDOR, NORTHERN CHINA.

Another great section of the voyage drew near its close, and another important city came in sight. "The approach to Chung-King," continues Dr. Hart, "is, if possible, more beautiful than that to any other city on the Yang-tse. Looking up the Golden Sands, a beautiful range of mountains is seen eastward from the city, from thirteen to eighteen hundred feet high, the farthest and highest one being crowned with a white pagoda called Wen-fung (literary luck), built fifty years ago to regulate the literary fortunes of the city. Just above us stands a fine temple to the Emperor Yu, the great mythological deity of the Yang-tse. There is a legend that Yu took a wife from this locality, and that

she dwelt here while he was engaged in the herculean task of opening sufficient waterway to the ocean. He must have 'eaten a great deal of bitterness' in the work, and one could hardly blame him for stopping his Titanic task long enough to take a wife and a short rest upon the beautiful slopes of Tu-san. Before it was completed he is said to have passed his own door three times. Although he heard the wailing of his infant, he would not stop, so pressing was the work. I am sorry he did not make the gorges a little wider, and remove some of the dangerous reefs with a few blows of his ponderous hammer."

It remains only that we give a brief account of engravings which accompany this article. We give on page 21 an illustration of the Great Wall, built upon the northern boundaries of the empire two hundred years before the Christian era. It was designed as a defence against the warlike Tartars, but is now quite useless. It is the most gigantic work of defence ever erected by man. It runs from a point on the coast of Liautung in a westerly direction to the Yellow River, thence in a northern and again in a north-western direction to its termination, making with its windings a length of 1,250 or 1,500 miles. In some places it is a simple rampart, in others a solid foundation of granite, while the eastern section has a height of from fifteen to thirty feet, and a breadth such that six horsemen may ride abreast upon it. There are brick towers upon it at different intervals, about forty feet high. The wall passes through the valleys and over lofty mountain ranges. What energy and patience the Chinese must have had to build this enormous structure, which has lasted now for over two thousand years! We give also a smaller cut of a section of this wall on page 23.

The Chinese, like the Japanese, have an eye to picturesque scenery, and many of their parks, gardens, and temples show a fine appreciation of the beauties of nature. Some of their temples are very picturesquely situated, and their horticultural system heightens the effect of their natural situations, as in the cut of the temple in the River Min, shown in initial vignette.

We have already observed that China stretches through twenty degrees of latitude, and, therefore, has great varieties of climate, so that it produces the fruits belonging to the vast region stretching from the northern temperature to the tropic zone. These are sold in the streets by itinerant vendors, one of whom is shown in our cut, and who seems to be pretty well protected from the rigour of the weather. The wadded tunics of the Chinese are very warm and comfortable. These vendors carry their loads on a bamboo pole, and ingeniously carry with them a stick to support the yoke while the burden rests upon the ground.

THE REV. T. BOWMAN STEPHENSON, LL.D., AND
HIS WORK.



DR. THOMAS BOWMAN STEPHENSON,
President of the Wesleyan Conference.

OF the many notable visitors from the Old World to the New, at the recent Œcumenical Conference, there was none who endeared himself more to the members of that august body than the Rev. Dr. Stephenson. It is particularly fortunate that a gentleman of the genial character, of the large warm heart and the sympathetic spirit of Dr. Stephenson should occupy the chair of the Wesleyan Conference, and be the foremost representative man of British Methodism on this important occasion. Dr. Stephenson is well-known to many in Canada, and wherever he is known is greatly beloved. We are glad to enroll him as one of the most valued of our personal friends. We have had the pleasure of seeing a good deal of Dr. Stephenson. We lodged for a week in the same house with him in Montreal, and travelled with him in

all the intimacy of a Pullman car half way across the continent, and thus learned to greatly love for his own sake the man whom we had before greatly honoured for his work's sake. If the late Ecumenical Conference may result, as we trust it may, in the organic union of the severed branches of English Methodism, it will be largely owing to the liberal spirit with which Dr. Stephenson responded to the overtures of the presidents of the other Methodist bodies.

We have pleasure in presenting herewith an excellent portrait of Dr. Stephenson, accompanied by a brief sketch of his philanthropic work from the pen of Mr. W. J. Forster:

Dr. T. Bowman Stephenson was born at Newcastle-on-Tyne, where his father, a Wesleyan minister, was then residing. He was educated, first, at the Louth Grammar School; then at Wesley College, Sheffield, and finally at the London University, where he matriculated with honours, and subsequently took his B.A. degree. Having resolved to devote himself to the work of the ministry, Mr. Stephenson entered the Wesleyan College, at Richmond, for the purpose of studying theology. In due course he was appointed to a circuit, Norwich being his first field of labour. From thence he removed to Manchester, where he joined most heartily in the efforts for alleviating the suffering caused by the dreadful cotton famine. In 1868 Mr. Stephenson was appointed to Lambeth, and there he very soon became most painfully impressed with the amount of child-wretchedness which abounded in that part of the metropolis. This sympathy deepened and strengthened, until at last its burst into action.

Speaking of that period, he says:

“For months I had been going in and out amongst the wretchedness, vice, and crime that infest the neighbourhood of the notorious *New Cut*. And there I had become acquainted with comedies and tragedies in real life, the sight and sound of which brought to quick maturity the dreams and wishes, the vague purposes of many preceding years.”

Little thinking to what an extent the work would develop, a very modest beginning was made by the taking of a small house, No. 8 Church Street, Waterloo Road. Two homeless lads were received into it at once, and were joined by two others before the close of the first week. In a short time the little house was full; a second house was taken, a stable at the back was transformed into a dining-room, and a hay-loft over it into a dormitory.

And so this Christian venture was now fairly launched! The object, at any rate, was sufficiently definite in its aim. To quote from the first report, it was “to shelter, feed, clothe, educate, train

to industrial habits, and lead to Christ children who are in danger of falling into criminal habits." From this humble beginning there has developed the Children's Home and Orphanage, as it exists to-day, comprising the headquarters in London and the six branches in England and Canada.

From the very beginning it has been essentially a work of *rescue*, and has been conducted on certain well-defined principles. The founder had been deeply impressed with the Rev. Fleming Stevenson's book, "Praying and Working," and also with the work carried on at the *Rauhe Haus* by the noble and philanthropic Wichern. He resolved, at the outset, to adopt the "separate house" system, and it has proved remarkably successful.

At the end of two years the "Home" was transferred to larger premises at Bonner Road, near the Victoria Park. These premises still constitute the head-quarters, but they have been frequently enlarged and adapted to the ever-growing necessities of the work. They now comprise nine houses, besides the various offices for the staff and the industrial departments. In a brief sketch of the work, written a few years ago, Dr. Stephenson made the following reference to the adoption of the above-mentioned "separate house" system :

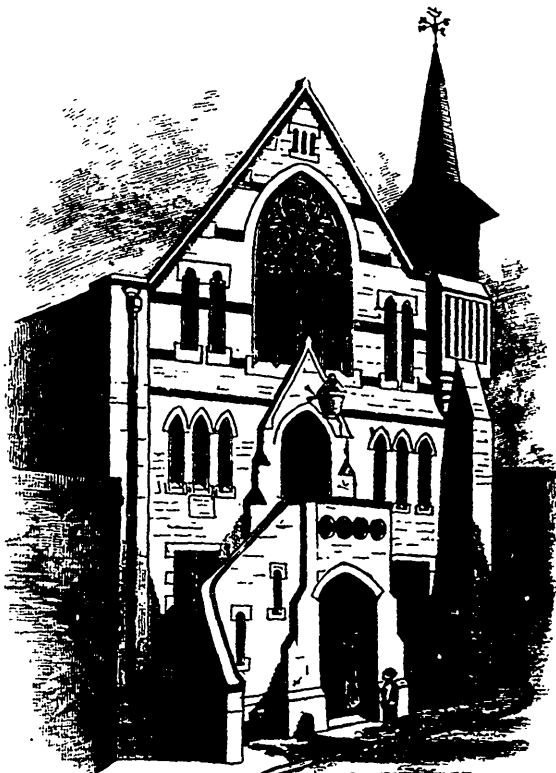
"The principle itself is very simple. 'God setteth the solitary in families.' He is the 'God of the families of the whole earth.' We conclude, therefore, that the family is God's plan for the moral training of the human race. But what is a 'family?' A group of children, under the care of one or two adults; with special bonds of affection and interest uniting them. But the case of our children of the Home is just this: they have either lost the advantage of family care through the death of the parents; or, they are without it, through the extreme poverty of relatives which makes them *unable* to give it, or through their vice which makes them *unwilling* to give it. The sorrow and peril of the children is, that they are without a home. Now, when Christian love endeavours to supply what these children lack, it cannot do better than by placing the children under arrangements and influences which will, as nearly as is possible, reproduce for them true family life.

"This is the idea. It is not possible to carry it out perfectly. Economy (which must be studied in such a work) requires that the number of children in each house shall be larger than that of an average family. Other circumstances necessarily affect the complete realization of the idea. But a very considerable approach to it can be made, and a system set to work, which is immensely beyond that of the barrack-and-police system that so long prevailed.

"In realizing this idea, we place the children in separate groups. Theoretically, we fix the number at twenty; but I am afraid that pressure leads us to crowd more into the house rather than reject a needy child altogether. The children of the house live there under the care of 'mother' and 'sister.' And all that is needed for the domestic life is provided in the

house. Their meals are taken there; they sleep there; they pass their hours of leisure there; it is their 'home.' And it is sacred to them; no other children being admitted except as visitors. In this way we believe that we gain an individual knowledge of the children, and a specially appropriate dealing with each child, without which the best education of heart and conscience, as well as of intellect, can never be accomplished."

At the corner of the playground, attached to the Bonner Road premises, is a building which plays a most important part in the



CHILDREN'S HOME CHAPEL, LONDON.

work of the Home. The upper portion is a beautiful chapel for divine worship, and it is used for no other purpose whatever. Underneath it is the school-room, in which the children receive an ordinary elementary education. They are examined annually by a Government Inspector of Schools, and the reports testify as to the excellence of the instruction which is given. Since the chapel was erected many friends of the Home and its work have enriched the build-

ing by valuable personal gifts, from Mr. W. Mewburn, J.P., Mrs. Sanford, the wife of the Hon. Senator Sanford, the Treasurer of the Canadian Branch, and others.

In addition to these two special influences of *family life* and *religion*, which are brought to bear upon the children, we must also refer to a third—viz., their *industrial training*. A block of buildings to the rear of the playground constitutes the "Industrial Department." Here the boys are taught printing, carpentry, painting and glazing, and engineer's work. The printing depart-

ment, especially, has greatly developed of late years, and in addition to a large amount of general work four monthly magazines are now printed entirely at the Home, thus affording not only an excellent training for the boys themselves, but also adding very materially to the revenue of the Home.

During the first ten or twelve years of its existence, it was called simply "The Children's Home," but a generous donation of £10,000 on the part of Mr. Solomon Jevons, of Birmingham, enlarged both its title and the sphere of its operation. A handsome structure has been erected at New Oscott, in the suburbs of Birmingham, and is known as "The Princess Alice Orphanage." It gives home and shelter to about a hundred *orphans*, but there is room on the estate for the addition of several more houses, and this section of the work is capable of great extension.

The *Lancashire* branch, situated at Edgworth, near Bolton, has extended its borders in a remarkable manner. Originally it was the "Wheatsheaf Inn," of most unenviable notoriety, but it has been transformed into a "Home," where hundreds of waifs and strays have been sheltered, trained, and successfully launched upon the sea of life. The late Mr. James Barlow, whose honoured name will long be held in grateful remembrance, had taken a deep interest in the work of the Home from its very commencement. He saw that it went down to the roots of vice, destitution, and child-misery, and rejoiced when he heard what Mr. Stephenson was accomplishing in London with the very limited resources then at his command. He thought, "Why should not some of these waifs and strays come and breathe God's fresh air on the Lancashire moorlands? It might help them to get quit of their sickly hue, and develop bone and muscle, as well as brain and heart."

The kindly thought soon ripened into action. The house just alluded to, and a hundred acres of land, were devoted by Mr. Barlow to extend the operations of a work which he foresaw must prove of incalculable benefit to orphan and outcast childhood. Nor did his sympathy end here, for subsequently he devoted a sum of £5,000 to help forward the reconstruction of the house, the building of necessary offices, and the reclaiming of the land. Various extensions of this branch have taken place from time to time, until it has become quite a little "colony" on the breezy moors. Farming operations are carried on here upon a large scale, and this kind of work, together with quarrying, etc., affords splendid training for the children, most of whom in due course are sent out to Canada. Quite recently a large block of buildings, comprising a dairy and a number of workshops, have been erected

to good Mr. Barlow's memory, and will prove of invaluable assistance in the management of this branch.

An important department of the work is located at Gravesend. How this came into operation can, perhaps, be best described in Dr. Stephenson's own words. He says:

"As our work progressed, we found that there were many children who seemed to have a special claim upon our sympathy, who yet came so fairly within the provisions of the law that the aid of the State might very properly be sought for their maintenance. This led to the establishment of our *Certified Industrial School* at Gravesend."

The Industrial Schools' Act provides that any child who has committed a first theft, or who is found wandering, or begging, or without proper means of subsistence, or in the company of thieves, etc., may be taken before a magistrate, and committed to an Industrial School until the age of sixteen. This phase of the work has been remarkably successful. Hundred of lads have been trained for useful, happy lives, and the grateful letters written by many of them in after years testify to the excellence of the Christian training the Home has afforded them. There are also branches at *Ramsey* (Isle of Man) and *Alverstoke* (near Gosport).

Such, then, is a brief outline of the "Children's Home" and its work on behalf of the orphan and the outcast. The sole qualifications for admission into its shelter are *destitution and grave moral peril*. There are no limitations of sect, nationality, parentage, locality or age. Every possible endeavour is made to give priority of admission to the most *needy* cases, and it would gladly enlarge its borders if only the funds would permit. Dependent entirely upon voluntary contributions for its support, it appeals to the practical sympathy of all true lovers of their country, for the children of to-day will be the men and women of the future. During the twenty-one years of its existence, about 2,600 needy little ones have been taken into its friendly shelter, and upwards of 800 are now in residence. The success of the training may be judged from the fact that only about *one* per cent. turn out absolute failures, while hundreds are now in honourable positions; some preparing to enter the Christian ministry, and many others taking a zealous part in various forms of social and evangelical work.

It should also be stated that Dr. Stephenson has never limited his energies to the work of which he is the honoured Founder and Principal. In almost countless ways he has rendered willing service, not only to the Church of his early choice, but also to the

community at large. He was an active member of the first London School Board, and any scheme for the spiritual and moral uplifting of the masses promptly secures his hearty co-operation. Mission-work, especially in the East End of London, has claimed a large share of his attention, and at the present moment he is at the head of energetic missions both for children and adults. The Temperance cause, also, has long enjoyed the help of his able advocacy; but it is chiefly in connection with *the alleviation of child misery* that his name will be gratefully cherished for many generations to come. May he long be spared to carry on the noble work to which he has devoted his life!

The Rev. Dr. Gregory writes of Dr. Stephenson as follows:

“Dr. Stephenson’s musical gift has been wonderfully helpful to his special work. His voice is not only clear and scientifically trained and managed, but when not overstrained, has its own rare quality of richness and of sweetness. The omission from this magazine of any reference to Dr. Stephenson’s high characteristics as a writer would be inexcusable. Classical culture, if it does not enable and constrain a man to form a clear, strong, graceful, flowing style, has failed in its first function. But that is not the case with Dr. Stephenson. His literary diction is at once practical and cultured. Some of his earliest writings—his papers on our Home Missionary Work—could only have been produced by one enamoured of his subject, who had mastered it by intense brooding on its details and on its difficulties.”

Of special interest to us in Canada is the branch Home at Hamilton, shown in our cut. Of this the late Rev. Dr. James S. Evans was for several years the honoured head, as his son is now. Dr. Stephenson’s work, both in Great Britain and Canada, owes much to the distinguished liberality of Hon. Senator Sanford, of Hamilton, and to that of his noble wife. It was the pleasant duty of Dr. Stephenson, shortly before leaving England, to ordain to the office of the Christian ministry one of the boys rescued by the Home from the slums of London. In many parts of the world, in Australia, at Cape Colony, throughout Canada, the boys and girls, now men and women, rescued from a life of wretchedness, and probably of vice, by the loving efforts of this large-hearted man, now rise up and call him blessed. One is now a missionary in China. Many, to use the eloquent language of the late Dr. Nelles, have been through his agency translated from the Arabia Petrea of London stony streets to the Arabia Felix of happy Canadian homes.

When, last year, a great sorrow fell upon the household of our beloved brother and friend, in the death of his beloved helpmeet, he found solace in his sorrow by fresh devotion to relieving the

sorrows of others. His orphaned daughter, the beautiful "Sister Dora," to dispel the loneliness of the bereaved household, brought into it a group of little motherless girls from the Orphanage.

To the unwearied energies and broad sympathies of Dr. Stephenson, the Wesleyan Centennial Anniversary in England, in March, 1891, owed, in very large degree, its conspicuous success. One of his first acts, as President of the Wesleyan Conference, was to issue a call for united prayer for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit upon the churches. In this call he has been cordially supported by the Presidents of the other Methodist bodies in



BRANCH OF CHILDREN'S HOME, HAMILTON, ONTARIO.

Great Britain, and in a large degree, in the United States—a very delightful sequence of the loving fellowship of the Œcumenical Conference.

“For so the whole round world is everywhere,
Bound by gold chains at the feet of God.”

As a specimen of the noble eloquence of Dr. Stephenson we print his *Greeting of British to American Methodism*, at the Welcome Banquet, New York, October, 1891:

One hundred and twenty-two years ago this very month two poor men landed on this Continent. There was a severe simplicity in their dress and their close-cut hair, defining their grave countenance, told that the

vanities of the world were indeed vanity to them. But there was the battle-light on their faces and a look of calm courage, telling of a strength behind them more than human.

They came to conquer—to conquer for Christ—and they did not fail. They were the first Methodist preachers of the New World.

Within the last few weeks, not two but two hundred Methodists have landed here, more than half of them preachers of the Word, and all of them thoroughly interested in the work of God. One cannot help contrasting *this* arrival with *that*.

Those first comers were nine weeks on the passage; most of us did it under nine days. They had few friends to welcome them, the country was almost a wilderness before them; neither income nor position was guaranteed to them. Theirs was as noble, as unselfish a quest, as that which led Paul to Philippi, when he carried the Gospel to the Continent of Europe.

We cannot claim to be heroes in any such sense as belongs to them. We know you; we have had you amongst us in the old land, some of us have been here before; we knew there would be a welcome for us—a welcome worthy of America and American Methodism. It is a joy to us to see the magnificent proportions reached by the Church which in its infant weakness those two pioneers came to serve. We glorify God for your growth and vigour, and we are glad to come and see you. We thank you for your welcome, so cordial, so brotherly, so finished in its thoughtfulness, so handsome in its generosity.

We have no desire to exaggerate the importance and significance of our visit; yet I think that he would be a short-sighted man who should deny that your visit of ten years ago to us, our visit of to-day, and others of a similar character, have a real influence upon the attitude and feeling of the two nations towards each other. And I will venture to say he must be an enemy to the peace and welfare of mankind who would not rejoice at anything which will strengthen those ties of fellowship which blood and language and religion have established between us.

We find it hard to persuade ourselves that we are coming to a foreign land. We have no sense of being crowded here. We have no feeling that our landing will make it necessary to put anybody off at San Francisco. Besides, we meet old friends here. We are glad to see the Statue of Liberty, that wonderful production of French ingenuity and American enthusiasm. We were glad to be greeted by such familiar features. Liberty is an old friend of ours. She has dwelt with increasing comfort in our country for long, and we are glad to find her daughter flourishing and looking so handsome on this side.

Then we hear our own language, slightly improved, I admit, and enriched with some expressive words which are rapidly becoming domesticated amongst us; but our noble language still—the language of Shakespeare and Milton.

And though there are many important and obvious differences in our modes of government, the fundamental principles of both are the same. Magna Charta is as much the tap-root of American as of English freedom. The Common Law of England underlies all your judicial thinking, and the judgments of Coke and of Mansfield are authorities in your courts.

And the religious links that bind us are not less numerous and close. Quakerism, Congregationalism, Presbyterianism, are streams of thought

and conviction which flow through both peoples ; whilst Methodism is still more emphatically a common heritage and blessing. We trace the origin of Methodism to the Day of Pentecost, for it is but a revival of primitive Christianity. But so far as the Divine Head of the Church was pleased to use human instrumentality in producing distinct and organic developments, we, on both continents, thankfully recognize John Wesley as our true father in God. He, not Coke or Asbury, was your first Bishop, and he was our first and greatest President.

And I thank God that in all these respects the links between the two nations are becoming more and not less. It is so in the world of letters. There is arising here—nay, there has arisen—a noble literature, which enriches with a new variety of wealth and beauty that of the old land. Bancroft and Irving and Longfellow have long been on our shelves side by side with Freeman and Hallam and Tennyson. When Browning dies America mourns by his tomb not less truly than England, and when James Russel Lowell dies, though the country in which he sang so nobly rightly claims his ashes, we must in our historic fane of Westminster pay England's tribute to his character and genius.

So in the religious world. Streams of influence pass continually from us to you and from you to us. Watson and Pope help to mould your theology, and if Bishop Simpson has been the mightiest preacher of the last half century, we cannot consent that he belonged only to you. Our hearts beat quicker and our eyes fill as we remember the words of grace which fell from his lips, and under which our Conference as well as yours, swayed and bent as the standing corn is swept by the summer wind.

Dear friends of America, we cannot help being relatives if we would, and we would not if we could. There is a bright and noble dream which has filled and delighted many minds. It is a dream of a great Federation of the Anglo-Saxon races—a Federation without whose leave no despot dare touch the world's peace, and beneath whose powerful hand all the nations of the earth might dwell in restful confidence. Is it a dream too bright for realization? I dare not say it is. The dreams of to-day have often become the realities of to-morrow. There was a time when this America of yours was but a dream in the mind of the Genoese seaman. But Columbus sailed out upon the dark waters ; and one night the lights trembling on the shore changed his dream into a reality, which has recreated the world. Who shall dare to say that dreams, which are in accordance with the principles of the kingdom of eternal peace, are mere mirages, mere unattainable visions? If it must be only a dream, let me cherish it, for it may be that like Jacob I find God's own truth in it, and that the dream alone can show me heaven and earth linked by the angels' stairway.

There are two strong bonds of sympathy between England and America, to which I may be pardoned for referring briefly.

We both hate war. Our heads are not easily turned with "epylls" and feathers. Not that we cannot fight when need arises. The men who conquered at Cressy and Naseby and Blenheim have their descendants in the old land yet. And in that awful struggle in which you were engaged for the unity of the nation, you showed that the men who follow the plough, and wield the hammer, and ply the pen, can face sword and cannon when reason good is shown. Yes, we can fight when we need. "The British are a nation of shopkeepers," said Napoleon. After a while he attempted a mercantile transaction with us at Waterloo, and he did not get

the best of the bargain. "America worships the dollar," said your enemies and critics, but your buys from many a farm, and homestead, and city, soon proved to the world that what they cared for most was not the silver in the dollar but the emblem that it bears.

Two great illustrations have been given of the fact that war is unwelcome to our race. The noblest army England ever had were those Ironsides who always prefaced their fighting with prayer, whose backs no man ever saw, who put to rout the insolent cavaliers, and whose uplifted hand awed the tyrants and persecutors of Europe into quiet. But when the time had come for its being disbanded, that army sank once more into the mass of the population—each man resuming his trade of blacksmith or farmer; distinguished (as a brilliant historian has said) only by his greater sobriety.

And when that herculean struggle of yours was over, the world saw, with amazement, your vast armies, blue and grey, sink into the substance of the people again as the fallen snowflakes melt in the bosom of the ocean. Neither the Republicans of Old England, nor those of this Greater Britain, thought it necessary any longer to swagger about in cocked hat and feathers; they could be as true heroes at the forge and the plough as when rushing up the hill in charge upon the cannon on its crest.

No, we do not love war for its own sake. God forbid that we ever should. I cannot recall without shuddering, that one terrible moment in my life when war between my country and yours seemed almost inevitable. I have never ceased to thank God, and I thank Him once more to-night, that in that awful crisis there was in this land a great man—one whom God had raised from the soil, as He raised the first man from the soil—Abraham Lincoln, who used all the force of his personal character, and his great office, to hold in check the passionate feelings which might not unnaturally have arisen, and to give the nation time to think and let its better heart speak. And I thank God that in our land there was a woman—the best woman that ever sat upon a throne—who, when her ministers brought to her the despatch which might have fired the first cannon, with her own hand scored out every word which a self-respecting nation should not write, and a self-respecting nation could not receive. Never were England and America greater than when that noble woman on the throne, and the equally noble man from the log-cabin said to the dogs of war, already showing their white teeth and growling, "Lie down, and disturb not the peace of two kindred people."

But this is not all. I thank God that out of that great and terrible crisis came one of the most magnificent lessons ever brought to the world, and that that lesson was taught by England and America. For when your struggle was over, and you complained that we had not dealt fairly with you in your distress, there was in England a great Christian statesman, who was not afraid of the sneers of the Clubmen, or the curses of the worshippers of the great god Jingo—that stretched his hand across the sea to you, and said, "Brothers, we are both of us strong enough to be calm and just. You say we have wronged you. If wrong there be, let not that wrong be made more wrong by hatred and bloodshed. Let us submit our case to arbitration, each agreeing to abide by the award, and to teach the world that there is a better way of settling international disputes than by letting loose the hell-hounds of war." Believe me, the time will come when men, looking back with amazement and disgust at the tiger-thirst for blood which has so long impoverished and blighted the world, will date the

beginning of a new era of peace and brotherhood from that great act of international dignity and justice.

And if in the future differences of interest and opinion should create difficulties between these kindred people, of this I have confident hope—

1. That no obstinate king or servile minister will ever again be permitted to hurry these nations into strife.

2. That no supposed or real necessity of a politician or a party will be allowed to inflame a misunderstanding until it has become a cause for war.

3. That fifteen millions of Methodists here, under the stars and stripes, and five millions under the old flag, reinforced by a great army of other Christian men and women on both sides of the water, will use their irresistible influence to draw closer the bonds of affection and respect which bind these nations together ; that so in an ever-increasing warmth of friendship they may be able to fulfil to the world the great duties which the Providence of God and the needs of the race impose upon them.

OLD AND NEW.

BY ANNIE CLARKE.

O FAIR Old Year, our hearts are loth to lose thee,
 Stay yet one moment more !
 We know and love thee, and we dread the stranger
 Now drawing near the door.

“ I may not stay ; I am the Master’s servant,
 He calls, and I must run ;
 My life is spent in yielding swift obedience.
 His glorious will be done ! ”

O strange New Year, with stately step advancing,
 Thy face we do not know ;
 Thy form in fearful mystery is shrouded,
 Comest thou friend or foe ?

“ Be not afraid ; no tyrant I, but only
 A swift-winged minister
 Sent from on high, and in my strong arms bearing
 Blessings most rich and fair.

“ Sorrow I bring, prepared by Love eternal,
 Love deep, and strong, and wise ;
 And joy, a gleam of glory that shall thrill you
 Some day with grand surprise.

“ Still hours for thought, which if you will shall blossom
 In golden word and deed ;
 Long days and months all girt about with blessing,
 Grace for your every need.”

O fair New Year, now standing in the doorway,
 Thee we no longer fear ;
 Thy garments gleam with light, thy face is tender,
 Thrice welcome, glad New Year !

THE POEMS OF OWEN MEREDITH.*

BY THE REV. ALFRED H. REYNAR, LL.D.,

Professor of Modern Languages and Literature, Victoria College.



LORD LYTTON.

ONE does not grow enthusiastic over the poems of Owen Meredith as over the writings of Shakespeare or Milton, neither do they contain the same revelations of beauty as the works of Burns, or Wordsworth, or Tennyson; yet Owen Meredith has many very beautiful passages, and his achievements teach us a lesson we might never learn from a genius of the highest order.

*The death of Lord Lytton, recently announced by cablegram, attracts fresh attention to his numerous poetical works. He may be said to have been almost born in the purple, inheriting rank, title and fortune. He had the highest educational and social advantages the world could offer. Yet, while he has written much that deserves preservation, one cannot

Owen Meredith is the *nom de plume* of Edward Robert Bulwer Lytton, son of Edward George Earle Lytton Bulwer, afterwards Lord Lytton. When eighteen years of age he entered the diplomatic service as private secretary to his uncle, Sir Henry Bulwer, then Minister at Washington, and afterwards at Florence and Paris. For many years the young Lord Lytton continued in this service, enjoying all its opportunities to study human life, and see the strange and beautiful and grand in Nature. He had fully open to him, from highest to lowest, the life, not of his own country alone, but that of nearly every capital in Europe. His residence in America made him familiar with our Western life, and the life of the East, too, was fully known when, under the Administration of Lord Beaconsfield, Owen Meredith became Governor-General of India. It is hard to value too highly the advantages of such a world of observation to a man of Lord Lytton's temperament and talents. In some respects he did not fail to reap largely from his wide and varied field of observation; at the same time, there are indications that to Lord Lytton, as to others of the privileged orders, their privileges become limitations. His sympathies were too exclusively with people of his own class—who ranged the same fields of literature or held the

help contrasting the often cynical spirit of this titled poet with the noble optimism of the plain American citizen, James R. Lowell, whose songs of freedom will be an inspiration to humanity as long as the world shall last.

We have pleasure in presenting the accompanying essay on the poetical merits of Lord Lytton by the accomplished Professor of Modern Languages and Literature of Victoria College. The following is a brief summary of the events in the life of Lord Lytton:

“Lord Lytton was born on November 18th, 1831, and was educated first at Harrow under private tutors and afterwards at Bonne, where he devoted himself especially to the study of modern languages. He was appointed *attaché* at Washington when under eighteen years of age. Three years afterwards he was transferred to Florence, and in 1854 was removed to Paris. After the peace of 1856 he was for two years *attaché* at the Hague. He afterwards served in the same diplomatic capacity in St. Petersburg, Constantinople and Vienna. He was secretary of the legation at Copenhagen and at Athens, secretary of the embassy at Vienna and Paris, and held several other diplomatic positions. On his father's death in 1873 he succeeded to the title as the second Baron Lytton, and in 1874 he was appointed ambassador at Lisbon. One year afterward he was appointed Viceroy of India by Mr. Disraeli. During his viceroyalty occurred the Afghan war. His resignation was tendered and accepted at the same time that the Earl of Beaconsfield resigned the premiership. In 1880 he was created Earl of Lytton and Viscount Knebworth. In 1887 he was appointed Ambassador to Paris in succession of the late Lord Lyons.”—Ed.

same social rank. A man of the world he was in some sense, but his sympathies were not with the world, and he was not a writer for the world. All men may admire the beautiful garden fountain, but the world will prefer to drink at the mountain spring; and when the scholarly verses of the nobleman are forgotten, even scholars and noblemen will continue to delight in the songs of a Scotch peasant.

In 1856 appeared Owen Meredith's first publication, "Clytemnestra." The author was then only twenty-four years of age. The subject is suggested and largely inspired by the Agamemnon of Æschylus. This first work produced a very favourable impression, as it well might, considering the youth of the writer. But it was not, as some supposed, a work of genius; it was a work of talent merely. The subject is not original, and if there is something in the treatment that differs from that of the Greek dramatist, the difference is in the details, and cannot be said to improve the general effect. In fact, the young Englishman re-touched the work of the old master so as to introduce the colouring of our own age and race, whilst the strong features of the original were left unchanged. It may be claimed that the writer did very skilfully what he attempted, but he attempted too much for a translation and too little for a new work. He did not, and we believe he could not, inspire a new spirit into the old form as Shakespeare would have done, or create a new work out of the old matter. The result is, that we have some clever writing of this age dovetailed into the very different work of the old Greek writer, and the whole effect is spoiled. We have neither a Christian drama, as Shakespeare would have made it, nor a heathen drama of the classic type—neither a gothic cathedral nor a Greek temple, but something with parts of the one and parts of the other. For example, in the Greek play Clytemnestra has the heroic nature, the strength and beauty so often represented in ancient sculpture, but in the Clytemnestra of Owen Meredith are some features of a degenerate romance type approaching to the softness of the school-girls that may have been in the young poet's mind.

In 1859 the "Wanderer" was published. The title suggests the "Wanderer" of Wordsworth's Excursion, but the two works are very different in substance and spirit. Owen Meredith's "Wanderer" is a collection of poems, chiefly lyrics written apparently from the author's experience when a wanderer in many lands. The writer says of them in his dedication—

A human spirit here records
The annals of its human strife;

A human hand hath touched these chords,
These songs may all be idle words,
And yet—they once were life.

Some of the songs have the warmth that seems to come from the very life of the bard, but many of them are more like the record of another's experience, and we take them to be lyrics written in imitation of the prevailing style of the people amongst whom the author is for the time at home. It is particularly noticeable that the poems under the head of Italy are filled with the pensive, warm and dreamy sensuousness of the Italian.

In England the "Wanderer" writes in different moods. Sometimes he is touched with the spleen, a malady said by the French to be peculiar to Englishmen and to consist in disgust of life. In other moods he is true to that strong moral and practical instinct that always marks the typical Englishman. In this last and best vein is the following passage :

Doubtless, doubtless, again and again,
Many a mouth has starved for bread
In a city whose wharves are choked with corn,
And many a heart hath perished dead
From being too utterly forlorn,
In a city whose streets are choked with men.
Yet the bread is there could one find it out,
And there is a heart for a heart no doubt,
Wherever a human heart may beat ;
And room for courage and truth and love
To move wherever a man may move,
In the thickest crowded street.

O Lord of the soul of man, whose will
Made earth for man, and man for heaven,
Help all Thy creatures to fulfil
The hopes to each one given !
So fair Thou madest, and so complete,
The little daisies at our feet ;
So sound and so robust in heart,
The patient beasts that bear their part
In this world's labour, never asking
The reason of its ceaseless tasking ;
Hast Thou made man, though more in kind
By reason of his soul and mind,
Yet less in unison with life,
By reason of his inward strife,
Than these, Thy simple creatures, are,
Submitting to his use and care ?

In the last book of the "Wanderer," the "Palingenesis," we

have what might be called the Confessions of Owen Meredith, or in more familiar terms, his religious experience. Here are many things tender and true in spiritual life as well as beautiful in poetry. In the prayer with which the book opens we read :

My Saviour, dare I come to Thee,
 Who let the little children come ?
 But I ?—my soul is faint in me !
 I come from wandering to and fro
 This weary world. There still his round
 The Accuser goes ; but Thee I found
 Not anywhere. Both joy and woe
 Have passed me by. I am too weak
 To grieve or smile. And yet I know
 That tears lie deep in all I do.
 The homeless that are sick for home
 Are not so wretched. Ere it break
 Receive my heart ; and for the sake,
 Not of my sorrows, but of Thine,
 Bend down Thy holy eyes on mine,
 Which are too full of misery
 To see Thee clearly, tho' they seek.
 Yet if I heard Thy voice say—" come,"
 So might I, dying, die near Thee.

The following extract from near the close of the " Wanderer," shows, like the prayer at its beginning, that Lord Lytton was not incapable of deep religious feeling. These few stanzas will be cherished as a precious memory when all the brilliant word-painting and *persiflage* of his society verses are forgotten :

If Jesus came to earth again,
 And walked and talked, in field and street,
 Who would not lay his human pain
 Low at those heavenly feet ?

And leave the loom, and leave the lute,
 And leave the volume on the shelf,
 To follow Him, unquestioning, mute,
 If 'twere the Lord Himself ?

If I might crouch within the fold
 Of that white robe (a wounded bird),
 The face that Mary saw behold,
 And hear the words she heard ;

I would not ask one word of all
 That now my nature yearns to know—
 The legend of the ancient fall ;
 The source of human woe :

What hopes in other worlds may hide ;
What griefs yet unexplored in this ;
How fares the spirit within the wide
Waste tract of that abyss. . .

I would not ask one word of this,
If I might only hide my head
On that beloved breast, and kiss
The wounds where Jesus bled.

And I, where'er He went, would go,
Nor question where the path might lead,
Enough to know that, here below,
I walked with God indeed.

The following passage from another poem gives expression to the human need that has been met by Emmanuel, God with us :

What message, or what messenger to man ?
Whereby shall revelation reach the soul ?
For who by searching finds out God ? How can
My steps unguided gain the goal
Of necessary knowledge ? It is clear
I cannot reach the gates of Heaven and knock
And enter : though I stood upon the rock
Like Moses. God must speak 'ere I can hear,

And touch me 'ere I feel Him. He must come
To me (I cannot join Him in the cloud),
Stand at the dim doors of my mortal home ;
Lift the low latch of life ; and enter, bowed
Unto this earthly roof ; and sit within
The circle of the senses ; at the hearth
Of the affections ; be my guest on earth,
Loving my love, and sorrowing in my sin.

This extract and the following from the Epilogue are only poetical versions of what may be heard in any Methodist love-feast, or in any gathering of Christians, no matter what their name, when they talk of their religious experience. How many a horny-handed son of toil will recognize a Christian brother in the scholar and nobleman who speaks thus from his heart :

Grant me to live that I may need from life
No more than life hath given me, and to die
That I may give to death no more than I
Have long abandoned. And if toil and strife

Yet in the portion of my days must be,
Firm be my faith and quiet be my heart !
That so my work may with my will agree,

And strength be mine to calmly fill my part
 In nature's purpose, questioning not the end.
 For life is more than raiment or than food.
 Shall I not take the evil with the good?
 Blessed to me be all which Thou dost send!

Nor blest the least, recalling what has been,
 The knowledge of the evil I have known
 Without me and within me. Since to lean
 Upon a strength far mightier than my own
 Such knowledge brought me. In whose strength I stand,
 Firmly upheld even though in ruin hurled,
 The fixed foundations of this rolling world
 Should topple at the waving of Thy hand.

The most popular, and some say the best, of Owen Meredith's works is "Lucile," published in 1860. It is a novel in verse. This poem is strongly influenced by French style; indeed, the substance as well as the style of the work is peculiarly French. The verse is easy and flowing and well suited to the narrative. The action is swift and the colouring is strong. The motive, too, is popular,—love, jealousy and war. Altogether the book is one to please many readers. It is full of word-painting for those who do not care to think, and to the thoughtful it gives food for thought. There is a fault in this work that is, however, to be found in many modern works of fiction. The most extraordinary moral effects are brought about by moral forces that are utterly inadequate. The physical marvels of *Jack the Giant Killer* give no offence to childhood, and children of a larger growth show just as little sense of the enormous disproportion between the moral cause and the moral effect in a popular novel. In "Lucile" we have a gay woman of fashion changed into a saint of the first order, and the only cause assigned for the change is a disappointment in love. The heroine, a French Countess, has revived an old love in the heart of an Englishman, who, years before, was engaged to her, but who is now engaged to another. The two meet again. The glamour of the past is around them for a day, but the lady is too honourable to take advantage of the opportunity to win her old lover from the innocent and confiding English girl to whom he is engaged. On the contrary, she reminds him of his sacred obligations, leads him to fulfil them, and becomes the guardian angel of the wedded pair in some trying episodes. An attempt is made to trace the moral development of the other characters, but the development of this most wonderful character is not given, and we are left to suppose that it is the most natural thing in the world for a woman disappointed

in love to grow into the purest saintliness and heroism. We must regret that the path to the moral elevation of Lucile de Nevers is left so obscure that others may not learn from her how to make their lives sublime. At the same time the wonderful self-conquest and the noble unselfishness to which the heroine attains must encourage and inspire the reader to attempt and overcome impossibilities of moral endeavour.

In 1861 "Tannhauser" appeared—a poem of which part was written by another hand. It is a strangely interesting tale of legendary lore. From the first word to the last we listen "like a three years' child," and "cannot choose but hear." This is no parlour novel like Lucile—it is full of the freshness and force of the old baronial hall and of the strong life of the Middle Ages. There is at the same time a deep moral teaching in the legend. To many readers "Tannhauser" will be the most interesting of Owen Meredith's poems, and in itself worth more than the cost of the whole volume.

In the "Good-night in the Porch" are some passages of great tenderness, and some of wonderful descriptive power. It is in description of nature, rather than in analysis of character, that Owen Meredith excels, and in this piece he has a subject to bring out his peculiar skill. He records the vivid impressions of one who is looking for the last time on earthly things, and the quick, clear memory by which in their last moments the dying live over again all the joys and sorrows of their former years.

"A little longer in the night, love, let me be. The air is warm.
I hear the cuckoo's last good-night float from the coose below the farm.
A little longer, sister sweet—your hand in mine—in this old seat.

In yon red gable, which the rose creeps round and o'er, your casement
shines,

Against the yellow west, o'er those forlorn and solitary pines.
The long, long day is nearly done. How silent all the plain is grown.

Yes, sad indeed, it seems each night,—and sadder, Dear, for your sweet
sake!

To watch the last low lingering light, and know not when the morn may
break.

To-night we sit together here. To-morrow night will come . . . ah,
where? . . .

There's not a flower, there's not a tree in this old garden where we sit,
But what some fragrant memory is closed and folded up in it.
To-night the dog-rose smells as wild, as fresh, as when I was a child.

'Tis eight years since (do you forget?) we set those lilies near the wall:
You were a blue-eyed child: even yet I seem to see the ringlets fall—
The golden ringlets, blown behind your shoulders in the merry wind."

In the "Wife's Tragedy" the pathetic interest goes to its utmost limit without sacrificing the true aim of poetry. It is yet a genuine tragedy, and not merely a horror, for after all the sad tale of sin and shame and suffering, love is made perfect through suffering and triumphs even in death.

We have space for only one more quotation—a part of the pathetic poem on the death of Jacqueline, Countess of Holland and Hainault.*

Is it the twilight, or my fading sight,
 Makes all so dim around me. No, the night
 Is come already. See! thro' yonder pane,
 Alone in the gray air, that star again—
 Which shines so wan, I used to call it mine
 For its pale face; like Countess Jacqueline,
 Who reigned in Brabant once . . . that's years ago.
 I called so much mine then: so much seemed so!
 And see, my own!—of all those things, my star
 (Because God hung it there, in heaven, so far
 Above the reach and want of those hard men)
 Is all they have not taken from me. . . .

I would not, if I could, be Queen again,
 For all the walls of the wide world contain.
 Be thou content with silence. Who would raise
 A little dust and noise of human praise,
 If he could see, in yonder distance dim,
 The silent eye of God that watches him?
 Oh! couldst thou see all that I see to-night
 Upon the brinks of the great infinite!

"Come out of her, my people, lest ye be
 Partakers of her sins!" . . . My love, but we
 Our treasure where no thieves break in and steal
 Have stored, I trust. Earth's weal is not our weal.
 Let the world mind its business—peace or war;
 Ours is elsewhere. Look, look—my star, my star!
 It grows, it glows, it spreads in light unfurl'd—
 Said I, "my star?" No star—a world—God's world!
 What hymns adown the jasper sea are roll'd,
 Even to these sick pillows! Who enfold
 White wings about me? Rest, rest, rest—I come!
 O love! I think that I am near my home.
 Whence was that music? Was it heaven's I heard?
 Write, "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord,

*She was married to the worthless John of Brabant, affianced to "Good Duke Humphry," of Gloucester, and finally wedded to Frank von Borselen, a gentleman of Zealand, in consequence of which marriage she lost even the title of countess. She died at the age of thirty-six, after a life of unparalleled adventure and misfortune.

Because they rest." . . . Because their toil is o'er.
 The voice of weeping shall be heard no more
 In the Eternal City. Neither dying,
 Nor sickness, pain nor sorrow, neither crying,
 For God shall wipe away all tears. Rest, rest
 Thy hand, my husband—so—upon my breast !

We conclude this brief study by pointing out a valuable lesson that it may teach. Owen Meredith was not a poet of the highest genius, yet he was a true poet, and he has gained an honourable place in our literature. It was, however, the assiduous cultivation of his talents that makes the great difference between him and hundreds of men who live and die mute and inglorious. Genius is rare. Talents and opportunities are not uncommon. They are, however, like the good seed and the good soil, for the rich harvest comes to none but to those who sow the seed and cultivate the soil.

SUNDAY MORNING.

BY ANNIE CLARKE.

SLOWLY in the dreaming skies
 Dawns the Sabbath, golden-calm ;
 And within our hearts arise
 Longing prayer and praiseful
 psalm.

Father, through the sombre night,
 Thou hast kept us hour by hour ;
 Thou hast sent the morning light,
 Symbol of Thy love and power.

So we come—Thy children we—
 Sons and daughters of a King ;
 Grace and might belong to Thee,
 Empty hearts and hands we bring.

Hear us, Father ! We are thine ;
 Now Thy waiting children bless,
 Now reveal Thy love divine,
 Overflowing, measureless.

Divers pains and cares have we,
 But Thy power is infinite ;
 So we bring our needs to Thee,
 Gladly lay them at Thy feet.

VICTORIA, B. C.

Some are sick, or sad, but Thou
 Still the mighty Helper art ;
 Thou canst soothe the aching brow,
 Thou canst heal the breaking heart.

Some are weak—be Thou their stay ;
 Lonely,—let them feel Thee near ;
 With Thy gladness gild their gray,
 With Thy love their sorrows cheer.

And, O Father, we would plead
 Most for those who cannot know
 All the direness of their need,
 All the darkness of their woe.

Children who have wandered far,
 Loved Thee not, nor owned Thy
 sway ;
 Be Thou with them where they are,
 Win them, lead them Home to-day.

So in earth and heaven shall be
 Gratitude and high acclaim ;
 Men the glory give to Thee,
 Angels all Thy praise proclaim.

THE ORGANIZATION OF LABOUR.*

BY W. J. ASHLEY, M.A.,

Professor of Political Economy in the University of Toronto.

I NEED not say much, at the outset, of the gravity of the subject which we are to consider to-night. It has become usual to describe it as the vital question for modern society; as the difficulty which civilization must overcome, or else perish. All this is true, and I dwell not upon it only because these and similar phrases are already used too glibly by men who have no real interest in what they talk about; because, also, we have but scant time, and I wish to come at once to the root of the matter. But first I must make clear my position. I have not come with any panacea; any pill for remedying all our social maladies. All I have attempted to do is to point out some of the facts in the world as it is around us, and remove some prevalent misconceptions concerning them. I may, perhaps, seem at times to speak with a certain dogmatism; but you will believe that I am quite open to correction, and that I put things forward in a positive way merely because repeated expressions of humility are apt to be wearisome to one's hearers. There are few things I dread more than that any one should say, "The lecturer, speaking as a political economist, laid down dogmatically so and so." For, alas! Political Economy has fallen into discredit in some quarters—and not without reason—for the self-confident way in which its teachers have spoken in its name. You will remember, also, that my statements will necessarily be general in their character, applicable to the broad and characteristic features of modern industry, and that I have no time to dwell upon exceptional cases. Exceptional cases, however, are not infrequent, and I would ask you, before applying what I may say to particular sets of circumstances, to bear this caution in mind.

I shall not have anything to say of startling novelty. Indeed, to many of you I may appear to be dealing in the flattest truisms. But, as someone has well remarked, truisms are precisely those truths which need to be most emphasized, because they are just those which people are most likely to disregard. And I have found that with a great many people the view they take of trade disputes rests upon what I believe are fundamental misconcep-

*A lecture given in the schoolroom of the Central Presbyterian Church, Hamilton, October 31st, 1890, and before the Literary Society of the Carlton Street Methodist Church, Toronto, March 16th, 1891.

tions; and it is no use trying to discuss the merits of any particular contest unless we are agreed upon certain common assumptions.

Well, then, the first and most important proposition I have to insist upon is that combinations or associations of labourers for the maintenance of their common interests are an inevitable outcome of existing social conditions. For what are the characteristic conditions of modern industry? It is the presence, face to face, of a comparatively small body of employers and a body of employed comparatively much larger. There is no legal restraint, such as existed in former ages, on the way in which the capitalist shall employ his capital, or on the way in which the labourer shall exercise his labour; and under these circumstances it soon becomes apparent to the employed that an isolated, individual workman, not united or associated in any way with his fellows, bargaining with an employer as to the conditions of employment, is usually—except when the supply of labour is very scanty—at an enormous disadvantage. In order that two persons should be able to make a fair bargain, it is requisite that they should be in a tolerably equal position so far as the particular bargain is concerned. The common sense of the community recognizes this already in many cases, and where there is a likelihood that one of the contracting parties will very frequently be at a disadvantage, a public authority steps in and actually fixes the terms of the bargain. For instance, a father, anxious to get a coupé from the nearest livery stable to fetch a doctor to a sick child, would not be in a situation to make a fair bargain with the livery-stable keeper, and so the public authority fixes what rates shall be paid, whatever the need may be. But employer and would-be employed are not thus in a position of equality. We will assume, what is near enough to the truth to serve the purposes of argument, that the employer wishes to get his labour as cheaply as possible. Even if the individual employer would prefer to be governed by his view of what would provide a fitting livelihood, rather than by consideration of profit, he is seldom able to carry out his views, unless he has a monopoly of the trade. If, as is usually the case, he has to compete with a number of other employers, the standard is generally set, not by what the kindest employer would *like to do*, but by what the keenest and most self-seeking employer actually *does*. If one employer gets his labour cheap, almost all the other employers in the same line of business feel themselves obliged in self-defence to try to get their labour at an equally cheap rate. And when the employer with this desire to get his labour as cheaply as possible and the man seeking employment come together to settle the terms of

employment, which is likely to have the better of the bargain? In the first place the employer can usually wait much longer. The extent of his advantage in this respect depends on the character and magnitude of his business. The small master, employing but one or two men, will often be little better off than the men themselves, and will scarcely have a larger reserve fund to fall back upon. Even in the largest concerns a stoppage is frequently the cause of considerable loss to the proprietors: not that this is always the case, for employers are sometimes not sorry to "shut down" their works for a time while they work off their stock. But the point is this: granting that delay means loss to both parties, it almost always means more to the workman, if he stands quite by himself. If he has no union funds to fall back upon, he runs the risk of starvation, or of having to break up his home, while the employer usually runs the risk only of losing a certain sum of money, more or less large. Both are bad, but starvation is the worse. Accordingly, if the workman fears that he cannot find employment, he dreads the pinch more than the employer; and he will, therefore, usually be ready to accept lower wages than he might possibly have been able to obtain had he been able to stand out.

But the position is made still worse when it is remembered that there are generally a number of men trying to obtain work at the same time from one employer or group of employers; each dreads that if he does not accept the terms offered him another will; and thus the employer has upon his side, if not in all cases the actual competition of man against man, at least the dread of such competition—the natural distrust which isolated, disunited workmen are sure to feel one of another.

But it is often said that if the employer could get cheaper labour he would employ a proportionately larger number of men, and that, therefore, for some to get a higher wage is to do an injustice to the others who would otherwise be employed. I do not deny that there are sometimes cases of the kind. But this is seldom the case in undertakings of any magnitude. If labour could be got one-fourth more cheaply, would employers at once engage one-fourth more men? Surely not, in most cases. The number of men to be employed is in most cases determined within comparatively narrow limits by the demand for the product, whatever it may be, by the capacity of the shops or mills, and by the character and extent of the machinery.

Let us suppose a case of this kind, which is fairly typical. It is known that a certain employer has work for ten men, and no more. There are twelve men who apply. If they have no com-

ination, each of these twelve will fear that unless he comes to terms very speedily he will be left out in the cold. They all compete one against the other, and instead of the \$7 the employer might perhaps have been able to give, they secure, let us say, only \$6. But are the two who must anyway be unemployed a whit the better because those who do get work receive less? Not at all. Indeed, they may even be worse off; for if the twelve had combined, and secured \$7 for the fortunate ten, they might, perhaps, have had some out-of-work pay for the other two.

It is clear, then, that in order to have a reserve upon which to fall back, if they do not see their way to accepting the terms first offered to them; in order, moreover, to prevent men from underbidding one another, they must have a union with common funds. But it will be objected that this is a violation of the principle of freedom of contract. In one sense it undoubtedly is; it puts obstacles in the way of the individual employer making a contract with an individual workman. But in another and more important sense it is the only way of securing freedom of contract; for, as I have already said, a contract is not really free if one of the parties to it is under greater coercion than the other in making it; and if there is no combination the workman is under the abiding coercion of need and distrust.

As trade unions are inevitable, and, indeed, necessary, in order to put the workman in a position to make an equal bargain, they are justifiable. Mark you, I do not say that the actions of trade unions are all justifiable, but union in itself is. There is now no economist of any reputation, whatever his personal sympathies may be, who does not recognize this. Even John Stuart Mill, who certainly was not sanguine in his hopes as to unions, and distrusted many of their methods, expressed himself as follows:

“I do not hesitate to say that associations of labourers of a nature similar to trades unions, far from being a hindrance to a free market for labour, are the necessary instrumentality of that free market; the indispensable means of enabling the seller of labour to take due care of their own interests under a system of competition.”

It is time that *such* were frankly granted. Attempts, such as those common a few years ago, to bind the workpeople not to join a union, *e.g.* by the so-called “iron-bound oath,” are mistaken for two reasons. First, because they create a sense of injustice, and secondly, because they cannot permanently succeed. No power on earth can in the long run prevent intelligent men, whether bricklayers or wholesale grocers, from combining, if they think it to be their interest.

But it may be said that employers have given up the attempt to hinder combination; that it is generally conceded to be justifiable. But nevertheless, deep down in the minds of a large number of persons of the more comfortable classes—especially, so far as my experience goes, of ladies—there is a vague idea still surviving that a combination to raise wages is in itself wrong. This feeling is not due merely to selfishness; it is partly due to old theories which have long ago ceased to be applicable, and to laws which have but recently been abolished. Let me explain; and first as to the theories. A hundred years ago industry and trade in the chief countries of Europe were subject to innumerable rules and regulations, imposed or enforced by Government, which hampered in every direction the further development of enterprise. Those regulations once had a use, but their time was now over; and there was a cry everywhere for more freedom—more liberty for the individual to make the best he could of his powers. The movement was in a great measure successful; new industries sprang up; and for fifty years it remained the creed of all good Radicals that individual freedom from restraint, the right of every man to make just such bargains as he pleased for himself, was the necessary condition of all progress. But we have slowly been learning that liberty is not a universal remedy; that, for instance, it is dangerous to the State to allow women and children to contract to work for periods hurtful to their health, or even to allow men to agree to work under unsanitary conditions. Thus all countries have been obliged to limit individual freedom by Factory Acts, and Sanitary Acts, and some of them by Education Acts (though Canada is, unfortunately, not yet among the number). We can no longer think that freedom under all circumstances is a good thing; nor, consequently, that unions, *merely because they limit freedom*, are necessarily bad: but an idea often survives in the popular mind long after its scientific force has been knocked out of it, and so with this idea that individual competition is the only fitting way of arriving at wages or prices.

The second reason I mentioned was the impression produced on the public mind by legislation which has only recently been repealed. Down to about a century ago, while labour was governed by the regulations I have just spoken of as enforced by the State, workmen were prohibited by law from combining; but then the State did make some attempt to secure fair wages. For instance, in England authority was given to the justices of the peace to assess wages from time to time. It is a gross mistake to suppose that the justices always put wages at the lowest possible

point; and in any case there is good reason for believing that the honest intention of the Government was to secure justice all round. They might, then, with some show of reason, say: We will look after your interests and you must not hamper us by any little attempts of your own. But it is a most remarkable fact that when the Government, yielding to the outcry for liberty, allowed all the other restrictions to be abolished—including all those, such as the justice's assessment and the limitation of the number of apprentices, which were designed in the interest of the workpeople—it retained the prohibition of combination. You see how one-sided the arrangement was. John Stuart Mill was one of the calmest of philosophers, and weighed his words with care, but the recollection of such laws stirred him beyond measure. "They exhibit," he said, "the infernal spirit of the slave-master; when to retain the working-classes in avowed slavery has ceased to be practicable." This is in the main the true explanation; but it is not a complete one, for the laws were supported by a number of estimable people, who were hardly influenced by selfish bias. They were actuated by the exaggerated belief in the virtue of mere liberty of which I have spoken. They believed that for the majority of the working classes to combine was an infringement on the right of the minority each to look after himself; and so they supported laws which aimed at keeping the working classes free against their wills.

But, as I said before, you cannot permanently defeat a tendency which arises out of the economic situation itself. The workmen began to form secret unions in the teeth of the law; and—as may be anticipated with men of scant education and toilsome lives, burning under a sense of being unfairly treated—they were often guilty of crimes which cannot be palliated. And the memory of those crimes, which, of course, the employers can hardly be blamed for making the most of, still clings round the name of "trade's union," and unconsciously influences the judgment of those who would otherwise be sympathetic. But we must in fairness remember that the worst of these crimes were committed when the governing classes were maintaining a system which, in its working, subjected the men to continual injustice.

We will grant, then, to begin with, that under modern circumstances it is inevitable that workmen should seek to form unions, and that they are right in so doing, inasmuch as only through union are they in a position to make a fair bargain. But this principle carries with it certain consequences which are by no means universally acknowledged. The first is that a union must have some sort of organization, some sort of representative

officials; and that in negotiations as to wages, employers will do well to recognize these officials, and treat with them, if there is reason to believe that the men do really look upon them as their representatives. This course is desirable, if only from the point of view of expediency. Let us take an example from a safe distance—from Australia. The great Melbourne strike arose out of a dispute between the shipowners and the captains and mates of the small coasting ships. The latter asked for an increase in wages, and, when refused, formed a union, and affiliated themselves with the trades union organization of the country. Thereupon the shipowners professed their readiness to grant the increase, but refused to confer with the officials of the new association; they would see them as individual employees, but not as representatives of a union. Now this was in the highest degree unwise. The captains of trading ships belonged to a different class from the great body of the unionists, and if the shipowners had just bided their time, there was great likelihood that the alliance between the new association and the federated unions would have come to an end of itself. But they chose rather to try openly and at once to break up the association; and the result has been a disastrous strike, which has brought distress to the whole community: for the demand of the shipowners was in itself sufficient to confirm the men in their opposition, if they had any spark of independence of spirit.

Of course I do not mean to say that an employer is to take the trouble to negotiate with any two or three men who claim to represent the workmen, and that he must not treat with anyone else. It is a matter of common sense. If the union includes but a small number of men, the employer may fairly say that the union delegates do not really represent the mass of the workpeople; but when the union does really embrace most of the men, it is both unjust and imprudent not to treat with it.

Let me take another example, and this time from England; from the great South Wales strike of 1890. Here one of the chief difficulties in the way of coming to terms was that the employers refused to treat with the representatives of the unions, on the ground that they were "outsiders." They would deal, they said, with their own workpeople, but not with paid demagogues. This feeling is very natural. The unionist Secretary is usually a person with more facility in speaking than the workmen; and he is able to put their case in a very telling way, and a way which is not likely to be overfair or generous to the masters. But let us look at it from the side of the men. They realize that they have not the education necessary to enable them to put their case well;

they are not accustomed to meet the masters and talk business with them, and they feel themselves at a disadvantage. What more natural, then, than that they should gladly choose as their representative some "outsider," with what is called "a gift of the gab?" And the point I want especially to press is this. Suppose the employers have justice on their side—and, of course, unions frequently make mistakes—they will be in a much better position for urging their side of the argument, if they do not begin by arousing bad feeling, by refusing to confer with the unionist leaders. Moreover, they would have much more chance of getting public opinion on their side; and public opinion is a force by which such disputes are largely determined.

The next proposition I have to lay down is that workmen are justified in *striking*, just as every dealer is justified in refusing to come to terms if he thinks he can make a better bargain. Of course it must never be forgotten that real *success* in the case of a strike is something more than success in the particular dispute: it is not real success if the result is to diminish or destroy the trade. And in saying that strikes are justifiable, I am speaking only of the refusal to work in itself. I shall be told that everybody admits it; I doubt it. Among persons of what we may call the "better-to-do classes" there is still a strong feeling that a strike in itself, whatever the merits of the particular quarrel may be, is a bad thing. Two reasons are given. First, that it causes great inconvenience to the public. Here I would draw a distinction. We must distinguish between forms of labour which are of immediate importance to life or limb or public order, and those which are not. In the case of the former I would go so far as to make it a penal offence to leave work without notice. It is obvious that we cannot permit gasworkers to leave a town in darkness, or railroad men to abandon trains *en route*, or policemen to refuse to go out on a night's duty, without a word of warning. Yet the contract must not be a one-sided one. If the employees in particular occupations are not to quit work without a specified period of notice, they must not be dismissed without an equally long notice. But in most cases the inconvenience is not so serious as this; and of course one of the objects of the strikers is to cause inconvenience to the public, and so draw attention to their claims. But it is extraordinary how hard some people find it to look at a question from somebody else's point of view. Thus I have heard it remarked how unfortunate it was that the progress of the university buildings was hindered by a strike. But then people have gone on to imply that there was something positively wrong in the bricklayers refusing to proceed

as fast as they could with so noble a task. But the time when the public wants certain things very much is just the best time for the labourer to put forward his claim. To judge from the lamentations of some good folk, it would seem as if the only proper time for men to strike was when there was no demand for their labour.

A second reason which is given for condemning all strikes is the amount of suffering which it entails to the strikers and their families. Even if they succeed, it is said, they will never be able to make up for the privations they have undergone. It was at one time a favourite form of argument to draw up a sort of balance sheet, and present on one side the amount of wages lost during the strike *plus* the expenditure of the union in strike pay, and to argue that even if the union succeeded it could never make up for the loss. But this is a ridiculously insufficient argument. Putting on one side the not infrequent case where the gain of a strike to the men does pay for the cost of it, the true answer is that the gain from the men's point of view of a strike cannot be measured in dollars and cents. To do this you would have to know the *indirect* influence of a successful strike, and, indeed, of many an unsuccessful one. One victory, or even a hard-fought battle where the men were defeated, may make many subsequent struggles unnecessary. A successful strike, or even an unsuccessful one that has proved costly to the employers, may influence them towards making concessions in the future rather than run the risk of considerable loss; and this in many other fields of employment. It would be a narrow view of the dockers' strike which was limited to its results on the dockers themselves. Their success has led all over England to a very general interest in the wages of unskilled labourers.

I advance now with some trepidation to a final proposition. If we allow that men have a right to combine and come to a common agreement as to the terms upon which they will work, we cannot fairly restrict them in the range of the conditions which they may think desirable. Let me take at once the sort of case that may be present to your minds. Suppose the men are anxious to secure and render permanent a certain rate of wages. The masters, we will suppose, are ready to grant the rise, but ask to be allowed to retain the right to employ other men at the same time, non-unionists, either at the same or a lower wage. Obviously it would be folly for the men, from their point of view, to accept the proposal; for it might be the thin edge of the wedge which would finally get rid of the union altogether. It would create that very competition among men which it is the object of the union to do away with.

Or, suppose that during a strike the employer has been able to get a few non-union men to work for him. Suppose that in spite of this he is beaten. Is he to keep these non-union men in his employ? Of course it seems very hard on these men that they should be turned adrift; but what the unions may urge from their point of view is this: "We want employers to understand that if they determine to reject our terms, and try to get outside labour, they must face the chance of their having to dismiss the outsiders if they are beaten; and if they make any agreement which they may not be able to keep, they must take their chance of having to compensate the outsiders for the breach of contract. And again we want non-unionists to feel that if they choose to help the employers they must run the risk of being left in the lurch." And there is this further argument, that if the employers are allowed to keep the "blacklegs," as they are called, there will be so much less employment for the men who have been on strike. Mark you, I would leave just the same right to the master. A master has a perfect right, if he thinks he can beat the union, to get in all the "blacklegs" he can obtain; and he has an unanswerable claim upon the civil authorities to see that his works and the non-unionists are properly protected. He has a right, again, when the men are beaten, to refuse to take back more than he wants. It is industrial warfare, which cannot be carried on without the running of risk on both sides. But if we see no way of preventing the war, we can at any rate take care that each side is given the same terms; and this cannot be unless both are given the fullest liberty to offer such conditions, either for employing or for working, as they think fit.

This concession was not made in England until 1875, when the last vestige of the law of conspiracy, so far as it affected labour combinations, was abolished, and it was enacted that only such acts were to be criminal when committed by a unionist as would be criminal if committed by an individual who did not belong to a combination. Canadian law, as I understand it, has not yet reached that point; the old common law of what is called *conspiracy* is still in force here. As late as two years ago, in the case of Gibson and others, in the city of Hamilton, three men were sentenced to three months' imprisonment because they moved, seconded and supported a resolution inflicting a fine upon any of their number who worked for the corporation while it retained a certain person in its employ. I know nothing about the special circumstances of the case; but as far as I can gather, the judge laid down that a mere agreement not to work for a particular employer so long as he retained a certain person in his

employment, was a criminal offence. I can conceive of few things more disastrous than an attempt to enforce such law; it ought to be amended at the earliest possible moment, and the law assimilated to that of England; for by enforcing it a feeling of soreness is created which will stand in the way of industrial peace—a soreness which is quite justifiable; for, however well-meaning such action may be, it displays unwillingness or inability to recognize the fundamental principle of unionism.

To sum up this part of the argument, it must be recognized (1) that the formation of unions is justifiable; (2) that this principle brings with it certain consequences—as, for instance, that unions must act through their officials; that if they have reasonable grounds for believing that they can be permanently successful, they are justified in striking; and finally that they have a right to try to get certain conditions, just as the masters have a right to refuse to employ any one of them.

All this, when one comes to deal with any particular case is but preliminary; but in human affairs difficulties often arise more from the preliminaries than from the questions ultimately at issue. I regard strikes as a most grievous outcome of the present economic situation. The machinery of the union is largely a machinery for industrial war; and we must all hope that some better way may show itself by-and-by of adjusting the shares which the various participants in production are to receive. Moreover, I am very far from thinking that workmen are always in the right, and victimised martyrs; just as I do not believe that employers are always in the right, and models of equity. What, then, do all these preliminary considerations “amount to?” They “amount to” this: There will be a much greater chance of an amicable settlement of disputes, and, if the men are mistaken, the employers will be far more likely to persuade them, if there is a complete recognition from the outset of the principle of unionism and its necessary consequences. And again, I am as strong as anyone, perhaps stronger than many, in maintaining that it is the first duty of the civil authority to keep order and punish violence by whomsoever committed. To allow non-unionists even to be “hustled” with impunity, and still more to be assaulted—to permit, for example, street car lines to be taken possession of by strikers—is a lamentable exhibition of weakness on the part of the magistrates. But the magistrates would be able to do their duty with more firmness, and the men would be more disposed to keep order, if the public did not frequently confuse together altogether different issues. Violence and unionism may chance to go together, but they are not necessarily connected, and

they ought not to be condemned in the same breath, as they so often are. If the well-to-do classes persist in treating them as necessarily going together, is it any wonder that ignorant men, who feel that their unionism is not wrong, should feel also that violence is not so very wrong ?

I said just now that the method of strikes and lockouts is the method of industrial warfare, and it is warfare with much the same weapons as in the open field—starvation on the one side and ruin on the other, with embitterment of spirit and mutual distrust as its inevitable accompaniments. Whether we look at industry from the point of view of Christians, whose duty it is to bring about peace and goodwill, or as good citizens wishing to remove obstacles in the way of orderly government, or as mere economists distressed at the enormous waste of productive powers, we must be anxious to help towards the introduction of better methods of adjusting wages. Now it is folly to expect, as some employers seem still to do, that workmen will ever allow employers to assign them what wages they think fit; and on the other hand it is hopeless to expect, as some labour enthusiasts do, that a plan can ever be struck out as a perfected whole, and introduced all of a piece, which will prevent all possibility of collision. Improvements have always come slowly, and will come slowly in the future. All we can do is to seek to discover in what direction improvement seems to be beginning, and to endeavour to smooth the way for its further development. Now the most hopeful of all the methods hitherto adopted is the method of arbitration. In England from repeated arbitration they have advanced to the establishment of permanent Boards of Conciliation, which have been at work for some sixteen or seventeen years in the manufactured iron trade of the north of England, and in some other trades. This is a subject which demands a lecture of itself; meanwhile I advise all those who are interested in the experiments in that direction to study the detailed account of them which he will find in Mr. Price's "Industrial Peace."

The essential matter to observe with regard to arbitration and Boards of Conciliation is that they all involve the recognition of the principle of unionism as an absolutely indispensable preliminary condition. Why has arbitration been so much less successful in the United States than in England? Partly because the employers have not yet, as in England, fairly granted the right of the men to combine; and partly because, owing to a variety of causes, the unions in many cases did not exist. Now, unless you have unions with regular methods of coming to a common decision, and with the habit of acting through repre-

sentatives, how are you to get the workpeople to work together, to allow themselves to be treated with through men of their own number, and loyally abide by the decision? Of course if men not in the habit of common action are brought together just for once and asked to confer powers to act for them upon delegates and, if they agree to this, they ought in honour to abide by the award; but it needs little knowledge of human nature to anticipate that they will frequently refuse. And again, if they *have* a union, and the employers begin by refusing to recognize it, and by shutting the door on its delegates, what chance is there of successful arbitration if bye-and-bye the employers do propose it.

It is, therefore, not because unions are always wise—for they are often sadly mistaken—that I urge their completest recognition; it is because I hold them to be unavoidable outgrowths of the present state of affairs, and to furnish, as far as we can see, the necessary basis for the most hopeful means of bettering the present miserable condition of affairs.

The burden of my argument has been directed towards the employing class; but before I close I want, if there are any strong labour advocates present, to make an appeal to them. It is about a matter which does not directly fall within the scope of my subject, but which I am constrained to speak of.

A Commission is sitting to investigate into all parts of our prison system. Among others they will deal with Prison Labour. Now, I will grant most fully that prison labour has often been managed in the most careless and happy-go-lucky fashion; I say not in Ontario—about that I have no sufficient information; but certainly elsewhere. I grant, in particular, that the system of contract labour has been worked in such a way as to injure the working classes; but I would beseech working men to hesitate long before they joined in any cry which resulted in prisoners being kept either without employment or at wasteful forms of labour which they feel to be degrading. If they do, prisoners will come out worse than they went in, and the best means for their reformation will be taken away. The working classes will then not only have to pay the full cost of their maintenance, and the increased cost of the judiciary and police, but they will have the damnation of men on their souls. It is a matter to which they have a right to give and ought to give careful consideration. All I ask them now is to think long before condemning prisoners to idleness, or, what is worse, useless labour. It is a noble thing to have a giant's strength—and doubtless the working men of Ontario can make the politician do as they please—but it is base to use it like a giant.

OLIVER CROMWELL.*

BY THE REV. W. A. QUAYLE, M.A.,

President of Baker University, Kansas.

I.

FELLOWSHIP with great ideas amplifies the soul. The study of a sunset or a mountain or the sea exalts him who studies. Great ideas are the heritage of the human mind. But man is always greater than any purely material thing. The spiritual always dwarfs the physical. The mountain that lifts its forehead to the heavens is less a giant than the man who stands at its far base and computes its altitude. The locomotive, with its ponderous complexity, is simplicity and commonplaceness as compared with Stephenson, who created the iron leviathan and governs its goings. The ocean, that home of slumbering storms and wrathful tempests, that symbol of infinity and omnipotence—the ocean is not so great as the dreamy man that stands upon its shore and meditates its mastery. Columbus is greater than the dread Atlantic.

A great man is the aggregation of great ideas. He embodies some movement, is the amplification of some concept. He is, therefore, of supreme importance to the world. He is, by virtue of his greatness, passed into the circulating medium of the intellectual realm. He is not to be underrated. To study him is not servility nor hero worship, but is wisdom and honest dealing with one's own life. Show me greatness and you have made me your debtor. To be associated with the colossal elevates the soul. This is a common fact in intellectual history. Every man who has lifted himself from the low levels where he found his life grovelling, knows that except he had touched the hem of greatness' garment he had never arisen even to his little height.

Cromwell was a great soul. Near him I feel as if I stood within the shadow of a pyramid. The day is gone when men wrangled.

*We had the pleasure of hearing this noble tribute to Cromwell delivered as a lecture by President Quayle at the Chautauqua Assembly, at Lake Tahoe, California, and were so impressed by its brilliance, eloquence and profound effect, that we asked and obtained his consent to kindly write it out for this MAGAZINE. Admirably as this paper reads, its effect was still more effective accompanied by the impressive emphasis, impassioned action, and soul-stirring oratory of the eloquent lecturer.—Ed.

over his greatness. If any man call the roll of imperial genius, be sure the name of Oliver Cromwell will be there. His burly figure stalks across every stage where genius doth appear. There are some men who are locally great. Their genius is provincial. They belong to vicinities. Close at hand they seem men of mighty stature; far removed they appear as pigmies on the plain. To this class most men of note belong. They have their day. They serve their generation. Their service to the world is not to be underrated. Without them history would indeed suffer loss. And yet their speech is not a world speech, nor are they world figures.

There are other men who have no marks of provincialism either in speech or look. They have hung their blazing orbs so high as to have become the luminaries of the world. Their glory is so illustrious that all men count them stars of the first magnitude. They have "become a name." The earth esteems their fame a precious heritage. To this decimated list the name of Cromwell belongs. However much men differ in their estimates of his character, there is practically no differing on the question of his genius. There is a unanimity of sentiment here which must strike every reader of biography and history with wonderment.

Gladstone ranks Cromwell with Charlemagne and Napoleon. Clarendon recognizes him as no common man. Nicholson says: "He was a man for all ages to admire, for all Britons to honour in proud remembrance," and adds, "no royal name, at least since Alfred's, is more worthy of our veneration than that of the usurper, Oliver Cromwell." Thurloe, Cromwell's Secretary of State, himself no mean figure, declares, "A greater soul never dwelt among men." Goldwin Smith says: "A greater proof of practical capacity was never given." Macaulay calls him "the most profound politician of his age," and says: "Such was his genius and resolution that he was able to overpower and crush everything that crossed his path, and to make himself more absolute master of his country than any of her legitimate kings had been." Cardinal Mazarin gave his grudging but incontestable testimony to the Protector's greatness, in that he "feared Cromwell more than he feared the Devil, and changed colour at the mention of his name." The above remark will have the more significance if it be remembered that the Cardinal had a lively belief in a personal Devil; and his life was such that it cannot be doubted he had a wholesome fear of him. Guizot, who cannot be classed among Cromwell's panegyrists, pays this tribute to him: "He is, perhaps, the only example which history affords of one man having governed the most opposite events and proved suffi-

cient for the most various destinies." This list of testimonials to the greatness of the man Cromwell may well close with the phrase of Carlyle. To him, among his heroes, he is "Great Cromwell." And, indeed, there is no assignable reason why this man should not be placed in the list with a Great Frederick and a Great Charles. By right of his genius he may well be named Cromwell the Great.

If I am told that the man about to come upon the stage is one who wrought marvels, founded empires, wore a crown of more than royal splendour, won plaudits from the unwilling lips of an unfriendly world—and if such a man come, can it be otherwise than that I shall view him with attentive vision, aye, with my soul in my eyes! Behold, Cromwell is here!

He is five feet ten inches high. He is broad, burly and half-clad in mail. A huge head, "fit to be the workshop of vast matters," plants itself on his shoulders. He is fiery, fierce, brave as Achilles, yet tender as a woman. His is an English face. No perfumed Adonis he; no fine cut Greek features—an Anglo-Saxon all and all. No man can well mistake this man's nationality. He looks of the race which produced him; eyes that look into things and beyond them; silent, melancholic, fitted for an actor in a world's tragedy. He seemed a tower which it were folly to attempt to storm; a bolt shot from a thunder cloud which it seemed impossible to resist; a sphynx riddle no man could solve; a secret that must die untold; a man you would turn to look upon when you passed, not knowing why you looked. The Puritan soldier and prince is come. Look!

Cromwell was born in 1599. As Carlyle has finely said, he was "always a year older than his century." Four years and Elizabeth died, and the Tudors were but a name in history. He was born during a lull in national affairs which was the dread calm before the fury-burst of the tempest. His life began on the verge of such a precipice that "the murmuring surge that on the unnumbered idle pebbles chafes could not be heard so high"—a sheer leap down into a seething sea of war, of anarchy, of blood. His life was an arch which spans the chasm between two dynasties. History has shown that he lived in a crisis, and was a man born for crucial moments in the chemistry of nations. Some men are fitted for epoch making—sinewy to withstand the fury of tremendous onset. Athanasius, Savonarola, Luther, Cromwell, Pym, Lincoln—these men seem moulded in colossal matrices for unusual service and superior destinies.

Cromwell was well born, not greatly born. Here is a wise distinction Nature makes and men might well mark. He was

not plebeian, was not prince. The blood of Scotch royalty flowed through his heart, and the strength of English yeomanry was latent in his arm. Through and through he was a representative of the land of his nativity. He was of that middle rank which has made England what England is. He was a farmer, a cattle breeder, a soldier, cast in nobler than Roman mould. He was a man of college training, by forecast a lawyer; by providence and fealty to duty a farmer, a general, a statesman, a king.

Every man's genius is coloured by the age in which he lives. His environment does not control, but does put its stamp upon his destiny. The image and superscription of genius is imprinted by the age which produces the man. Few men are to be understood apart from their times. We must study the topography of genius if we would comprehend the achievements of generals and the utterances of kings. If you will rehearse to me the story of Prometheus, tell me not only his name and fame, but that a black, scarred crag of the Caucasus held him, that the vultures gnawed unceasingly at his vitals, that lightnings hurled their gleaming spears about his head, and thunders made his lonely citidal of pain to rock like a fisher's bark on tempest-drenched seas. These things, the dire accessories of woe, are necessities for the comprehension of the Titan tale. So of Moses, I must know not only who, but where—Egypt, born of a slave, adopted by a queen, learned in all the knowledge of that wisest land, a king's heir, self-exiled from the throne, lone Midian with its wandering flock, the burning bush, the voice of God, the miracles in Egypt, the sea passed through dry shod, the desert, Sinai, the law, Pisgah, Nebo—all these things must be told ere I can comprehend the life of the chiefest legislator of the world.

So must I understand the times in which this man Cromwell wrought if I would comprehend his achievements. Born in Elizabeth's reign! What a heyday of glory! What glamour clings about those days! Chivalry, romance, Raleigh, Leicester, din of arms, shout of victory, crash of Armadas, and through all haughty-faced, golden-haired Elizabeth, like an omnipresent personality! How these incongruities become congruous when seen in those golden-hazed times! But we must look into these things more narrowly. Students of history must look through appearances into realities. Elizabeth's age was an age (*a*) Of incomplete reformation; (*b*) Of decaying chivalry; (*c*) Of commerce and colonization; (*d*) Of surprising energy and wonderful action which produced the drama. These heads summarize the distinctive features of the Elizabethan era. Look at them briefly.

The Reformation had no stronger or more virulent opposer

than Henry VIII. He loved a woman not his wife. He wished to divorce his Queen. Rome would not grant the king's desire. Henry denied Papal supremacy. He married Annie Boleyn. He introduced the Reformation, but such a distorted semblance as to be scarce recognizable. The Reformation came to England to gratify the lust of a lecherous king. The new Church differed from the old in one regard. In the old the Pope was supreme; in the new the King was supreme. King and Pope were combined in a single person. Here was the union of Church and State. It must be apparent that a change made for such reasons, and continued under such forms, must be a thing from which pure men would revolt. Elizabeth sustained the same relations to the Church as had her father. With her the Church was a subordinate department of State. She was Protestant by circumstances. Her conscience was no active member of the Royal Council. She was head of the Protestant powers of Europe more as a matter of policy than of religion. Indeed, to speak with even reasonable accuracy, she was such almost solely for politic reasons. It was, let us say sadly but with all certainty, an era of incomplete reformation.

It was also an age of decaying chivalry. The day of chivalry was growing late. The purity of knighthood was largely a departed glory. Instead of the nobility of sincerity which made beautiful the face and fame of King Arthur, there was the laugh of insincerity and the hollowness of hypocrisy. Chivalry was a dying splendour. The Sidneys and Raleighs were a hopeless minority. The impurity that blights was rife. The court of Elizabeth was not the home of a true Christian Queen. Elizabeth and Victoria! What lengths divide them! The captivating beauty of Spencer's "Fairie Queen" finds no counterpart in the chivalry of Elizabeth's reign. "False Duessa" of Spencer's tale might well stand as the sad symbol of Elizabethan chivalry. Elizabeth fostered hypocrisy. She watered with her woman's hand that upas tree. She smiled on knighthood kneeling at her throne with lies as black as treason on its lips. Chivalry, with its storied purity, was not. The crusader, whose heart was full of nobility, and whose hand was full of deeds of high emprise, was dead. He slumbered in his grave; and with him slept the sacred dust of Christian chivalry.

This was an age of discovery and colonization. The English were beginning to guess the secret of their insular position. The sea was beckoning them to sail beyond the sunset. The fire that burned within the life of the Renaissance burned here. Men urged their way along the vasty seas; they longed to sight new

worlds. A Columbus heart throbbed in many a discoverer's breast. They sought new lands; and new lands found must be peopled. Commerce must build her metropolis of trade. Sailors, soldiers, settlers must go together. These were contemporaries in a new land. Boldness characterized the adventurer in Elizabeth's reign. She herself was as brave as Boadicea. Cowardice is not one of Elizabeth's sins, nor is it a sin of her age. There were bold men in those days, and they sailed to the world's limit, and assayed to seize new hemispheres for England's supremacy.

It was the age of the drama. Those were days of action. Tremendous and almost resistless energy was here. The blood ran like lightning along men's veins. Magnificent energies were driving along like a whirlwind. It was an actor's age. The drama grew out of the nature of things. That species of poetry grew in Greece when Athens was as sleepless as the ocean. It is the index, the exponent of superlative energy. In such an atmosphere the drama grows to its full height. In Elizabeth's reign the drama "rose like an exhalation." In a brief period it grew to such noble proportions that it might well lay claim to have half wrested the sceptre from the hand of Attica. That age shows the drama at its best; since then it has added no gem to its tiara of glory.

In an age marked with such peculiarities Cromwell was born. It was essentially a feudal reign. The Tudors were a feudal house. Elizabeth was a feudal sovereign. She, hating death, died. Death tore the sceptre from her hand, the purple from her shoulders, her crown from her head; he took her from her throne and hewed her out a tomb. The Tudors were dead; the Stuarts were come. Strength was no more. Weakness clung with timid fingers to the royal trappings. In 1603, Elizabeth lay dying; 1649, and Charles Stuart's bloody head dropped on the scaffold at Whitehall; 1603, and a whole people delirious with loyalty; 1649, and all England sullen with wrath that slew their King. Truly, "the old order changes, giving place to new." But the change in appearance was only indicative of the change the people had undergone. It was the tide that told how high the sea had risen. We may well challenge history to show so radical a change in so brief a period. It was a sailing into a new, untried sea. It was the passing into a new hemisphere lit with new stars; into a realm unknown, vast, curtained with mystery. It was a change so entire, so unparalleled, that no precedent could be adduced. It was sailing when chart and compass and stars are gone.

This was not the England of Elizabeth, but a new and untried

thing. Hers was the England of the cavalier and the Churchman. This was the England of the commoner and the Puritan. It resembled the old order only in its possession of tremendous and resistless energy. The river still plunged like a mountain torrent toward the sea; but the channels were changed. Puritanism was here. It came like an apparition. It stalked upon the stage of human affairs, and men knew not whence it came nor whither it hastened. It was a strange thing; it was a great thing. Its appearance marked an upward movement of the tides of God. What, then, is Puritanism? This question needs candid answer. More, it demands it. Puritanism is not an incomprehensible thing, but it is in the main an uncomprehended thing. Men laugh at it, make their common jests at its expense. I had as lief laugh at Niagara or the Matterhorn. Stupendousness is not a fit subject for jest, nor sublimity a theme fitting the humourist's powers; yet the greater part of men's knowledge of Puritanism is that which appertains to its vagaries. It had its idiosyncracies. All greatness has. It was not perfect; but it was such a thing as towered immeasurably above all religious contemporaries. In our day, looking back across that seventeenth century plain crowded with armies, misted with battle smoke, tumultuous with battle's din—looking back we behold Puritanism a peak that lifts itself so high into the azure that when all else is hid it stands sublime, a beacon to the world. Puritanism was no tangle of incongruities, no maze of absurdities. It was wise above its day. It was *purityism*. It was a revolt against falseness, hollowness, hypocrisy. It was an exodus of men from an Egypt of falsehood and insincerity, into a Canaan of truth. It was the coming to the side of truth; the taking stand within the ranks of God.

As has been shown, the English Church was half Romanism and more. It lacked those elements which should characterize an ecclesiasticism. From such a thing the Puritans departed; and never had a religious exodus more justification. Puritanism was an incarnation of Christian conscience. That is saying much, but is speaking noble truth. True, it was not the genial and beautiful thing that Christ manhood was. They patterned rather after Moses and Elijah than after Christ. But better Moses than Pharaoh, better Elijah than Ahab. Those who can scarcely marshal words mete for the task of condemning the Puritan severity of morals and of life, find no difficulty in passing the orgies of a brothel court of the second Charles with the feeble and smiling condemnation that amounts to a *Magnificat* of sin. It were well to preserve at least a semblance of fairness in discussing important matters. So Puritanism came. It asked no man's

leave. It stood a stern, strong, heroic thing. It championed the cause of purity and devotion to God. It believed in the brotherhood and common equality of man. It believed in one God and one Book. No better and no nobler tribute can be paid that band of Christian men and women whom history names Puritans than to say, as has been said, "They were men of one Book." The Bible was their *vade mecum*. These men possessed a devotion to duty, as they apprehended it, which was as beautiful as a mother's self-sacrifice. Stern and pitiless as the winter's storm toward Romanism and sin in any guise, but tender towards wife, mother, babe, as any heart that ever beat. They were knights in a new and illustrious chivalry. They made battle for purity of thought, lips and life. My heart, as it beholds the Puritan, cries, "Hail, all hail!"

This change was great past all belief. Pray, you, what caused it? There is but one answer possible, the Bible. The Bible is a revolutionizer. That was *the Book*. Puritanism pored over it as schoolboys con their lessons with bent heads. They were saturated with the Bible thought and Bible phrase. Their thought framed itself to speech in the Bible sentences. On Dunbar's field, when mists began to lift and the battle came, the Puritan Cromwell cried, "Let God arise and let His enemies be scattered." His was the Puritan speech. His life was moulded by God's Book. With it all Puritans held constant companionship. The Bible is a renovator. Let the Bible enter any man's thought and it will ennoble. Stand a man face to face with the Bible concepts, and he will begin to pant for room. It flings vastness into his soul. The Bible begets a new soul. Puritanism was new. Men thought these men monstrosities; but they were noble normalities. There was in them greatness, wisdom, goodness. Looking at them we say, scarcely thinking what we utter, "There were giants in those days."

Cromwell was a Puritan. He was permeated with the decrees. His was a bilious temperament. He was moody, silent, brooding, melancholy. All great souls have melancholy hours, and know the ministry of silence. Moses prepared for God's work in the solitudes of Horeb; and every Moses must be girt for his great battles by the ministration of wide-reaching silence. Cromwell, in his fen lands, in his silence, mused on God's Word, was converted, came into the secret of the Divine, merged his life into the life of God; became a moody soul lit with resplendent Bible lights. Who does not comprehend this will not comprehend Cromwell. The hieroglyphics of this man's life are not decipherable if a man hold not this key within his hand. He

embodied Puritanism. To know Milton and Cromwell is to know Puritanism. They are the high tides of that illustrious era. Cromwell had seen false chivalry die; had seen the true chivalry spring into majestic life. Had seen the Puritan day grow crimson with the dawn. He dwelt under Stuart tyranny. That family was weak. The Tudors, whatever their faults—and they were many—were strong. Henry VII. had a giant's arm. He was of kingly stature and imperial mould. Henry VIII., libertine that he was, had kingly powers and talent for administration akin to genius. Even Mary, with her hands dyed in martyrs' blood, was not weak. She had virility of power that was not wholly mastered by her woman's heart. Her successor might well be named King Elizabeth. She was a King, not Queen. And when the government passed from a royal line whose powers and prowess were manifest into the hands of drivelling incompetency and pedantic weakness, the antithesis was so startling that it wakened men from their quiescent moods, till on the lips of even steadfast loyalty there came the unpremeditated query, "Why should this weakness reign over us?"

Men will forgive much if there be strength. The French tolerated a Louis XIV. and not a Louis XVI., because the one was strong and the other weak. They tolerated the administration and gloried in the rule of a Napoleon and dethroned a Charles X., because a Napoleon, though a tyrant, was strong, and Charles was a tyrant and weak. The Stuarts were weak. There was no strength among them. Charles II., in spite of his monstrous vices, had more of the symptoms of strength than James I., Charles I. or James II. James I. was pedant, an overgrown schoolboy, "the wisest fool in Christendom." Charles I. was the creature of favourites, was possessed of no gift of comprehending the people whom he ruled, was an egotist and as false as even a king could well be. James II. was an intolerant bigot, as blind as the mole that burrows in the earth, and so incapable of learning that even a scaffold dyed with his father's blood could teach him no wisdom. Such were the Stuarts. The Tudors had been tyrannical, but they were not pusillanimous in their weakness. There was no more despotism in James I. than in Elizabeth, nor in Charles I. than in Henry VIII.; but there was strength in the Tudors and only weakness in the Stuarts. They were a puerile race. Charles had all a Tudor's pride and self-assurance with none of the Tudor's astuteness or strength, and the result is what any attentive reader of history might forecast. Men rebelled. The Puritan revolution grew as naturally as ever did the wind-flower or the violet.

RECREATIONS IN ASTRONOMY.*

BY BISHOP WARREN, D.D., LL.D.

CREATIVE PROCESSES.

ALL sciences are making an advance, but astronomy is moving at the double-quick. Since the principles of this science were settled by Copernicus, four hundred years ago, it has never had to beat a retreat. It is re-written, not to correct material errors, but to incorporate new discoveries.

Once astronomy treated mostly of tides, seasons, and telescopic aspects of the planets; now these are only primary matters. Once it considered stars as mere fixed points of light; now it studies them as suns, determines their age, size, colour, movements, chemical constitution, and the revolution of their planets. Once it considered space as empty; now it knows that every cubic inch of it quivers with greater intensity of force than that which is visible in Niagara. Every inch of surface that can be conceived of between suns is more wave-tossed than the ocean in a storm.

The invention of the telescope constituted one era in astronomy; its perfection in our day, another; and the discoveries of the spectroscope a third—no less important than either of the others.

While nearly all men are prevented from practical experimentation in these high realms of knowledge, few have so little leisure as to be debarred from intelligently enjoying the results of the investigations of others

These chapters have been written not only to reveal some of the highest achievements of the human mind, but also to let the heavens declare the glory of the Divine mind. In the author's judgment, there is no gulf that separates science and religion, nor any conflict where they stand together. And it is fervently hoped that anyone who comes to a better knowledge of God's works through reading these pages, may thereby come to a more intimate knowledge of the Worker.

During all the ages there has been one bright and glittering page of the loftiest wisdom unrolled before the eye of man. That this page may be read in every part, man's whole world turns him before it. This motion apparently changes the eternally stable stars into a moving panorama, but it is only so in appear-

*By the courtesy of Bishop Warren we are permitted to reprint from his admirable volume on this subject, published by Harper Brothers—one of the most fascinating we ever read—the accompanying selections.—ED.

ance. The sky is a vast, immovable dial-plate of "that clock whose pendulum ticks ages instead of seconds," and whose time is eternity. The moon moves along the illuminated figures, traversing the dial quickly, like a second-hand, once a month. The sun, like a minute-hand, goes over the dial once a year. Various planets stand for hour-hands, moving over the dial in various periods reaching up to one hundred and sixty-four years; while the earth, like a ship of exploration, sails the infinite azure, bearing the observers to different points where they may investigate the infinite problems of this mighty machinery.

This dial not only shows present movements, but it keeps the history of uncounted ages past ready to be read backward in proper order; and it has glorious volumes of prophecy, revealing the far-off future to any man who is able to look thereon, break the seals, and read the record. Glowing stars are the alphabet of this lofty page. They combine to form words. Meteors, rainbows, auroras, shifting groups of stars, make pictures vast and significant as the armies, angels, and falling stars in the Revelation of St. John—changing and progressive pictures of infinite wisdom and power.

Men have not yet advanced as far as those who saw the pictures John describes, and hence the panorama is not understood. That continuous speech that day after day uttereth is not heard; the knowledge that night after night showeth is not seen; and the invisible things of God from the creation of the world, even His eternal power and Godhead, clearly discoverable from things that are made, are not apprehended.

The greatest triumphs of men's minds have been in astronomy—and ever must be. We have not learned its alphabet yet. We read only easy lessons, with as many mistakes as happy guesses. But in time we shall know all the letters, become familiar with the combinations, be apt at their interpretation, and will read with facility the lessons of wisdom and power that are written on the earth, blazoned in the skies, and pictured by the flowers below and the rainbows above.

In order to know how worlds move and develop, we must create them; we must go back to their beginning, give their endowment of forces, and study the laws of their unfolding. This we can easily do by that faculty wherein man is likest his Father, a creative imagination. God creates and embodies; we create, but it remains in thought only. But the creation is as bright, strong, clear, enduring, and real, as if it were embodied. Every one of us would make worlds enough to crush us, if we could embody as well as create. Our ambition would outrun our wisdom. Let

us come into the high and ecstatic frame of mind which Shakspeare calls frenzy, in the exigencies of his verse, when

“The poet’s eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven ;
And, as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet’s pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name.”

In the supremacy of our creative imagination let us make empty space, in order that we may therein build up a new universe. Let us wave the wand of our power, so that all created things disappear. There is no world under our feet, no radiant clouds, no blazing sun, no silver moon, nor twinkling stars. We look up, there is no light; down, through immeasurable abysses, there is no form; all about, and there is no sound or sign of being—nothing save utter silence, utter darkness. It cannot be endured. Creation is a necessity of mind—even of the Divine mind.

We will now, by imagination, create a monster world, every atom of which shall be dowered with the single power of attraction. Every particle shall reach out its friendly hand, and there shall be a drawing together of every particle in existence. The laws governing this attraction shall be two. When these particles are associated together, the attraction shall be in proportion to the mass. A given mass will pull twice as much as one of half the size, because there is twice as much to pull. And a given mass will be pulled twice as much as one half as large, because there is twice as much to be pulled. A man who weighed one hundred and fifty pounds on the earth might weigh a ton and a half on a body as large as the sun.

That shall be one law of attraction; and the other shall be that masses attract inversely as the square of distanees between them. Abscence shall affect friendships that have a material basis. If a body like the earth pulls a man one hundred and fifty pounds at the surface, or four thousand miles from the centre, it will pull the same man one-fourth as much at twice the distance, one-sixteenth as much at four times the distance. Thus the two laws of attraction of gravitation are—(1) *Gravity is proportioned to the quantity of matter*; and (2) *The force of gravity varies inversely as the square of the distance from the centre of the attracting body.*

The original form of matter is gas. Mr. Lockyer claims to have proved that all the so-called primary elements of matter are only so many different sized molecules of one original substance

—hydrogen. Whether that is true or not, let us now create all the hydrogen we can imagine, either in differently sized masses or in combination with other substances. There it is! We cannot measure its bulk; we cannot fly around it in any recordable eons of time. It has boundaries, to be sure, for we are finite, but we cannot measure them. Let it alone, now; leave it to itself. What follows? It is dowered simply with attraction. The vast mass begins to shrink, the outer portions are drawn inward. They rush and swirl in vast cyclones, thousands of miles in extent. The centre grows compact, heat is evolved by impact, as will be explained. Dull red light begins to look like coming dawn. Centuries go by; contraction goes on; light blazes in insufferable brightness; tornadoes, whirlpools, and tempests scarcely signify anything as applied to such tumultuous tossing.

There hangs the only world in existence; it hangs in empty space. It has no tendency to rise; none to fall; none to move at all in any direction. It seethes and flames, and holds itself together by attractive power, and that is all the force with which we have endowed it.

Leave it there alone, and withdraw millions of miles into space: it looks smaller and smaller. We lose sight of those distinctive spires of flame, those terrible movements. It only gives an even effulgence, a steady, unflickering light. Turn one quarter round. Still we see our world, but it is at one side.

Now in front, in the utter darkness, suddenly create another world of the same size, and at the same distance from you. There they stand—two huge, lone bodies, in empty space. But we created them dowered with attraction. Each instantly feels the drawing influence of the other. They are mutually attractive, and begin to move toward each other. They hasten along an undeviating straight line. Their speed quickens at every mile. The attraction increases every moment. They fly swift as thought. They dash their flaming, seething foreheads together.

And now we have one world again. It is twice as large as before, that is all the difference. There is no variety, neither any motion; just simple flame, and nothing to be warmed thereby. Are our creative powers exhausted by this effort?

No, we will create another world, and add another power to it that shall keep them apart. That power shall be what is called the force of inertia, which is literally no power at all; it is an inability to originate or change motion. If a body is at rest, inertia is that quality by which it will forever remain so, unless acted upon by some force from without; and if a body is in motion, it will continue on at the same speed, in a straight line, forever, unless it is quickened, retarded, or turned from its path by some

other force. Suppose our newly created sun is 860,000 miles in diameter. Go away 92,500,000 miles and create an earth eight thousand miles in diameter. It instantly feels the attractive power of the sun drawing it to itself twenty-four miles the first hour. Now, just as it starts, give this earth a push in a line at right angles with line of fall to the sun, that shall send it 66,168 miles every hour thereafter. It obeys both forces. The result is that the world moves constantly forward at the same speed by its inertia from that first push, and attraction momentarily draws it from its straight line, so that the new world circles round the other to the starting-point. Continuing under the operation of both forces, the worlds can never come together or fly apart.

They circle about each other as long as these forces endure; for the first world does not stand still and the second do all the going; both revolve around the centre of gravity common to both. In case the worlds are equal in mass, they will both take the same orbit around a central stationary point, midway between the two. In case their mass be as one to eighty-one, as in the case of the earth and the moon, the centre of gravity around which both turn will be $\frac{1}{82}$ of the distance from the earth's centre to the moon's centre. This brings the central point around which both worlds swing just inside the surface of the earth. It is like an apple attached by a string, and swung around the hand; the hand moves a little, the apple very much.

Thus the problem of two revolving bodies is readily comprehended. The two bodies lie in easy beds, and swing obedient to constant forces. When another body, however, is introduced, with its varying attraction, first on one and then on the other, complications are introduced that only the most masterly minds can follow. Introduce a dozen or a million bodies, and complications arise that only Omniscience can unravel.

The orbits of 318 asteroids are so interlaced that, if they were made of wire, no one could be lifted without raising the whole net-work of them. Nevertheless, all these swift chariots of the sky race along the course of their intermingling tracks as securely as if they were each guided by an intelligent mind. *They are guided by an intelligent mind and an almighty arm.*

Looking into the open page of the starry heavens we see double stars, the constituent parts of which must revolve around a centre common to them both, or rush to a common ruin. Eagerly we look to see if they revolve, and beholding them in the very act, we conclude, not groundlessly, that the same great law of gravitation holds good in distant stellar spaces, and that there the same sufficient mind plans, and the same sufficient power directs and controls all movements in harmony and security.

When we come to the perturbations caused by the mutual attractions of the sun, nine planets, twenty moons, three hundred and eighteen asteroids, millions of comets, and innumerable meteoric bodies swarming in space, and when we add to all these, that belong to one solar system, the attractions of all the systems of the other suns that sparkle on a brilliant winter night, we are compelled to say, "As high as the heavens are above the earth, so high above our thoughts and ways must be the thoughts and ways of Him who comprehends and directs them all."

LIVING, TO-DAY.

BY LLEWELLYN A. MORRISON.

It is joy to be living, to-day,
In this day, the proud boast of the free,
When the flowers that bloom, though they fade and decay.
Are but heralds of better, to be,
When the clouds of the mortal, around us low-borne,
Are the crimson-bound glories that mirror the morn.

It is peace to be living, to-day—
Not the quiet of Eden restored,
But peace, when men's turbulent passions obey,
The Spirit and Word of the Lord ;
For the Advent hosanna's thrill hamlet and plain
With their "Peace upon earth and good-will unto men."

It is wealth to be living, to-day ;
We are heirs of the labours and pains
Of the years and their toilers, though vanished away—
Their losses are also our gains ;
All the garnered achievements of centuries, known
By the wisdom of God, we may reckon our own.

It is life to be living, to-day,
For Christ, its Creator, is King ;
All the forces of being His Counsels obey,
And Death has been robbed of his sting
Since He upon Calvary won in the strife
With evil, and made him an Angel of Life.

It is Heaven to be living, to-day,
When the rhyme of Eternity's bells
O'er the hill-tops of Time, blends their sparkle and spray
In the anthem of rapture that swells
From the hearts of the ransomed who dwell in His love :
It is gladness below into glory above.

"THE ELMS," Toronto.

A WOMAN'S FIGHT WITH THE MONSTER.

BY JULIA M'NAIR WRIGHT.

CHAPTER I.—HANNAH REMEMBERS.

"Yon deep bark goes,
Where traffic blows,
From lands of sun to lands of snows."

"THE truth! Doctor, tell me the truth. I am prepared to die, but how long have I to live? There is something I must settle first; how long can I live?"

"Till morning possibly."

And it was sunset.

The doctor sat by the bed holding his patient's hand. Hannah sat by the window, looking out into the June beauty of the world but seeing nothing of it; before her introverted vision moved, as in a slow procession, her seventeen years of life, not year by year, but what she remembered of it, flashing up in succession in groups of salient figures.

Hannah was a step-daughter. She was conscious even now of a vague wonder as to what were the real feelings between her and the woman on the bed, and indeed what manner of woman she was.

Had she been a strong woman? Yes, if strength consisted in pertinacity. Hannah recognized in her step-mother a silent, dogged, deathless persistency, a strange tenacity in some hidden purpose of her own, an unflinching pursuit of some unexpressed object. Hannah had striven to divine what that object and purpose were; sometimes she had thought money-getting to be the ruling passion, and yet that idea was not in harmony with the impression she had of her step-mother. We say *step-mother* advisedly—there had always been a *step* between them. Never a harsh word nor act, never a neglect, but never tenderness. Justice, truth, faithfulness, always; love, never. It had always been "Hannah!" never "dear," nor "daughter," nor "darling," nor any of the caresses that girls crave. A blow? Never! A kiss? Equally never. The course of Hannah's life with her step-mother had been like a quiet, monotonous, unbeautiful river, flowing hourly on; and yet there had been sudden disturbing events starting out like rocks in the course of the stream, and it had passed sometimes under a heavy darkness of mystery.

But now the doctor watched his patient, and Hannah watched the mental panorama of her past life. When her own mother went out of the white door of the house and took unchanging place under the white slab in the cemetery, Hannah could not remember. She remembered when *this* mother came, and she, a four-year-old, stood by the gate. The new wife said, "Hannah!"

with a catch in her voice, and a white spasm passing over her face. Hannah remembered that, because the tone, word, and look had found their repetitions. Then she remembered the new mother did not kiss her, but held her hand and led her calmly into the house, and in such a quiet orderly fashion they had walked together ever since, over thirteen years.

Hannah's father had kissed her. She thought he must have been a man given to caresses, and fond words, and wheedling ways. She recalled that white look of pain on the new mother's face, often, when the father fondled the child. Hannah remained the only child in the household, and she had realized that though the step-mother was not *loving* to her, she had showed an intense, amazing devotion to her husband, a madness of idolatry. Hannah, looking back with the prescience of youth in love, wondered now at this fury of affection in one, in all else so strangely calm.

Then there had come a woeful time, a time of loud voices, staring eyes, low wails of infinite pain: her step-mother in convulsions; then again grown calm, with a white, terrible quiet over her, and no smile ever again; and one morning the nine-year-old girl saw a water-soaked coat and hat carried in, but not again her father's face. Later, there had come a coffin with the body of a drowned man in it, so disfigured they said that no one wanted to lift the lid, and the body was buried in the Walden lot in the cemetery.

When Hannah was so much as twelve years old, she was old enough to observe that this grave was not close beside that of her own mother, but a space of two graves between. That angered her. She spoke of it to her step-mother. "Why did you not bury my father close to my mother? Why did you leave room for me and you between them?"

"I thought better so, Hannah."

"It was not right," flamed Hannah. "*She* was his first wife, and no doubt he loved her!"

Then that pallor, and swift contraction on her step-mother's face, but not a word.

Before that—as soon as the drowned man's funeral was over—Hannah had observed a change in all the ways of the house. The servant was dismissed. The housekeeping was brought down to the very lowest line of economy; healthful food, enough too, but rigidly plain, and cheap; and wonderful savings in every way. Then her mother turned dress-maker. She soon became a very popular dress-maker; marvels of work were done in the dining-room, transformed into a shop. There were apprentices, who did not board in the house, who came from other towns, and by a strange fatality all were deaf. As Hannah sat in the chill shadow of death, yet looking out where the sunset-light streamed over her white rosebushes, she found herself thinking that her mother's apprentices were the deafest people she had ever seen outside mutes' asylums. As the step-mother seldom spoke, but forever worked and brooded; and as you could not reach the

tympans of the apprentices without stentorian shoutings, Hannah had grown up in a habit of silence. The house, standing in its acre of garden,—a well-built, square, old-style house, with wide hall and low pitched roof, and great garrets, where Hannah supposed her own mother's things were, and wanted to go, and never could, as they were locked, and the step-mother kept the key like her life—this house was Hannah's, left by her mother to be hers when she was eighteen; soon now she would have uncontrolled possession of the house and two thousand dollars. She had not in any way looked forward to this nor meant it to make any change in her life.

One of her step-mother's peculiarities had shown itself in her care of this house. The property was not suffered to "run down." In truth, it appreciated. Mrs. Walden, saving as she was, never neglected repairs; fences, out-buildings, paint, paper, roof, plaster, all were kept in perfect order. She encouraged Hannah to plant trees and shrubs, make flower-beds, train vines, ornament the place in every possible fashion. "It is your inheritance," she would say, "make the most of it. You have no time for visiting, or aimless running about; spend your exercise time in improving your property."

Hannah was kept in school until she was nearly sixteen. Then, in spite of her entreaties and remonstrances, she was taken from school and set at dress-making. Such a world of dress-making as Mrs. Walden did! People said she often worked all night, and she did not deny it; she said work agreed with her. Hannah was always sent off to bed at half-past nine. The apprentices left at six. However Mrs. Walden might admit night-work for herself, never for Hannah. But then there was one of those rocks of offence. Hannah two or three times found her door locked on the outside in the morning! And yet there was no key to her door! And once in the night, being wakeful, she heard herself being locked in! This roused her anger. She had a strong temper.

"Why is my door locked in this way?"

"It is an oversight, Hannah," said the quiet step-mother.

"And the key belongs to me. I must have it."

"You cannot have the key, Hannah."

"I will not be locked in. It is an outrage! It endangers my life in case of fire. What do you take me for? What do you think of me? Am I one of those girls likely to run about at night, creeping out of their houses?"

"No. You are the most upright of girls, Hannah."

"Then why lock me in? If you do it again I will climb out of the window and let folks know!"

"No, Hannah, you will not do that. You will never do anything in youth, to regret in age. You will not do anything to make yourself talked about. A woman's good name is her strong fortress."

No. Hannah would not, and did not climb out of the window

though athletic enough for the feat. She kept her anger, and care remained. She believed she was often locked in her room at night.

Another trouble was about the books. It was the slack summer season. There were no apprentices, and there was no crowding of work. Since school-days were over, Hannah, loving knowledge and abhorring mantua-making, longed for books to study for herself. She was fond of natural history, and had a fine taste in acquiring languages.

"I can get a weekly French paper," said Hannah, "for one dollar a year. It would keep up my French and improve it. Then Tom Burt is leaving town, and he is willing to sell some French books, and two works on Natural History, and a Spanish Grammar, Bible, and Dictionary, all for eight dollars. If I had them, I could get on with my studies."

"You have not time for it, Hannah."

"I could take time. I have some time days, and I could study later in the evening. If you can sit up nights sewing, I can sit up to study."

"I certainly shall not allow you to sit up at night; you are young—night work would hurt you. It does not hurt me."

"It would not hurt me for an hour or two each evening. It would be good for me to be at something I like. I hate dress-making, but I love study. Can't I get these books?"

"No, Hannah, we cannot afford it."

"I don't see why not: we make lots of money at dress-making."

"No one ever made much at dress-making. I'm sure I don't," said her step-mother uneasily. "You see how I save."

Hannah did see that. She did most of the marketing, and she knew how small the bills were. Clothes cost them very little; no one dressed more plainly than they did. Hannah knew pretty well what money they earned—it was very much more than went out. She was a business girl—she knew the taxes were light, and she knew just what it cost to keep the home in good repair. When bills for that came in, Mrs. Walden showed them to her, and sometimes said quietly, "That's my rent to you, Hannah; the house is yours." So Hannah now said, "I know that you save, but I know that we earn very much more than we spend. We must be getting rich!"

"No, no," said the step-mother hurriedly, "we are poor, very poor. Really, Hannah, we *can not* afford this money for books."

"Lend it to me, then," urged Hannah. "In less than two years I shall be of age, and I will pay it back out of my two thousand."

"You'll find other ways for your two thousand—much better ways, nearer duties, better investments; I know you will, Hannah," the woman said, almost pleadingly.

"Nothing better than books and education, and that is the way I am resolved to use it. But why must I lose two years? You might lend me money for what I need, since you use the interest for my clothes."

"I have to, Hannah, we are so poor. Don't set your heart on books. I know you will find other uses for all you have. You will, Hannah. At least *I* shall not have any claim on it by lending you."

Now there was sleeping, deep in Hannah's heart, a cause of wrath. She had nursed and hidden it long.

Hannah was a temperance girl. Not only this, but Hannah was a girl of no half-way measures. When she espoused an opinion, she espoused it vigorously. In temperance she held both an opinion and a prejudice. She was not a particle afraid of being a fanatic. Being temperance, she was also a prohibitionist. Being a prohibitionist she was one *in toto*; she made no exceptions in favor of medicine and manufactures. She said, "Let medicine and manufactures take care of themselves; chemistry and medical science had wide fields before them unexplored. Let every drop of this poison be prohibited, and let medicine and manufactures create new agents for their use." Everything alcoholic, fermented, or malted, Hannah's soul abhorred. She had no item of toleration for anything of the kind.

And——!!!

Not in enormous amounts, but continuously came into that home, where only she and her step-mother lived, demijohns of brandy, kegs of ale or beer, baskets of wine. Came quietly in the dark, and quietly and in the dark disappeared, that is, their contents.

Mrs. Walden did not know that Hannah guessed this. She supposed Hannah had never seen what dusty things stood in the old central, dark arch of the cellar.

But Hannah had seen, and her soul burned within her, and now the flames leaped out in her speech.

"Half, yes, one-twentieth part of the money that brings brandy, beer, and wine into this house, would buy my books."

"Hannah!"

"It would, don't I know? What does it come for? Why do you use it?"

They were side by side at the sink, washing dishes. Hannah turned and faced her step-mother. Mrs. Walden's head bent low.

"If it is to keep up your strength, because you work too hard, and sit up nights," cried Hannah the indignant, "far better work less and sleep more. Do anything rather than use a thing that is accursed of God and all good men."

Even as she spoke Hannah knew that she had never seen on this pale, quiet woman, the least token of indulgence in intoxicating drink. In all her ways Mrs. Walden was silent, quiet, insistent, methodical. But now, thus challenged by Hannah all at once, she lifted her head, the crimson rushed to her cheek, fire darted from her eyes, her voice rose almost to a scream in that one word, STOP!!! Now Hannah was no coward. To be daunted was not her line. But that look and monosyllable had such an effect on her, that she instantly felt that she was forever done

with the liquor question in regard to her step-mother. After a moment or two of silence, Mrs. Walden dropped her work and went up-stairs to her room.

Hannah finished the work, with boiling temper.

"Most folks," she said to herself, "would see that I have no indulgences, and would give me the books. She could if she would. A *real* mother would. A *mother* would be proud and glad of a daughter that studies and gets on as I do. But she is only a step-mother; she don't care."

Then she spread the well-rinsed dish-towels on the grass, and went up stairs to wash her hands and get a white apron. As she reached the landing, she heard the sound of words. She did not catch the syllables, but she recognized Mrs. Walden's voice in prayer, in intense supplication. Hannah went to her room. Was her step-mother conscious that she had been wrong, and was she seeking forgiveness, or was she conscious that she had been wronged, and seeking patience?

Hannah began to have an uneasy feeling that *she* was the aggressor rather than the aggrieved.

That evening they were again washing dishes. Hannah spoke out, "I will not ask you for books again."

"No, Hannah," in a low voice.

"I don't need them. When I took Mrs. Rupert's dress home to-day, as I waited I found on her table a lovely French book, on crustaceans, and I was reading with all my might when she came down. She began to talk to me of books, and of what I liked, and where I had studied, and what I wanted, and finally she said I could take all I wanted out of her big library, and she said if I set one afternoon a week to bring my button holes over to her house to make, she would talk to me of what I read, and tell me what to study, and explain all. I couldn't ask anything better. Plenty of students would give anything to have a famous scholar like Mrs. Rupert for a private teacher!"

"Hannah!" It was all Mrs. Walden said. She walked straight out of the room, and up-stairs. Drawn by an irresistible impulse, Hannah presently went so far as the upper landing. Again the voice of prayer; now not petition, but thanksgiving. Hannah returned to her work more puzzled than ever.

"I know my step-mother is not a hypocrite. I believe she is a true Christian. I cannot think she uses intoxicants. I cannot understand her; but I must do the best I can."

Now "do the best I can" referred to many things—to her relations with her step-mother, to her studies, to the dress-making. Indeed "I must do the best I can" was the real rule, the underlying principle of Hannah's life, and it was this that made her strong.

It was that night that Hannah first guessed that her step-mother would not be long-lived. The idea came, she knew not how.

CHAPTER II.—HER PRISONER.

“And is this like love to stand
With no help in my hand ?

“How long can I live ?”

“Till morning, possibly.”

Hannah had heard the question and answer. It was from this point that she had set out, and to this point she returned in her swift retrospection. As we have said, Hannah was now nearly eighteen. That afternoon she had been for her last visit to Mrs. Rupert, who was moving away from the village. While Hannah was gone, Mrs. Walden, while in the work-room, had been seized with spasms of the heart, and her step-daughter had been sent for. Now, as Hannah heard this sentence of speedy death pronounced, she realized that out of her life a steady friendship and a faithful protection were passing, leaving her shelterless. As she looked into the garden the roses had no glow, the sunset no beauty: the grim pallor of death lay over all; November had invaded June.

“I will send some of the neighbours in for the night,” said the doctor. Those who had come that afternoon at the first summons had gone home. At the doctor’s words the sick woman spoke out clearly: “Hannah! I want no one but Hannah!”

Hannah rose and drew near the bed.

“Hannah, you will stay with me alone,” said Mrs. Walden, holding out her fragile work-worn hands pleadingly to the girl.

“Hannah will need help,” said the doctor.

“No, no, Hannah is strong: Hannah will stay with me alone—we have always been by ourselves—Hannah and I; I want no one else now—just Hannah, alone—won’t you, Hannah?”

Was this, the girl asked herself, the waking up of long-repressed affection? Had there been a deep, unspoken, unrecognized love, flaming out at this hour of death?

“Hannah”—faltered her step-mother, “say you will stay alone—I don’t want others around me. I never asked much of you, Hannah—say you will not have anyone else; you are not afraid?”

“I am not afraid,” said Hannah, bending over the bed, and clasping the thin hand; “you shall have your last wish. No one shall come near you but me. We will be alone.”

Her step-mother lay quiet for a little time, then said: “Doctor, give me something to keep me up for an hour or two; I have much to say to Hannah before I go. She is very young.”

The doctor administered his medicines, left his directions, said he would be in about sunrise, and went away.

Hannah went back to the bed, a solitary watcher. She, and her step-mother, and Death, alone in the quiet room. “Hannah,” said Mrs. Walden, “I have much to say to you. I have work left undone.”

“Her mind wanders,” thought Hannah, her thoughts going to the work-room. “Can those paltry gowns distress her now?” then

aloud—"Don't think of it, mother. I will see that your work, all you have promised, is finished and sent home."

"No, no, not that; yes, yes. You must finish my work." Silence. "Hannah, do you remember your father?"

"Oh, yes; well, very well; I was almost nine when——"

"Yes; Hannah, I want you to promise, that—that—you——"

"That I will lay you beside him?" said Hannah, conquering an ancient vexation. "Yes, I will."

"Oh, him by me, perhaps—sometime. Hannah, you have very strong feelings, opinions, prejudices. Tell me, could you forgive, and love, and pity a victim of strong drink?"

"Horrible!" thought Hannah; "is it then true? Is this her hidden sorrow and sin, confessed to me at this hour of death? Can it be, with that white, pure, earnest, sad face?" Then she spoke aloud—of the compassion born of that hour of parting and pain. "I—might—I could, *yes*, I would."

"Thank God! Hannah—bend nearer—you know your—father—that grave up in the cemetery? It is not your father's grave."

"Not my father's! Whose is it, then?"

"I don't know, some poor stranger's; a body 'found drowned,' that they said was his. That was why I did not put it nearer your mother."

"And where is my father buried?"

"He is not dead."

"And where is he, then?" demanded the astounded girl.

"Hidden—hidden, *in this very house*, for over eight long years! It is the secret of my life—to protect him has been the work of my life—to atone—for his—sin, has been the hope of my life—Hannah. I die with this my work undone. He is yet in danger—of a felon's cell. Hannah, I hand this protecting work on to you; you are strong!"

Strong! Was she strong? She felt weak, overwhelmed, dazed. She had always assumed that she was stronger, in every way, than this quiet, secretive step-mother. But now, was it the development of her strange fidelity to some strange purpose? or was it a revelation of the supernatural, and of her mother lying on its infinite boundaries, that made Hannah feel that she was weak indeed, and the dying one had been very strong?

"Hannah," said the step-mother, "your father was the idol of my life—when I married him, when he fell, and all these years. I wonder if other women love as absorbingly, as desperately as I do? Hannah, I hope not." Hannah stroked the thin chilly hand, and did not speak. "I must tell you all, Hannah. He was a spoiled boy; spoiled because he was so beautiful, so fascinating; he had a most generous soul. But he was born with a love of wine, and it enslaved him at times, and then—then he did not know what he did—and when he was not himself, he gamed. The intervals were far apart, months sometimes. He was chief clerk at the bank. When he was overcome by that fatal thirst, he would go to the town, and indulge his passion for drink and play. He—not himself—he robbed the bank more than once—

all when he did not realize what he was doing, until the amount was ten thousand dollars. It all came out then. He was away; they discovered the defalcation. They came here to arrest him—quietly, before it was noised abroad. They searched the house. I did not know where he was, nor of the deed. I was sure the act could be explained—or if it could not, that in shame and despair he had taken his life. I went to Mr. Clinton. I fell on my knees; I wept—I entreated him to have compassion, and keep silent at least for a time—not to blacken my husband's name; to wait and see if reparation or explanation came. At that time no one knew of the theft but Mr. Clinton and his nephew. The nephew was your father's enemy, for he had also been a suitor to your mother, and your father was his successful rival. Mr. Clinton had power to keep his nephew silent. They were silent for a time. I was sure your father was dead. A few days went by. One night, exhausted by long watching and by grief, 'sleeping for sorrow,' I was roused by a touch, and your father stood beside my bed! It was all true. The money was stolen and gambled away. He had hidden to escape arrest, but could hide no longer safely; as soon as he appeared he would be sent to State's prison. He could not stand the prison life, the cell, the hard fare and labour, the shaved head, the convict's clothes. He preferred to die. He was resolved to die by his own hand, to escape prison. He had come to bid me good-bye and ask my forgiveness. Hannah, I could not see him add this crime to all the rest, and rush unrepentant before God. At once, all my work and life grew before me. I knew in an instant what I should do. He was cold, wet, haggard, hungry. I knew people in such a state could commit suicide; when warm and fed, they would fly the thought. I went for food for him. I had him put on dry garments and get into bed, and I locked him in the room, while I took his coat and hat, and went out into the darkness of the raving night!"

"Mother!"

"I walked five miles, flung the hat and coat over a bridge into the river, to be carried where they would. Then I came back, prepared a place for him in the garret, and hid him there. I dismissed the servant and kept close at home. The hat and coat were found, and people said he had been lost in the river. Then I went to Mr. Clinton. I prayed him to keep the secret and to pay the stolen money into the bank, and shield my husband's name; and I agreed to pay him the interest on the ten thousand, as on a loan; and to replace the capital."

"Mother!"

"I meant to do it. I could,—I would. I thought at last I could have your help. I meant to pay off as much capital as I could, and when you came of age, I thought I would tell you all, and you would use your two thousand on the payment, and you would sell this property, and conclude paying our debt, and then—we three—with what was left, would go away West, where no one knew us, and begin life anew."

"Oh, poor mother! poor woman, all these weary years!"

"I have always paid the interest, Hannah. And I have paid more than half the capital. As I reduced the capital I had less interest to pay, and my grand-aunt died and left me fifteen hundred, four years ago, and I paid all that to Mr. Clinton."

"And he has been here, hidden in this house all the while, and I never guessed it?"

"It was hard work, Hannah, and then he wanted to see you; he was lonely, imprisoned so. But I feared that as a child you might betray the secret, and I feared also to have you keep it. I knew that nothing so marred a young person's character as the habit of secrecy. To have a thousand daily concealments and subterfuges thrust upon you, would have hindered you in developing that frank, fearless, honest-thinking disposition I wished you to possess. I wanted you all that was good and praiseworthy, Hannah," said this woman of one idea, "that those who knew you would be sure to say, 'The father of this girl could not have been a bad man.'"

"That body—that dead man," said Mrs. Walden after a rest. "Naturally when the body was found, they thought it must be Henry Walden, and they notified me that my husband's body had been recovered. I did not deny the assertion; I went for the body and buried it. I knew that was the surest way to stop all suspicion. I knew if the Clintons believed him alive, they would proceed against him. Old Mr. Clinton thought justice should be done to an offender, and would not have been content with my effort at restitution for a living man. But as long as he fancied your father dead, and I repaid the money, he was silent. Oh, Hannah, what a long care, and toil, and concealment these years have been! To hide him for so long, to fear lest some sound should betray him, or he should fall ill; to prepare his food at night, or when you were gone; to wash and make his clothes at night!"

"With all your other night sewing!" cried Hannah.

"He did that; he has been very good. At night he came down; he learned to run the machine, and when people thought I sewed at night, he did it. Often while I was sound asleep, he was sewing up the seams I had basted, or putting on buttons. I could not have done so much for him. Poor man, poor Henry."

"But he was really a prisoner. I almost think it might have been better to let justice take its course!"

"Oh, Hannah! Don't say that. He would not have gone to prison, he would have killed himself first. Or, if he had gone there, he would soon have died. Oh, I wanted to save him, to give him time for repenting—some day to seek God. I could not have him die unprepared."

"At least" said Hannah, "you have been able to reform him; to break up his drinking habit, and create a habit of temperance."

"That," said Mrs. Walden in a low voice, "that I could not do!"

"What!" cried Hannah, "he could not get liquor, he dared not go out, you never——"

"Yes, I did. You thought I used the wine, and ale, and brandy that I hated, and that had cursed my life—oh, Hannah!"

Hannah's tears fell fast. "Poor soul, poor mother," she sobbed; "but it was wrong, it was wrong."

"You don't understand that thirst—what a frenzy it is, Hannah. When that came on, he was wild, crazy. He no longer feared prison; if I had not supplied him he would have gone out into the streets and risked all, to procure drink."

"You could have locked him in."

"He would have shrieked from the windows, betraying himself. I feared to go up there and find him hanging from beam or door. He had these periods of madness for liquor—he could not help it. I could not let him destroy himself in these paroxysms."

"Why did you not tie him fast until the spell was over?"

"I could not. He was stronger, and he was frantic."

"I should have drugged or chloroformed him, and tied him fast, and stopped his mouth until it was done," said Hannah. "You say he is at these times a madman; then he needs to be treated as one, and madmen must be controlled by those who have reason."

"Oh, Hannah, Hannah," wailed the poor woman, "be good to him. Remember, now you are his only friend and refuge. I die—I leave him to you. Don't frustrate my life-work. Don't be hard on him; oh, love him."

She plead as a dying mother in behalf of a helpless child. How strange that she was really pleading with this young girl in behalf of a father! Thus liquor reverses the order of affairs.

At these words Hannah first truly realized that her father was living, and in a few hours would fall into her sole care, burdened with all the terrible conditions of this life! Over eight years had gone by since she believed him buried. As a child, she had not seen very much of him. He had perished out of her life before he had really formed a large part of it, and in these years he had hardly been mentioned to her. She not only found herself without any recognizable love for him, but with no realization of his personality. And he was thrust upon her, demanding immense sacrifices in his behalf. She turned pale and held her breath.

"If I could have lived longer—just a year, just six months—until you had come of age, sold this place, paid the last of this debt, and we had gone West, very far West, and settled, and begun again! But I have only a few hours to live. I must settle all with you, and bid him good-bye. You will bring him down here. God help you, Hannah; this is a heavy burden for one so young."

She seemed to think of the girl for the first time. Hannah caught her breath.

"I have it all planned," said the dying woman. "In eight weeks you can get your money and sell this place. Pay up Mr. Clinton. You will find all my papers in my desk: the key is here on my neck, with the attic key. Keep your plans and your father's existence a profound secret. You will have some money over. Take it, and your father, and go far West—go beyond the big towns, where he might be recognized or harmed—go as far as you can out of temptation for him. Take care of him."

Ruthless mapping out of a life. The sacrifice of all: exile: a guardianship over a man at intervals a confessed maniac.

"He has but one fault," said the mother, "drinking. You will love him; all love him who see him. Only one trouble—he will drink, and when he drinks he games."

"How can he?—all shut up by himself?"

"The passion is yoked with that of drink, in him: the two go together, and only together. When he has liquor he must have cards, and when he has cards he plays. When he is alone he plays with a dummy: and he bets. It is insanity, Hannah, at such times. Other times there is no one more delightful. The day will come when he will be saved from all this—I know it. I have not lived for him, and prayed for him, for nothing. Neither will your work be thrown away. You will get your reward."

Hannah was silent. What an enormous work and responsibility this was. Her mother seemed to have no doubt that she would accept it. And, indeed, how could she do otherwise? After over eight years of this hiding, could she send her father forth from his concealment to a felon's cell, and proclaim to curious ears the strange secret of her step-mother's life, her frustrated hope? No. The shelter must yet be given, the sacrifice required must be made—the home must go to strangers, and she must go out among strangers, not only unprotected at eighteen, but the protectress of a man who at intervals was possessed by a demon. Mrs. Walden saw the girl's struggle in her changing face; she apprehended something of the terror and reluctance at the task, some of the shrinking from the unknown father, whose sole recommendation to her, thus far, was the terrible tale of his folly. A mother would have thought for the girl—would have considered that here was the maiden to be cared for, not merely the criminal man to be sheltered from the just reward of his own act. Mrs. Walden was a wife—not a mother. She caught Hannah's hand, and panted:

"You won't refuse. You will devote yourself to him! You won't send him to a felon's cell? Oh, Hannah, for your own sake, what can be worse than to be a convict's daughter!"

Hannah dimly realized that other felonies yet might be in the scope of her father's achievements; but she fell back on her old rule, to do the best she could. Here was work made ready and thrust into her hand. Perhaps it came from Heaven. At all events, she could not deny succour to her own father; nor could she refuse this prayer from the lips of death.

"I will take care of him, and save him," she said firmly.

"Thank God! Thank *you*, Hannah! You are strong: I can trust you. My time grows less. I have rested so often, it has taken long to tell this story. Now, Hannah, take the key from my neck—it is in your keeping now. Go bring him down. You will tell him gently, Hannah. He loves me. Tell him very gently, that I am dying. Go bring him to bid me good-bye. I can make your future easier, perhaps, by talking to him as I am dying. Give me my medicine."

Hannah, with lamp and key, went slowly up the attic stairs.

“STRIKE WHILE THE IRON’S HOT.”

A NEW YEAR’S STORY.

BY MARK GUY PEARSE.

My old friend Nath, the village blacksmith, was a man worth knowing. Whether you wanted a well-made horse-shoe, or a bit of shrewd and pleasant common sense, you would have to go a long way before you could find yourself better suited with either than at his smithy.

“Things are not put together haphazard and anyhow, lads,” said old Nath, as he worked away; “this bit of iron thought it was meant to be let alone nice and comfortable, and it can’t think why it should be hit about and hammered at like this;” and as he spoke he gripped the iron with the big pincers and thrust it into the sleepy fire, and then, laying hold of the handle of the bellows, he made the dull red coals wake up, with a roar as the white flames leaped up the chimney and the sparks flew in showers over the smithy roof and trailed away in the black December night. But the iron made a mistake if it thought that there was nothing else that had to do with it but a great pair of sinewy arms and the fierce blast of the bellows and the roaring fire. Those same white flames lit up as kindly a face as ever was stained with smoke and dust—a cheery face from which no little child would ever shrink, and lads and maidens coming home from school on these winter evenings were sure of a welcome as they stood to warm their blue hands about old Nath’s fire. The sight of old Nath himself was almost enough to send the glass up to a comfortable degree whichever way the wind blew, as those kind eyes looked at you from behind the big-rimmed spectacles. His mouth had curled and twisted itself into wrinkles and dimples that were all so many traps for smiles and good humour; and away behind that brawny chest he carried a heart so big that it held a bit of true love for everybody living.

It was the last day of the year; a time when grave thoughts come naturally to people who are much less used to think than was old Nath. As the evening closed in, a group of young men belonging to the village were gathered in the smithy. The hum of voices, the ring of the anvil, the roar of the bellows filled the place. Old Nath had leaned for some minutes over the fire, quietly meditating. Now he drew out of the flames a piece of iron, white and glowing, and held it up on high.

“There, lads,” he cried, “look at that!”

The noise of the voices was hushed instantly, and every face was turned to the glowing metal.

“You can make anything of that now,” old Nath went on. “You can beat it and bend it and shape it to bolt or bar, nut or screw;

a score of uses are in it. But let it alone, and in a little time it will be hard and past working. Ah, my lads, that’s like the New-year that lies before us all. To-night it will be your own, to make of it what you will, by God’s help; but you may let it alone, and it will be a thing turned to no account—a stone instead of iron. Will you let me preach you a sermon, and take this bit of iron for a text? I won’t trouble you with any firstlies and secondlies, and I promise you that it sha’n’t be very long, and I hope it won’t be very dull.” Then old Nath added devoutly, “And may God bless the word to our hearts.”

“’Tis five-and-thirty years ago to-night; the last night of the year. When you have heard my story you won’t wonder that I can think of nothing else. I had been wed a year; ay, and when I married her, there wasn’t a bonnier lass in the land—not to my thinking, anyhow. As tall and as straight as a larch, and with such roses in her cheeks, and such sunshine in her eyes, and a voice that sang so sweet that I used to go to church on purpose to hear her.” Old Nath sighed. “It was the only thing that could ever take me in those times; and sit where I would, I could always hear it, so sweet and clear; it did me more good than sermon or service, for I didn’t think about listening to them then.

“Only twelve months after, and the last day of the year had come again—ah, the roses were faded, the light had died, the music was gone. There she sat in the little cottage with the baby at her breast—a ghost of a baby it was, and she but a shadow of what she used to be.

“Well, that night I had done my supper, and rose up to get ready for the night’s work. I was going toward the door, ragged and half drunk, for I had begun pretty early in the afternoon ‘to see the old year out,’ as they called it. Then the lass gets up and hurries round in front of me, and she spoke like as if it were her old self come back, all so light-hearted and cheerful.

“‘Nath,’ she says, ‘wilt kiss the little one before you go, and say good-night to him?’

“I kissed him, but roughly, and he cried, and she took him back to her breast. She was standing in front of me, and she put her hand on my shoulder and took hold of my coat.

“‘Wilt kiss me too, Nath?’ she said; and her voice trembled a little.

“I wondered rather what she meant, but was in a hurry to go, so I kissed her. As I stooped she put her hand about my neck, and the tears filled her eyes. She put her face against me, and couldn’t speak for a little bit. Presently, without looking up, but putting her arm tighter about me, she whispered, ‘I wish you wouldn’t go to-night—for his sake, and—and for mine.’

“I felt a bit soft-like, she hanging there about me and crying so, and the tears were coming more quickly. Then she looked up into my face. ‘*Don’t go to-night,*’ she sobbed: ‘if you do, I shall never see you again. I’ve dreamed about it night after night.’

“‘Well,’ I said, gently putting off her arm, ‘you see I must go and tell the others, or they will be waiting for me.’

"She saw I meant to go, and her face grew paler than ever. 'Say good-bye to him again,' she said, holding up the baby. Then she turned away and sat down by the fire.

"It did come to me for a minute to stay at home with her and the little one, for it went to my heart to see her all so pale and sad. But then I thought of the others, and how they would be waiting for me at the public-house, and how we reckoned on a grand bit of luck; for there was a servants' ball up at the Court, and we knew that the keepers would be there—all but a raw hand or so. 'No,' I said to myself, 'it is no good; whatever comes of it, I must go to-night.' So I hurried out, shut the door very quietly, and went off.

"Ah, my lads, whatever better feelings came to me inside my own door, I left them all outside the door of the public-house. The laugh and the song and the beer soon made me forget all about the lass and the little one at her breast. But still it was needful to keep our heads a bit clear for the night's work, and so, to get out of the way of the drink, I left them. Our plans were all laid. We were to meet at twelve o'clock at four cross-roads by a gate at the end of the squire's wood. In a general way I should have gone home to get a bit of sleep, and let the wife waken me up, for I am a bad hand at that, and always was, leastways in the dead of night; but I had no heart to go home now, so I strolled away to the meeting-place more than an hour before the time.

"To hide myself, and because I thought it would be more comfortable, I got in over the gate and lay in the hedge; not so far in but that I could hear the voices of the others when they should come, but far enough in to be well out of sight. I leaned back against the hedge, and got away in among the branches. It was a beautiful night, for the moon was full; and though there was no wind about, yet the long thin clouds went flying over the moon and along the sky. All was still as could be. Now and then there came the cry of the owls in the wood, or the rustle of some creature in the hedge, but it only made the stillness greater. Then up from the old church clock there came the strokes of the hour. I counted one by one: it was eleven.

"'So another year is almost gone,' I said to myself. 'Another year;' and I sighed as I said it. I had always meant when I got married to settle down steady and quiet, just looking in at the public-house for a pint of beer now and then when the day's work was done, and then home to my wife. I meant it honestly and earnestly enough, and liked to think what a pleasant place I was going to make for her, and how happy we should be. I had promised it all to the lass before we were wed. And when the neighbours told her that she would only throw herself away on a wild good-for-nothing, she held up her head quite proud-like, and said that her Nath was going to be quite different, and they would see—that they would! Bless her, she believed it, and so did I, too.

"But there, lads, I didn't strike while the good purpose was hot, and bit by bit it cooled, and I was just as bad as ever. The pint

led to the public-house, and the public-house led to the company, and the company led to the poaching. It was the old story over again from beginning to end; and yet not the old story, but worse. The earnings, that had scarcely been enough for one when drink made a big hole in them, were a good deal less for two. The little place had already begun to lose some of the things that the lass had prided herself upon; the garden that I had done up for her coming was all wilderness and weeds; and though I, like the garden, had got smartened up a bit for the wedding, here I was, just as dirty and ragged, though the lass slaved and toiled to keep things nice and tidy. *And now—was the New Year going to be just the same?*

“There in the loneliness I seemed to see again the sad, pale face and the ghost of the baby; and, when once I saw it, it just looked at me out of everything. It was in the moon and the white-edged clouds, and then it was in the very shadows that flew over me like ghosts. I seemed to feel her hand on my shoulder, and her voice at my ear; and then I could see her far up in the clouds, as if she was gone, vanishing ever so far away in the mists. ‘*Don’t, don’t go to-night.*’ I could hear the words as plain as if she spoke again in front of me.

“And then I thought of her dream; what did it mean? Grim things and dreadful would sometimes happen in poaching—that I knew well enough. And then I laughed at my folly. No; some day I might see a way out of it, ‘but not now,’ I said to myself; ‘not now.’ And so in the silence and waiting, having nothing else to do, I fell asleep. Tired as I was, I slept soundly enough, and knew nothing more until I woke up, cold, and wondering what had become of the others.

“Then the old church clock struck one. So then the Old Year had gone, and the New Year was come, and the men that I had waited for had come and gone, too. I got up, and hurried to the gate and listened. There was not a sound. I gave the signal which each understood, but there was no answer. Whilst I slept they must have passed by, not seeing me anywhere, and now there was no chance of my finding them. At first I was vexed enough to have missed them like this. And then there came again that pale-faced lass, and the poor little one at her breast. ‘Come,’ I said to myself, ‘I shall be able to begin the New Year well, then, after all.’

“I turned in over the fields, and hurried across to the little cottage. As I came near, I saw, late as it was, a light shining in the window. I lifted the latch very quietly, for I dreaded to meet the lass, with her face paler and sadder for this long watching. As I came in I saw her kneeling at a chair fast asleep, with the Bible open before her. A tear was on her cheek; it glistened in the candle light; and there was the trace of tears on the page. There was not a sound except the quick and heavy breathing of the baby in its cradle. The lass looked so white, and with her hands hanging down all helpless over the chair, it was like one dead. I crept behind her, and looked over her shoulder at the

open page. My eye fell upon the words—'They cry unto the Lord in their trouble, and He bringeth them out of their distresses.'

"I cannot tell you, lads, how it came upon me, and smote my heart. Now I saw what it meant to her, these nights when I was away, never thinking but what she was fast asleep in her bed. And here she stayed up like this, praying for me, and with tears, too! It broke my heart. I knew now what had made her all so pale and sad, and I thinking all the time that it was all along of the baby and her fretting because he was so weak and ill. It was my doing; all of it mine; and yet I loved the lass better than my life.

"I kneeled down by her side. I didn't know how to pray, exactly; but I knew it would do me good to get down beside her, and there at the open Book. I could not say anything, only bowed my head and let my tears of grief and shame flow down before God, and longed with all my heart that He would make me a better man.

"I had not kneeled long when the lass woke up with a shriek. She sprang on her feet, and threw up her clasped hands. Her eyes were wild and frightened. Then suddenly she turned round, and caught sight of me kneeling there. She snatched at the candle, and looking at me as frightened as ever! put out her hand and felt me. 'Thank God!' she sobbed. 'It was a dream.'

"'What was it, lass?' I said, getting up and letting her lean against me.

"She put up her hand again as if to make sure that it was me. 'I have dreamed it night after night;' she said. 'I saw a man lying under the trees, and among the ferns and grass, stretched cold and dead, with a mark in his forehead like a picture of murdered Abel that they have got in a Bible in my father's house; but I could never see the rest of the face. Every night I have got nearer and nearer. I seemed to know who it was all the time;' and she put her hand about me more tightly; 'but to-night I came right in, and stood over it, and the moon came out from a cloud and fell right on it, and it was you, Nath,' she said with a shiver, and pressing against me; 'and the fright woke me up. Thank God you are here.'

"We stood quite still for some minutes. I could only think what her praying for me might have done. At any rate, it had brought me home to begin the year aright. My voice was choked as I spoke at last, and I could scarcely get the words out. 'Lass,' I whispered, 'will you pray for me? God will hear you. He has already.' She looked up at me again, as if it was still a dream; and then we knelt together. And there we began that New Year kneeling there at the opened Bible.

"Ah, lads, before that New Year was two hours old I promised the lass, by God's help, to have done with the drink altogether. It should not be a pint nor a drop. And I put it down in writing, and the lass signed her name to it as a witness. And I kissed her that time without her asking for it. And though the roses hadn't

had time to grow the old glad light came back in the eyes again. And, thank God! the light has been there ever since.

"Ah, Nath," said she, 'I can wish us all a happy New Year now.'

"My heart was too full for any words. I could only nod my head, and mean that by God's grace it should be that.

"And now, lads, I wish that could be the end of my story, but it wasn't—old Nath shook his head sadly—it wasn't. That night while I lay asleep there came a loud knocking at the door; it was about five o'clock in the morning, and quite dark, of course. I got up and opened the window. 'Who's there?' I asked.

"It was the squire who spoke, but I heard the whisper of other voices near him. I could see nothing, for the moon had set, and it was raining very heavily. 'Is that you, Thompson?' said his honour.

"Yes, your honour," I said, guessing at once it had something to do with the night's poaching, and thinking dreadful things.

"Come, you must let us in," said the gruff voice of the policeman.

"Hurrying on a few things as quickly as I could, I went down and opened the door. I had lit the candle and set it on the table. There upon the chair lay the opened Bible and the piece of paper on which I had signed the pledge.

"This looks very suspicious, your honour," said the policeman; 'everybody knows that Nath Thompson is no saint.'

"The squire picked up the piece of paper. 'May I read this?' he asked.

"Well, yes, your honour," I said; 'but it wasn't meant for anybody to look at but the lass and me.'

"In those times the pledge was rather a new thing. The squire read it through twice and looked at me in wonder. He couldn't tell what to make of it. Meanwhile the policeman had taken up the boots, and seeing that there was neither rain nor mud about them, shook his head doubtfully. He felt the coat that I had thrown over me. They themselves were dripping with the rain, but all I had on was perfectly dry. Then the squire spoke very gravely, looking at me the whole time, but not unkindly. 'Thompson, perhaps you know already, perhaps you don't—and I really don't think you know anything about it—that there has been an attack made upon one of my keepers to-night; we fear it will prove to be a case of murder. One of the poachers is in custody, the other or others have escaped. Our suspicions turned to you.'

"I know nothing about it, your honour," I gasped out, horrified as my wife's dream rose before me, and at what the squire had said.

"He was home before the rain come, your honour, anyhow," said the policeman.

"I did not think about it then; but I thought about it the next day, and for many a day after that. What a mercy it was that the rain had come on! If it had not been for that how could I have cleared myself? Ah, it was all the lass's prayer.

"Well, the other man was taken, and both of them pleaded guilty. The keeper did not die, but he was maimed for life, and lost the sight of one eye; and that night ended in the transportation of the two who had waited and called for me at the gate when I was fast asleep in the hedge.

"It was a long time before I could do anything else but thank God for the prayer of the dear lass that had saved me; but whatever the fright of that night did for me there was one medicine that did me powers of good, one joy on which my heart grew strong and glad again: it was to see the roses coming back once more upon the lass's cheeks, and to see them beginning to grow upon the little lad's too. And they crept even outside the house, and began to grow about our door, as you may see them to this day, climbing right away up to the roof.

"So that New Year ended as well as it began; and better, too.

"And now, lads, the New Year is close upon us again. You can settle, by God's grace, what it is going to be. Grip your good thoughts and shape them while they are hot. Bend the New Year right while it is new. I wish you all a happy New Year; but a happy New Year is a thing that takes more than wishing. Every man has got to beat that out on his own anvil, and to make it with his own arm. You can't begin it better than the way I began it five-and-thirty years ago—sign the pledge and ask God to help you."

Then old Nath lifted his eyes, and a glad smile greeted a new-comer who stood in the door-way.

"Here's mother to say that supper's ready. Eh, lass, I have been telling the chaps about you. Come on, Tommy, let's have done. And so, God bless you all."

ANOTHER YEAR.

ANOTHER year is dawning :

Dear Master, let it be,
In working or in waiting ;
Another year with Thee ;

Another year of leaning
Upon Thy loving breast,
Of ever-deepening trustfulness,
Of quiet happy rest ;

Another year of mercies,
Of faithfulness and grace ;
Another year of gladness
In the shining of Thy face ;

Another year of progress,

Another year of praise ;
Another year of proving
Thy presence "all the days ;"

Another year of service,
Of witness for Thy love ;
Another year of training
For holier work above.

Another year is dawning :
Dear Master, let it be,
On earth, or else in heaven,
Another year for Thee.

Current Topics and Events.

HIGHER METHODIST LITERATURE.

From the very beginning the Methodist Church has made copious use of periodical literature. In 1778 appeared the *Arminian Magazine*, which has been published continuously ever since, and is now, under the name of the *Wesleyan Methodist Magazine*, we believe, the oldest of the almost innumerable monthlies of the time. Methodism throughout the world publishes no less than 164 weekly, monthly or quarterly periodicals. Its reviews and great weeklies are among the best of their class. Their circulation is the largest and their moral and religious influence is simply incalculable. Methodism, it is true, has not had the opportunity for devotion to the technical niceties of scholarship; to the preparation of books on Greek verbs in *mi*, or in the middle voice, or on the dative case. She has not had at her command the sinecure fellowships, the rich endowments, the opportunities for learning and the leisure that encourage devotion to such literary minutiae. Her writers for the most part have been hard-working preachers, whose first and all-important work was the ministry of the Word, the evangelizing of the masses, the edifying of the saints and the upbuilding of the Church of God. But, notwithstanding this consecration to a higher work than the writing of books, she has no reason to be ashamed of her achievements in the latter regard. She has not been unmindful of her birth in the first university of Europe, nor of the fact that her early teachers and preachers were amongst the most scholarly and learned men of their day.

But there is one respect in which we think the great and wealthy Methodist churches of Great Britain and the United States have not fulfilled their duty toward higher literature. One of the most important vehicles by which literary culture is

developed and diffused in these days is the monthly magazine. The circulation that these have obtained is enormous. Some half dozen magazines in the United States issue over a million copies monthly; they furnish the staple literary food of thousands of Methodist households. Most of them are of high literary merit, and of splendid artistic illustration and mechanical manufacture. They are respectful, most of them, towards religion, and have occasionally contributions of a religious character; yet they are for the most part secular in spirit and not in sympathy with vital godliness. In some of them—the *Scientific Monthly*, for instance—there is frequently exhibited a covert or overt scepticism and opposition to revealed religion. In others much space is devoted to theatrical, sporting and fashionable life and its interests. Where religion is introduced it is in the proportion of a “half-penny worth of bread to an intolerable deal of sack.” The fiction, while clever, amusing, sometimes even moral and instructive, is not seldom frivolous, sometimes pernicious and unadapted to give moral inspiration or spiritual uplift. In the higher civilization of the future, when “Holiness to the Lord” shall be written upon all the literature and philosophies and art and amusements of the world, much that now passes current as elegant literature will have to go. And yet this unhelpful reading is sustained very largely by Methodist patronage.

We think our friends of the Methodist Episcopal Church made a great mistake when they allowed their promising monthly, the *National Magazine*, to expire. With their vast reading constituency, with the amount of literary talent in their Church, with the great wealth of their publishing houses, and with the admirable means they have of circulating their literature, they ought to have the strongest literary monthly

in the world. It should be inferior to none in mechanical excellence, in artistic illustration and in literary merit. Their magazine need not be exclusively Methodist. It might appeal to the great multitude of all the Churches who would appreciate higher literature of a pronounced religious character. They could draw also upon the literary ability of all the Churches. Such a periodical could discuss all great social, political and economic subjects from a religious point of view, and would be a power on the side of truth and righteousness, a true "soldier of God" fighting against evil everywhere. Its fiction should be on a far higher moral tone than that of even such literary geniuses as Dickens or Thackeray. It is not, we think, to the credit of the English-speaking world that its most popular author is a man who sneered at the unfashionable religion of Ebenezer and Little Salem; who made mission work the butt of his satire, and who glorified the custom of "guzzling" and drinking.

Such a periodical as we are thinking of should call forth literary merit of the highest class in the divine service of moral and religious truth. Imaginative writing has its legitimate purpose, and can accomplish incalculable good in its portrayal of moral excellence and of Christian heroism. Religious writers, endowed with this noble gift, have now almost no vehicle for the employment of their pens. The secular magazines will scarcely tolerate a religious novel, or one with even a moral purpose. These are relegated to the lower literary status and comparative obscurity of the Sunday-school library book. The few exceptions to this rule in the cases of such writers of high-toned moral fiction as Saxe-Holm, Mrs. Amelia E. Barr and Dr. Eggleston, only make more conspicuous the overwhelming preponderance and success of writers like Amelie Rives, Rudyard Kipling, Frank Stockton, Mark Twain, Bret Harte and "Bill Nye," who seem to be incapable of almost any religious feeling or spiritual insight. One of these

successful magazines of the day makes a specialty of a monthly novel, often highly sensational, which fills about two-thirds or three-fourths of its space. Another, recently established, which, by dint of lavish advertising and business push, has reached a commanding circulation, is devoted largely to theatrical and sporting themes. This mental food on which our young are so largely nourished will account in a large degree for the mental alienation of many of them from the Church of their fathers, and the facility with which they drift away upon the sea of fashionable folly, if not, indeed, of religious doubt and unbelief. Often it is read on the leisure of Sunday, and utterly unfits the reader for religious thought or work.

We hope that the Methodist Episcopal Church, at its next General Conference, will grapple with this subject. The United States has an English-speaking population twice that of the mother country from which it sprung, and a far greater proportion of readers than that country. The Methodist Church is the most numerous, most active and aggressive Church in that nation. Before it are opening the golden gates of the twentieth century. Is that Church willing that throughout the illimitable future the higher spiritual and literary needs of its people shall find no better aliment and its literary aspirations no better vehicle than the secular magazines which now occupy the field.

We believe that the Church of the future, in the golden age which shall stretch on through the millenium, will mould the highest thought and broadest culture of the world. Why allow this most important field to be pre-empted by the enterprize of secular houses, and why must Methodist writers and Methodist bishops go to these houses if they wish their books to appear in the best artistic style, and to reach the largest market.

But we may be told the Methodist Episcopal Church *has* tried a monthly magazine and failed. We were about to say it deserved to fail. It seems to have put neither heart

nor money into the enterprise. If Dr. Abel Stevens had been properly supported, we believe that the Methodist Church might to-day have one of the best and strongest monthlies in the world. Everybody who knew him, knew the commanding abilities of that veteran polemic, Dr. Curry, as a profound and able thinker; but his were not the lighter gifts and graces which would win favour for a literary magazine. The forbidding looking word, "prologomenary," which he gave to his first editorial, was enough to frighten readers, of the gentler sex at least, who form the large majority of magazine patrons. The Methodist Church has among its bright, young, energetic literary aspirants a score of men, doubtless, who could make such an ideal magazine as we have been speaking of a successful actuality.

In Great Britain there is not the same dearth of high-class religious periodicals. *Good Words*, edited by Dr. McLeod; the *Sunday Magazine*, inspired by Dr. Guthrie; Cassel's excellent *Quiver*; the admirable magazines published by the Religious Tract Society, *Sunday at Home* and *Leisure Hour*, which have the largest circulation of any magazines in the world, in a considerable measure supply this need. But none of these are quite up to the literary quality or artistic excellence of the great secular monthlies of the United States. The venerable *Wesleyan Methodist Magazine* has pursued the even tenor of its way for over one hundred years, but lacks the artistic excellence, and we judge also, the literary sprightliness which are necessary in the keen competition of these latter days to insure wide influence and success.

Of course, in the narrow English-speaking constituency of the Canadian Dominion, handicapped with the competition of the great literary organs of two hemispheres, it would be the height of folly to expect to realize, even in part, the ideal monthly which has been suggested in the preceding paragraphs. Nevertheless, we think that it is rather to the credit of the Methodist Church of this new and sparsely settled

country, where so many other broad gauge magazines, appealing to the patronage of the whole community, have been a failure, and whereas the great Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States, with its vast resources and millions of readers, has conspicuously failed to maintain a Methodist monthly, that Canadian Methodism should have succeeded to the degree that it has. Our own *METHODIST MAGAZINE* has reached its thirty-fifth volume, and never enjoyed so wide a reading and contributing patronage as now. This only shows, we think, what might be accomplished in a broader field, with greater resources, with wider patronage, and with a literary administration of much greater ability—such as could readily be commanded in that great Church—than that of a hardworked editor having charge of eight other periodicals as well as other important interests of the Church. While thanking his patrons for their kind support, he solicits its continuance in still larger measure. Every line of this *MAGAZINE* is carefully pondered with a view to its adaptation to religiously helpful family reading. Even its stories are of a pronounced Christian character.

The agents of the Western Methodist Book Concern make a strong appeal for the circulation of Methodist literature. They have made sweeping reductions in price, and offer to the subscribers of the *Advocate* one-third discount, on a catalogue of two hundred books. Yet they say, "To our certain knowledge there are thousands of families, we verily believe scores of thousands, into which no book has gone. . . . If the facts indicate what they seem to signify, then we fear for the future of Methodism as well as for the spiritual destiny of the sons and daughters of our people to-day. Numbers can never compensate for the absence of character, and strong character cannot be developed without habits of reading and thinking."

Now, a still better way of filling Methodist homes with sound literature, and of "counteracting the baleful influence of the vicious liter-

ature to which they resort, because they have not better," to quote the words of these enterprising agents, would be to furnish such a bright, attractive, readable monthly as say Scribner's, which, in less than five years, has leaped to a front rank, and yet is far from the ideal of a high-class Methodist magazine. With a monthly sale of 80,000, which should easily be reached with the many millions of Methodists in the United States, to say nothing of the other religious bodies, there would be issued a million copies a year of a good-sized volume.

What prominence could such a monthly give to say an Ecumenical or a General Conference, with portraits and character sketches of its conspicuous members; to a series of handsomely illustrated papers on Methodist colleges, the best Methodist churches and the like; and in a hundred other ways to do justice to Methodism and its institutions which it can receive in no other way. Methodist mission work throughout the world might be made by pen and pencil familiar to the Church and strongly call forth its sympathy and support. Methodist readers could secure their information on science and philosophy without the materialistic taint which they receive in the *Scientific Monthly*. Temperance, social and moral reforms, and Christian aggression in every form would find therein a powerful help. We hope yet to see such a great Methodist monthly of which the Church will be proud, and which shall command the respect of the whole world.

THE STAGE AND SOCIAL MORALS.

Recent exposures in the press emphasize once more the unwholesome moral character of many members of the theatrical profession. Their very environment and conditions of existence are provocative of breaches of the law of God, on which the welfare of society is founded. It is sometimes retorted that even the sacred profession of the ministry is degraded by adventurers and scoundrels, an example of which has recently occurred in Western Canada. But there is a striking difference. As

soon as one of these wolves in sheep's clothing is detected, he is instantly condemned, deposed and expelled from the ranks. Not so in the theatrical profession, or else there would be a wonderful thinning of the ranks. Indeed, the knowledge of social laches often gives piquancy to a theatrical reputation, and an unrepentant and unblushing Barnhardt becomes a sort of social queen. Members of the theatrical profession who know its inner life have deliberately declared that "that way lies Sodom." Through the centuries there has been unceasing war between the Church and the stage, and we doubt not that the war must be continued to the end.

SUNDAY CARS.

We understand that the agitation for Sunday street cars is about to be renewed. We hope the electors who prize the fair fame which Toronto possesses throughout this continent and throughout the world for its orderly Sabbaths will give this attempt such a rebuke that it shall not again be repeated. The city is now a virtual partner with the railway company, receiving a regular percentage of its earnings. It would be intolerable if the church-going tax payers were to be compelled to share the compact with iniquity that would virtually put money in their pockets, earned by the violation of the command of God to keep holy the Sabbath day. Should this iniquitous proposition prevail, it would be but the introduction of incalculable evil, of Sunday beer-gardens, of Sunday picnics, of Sunday newspapers, and eventually of Sunday theatres, and the breaking down of all barriers of moral restraint. We cannot, for ourselves and for our children, guard too sacredly this bulwark of morality, and least of all can the working man afford to be defrauded of the sacred privilege of his only day of rest. We have little fear but that the electors of this fair city will play their part like men should the occasion arise for recording their votes on this question.

Religious and Missionary Intelligence.

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

WESLEYAN METHODIST.

The great event of the past month was the re-opening of Wesley's chapel, hitherto known as City Road Chapel, London. The time-honoured sanctuary has undergone extensive alterations at a cost of about \$60,000, all of which was raised before the re-opening except \$5,000. It has been so modernized and beautified, that no further expenditure will be needed for many years to come. The population in the locality largely consists of the poor and artisan class, therefore a complete system of mission work has been organized, and the edifice built by Wesley which was for so many years the scene of his labours, and the place where he ceased at once to work and live, and where his dust awaits the resurrection of the just, will thus be continued and be a light in a dark place.

The re-opening services were continued for a week, the first was conducted by the Rev. Dr. Stephenson, the President of the Conference, who arrived from New York just five minutes before the time at which he was announced to preach. It is hoped that a new era of prosperity has been inaugurated at this Mecca of Methodism. To the delight of all present Bishop Taylor, from Africa, took part in the services.

The West London Mission has completed another year's labour. It was commenced in 1887 without a single member or adherent, and now there are more than 1,000 members with 212 on trial for church membership. The Treasurer, however, calls for \$20,000 to aid the work for the ensuing year.

In the East of London, where the Mission is established among the very poorest classes of the Metropolis, the progress of the work has been

marvellous. There are three or four centres where work is carried on under the superintendence of the Rev. Peter Thompson.

The agencies employed are various and all are intended to benefit the people both temporally and spiritually. Temperance societies, and Sunday-schools are established, meetings of a social character are regularly held, poor children are cared for, and the sick and indigent ones sought out and their necessities are supplied as the following figures will show: 1,269 patients were seen, 700 visited at their homes. This was at one branch. At another, 1,793 attendances were made, and the nurse paid 1,517 visits in six months. Some hundreds of persons have professed conversion. But the good done by means of open air services, mother's meetings, men's meetings, Bands of Hope, is incalculable. The Week of Prayer which was agreed upon at the Œcumenical was strictly observed, and in London and some Provincial towns, Nonconformist congregations united with the Methodists in the various services. Arrangements were also made to afterwards hold united evangelistic services.

The Leysian Mission established in London promises to be a source of great strength. Premises have been built where young men, strangers, from the country will be cared for at reasonable rates. All kinds of religious services will be instituted, and thus opportunity will be afforded for young persons to become workers in the Church and thus be prepared for future usefulness.

The Chapel Building Fund of London is a grand institution. It has contributed \$10,000,000 toward the erection of 85 churches and the

enlargement of several others, all of which are nearly free from debt. As the population of London increases at the rate of 100,000 annually, the Methodists should provide at least ten additional places of worship every year. It is an appalling fact that 3,000,000 of the inhabitants attend no place of worship.

More vigorous efforts are made by the Methodists to oppose the liquor traffic than formerly. District Temperance Unions have been formed, and in London and some other places combined efforts have been made to lessen the number of licensed houses, especially those which are known to be resorts of vicious characters at which so many young persons are ruined.

Rev. W. Burgess, who visited Canada a few years ago, is in charge of the Wesleyan Mission at Secunderabad, India, where in nine months he has baptized 355 converts from heathenism. For lack of funds he has been obliged to appeal to friends to supplement the Mission grant.

Better days have dawned on the Fiji Islands. On the return of the Rev. J. E. Moulton, King George received him in great state and has continued to show kindly feelings by sending the returned missionary presents of food. The native Methodists everywhere have been exuberant in their delight at the return of their beloved missionary, who like themselves endured grievous persecutions in former years.

Alderman Richardson, Newcastle-on-Tyne computes the annual income of the Methodists of England to be at least eighty millions sterling. Rev. H. P. Hughes says, "If they would be as devoted as the Salvation Army they could raise a million sterling without the sacrifice of a scli-tary piece of buttered toast."

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

The position of Methodism in the United States excited the wonder and admiration of English visitors to the Ecumenical Conference. They were not prepared for the fact, that

the Anglican Church to Methodism "is only as one to twenty-four."

The General Missionary Committee held its annual meeting at Cleveland, Ohio. All were jubilant to find that the Society was out of debt, with \$25,000 in the treasury. The receipts were \$1,228,888.04, increase \$93,616.22. For the ensuing year \$1,100,000 was appropriated. The total increase of missionary income in seven years from collections only was \$2,241,648.

In Brooklyn stand the noble buildings of the first Methodist Episcopal General Hospital, founded by a Methodist layman in memory of his father, a Methodist minister. Philadelphia has also built an hospital, Chicago, Cincinnati, Portland (Oregon) and several other places are erecting similar buildings. The first Methodist University, The Wesleyan, lately received gifts of a third of a million of dollars. The Boston University, Dickinson College, and Syracuse University, have attained a proud place, not only in Methodism, but in the country at large. The late Hon. W. C. Pauw gave to the college which bears his name over a million.

In "The American University" Bishop Hurst calls for \$10,000,000.

Bishop Bowman has received one subscription of \$100,000 for the first hall of science in the American University on the condition that a similar amount be raised by others. Miss F. E. Willard has given \$100 toward establishing a John B. Gough professors-hip in the said university.

The Lucy Webb Hayes Deaconess Home and Bible College for missionaries was opened at Washington in October. The institution will be a memorial in honour of a noble woman, and will no doubt be productive of great good.

The Church Extension Board was organized in 1882, since which time it has received from all sources \$504,-990, which has been disbursed in 2,216 appropriations, and scattered throughout every Conference in the Connexion, in 31 states and territories, and in Mexico.

Dr. Bristol, Presiding Elder, Chicago, says respecting Methodism

in that city, "It is advancing all along the line, in church building, hospital building, Connexional benevolences, city mission work and revival; and it is free of debt. Our City Mission and Church Extension Society is doing a grand work in going into the neglected districts, and planting missions. The Bohemians, 50,000 strong, were without evangelical care until the Methodists went into their midst and established several missions, from which strong churches are developing."

METHODIST NEW CONNEXION.

The Sunday-school Union Committee is endeavouring to make the schools more efficient. A course of study has been planned for senior scholars, and all who attain the right number of marks receive certificates. An efficient Secretary conducts the examinations.

The Duke of Westminster has built a place of worship at Aldford, and presented the same to the Connexion.

Rev. J. C. Watts, editor of the *New Connexion Magazine*, was one of the representatives at the Ecumenical Conference, and on his way to Washington spent a few weeks in Canada. Those of his old friends who had the pleasure of seeing him were greatly delighted. He expressed himself as greatly pleased with the marked progress of the country and the present status of Methodism. Mr. Watts wrote an excellent article on the denomination which was published in the Wesley Centenary number of the *New York Independent*.

PRIMITIVE METHODIST.

Holiness Conventions have been held at various places. In most instances the meetings have been crowded, and it is believed that the results will be of the most blessed character.

An orphanage was established a few years ago which has been of great service. Some Sunday-schools have undertaken to support one or more orphans who may have gone

from their schools. Earnest appeals are made for increased liberal support of the institution.

The mission at Fernando Po was recently the scene of great excitement. King Lopo had requested to be buried in a Christian manner. Some of the heathen were greatly enraged when the wishes of the King were thus being carried out, and made an attack upon the Christian natives. The missionaries, with great presence of mind, rushed between the contending parties, and thus maintained the peace until the civil authorities could interfere. The missionaries were greatly commended for their conduct, as there can be no doubt but that they prevented bloodshed.

THE DEATH ROLL.

Rev. William Brown, one of the oldest of the pioneer Methodist Episcopal ministers in Canada, died November 16th. He was stricken with paralysis about a year ago, but recovered. The Sunday before he died he attended church, but was taken ill in the evening, and never rallied. He was in the 77th year of his age. He has been superannuated a few years, and died at Iroquois.

The Venerable Canon MacNab, of Bowmanville, was recently called to his eternal rest. He was 40 years the incumbent of Darlington. At one time he was a minister in the Methodist Church, during which he was for a few years Principal of Victoria University. He often talked with the writer respecting his early Methodist associates. The venerable man was 80 years of age.

We regret to learn of the death of the Rev. James Baakerville, a venerated superannuated brother. He died suddenly at his residence at Flesherton on Monday, Dec. 7th. He entered the ministry in 1849, and laboured successfully in many arduous missionary fields. He became superannuated in 1880, after having done faithful pioneer services in many destitute settlements. He was a brother greatly beloved, faithful and diligent; in labours abundant.

Book Notices.

Life and Letters of Joseph Hardy Neesima. By ARTHUR SHERBOURN HARDY. Price \$2. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Toronto: William Briggs.

For many years the attention of the Canadian Church has been turned to the Empire of Japan, and it has acquired profound interest in that country. The volume under review cannot fail to have strong attraction to all those concerned in Japan, its missions and its Christian development. Mr. Hardy, the biographer of Joseph Neesima, is an author of established reputation; but the book depends for its interest chiefly upon the unaffected letters and diary of Mr. Neesima, which were never intended for the public eye.

This is a striking story of a Japanese youth, who burned with a desire to learn the English language, that he might translate the Bible for the benefit of his countrymen. He escaped from Japan and received the best culture that school and college life in America and theological training in the seminary at Andover could provide. He visits Washington to meet the Japanese embassy, becomes secretary to its chief, goes to Europe with the embassy, returns to Andover, is ordained to the Christian ministry, and returns to his beloved Japan. His life-ambition is the establishment of a Christian university at Kyoto. In spite of ill-health he labours at this task; sails for America, via Suez. In Ceylon meets Arabi Pasha; describes in his artless journal his impressions of the great world and world centres, as Rome, Turin, etc.; is attacked with heart-disease, continues with enfeebled frame to labour beyond the measure of his strength, returns to Japan, sees his beloved university a working success, and dies at the age of forty-seven, beloved and revered by pagans and Christians alike.

Such is the simple outline of this life-story. The charm of the book,

as we have said, consists of the personal element in his letters, the account of his childhood and youth, told in almost infantile English, his impressions of travel, his burning zeal for his native country. "As a missionary of the cross," he writes, "and a sincere lover of my native land, I cannot keep silent within me, and if I do, I fear I will cry out even in my midnight dreams. I have poured out my prayers as well as my tears upon these pages."

He describes the wonderful transformation which has taken place in Japan during his absence. "Old Japan is defeated, new Japan has won its victory. The old Asiatic system is silently passing away, and the new European ideas are growing vigorously and luxuriantly."

Many of his letters are written to Mrs. Hardy, the wife of his patron, whose name he combined with his own. These letters reveal the very soul of the man, noble, pure, tender and chivalrous. On the death of Mr. Hardy he writes to Mrs. Hardy: "My heart's eclipse will continue so long as I live. I feel lonely, I feel my real father is gone; yea, he has been to me more than a father. I have lost the friend of Japan."

Although the sands of life were rapidly running out, he devoted himself with intense zeal to his university work, and with such success that before his death an institution comprising twenty buildings, accommodating seven hundred students, with a faculty of thirty-four members, twenty-three of whom were Japanese, and an academic and theological class of four years each, were in successful operation, and doing noble work for the intellectual and moral regeneration of Japan.

At length, with the words, "peace, joy, heaven" on his lips, this gentle, loving, faithful spirit passed away. At his funeral was a delegation of Buddhist priests bearing a banner with the inscription, "From the Buddhists of Osaka,"

and a Buddhist priest pronounced a glowing eulogy over his body. "No private citizen ever died in Japan," says his biographer, "whose loss was so widely and so deeply felt as that of Mr. Neesima."

This book 'gives a glimpse, as it were, into another world, into the very heart of Japan; a glimpse of its aspirations, of its capabilities, and an augury of its marvellous development in the near future. The quaint expressions and quotations from native poetry lend a pleasing charm to this biography.

A Beautiful Land; Palestine Historically, Geographically and Pictorially Described and Illustrated; As it Was and as it is Now; Along the Lines of our Saviour's Journey. By JOHN FULTON, D.D., LL.D., with introduction by Right Rev. HENRY C. PORTER, D.D., LL.D. Quarto volume, pp. 652. Price \$3.75. New York: T. Whittaker 2 & 3 Bible House. Toronto: William Briggs.

There is an undying interest connected with

"Those holy fields,
Over whose acres walked those
blessed feet,
Which, eighteen hundred years ago,
were nailed
For our advantage to the bitter
cross."

From the days of the Empress Helena and St. Jerome there has been a ceaseless stream of pilgrims to those sacred scenes; and throughout all Christendom, millions of devout students, who can never hope to see the Lord's land, are endeavouring to realize to their minds the physical aspects of the country and the environment of the life and labours of our Lord. For such students the present volume has been prepared. The great works on Palestine have been laid under tribute, and the author has endeavoured to summarize the history and vivify the associations of the sacred sites of Palestine, and especially to identify them with the walks and talks of Jesus. By the study of this book,

with its fifteen maps, over three hundred engravings, and a large folding panorama of Jerusalem, one could become almost as familiar with Jerusalem and Palestine as if he had visited it in person, and can have a much better conception of the historical and biblical associations than would result from the rapid and careless mode of travel of many tourists in the East.

After-Touch of Wedded Hands. By HANNAH B. MACKENZIE. Price \$1.75. Edinburgh and London: Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier. Toronto: William Briggs.

This very reputable house makes a specialty of bringing out high-class religious stories. They are the original discoverers of "Annie S. Swan," whose books are such favourites, and whose "Alderside" elicited the high praise of Mr. Gladstone. This is a tale of Scottish life of pronounced religious character. The following extract will indicate some of its features, and its graphic delineation of character:

"Mr. Guthrie," said Mr. Home, solemnly, fixing Morgan with a glassy eye, "I think ye've made a grand mistake in entering the Church o' Scotland as a minister o' that Church, an' ye've made another as t' your duty in it. The clergyman we want here is one who will be looked up to, by a respectable and Christian congregation, as an example to it in all things, no an evangeleezin' preacher to the masses. I hope we have always endeavoured, to the best o' oor ability, to help the poor and deserving; for the rest, there's a mission hall and a fire-and-brimstone preacher, who will frighten them out o' their evil ways if anything can. Nae clergyman in Dalzell Parish has e'er set out on the tack ye have dune, Mr. Guthrie, an' ye'll find it is a kind o' relegion that will not be tolerated by your flock. I am speaking in your ain interests; I tell you plainly, the beggarly elements o' conversion an' repentance an' free-grace are no what's required here. For your own sake, give up all this rhodomontade o' lost and perishin'

sinner, an' preach something that will help good Christians on their way."

"I shall preach as I have done in the past, Jesus Christ and Him crucified, to saints and sinners alike, as a more Christ-like and heroic soul than you or I, Mr. Home, did in times past," answered Morgan, who had listened to the address with perfect gravity and no outward show of anger, save what a slightly repressive folding together of the lips indicated.

"Oh, ah! Of course! That was in past times, and I suppose ye dinna profess to be a second Paul, Mr. Guthrie? An' ye might remember another saying o' his—'I became all things unto all men.' That is where you fail. I warn you, and I have good reason for doing so, if ye continue in this strain, Mr. Guthrie, ye'll soon have but bare walls to listen to you."

John Kenneth McKenzie, Medical Missionary to China. P. Mrs. BRYSON, London Mission, Tientsin. Second edition. London: Hodder & Stoughton. Toronto: William Briggs. Price \$2.10.

On Easter day, 1888, after thirteen years' active service in China, Dr. McKenzie was called from labour to reward. During this time he had been used by God in a wonderful way. He was able, says his biographer, to check the great prejudice existing in Western China against medical science, and was the means of founding the first Government medical school in China. Though singularly successful as a physician, it was the consecration of his powers to the healing of the soul as well as the body that was the demonstration of the immense value of medical missions. It was ever the evangelistic side of the medical work, continues Mrs. Bryson, and the opportunities this gave him to bring to men the healing message of the Gospel of Christ, which called forth his enthusiasm, and sustained him amid difficulties and discouragements which would otherwise have been insuperable. The study of this life

will be of special interest in view of the newly established mission in China of our young Canadian Church. The book is one of very great interest, and the Rev. J. V. Smith has kindly consented to our request to make this book the subject of a special article in this MAGAZINE.

The Divine Enterprise of Missions; A Series of Lectures Delivered before the Theological Seminary of the Reformed Church in America, in 1891. By ARTHUR T. PIERSON. New York: Baker & Taylor Co. Toronto: William Briggs.

Never were the claims of Christian missions so strongly recognized and realized as at the present time, and few men have done more to secure that recognition than the author of this volume, the accomplished editor of the *Missionary Review*. The subject is treated under the heads, "The Thought of Missions," "The Plan of Missions," "The Work of Missions," "The Force of Missions," "The Fruit of Missions" and "The Challenge of Missions." It is an inspiration to Christian consecration and missionary zeal to read this volume.

The Magazine of Art for December begins a new volume of this sumptuous periodical. For the first time in its history it gives its readers a coloured frontispiece. It is an experiment and a success. The process is called Chromotypogravure, and is the same as is used in the *Paris Figaro Illustré*. "A Breezy Day," by H. E. Detmold, is the picture chosen for this colour printing, and it lends itself admirably to the art. A page is given to a reproduction of W. H. Y. Titcomb's "Primitive Methodists," a painting which received a third medal in last year's *Salon*. Mr. Walter Shaw-Sparrow, the writer, pays the most attention to Burne-Jones' strange "Six Days of the Creation," which are reproduced, and amply justify the praise given them. Cassell Publishing Co., 35c. a number, \$3.50 a year in advance.