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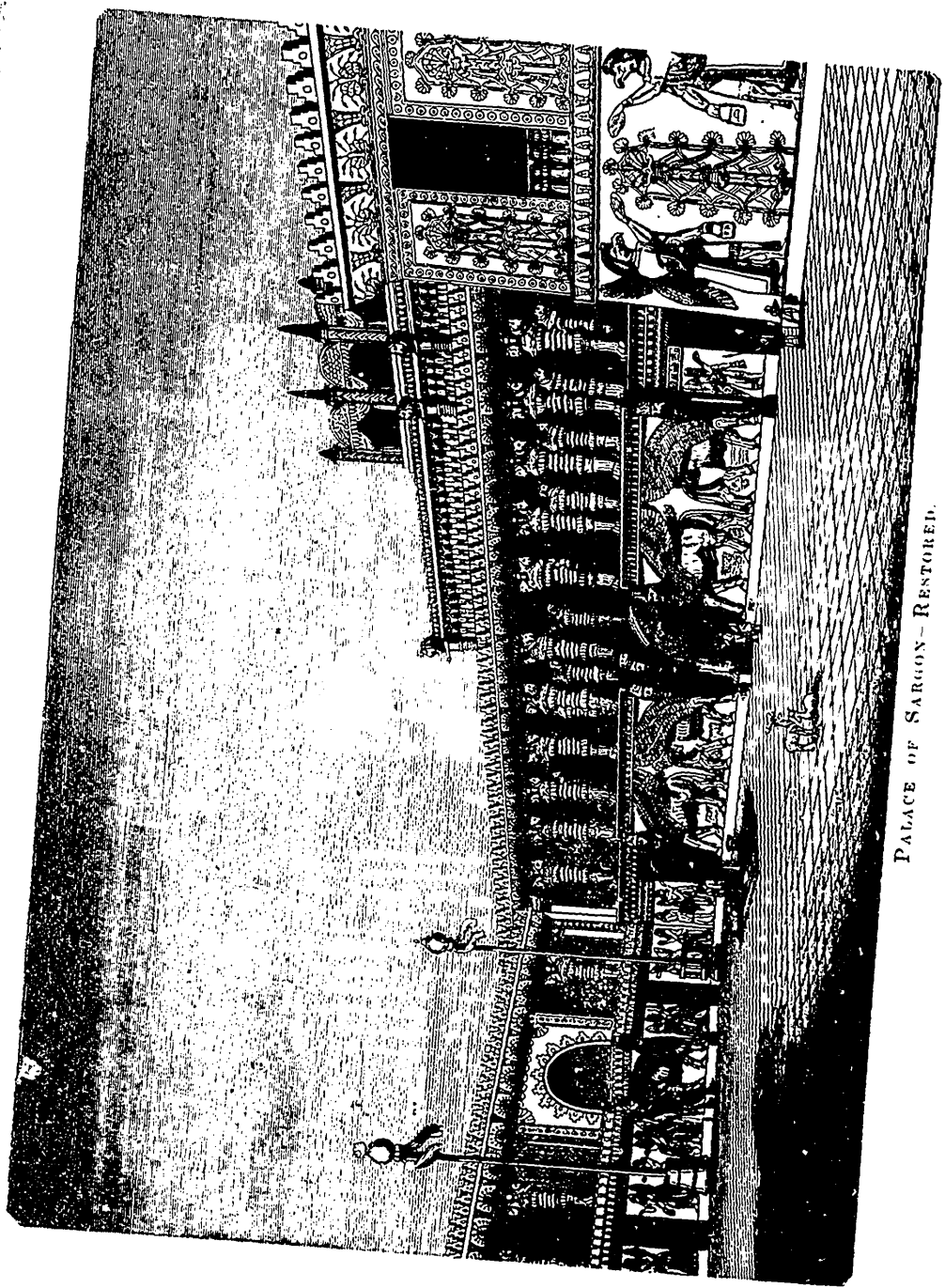
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PALACE OF SARGON - RESTORED.

Methodist Magazine and Review.

AUGUST, 1898.

THE LOST EMPIRES OF THE EAST.*

BY THE EDITOR.



SITE OF THE TEMPLE OF ASSUR-NAZIR-PAL FOUND AT NIMROUD IN 1878 A. D.

A great many readers of this magazine are actively engaged in Sunday-school work, and many more, we trust all the rest, are earnest Bible students. It is, in many respects, a liberal education in itself to follow the course of Sunday-school lessons from year to year. They come in close touch with very many points of sacred and secular history which are engaging the most earnest thought of scholars, explorers and interpreters of ancient monuments and ancient tongues.

* "Asshur and the Land of Nimrod." Being an Account of the Discoveries made in the ancient ruins of Nineveh, Asshur, Sepharvaim, Calah, Babylon, Borsippa, Cuthah and Van, including a Narrative of Different Journeys in Mesopotamia, Assyria, Asia Minor, and Koordistan. By Hormuzd Rassam. With an introduction by R. C. W. Rogers, Ph.D., D.D. Cincinnati: Curts & Jennings. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. xiv.-432. \$3.00.

The recent lessons on the life of our Lord and of the early Church treat the most important themes in the history of our world and the most important aspects of human development. The studies for the current half year on the history of the Hebrew monarchy are also full of sacred and secular interest. The Hebrew people were brought into intimate relations with the great monarchies of antiquity. Thus Hebrew thought and development receive a permanent impress, and "the Law, which is a schoolmaster to bring men to Christ" greatly influenced the mighty Medo-Persian monarchy of Cyrus. In these lessons the history of the Chaldeans, of Assyria and Babylonia are brought directly under review. The labours of Layard, and Rawlinson, Smith, and Sayce, Hilprecht and Hormuzd Rassam, and other explorers and investigators throw a flood of light upon some of the profoundest problems of Old Testament history. We have thought it well, therefore, to treat in this, as well

as in the last number of this magazine, some of those themes in which the great body of our readers are so directly interested.

It is a tribute to the enterprise of the Western Methodist Book Concern that it has issued one of the most interesting and instructive volumes of exploration in the

found them true, loyal and hospitable. It is not they, but the agents of the Sublime Porte who are the obstructives to exploration.

It is a striking confirmation of the prophecies of Scripture that the great cities of Babylon and Nineveh became so completely lost to human history. Babylon was buried



SITE OF AN ANCIENT ARMENIAN TEMPLE FOUND IN THE MOUND OF TOPRAE-KALAA, NEAR VAN.

cradle lands of our race.—“Asshur and the Land of Nimrod.” The author made no less than four expeditions to Mesopotamia, and had to encounter much opposition through the restrictions and prohibitions of the Sultan of Turkey. He states that the Arabs, Kurds and Turkomans are most tractable people to deal with. He always

in a mud-mound; Nineveh was so thoroughly forgotten that for ages her site was unknown, so that a cultivated Greek, leading home his broken army of ten thousand men, passed right by it, and never knew that beneath the mud and sand lay the remains of vast palaces.

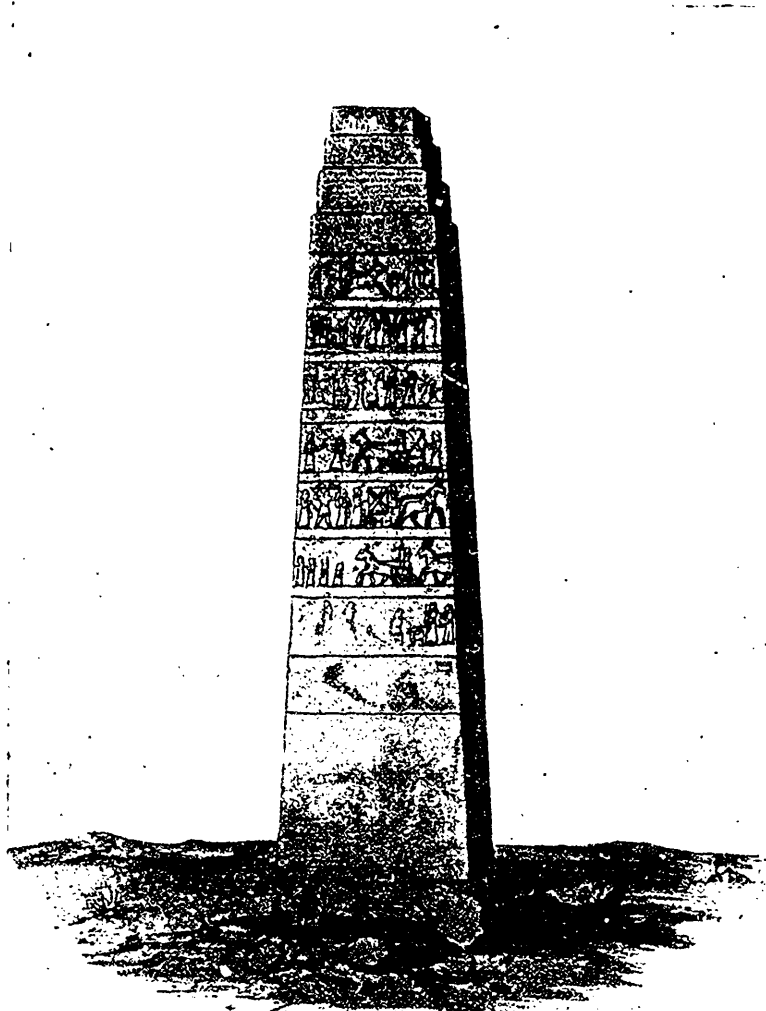
The book contains much of stirring ad-

venture and romantic interest, and of illustrations of Oriental costumes "hoary with age and full of instruction for the modern students of the Bible."

Our illustrations on pages 99 and 100 indicate the manner in which the remains of the lost civilization of Nineveh and Babylon

their holy men. The book described in this article abounds in illustrations of the difficulties arising from the conflict of authority between the local sheiks and that conferred by the firman of the Sultan.

An enormous amount of *débris* had to be removed and the greatest care exercised not



OBELISK OF ASSUR-NAZIR-PAL, KING OF ASSYRIA (885-860 B. C.), FOUND IN THE MOUND AT NIMROUD.

have been recovered by Hormuzd Rassam. It required great tact and skill in managing men, to induce the Arabs to work with steady persistence, and to overcome their objections to working in mounds which had been consecrated in their estimation by the shrine of a saint or the remains of any of

to destroy the contained relics. The obelisk of Assur-nazir-pal is a typical example of the memorial monoliths of these Oriental despots. The sides are covered with numerous figures in bas-relief and with descriptive cuneiform inscriptions. Other monoliths have a sort of niche in which in low relief



MONOLITH OF SHAMSHI-RIMMON II, KING OF ASSYRIA (824-811
B. C.), SON OF SHALMANESER II.

are the figures of the gods or of the Assyrian monarchs. That of Shamshi-Rimmon is a typical example. The sceptre of royalty is borne in the left hand and on the breast is what is remarkably like a Maltese cross. Some archaeologists have attached much importance to the occurrence of this cross in pre-Christian monuments. This is, however, of little significance, as the cross was the simplest of all geometric figures, and could easily be adopted for decorative purposes. The peculiar mode of wearing the beard is characteristic of most Assyrian figures of both men and beasts, as in the effigy of the winged lion on page 106, and even the tails of the horses on this page.

"It is noteworthy that very eminent artists and lovers of fine arts have admired the animated portraiture of some of the animals displayed on different sculptures found in Assur-bani-pal's palace; and in Rawlinson's 'Ancient Monarchies' the following allusion is made with reference to the same eulogy:

"The hunting scenes from the palace of Assur-bani-pal (Sardanapalus of the Greeks) are the most perfect specimens of Assyrian glyptic art. Sir E. Landseer was wont to admire the truthfulness and spirit of these reliefs, more especially of one where hounds are pulling down a wild ass."

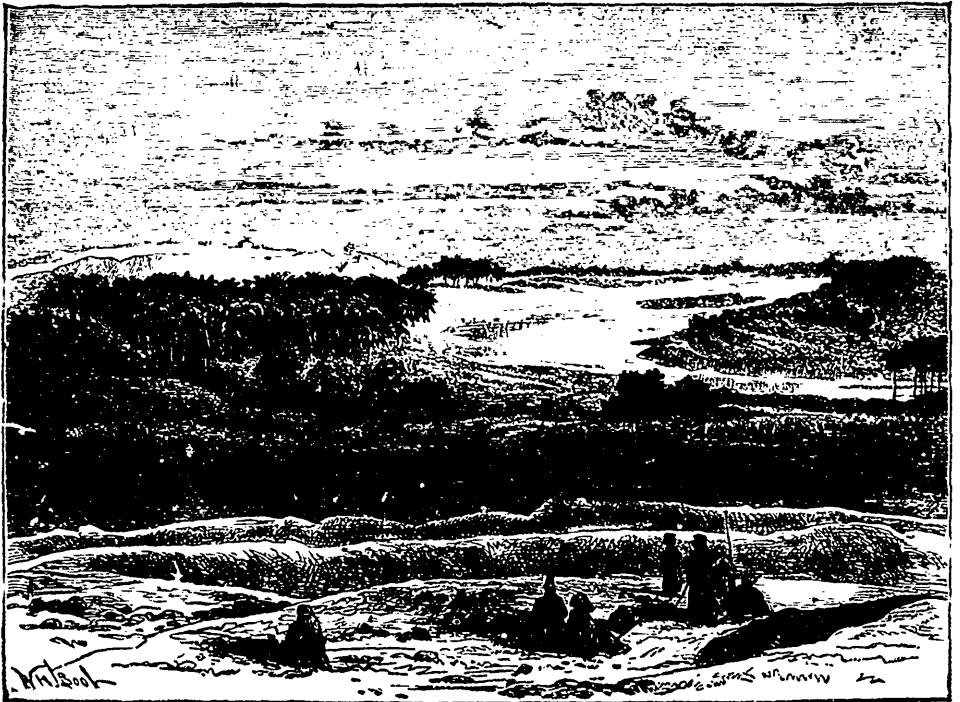
In another bas-relief the figure of a lion has been pierced with an arrow through his spine, paralyzing the muscles of the back. The manner in which the wounded beast drags his helpless limb is anatomically correct and gives evidence of close observation. The anatomy of the horses is well rendered,

as also the expression in the faces of the hunters. These five cuts are from Hormuzd

ASSUR-BANI-PAL ON HORSEBACK, SHOOTING WITH A BOW.



Rassam's book. We are indebted to the courtesy of the publishers for their use.



SITE OF ANCIENT BABYLON.

Our frontispiece is a restoration of the stately palace of Sargon at Nineveh, with its colossal eagle-headed figures and human-headed winged bulls. The bas-reliefs from figures on pages 107 to 109 give a vivid picture of the ancient mode of warfare. The colossal size of the conquerors as compared with the defenders is but another way of showing their superiority. The shield-bearer accompanying the king illustrates allusions in Scripture. We note also the catapults for throwing huge stones, and the sappers and miners undermining the wall.

The figure on page 108 shows some of the battering-rams and ballistas drawn up before the towered city wall and the driving off of the captives and flocks of sheep and goats. In figure, on page 109, a cruel aspect of Oriental warfare is illustrated, namely blinding the eyes of the captives.

On page 187 of this number we give an account of some very important recent Oriental "finds."

The East! What thrilling and manifold associations the very name suggests! As the cradle of the human race, the nursery of the infant arts and sciences, of philosophy and literature; as the

scene of Bible story and the theatre of the sublimest events in the history of the world; as the land of dim tradition and of hallowed legend; and as the grave of dead and buried nations, it is invested with intensest interest to every mind. Who has not fed his youth with dreams

"Of Ormuz and of Inde,

Or where the gorgeous East with richest hand
Showers on her kings barbaric, pearl and gold,"

and in fancy glided on the bosom of the Tigris or the Nile, and paced the bazars of Bagdad or Samarcand, and heard the plash of fountains and the notes of the bulbul in the gardens of Damascus or Shiraz? Who has not visited in visions of the night or midday reveries, this realm of old renown—the "land of all men's past,"—and beheld its elephants and ivory



SITE OF SUSA (SHUSHAN).

palaces, its splendid opulence and gorgeous pageantry; its tinkling caravans and vast and silent solitudes of the mysterious deserts; the fallen fanes and ruined palaces and solemn sphinxes of that wonderland?

With still deeper emotion will the devout or philosophic traveller visit those ancient realms "where every step is o'er a nation's dust," and every sound awakes an echo of the past. To him the whole region is steeped in the very spirit of poetry, and consecrated by hallowed or historic recollections. As he stands amid the ruins of Baalbec or Palmyra, of Luxor or Karnac, or of "hundred-gated Thebes,"—those gravestones over a nation's tomb,—the evanescence of earthly power and splendour will impress his mind.

The worship of Apis and Isis, of Orus and Osiris, of Baal and

Ashtaroth, has passed away; but the very ruins of their temples, by the illustrations of the minute fulfilment of ancient prophecy declare, that though heaven and earth shall pass away, one jot or tittle of God's Word shall never pass till all shall be fulfilled.

The exploration of the ruins of Nineveh and Babylon affords a striking commentary upon Holy Scripture, illumining with brilliant sidelights many of its obscure and difficult passages. The appalling desolation, the utter and irretrievable ruin of those sites of ancient and populous empires, are a sublime and emphatic vindication of Divine prophecy, that refutes and confounds the cavillings of the gainsayer or the infidel. For miles on miles the far-extending plain heaves with many a crumbling mound, towering at times like great natural eminences

which conceal beneath their grass-grown surface the courts and palaces of generations of Assyrian or Babylonish monarchs.

High above them all Birs Nimrud lifts its enormous bulk, its crowning ruin cleft to the base, and its fire-blasted and vitrified fragments attesting the avenging thunderbolts of God which smote the Babel Builders' impious tower.

Around its foot stretch bitter marshes and tangled jungle, where lonely wild fowl hide or wild beasts make their lair. Only the language of prophecy can adequately



WINGED LION FROM NINEVEH.

describe its condition: "How is Babylon become a desolation! How is she cast up in heaps, and utterly destroyed! How art thou become an astonishment and an hissing! How art thou made a possession for bitter and pools of water! The wild beasts of the desert shall be there."

The prophecy of Isaiah is literally fulfilled: "But wild beasts of the desert shall lie there; and their houses shall be full of doleful creatures; and owls shall dwell there, and satyrs shall dance there.

"And the wild beasts of the islands shall cry in their desolate

houses, and dragons in their pleasant palaces."

The words of Barry Cornwall vividly express the feelings awakened by the ruins of Babylon;

"Pause in this desert! Here, men say, of old
Belshazzar reigned, and drank from cups
of gold;
Here, to his hideous idols, bowed the slave,
And here—God struck him dead!
Where lies his grave?
'Tis lost!—His brazen gates? His soaring
towers,
From whose dark tops men watched the
starry hours?
All to the dust gone down! The desert
bare
Scarce yields an echo when we question
'Where?'
The lonely herdsman seeks in vain the
spot;
And the black wandering Arab knows it
not.
No brick, no fragment lingereth now, to
tell
Where Babylon (mighty city!) rose—and
fell!

"O City, vast and old!
Where, where is thy grandeur fled?
The stream that around thee rolled,
Still rolls in its ancient bed?
But where, oh, where art Thou gone?
Oh, Babylon! Oh, Babylon!

"The Giant, when he dies,
Still leaveth his bones behind,
To shrink in the winter skies,
And whiten beneath the wind!
But where, oh, where art Thou gone?
Oh, Babylon! Oh, Babylon!

"Thou livest! for thy name still glows,
A light in the desert skies;
As the fame of the hero grows
Thrice trebled because he dies!
Oh, Babylon! Oh, Babylon!"

It is claimed that the building of the Tower of Babel was the beginning of the great city of Babylon and of the empire of the same name. Shortly afterwards rose the rival city of Nineveh, and these were followed by the great Oriental Empires, the ruins of which are so stupendous.

When Sir H. Rawlinson and Sir Austin Layard and Mr. Geo. Smith, of the British Museum, began to dig in the ruined mounds of Nineveh, they did not, perhaps,

imagine that they were to discover some of the most remarkable confirmations of holy writ. The spade is often one of the most valuable of commentators. In the brick tablets of Babylon, its royal library containing over 10,000 records, and in the carved slabs of Nineveh have been preserved some of the most remarkable traditions of the creation, deluge, and the history of the early empires which have come down to us upon the stream of time.

The Bible represents the beginning of Babylon as belonging to the time of Nimrod. (Gen. x. 6-10.) The mighty city of Babylon was a district of vast size in-

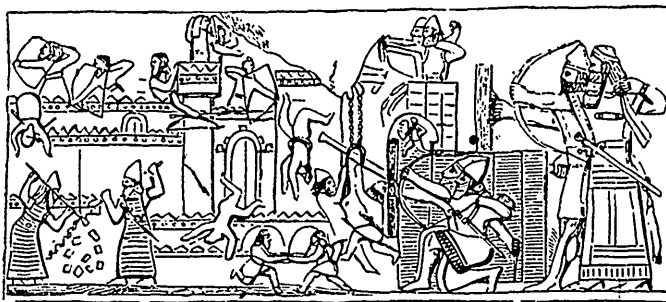
"How is Babylon become a desolation among the nations! It is a land of graven images. They are mad upon their idols.

"Therefore the wild beasts of the desert with the wild beasts of the islands shall dwell there, and the owls shall dwell therein; and it shall be no more inhabited for ever; neither shall it be dwelt in from generation to generation.

"As God overthrew Sodom and Gomorrah and the neighbour cities thereof, saith the Lord; so shall no man abide there, neither shall any son of man dwell therein." Jer. i. 23, 38-40.

Thus saith the Lord of hosts; the broad walls of Babylon shall be utterly broken, and her high gates shall be burned with fire; and the people shall labour in vain, and the folk in the fire, and they shall be weary.

"And thou shalt say, thus shall Baby-



ASSAULT ON THE CITY.

closed by lofty walls. Ancient authors describe their circuit as from forty to sixty miles, but even the lowest estimate would give it an area of five times the size of London. The whole plain of Shinar is covered with ruined mounds, some of which rise 140 feet above the level of the plain. In its present desolation it is one of the most remarkable fulfillments of Divine prophecy. As shown in our picture it is a plain void of inhabitants, and, in that sense, a wilderness.

"Because of the wrath of the Lord it shall not be inhabited, but it shall be wholly desolate; every one that goeth by Babylon shall be astonished, and hiss at all her plagues." Jer. i. 13.

lon sink, and shall not rise from the evil that I will bring upon her; and they shall be weary. Thus far are the words of Jeremiah." Jer. li. 58, 64.

In like manner has Nineveh been laid waste and it has never risen from its ruins. The colossal figures shown in these pages are those disinterred by Layard and Rawlinson, Hormuzd Rassam and others, and brought at great cost to the British Museum. This exceeding great city, where Jonah was sent to preach repentance, has been literally obliterated from the face of the earth.

"And it shall come to pass, that all they that look upon thee shall flee from thee and say, Nineveh is laid waste; who

will bemoan her? whence shall I seek comforters for thee?

"Art thou better than populous No, that was situate among the rivers, that had the waters round about it, whose rampart was the sea?" Nahum iii. 7, 8.

This "populous No," the ancient Thebes, is also a mound of ruins in the desert.

"And flocks shall lie down in the midst of her, all the beasts of the nations; both the cormorant and the bittern shall lodge in the upper lintels of it; their voice shall sing in the windows; desolation shall be in the threshold; for he shall uncover the cedar work.

"This is the rejoicing city that dwelt carelessly, that said in her heart, I am, and there is none beside me; how is she become a desolation, a place for beasts to lie down in! every one that passeth by her shall hiss, and wag his head." Zeph. ii. 14, 15.



LEAVING THE CAPTURED CITY.

Shushan (Susa), is another of these great cities of antiquity, the capital of Elam. Here dwelt Nehemiah. Its ruins are three miles in circumference. Here have been found the remains of the great palace built by Darius, during the life of Xerxes. Here took place the scenes recorded in the life of Esther. As shown in our picture it is now a ruin and a desolation.

On the banks of the mighty Tigris and Euphrates, at whose junction the Garden of Eden was probably located, and in the fertile plain of Mesopotamia between their waters, the earliest empires of antiquity grew up. Almost the only survivors of these great cities are the modern Bagdad and Mosul. The latter is chiefly interesting as

being near the site of Nineveh, whose remains exist in great mounds on the opposite side of the river. It has still a population of 40,000, of whom one-fourth are nominal Christians of the Jacobite or Syrian sect. From one of its principal manufactures comes our word "muslin." Some 220 miles south-east is the famous city of Bagdad, also on the Tigris. One thousand years ago it is said to have had 2,000,000 inhabitants, and reached its greatest eminence in the reign of the famous Haroun-al-Raschid, the hero of the Arabian Nights. It is now a rather dilapidated-looking town which has been repeatedly wasted

by plague and famine. Beneath its crumbling walls flows the rapid Tigris, which is still crossed on rude rafts of inflated skins.

The interesting-ruin-mounds of Seleucia and

Ctesiphon, of Persepolis and Ecbatana, and Shushan and many another city of old renown, enforce the moral that man's mightiest works become but the tombstone of his vanished power. Everywhere—everywhere throughout that vast East; on the broad plains of Mesopotamia, on the high tablelands of Iran, and in the lovely vale of Cashmere; beneath the shadows of the Himalayas, abound those vestiges of extinct civilization, of which oftentimes no other trace remains,

"Ghost-like amid the unfamiliar past
Dim shadows flit along the stream of time;
Voiceless and wan we question them in
vain;
They leave unsolved earth's mighty yesterday."

One of the strangest things in

Oriental travel is the sharp contrast into which the immemorial past and the busy, practical present are brought. Thus, between the legs of a colossal bull at Persepolis, some tourists found the words: "Stanley, New York

the four paradisaic streams, and here their rich alluvium was the nurse of the earliest Asian civilization, as the Delta of the Nile was of that to Africa. The soil is of wondrous fertility, and the vegetation of the greatest exuberance.



CAPTIVES LED AWAY.

Herald," engraved "in letters as bold as the Ujiji expedition."

At Bagdad, a railway, telegraphs, gas-pipes, and steamers on the Tigris, almost disenchant the "City of Caliphs." At the same time their mode of travel on the Upper Tigris, on rafts supported

An Arab village occupies the site of the garden. Through it the sacrilegious Franks have run a telegraph line.

Bagdad is the only living city of note in this region filled with the ruins of ancient monarchies. It still numbers a polyglot population of 100,000—Arabic, Greek, Armenian, Syriac, Persian, Hebrew, Turkish, Hindu, English, French, Italian and German. At a consulate dinner party of six persons, nine languages were employed—the host's son, a



BLINDING THE EYES OF CAPTIVES.

on inflated goat-skins, is the same as that described by Herodotus and Xenophon, and portrayed on the bas-reliefs of Nineveh thirty centuries ago.

At the junction of the Tigris and Euphrates is the traditional site of the Garden of Eden. Here are

young lad, using six fluently.

The Arabs are faithful in one religious duty, at least, that of praying toward Mecca at the canonical hours. No matter in what employment engaged, the Muezzin's cry brings them to their knees. The difficulties of a de-

votee on the tortuous Tigris were very great, since the meandering of the river made him veer around on his prayer carpet like a weathercock on a gusty day.

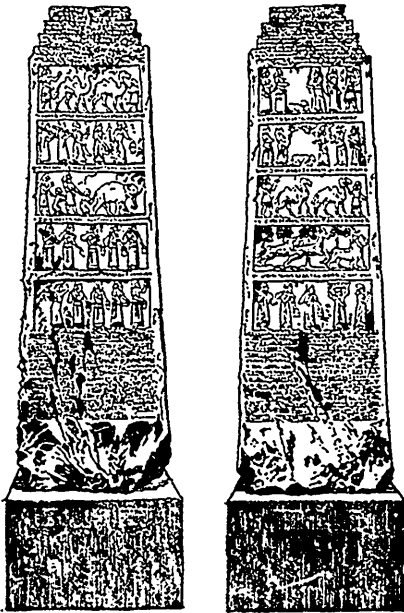
As we contemplate the ruins of these ancient empires we cannot help asking, "Is it forever?" Is there to be no resurrection of these nations? No regeneration for these lands? Although despotism and superstition may have

and Olivet, are no less beautiful; nor the plains of Mesopotamia and high lands of Iran less fertile, than in the time of their greatest prosperity and glory.

Indications of the progress of western ideas in the east are numerous and striking, and furnish bright auguries of its future prosperity. Already the iron-horse snorts in the valley of the Nile, and the iron steamer plies upon its sacred waters. On the slopes of Lebanon, by British and American enterprise, manufactories of silk and cotton have been established, and the steam engine, that great agent of civilization, introduced.

Machinery, with its tireless sinews and nimble fingers, performs much of the toilsome and mechanical drudgery which formerly taxed the energies of human muscles. A stream of vessels daily passes through the Suez Canal. Trade may return again to its ancient channels, and resume its old route through the East; and Damascus, Aleppo, and Tyre acquire more than their olden importance. The red-cross flag of England floats over Aden, and the Euphrates Valley Railway will soon become the great overland route from the Mediterranean to the Persian Gulf.

Christian schools at Cairo, Alexandria, Beyrout, and Sidon, and Christian missions throughout the entire East, are sowing the seeds of a nobler and loftier type of civilization. A new crusade, not of war but of peace, is being waged. The pacific victories of commerce will renovate the East; and the crescent may, before long, give place to the banner of the Cross upon the battlements of Zion. The long-rejected Messiah shall yet be adored amid the scenes of his passion, and Jerusalem become again a praise in the earth.



THE BLACK OBELISK.

Commemorating the victories of King Sargon II. Showing two sides.

The black obelisk discovered by Mr. Layard, in Nineveh, records the victories of Sargon II., King of Assyria. On it are the names of Jehu, Benhadad, and Hazael. One of the bas-reliefs on it represents Jehu, king of Israel, prostrating himself before Sargon, and presenting various offerings. On another bas-relief Sargon says that he gained splendid victories over Benhadad of Syria in his tenth year, the 21st of Jehoshaphat.

crushed and degraded the inhabitants, yet nature is unchanging; and the golden sunlight falls, and the sapphire seas expand, and the purple mountains rise as fair and lovely as of yore. The valleys of the Orontes and the Jordan, and the slopes of Lebanon

The drowsy races in the remoter East are turning in their troubled sleep. They are arousing themselves from the lethargy of centuries, and are laying aside their scorn and hatred of the western

old lands which so long have struggled with the demons of superstition and idolatry, shall eventually sit, clothed and in their right mind, at the feet of Jesus. The day is hastening when, in a



JEHU, KING OF ISRAEL, PROSTRATING HIMSELF BEFORE SHALMANESER.

From the Black Obelisk.

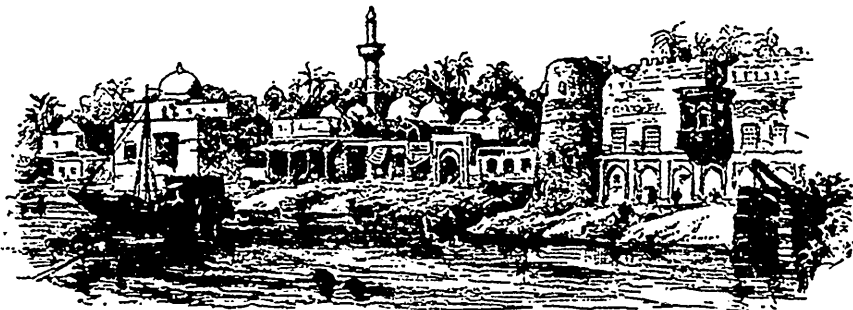
barbarians. They are waking up to the activities of the age. They feel the pulses of a new life throbbing and thrilling through all the veins and arteries of society. The night of ages is giving way, and its darkness is being dispersed. A brighter day is bursting on the Orient. The bright heralds of the dawn may everywhere be seen. Old and hoary systems of idolatry and priestcraft are crumbling away. Cruel and bloody heathen rites are being exterminated. These glorious trophies of the progress of Christianity are pledges of still grander triumphs in the future. What sublime results may not some who read these pages behold! Those blind and impotent

world redeemed, regenerated, disenthralled from the power and dominion of sin, the Redeemer shall see of the travail of his soul, and be satisfied; when he shall receive the heathen for his inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for his possession; when upon all the industries and activities of the world; upon all its trade

and commerce, its art, its science, and its literature, shall be written: Holiness to the Lord.

And to this blessed consummation all the events of history, the growth and decay of empires, the rise and fall of dynasties, are tending. Omniscient power and wisdom are guiding the world as a skilful rider guides his steed upward and onward to its glorious goal. With devout as well as philosophic eye, let us read the history of the race, and discern by its tumults that God by his providence is reconciling the world unto himself. Let us ever feel

“God’s greatness flows around our incompleteness,
Round our restlessness his rest.”



A VIEW ON THE EUPHRATES. (*Hillah near the site of ancient Babylon.*)

BABYLON AND NINEVEH.

BY R. E. ANDERSON, M.A., F.A.S.

In the map of Western Asia there is a long valley separating the deserts of Northern Arabia from the Median Mountains of Persia. During all modern history, and as far back as the time of ancient Greece and Rome, this well-watered region has been a scene of desolation and waste. Yet it was once one of the most important centres of population and wealth, crowded for countless centuries with various races, and the seat of perhaps the oldest of extinct civilizations.

This great country is the "Land of the Chaldees" of the Old Testament. The obvious cause of the early population here was the alluvial soil spread over a wide, flat plain by the Euphrates and Tigris. The fertility and ease of tillage attracted settlers from the beginning of human life on our planet. The southern part of this region has been won from the sea. The twin rivers have brought down from the Armenian mountains so abundant and constant a supply of deposit, as not only to fertilize the whole valley, but gradually convert the head of the Persian gulf into splendid farms and gardens. About the year 4000 B.C., the Tigris and Euphrates entered the sea by different mouths. Even in the days of Abraham, the patriarch, "Ur of the Chaldees" was an important sea-port, though it is now 150 miles up the Euphrates.

The earliest civilized race possessing this "country-between-the-rivers" — Mesopotamia, — as the Greeks long afterwards named it, appear from the inscriptions to have been the Akkads—"mountaineers," in their own language—

who, at an unknown period, had descended from the highlands on the east and north-east. This wonderful people, who have recently been presented to history for the first time, are proved, by their language in the inscriptions, their features as shown in many sculptures, their art and religion, to have been Turanian by descent, i.e., they belonged to the yellow or Mongolian family. The Akkads, therefore, were not at all allied to the Assyrian and other Semitic races, who long afterwards adopted their civilization, and combined with them in building up the kingdoms of Chaldea and the mighty empire of Babylonia.

They invented the cuneiform letters, to which we owe all our knowledge of Babylonia and Assyria. Many of them were apprenticed to trades. A wife could own property apart from the husband. Slaves were by law to be treated justly, and all children were taught to read and write. We find land-leases drawn up by conveyancing lawyers; and the judges in court, like our own, often had to quote precedents of a much earlier date. The taxes included tithes, levied for religious purposes. Some of the artisans were weavers, dyers, potters, smiths, and carpenters, and some Assyrian sculptures show skilfully embroidered clothes, and carpets ornamented with designs.

This civilization of the earliest Chaldeans implied a good knowledge of science in several leading branches. The sun-dial was known and the clepsydra or water-clock; the lever and pulley; some of the libraries contain tablets with very minute letters, and some lenses of

glass are found which are supposed to have been used to assist the reader's eyesight. On one tablet we find the squares and cubes of a series of numbers; there are also calculations of area and geometrical propositions.

Some tablets seem to refer to the four moons of the planet Jupiter, which would imply that telescopes were known in Chaldea. As astronomers and astrologers they used a regular calendar, the prototype probably of all those now adopted, dividing the year into four seasons, twelve lunar months, or 360 days; and they also knew the exact length of "the sidereal year." Each month had a Sabbath, called *Sabbatu*, on the 7th, 14th, 21st, and 28th days. As early as 2200 B.C. they named the twelve signs of the zodiac and divided the equatorial into 360 degrees. Each degree they divided into 60 minutes, and each minute into 60 seconds, as is still done universally, because 60 was their divisor generally.

That the Akkads or early Babylonians were essentially a literary people is also proved by the "libraries," or stores of inscribed tablets and cylinders left in their palaces and temples. At Sippar, the capital of Sargon I., a library of that king was found 3,200 years afterwards, and many of its books on astronomy and astrology were copied for general use. "Of all the nations who have bequeathed written records of their lives, we may assert that none has left monuments more imperishable than Assyria and Chaldea. Their number is daily increased by new discoveries; that of the tablets from the Nineveh library alone exceeds 10,000."

After the close of the Babylonian empire the name Chaldean implied a magician, soothsayer, or "wise man of the east"; because

they had inherited from the Akkad priests many superstitious beliefs and practices in astrology, fortune-telling, exorcising, etc.

Many of their liturgies have been found, and some contain sacred hymns which in tone resemble those of the Hebrew psalms. On some ancient bricks (date, 2500 B.C.), found at Ur, occurs a litany with these words:

"In heaven who is supreme?
 Thou alone art supreme.
 On earth who is supreme?
 Thou alone art supreme.
 The word is proclaimed in heaven,
 And the angels bow their faces down."

Another hymn, suggesting a somewhat pure form of monotheism, runs:

"Long-suffering Father, full of forgiveness, whose hand upholds the lives of mankind: Lord, thy Deity is as the wide heavens, and fills the sea with fear."

The Chaldean "cosmogony"—account of the creation or origin of things—was one of the very few points known before the Assyrian explorations, because it had been described in Greek by Berosus, a learned priest of Babylon at the time of Alexander the Great. The national epic of the Akkad hero king, *Ishtubar*, contains on one tablet a deluge legend which agrees closely with that in Genesis. In the British Museum is shown a very ancient Babylonian cylinder with a tree bearing fruit and a human couple stretching out their hands towards it, while a serpent stands behind the woman as if to whisper some suggestion. The "sacred tree" is continually reproduced on cylinders and sculptures, sometimes very prominently.

The sculptured winged bulls or other creatures at the gate of a temple or palace represented guardian spirits called "*kirubu*," whence the Hebrew "*kerubim*," English, "*cherubim*." King *Esarhaddon*, speaking of one of his immense palaces, writes: "In its

gates I placed bulls and colossi, who turn themselves against the wicked according to the command impressed upon them; they protect the footsteps, causing peace on the path of the king, their creator."

The great mound, Babil, among the ruins of Babylon, represents the temple of Bel, which was a pyramid of eight square stages, with a winding ascent to the top platform. There stood an image of gold forty feet high, two other statues of gold, a table (forty feet by fifteen), and two other colossal objects all of the same precious metal.

The famous mound, Birs Nimrud, has been proved to be the ruins of the "temple of the seven spheres," a national structure finally rebuilt by Nebuchadnezzar the Great, who informs us that the original tower had existed many ages previously.

On a statue of Sargon I. in his capital there is a remarkable inscription to say that, when an infant, his mother placed him in a basket of rushes, and, after closing the door of his ark with bitumen, launched him on the Euphrates, whence soon after he was rescued by a water-carrier, who brought him up as his own child. He was afterwards, he says, chosen leader of a band in the mountains, and in due time became king. Sargon left great buildings at Sippar and Nipur, as well as at Babylon.

Travellers, on seeing the immense mounds at Nineveh, Nimrud, and Khorsabad, in the northern part of the Tigris valley, wonder why the Assyrians persisted in using only crumbling bricks to build their temples and palaces, since the district abounds in good building-stone, limestone, and basalt, etc., and the Median mountains on the east are close by. In fact, the Assyrians did use stone to case and protect their brick-

work, but so lacked the inventive and adaptable genius of their Akkad neighbours that they continued making and piling up bricks as they had been taught to do when they lived in the lower Euphrates valley.

The new empire was distinctly a more formidable state than its predecessor, the whole country becoming a land of soldiers; and from their later conquests and grandeur, Rawlinson calls the Assyrians the "Romans of Asia."

The Golden Age of Assyria as an empire was the century from 721 B.C. to 625 B.C. Tiglath-pileser had taken Babylon and driven the Babylonian king from his power.

Under Sargon II. three great palaces were built, two in the capital and one at Khorsabad, the Versailles of Nineveh, overlooking the upper valley of the Tigris, where many famous sculptures still perpetuate his glory. This king extended his empire to Samaria, Arabia, and Syria, levying contributions even from Cyprus, a distant island in "the sea of the west."

In 705 B.C. the famous Sennacherib conquered Phoenicia and Egypt, and on his return to Assyria led "200,000 Hebrews and other Syrians" captive. Many of his monumental sculptures are preserved in the British Museum, chiefly excavated from the ruins of two temples which he had built in Nineveh, one on the site of an ancient one dating from 1350 B.C. It is of his general ("Tartan" in the Bible, Sargon in the cuneiform inscriptions) that Byron wrote:

"The Assyrian came down like a wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold,
And the sheen of his spears was like stars on the sea,
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee."

The well-known "Taylor Cylin-

der" gives details of the siege of Jerusalem; other incidents of the campaign, e.g., the capture of Lachish, are on a series of slabs in our national museum. Sennacherib completely destroyed Babylon, the rival capital, and tried to render even the site unrecognizable. "I pulled down, I dug up, I burned and destroyed fortresses, temples and towers; I threw all the rubbish into the river."

His greater son, however, Esarhaddon, rebuilt Babylon, as being more central to the empire than Nineveh, the northern capital. He also greatly extended the rule of this warlike race, having, according to the inscriptions, conducted ten invading expeditions. The grandson of Sennacherib was Assur-Banipal, the greatest of all the line of Assyrian or Babylonian princes who governed the plains of Chaldea—Sardanapalus of the classical writers and our former historians. His history, as now read in the Assyrian sculptures and writings, proves that his character and genius were misunderstood by Byron and other poets, and that he was very different from a weak, effeminate Sultan.

Assur-Banipal was the most powerful and enlightened monarch of his time, full of insight and energy, not less distinguished by the administration of his empire than by his appreciation of art and literature. His great monument, greater than any imperial sculptures, is the library and "university" which he founded "for the instruction" (say the tablets) "of the people of Nineveh." The discovery of this national storehouse of records almost compensates the literary world for the loss of the Alexandrian library.

In the palace near Nineveh, which has been identified as that built by Assur-Banipal, Layard, the great explorer, found a mass

of broken bricks, which afterwards proved to be of the greatest interest. When packed in cases and sent to London, the confused mass of rubbish, as it seemed, was, after some years, sorted and arranged by George Smith, of the British Museum, with such admirable skill that the famous poem of the Deluge was rescued from the oblivion of ages.

After visiting Nineveh, he completed his work by a search of the "archive chambers" of Assur-Banipal, and proved that the poem previously found was but one incident of the national epic of Babylonia, much of which he brought to England.

In the same mound Layard unearthed from one chamber a wonderful treasury of antiquities illustrating the private life of a monarch who lived twenty-five centuries ago. Some of these were bowls, cups, and other dishes of bronze, some of most beautiful design; kettles, shields, and pieces of armour; and brooches in ivory and mother-of-pearl, as well as in metal. Several vessels were of a sort of glass. There were also found the fragments of a massive chair, supposed to have been the actual throne of King Sennacherib when the palace yet stood. The walls around still preserved in sculptures and cuneiform letters the records of his power and renown.

Just before the accession of Nebuchadnezzar the Great to the throne of Babylon he had distinguished himself as a general. After defeating the powerful Pharaoh-Necho, who had overrun Syria and threatened to cross the Euphrates, he had subdued Palestine and Phoenicia. Afterwards he again invaded Syria, to punish the Tyrians and Jews for revolting; and, after sacking Jerusalem, executing Jehoiakim, and destroying the temple of Solomon, he

sent most of the Hebrew nation into captivity at Babylon. Next year he captured Tyre, after one of the longest sieges recorded in history; according to Strabo, his conquests extended westward through Libya, even as far as Spain.

In the Old Testament the predominant greatness of Nebuchadnezzar is expressed by the phrase used by the prophet: "Thou, O king, art a king of kings, for God hath given thee a kingdom, power, and strength, and glory";—and by the list of the royal officers, given repeatedly,—“the princes, the governors, and the captains, the judges, the treasurers, the counsellors, the sheriffs, and all the rulers of the provinces.”

Nebuchadnezzar not only rebuilt his capital, which had so long been neglected by the Assyrian kings, but restored every important temple and other edifice throughout the empire. It was under this monarch that Babylon became mistress of the world,—a metropolis so enormous in population and wealth as, like Thebes of the earlier ages, and London in modern times, to become proverbial in all languages.

The last king of Babylon, 555 B.C. (six years after the death of Nebuchadnezzar), was Nabonidus, and the fall of Babylon under him and his son Belshazzar are recorded in Scripture.

In the year 539 B.C., Cyrus, at the head of his army, marched on Babylon. Cyrus delayed his attack upon Babylon till the spring-time, because every March, when the sun had reached the solstice, there was a great religious festival celebrated by the Babylonians, from the highest to the lowest—a wild orgie of drunkenness and revelry, such as was common in some Asiatic anniversaries. From the cuneiform inscriptions, we now know that on the 15th of the

month Tammuz, 538 B.C., the night of the great religious festival, a detachment of the Persian army entered Babylon “without fighting.” Cyrus drained off the waters of the Euphrates at some distance above the capital, and then marched his Persians into the city by the channel of the river.

From the Greek and Jewish historians we know that the capital was in charge of Belshazzar, the grandson of Nebuchadnezzar, and son of Nabonidus, the last king of Babylonia. Belshazzar and his court, full of contempt for the Persian king and all his army, had ordered the whole city to be plunged in wild and wanton festivity, every temple and street and mansion to be given up to music, dancing, and drunkenness. Then occurred the dramatic scene described in Daniel:

“Belshazzar the king made a great feast to a thousand of his lords, and drank wine before the thousand. . . . They brought the golden vessels that were taken out of the temple, . . . and the king and his princes, his wives and his concubines, drank in them. . . . In the same hour came forth fingers of a man's hand, and wrote over against the candlestick upon the plaister of the wall of the king's palace. Then the king's countenance was changed, and his thoughts troubled him. . . . In that night was Belshazzar, the king of the Chaldeans, slain.”

Eight days after the fall of Babylon and death of Belshazzar, Cyrus arrived at the gates to be received as conqueror of Babylon and master of all Asia. For years previously the Hebrews looked to the Great King “as the chosen one who was to humble the pride of Babylon and be the liberator of the chosen people.” In the book of Ezra, Cyrus says:

“Jehovah, the God of heaven, hath given me all the kingdoms of the earth, and charged me to build him an house at Jerusalem, which is in Judah. Who is there among you of all his people? His

God be with him, and let us go up to Jerusalem, and build the house of the Lord God of Israel (He is the God) which is in Jerusalem."

The recovery of the decree by Darius, at the request of the Jews, forms an interesting passage in the sacred narrative. After searching "in the king's treasure house at Babylon," there was found at Achmetha (the Hebrew spelling of Ecbatana), in the province of Medes, a roll, and therein was a record thus written :

"In the first year of Cyrus, the king, i.e. first year in Babylon, the same Cyrus made a decree concerning the house of God at Jerusalem. Let the house be builded, . . . and let the expenses be given out of the king's house : and also let the golden and silver vessels which Nebuchadnezzar took forth out of the temple and brought to Babylon be restored. . . . 'Now, therefore' (adds Darius, as a new decree), 'let the Governor of the Jews and the Elders of the Jews build this house of God in his place, . . . that they may offer sacrifices unto the God of heaven, and pray for the life of the king and of his sons. . . . I, Darius, have made a decree ; let it be done with speed.' "

WHAT THE DEACONESS SAYS TO THE CHURCHES.*

BY ISABELLE HORTON,

Editor of the Deaconess Advocate, Chicago.

I.

The deaconess work is the youngest child of Methodism, born eleven years ago. She was a year old when ten years since the General Conference graciously granted her permission to live. But American children are precocious, and this one, in view of her phenomenal growth, perhaps, claims special privileges. Sometimes she "talks back."

She has questioned much and learned a little during her nine years' existence. Already she has met some serious problems in her chosen field, the great cities. She feels "called" to grapple with these, and possibly to assist in their solution. She realizes her weakness, and for that reason if no other she believes emphatically in co-operation with her brother and sister societies. She has views and opinions—a few; for if she is not the "new woman" she came along in her company.

* An address given at the Metropolitan Church, Toronto.

Her views may not be new to wiser heads. She may be only discovering for herself what was long ago understood by others; and yet if they represent honest conclusions, arrived at through personal experience and investigation, they will have some value at least. No truth can be fully apprehended from a single standpoint. The man looking in at the window has altogether a different view from the one looking out. So while those interested in our work may see, as we cannot, its needs, its dangers and its possibilities, those of us within the circle see the neglected fields and heedless multitudes, and hear the bitter cry of those that go down into the pit. For the true deaconess sees, not herself, but the world and the work. Then it may not be amiss if, for a few moments, "he that hath ears to hear" should hear what the deaconess saith to the churches.

Our first outlook into the world—our world of city streets—has not been reassuring. We have

seen circumstances and conditions that have made our hearts quail. We have spent weeks and months canvassing crowded districts whose population presents only varying degrees of squalor and misery, sin and degradation. Sometimes we have wondered if the least trace of God's image has not been effaced from the forms of those beings who imitate even humanity so abominably.

Words grow trite and powerless to describe the woe, the degradation and heathenism massed under the very shadow of our church spires, and lips grow dumb with the hopelessness of the tale. But we carry the burden of it ever in our hearts, a vision of bare rooms, where hollow-eyed women toil early and late for the smallest pittance that will keep soul and body together—of filthy cellars, where men, women and children herd together like beasts—of awful pitfalls of sin spread around and before every step. Worst of all, we see the children; born in sin, nurtured in pauperism, educated in crime; predestined to ruin, and to ruin others, by every law of inheritance and circumstance. We have breathed the poisoned air of slums and tenements, and read its effects in dull eyes and pale cheeks and stooping forms. We realize that the city is a hard step-mother at best, while to the child of poverty her tender mercies are cruel indeed.

We have learned—it was one of our first lessons—that temporal relief profiteth little. The family relieved from starvation yesterday is without bread again to-day, and to-morrow may find them in the same evil case. Once it was a mystery what kept those we could not help alive; but we learn that there are degrees of starvation, and that it takes but little—the pickings from a garbage barrel even—to keep the vital spark from going out

entirely. And men cling to life even when it has nothing to give them but misery and despair.

We have tried to speak of a loving Saviour to these care-worn, poverty-crushed lives; but have found it hard to talk of spiritual salvation to men and women so chained to life's treadmill of toil that they are scarcely conscious that they have spirits to save. The soul must in some way be awakened and released from its smouldering dungeon of flesh before it can be saved.

Feeling helpless to cope with these cruel conditions, we have tried to trace the floods of pauperism and crime to their source, to see if relief might not be applied there. Whence come all these thousands and tens of thousands of drifting wrecks of humanity? From foreign lands? Many of them. The great cities of the old world have poured upon our shores the dregs of their population. Nearly every large city in our land has its Little Italy, its Chinatown, its Polish quarters and its Bohemia. The poor in these places have little to boast of in their past. Their fathers, and perhaps their grandfathers, were beggars before them.

But there is also the American pauper and with him the case is different. There seldom fails in his home or in himself some hint of better days. He will tell you of lessons learned at his mother's knee in a happy home. The wife remembers green fields and blue skies. The aged grandmother wipes her faded eyes as she accepts the basket you bring, and tells of a time when she herself carried relief to the poor. These were not born paupers, but have had pauperism thrust upon them. Perhaps it has been years—perhaps but a few weeks or months since the head of the family failed in health, or in business, or "lost

his job." But once down, there is scarcely one chance in a thousand to regain his footing. Furniture is pawned at one-fourth its value to buy food, the rent bill accumulates, clothing becomes disreputable from wear and tear, and then, unless some friend steps in, the chances are all against him. In America nothing succeeds like success, and nothing fails so disastrously as failure. The great city never stops. The whirr of machinery, the hurrying steps of trade are never still. From morning till night, and from night till morning is heard the stinging crack of the whip and the beat of iron hoofs on the stone pavement—and so hurries on the mad race of life under the stinging lash of competition. Societies, churches and even charities catch the same spirit. "Every man for himself," and perdition catch the hindmost. These are the hard conditions of our modern social life that lead to the fact, only too evident, that the ranks of American pauperism are being rapidly swelled from the strata above, from the middle classes, the labourers, who ought to be the main stay of the nation.

Moreover, our great cities are drawing into themselves the population of the country and smaller towns, especially the young, and in their great mills are being ground out the few successful men, who grow rich and prosperous, while the great mass of weaklings sink into poverty and are soon swept away in the refuse of pauperism. Others talk about these conditions—the deaconess sees and feels their truth.

And there are other things for us to ponder. If we live in Chicago, we can walk down State Street and see immense store windows filled with fabrics fit for a queen to wear, and blazing jewels worth a king's ransom. I have

looked at one of those tiny, flashing sparks of light, and thought that it represented carbon enough to keep a dozen of our poor families warm all winter. If we need a draught of pure air after breathing the reeking atmosphere of cellars and tenements, we may take a walk along the Lake Shore Drive, where the palaces of the millionaires have turned their backs upon the city with its vulgar mediocrity and its squalid poverty, and look out with calm superiority over the lake. There elegant high-bred dames lean back in their carriages, while satin-coated horses, driven by liveried coachmen, skim over the ground. Paradise and purgatory can scarcely seem more unlike than this and the scenes we have left behind. It is a different world.

I stood one day on a street corner waiting for a car. I had just come from a rat-infested cellar, where the air was heavy with sewer gas. There I had left a deaconess trying to comfort a young mother, who cried and wrung her hands over her dead baby. The doctor had said as he reported the case, "If you will bring some food it will do more good than my medicine." But the food came too late. The unfinished washing lay in the corner while the mother and the deaconess planned for the baby's funeral. As I stood waiting for the car, two young men clothed in soft raiment walked past, and I caught a word from their conversation. "It was an elegant affair," said one, "three handsome diamonds and a row of pendant pearls. It cost a couple of thousand." Is it strange, if with the vision of the pinched, blue-veined face of the starved baby before my eyes, and the hopeless sobs of the mother still sounding in my ears, I wondered why one woman should wear on arm or

on neck a bauble, one-tenth of whose cost would have saved that innocent life ?

We buried the baby, laying on its little pine coffin a bunch of half-withered roses given us by a florist. Next day, as I sat in my office, I heard muffled strains of music and saw passing the house a magnificent funeral procession. A band of uniformed soldiers, a hearse with sable, nodding plumes, and six carriage-loads of costly floral offerings to escort to his last resting place the body of a millionaire brewer, the fruits of whose business had sent thousands of his fellow-men to ruin ! Again the pitiful baby face came to my mental vision, and I thought, "How does it fare to-day with those two souls, standing—equally poor, equally destitute—before the great white throne ?"

But if hopeless poverty on the one hand, and heedless wealth on the other, were all, or even the worst we have to contend with, we might take heart of grace and work on ; but this is only the background of the picture. Only a master of language can put into words the awful facts, and throw the high light of truth upon the central figures. Canon Farrar says in *The North American Review* :

"Who is responsible for the filthy lanes and reeking pauper tenements ? Places horrible to live in, and still more horrible to die in ; foul with oaths, fights, blasphemies, gin and verminiferous dirt. Two master fiends rage and riot among them—the fiend of drink, enthroned in glaring gin palaces, where are kindled the ghastly fires in which myriads of human moths scorch themselves into shrivelling agony ; and the fiend of impurity, filling the souls and bodies of men and women with leprosy and producing a blighted offspring, to be the scourge of a

civilization of which they have been the helpless victims."

This is not empty rhetoric. No words can be so terrible as the plain truth. These fiends of wickedness have stood in our way at every turn, and snatched their victims from our very arms, as we strove to bear them back to paths of righteousness. If words could be coined so burning and bitter that they would blister the lips that pronounce them, and bite and rankle like poisoned arrows in the hearts of those who hear, they should be used to tell the shame and infamy of licensed sin in the dark places of our great cities.

A few years ago we looked with horror across the ocean at the spectacle of a helpless people slain by thousands, while the nations of Europe looked on in silence or contented themselves with wordy protests. We exhausted the language of reproach to find epithets bitter enough to apply to such inhuman selfishness and indifference. When, later, at our own doors, such frightful scenes were being repeated, the heart of a people was stirred to say, "This must cease," and blood and treasure were consecrated to setting free the oppressed.

But here in our own land, protected by its laws, supported by its honoured citizens, and permitted by its churches, is a power more autocratic than the Czar, more inhuman than the Sultan, more treacherous than the Spaniard. In the United States, not one year, but year after year, 80,000 victims of the rum fiend go down to drunkards' graves ; and to-day not less than 1,000,000 of his living victims haunt our cities, living in slavery worse than death—for it enslaves both soul and body. Some struggle to be free, some pray, some curse the fetters that bind them, some drift sullenly or stupid-

ly with the current; but few are ever saved. And the Christian churches look on, and execrate, and condemn, but will not unite and say with one voice that this awful horror shall cease. Is America so much better than Cuba? The body may be tortured and slain, and the free soul escape pure and triumphant from the slayer's power. But what help for crimes that torture, not bodies alone, but souls, through years of living death, and send them into eternity without hope?

These are some of the conditions that the deaconess, in common with other city missionaries, is called upon to meet. Another unpleasant fact is equally evident. Between the so-called lower classes and the Church, there is a wide gulf, not only of indifference, but, on the side of the poor, of absolute antagonism. Whether right or wrong, the feeling exists among them that the Church has deserted their cause and allied itself to the wealthy and powerful for the sake of patronage. The Church does not ignore this fact, and is discussing with more or less interest the question of how to reach the masses.

But do we realize the danger to the Church itself from this state of affairs? A final break would be even more disastrous to the church than to the people, for they might still receive the Gospel in some other way. But the test of a church's vitality has ever been its power to lay hold of that which is beneath it, to transfuse it with Divine life and bring it into relation with itself. What is truly alive must be able to impart life to what would otherwise be dead. When the church shall have finally cut itself off from the masses, it will have dug its own grave, no matter how magnificent that grave may be. So long as the church follows the footsteps of the Master

the common people will hear it gladly. There were not many rich, not many noble among Christ's followers. Of the few, one went away sorrowful, one only dared to come to Him by night, and one furnished the tomb in which He was buried.

I thank God that there are rich men who hold their wealth as a stewardship from God, and it stirs my pulses to think of the work that is being done by these consecrated millions; but unconsecrated wealth, and unconsecrated talent must ever hang like a mill-stone around the neck of him to whom it has been entrusted.

For all these evils, whether among rich or poor, there is but one cure, just as there is but one cause. There is not an evil under the sun that does not find its ultimate cause in the innate selfishness of the human heart. It has come up with the struggle for existence—the law of the jungle and the savage. And what can conquer this law of the flesh save the law of the spirit—the Divine law—thou shalt love the Lord with all thy heart; thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself?

Science can tell us of no better law than the survival of the fittest, which means the strongest. Political economy tells the same grim story. Ethical culture is only a refined selfishness. Socialism and communism would substitute the selfishness of brawn for the selfishness of brain. The only sufficient cure for the evil is the Gospel of Jesus Christ, and whether with the church or without the church, this must win. It won without the church 1900 years ago. It may again. If the church, lulled to sleep by prosperity, neglects her call to be the medium for its transmission, the life and spirit of the Gospel must come into vital contact with the masses in some other way. Even now we meet social-

ists and labour leaders who bitterly antagonize the churches, and yet are strongly devoted to the person and teaching of Christ as given in the New Testament. You may have read of the labour meeting held in New York City, where the name of Jesus, the carpenter's son, was applauded, but when the church was mentioned, they hissed.

This feeling and this prejudice being real, what should be the attitude—no, not that, the time is past for striking attitudes—but the action of the church towards these unchurched masses? If she would reach and draw them to herself she has but one medium, and that is true charity. Not charity in the modern use of the word, but the charity Paul had in mind when he described it as long-suffering, and kind,—the charity that never faileth. With all our giving this kind is all too rare. "Though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing." It is more than love in the common acceptation of the term—it is an all-embracing love that sees in the most debased of mankind a brother—a sister; a love that would strengthen the weak, protect the fallen, and cover the failings of another as carefully as though they were our own. There is no charity in employing a brother man at starvation wages, and then expecting him to be grateful for a basket of food and a suit of cast off clothing. Josephine Shaw Lowell says, "It seems often as if charities—so called—were the crowning insult which the rich add to the injuries they heap upon the poor."

Our system of charities is becoming a vast, a complicated, and

in most cases, an expensive system, and like other machinery it is driving not hand labour but heart labour out of the market. It becomes a burden to love our neighbour as ourself, and we will employ a deaconess to love him for us. We realize it is more blessed to give than to receive; but we must get even our blessedness at the bargain counter; a large slice of self-satisfaction for a small price of self-denial.

There is also much unthinking talk about the "worthy" and "unworthy" poor. What constitutes unworthiness of being helped? Christ had but one test: "They that be whole need not a physician, but they that are sick," and, "I came not to call the righteous but sinners to repentance." But we often expect more of those to whom we give alms than we find among ourselves. They must be honest, truthful, cleanly, industrious, grateful, or else we fear our favours have not been worthily bestowed. And if we discover we have unwittingly befriended a liar, a thief, or a vagabond, we repent in sackcloth and ashes, and straightway resolve never to trust any one again—who is very poor.

A Christian woman once gave me a bundle of clothing with the remark, "I have decided to give what I have to give through the deaconesses, for I find that the less I know of that sort of people the more sympathy I have for them." Was there charity in that woman's gift? Truly with that sentiment it was much better to give through the deaconesses, but it was a case of a little learning being a dangerous thing.

There's music in the sighing of a reed;
 There's music in the gushing of a rill;
 There's music in all things, if men had ears:
 Their earth is but the echo of the spheres.

—Byron.

WITH CHRIST AT THE COMMUNION TABLE.

BY REV. C. E. MANDEVILLE, D.D.

The writer, in presenting this paper, disclaims any attempt at ecclesiastical polemics. The purpose is not to revive controverted questions that have become venerable with age, but to sit down with Christ at the communion table and make the sacred feast as real as possible. Incidentally, in passing, we may find occasion to point out some of the errors that have crept into the institution and thereby have disturbed the peace of the Church.

It may be well to note at the outset that our Lord was not content with merely giving instructions as to how He would have His disciples observe this memorial service, but celebrated the first one with them, that they might see and hear and understand for themselves. So, as we take our seat with Him, may we not hope to hear and see also, and understand the real significance of this important ordinance of the Christian Church.

We cannot study too closely the nature and use of this sacrament which Christ instituted, and which has come down through many generations, "and which still goes forth into all the world as the remembrance of His death and the pledge of the blessings it has purchased for us. How frail this little ark which His hand has sent out on these stormy waters, but how safely it has carried its precious freight. Empires have risen and fallen, society has been tossed in wild convulsions and still holds on its way and will do; for Christ, Himself, is in it with that heart of love which shall yet bless a whole sinful world."*

* Dr. John Ker.

With the terms by which the sacrament is known we are already familiar. "The breaking of bread"* is Apostolic; "The Lord's table" and the "Lord's Supper"** are Pauline. "The Eucharist" (*Εὐχαριστία*, a giving of thanks), and the "Holy Communion" are post-apostolic.

The fact that we have four accounts of the Last Supper indicates the great importance attached to it by the inspired writers. Matthew, Mark, and Luke have given us substantially the same version. St. John gives us in the sixth chapter of his gospel our Lord's exposition of the real meaning of the Holy Communion, which is invaluable to a proper understanding of this mystic rite. It is the key that was made before the lock, but made by the same workman. He knew the pattern of the lock, and so could construct the key beforehand. St. Paul lays claim to special revelation in giving his account, which does not essentially differ from the Synoptic gospels.

A clear understanding of the Passover, instituted by Moses, which was the type of which this is the antitype, is necessary to a full comprehension of this sacred legacy to the Church. The deliverance of Israel from Egypt was signalized by a solemn religious feast, which was both domestic and national. That is, while it was celebrated by families of from ten to twenty persons, it marked also the birth of a nation, and could with propriety be called Israel's Birthday Feast.

But the perpetual Passover must needs be modified to conform with

* Luke xxiv. 35; Acts ii. 42.

** 1 Cor. x. 21, and xi. 20.

its new circumstances. The fat and blood of the paschal lamb must be given to the priests and the latter must now be sprinkled on the altar instead of on the door-posts.

In the Pentateuch we find no reference to wine in connection with the Passover, but the Mishna of the Talmud enjoins the use of at least so much as the measure of four cupfuls. Also, a praise service was added, The Hallel (or Hallelujah) was sung, consisting of a series of Psalms, from 113 to 118, inclusive.

Anticipating His suffering and death, our Saviour has already engaged a "guest chamber," which may have belonged to Joseph of Arimathea. Here due preparation is made for the joint feast of the Passover and the Lord's Supper. Around a plain table Christ and the twelve gather. May we not take our place with them, and enjoy this wondrous feast which occurred "in the same night in which he was betrayed." The first part of this double sacrament, that is, the Passover, must disappear with the Jewish economy, while the Holy Eucharist must endure to the end of time. The straightforward and yet dignified way in which our Lord abrogates this rite of the Hebrew Church, which had become venerable by use for fifteen hundred years, and establishes a new sacrament for His own Church, evidences a conscientious authority which must have made a profound impression upon His guests.

The Passover ended, the Lord's Supper begins. He had said much about His coming passion, but they comprehended it not in its fulness. Their hearts were filled with sadness at the thought of His near departure, and when one tenderly loved is going away, the last meal is of special interest. Himself the great Paschal Lamb,

will soon be on His cross, His altar of sacrifice. This beautiful and impressive object-lesson will never fade from their vision. Every voice is hushed, every eye is turned toward the Master, and every ear is opened. He breaks the stillness by saying, "Verily, I say unto you, I will drink no more of the fruit of the vine until that day I drink it new in the Kingdom of God." This kingdom was nearer to them in point of time than they had any idea of. Possibly they thought Him to refer to the next world, as many do even to this day, but it was only a "little while" before He "broke bread" with them again after His resurrection. Was not this "in the Kingdom of God"? Everything is natural and simple, with no extended ceremony, no ecclesiastical vestments, and no pomp and show.

How far the Church of Rome has departed from this simplicity, her gorgeous celebration of High Mass may declare. As Dr. Hanna well says :

"Look at High Mass as celebrated in a Roman Catholic Cathedral—the mitred bishop, robed in richest embroidered silks; the varied yet still gorgeous dresses of the priesthood marshalled around him; the evolutions without end; the marchings, the bowings, the crossings, the chantings, . . . and wonder that ever such a vast ornate superstructure could have been raised upon that incident which occurred eighteen hundred years ago in an upper chamber at Jerusalem."

Perhaps Leonardo Da Vinci's celebrated painting of the Last Supper gives us as accurate a view of the grouping of the twelve, with Christ as the central figure, as any we can find.

In observing our Lord carefully in what He does and how He does it, in listening to what He says,

and how He says it, we shall learn much to guide us in our study of this significant event.

In the height of the sacramental controversy among the English reformers, Queen Elizabeth, who was theoretically a Lutheran, wrote the famous lines which may be seen on a stone in the church of Walton-on-Thames :

“ Christ was the word and spake it ;
He took the bread and brake it ;
And what His word doth make it,
That I believe and take it.”

This we are willing to do also, although not in the same sense in which the queen meant it.

What did Christ do ? He took the bread and blessed it, i.e., he returned thanks. Is this transubstantiation, consubstantiation, or impanation ? Had He changed the bread into His own body, He would have said so. What else ? He brake it. What did He brake ? The bread and not His own body. Further, He said, “ Take, eat.” What did they take ? The bread and not His own body. What did they eat ? The bread and not His body. That they did not eat Christ's body is evidenced from the fact that He was still before them and still serving them. But did He not say, “ This is my body ?” Yes. And did we not hear the guide say when we were viewing the works of the masters in Europe, “ This is Napoleon,” pointing to a portrait on the wall, but we never for a moment thought it was the flesh and blood of the great general.

“ This is Lincoln,” or “ This is Grant,” we say, as we approach the statue, but we never get the thought that these distinguished Americans are marble or stone. “ Likewise He took the cup and blessed it and gave it them.” What did He give them ? Wine, and not His blood. He did not tap one of His arteries for blood. True, He said, “ This is my blood

of the covenant,” but they were not misled by this language, as the meaning was too plain to be understood.

As if He had said, “ I'll soon be gone; my visible presence will be withdrawn, but this bread and wine are visible, and they will represent my body and blood in my absence.”

The question will arise, “ Was this fermented or unfermented wine ?” Why should fermentation in the bread be prohibited and not in the wine ? There must be no yeast in the bread, for that is the element of decomposition and represents the principle of evil. “ Beware of the leaven of the Pharisees.” We therefore incline to believe that the “ fruit of the vine ” used upon this occasion was the new wine, that is, unfermented, thus it harmonizes with the injunction of the Old Testament Scriptures : “ Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth its colour in the cup, when it moveth itself aright. At the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder.”

He took the cup, and, giving it to the one nearest Him, He said, “ Divide this cup among yourselves,” and they passed it one to the other. We pause to note He did not pass a separate cup to each. Individual cups were not a part of the furnishings of the original table. Is it not a little strange that the Church to-day must be agitated by the same insignificant things that troubled her nineteen centuries ago, viz., questions of cups, divers washings, etc. ?*

Two things have contributed to bring this question to the front :

I. The bacteriologist is in the land, and the microbe is playing no small part in the discussion. And thou, Microbe ! Though thou art small among the animals

* Mark vii. 4.

of the earth, thy presence is everywhere felt. The waters cannot say, "Thou art not in me;" and the air cannot say, "Thou art not in me;" neither can the communion cup say, "Thou art not in me."

2. With the increase of wealth comes the increase of caste. The tendency is to divide up into cliques,—here, the Scribes and Pharisees; there, the publicans and sinners. We are warned against the unwashed and the unclean, and especially against the users of the "vile weed," etc. Say the over-fastidious, "We cannot use the same cup that has been used by the common people." All very well, but as a remedy we would not introduce the individual cup, but preach a little more vigorously the gospel of cleanliness, and institute a crusade against the tobacco fiend. Meanwhile, until this reform is complete, we would suggest to the fastidious that they use the recipe which Dr. F. W. Reilly has prescribed for consumptives to follow before kissing, and that is to wet the lips with carbolized rose-water.

We want nothing in these days to separate God's people into classes, but, on the other hand, everything which will help to bridge the gulf that now so widely yawns between the rich and poor, we must come in closer touch and sing, not as a sentiment, but as an experience :

"Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above."

Every time we find ourselves with Christ at the communion table, we should realize His Spiritual Presence. It is as much the Lord's Supper to-day as when instituted, and He presides at His own table, not in any fleshly form, but in a way to be felt, nevertheless. He will manifest Himself in

the "breaking of bread," as He did to His disciples of old. One reason why communicants receive so little from this holy sacrament, is that they expect so little. And no marvel at this, since Protestantism in swinging off from Romanism went to the opposite extreme and has been content with observing a mere form.

As in the Passover the Israelites feasted on the paschal lamb, so we, by faith, feast on Him, who is the "bread of life." In this way He makes up for His enforced bodily absence.

As Canon Liddon says, "The broken bread and the cup of blessing are not picturesque symbols of an absent teacher, but veils of a gracious, yet awful Presence.

"The cup of blessing which we bless, is not this participation of the blood of Christ? The bread which we break, is not this a participation in the body of Christ?"

We should also realize the Communion of Saints. This is not the only place where,

"Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads,"

but the place,

"Where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend."

It is here that Christ's prayer is answered more fully than anywhere else, "That they may be all one, as thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be one in us, that the world may know that thou hast sent me." We get nearest together when we get nearest Christ; as the radii of a circle are nearest each other when they are nearest the centre.

Before leaving the subject, it may be well to briefly refer to some of the objects secured by this sacrament :

1. To establish a memorial for all time of Christ's sacrificial death. "This do in remembrance

of me." This memorial keeps fresh in the mind that "We were not redeemed with corruptible things, such as silver and gold, . . . but with the precious blood of Christ, as of a lamb without blemish and without spot." "A keepsake," says one, "is the seal of well-trying, tender regard. A marriage ring is the pledge of an affection which has already been deeply rooted. And so the Lord's Supper can be a seal only to those who have already, in actual spiritual communion, tasted and seen that the Lord is gracious."

2. "To show forth our Lord's death." To set forth this great event in the history of the world by this beautiful and touching object-lesson is by no means a small thing. While the saints find the true bread and wine of life by partaking of this holy communion, the unsaved will always find much to think of in witnessing the solemn scene. Many a soul is in glory to-day who was first started in the way of life by viewing this symbolic transaction.

"Gazing thus our sins we see,
Learn Thy love while gazing thus ;
Sin, which laid the cross on Thee,
Love, which bore the cross for us."

3. Another object is to keep in

mind Christ's second coming. "To show forth his death till he come."

When He left the world it was with the understanding that He should come again. His disciples must be on the watch for His second advent. From the brow of Olivet they watched His ascension, and while they looked steadfastly toward heaven as He went up,—behold ! two men stood by them in white apparel, which also said, "Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing up into heaven ? This same Jesus which is taken up from you into heaven shall so come in like manner as ye have seen him go into heaven."

In like manner,—that is, in bodily form,—this same Jesus shall come again to this earth. And while He tarries we keep expectancy alive by this memorial service. Bickersteth so beautifully sings :

" 'Till he come ! ' O, let the words
Linger on the trembling chords ;
Let the little while between
In their golden light be seen ;
Let us think how heaven and home
Lie beyond that 'Till He come ! '"

"See, the feast of love is spread,
Drink the wine and break the bread ;
Sweet memorials,—till the Lord
Call us round his heavenly board ;
Some from earth, from glory some,
Severed only 'Till He come.' "

A PERFECT SAVIOUR.

Dear Lord, I bow before Thee,
Thy blessing I implore.
I love Thee, and adore Thee,
But O, to love Thee more.
I seek Thy highest favour,
I would be wholly Thine ;
O be a perfect Saviour
To this poor heart of mine.

I come to Thee confessing
My selfishness and sin,
O give me now the blessing,
Now make me pure within.
From hence may my behaviour
Proclaim me fully Thine ;
O be a perfect Saviour
To this poor heart of mine.

I know my sins forgiven,
But now from out my heart,
Let all of sin be driven,
And cleansed from every part.
That I no more may waver,
But be entirely Thine,
O be a perfect Saviour
To this poor heart of mine.

The Holy Spirit shower,
Supply my every need,
By love's expulsive power
May I from sin be freed.
Now look on me with favour,
I all to Thee resign ;
O be a perfect Saviour
To this poor heart of mine.

—Junia.

MARY STUART.

QUEEN OF SCOTS AND QUEEN OF HEARTS.

BY E. SANDERSON.



MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

Beginning with the record of our Mother Eve, who was at once the blessing and the bane of Paradise, feminine grace and beauty have furnished unfailing theme of song and story. Not always wise,—sometimes not even good,—the woman who is endowed with rare personal charms wields a mighty influence over the hearts and lives of men, who, from the Beau Brummels of Society to fierce brigands and outlaws of the sea,—and sometimes men of much nobler character,—will brave the loss of reputation and even of life itself to win her love and favour.

To the House of Stuart, on the 7th of December, 1542, was born a little princess destined to a most romantic career. As prospective queen of a small kingdom, which was harassed by factions, feudal and ecclesiastic, and continually threatened with absorption by Protestant England, Mary of Scotland well exemplified the adage, "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown." Facing death while his daughter was still in her

cradle, and foreseeing that a stormy future awaited her, James V. espoused the Catholic policy in hope of securing her protection by the continental powers.

When the child was about four years of age her mother, the Queen Regent, Marie de Lorraine, visited France, where, yielding to the counsel of her uncles, the Duke of Guise, and the Cardinal of Lorraine, she left the little princess to be educated with a view to a marriage with the Dauphin, son of Henry II. Her curriculum embraced not only history and modern languages, but the classics, poetry and theology, besides the lighter accomplishments, in all of which she excelled. Her extraordinary beauty was the subject of sonnets by adoring bards, the pictures furnished by brush and pen conveying the idea that an almost unearthly charm radiated from her person—that she was indeed "a daughter of the gods, divinely tall, and most divinely fair."

But the moral atmosphere of the French court did not tend toward the growth of those higher virtues which are woman's chief glory, and the weight of historic evidence goes to show that the downfall of the Scottish kingdom was due, not so much to the queen's sectarian bigotry as to her youthful indiscretions and faults of character.

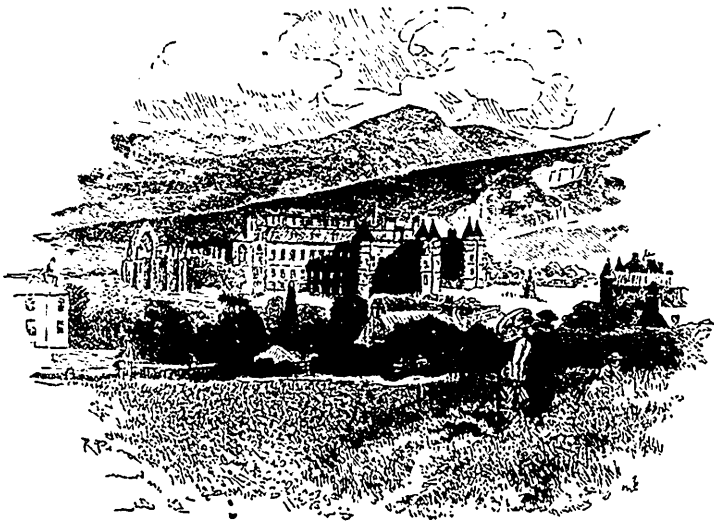
In a court where passion and intrigue were the ruling influences it would be strange if such popularity of a foreign favourite had not roused resentment. Mary Stuart found a jealous rival in her prospective mother-in-law, Catherine de Medici, who declared

spitefully, "Our little Scottish queenling has only to smile in order to turn all the heads in France."

When Mary was about seventeen she was married to Francis II., who was in no sense her equal, being her junior by two years, insignificant in stature and feeble in mind. Upon the death of Henry II., Mary Stuart shared coronation honours with her husband, but the

Calvinist, Anne de Bourg, whose triumphant faith even in sight of the scaffold was expressed in these words, "Six feet of earth for my body, and the infinite heavens for my soul is what I shall soon have!"

Francis II. died within a year after his accession. While in retreat in a convent at Rheims the young queen thus voiced her regret at the loss of his companionship :



HOLYROOD PALACE.*

Guises who had planned the marriage were really "the power behind the throne." During this period Mary manifested the strong fanaticism of her mother's family, rejoicing over the execution of the

"Ce qui m'estait plaisant
Pres m'est peine dure ;
Le jour le plus luisant
M'est nuit noire et obscure."

"All that once in pleasure met,
Now is pain and sorrow ;

* In the north-west tower of Holyrood are Queen Mary's apartments. This part of the building was erected by James V. The apartments of the queen are the most interesting in the palace, and remain pretty much in the same state as when last occupied by the unhappy princess. Passing through the audience chamber, we enter Queen Mary's bedroom, in which is her bed, work-box, and portraits of Henry VIII. and of Elizabeth. The bedroom communicates with the small supper-room where Darnley seized and held the queen while Ruthven, George Douglas and the other conspirators attacked and murdered Rizzio.

From Queen Mary's rooms we descend to

the remains of the chapel royal. The abbey is said to have been founded by David I. The west front is in the most beautiful style of early English, and its sculptural arcade, boldly-cut heads and rich variety of ornament in the doorway are very fine. The chapel has been the scene of many interesting historical events. Charles I. was here crowned King of Scotland ; James II. and III., Queen Mary and Darnley were married within its walls. In the south-east corner is the royal vault, in which are deposited the remains of David II., and James II., James V. and Magdalen, his queen, Henry, Lord Darnley, and other illustrious persons.

The brilliant day hath quickly set
In night with dreary morrow."

The death of her mother soon after called Mary to the sovereignty of her native land. Upon the announcement of her proposed departure from France, Ronsard, the finest poet of the age, unburdened his soul in flowing verse.

"Comme le ciel s'il perlait ses étoiles
La mer ses eaux, le navire ses voiles
Et un anneau sa perle précieuse

"Adieu, plaisant pays de France,
O ma patrie
La plus chérie,
Qui a nourri ma jeune enfance !
Adieu France, adieu mes beaux jours
La nef qui disjoint nos amours,
N'a eu de moi ! que la moitié,
Une part te reste, est tienne,
Je la fie à ton amitié
Pour que de l'autre il te souviene !"

"Farewell, thou ever pleasant land of France,
Beloved land of childhood's early day !
Farewell my France, farewell my happy
years !



QUEEN MARY'S BEDROOM, HOLYROOD PALACE.

"Ainsi perdra la France soucieuse
Son ornement, perdant la royauté.
Qui fut sa fleur, son éclat sa beauté !"

"Like to the heaven when starless, dark,
Like seas dried up or sailless bark,
Like ring its precious pearl gone,
Mourns France, without thee sad and lone.
Thou wert her gem, her flower, her pride,
Her young and beauteous royal bride."

It was a company of adoring people who waved regretful adieus as her ship left the shores of France. Looking through her tears, she wrote these lines :

Though from thy shores I now am snatch-
ed away,
Thou still retainest half my loving heart,
The rest will ne'er forget thee though we
part !"

Mary arrived in Scotland on the 19th of August, 1561. A strong prejudice existed in the minds of the lords and Presbyterian part of the nation, but, trusting to the remoulding influences of time and circumstances, they joined in escorting the queen to Holyrood

with all royal honours. The canny Scots of Edinburgh, however, "surrendered at discretion," presenting the keys of the city with symbolic accompaniments which suggested conditional allegiance.

The "Diurnal of Remarkable Occurrences," published by the Maitland Club in 1833, gives the following quaint description of this part of the inaugural ceremony :

velvet. After the said bairn had spoken some small speeches, he deliverit also to her hieness three writings the tenor whereof is uncertain. That being done, the bairn ascendit in the cloud, and the said cloud steekit."

A conspicuous figure in the record of those stirring times is John Knox, who represented, what he called, religious liberty. A pamphlet, entitled, "First Blast of the Trumpet Against the Monstrous



CHAPEL ROYAL, HOLYROOD, WEST FRONT.

"When her grace cam forward to the Butter Tron, the nobility and convoy precedand, there was ane port made of timber in maist honourable manner, coloured with fine colours, hung with sundry arms; upon whilk port was singand certain bairns in the maist heavenly wise; under the whilk port there was ane cloud opening with four leaves, in the whilk was put ane bonnie bairn. When the Queen's hieness was coming thro the said port, the cloud openit, and the bairn descendit down as it had been ane angel, and deliverit to her hieness the keys of the town, together with ane Bible ane Psalm-buik, coverit with fine purpoure

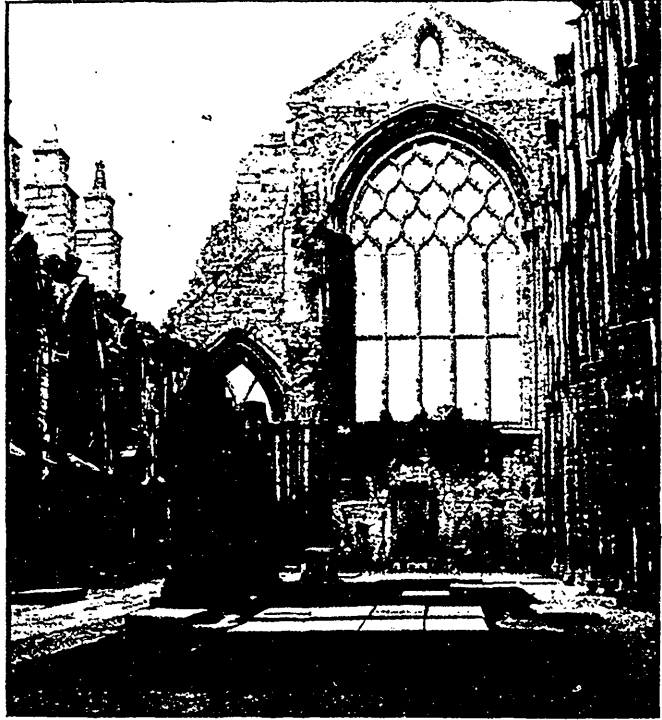
Regimen of Woman," had been his welcome to the regency of Marie de Lorraine, and her daughter's accession found him in the same attitude. Like the old prophets he used to spend much time in secluded spots, reading his Bible and planning the destruction of his own and the Lord's enemies.

Recognizing the wisdom of propitiating so formidable an opponent, the young queen invited Knox to the palace expressing the hope that her words might have some

effect upon him, and the welfare of the kingdom be advanced by a mutual understanding and friendship. But she found that she was not dealing with the poetic soul of a Ronsard who might, at least in theory, have enjoyed being burned if her fair hands were to kindle the fire. In his Calvinistic dress, with a Bible under his arm, Knox went, fortifying himself with the reflec-

and the frivolities of the palace, declaring that French vices and Roman idolatries would speedily be the ruin of Scotland.

Mary next turned to the nobles for protection, placing the management of affairs in the hand of her half-brother, the Earl of Murray, under whose wise administration a measure of peace was established. But state duties



CHAPEL ROYAL, HOLYROOD, EAST FRONT.

tion that he who bore the lamp of God's truth was secure against the assaults of Satan. He assured the queen that merely human words were barren as the rock, but when inspired by God produced all virtue. A fresh outburst against woman's rule drove the queen to tears, which touched him but did not move him from his purpose. He continued to preach and to stir up the populace against the queen

formed too prosaic a lie for one accustomed to the gaities of the French court and the ardent homage of a nation.

Here begin the stories of Rizzio and Du Chatelard, illustrating Mary's light esteem for life and honour, which she sacrificed at the dictates of policy and passion. Du Chatelard, who had been sent to the Scottish court to watch over the fair queen in the interests of

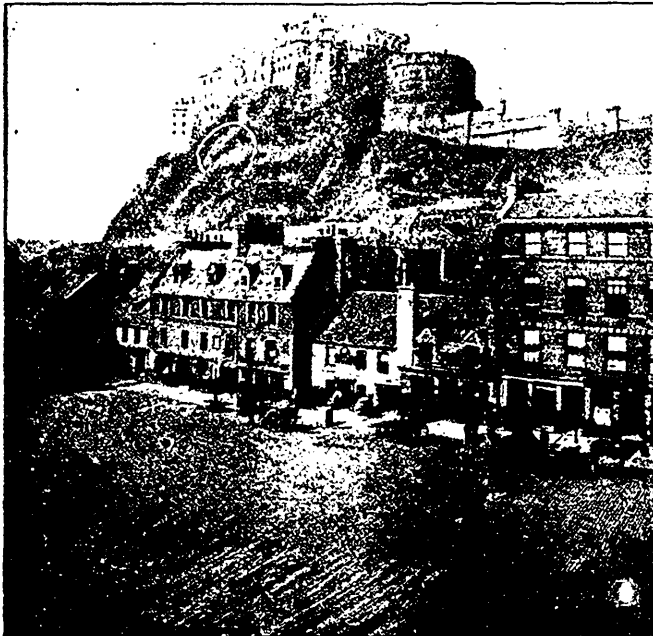
Marechal de Danville, lost his heart, and finally, through his indiscretions, his head also.

But the queen's prime favourite was Rizzio, an Italian youth whose poetic and musical powers charmed his royal patroness and secured his promotion to positions of trust and honour. Whispers in the palace soon reached the city, and presently all Scotland was in an uproar.

At this juncture, Elizabeth of

public honours due to her husband.

Unequal to the recovery of his own rights, Darnley consented to measures proposed by the nobles. One night, in March, 1566, Rizzio was surprised in the queen's apartments, and, in spite of his appeals to her for protection, and to his murderers for justice, was dragged into the ante-room where he fell "pierced through with fifty-five dagger wounds." A guard was



EDINBURGH CASTLE, FROM THE GRASS MARKET.

England, looking toward the advantages of federation with Scotland, and fearing some fresh foreign alliance, suggested a marriage between Mary Stuart and Lord Darnley, son of the Earl of Lennox. Mary consented, and at first seemed thoroughly enamoured of her handsome young husband. But very soon she wearied of him and turned again to Rizzio, conferring upon him not only his familiar place in the palace but

placed over the queen, who gave way to boundless grief, indignation and vows of vengeance.

Finally, with a view to the last consideration, she controlled herself, and, feigning resignation, she again led captive the husband, whose passionate devotion condoned all offences for the sake of reconciliation. This apparent reconciliation blinded the eyes of the queen's revolted subjects. She and Darnley retired to Castle



JOHN KNOX PREACHING IN EDINBURGH.

Dunbar, raised an army, and, returning to Edinburgh, took possession of the castle and Holyrood palace. Certain of the conspirators against Rizzio were beheaded, and the body of her favourite was exhumed and buried with royal honours.

In a tiny chamber of the grimy old castle, overlooking the Grassmarket, three hundred feet below, where the martyrs had glorified God in the flames, the little prince, who was to unite in his person the sovereignty of England and of Scotland, was born, and down the rugged cliffs, tradition avers, he afterwards escaped in a basket. The intelligence of the birth of the baby rival for her crown filled the heart of Elizabeth with jealousy and hate.*

* The little room only eight feet square,

Time wore on, the queen's growing aversion to her husband being increased by the power of a new love, the crowning passion of her life. The man who wielded this mysterious fascination was Bothwell, one of the lords who had responded to Mary's appeal from Dunbar Castle. An ex-pirate, no longer young, and despoiled of an eye in one of his sea fights, he still retained a strong rugged type of manly beauty.

Again, finding himself held in open contempt by the queen and her favourite, Darnley retired to his father's home, consumed with jealousy and impotent rage.

has still in the ceiling the quaint black letter inscription :

**Lord Jesus Christ that crowned
was with thorne
Preserve the bairn quba heir was
borne.**

Alarmed at this action, Mary consulted the lords, and to their proposed scheme, gave at least tacit consent. She visited her husband; renewed all her blandishments, arranged for his return and temporary residence in an isolated house called Kirk o' Field, which was soon after blown to atoms. Darnley and his page escaped from the house, but their bodies, foully

way for the desired marriage. Mary thus voices her jealousy of Bothwell's repudiated wife :

“ Ses paroles farlees,
Ses pleurs ses plaincts remplis d'affection
Et ses hauts cris et lamentation,
Ont tant gagné que par vous sont gardées
A ses écrits encor foy vous lonnez
Aussi l'aymez et croyez plus que moy.

Vous la croyez, las ! trop je l'apperecoy,
Et vous doublez de ma ferme constance,
A mon seul bien et ma seule espérance,



JOHN KNOX'S HOUSE.

murdered, were found in an orchard hard by.

Mary's espousal and defence of Bothwell rekindled the smouldering fires of indignation. In response to Bothwell's proclamation of death to any one who should speak against the queen, Knox poured out his final denunciation and then retired from Edinburgh. The pretended abduction of the queen by Bothwell, who kept her in his castle for a week, paved the

Et ni vous puis asseurer de ma foy,
Vous n'estimez légère que je voy,
Et n'avez en moi nulle assurance,
Et soupceonnez mon cœur sans apparence
Vous défiant à trop grand tort de moy.
Vous ignorez l'amour que je vous porte,
Vous soupceonnez qu' aultre amour me
transporte,
Vous estimez mes paroles du vent,
Vous depeignez deire elas ! mon cœur
Vous me pensez femme sans judgment,
Et tout cela augmente mon ardeur.

Non amour croist, et plus en plus croistra,
Tant que vivry."

" Her painted words, complaints and tears,
 Her cries, her loud laments, her fears,
 Though feigned, deceitful, every art,
 Are cherished still within thy heart.
 To all she writes full faith thou givest,
 In her love more than mine thou livest.
 Still, still thou trustest her too well, I see,
 And doubted ever my firm constancy.
 O, my sole hope ! My solitary bliss !
 Could I but show thee my true faithful-
 ness,
 Too lightly thou esteem'st my love, my
 pain,
 Nor of my faith can full assurance gain.
 With dark suspicion thou dost wrong my
 heart,
 As if another in my love had part ;



JOHN KNOX'S STUDY.

My words and vows seem but a fleeting
 wind,
 Bereft of wit, a woman's idle mind !
 Alas ! all this increases but the flame
 That burns for thee for ever and the same.

My love still grows, and evermore will
 grow,
 So long as life shall in this bosom glow !

" Why, after such an avowal,
 carved in characters of poetic im-
 mortality," says Lamartine, " need
 we calumniate the queen who thus
 calumniates herself with her own
 hand ?"

It was not long before the Scot-
 tish lords formed a league to
 avenge the dishonoured royal con-
 sort. On the 13th of June a battle
 was fought in which the troops of
 Mary and Bothwell were defeated.
 Riding up to the queen Bothwell
 bade her farewell, exacting her
 promise of fidelity, and then fled
 to his castle with only a dozen fol-
 lowers.

As the queen was escorted, a
 prisoner, to Edinburgh Castle, a
 banner was flaunted before her on
 which was represented little Prince
 James kneeling beside the bodies
 of his father and Rizzio, and pray-
 ing for vengeance upon his mother.
 To Lord Lindsay, one of her es-
 cort, the queen said, " By this royal
 hand I'll have your heads for this!"

After repeated efforts on the
 part of the queen to soften the
 hearts of the nobles and induce
 them to allow her to rejoin Both-
 well, she was finally removed to
 Lochleven, the home of Lady
 Douglas, mother of Lord James
 Murray.

The castle, or fortress, is de-
 scribed as " a massive block of
 granite, flanked by heavy towers,
 peopled by bats and owls, eternally
 bathed in mists, and defended by
 the waters of the lake." But
 feminine interests and occupations
 must at times have relieved the
 tedium, as illustrated by the fol-
 lowing curious letter. The queen
 was more familiar with French
 than with the lowland Scottish
 tongue, and exhibits a right royal
 indifference to spelling and gram-
 mar :

" Robert Melwyne, ye sall nocht fail
 to send with this berar to me, half elle
 of incarnat satin, and half elle of blew
 satin. Als caus servais my conseige
 send me mair twyned silk gif ther rests
 ony ; and sewing quhyt satin, ane uther
 incarnat, ane uther of black satin, and
 the skirts with thame. Als ye sall send
 the gowne and the other elais that I bad
 the Lady Lidintoun gar send me. Als ye
 sall caus him send me all the dry damis

plowmis that he hes, together with the peris he hes. Committand you to God. At Lochlewyn-the iij of September, Marie R."

Even in Loch Leven's lonely isle Mary Stuart, as usual by her strange witchery, fascinated her keepers. She so befooled young George Douglas as even to let him dream of winning her hand after her marriage with Bothwell should be dissolved on the plea of force. He procured her escape in disguise in a small boat and himself rowed her ashore.* In a few days an army of six thousand men rallied under her standard. A battle was fought under Regent Murray at Langside, near Glasgow, in which Mary's followers were defeated. The fair, but sad enchantress embarked on board an open fishing boat from Galloway, and landed the same day within the English border.

Mary wrote pathetically to her royal cousin, Elizabeth, imploring her aid. The daughter of Henry VIII. proved her lineage. Acting the part of neither a generous

* The key to Loch Leven Castle is still in existence. It was found in the lake, and is supposed to have been the one thrown in by the young Douglas when Mary Queen of Scots made her escape. The key was originally in the possession of Mr. William Hamper, who presented it to Sir Walter Scott, having first had an engraving made of it. The Castle of Loch Leven is situated on an island of about two acres, near the north-west extremity of the lake. Queen Mary

friend nor an honourable foe, Elizabeth accepted the fugitive queen as a guest, appropriating Castle Carlisle to her use as a refuge, but really detaining her as a prisoner.



HOUSE OF CARDINAL BEATON AND THE COWGATE.

Then began that wearisome captivity of eighteen years, varied

attempted to escape from thence in the disguise of a laundress, but was frustrated. Soon after, however, while the family were at supper, George Douglas secured the keys of the Castle, and gave egress to the queen and her maid from the stronghold; then, locking the gates behind them to prevent pursuit, he placed the fugitives in a boat that lay near at hand, and rowed them to the appointed landing-place on the north side of the lake.

only by change of prison. The number of the queen's attendants was limited. She was permitted to attend religious service, but the rites of her own church were denied her. In some cases the apartments assigned her were contracted and even comfortless. Her health gave way, and her letters to

Murray, who had tried to govern wisely in Scotland, was assassinated, and the parties of James and his mother rivalled each other in wickedness. In England the two royal ladies vied with each other in dissimulation, for while Mary almost fawned upon Elizabeth, she was secretly trying to stir up

France and Spain to the overthrow of the English kingdom.

Finding in her prisoner an enchantress who captivated even her gaolers and used them as agents in conspiracy, Elizabeth, still feigning reluctance, yielded to the advice of her counsel for the immediate trial and execution of the Scottish queen. Mary's last hope in Elizabeth being blighted, she changed her policy and displayed the venomous side of her character, writing to the English queen a letter filled with exasperating insinuations.

About this time tidings came that after a renewal of his piratical exploits, Bothwell had died insane in a prison on the coast of Denmark. In an hour of restored reason he had dictated to his gaolers



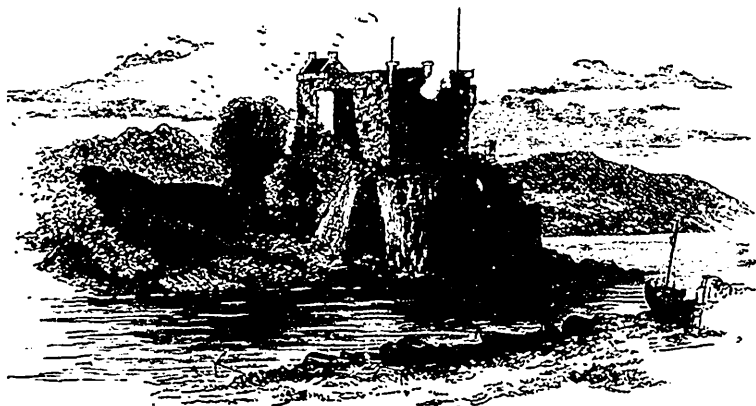
A BIT IN OLD EDINBURGH—BLACKFRIARS WYND.

the Cardinal de Lorraine and other friends are pathetic descriptions of her forlorn and destitute condition.

During her residence at Bolton Abbey, her second English prison, a conference was called to investigate the whole case of the queen's crime and captivity, but without definite results. Meanwhile

a statement exonerating the queen from the charge of complicity in the murder of Darnley.

The desired opportunity for bringing Mary to trial was soon furnished by the development of the famous Babbington plot, one object of which was the assassination of the English queen. The



BOTHWELL'S CASTLE.

plot was discovered through a system of spies organized by Walsingham, Elizabeth's chief councillor. The conspirators were tried and executed. Mary Stuart was brought to trial upon two charges, the invasion of the kingdom and conspiracy against the life of the English queen. In spite of her protestations of innocence regarding the second charge the report of the commission to the council resulted in sentence of death.

The queen's dramatic power is strongly portrayed in the accounts of this trial. Right eloquently she pleaded her own cause. Then, drawing off the ring which Elizabeth had sent to her as a pledge of friendship, she exclaimed,

"Look at this, my lords, and answer. During the eighteen years that I have passed under your bolts and bars, how often have your queen and the English people despised it in my person?"

Two ambassadors sent from Scotland to prevent the execution betrayed their trust. While the efforts of James on his mother's behalf were not what might justly be expected from a son, still the following extract from his letter to the English queen proves that he did make appeal :

"Quhat thing, Madame, can greatlier touche me in honoure, that both is a king and a sounne, than that my nearest neighbour, being in straitest friendship with me, shall rigorously putt to death a free souveraigne prince and my naturall mother, alyke in estate and sexe to her that so uses her, albeit subject, I grant, to a harder fortune, and touching her nearlie in proximitie of bloode. Quhat law of God can permit that justice shall strikke upon thaimse quhome he hes appointed supream dispensatouris of the same under him quhome he hath called Goddis, and therefore subjected to the censure of none in earth; quhose anpointing by Godd cannot be defyled by man unrevenge by the authoure thair of. Quhat monstrous thing is it that souveraigne princes thaimselfis should be example-guieris of thaire ouen sacred diadem on prophaiming?"

The answer to this letter, sent after Mary's execution, shows that the woman whom we are wont to call "Good Queen Bess," was really a mistress of hypocrisy. She writes :

"I would you knewe (though not felt) the extreme dolor that overwhelmes my minde for that miserable accident which (farre contrary to my meanings) hath befallen. . . . I am not so baseminded that feare of any living creature or prince should make mee afrayde to doe that were just, or done to deny the same. I am not of so base a lineage, nor carry so vile a minde."

The strong nature of the Scot-



LOCHLEVEN'S ISLE.

tish queen was shown in her request for a public execution, lest she should be accused of cowardice. Poetic imagination could picture nothing more touching than the last hours of this remarkable life.

"Heaven forgive them," said Mary to her steward, Sir Andrew Melvil, "that have long desired my death, and have thirsted for my blood as the hart panteth after the water-brooks."

"I hope," she said, to the Earl of Kent, "that your mistress, being a maiden queen, would vouchsafe, in regard to womanhood, that I should have some of my own people about me at my death."

The Earl of Kent still refusing, her regal womanhood asserted itself.

"I am cousin to your queen," she cried, "and descended from the blood royal of Henry VII., and a married queen of France, and an anointed queen of Scotland."

Deeming that her approaching death was a martyrdom to the Catholic faith, the queen's letters

to friends in France breathed the spirit of unfaltering devotion to the church. To the practical sympathy of the same friends she commended the interests of her faithful attendants. Amongst these companions of her perils and exile she divided her money and personal adornments. On the last night, as she partook of refreshment amid a circle of weeping attendants, she drank to their health, and asked them to drink to her salvation. They obeyed, their tears mingling with the wine they drank.

The remaining hours of the night were spent in short seasons of repose and in much prayer. A little silver lamp given her by Henry II. and which she had preserved through all her wanderings, shed a soft light upon the scene, "the twilight of her tomb." Morning dawned with cruel swiftmess, and the appointed hour brought the officers of justice. All her attendants accompanied her to the upper

flight of stairs leading to the hall of death, but there the guards barred their passage. Finally the queen's eloquent appeal to the lords secured permission to have

parations of block and axe, with executioners in sable garments; the suggestive carpet of sawdust; the bier lying in a shadowed corner; stern representatives of justic

READING THE DEATH WARRANT OF MARY STUART.



her women-in-waiting beside her "hard and last pillow."

How vividly the whole scene stands out before us! The hall draped in black; the ghastly pre-

and the procession of weeping followers! Upon all the paraphernalia of death the queen gazed, pale but calm.

Gracefully acknowledging the

courtesy of Sir Amyas Paulet who assisted her to mount the scaffold, she sat down. Repelling the aid of the executioner, she motioned for her maidens to remove her veil, and bare her beautiful neck for the cruel blow. Even as she laid her royal head upon the block it was for her to inspire self-control in the hearts of her friends, while the whole assembly noted upon her face a transcendent beauty never seen before, a reflection of that light which shines beyond the darkness.



"MARY STUART INSPIRED THE GREATEST DEVOTION IN THE HIGHLAND CLANSMEN."

Her last audible words were these: "Lord, into Thy hands I commend my spirit." Two strokes of the cruel axe, and the glory of that beautiful head was laid low. In this connection the Lansdowne MSS. relate a touching incident.

"Then her dressing of lawne falling off from her head, it appeared as gray as one of threescore and ten years old, polled very shorte, her face being so much altered from the forme she had when she was alive, as few could remember her by her dead face. Her lippes stirred up and downe a quarter of an hower after her head was cut off. . . Then one of the

executioners espied her little dogg, which was crept under her clothes, and which could not be gotten forth but by force, yet afterward wold not depart from the dead corpse, but came and lay betweene her head and her shoulders, which, being imbrued with her bloode, was carryed away and washed, as all thinges ells were."

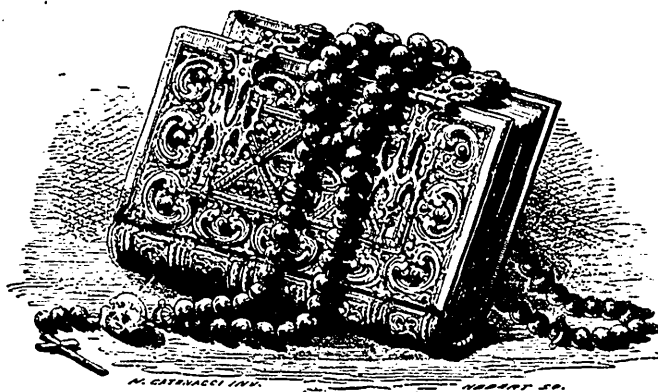
The queen's body was robbed by her maids of honour, faithful in death as in life, but the melancholy satisfaction of sending it to France was denied. With solemn dirge and funeral pageant it was interred at Peterborough Cathedral. Twenty-five years later it was removed to Westminster and over it her son erected a costly monument.

A few paces distant, beneath a marble canopy, lie the remains of the proud Queen Cousin, who had relentlessly done to death her hapless kinswoman, estranged and alienated during life. Beneath the fretted vault of that "great temple of silence and reconciliation" through the centuries they sleep on side by side.

Taking a swift parting glance at the personality and career of Mary Stuart final judgment is reserved. For beauty, grace, and poetic power she has been called the Sappho of the sixteenth century. By her life she has gained the reputation of a Semiramis, while about her triumphant death there lingers the halo of martyrdom. In the words of the historian, "We judge not, we only relate."

In Mary Stuart's prayer-book was found written the following Latin invocation, which indicates much religious feeling as well as remarkable facility in the use of the Latin language:

"O Domine Deus, speravi in te!
O care mi Jesu, nunc libera me:
In dura catena
In misera pœna
Desidero te
Languendo,
Gemendo,
Adoro,
Imploro,
Ut liberer me."



MARY STUART'S PRAYER BOOK AND ROSARY.

"O Lord God of Hosts, I trusted in thee !
O Jesus beloved ! now liberate me :
In fetters so galling,
In tortures appalling
I long after thee.

In moaning, in groaning,
On bent knee atoning,
I adore thee, implore thee,
To liberate me."

Peterborough, Ont.

"ALLONS DONC."

"Allons donc," she then said, and passing out attended by the earls, and leaning on the arm of an officer of the guard, she descended the great staircase to the hall."—*Froude on Mary Queen of Scots.*

"Go on!"—To that imperial throne
She made a glory and a shame?
No. Mary Stuart stood alone,
Her queenly crown an empty name.

"Go on!"—She waved her royal hand.
"Go where?"—to that dear distant land,
The loved, the lost, the joyous land,
Where once she led the song and dance?

On to that home where first her child,
Born in her grief the heir of tears,
Looked in his mother's face and smiled,
Unconscious of her fces and fears?

Ah, no! Her youth, her hope were dead;
Her boy a stranger far away:
The glamour of a crown had fled:
This was her last, her dying day.

She stood so calm, so still, so proud,
So firm amid a hundred foes,
So careless of that eager crowd,
So crowned anew with fatal woes,

So scornful of the cruel death
That waited, crouched beyond the door;
The ruthless jailers held their breath,
The vengeful warriors spoke no more.

"Go on!" And on the grim earls went;
There was the scaffold and the block;
The murderous axe against it leant,
They moved her not, her heart was rock.

The spirit of a kingly race
Inspired her soul and fired her eye.
A smile lit up her tranquil face:
"You thought a queen would fear to die?"

She clasped the cross against her breast—
"Oh, Lord! thine arms upon the tree
Spread for the world, now give me rest;
Forgive! redeem! I come to Thee."

Her maidens loosed the widow's veil,
And laid the sable robe aside;
Their cheeks were wet, their lips were pale,
But hers were red with scorn and pride.

Fair in her blood-red gown she stood;
So stands against the stormy skies
A rose, that in some solitude
Uplifts its stately head—and dies.

"Weep not; my ladies! weep no more;
Farewell, farewell! we meet again.
O Lord! amid my troubles sore,
I trust in Thee, nor trust in vain."

She laid her head upon the block,
And murmured low, "In Thee I trust."
Down fell the axe with thundering shock;
Mary the Queen was common dust.

The beautiful face, the smiling lips,
Wrinkled and set in aged gloom;
So from some tree a tempest strips,
In one brief gust, its leaf and bloom.

Leave her the peace that life denied;
Her sins and follies all are o'er.
A queen she lived, a queen she died;
Peace to her ashes! Ask no more.

—Rose Terry Cooke.

MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

I look'd far back into the past ; and lo ! in
 bright array,
 I saw, as in a dream, the forms of ages
 pass'd away.
 It was a stately convent, with its old and
 lofty walls,
 And gardens with their broad green walks,
 where soft the footstep falls ;
 And o'er the antique dial stone the creep-
 ing shadow crept,
 And all around the noonday light in drowsy
 radiance slept.
 No sound of busy life was heard, save from
 the cloister dim,
 The tinkling of the silver bell, or the
 sisters' holy hymn.
 And there five noble maidens sat beneath
 the orchard trees,
 In that first budding spring of youth, when
 all its prospects please ;
 And little reck'd they, when they sang, or
 knelt at vesper prayers,
 That Scotland knew no prouder names—
 held none more dear than theirs ;
 And little even the loveliest thought, be-
 fore the Virgin's shrine,
 Of royal blood and high descent from the
 ancient Stuart line :
 Calmly her happy days flew on, uncounted
 in their flight,
 And, as they flew, they left behind a long
 continuing light.

The scene was changed.—It was the court—
 the gay court of Bourbon,
 Where, 'neath a thousand silver lamps, a
 thousand courtiers throng ;
 And proudly kindles Henry's eye, well
 pleased I woen, to see
 The land assemble all its wealth of grace
 and chivalry :
 Gray Montmorency, o'er whose head has
 pass'd a storm of years,
 Strong in himself and children, stands the
 the first among his peers :
 Next him the Guises, who so well Fame's
 steepest heights assail'd,
 And walk'd Ambition's diamond ridge
 where bravest hearts have fail'd ;
 There, too, the Prince of Conde wears his
 all unconquered sword ;
 With great Coligny by his side—each name
 a household word.
 And there walks she of Medici, that proud
 Italian line,
 The mother of a race of kings—the haughty
 Catherine.

The forms that follow in her train a glori-
 ous sunshine make—
 A milky way of stars that grace a comet's
 glittering wake ;
 But fairer far than all the crowd who bask
 on fortune's tide,

Effulgent in the light of youth is she—the
 new-made bride !
 The homage of a thousand hearts, the fond,
 deep love of one,
 The hopes that danced around a life whose
 charms are but begun—
 They lighten up her chestnut eye, they
 mantle o'er her cheek,
 They sparkle on her open brow, and high-
 soul'd joy bespeak.
 Ah ! who shall blame if scarce that day—
 through all its brilliant hours—
 She thought of that quiet convent's calm,
 its sunshine and its flowers ?

The scene was changed.—It was a barque
 that slowly held its way ;
 And o'er its lee the coast of France in the
 light of evening lay ;
 And on its deck a lady sat, who gazed with
 tearful eyes
 Upon the fast-receding hills that dim and
 distant rise.
 No marvel that the lady wept :—there was
 no land on earth
 She loved like that dear land, although she
 owed it not her birth :
 It was her mother's land—the land of child-
 hood and of friends ;
 It was the land where she had found for all
 her griefs amends,—
 The land where her dead husband slept ;
 the land where she had known
 The tranquil convent's hush'd repose and
 the splendors of a throne :
 No marvel that the lady wept—it was the
 land of France,
 The chosen home of chivalry, the garden of
 romance !
 The past was bright, like those dear hills
 so far behind her barque ;
 The future, like the gathering night, was
 ominous and dark.
 One gaze again—one long, last gaze : “ Adieu,
 fair France, to thee ! ”
 The breeze comes forth—she is alone on the
 unconscious sea.

The scene was changed.—It was an eve of
 raw and surly mood ;
 And, in a turret-chamber high of ancient
 Holyrood,
 Sat Mary—listening to the rain, and sigh-
 ing with the winds,
 That seemed to suit the stormy state of
 men's uncertain minds.
 The touch of care had blanch'd her cheek,
 her smile was sadder now,—
 The weight of royalty had press'd too heavy
 on her brow ;
 And traitors to her councils came, and
 rebels to the field :
 The Stuart sceptre well she swayed, but
 the sword she could not wield.

She thought of all her blighted hopes—the
 dreams of youth's brief day,
 And summon'd Rizzio with his flute, and
 bade the minstrel play
 The songs she loved in other years—the
 songs of gay Navarre—
 The songs, perchance, that erst were sung
 by gallant Chastelard :
 They half beguiled her of her cares, they
 soothed her into smiles,
 They won her thoughts from bigot zeal and
 fierce domestic broils.
 But hark !—the tramp of armed men ! the
 Douglas battle-cry !
 They come, they come ! and lo ! the scowl
 of Ruthven's hollow eye.
 Stern swords are drawn, and daggers gleam
 —her words, her prayers, are vain ;
 The ruffian steel is in his heart—the faith-
 ful Rizzio's slain !
 Then Mary Stuart brush'd aside the tears
 that trickling fell :
 " Now for my father's arm," she said ; " my
 woman's heart, farwell !"

The scene was changed.—It was a lake with
 one small, lonely isle ;
 And there, within the prison walls of its
 baronial pile,
 Stern men stood, menacing their queen,
 till she should stoop to sign
 The traitorous scroll that snatched the
 crown from her ancestral line.
 " My lords, my lords !" the captive cried,
 " were I but once more free,
 With ten good knights, on yonder shore,
 to aid my cause and me,
 That parchment would I scatter wide to
 every breeze that blows,
 And reign once more, a Stuart queen, o'er
 my remorseless foes !"
 A red spot burn'd upon her cheek ; stream'd
 her rich tresses down :
 She wrote the words—she stood erect, a
 queen without a crown !

The scene was changed.—A royal host a
 royal banner bore :—
 The faithful of the land stood round their
 smiling queen once more :
 She stay'd her steed upon a hill, she saw
 them marching by,
 She heard their shouts, she read success in
 every flashing eye.
 The tumult of the strife begins—it roars—
 it dies away ;
 And Mary's troops and banners now, and
 courtiers—where are they ?

Scatter'd and strewn, and flying far, de-
 fenceless and undone :
 O God ! to see what she has lost, and think
 what guilt has won !
 Away ! away !—thy gallant steed must act
 no laggard's part ;
 Yet vain his speed, for thou dost bear the
 arrow in thy heart.

The scene was changed.—Beside the block
 a sullen headsman stood ;
 And gleam'd the broad axe in his hand,
 that soon must drip with blood.
 With slow and steady step there came a
 lady through the hall,
 And breathless silence chain'd the lips, and
 touched the hearts of all.
 Rich were the sable robes she wore, her
 white veil round her fell,
 And from her neck there hung the cross—
 that cross she loved so well !
 I knew that queenly form again, though
 blighted was its bloom ;
 I saw that grief had deck'd it out—an offer-
 ing for the tomb !
 I knew the eye, though faint its light, that
 once so brightly shone ;
 I knew the voice, though feeble now, that
 thrill'd with every tone ;
 I knew the ringlets, almost gray, once
 threads of living gold ;
 I knew that bounding grace of step, that
 symmetry of mould.
 Even now I see her far away, in that calm
 convent aisle,
 I hear her chant her vesper-hymn, I mark
 her sunny smile ;
 Even now I see her bursting forth, upon
 her bridal morn—
 A new star in the firmament to light and
 glory born !
 Alas, the change ! she placed her foot upon
 a triple throne,
 And on the scaffold now she stands, beside
 the block, alone !
 The little dog that licks her hand, the last
 of all the crowd,
 Who sunn'd themselves beneath her glance,
 and round her footsteps bow'd !
 Her neck is bared—the blow is struck—the
 soul has passed away !—
 The bright, the beautiful, is now a bleeding
 piece of clay.
 A solemn text ! Go think of it, in silence
 and alone ;
 Then weigh against a grain of sand the
 glories of a throne !

THE CONQUERER.

O royal heart and true
 The struggle may be long ;
 The triumphs may seem few,
 And late the victor's song.

The world may press the thorn
 Upon thine aching brow ;

As prophets knew earth's scorn
 Of old, they know it now.

In paths thy feet have trod,
 The world shall run to see
 That he who works with God
 Hath ever victory.

AN ANGLO-AMERICAN ALLIANCE.

BY REV. REUEN THOMAS, D.D.*

Great ideas are first of all in the souls of the best men in the nation. They are properly Divine inspirations. A great idea has been for long time past before the Christ-inspired men of the Anglo-Saxon world—the idea of a union for the highest ends known to man of English-speaking peoples. Such a union, it is assumed, would be for the good of the human race at large, inasmuch as it would tend to unite the forces which are in the van of the highest civilization the world knows. Everything most advanced in the words “humanity,” “liberty,” “fraternity,” is found, so we assume, among the English-speaking peoples. They stand, so we say, for all that is best in the world’s life. These peoples are better able to understand one another than are peoples of diverse language. The books and magazines and journals published in English have a much larger constituency than those published in any other language. Seventy-five per cent. of all letters passing through the world’s postal system are in English. When we have the same *mother tongue* we are all children of one family. Oneness consists in oneness of idea, oneness of feeling, oneness of aim, oneness of purpose. In order to this the consists of oneness of idea, oneness necessary.

We may say that among all English-speaking peoples there is a union already established which does not and cannot exist between them and other peoples. Reading the same literature (for the Eng-

lish printed book has a wider circulation than books in any other language), the mind and heart of English-speaking peoples are leavened with the same leaven. And as ideas rule the world, the ideas dressed in English gradually dominate a larger number of people than ideas clad in any other drapery of human speech. This is one reason, and a very important reason, why that unity which is in a sort inevitable should, if possible, be made formal.

Much, also, has been made of the fact that those who are in the position of leadership among the Anglo-Saxon people are of the same blood. The home love was in the Teutonic races as hardly elsewhere, and is to-day—so that when they fought it was for their hearths and their homes, and nothing else would move them. Those beautiful words, “The Fatherland,” as applicable to Germany, “The Motherland,” as applicable to England, hide in themselves the secret of Teutonic influence in the world. We must remember that there are three branches of the Teutonic people—the German, the English, and the American—that the same blood runs in the veins of these peoples, and that the same great ideas have found a congenial home in this blood as never elsewhere—such ideas as humanity, legal equality, and personal freedom within the limits of the Divine law for man.

Those ideas may not seem to have the same free course in Germany as in England and the United States, but they are there cropping up every now and again irresistibly, overshadowed often by a despotic militarism. But Ger-

* An address delivered before the Boston Methodist Preachers’ Meeting. Abridged from *Zion’s Herald*.

many is the land of Luther, who shook it free from the despotism of the Latin ideas and forms. And in literature, philosophy and theology Germany has won her freedom to think. It is only in politics, controlled by militarism, that she must exercise herself in respectful cautiousness.

In bringing nations into co-operative unity these factors of blood and language have to be taken into account. They mean at least a predestined and natural adaptability to union. There is a kind of pre-established harmony which makes it easy for peoples thinking the same thoughts and speaking the same language to understand one another.

Much has of late been said of an Anglo-Saxon or Anglo-American Alliance. Ideas which have hitherto had their home in the brains of Christianized and other philanthropists, have at last got on to the tongues of politicians. This great idea of an alliance between all English-speaking peoples has its friends and its enemies. I cannot conceive of any blue-blooded American being its enemy—providing it means an alliance for the sake of arresting, as far as may be, those terrible tendencies to beastliness, savagery and inhumanity which occasionally show themselves in people cursed with some form of unreasoning fanaticism; an alliance in the interests of peace and progress, not of war and conquest; an alliance to defend and establish international political righteousness, and not to promote political supremacy merely; an alliance to lift off the load of cruel and unjust taxations on all industries—especially those enormous and unparalleled burdens which envy and hate and jealousy, organized in armies and navies, have made the millions of God's

poor to groan under through these weary ages.

There is no vice, there is no corruption, there is no species of demoralization, there is no form of crime, there is no species of cruelty, which has not, at some time or other, been legalized and fostered by war. And over all there has been thrown a false glitter and glory which has dazzled the eyes of the best and purest, and made them think as did the old Hebrews that the Lord is not "a just God and a Saviour," but specially a man of war. The warrior may be on some occasions God's scourge, His instrument of punishment, but it would be horrible to think of him, in his capacity as warrior, as God's saint, and that the brightest crown in heaven will be on the brow of a Napoleon.

Something better than this was taught the Hebrews more than a thousand years before Christ when their great warrior prince was not allowed to build the house of God because he was a man of blood. Profoundly religious as David was, that forbiddance must have gone to the very heart of the man, and have taught him that some of the inspirations which he assumed to be divine had their origin in his own ambition.

An alliance between these Anglo-Saxon nations, if it should be simply and solely military, would be a curse rather than a blessing; but if it should be the massing of strength to stop persecution and make tyranny tremble; an alliance of the strong to protect the weak against their oppressors; an alliance to secure freedom of commerce throughout the world; an alliance in the name of humanity, of righteousness and of God—then there is nothing within the field of vision which would be so creditable to those who formed it, or so glorious in its results to humanity at

large. It would be one step nearer to that sublime condition which dawned upon the prophetic soul of Tennyson,—

“When the war drum throbs no longer, and
the battle flags are furled,
In the parliament of man, the Federation
of the world.”

Of course such an alliance will have its enemies, for always a man's worst foes are they of his own household. The Irish people tell us they will oppose it to the death. But I shall be very much astonished if such a threat does not act as a boomerang and return on those who threw it. It is inconceivable that this proud, self-respecting Saxon blood will submit to dictation of that kind. It is incredible that they will allow this fair and fertile land to be sown with dragons' teeth from which, according to the old classic fable, will spring forth a crop of armed men. Revenge to some men is sweet, but never to the noblest of men.

But there are other peoples here who have no political axes to grind and no revenge to nurse—multitudes of industrious Germans and orderly Scandinavians in whose veins is kinship to the old honest Teutonic blood. To these such an alliance as that to which our attention is called must surely be welcome. When once they recognize what it means and the good which it will bring to the great toiling multitude, they will surely spring to it with resolute good will. It would be no great wonder if Germany herself should eventually crave a place in such a Teutonic confederacy. For surely her people must, ere this, have been feeling the dire and dreadful burden which is upon humanity when every man in Europe from his birth to his death is carrying around on his bent back a soldier. What wonder if they should take Paul's language and say, “Who

shall deliver me from this body of death?” But I have great faith in the domestic qualities and in the common sense of that German people.

Still we have to recognize that all great ideas demand great leadership to bring them into proper appreciation. But this, I think, we can all see—that unity is better than division, that amity is better than hostility, that friendliness is better than enmity, that wise co-operation is better than ruinous competition, that love is better than hate. No one has taught us that in stronger words than our pure and gentle Longfellow,—

It is along these lines that the kingdom of God must come, if it is to come at all. The hypocrisy of praying in our churches, “Thy kingdom come,” and then blocking the way of union between nations who are in blood and aim and speech one, is too black to be endured. The church on earth is for the sake of bringing on, and making real, the kingdom of God among men. If it does not do that, its claim on man's allegiance is baseless. It is little better than a wolf in sheep's clothing.

Such an alliance as that which animates the hopes and burdens the prayers of the wisest, most humane, and most unselfish men in America and England is indubitably a question in which the church and its ministry can fitly concern itself.

“Let us suppose,” writes Dr. Abbott, “that Great Britain and the United States were to enter into an alliance involving these three elements: First, absolute reciprocity of trade; second, a tribunal to which should be referred for settlement, as a matter of course, all questions arising between the two nations, as now all questions arising between the various States of this Union are referred to the

Supreme Court of the United States; third, a mutual pledge that an assault on one should be regarded as an assault on both, so that as toward other nations these two would be as united as the various States of this Union stand toward all other States. This would create a new confederation based on principles and ideas, not on traditions, and bounded by the possibilities of human development, not by geographical lines."

Such a basis of alliance as this is certainly Christian in spirit and feeling and aim. Churches can pray for it; ministers can work for it.

I recognize that there is no little of ignorance and prejudice to be removed. The lie so industriously propagated for years and years that the English people had not fraternity of feeling towards the American people, has to be hunted down, killed, and buried. There has never been a time since George III. was king when three-fourths at any rate of the English people have not been the most sincere well-wishers the Americans have had. Commercial interests have sometimes acted selfishly there and here. An aristocracy of course does not admire a country without an aristocracy. All that. But who cares for these things? Ten per cent. of the people are not the people, I am speaking for the people, and I own that prejudices have been created here about the English people in their relation to America which are grossly unfair and unjust.

But part of the loyalty to Christ of Christian men, and especially Christian ministers, is to fight all unfairness and injustice and get truth and justice established. We cannot afford to live in these foggy valleys where we can see only a few yards ahead. We must climb the heights of vision. We must be seers. We must look ahead.

We must make the future. The only way we can do it is by showing the world that Christianity is a practical force for unity in this world's life. And the Methodist Episcopal Church, especially in the West and South, can be an influence second to none in enlightening and educating the minds of the people. The cause is of the worthiest. Great causes give greatness to the men who advocate them. They lift up the people generally into a larger outlook and a fuller life. The time is favourable for an advanced movement in the world's life on Christian lines; and if the churches are asleep and fall away from leadership, then be sure they will be discredited. Deliverance will come from some other source.

Of course, now as ever, every insect will buzz, and every hedgehog will set up his quills, and every skunk will smell, but "'tis their nature to." All success along great lines is a question of the amount of manhood there is in men; and the amount of manhood is a question of the extent to which we have been inspired by the manhood of Christ. For myself, in thinking on this subject, I cannot consent to stand on any lower platform than that of its being Christian service. On the platform of military supremacy, or commercial expediency, or world-wide necessity, I cannot stand. "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and all these things shall be added." It is our mission as ministers to put first that which God has put first, and to keep it there. We can lead precisely to the extent we follow the Master. Our right to a hearing is that we are following the Christ, not merely professionally and ecclesiastically, but for the purposes of pure patriotism and world-wide cosmopolitanism. —Zion's Herald.

A MYSTERIOUS MURDER.

BY THE REV. ARTHUR BROWNING.

Murders were not uncommon things in the early days of British Columbia. I saw two gamblers trying to kill each other in broad daylight on the principal street in Victoria. I was near enough to come within range of their bullets, and the crack of the loaded cane on the skull of one of them is heard again by me as I write this article. It sounded like the blow of a hammer on a hard stone. I was within earshot of a pistol which killed one of my best friends and my clothing was bespattered with his blood. I knew what it was again and again to bury murdered men, the secret of their taking off being as silent as the lips of the victims.

But one murder seemed more horrible and for a while more inscrutable than them all. On one of the main streets of Victoria a man going to his early morning work came across the dead body of a murdered miner. No sound had been heard, no signs of a struggle were visible. The dead man lay just as he fell, with a knife wound piercing his heart. As it was almost under the shadow of our parsonage that the crime was committed, our feelings were not altogether of the most comfortable sort.

There was one slight clue to the murderer. The miner was known to wear a very costly ring and this ring was missing from his finger. But it was a search for the proverbial needle in a haystack to find that ring in the mixed multitude of a population of almost every people under the sun.

There were camped in my parsonage yard at this time two Indians from the mainland. They had come with letters of commen-

dation from Rev. Mr. White, of Westminster, and were very regular in their attendance on both class and prayer-meeting. Jim, the elder, was a chief of his tribe. Tom, the younger, was a most plausible and unctuous brother, and to a keen observer of character it would seem as if he would bear watching.

Jim was an Indian in the full retention of the wide awakensness which concealed under a seeming carelessness, has deceived so many white men often to their death. These two Indians and I talked over the murder. But, like the police authorities, we were all at sea, and concluded that the murderer with the ring would never turn up until all was forgotten in the rush of changes passing around us.

One morning (oh, how vivid it is now!) Jim and Tom came to say they were going home. But they had no money and no food and none of their tribe were in the city to help them. They had only one resource and that was a ring. This ring Tom had given him in Westminster by a captain whom I knew well. He had no money to pay Tom his wages and in lieu thereof he had given him this ring. From my knowledge of the captain I knew that this was well within the bounds of probability. They were unwilling to sell the ring themselves lest they should be cheated, but if I would sell it for them they would secure its full value. It was a most plausible and seemingly most proper proceeding, and as Tom laid it out before me, what else could I do than to fall in with the rascal and consent to sell the ring. For this ring, mark you, was the one worn

by the murdered miner and stolen from his finger the night of his terrible death. -

I took the ring and the Indians left, to call again when I had sold the ring. As I looked it over and over the thought came to me, "Is this my friend's ring? And are these Indians his murderers?" To attempt to sell the ring and be found out would be possibly my own arrest as an accomplice in the murder. But if it was not the stolen ring, then I was condemning innocent men, and the Indians far and near would be told of my suspicious imprudence.

Fortunately I knew a friend of the dead man, and to him I went with the ring. He recognized it at once, and we went together to police headquarters to secure the arrest of my quondam brethren, Jim and Tom. They came according to appointment, and the look of offended honesty on the part of Tom and the silent haughtiness of Jim was a study for us all.

They, of course, were innocent, for they were on the parsonage grounds the night of the murder, and the ring was just what Tom had said. How they upbraided me with being false to them, Tom with his tongue and Jim with his eyes, and I feared his eyes far more than Tom's tongue.

They went to prison, and in a day or two Tom sent for me. He was as oily as ever and declared he was a poor persecuted Indian. Jim was the man who murdered the miner and who stole his ring. He followed his victim from street to street like a shadow, and, springing on him, buried his knife in his heart. Tom looked on. There was no cry from the miner's lips, and after robbing him, they returned to their tent as silently as they went out to their deed of blood. They held back the ring until the miner was buried, and the deed, as they thought, forgot-

ten, and then planned to make me their agent in getting rid of their spoil.

Tom seemed to have no remorse over his share in the crime and I imagine chuckled to think how nearly he had brought me into his net.

Jim heard of Tom's confession with disdain and disgust. He knew it might hang him and let Tom go scot free, but he spoke not a word.

At the trial Tom was the same shifty scoundrel as he had been all through. He said enough, if fully believed, to send Jim to the gallows, but prevaricated enough to save his own neck. The verdict against both was guilty, but Judge Begbie, the least lenient of all judges, sent Jim to prison for life and Tom to imprisonment for some years. What else could he do on the evidence of the most consummate hypocrite that ever stood in a felon's dock?

But I was yet to see more of Jim and Tom. The chief of police came to me one day to consult me about Jim. He was starving himself to death, and from some sign in his eyes, when I was named, the officer concluded that the poor wretch wanted to see me.

I found him a mere skeleton with his jaws rigid and set and his coal-black eyes flaming in their sockets as if they would look me through and through. I patted his cheeks and spoke soothingly to him. I assured him of my full forgiveness and that God had love enough to forgive him too. Then I pried open his jaws and forced some nutriment into his mouth, and from that moment Jim began to come back to life.

Once again I was called to see him and to minister to him, and the proud, haughty chief was as a little child. He told me enough to let me know that Tom was not so innocent as he asserted, and

gave me an inkling of things which only the Judgment Day will disclose.

Tom was discharged at the end of his term. He was as suave and oily as ever, but he never prayed in prayer-meeting nor spoke in class-meeting again.

They have both long since gone to their account. In the day of final separation I fear Tom will be conspicuous among the goats, but somehow or other I have an expectation of seeing Jim among the sheep.

IN HIS STEPS.

BY CHARLES M. SHELDON.

Author of "The Crucifixion of Phillip Strong."

CHAPTER IX.

"Master, I will follow thee whithersoever thou goest."

The Saturday matinee at the Auditorium in Chicago was just over; and the usual crowd was struggling to get to its carriage before any one else. The Auditorium attendant was shouting out the number of different carriages and the carriage doors were slamming as the horses were driven rapidly to the curb, held there impatient by the drivers who had shivered long in the raw east wind, and then let go to plunge for a few minutes into the river of vehicles that tossed under the elevated railway and finally went whirling off up the avenue.

"Now then, 624!" shouted the Auditorium attendant; "624!" he repeated, and there dashed up to the kerb a splendid span of black horses attached to a carriage having the monogram, "C. R. S." in gilt letters on the panel of the door.

Two girls stepped out of the crowd towards the carriage. The older one had entered and taken her seat, and the attendant was still holding the door open for the younger who stood hesitating on the curb.

"Come, Felicia! What are you

waiting for! I shall freeze to death!" called the voice from the carriage.

The girl outside of the carriage hastily unpinned a bunch of English violets from her dress and handed them to a small boy who was standing shivering on the edge of the sidewalk, almost under the horses' feet. He took them with a look of astonishment and a "Thank ye, lady!" and instantly buried a very grimy face in the bunch of perfume. The girl stepped into the carriage, the door shut with the incisive bang peculiar to well-made carriages of this sort, and in a few moments the coachman was speeding the horses rapidly up one of the boulevards.

"You are always doing some queer thing or other, Felicia," said the older girl as the carriage whirled on past the great residences already brilliantly lighted.

"Am I? What have I done that is queer now, Rose?" asked the other, looking up suddenly and turning her head toward her sister.

"Oh, giving those violets to that boy. He looked as if he needed a good hot supper more than a bunch of violets. It's a wonder you didn't invite him home with us. I shouldn't have been

surprised if you had. You are always doing such queer things, Felicia."

"Would it be queer to invite a boy like that to come to the house and get a hot supper?" Felicia asked the question softly and almost as if she were alone.

"Queer isn't just the word, of course," replied Rose indifferently. "It would be just what Madam Blanc calls 'outré.' Decidedly. Therefore, you will please not invite him, or others like him, to hot suppers because I suggested it. Oh, dear! I'm awfully tired!"

She yawned and Felicia silently looked out of the window in the door.

"The concert was stupid, and the violinist was simply a bore. I don't see how you could sit so still through it all," Rose exclaimed a little impatiently.

"I liked the music," answered Felicia quietly.

"You like anything. I never saw a girl with so little critical taste."

Felicia coloured slightly but would not answer. Rose yawned again, and then hummed a fragment of a popular song. Then she exclaimed abruptly,

"Felicia, you never can reform the world. What's the use? We're not to blame for the poverty and misery. There have always been rich and poor. And there always will be. We ought to be thankful we're rich."

"Suppose Christ had gone on that principle," replied Felicia with unusual persistence. "Do you remember Dr. Bruce's sermon on that verse a few Sundays ago: 'For ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that though he was rich, yet for our sakes he became poor, that ye through his poverty might become rich?'"

"I remember it well enough," said Rose with some petulance. "And didn't Dr. Bruce go on to

say that there was no blame attached to people who have wealth, if they are kind and give to the needs of the poor? And I am sure the Doctor himself is pretty comfortably settled. He never gives up his luxuries just because some people in the city go hungry. What good would it do if he did? I tell you, Felicia, there will always be poor and rich in spite of all we can do. Ever since Rachel has written about the queer doings in Raymond, you have upset the whole family. People can't live at that concert pitch all the time. You see if Rachel doesn't give it up soon. It's a great pity she doesn't come to Chicago and sing in the Auditorium concerts. I heard to-day she had received an offer. I'm going to write and urge her to come. I'm just dying to hear her sing."

Felicia looked out of the window and was silent. The carriage rolled on past two blocks of magnificent private residences and turned into a wide driveway under a covered passage, and the sisters hurried into the house. It was an elegant mansion of grey stone, furnished like a palace, every corner of it warm with the luxury of paintings, sculpture, art and modern refinement.

The owner of it all, Mr. Charles R. Sterling, stood before an open grate fire smoking a cigar. He had made his money in grain speculation and railroad ventures, and was reputed to be worth something over two millions. His wife was a sister of Mrs. Winslow, of Raymond. She had been an invalid for several years. The two girls, Rose and Felicia, were the only children. Rose was twenty-one years old, fair, vivacious, educated in a fashionable college, just entering society and already somewhat cynical and indifferent. A very hard young lady to please, her father said, sometimes play-

fully, sometimes sternly. Felicia was nineteen, with a tropical beauty somewhat like her cousin, Rachel Winslow, with warm, generous impulses just waking into Christian feeling, capable of all sorts of expression, a puzzle to her father, a source of irritation to her mother, and with a great, unsurveyed territory of thought and action in herself of which she was more than dimly conscious. There was that in Felicia that would easily endure any condition of life, if only the liberty to act fully on her conscientious convictions were granted her.

"Here's a letter for you, Felicia," said Mr. Sterling, taking it out of his pocket.

Felicia sat down and instantly opened the letter, saying as she did so, "It's from Rachel."

"Well, what's the latest news from Raymond, asked Mr. Sterling, taking his cigar out of his mouth and looking at Felicia as he often did, with half-shut eyes, as if he were studying her.

"Rachel says Dr. Bruce has been studying in Raymond for two Sundays, and has seemed very much interested in Mr. Maxwell's pledge in the First Church."

"What does Rachel say about herself?" asked Rose, who was lying on a couch almost buried under half a dozen elegant cushions.

"She is still singing at the Rectangle. Since the tent meetings closed, she sings in an old hall until the new buildings her friend Virginia Page is putting up are completed."

"I must write Rachel to come to Chicago and visit us. She ought not to throw away her voice in that railroad town upon all those people who don't appreciate her."

Mr. Sterling lighted a new cigar and Rose exclaimed.

"Rachel is awful queer, I think.

She might set Chicago wild with her voice if she sang in the Auditorium. And there she goes on, throwing her voice away on people who don't know what they are hearing."

"Rachel won't come here unless she can do it and keep her pledge at the same time," said Felicia after a pause.

"What pledge?" Mr. Sterling asked the question and then added hastily, "Oh, I know; yes. A very peculiar thing, that. Powers used to be a friend of mine. We learned telegraphy in the same office. Made a great sensation when he resigned and handed over that evidence to the Interstate Commerce Commission. And he's back at his telegraph again. There have been queer doings in Raymond during the past year. I wonder what Dr. Bruce thinks of it on the whole. I must have a talk with him about it."

"He preaches to-morrow," said Felicia. "Perhaps he will tell us something about it."

There was silence for a minute. Then Felicia said abruptly, as if she had gone on with a spoken thought to some invisible hearer. "And what if he should propose the same pledge to the Nazareth Avenue Church?"

"Who? What are you talking about?" asked her father a little sharply.

"About Dr. Bruce. I say, what if he should propose to our church what Mr. Maxwell proposed to his, and ask for volunteers who would pledge themselves to do everything after asking the question, 'What would Jesus do?'"

"There's no danger of it," said Rose, rising suddenly from the couch as the tea-bell rang.

"It's a very impracticable movement, to my mind," said Mr. Sterling sharply.

"I understand from Rachel's letter that the church in Raymond

is going to make an attempt to extend the idea of the pledge to the other churches. If they succeed, they will certainly make great changes in the churches and in people's lives," said Felicia.

"Oh, well, let's have some tea first," said Rose, walking into the dining-room. Her father and Felicia followed and the meal proceeded in silence. Mrs. Sterling had her meals served in her room. Mr. Sterling was preoccupied. He ate very little and excused himself early, and although it was Saturday night he remarked as he went out that he would be down town late on some special business.

"Don't you think father looks very much disturbed lately?" asked Felicia a little while after he had gone out.

"Oh, I don't know. I hadn't noticed anything unusual," replied Rose.

Felicia went up to see her mother.

"Tell Clara to go out," exclaimed Mrs. Sterling, as Felicia came up to the bed and kneeled by it.

Felicia was surprised, but she did as her mother bade her and then inquired how she was feeling.

"Felicia," said her mother, "can you pray?"

The question was so unlike any her mother had ever asked before, that Felicia was startled. But she answered,

"Why, yes, mother. What makes you ask such a question?"

"Felicia, I am frightened. Your father—I have had such strange fears about him all day. Something is wrong with him. I want you to pray."

"Now? Here, mother?"

"Yes. Pray, Felicia."

Felicia reached out her hand and took her mother's. It was trembling. Mrs. Sterling had never shown much tenderness for her younger daughter, and her strange

demand now was the first real sign of any confidence in Felicia's character.

The girl still kneeled, holding her mother's trembling hand, and prayed. It was doubtful if she had ever prayed aloud before. She must have said in her prayer the words that her mother needed, for when it was silent in the room the invalid was weeping softly and her nervous tension was over.

Felicia stayed some time. When she was assured that her mother would not need her any longer, she rose to go.

"Good night, mother. You must let Clara call me, if you feel bad in the night."

"I feel better now." Then, as Felicia was moving away, Mrs. Sterling said, "Won't you kiss me, Felicia?"

Felicia went back and bent over her mother. The kiss was almost as strange to her as the prayer had been. When Felicia went out of the room, her cheeks were wet with tears. She had not cried since she was a little girl.

Sunday morning at the Sterling mansion was generally very quiet. The girls usually went to church at eleven o'clock service. Mr. Sterling was not a member but a heavy contributor, and he generally went to church in the morning. This time he did not come down to breakfast, and finally sent word by a servant that he did not feel well enough to go out. So Rose and Felicia drove up to the door of the Nazareth Avenue Church and entered the family pew alone.

When Dr. Bruce walked out of the room at the rear of the platform and went up to the pulpit to open the Bible as his custom was, those who knew him best did not detect anything unusual in his manner or his expression. He proceeded with the service as usual. He was calm and his voice was

steady and firm. His prayer was the first intimation the people had of anything new or strange in the service. It is safe to say that the Nazareth Avenue Church had not heard Dr. Bruce offer such a prayer during the twelve years he had been pastor there. How would a minister be likely to pray who had come out of a revolution in Christian feeling that had completely changed his definition of what was meant by following Jesus? No one in Nazareth Avenue Church had any idea that the Rev. Calvin Bruce, D.D., the dignified, cultured, refined Doctor of Divinity, had within a few days been crying like a little child, on his knees, asking for strength and courage and Christlikeness to speak his Sunday message; and yet the prayer was an unconscious involuntary disclosure of the soul's experience such as Nazareth Avenue people seldom heard, and never before from that pulpit.

In the hush that succeeded the prayer, a distinct wave of spiritual power moved over the congregation. The most careless persons in the church felt it. Felicia, whose sensitive religious nature responded swiftly to every touch of emotion, quivered under the passing of that supernatural power; and when she lifted her head and looked up at the minister there was a look in her eyes that announced her intense, eager anticipation of the scene that was to follow.

And she was not alone in her attitude. There was something in the prayer and the result of it that stirred many and many a disciple in Nazareth Avenue Church. All over the house, men and women leaned forward; and when Dr. Bruce began to speak of his visit to Raymond, in the opening sentences of his address which this morning preceded his sermon, there was an

answering response in the church that came back to him as he spoke, and thrilled him with the hope of a spiritual baptism such as he had never during all his ministry experienced.

"I am just back from a visit to Raymond," Dr. Bruce began, "and I want to tell you something of my impressions of the movement there."

He paused, and his look went over his people with yearning for them and, at the same time, with a great uncertainty at his heart. How many of his rich, fashionable, refined, luxury-loving members would understand the nature of the appeal he was soon to make to them? He was altogether in the dark as to that. Nevertheless, he had been through his desert and had come out of it ready to suffer. He went on now, after that brief pause, and told the story of his stay in Raymond. The people already knew something of that experiment in the First Church. The whole country had watched the progress of the pledge as it had become history in so many lives. Henry Maxwell had at last decided that the time had come to seek the fellowship of other churches throughout the country. The new discipleship in Raymond had proved to be so valuable in its results that Henry Maxwell wished the church in general to share with the disciples in Raymond. Already there had begun a volunteer movement in many of the churches throughout the country, acting on their own desire to walk closer in the steps of Jesus. The Christian Endeavour Societies had with enthusiasm, in many churches, taken the pledge to do as Jesus would do, and the result was already marked in a deeper spiritual life and a power in church influence that was like a new birth for the members.

All this Dr. Bruce told his people simply and with a personal interest that evidently led the way to his announcement which now followed. Felicia had listened to every word with strained attention. She sat there by the side of Rose, in contrast like fire beside snow, although even Rose was as alert and excited as she could be.

"Dear friends," he said, and for the first time since his prayer the emotion of the occasion was revealed in his voice and gesture, "I am going to ask that Nazareth Avenue Church take the same pledge that Raymond Church has taken. I know what this will mean to you and me. It will mean the complete change of very many habits. It will mean, possibly, social loss. It will mean very probably, in many cases, loss of money. It will mean suffering. It will mean what following Jesus meant in the first century, and then it meant suffering, loss, hardship, separation from everything un-Christian. But what does following Jesus mean? The test of discipleship is the same now as then. Those of you who volunteer in the Nazareth Avenue Church to do as Jesus would do, simply promise to walk in His steps as He gave us commandment."

Again Rev. Calvin Bruce, pastor of Nazareth Avenue Church, paused, and now the result of his announcement was plainly visible in the stir that went over the congregation. He added in a quiet voice that all who volunteered to make the pledge to do as Jesus would do, were asked to remain after the morning service.

Instantly he proceeded with his sermon. His text was from Matthew viii. 19, "Master, I will follow thee whithersoever thou goest."

It was a sermon that touched

the deep springs of conduct; it was a revelation to the people of the definition their pastor had been learning; it took them back to the first century of Christianity; above all, it stirred them below the conventional thought of years as to the meaning and purpose of church membership. It was such a sermon as a man can preach once in a lifetime, and with enough in it for people to live on all through a lifetime.

The service closed in a hush that was slowly broken. People rose here and there a few at a time. There was a reluctance in the movements of the people that was very striking.

Rose, however, walked straight out of the pew, and as she reached the aisle she turned her head and beckoned to Felicia. By that time the congregation was rising all over the church.

Felicia instantly answered her sister's look.

"I'm going to stay," she said, and Rose had heard her speak in the same manner on other occasions and knew that Felicia's resolve could not be changed. Nevertheless, she went back into the pew two or three steps and faced her.

"Felicia," she whispered, and there was a flush of anger on her cheeks, "this is folly. What can you do? You will bring disgrace upon the family. What will father say? Come."

Felicia looked at her but did not answer at once. Her lips were moving with a petition that came from a depth of feeling that measured a new life for her. She shook her head.

"No, I am going to stay. I shall take the pledge. I am ready to obey it. You do not know why I am doing this."

Rose gave her one look, and then turned and went out of the pew and down the aisle. She did

not even stop to talk with her acquaintances. Mrs. Delano was going out of the church just as Rose stepped into the vestibule.

"So you are not going to join the Doctor's volunteer company?" Mrs. Delano asked in a queer tone that made Rose redden.

"No, are you? It is simply absurd. I have always regarded the Raymond movement as fanatical. You know Cousin Rachel keeps us posted about it."

"Yes, I understand it is resulting in a great deal of hardship in many cases. For my part I believe Dr. Bruce has simply provoked a disturbance here. It will result in splitting Nazareth Avenue Church. You see if that isn't so. There are scores of people in the church who are so situated that they can't take such a pledge and keep it. I am one of them," added Mrs. Delano as she went out with Rose.

When Rose reached home her father was standing in his usual attitude before the open fireplace, smoking a cigar.

"Where is Felicia?" he asked as Rose came in alone.

"She stayed to an after-meeting," replied Rose shortly. She threw off her wraps and was going upstairs when Mr. Sterling called after her,

"An after-meeting? What do you mean?"

"Dr. Bruce asked the church to take the Raymond pledge."

Mr. Sterling took his cigar out of his mouth and twirled it nervously between his fingers.

"I didn't expect that of Dr. Bruce. Did many of the members stay?"

"I don't know. I didn't," replied Rose, and she went upstairs leaving her father standing in the drawing-room.

After a few minutes he went to the window and stood there looking out at the people driving on

the boulevard. His cigar had gone out but he still fingered it nervously. Then he turned from the window and walked up and down the room. A servant stepped across the hall and announced dinner, and he told her to wait for Felicia. Rose came down stairs and went into the library. And still Mr. Sterling paced the drawing-room restlessly.

He had finally wearied of the walking, apparently, and throwing himself into a chair was brooding over something deeply when Felicia came in.

He rose and faced her. Felicia was evidently very much moved by the meeting from which she had just come. At the same time she did not wish to talk too much about it. Just as she entered the drawing-room, Rose came in from the library.

"How many stayed?" she asked. Rose was curious. At the same time she was skeptical of the whole movement in Raymond.

"About a hundred," replied Felicia gravely. Mr. Sterling looked surprised. Felicia was going out of the room. He called to her.

"Do you really mean to keep the pledge?" he asked.

Felicia coloured. Over her face and neck the warm blood flowed as she answered, "You would not ask such a question, father, if you had been at the meeting." She lingered a moment in the room, then asked to be excused from dinner for a while and went up to see her mother.

No one ever knew what that interview between Felicia and her mother was. It is certain that she must have told her mother something of the spiritual power that had awed every person present in the company of disciples from Nazareth Avenue Church who faced Dr. Bruce in that meeting after the morning service. It is

also certain that Felicia had never known such an experience and never would have thought of sharing it with her mother, if it had not been for the prayer the evening before. Another fact is also known of Felicia's experience at that time. When she finally joined her father and Rose at the table, she seemed unable to tell them much about the meeting. There was a reluctance to speak of it, as one might hesitate to attempt a description of a wonderful sunset to a person who never talked about anything but the weather. When that Sunday in the Sterling mansion was drawing to a close and the soft, warm lights throughout the dwelling were glowing through the great windows, in a corner of her room, where the light was obscure, Felicia kneeled, and when she raised her face and turned it towards the light, it was the face of a woman who had already defined for herself the greatest issues of earthly life.

That same evening, after the Sunday evening service, the Rev. Calvin Bruce, D.D., of Nazareth Avenue Church, was talking over the events of the day with his wife. They were of one heart and mind in the matter, and faced their new future with all the faith and courage of new disciples. Neither was deceived as to the probable results of the pledge to themselves or to the church.

They had been talking but a little while when the bell rang, and Dr. Bruce going to the door, exclaimed as he opened it, "It is you, Edward! Come in!"

There came into the hall a commanding figure. The Bishop was of extraordinary height and breadth of shoulder, but of such good proportions that there was no thought of ungainly or even of unusual size. The impression the Bishop made on strangers was,

first, that of great health, and then of great affection.

He came into the parlour and greeted Mrs. Bruce, who after a few moments was called out of the room, leaving the two men together.

The Bishop sat in a deep, easy chair before the open fire. There was just enough dampness in the early spring of the year to make an open fire pleasant.

"Calvin, you have taken a very serious step to-day," he finally said, lifting his large, dark eyes to his old college classmate's face. "I heard of it this afternoon. I could not resist the desire to see you about it to-night."

"I'm glad you came." Dr. Bruce sat near the Bishop and laid a hand on his shoulder. "You understand what this means, Edward?"

"I think I do. Yes, I am sure." The Bishop spoke very slowly and thoughtfully. He sat with his hands clasped together. Over his face, marked with lines of consecration and service and the love of men, a shadow crept, a shadow not caused by the fire-light. Again he lifted his eyes towards his old friend.

"Calvin, we have always understood each other. Ever since our paths led us in different ways in church life, we have walked together in Christian fellowship."

"It is true," replied Dr. Bruce with an emotion he made no attempt to conceal or subdue. "Thank God for it. I prize your fellowship more than any man's. I have always known what it meant, though it has always been more than I deserve."

The Bishop looked affectionately at his friend. But the shadow still rested on his face. After a pause he spoke again.

"The new discipleship means a crisis for you in your work. If you keep this pledge to do all

things as Jesus would do—as I know you will—it requires no prophet to predict some remarkable changes in your parish.” The Bishop looked wistfully at Bruce and then continued. “In fact, I do not see how a perfect upheaval of Christianity, as we now know it, can be prevented if the ministry and churches generally take the Raymond pledge and live it out.” He paused as if he were waiting for his friend to say something, to ask some question. But Bruce did not know of the fire that was burning in the Bishop’s heart over the very question that Maxwell and his friend had fought out.

“Now, in my church, for instance,” continued the Bishop, “it would be rather a difficult matter, I fear, to find very many people who would take a pledge like that and live up to it. Martyrdom is a lost art with us. Our Christianity loves its ease and comfort too well to take up anything so rough and heavy as a cross. And yet what does following Jesus mean? What is it to walk in His steps?”

The Bishop was soliloquizing now, and it is doubtful if he thought for the moment of his friend’s presence. For the first time there flashed into Dr. Bruce’s mind a suspicion of the truth. What if the Bishop should throw the weight of his great influence on the side of the Raymond movement? He had the following of the most aristocratic, wealthy, fashionable people, not only in Chicago but in several large cities. What if the bishop should join this new discipleship!

The thought was about to be followed by the word. Dr. Bruce had reached out his hand and,

with the familiarity of life-long friendship, had placed it on the Bishop’s shoulder and was about to ask him a very important question, when they were both startled by the violent ringing of the bell. Mrs. Bruce had gone to the door and was talking with some one in the hall. There was a loud exclamation and then, as the Bishop rose and Dr. Bruce was stepping toward the curtain that hung before the entrance to the parlour, Mrs. Bruce pushed it aside. Her face was white and she was trembling.

“O Calvin! Such terrible news! Mr. Sterling—Oh, I cannot tell it! What a fearful blow to those two girls!”

“What is it!” Dr. Bruce advanced with the Bishop into the hall and confronted the messenger, a servant from the Sterlings. The man was without his hat and had evidently run over with the news, as the Doctor lived nearest of any friends of the family.

“Mr. Sterling shot himself, sir, a few minutes ago! He killed himself in his bedroom! Mrs. Sterling—”

“I will go right over. Edward,” Dr. Bruce turned to the Bishop, “will you go with me? The Sterlings are old friends of yours.”

The Bishop was very pale, but calm as always. He looked his friend in the face and answered, “Aye, Calvin, I will go with you, not only to this house of death, but also the whole way of human sin and sorrow, please God.”

And even in that moment of horror at the unexpected news, Calvin Bruce understood what the Bishop had promised to do.

God is not dumb, that He should speak no more;
If thou hast wanderings in the wilderness
And find'st not Sinai, 'tis thy soul is poor.

—Lowell.

THE DEPTHS OF THE EARTH.

BY PROF. NATHANIEL S. SHALER.

The depths of the sea and the abyss of the sky alike appeal to fancy. The plummet sinks into the one and the eye ranges through the other so that we obtain some measure, however imperfect, of their immensities. It is otherwise with the spaces of the under-earth; that realm, because of its solidity, defeats the imagination. Although it affords an ampler field for speculation than any other except the illimitable depths of the heavens we do not often turn to it.

The deepest mine does not go down to the depth of a mile, and no well-boring extends farther toward the centre. In other words, we have by our arts penetrated hardly one-four-thousandth of the distance from the surface to the centre of the globe. What there is below is revealed to us not directly, but in a rather round-about way, by what we learn from ancient rocks which have been deeply buried in their time; by volcanoes; by earthquakes; and by the knowledge which astronomers have gained concerning the usual history of the celestial spheres, and the relations of such bodies to one another.

Those who would obtain an idea of the depth of the earth should begin the task by endeavouring to form some image of its shape and size. Even where we have the intellectual understanding of its roundness the instinctive impression is apt to remain to hinder our thinking. After a person has come to feel the earth as a sphere, the next point is to be able to picture it as hung in space, spinning around on the polar axis. It is easy enough to accept the statement that it does so, but to obtain

so clear an idea of the fact that it stays in the mind is rather difficult.

To most persons the moon appears to be small; to few does it appear larger than a dinner-plate, and it generally seems to be flat. By often looking at the moon with the knowledge that it is about two thousand miles in diameter, we can in some degree come to realize its vastness. It requires the exercise of the imagination to do this, but by remembering that the smallest crater which we can see with the aid of an opera-glass is about ten miles in diameter, it can be done.

We can get rid of the false impression of the moon's flatness most easily by noting the orb when it is, as is often the case, in plain view in the daytime; it then is likely to appear in its true quality of a vast sphere floating in the space of the sky. It is worth while to seek this impression, which is one of indescribable grandeur.

Having so helped himself to the image of a globe, the observer will do well to imagine himself standing on the surface of the moon while the earth is in the heavens before him. The time should be in the dark of the moon, for then the side of the earth turned toward him would be in the full sunlight and thus brilliantly illuminated. This great orb, about four times the diameter of its satellite, would disclose, even to the unaided eye, all its greater features—its continents, seas, lakes, larger rivers and mountain ranges as it rolled around on its axis; all the great terrestrial panorama would pass in view in the course of twenty-four hours.

In considering the conditions of

the earth's interior we may well begin by noting that the mass is very heavy and evidently exceedingly compact. We know in a very accurate way by various tests that the sphere as a whole weighs about two and a half times as much as if it were composed of the most solid kinds of rock, such as granite. So,—unless the central parts are made up of heavier metals, such as iron, which there is no reason to believe,—we have to suppose that the mass is squeezed together by its own weight, and so is made heavy. This is the view which is safest to take; it agrees best with all else we know of the sphere.

Shallow as our deepest mines are as compared to the distance from the surface to the centre, they show us that even in their trifling depths the rocks exposed in the workings, except the very strongest, begin to crush or even to flow from the weight which is upon them. Thus, in many coal-mines the beds of shale which appear as tolerably hard rock are squeezed into the galleries so that the mass has often to be cut out.

At the depth of about five miles it is certain that all rocks are so weighed upon by the part of the earth which is above that a mine could not be kept open. We thus see that there can be no caverns in the deeper earth; it is doubtful, indeed, if at three miles beneath the surface there is a trace of a crevice or chamber which would be visible to the naked eye; thence to the centre it must be perfectly compact.

There is a common notion that water is limited to the earth's surface or to the shallower portion of the crust; but in the deepest mines the rocks contain much water, and in the lava which comes forth from volcanoes we find great quantities in the form of steam; in fact the quantity is so large and comes

from such a depth that water must be regarded as an element in the structure of the earth to a great distance from the surface. How far down it extends is not known.

There are several ways in which water may have entered this sphere: It may have been built into the mass as it gathered to its present form from the vaporous or dust-like condition of the earth materials before they collected into the solid globe. In part the fluid creeps down through the small crevices of the rocks, impelled toward the centre by the great pressure which acts in this, as in any other long pipe. In perhaps larger part it finds its way into the interior by burial in the rocks as they are formed.

On the bottoms of seas and lakes there is constantly forming a deposit of sand, mud or gravel, usually mixed with the skeletons of animals or plants. As this deposit is laid down it is not compact; there are spaces between the bits which are filled with water. As other layers are formed on the top of that just noted, this buried water is sealed into the newly formed rock. In course of time such buried water may be covered to the depth of many miles below the surface.

By far the most interesting and important feature of the earth's interior is the great heat which exists there. It has long been known that the depths of the earth are very hot; this is shown by many springs which have a high temperature, often so high that their water comes forth in the form of steam; by volcanoes which pour forth melted rock, and by the baked and otherwise changed character of the beds which have been deeply buried and afterward exposed to view.

The only serviceable way we have to determine how fast the heat increases as we go downward

in the crust is by observing the temperature of the rocks which are penetrated in mining. This has been done at a great many places, and the result is that the increase as we go down from the surface is on an average of about one degree to each fifty feet of distance, or, say, one hundred degrees to the mile as we penetrate to the interior.

If this rate were continued to the centre, we should have a temperature of four hundred thousand degrees; it is not likely that any such intense heat exists there.

It is pretty certain that the heat of the inner earth came to it when the ancient dust or vapour of which it was made was gathered from the cloud-like to the fluid state—fluid by heat. For a time this mass was throughout glowing with heat, after the manner of the sun; but in time the outer part yielded up its caloric to the cold spaces of the sky, and became frozen. Under these conditions we should confidently expect that in going downward the amount of the increase would grow less for each mile in depth until, beyond a hundred or so miles, the gain in temperature would be very slow all the way to the centre.

The quantity of the earth's heat is a matter of great importance, for on the continuance of the outflow of the heat depends that shrinking of the sphere which uplifts the continents and the mountains, and so keeps the land from disappearing before the action of the rain and the waves which are ever wearing them away. If the

heat should cease to go forth from the hot central parts of the globe, these agents of destruction would in time reduce its surface to the state of a universal ocean.

Long ago, when the evidence that the earth was excessively hot within was understood, it came to be generally believed that the greater part of the mass was molten; a thin crust, perhaps less than one hundred miles in thickness, floating as a frozen coating on a fiery sea. Of late, evidence has accumulated to show that the interior of the globe must be as rigid as ordinary hard rock, and may be as rigid as steel.

But how can the earth be solid when it is heated to a temperature which would melt any known substance? To this pertinent question it may be answered that the pressure on the depths of the earth is so great that the particles of matter are forced, despite their heat, into the rigid state. They cannot expand in the way earthy materials do in order to become fluid.

Our studies of the earth lead to the startling conclusion that if we could examine into the cubic foot of matter at the centre, we should find it at a temperature of many thousand degrees, yet of rock-like hardness. If we could by some means bring this mass suddenly to the surface, the restraining pressure withdrawn, it would, because of its excessively heated condition, fly into vapour with the energy of exploding gunpowder.—*Youth's Companion.*

QUID LEONE FORTIUS?

The night is full of darkness and doubt,
The stars are dim and the Hunters out;
The waves begin to wrestle and moan;
The Lion stands by his shore alone
And sends, to the bounds of Earth and Sea,
First low notes of the thunder to be.
Then east and west, through the vastness grim,
The whelps of the Lion answer him.

—*R. J. Alexander.*

RHODA ROBERTS.

A WELSH MINING STORY.

BY HARRY LINDSAY.

Author of "Methodist Idylls," etc.

CHAPTER XXXII.—CONTINUED.

FLIGHT.

For some few seconds the countryman stood gazing after the quickly flying figure of the horseman as if unable to understand the sudden departure, and wondering what had caused it.

But Stephen Grainger was in no humour for niceties of etiquette, and at that moment he had far more serious things upon his mind. Clearly he saw that something unexpected (at least to him) had happened, and that some damaging discovery had been made of his life's secret. Else what was the meaning of the arrest of his friend the landlord of Trethyn Arms, of Detective Carlyle in disguise, of Edward Trethyn's sudden appearance—reappearing under the very nose, and probably enough under the patronage, of the detective? Whatever else it meant, he felt it meant danger to him, and his only course was in flight—flight, he tried to persuade himself, only for a few days, until these strange things had passed away.

By the time he had come to this decision he had arrived at the door of his own house. Stephen Grainger hastened into his house, barred and bolted the door behind him, and then sought his wife.

"I'm going away for a few days," he said tersely. "If I'm asked for, say I'll be back soon."

"Stephen," she said piteously, "tell me what has happened."

"Nothing has happened," he curtly replied, and was striding off towards his private room, but his wife quickly detained him.

"Oh, Stephen!" she cried, "something has happened, I can see that;" and she threw her arms round his neck, refusing to let him thus depart. "Won't you tell me? Won't you confide in your wife?"

"Don't you know the trouble?" he asked, vainly endeavoring to disen-

tangle himself from his wife's embraces.

"What trouble?" she queried.

"You've surely heard of this morning's explosion in the big pit?"

"Yes, yes," she persisted, "but what else is there? The explosion cannot account for your going away so suddenly as this. The explosion would rather keep you here, one would think. Tell me all, Stephen; tell me all."

"All that I can now tell you," he replied sulkily, "is that I am going away on business."

"And leave me here alone?" she urged, rightly guessing that the word business implied a hidden meaning, a meaning which her husband plainly feared to reveal. "Oh, Stephen, surely you can trust me?"

"You can trust me," he said, "not to leave you alone for long. I shall make arrangements for you to follow me soon. I will write."

"Oh, Stephen, Stephen!" she cried, almost heart-broken now. "What is the meaning of all this mystery?"

"The fact is," he said, still shamelessly lying, "they're blaming me for the explosion."

"But it is false," she cried.

"Yes, false," he said, "but what's the good of endeavoring to appease angry and desperate men with saying it? They say that I have kept the pits so long idle that the explosion is the result of it."

"But the miners themselves struck work."

"True, but that fact does not weigh with them in the least, and I'm blamed. Therefore I'm going out of their reach; and I can't stay now to talk longer, but I'll arrange for you to join me in a few days."

She was only momentarily appeased, and the next moment she realized what he said was only meant to put her off.

Leaving his wife, however, in this dilemma, Stephen Grainger hastened into the little room where he was ac-

customed to do all his writing, and quickly opened all the drawers of his secretaire. From one little drawer he took out a small roll of bank-notes, but not more in value than fifty pounds. These he put into his letter-case, and placed it in his pocket. Next he began to sort his papers, many of which he threw in the firegrate, and then lighted them with a match. Several bundles of letters, however, in official-looking envelopes, he placed into a small port-manteau with the evident purpose of carrying them away with him. Soon every drawer and every pigeon-hole were empty, and then Stephen Grainger sat down at his desk with his open cheque-book before him—rather with Lady Trethyn's cheque-book before him, but the one he was entrusted with as agent of the estate.

"I must be careful not to excite suspicion," he said, "therefore I'll only draw a cheque out for £100, and when I get to London I can perhaps cash another there."

Hastily coming to this decision he wrote out a cheque for one hundred payable to "Self," and endorsed it on the back. Then he snapped the fastenings of his bag together, and quietly left the house—left it without another word to his wife, not even saying good-bye.

Very different was his manner now to what it had been an hour ago. Then he had galloped boldly through the town; now he went shrinking through the bye-streets, and by a circuitous route, until at length he reached the Trethyn Bank. Casting furtive glances from side to side, and stealing unobserved into the bank, he quickly approached the counter and tendered his cheque. The manager of the bank, Mr. Mills, was out at that moment, but the only clerk kept, quite a young fellow, came forward and took up the agent's cheque. He read it leisurely, and with grave and solemn-looking face.

"For self?" he asked somewhat mechanically, and perhaps for want of something better to say.

"Yes, and as I am in a hurry, please look sharp."

"I'm afraid," said the clerk slowly, "you'll either have to call again or send."

"Why?" demanded Stephen Grainger.

"Because Mr. Mills is out just now," he replied, looking up at the clock as he spoke. "He may be back in half an hour's time. Can you call again?"

Never had Stephen Grainger been treated thus before at the bank, and this self-same clerk, who now refused to cash his cheque, had cashed for him scores and scores in times past. What was the meaning of it all?

"Pray, tell me," he demanded angrily, "why you can't cash it? Why should I have to wait here for Mr. Mills?"

"I have orders, sir," replied the clerk, "to cash no cheques over five pounds in value until Mr. Mills' return."

"What an extraordinary thing!" cried Stephen Grainger indignantly. "Is the bank in difficulties?"

"I don't think so, sir," smiled the clerk.

"You don't think so?"

"Well, as far as I know there are no such difficulties as you suggest."

"Then why these senseless, irritating orders?"

"I can't tell. In fact, I really don't know. All I do know is that those were my instructions, and I must carry them out."

At that juncture another gentleman entered the bank, one of the local tradesmen, and handed a cheque for twenty pounds, some odd shillings, to the clerk.

"Will you kindly endorse it?" said the clerk after reading it. The tradesman immediately did so, and without further parley the clerk counted out the amount of the cheque, and handed it to the tradesman.

"You said," cried Stephen Grainger, who had stood watching this transaction, "that you were under orders not to cash any cheques above five pounds. How is it then that you've cashed this one?"

For a few moments the clerk did not answer.

"Do you hear?" said Stephen Grainger; "I demand to know the reason of this sir."

"Perhaps you had better ask Mr. Mills, sir."

"No; you said you were under orders not to cash any cheque over five pounds in value, and what I want now to know is the reason you

cashied that gentleman's cheque. You can answer that without waiting for Mr. Mills."

"Do you really desire me to answer you, sir?"

"Certainly, I do. I demand it."

"Well, then, I may tell you that I purposely deceived you——"

"You did!"

"I did. Out of respect for your feelings. My orders only referred to cheques that you might present, and to no others."

Stephen Grainger stared stupidly at the clerk, who quietly observed him with a self-satisfied smile.

"You dare tell me this," cried Stephen Grainger, presently recovering himself.

"Well, you would have the truth, you know," replied the clerk complacently.

Fuming with rage the foiled agent turned on his heel to depart, muttering words of dark and sinister meaning, and vowing vengeance upon the bank clerk who had spoken so "discourtesly" to him. But as he went out he suddenly encountered Mr. Mills, who was at that moment returning to the bank.

"Look here, Mills," he said abruptly, "what is the meaning of these strange orders you have given to your clerk? Not to cash my cheque. Why?"

"His orders," replied Mr. Mills, nodding towards the clerk, and speaking in a wonderfully self-composed manner, "are also mine. Mr. Edward Trethyn called here yesterday and told us to make no further payments to you out of the Trethyn estate account."

"But——"

Mr. Mills held up his hand.

"I know what you are going to say," he continued, "but when I also tell you that Mr. Jeffries is now managing the estate until——"

"But I've had no intimation of this."

"Probably not."

"Why not?"

"I can't say. All I know I've told you, and you must see that we have no alternative in refusing to cash your cheque."

"It is scandalous conduct," exclaimed the disappointed agent, "and very humiliating indeed to an old and faithful servant. But I will at once see Lady Trethyn about the matter."

On that proposition Mr. Mills did not feel called upon to make any further comment, and Stephen Grainger the next moment strode haughtily and angrily away.

Haughtily. But that was only his assumed manner before the bank manager, and very different indeed was his manner when he was well beyond observation. Then he was as one almost scared out of his senses, and stole along the streets with furtive glance, first to the right, then to the left, and then behind him, as if he were a pursued criminal. Nor did he carry out his bold proposition of at once seeing Lady Trethyn concerning the matter. Instead he made his way stealthily, through the back streets, and by a circuitous route towards the railway station, with the object of taking the first train to London to see Mr. Arthur Bourne Trethyn, and to acquaint him of all that had happened. But before he reached the Trethyn Station, Stephen Grainger somewhat altered his mind and changed his direction.

"Under present circumstances," he whispered to himself, "it will never do to expose myself to chance of being arrested, and goodness knows who may be awaiting by arrival at Trethyn Station. I think I will therefore go on to the next station; it's only five miles away."

He was very footsore and tried long before he reached there, but he managed to book unobserved to Euston, and similarly to take his seat in the carriage. Soon he was speeding away to that mighty refuge of scores of other questionable characters such as he himself was, and as the train rattled along, his rapidly-following thoughts kept tireless measure to the beat and throb of the remorseless engine. What would Arthur Bourne Trethyn say? How would he receive him? How would the expectant heir meet the narration of his reverses? What would come out of all this trouble and worry?

Ah! what could Stephen Grainger expect to come out of it? There is an old Book which says, "As a man sows, so also must he reap," and Stephen Grainger had all through his life neglected that natural law of the moral as well as of the physical world, and now a great and terrible harvest was in store for him.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

CONFEDERATES.

Having arrived safely in London, Stephen Grainger at once hailed a hansom and drove to Arthur Bourne Trethyn's lodgings. Mr. Arthur Bourne Trethyn was not at home. Grainger, after depositing his port-manteau, sallied forth in search of the young gambler.

Arthur Bourne Trethyn's habits being so well known to Stephen Grainger, the first thing that gentleman did was to go the round of all the clubs. It was near midnight before he found him, and then it was only by the merest chance. He was passing underneath the Holborn Viaduct when he suddenly came upon two men standing in the dark shadows of the arch, and in the darkness he stumbled up against them. The mischance drew a fearful oath from one of the men, and instantly Stephen Grainger recognized the voice as Arthur Bourne Trethyn's.

"Arthur," he cried, "why, I've been looking for you half over London."

"Well, I'm blessed!" exclaimed that young gentleman, "it's you, is it? Well, you do amaze me. My friend, Mr. Brookes—Mr. Grainger, my agent at Trethyn."

"Much pleasure in making your acquaintance, Mr. Grainger," said Mr. Jabez Brookes. "I hope you're well, sir."

Mr. Stephen Grainger said something about being fairly well, but he made no show of pleasure at meeting Mr. Brookes. The fact was, Stephen Grainger at once recognized the name of Brookes as that of a well-known London book-maker, to whom more than once he had been obliged to forward sundry cheques on behalf of Mr. Arthur Bourne, and not until Mr. Brookes had bade them good-night did he broach the business that had brought him to London.

"You've seen the evening papers, I suppose?" he asked Arthur Bourne by way of a preliminary.

"Yes; I've the pink ones in my pocket now. I've lost a hundred sovereigns on Flichter."

"Haven't you noticed anything startling in the papers?"

"Rather," answered Arthur Bourne; "Majesty isn't going to run. Supposed that some fellow or other has drugged her. I say, Steve, that's a

dastardly act, you know, and the fellow should be flogged when he's caught. I had a 'pony' on her."

"What I refer to is Trethyn news. Haven't you noticed anything startling from Trethyn?"

"Not a word. To tell you the truth, Steve, old man, I never read anything in the papers but the sporting news."

"It's in all the papers," said Stephen Grainger.

"Well, what is it?"

"There's been a frightful explosion in the Big Pit."

"You don't mean it?"

"I do mean it," replied Stephen Grainger, solemnly; "and the worst of it is, I believe every man and boy in the mine have perished."

"Well, this is startling news! How did it happen? Who is to blame? Tell me all about it."

"Very well; let us walk a little slower, and then I will tell you all." Stephen Grainger then told Arthur Bourne Trethyn his version of the story of the explosion.

"How many men were in the mine?" asked Arthur Bourne.

"I really can't say exactly," replied Stephen Grainger; "but there would be nearly two hundred."

By this time they had arrived at Arthur Bourne's "diggings," and having let themselves in with a latch-key they were soon seated by the smouldering fire, and with decanter and glasses on the table beside them.

"But, Steve," said the young gambler, suddenly, "is it this explosion that has brought you to London? One would think that you would be specially needed there just now."

For a few moments Stephen Grainger was silent and thoughtful. How should he begin to tell the real object of his mission?

"I say, Steve, how's my aunt getting on? Any chance of her pegging out yet?"

"It'll never matter to you," said Stephen Grainger, "when she does."

"How's that?"

"Because—Edward Trethyn is not dead, but living."

"Not dead!" exclaimed Arthur Bourne, springing to his feet in amazement and gazing at his companion in consternation.

"Not dead," repeated Stephen Grainger.

"But he was drowned in the Avon," persisted Arthur Bourne.

Stephen Grainger sadly shook his head.

"That's what you've always told me," said Arthur Bourne.

"And what I've always believed," replied Stephen Grainger, "but it is not true, for he's living now, and is this moment in Trethyn. It is this that has brought me to London, and if you will listen a moment I will tell you all I know about it."

Once more Stephen Grainger commenced his story, telling it, however, this time in a fearfully agitated manner.

"Well, I can't understand it," said Arthur Bourne presently; "it's a complete mystery to me."

"But I'm still the heir," said Grainger; "the key to it all is that Thomas, the butler, has played me false, and that now the situation has become really dangerous."

"But I'm still the heir," said Arthur Bourne, after a little thought. "The will is in my favor. Edward Trethyn was disinherited, and his home-coming makes no difference to me."

Stephen Grainger looked at him in blank surprise.

"Are you mad?" he asked.

"Mad! Not I; I'm sane enough."

"You speak like a madman. Surely you would not venture to endeavor to establish a claim to Trethyn now?"

"Why not?"

"Do you ask? Surely you know you could never now have any chance of sustaining your claim. It was only while we thought Edward Trethyn dead that the thing could have been risked."

"I don't see that the risk is greater now than then," replied Arthur Bourne.

"Infinitely greater," said Stephen Grainger. "Before there was no one to contest your claim; now it will be thoroughly sifted to the bottom. Do you think Edward Trethyn would allow his father's patrimony to pass away from him without a struggle?"

"But the will—the will," urged Arthur Bourne.

"It isn't worth the paper it is written on for your purpose."

"Then why did you send for me to come from abroad? I was doing well enough out there, and now to be told that my chances are all gone of getting the Trethyn estate—well,

to say the least, it's rather galling. Have you been deceiving me all these years?"

"Come, Arthur, you must be reasonable, you know. What were the terms of my letter?"

"You said that the Trethyn estate was at last willed to me, after years of patient scheming on your part. You—"

"Hush; don't use the word scheming. It's an ugly word, you know. And, whatever you do, don't raise your voice so loud. The very walls may have long ears, you know."

"Well, ar'n't I right?"

"These were the terms of my letter," said Stephen Grainger; "I will read them to you, I've got them in my portmanteau," opening it and drawing forth a large sealed envelope from one packet of letters. "I've kept a copy of that letter by me for years, sealed as you see. From the day I sent you the duplicate of this, this envelope has never been broken open."

As he spoke Stephen Grainger broke open the seal, and spread out the letter on his knees.

"Here it is," he said. "Listen: Trethyn Lodge.

"Dear Arthur,—At last! You will at once guess all that those words imply; and the details by which I have arrived at these words need not now be written here. Sufficient to tell you not that my innuendoes, carefully-dropped words of suspicion as to Edward Trethyn's conduct (especially as towards the collier's daughter, Rhoda Roberts) and many other little circumstances too numerous to mention, have at last so worked upon the Squire that he has altered his will, naming you his heir; that is, naming your future personality as his heir; and hence you will see the reason of my addressing you in this letter with your new name. From henceforth there will remain only one difficulty in the way of our plans, and that (E. T. himself) seems at present almost insuperable to me, but everything comes to him that waits, so doubtless something will turn up in time to shift him from our plane of operations. However, you had better now come to London, where I could see you and consult you often, and there wait the turn of events.—Yours sincerely,

"STEPHEN GRAINGER."

"P.S.—You must not forget, if you write, to address me as per above.—S. G."

"Now, that's the letter."

"And it doesn't alter what I said one iota."

"P'r'aps not, but it brings the agreement back to our minds. You see now that I told you even then that Edward Trethyn was the great difficulty in the way of the accomplishment of our plans. And so he is now. Believe me, Arthur, you haven't a ghost of a chance now."

"Am I not a Trethyn?"

"In one sense you are; in another you are not. You are not Mortimer Trethyn's (the squire's brother's) son, though you are the child of Mortimer Trethyn's wife."

"But still I'm a Trethyn. My mother was the wife of a Trethyn, and her name therefore was Trethyn."

"There's no use talking like that. You are the child of her second husband, and you are not the real Arthur Bourne Trethyn. True, you've always borne the surname, borne it from your birth through a little pardonable pride on your mother's part, but you are not the one designated in Squire Trethyn's will as the heir."

"But who knows that here?"

"I tell you, Arthur, the matter would be thoroughly investigated if you were now to put in a claim. Before, no one had any interest in contesting it; but with Edward Trethyn now living the thing has assumed quite a different aspect."

"Then what do you advise me to do?"

"To start back to Australia with me, and leave them to it."

"Never," exclaimed the young man; "I like London too well for that. But really," he said, hesitatingly, "p'r'aps it'll be best under the circumstances; indeed, I think I must. At all events I'll have to clear out from here."

Stephen Grainger looked at him inquiringly.

"The fact is," said Arthur Bourne, drawing his chair closer to his companion's, "I've mortgaged the estate."

Stephen Grainger stared, and grew terribly agitated at the words.

"I had to do it," continued the young man; "I was in tremendous difficulties, and I couldn't see any way out of it otherwise."

"But you faithfully promised me

not to do so," said Stephen Grainger, "and you will remember that I drew you out a cheque in Lady Trethyn's name to prevent you doing so."

"I know, but when Cripps came—"

"Cripps! Was that the man you referred to when I was here?"

Arthur Bourne nodded assent.

"Why, I'm amazed! He's one of the 'cutest fellows in London in the money-lending line, and I couldn't have conceived it possible for him to run so great a risk."

"But it is as I tell you—practically, there's no risk, for no one knows that I am not the real Arthur Bourne Trethyn, and therefore—"

"Therefore," interrupted Stephen Grainger, "he's burnt his fingers. I'm not the least sorry for him, but ne puts you into a serious difficulty."

"And that's why," replied Arthur Bourne, "I think I shall take your advice and bolt."

"How much did you mortgage the estate for?"

"Twenty thousand pounds."

"Whew!" cried Stephen Grainger. "And he was to inherit instead of you?"

"Yes."

"And had you first made provision for my annuity?"

"What annuity?"

"You promised me a splendid annuity when I was last here."

"What if I did? You couldn't claim it now."

"No, but your neglect to make it shows what little consideration you had for me. You mortgaged away the whole estate and you leave me penniless. But didn't I tell you that the estate was worth much more than £20,000?"

"It was all I could get from him."

"Then you've actually received the money?"

"Not all of it—a portion only."

"What portion?"

"A fourth of it."

"Five thousand pounds?"

"Yes; that is, I've given Cripps a receipt for £5,000."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, I owed him a trifle, and he gave me the difference between my debt to him, and the £5,000."

"Just what I told you," smiled Stephen Grainger in a sickly manner. "He's a 'cute fellow, and knows how to finger the money. But why didn't he pay you the whole?"

"The agreement was that it should

be paid in instalments, though he has not kept to the amount agreed upon."

"Certainly not," said Stephen Grainger, "and had you known the man as well as I do you would never have expected him to do so. He's a born financier."

Arthur Bourne Trethyn opened his eyes widely at this remark.

"He's a born cheat more likely," he said.

Stephen Grainger smiled.

"Exactly; but Cripps would doubtless much prefer my more charitable way of putting it. But how much money have you now?"

"None. I'm cleaned out. I was just booking a few bets with Brookes when you met us to-night. I paid him my last sovereign."

Stephen Grainger stared at him incredulously.

"It's a fact," said Arthur Bourne.

"And how are you going to manage to-morrow?"

"Well, I was going to Cripps again for another instalment of the mortgage, but you'll have to help me now."

"That I can't do," said Stephen Grainger. "I've only a few pounds in the world, and I'll have to economise for the present."

Just then the clocks of the city struck the hour of three, Big Ben booming out loudly over the others.

"That's three o'clock," said Stephen Grainger; "I propose we go to bed now, and discuss our plans after we've had some sleep."

"I shall not go to bed," said Arthur Bourne, "I shall just stretch my legs in this chair; you can lie on that couch if you like."

"Very well."

Only a few moments sufficed for Arthur Bourne to "catch" his sleep. Not so his companion. Until daylight Stephen Grainger lay sleepless and tossing on the couch. He himself was in personal danger, and at any moment might be arrested, for, well he knew, that Mr. Detective Carlyle would not let the grass grow under his feet, and perhaps even now was on his track.

And such indeed was the fact. After satisfying himself that the agent was of no service at the mine, and then discovering that he had mysteriously left the scene of the explosion, Mr. Carlyle had drawn his

men aside and whispered to them to make the arrest.

"But he is gone," said Constable Churchill.

"Only from this spot," replied the detective; "you will doubtless find him in the general offices. Come, I will go with you."

But Stephen Grainger was not in the general offices, and Detective Carlyle at once became alarmed.

"Surely the bird hasn't flown?" he said. "Quick! let us scour the town."

Hastily the three officers ran down the hill, unconsciously taking the very same road which Stephen Grainger had taken. As they passed the stables the solitary ostler was standing at the door.

"What be up?" he asked, observing the haste the officers were in.

"Has Mr. Grainger passed this way?" said the detective.

"Yea, he be gone from here more'n half an hour ago."

"Which way did he go?"

"Yon," pointing in the direction of Netton.

"Towards Netton?"

"Yea."

"Was he on horseback?"

"He were," replied the man; "he borrowed the grey mare from the stable here, although I told him as how it were no kind of animal for a gen'l'man to ride upon. But as he said at such times as these one mustn't be pertickler, and so I saddled him the grey mare."

"This means flight," said Detective Carlyle, whispering to his officers. "He's plainly suspected our move, and has taken himself off. What a fool I was not to arrest him at once. However, we must at once get on his track. You, Churchill, shall take a horse from these stables and follow him to Netton, and you," speaking to the other constable, "will hasten to Trethyn railway station and intercept him there should he attempt to get away by train. Let me see, the next train doesn't leave Trethyn for an hour and a half yet, and he couldn't possibly have caught the earlier one, for he was at the pit's brow when it went out. I will go over to his house, and will meet you at the station in half an hour's time. And you, Churchill, wire to the superintendent at once

if you hear anything of him. Now, then, you understand?"

"Yes."

"Ostler! have you a good horse you can spare?"

The man shook his head. "Stephen Grainger took away the only one that could go it."

"But, surely, you've some kind of a trotter amongst the eight or nine horses now in the stables?"

"They're all cart horses, as you can see for yourself if you will take the trouble to look."

"Whatever are we to do? Hello! here's the superintendent. Look how he's running. Something's up, else he would not race like that. Let's hasten to meet him. P'r'aps he's boned our gentleman for us."

"Stephen Grainger's off!" breathlessly exclaimed the superintendent as he approached. "As I was coming along Mills, of the bank, overtook me and told me that the agent had been to the bank to cash a cheque, and that he carried a part-manteau with him."

"How long ago is it since you heard this, Mr. James?"

"Five minutes ago, and I at once set out to meet you. Now, what are we to do?"

"Our action is plain. We must go to the railway station at once. Come along."

Quickly followed by the two constables, Mr. Detective Carlyle made his way to Trethyn Station, and waited an hour there in the secrecy of the station-master's room, who every minute was on the alert for the coming of Grainger.

"It wants half an hour to the time yet," said the detective, "but I would have judged that he would have arrived here earlier than this."

Suddenly the station-master came from the platform into his private room again, and closed the door behind him.

"He's come at last!" cried the detective.

The station-master shook his head. "No, nor is he going to come here. He's gone on to Avonlwyd."

For a few moments the officers of the law stood astounded. They had made certain of capturing their man at Trethyn, and it had never occurred to them that he might craftily escape them in such a simple way as this.

"Ill-luck seems to dodge all our endeavours with this fellow."

"And it's too late to pursue him now," said Constable Churchill.

"But it's not too late to intercept him," exclaimed the detective. "We must wire."

"That's just what you can't do," said the station-master.

"Why?"

"Because the telegraph wires have been cut, and there's no communication possible with the outer world until they're repaired."

This indeed was news, and the officers exchanged both surprise and suspicious glances.

"Who has cut them?" demanded Detective Carlyle.

Again the station-master shook his head.

"We don't know. We don't even know where they are cut. We've only just made the discovery. But can't you guess?"

"Guess? You suspect Stephen Grainger, then?"

"In view of your pursuit of him, I do suspect him, most assuredly. What other person could have any motive in doing it?"

At that moment the train arrived, and the station-master had to go out on to the platform again. Mr. Detective Carlyle and his officers took advantage of the commotion to steal away unobserved. They had been outwitted.

"I will follow him to London," said Carlyle to his officers, as he went along.

"To London?" said Constable Churchill.

"Yes, that's where he's gone, I'm certain of it," answered the detective; "and I know where he is likely to make for."

"Indeed?"

"Yes," he said, "I know. He's been hand in glove with the young fellow who has been calling himself heir of Trethyn."

"Mr. Arthur Bourne Trethyn?" asked Constable Nelson in surprise.

"Yes!"

"And isn't he the heir?"

"He thinks he is. But you saw that Edward Trethyn had returned. Didn't you see him at the pit?"

"Yes; but he was disinherited."

"That's a point yet to be inquired into," said Detective Carlyle, sig-

nificantly; "but we shall see—we shall see."

The next train to London was the midnight mail, and Detective Carlyle spent the interval of waiting in calling upon Mrs. Grainger and making inquiries respecting her husband.

"All I know," she persisted, "is that he's gone away on business. As to the nature of it, I know nothing."

"He took a portmanteau with him?"

"I don't even know that. He went away without a word of good-bye to me, and I didn't see him depart."

The poor woman was crying bitterly, and it required all the detective's tact to induce her to tell him this much.

"I have a warrant here," presenting it, "to seize all his papers—that is, those relating to the Trethyn estate—so p'raps you won't object to my stepping inside?"

How could she object in the face of the warrant? And if she could, she had no heart to resist the detective's intrusion. Poor thing, she was scared almost out of her life, and consequently allowed the detective to pass into the house without a word of protest.

"Hello! What have we here?" cried the detective, on entering into the room which Stephen Grainger had left earlier in the morning. The secretaire was open, the drawers were all empty, a litter of things covered the floor, and the room showed evident signs on all sides that Stephen Grainger had circumscribed his flight

with security, at all events as far as any damaging papers were concerned. Detective Carlyle was amazed, and stood in the middle of the room nonplussed. Presently his eyes fell upon the firegrate, and he poked the ashes with his stick. As frequently happens when a heap of papers are placed upon the fire, they were not burnt through, and the detective was able to rescue one partially burnt paper from the black embers. This he took to the window, and read it (as much of it as he could) carefully. A grim satisfaction overspread his countenance as he read it, and then he as carefully folded it together and placed it in his pocket-book. A few moments afterwards he took his departure from Trethyn Lodge.

By the night mail Detective Carlyle went to London. He did not, however, start from the Trethyn Station, but rode over to Avonlwyd and booked from there. His object in doing this was to question the station people at Avonlwyd as to whether or not they had booked Stephen Grainger that day as a passenger to London. No one, however, knew, and all he could ascertain was that only one ticket for London had that day been issued, and that that ticket was issued to a gentleman.

The news in no way, however, discouraged the detective, and he accordingly took his seat in the train with a ticket in his pocket for Euston.

NOT FORSAKEN.

BY AMY PARKINSON.

Thou shalt cry, and He shall say, Here I am.—Isa. lviii. 9.

*Here I am, close bending o'er thee;
None beside was e'er so near;
Speak but in thy weakest whisper—
Every word will reach My ear.*

*Yes, I see that thou art weary:
Lean thy head against My breast;—
I will give thee now a foretaste
Of the future's endless rest.*

*No, not here thou comprehendest
Why I let thee suffer so,
When I love thee; but hereafter
'Twill be granted thee to know,—*

*And amid the joys supernal,
Which thou soon with Me shalt share,
Thou wilt praise Me for each sorrow
That it now is thine to bear.*

*Oh, be patient. Do not murmur.
Tell Me all thy troubles, though;—
Antepasts of heaven's own comfort
E'en on earth I can bestow.*

*Here I am: My arms are round thee.
Child, I ne'er have left thy side—
And will never leave, but bring thee
With Myself for aye to abide.*

AGGRESSIVE METHODISM—THE FORWARD MOVEMENT.

The strategic points for the conquest of the world for Christ are the cities. More and more the population of the country has been focused in these centres. Here the mighty forces for good and for ill have their supreme conflict. The progress of religion in the cities has not kept pace with their progress in population and wealth. Indeed, it has relatively fallen far behind. The Sunday newspaper, the Sunday saloons, the Sunday cars, the Sunday theatres, and the large foreign population in the great cities of the United States have made the battle of the churches all the more strenuous, yet all the more necessary.

It is felt that a more aggressive warfare must be waged if these cities are to be conquered for Christ. Methodism in Great Britain has awakened to the importance of this fact. The Forward Movement under Price Hughes, Bowman Stephenson and others has already done much and gives promise of doing much more. In London, Leeds, Manchester, Birmingham, and elsewhere aggressive and institutional churches have seized upon the very strategic points of these cities. In New York, perhaps more than anywhere else in the world, is such a forward movement needed. We quote as follows from the anniversary report of the Metropolitan Temple in that city :

"The second city in the world, the first in this hemisphere, it affords difficulties and opportunities in equal measure, and of a character peculiar to itself. Some of its most congested blocks contain 3,000 souls, speaking thirty-eight different languages and dialects. Four-fifths of its inhabitants are foreign born or born of foreign parentage. Every eighth person you meet is a Jew. Men of all nationalities throng its streets and the confluent stream of Eastern and Western life mingles in this cosmopolitan centre as it has not done elsewhere since the days of ancient Rome.

"Not as armies flushed with triumph over a conquered territory, but as beleaguered fortresses manned by a few heroic defenders do our Methodist Churches operate here to-day. A great incoming of purely material achievement, and an immense immigrant population have found us insufficient and unprepared in temper and organized ability to deal with them to the highest advantage of righteousness.

"These causes, and others beside them, have separated the majority of New York's artisans and professional men from the Church of God. When not controlled by

the Roman Church, they are largely alienated altogether. The tone of resistance to the church among workingmen is increased by their sullen conviction that she has no message for three-fourths of their daily life. We need not return railing for railing, rather let us in the spirit of loving persuasiveness and instruction correct their deflected vision. For not among workingmen, nor the immigrants, do we find the greatest difficulty. They are quick to appreciate the majesty of the Christ and the authority of His Gospel. His power to ease their pain and free them from the bitter masteries of sordid vice is in daily manifestation among us. And when we consider them, scattered in multitudes over this metropolis, enduring (often with rare patience and fidelity) the life that now is in its scantiest, saddest and most impoverished form, we can only hope to win them by tenderly repeating the words of their Elder Brother, 'Come unto Me, all ye that labour and I will give you rest.'

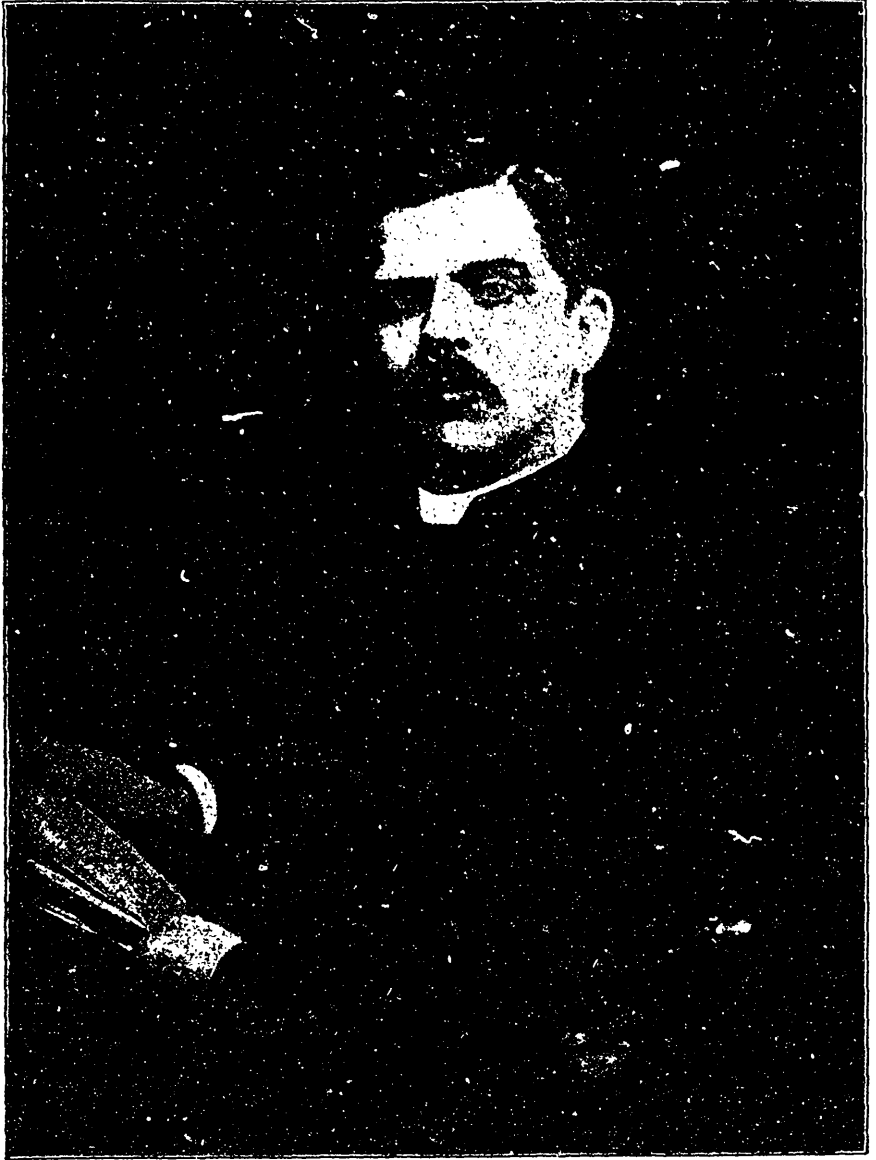
"Thank God! the Church in New York City was never so possessed with the spirit of her Lord as she is now and here. In all churches alike, up-town and down-town, there is an awakening, an eagerness, a disposition toward deeper life in God and more complete service for man, which are full of rich promise."

The Forward Movement in New York has undertaken to meet this pressing problem of the times. When the saloons and theatres are ablaze with light every night it will not do for the churches to be closed. The workers of the Metropolitan Temple recognize this, and on one of the busiest streets of lower New York—at the corner of 14th Street and 7th Avenue—an institutional church offers a hearty service and warm welcome to the passer-by every day of the year.

Three or four years ago this was a down-town church, which seemed to be overwhelmed with the tide of worldliness around it. In three years of aggressive work it has become one of the greatest powers for good and for God in that city. From its last report we glean some striking items :

During the year 1897 there were held 2,007 services, with a total attendance of not less than 350,000 souls. In two years about 800 persons have been received into church membership, and new members have been received on every Lord's Day.

The white front of the Temple, looming up at night, and bright with the two



REV. S. PARKES CADMAN,
Pastor of the Metropolitan Temple, New York.

great electric lights, attracts many within. The doors are generous in width, easy to open, and reveal a tempting interior of warmth and dignity combined. The inscriptions upon the pillars of the vestibules bid the stranger enter and rest and worship.

It is very difficult for a stranger to

enter and leave the Temple without being accosted by one of the cordon of workers maintained at the doors. This organized band wins adherents to Christianity in almost every service where they are present. The week evening services are specifically intended to win non-churchgoers.

On Monday night questions of public interest and morality, or problems in modern life, which affect individual character and the well-being of the community, are freely canvassed. It is a goodly sight to look into the earnest faces of these men, chiefly lawyers, physicians, businessmen and artisans. The council generally ends with an earnest appeal to all present to follow their Great Teacher, the Christ.

On Tuesday night an attractive lecture course is maintained by the pastor and able specialists. On Wednesday night a large number of classes meet at 7.30—there are sixteen in all—an hour before the prayer-meeting. This service 500 persons attend every week. On Thursday night there is an earnest evangelistic service. Friday night is question night, when the pastor answers written questions of the people, chiefly those referring to the future life and personal religion. On Saturday night a high-class concert is held, which has been attended by 60,000 persons during the year. The character of the music always befits the house of God, and free contributions to the amount of \$1,500 have been received. There has been a persistent setting forth of the Lord Christ as the personal Saviour of all who believe, and five distinctly evangelistic services a week offer men the opportunity of seeking Him. By enlisting the voluntary worker, a thousand calls a week can be made at any time. The members are assigned to active duty; when unemployed they are liable to back-slide. No matter how small the task it is treated as an honourable obligation upon their part, and they are asked to labour as those who must give an account.

The Rev. R. P. Bowles, B.D., writing of this movement, says:

“Perhaps the most striking feature in the working of this church is that its doors are always open, and every night service of some kind is held. The order of service on Sunday is peculiar to this church. A choir of over one hundred voices, composed of scholars from the Sunday-school, uniformed in black gowns, begin with a processional, entering two by two from the rear of the church. (I would say let no one condemn this who has not seen and felt its effect on the service.)

“The choir is selected from the ranks of the Sunday-school and the congregation, and they deem it an honour to be permitted to enter this popular organization. Two girls walk from a distance of five miles that they may be present at the call of duty.”

The vested choir and processional singing are apt to excite prejudice as savour-

ing of ritualism, but it is defended on the ground that while some of its members belong to wealthy families, others are poor, and that this neat and seemly vestment enables the rich and poor to meet together on a common level and in a common garb. It gives an *esprit de corps* and a moral earnestness to the service which it would not otherwise possess.

We have mentioned only part of the many organizations of this church which seeks to carry out the maxim, “All at it, and always at it.” There is a brotherhood of Andrew and Philip with the motto, “For God and the Kingdom.” These are the minute men of the Temple. They supply it with its ushers, choristers, and young men who are leaders in every department of the church. There is a great Sunday School organized in three divisions under competent superintendents and teachers. There is a reading room with 600 volumes of the best literature, as well as religious and secular papers and magazines, open every night save Wednesday and Sunday. There is a sewing school and junior Epworth League of nearly a hundred boys and girls, who are taught to sing and sew. There is a millinery and dressmaking class.

“A perplexing problem in the life of a working girl in this city is how to dress tastefully and well upon small earnings. Many a poor creature has started downward through a desire for dress which could not be legitimately obtained. And a slovenly, badly dressed girl is shamed into non-attendance at church, the beginning of worse happenings to come. These young ladies work in stores, factories and shops, are confined for many hours, and seemingly debarred from any self help in this direction so dear to a woman's heart.”

There is a Happiness Circle of Kings Sons and Daughters, a literary department, a social club, Chautauqua Circle, and theological class. There is a bureau of help which finds employment for the out-of-works, seeks those who have gone astray, and gives temporary aid to deserving poor. There are several benevolent societies, Ladies' Aid, Woman's Missionary Society, King's Daughter Chapter, with its Fidelity Circle, the Whatsoever Circle, the Happiness Circle, the Pastor's Circle, the Flower Circle, the Choir Circle, the Deaconess Aid Society. There is a Fröbel Institute and Kindergarten, in which English, French and German teachers are employed.

It will thus be seen what a humming

hive of religious activity the Metropolitan Temple is. It is now enlarging its scope to co-operate with three neighboring churches having eighteen hundred members and four ministers.

The heart and soul of this forward movement is the Rev. S. Parkes Cadman, well known in Canada from his visits to Montreal and Toronto. Mr. Cadman is the son of an English Wesleyan minister, and was himself trained at the Richmond Wesleyan Theological College. He is a man of immense energy and consecrated zeal. For so young a man—he is little over thirty years—he is a marvel of cultured eloquence, all the more remarkable because, like some of the grandest preachers Methodism has ever known, for some years he earned his living by the labour of his hands.

We are not sure that a course of manual training, such as the wise Hebrews, and as some of the royal houses of Europe demand for their children, would not be the very best kind of training for our theological students to learn to work—to work hard is the best qualification for success that any man can have.

Mr. Cadman throws himself with energy into every department of this aggressive Methodism. His preaching rings with a fearless denunciation of sin and charms and fascinates with a presentation of the excellence of religion and the beauty of holiness.

There is a lesson for us in Canada from this forward movement of our English and American friends. We may not have the pressing problems of New York or London, but we have need for aggressive Christian work. Our splendid churches in Montreal and Toronto are admirably adapted for such work. They are both, in a sense, downtown churches. They are surrounded by a dense population, many of whom neglect God's day and house. They have earnest pastors and preachers and splendid choirs and musical directors.

We believe that these churches should be open every day and every night of the

year with a bright attractive service that shall minister to the salvation of all who attend. The great Sunday congregations that fill these churches furnish grand material for evangelistic effort.

But the pastors alone can no more carry on an aggressive campaign against a tide of worldliness than can a single officer capture a fortress unless backed by valiant soldiers. Our leagues and schools and class leaders form a splendid nucleus for such a band of workers, and are already doing much in this line.

These churches, and others too, should be open all day and every day all the year round. Many hundreds of young people in city boarding houses have no place for retirement, for meditation, or for prayer. Roman Catholic churches are always and everywhere open for this purpose. A Protestant church caretaker was asked if any person came in to pray. "I caught one of them at it, but he won't do it again," he said. Let this not be the attitude of the church to those who wish to breathe its religious atmosphere and hold communion with God.

These churches represent a large investment of money—too great to be used only for a few hours in the week. They should be well lighted within and without, and the approaches made conspicuous, and a hearty invitation should be extended to all to come. A warm supporter of the Metropolitan said that there ought to be a wide path from the front of the church to the Queen Street gates, which should be kept open, though they are now always locked, except for a wedding or a funeral. The people should be made to feel that it is God's house, open to all of God's children, where a warm welcome from deaconess or lay brother awaits all who will enter its doors.

Of course this means the expenditure of money and thought and toil, but that is what churches are for, and we believe that even in a financial sense, to say nothing of the harvest of souls, it would abundantly pay for all the effort expended.

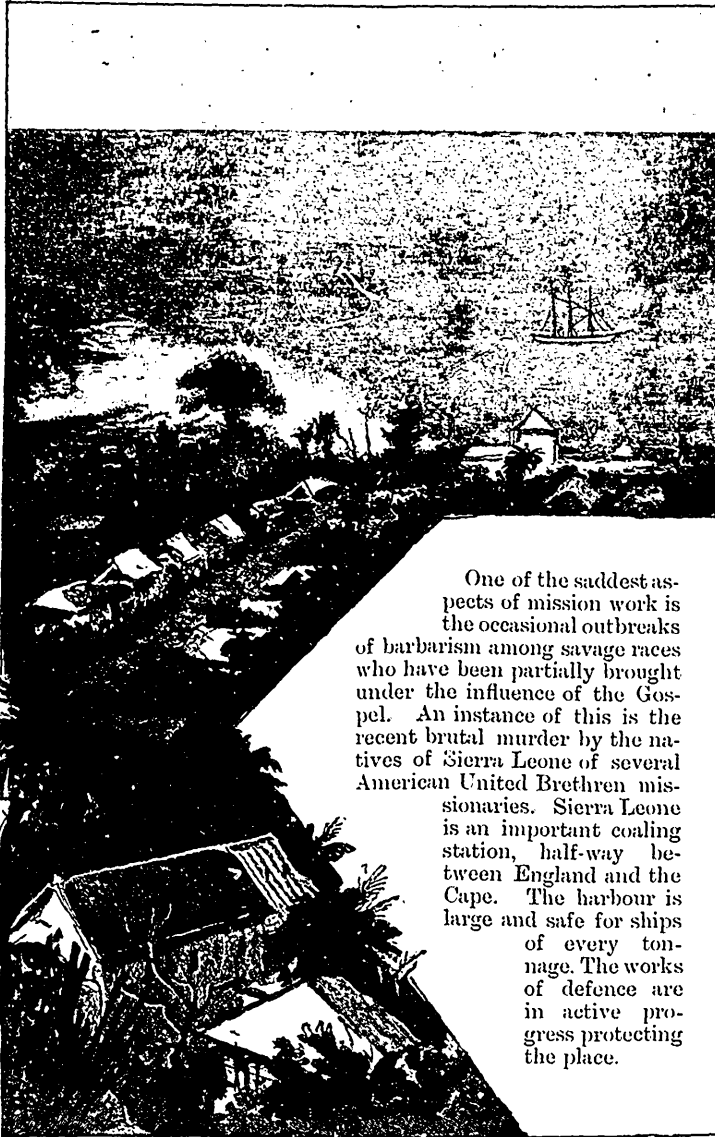
A PRAYER FOR PEACE.

Be not afraid to pray; to pray is right.

Pray, if thou canst, with hope; but ever pray,
Though hope be weak or sick with long delay;
Pray in the darkness, if there be no light.

Far is the time, remote from human sight,
When war and discord on the earth shall cease;
Yet every prayer for universal peace
Avails the blessed time to expedite.

MASSACRE OF MISSIONARIES AT SIERRA LEONE.



One of the saddest aspects of mission work is the occasional outbreaks of barbarism among savage races who have been partially brought under the influence of the Gospel. An instance of this is the recent brutal murder by the natives of Sierra Leone of several American United Brethren missionaries. Sierra Leone is an important coaling station, half-way between England and the Cape. The harbour is large and safe for ships of every tonnage. The works of defence are in active progress protecting the place.

SIERRA LEONE.

The British settlements on the west coast of Africa date from 1672, when the British African Company was first formed. The British protectorate is estimated to extend over 3,000 square miles. Free-

town, the capital, is built on a peninsula about eighteen miles long. The town is backed by mountains of considerable elevation, richly wooded and beautiful in outline. The houses are of wood and the

roadways are unpaved. The population is 37,000.

At Sierra Leone, the Church of England is strongly supported by the Church Missionary Society. It has a large body of adherents and is the see of a bishop. It has a college, affiliated to the Durham University, which has turned out coloured students of distinguished ability. Mr. Blyden, author of "Christianity, Islam and the Negro Race," is a distinguished leader of the higher culture among the negro race.

The capabilities of the coloured races are nowhere seen to greater advantage than at Sierra Leone. They supply the official staff of the Government. A coloured barrister of marked ability is the leader of the bar, and makes a professional income of £3,000 a year. The trade of Sierra Leone, in common with that of the Gold Coast generally, consists mainly in the exportation of the palm kernel, from which an oil much used in the manufacture of soap and candles is extracted.

About four months ago, says the *Outlook*, the natives became not unnaturally restive under the imposition of what is known as the "hut tax." This had been imposed by the British Governor, Sir Frederick Cardew, who had thereby become so unpopular, so it is said, as to be hissed whenever he appeared in public. One English missionary has been murdered, and the natives refused to sell food at any price to the missionaries, believing them also at fault. They looked upon the Americans as enemies as well; in fact, they fancied all white people in some way responsible for the infliction of the obnoxious ordinance. Then came the awful onslaught on the United Brethren mis-

sionaries. Five of them were slaughtered; five succeeded in making their escape, enduring perilous adventures and privations before reaching Freetown; and one, an unmarried woman, who happened to be alone in a mission house, was rescued by a boat's crew from a British warship just in time to prevent her from being massacred. The infuriated natives, besmeared with the blood of their earlier victims, had already surrounded the mission when the soldiers arrived on the scene. The part of Sierra Leone where these occurrences took place was the home of cannibalism as late as 1870. This latent savagery as a foundation, the rum introduced by unscrupulous traders as a constant inciter to brutality, and, lastly, an injudicious ordinance, have induced a carnival of blood which must excite horror everywhere.

Certain powerful native secret societies, with which all West Africa is honeycombed, agreed upon a joint rising on May 1st, with the object of killing every white person, and every black English-speaking person in the protectorate, and plundering their goods.

It is stated that several missionaries fell upon their knees in prayer, though not to the fiends surrounding them. It is alleged that at one point a chief's son, who for fifteen years had been in training under this very mission, was the foremost leader in the murders, and took an active part in all the atrocities which were committed. When the natives had vented their rage upon their defenceless victims, they burnt their dead bodies. The gunboat *Fox*, it appears, succeeded in rescuing eighty persons, including twenty-five from Mansh.

VICTORIA.

BY AMY PARKINSON.

Sovereign revered; Queen, in thy subjects' hearts
 So steadfastly enthroned; true, tender friend,
 With gentlest sympathy who oft dost bend
 The couch of pain above, whose quick tear starts
 —Sure as from looséd string the arrow darts—
 At sorrow's tale; thou in whose Person blend
 All courtliest kindnesses:—On thee descend
 (Frail though the lips from which the fond prayer parts,
 It yet will reach to heaven), more and still more,
 His gifts of grace, Who hath, in blessing thee,
 Thy people blessed. And, when the time is o'er
 For which thou wear'st this transient sovereignty,
 Bright be the diadem by Hand Divine
 Placed on thy brow, there evermore to shine!

LOWELL ON WAR.

James Russell Lowell, America's greatest humorist, as well as one of her noblest poets, moralists and diplomats, strongly expressed his abhorrence of war in the following lines :

" Ez fer war, I call it murder,—
There you have it plain an' flat ;
I don't want to go no furdur
Than my Testyment fer that ;
God hez sed so plump an' fairly,
It's ez long ez it is broad. . . .

" Taint your eppyletts an' feathers
Make the thing a grain more right ;
Taint afofferin' your bell-wethers
Will excuse ye in His sight ;
Ef you take a sword and dror it,
An' go stick a feller thru,
Guv'ment ain't to ansver fer it,
God'll send the bill to you.

" Wut's the use o' meetin'-go'in'
Every Sabbath, wet or dry,
Ef it's right to go amowin'
Feller-men like oats an' rye ?
I dummo but wut it's pooty
Trainin' round in hobtail coats,
But it 's curus Christian dooty
'This 'ere cuttin' folks's throats. . . .

" I'll re-urn ye good fer evil,
Much ez we frail mortils can,
But I wun't go help the Devil
Makin' man the cus o' man ;
Call me coward, call me traider,
Jest ez suits your mean idees,—
Here I stand, a tyrant-hater
An' the friend o' God an' f'ollec . . ."

With scathing satire he puts in the mouth of Birdofredom Sawin the following words concerning the Mexicans :

" Afore I come away from hum I hed a strong persuasion
That Mexicans worn't human bein's—an ourang outang nation,
A sort o' folks a chap could kill an' never dream on 't arter.

" Our nation's bigger 'n theirs, an' so it's rights air bigger,
Ninepounce a day fer killin' folks comes kind o' low fer murder. . . .

" There's suttin' gits into my throat that makes it hard to swaller.
It comes so nateral to think about a hempen collar ;
It's glory—but, in spite o' all my tryin' to git callous,
I feel a kind o' in a cart, aridin to the gallus."

The following poem of Lowell's was a great favourite with President Lincoln :

" We were gittin' on nicely up here to our village,
With good old idees o' wut's right an' wut ain't,

We kind o' thought Christ went agin war
an' pillage,
An' that eppyletts worn't the best mark
of a saint ;

But John P.
Robinson, he
Sez this kind o' thing 's an exploded idee.

" Parson Wilbur sez he never heerd in his life
Thet th' Apostles rigged out in their
swaller-tail coats

An' marched round in front of a drum an' fife,
To get some on 'em office, an' some on
em votes ;

But John P.
Robinson, he
Sez they didn't know everythin' down in
Judee."

Lowell makes the simple-minded old Parson Wilbur express the following reprobation of the pernicious sentiment,

" Our country, right or wrong " :

" It is an abuse of language to call a certain portion of land, much more certain personages elevated for the time being to high station, 'our country.' We are inhabitants of two worlds, and owe a double, but not a divided, allegiance. In virtue of our clay, this little ball of earth exacts a certain loyalty of us, while, in our capacity as spirits, we are admitted citizens of an invisible and holier Fatherland. There is a patriotism of the soul whose claim absolves us from our other and terrene fealty. Our true country is that ideal realm which we represent under the names of religion, duty, and the like.

" Our true country is bounded on the north and the south, on the east and the west, by Justice, and when she oversteps that invisible boundary-line by so much as a hair's breadth, she ceases to be our mother, and chooses rather to be looked upon *quasi nocera*. This is a hard choice when our earthly love of country calls upon us to tread one path and our duty points to another. We must make as noble and becoming an election as did Penelope between Icarus and Ulysses. Veiling our faces, we must take silently the hand of Duty to follow her."

We are in danger, says Mr. Mead, in the *New England Magazine*, of missing the meaning of patriotism. " Patriotism is love of country ; and the truest patriot is he who seeks to keep his country truest to her own ideals and to the service of mankind. Congress, 'in a great wave of patriotism,' appropriates fifty million dollars for gunboats and torpedoes. No 'wave of patriotism' is reported when Massachusetts appropriates a million dollars for good roads, when New York appropriates five million for new school-houses."

A MORE EXCELLENT WAY.

THE WASTE AND WOE OF WAR.

“ Cross against corselet,
Love against hatred,
Peace-cry for war-cry !
Patience is powerful ;
He that overcometh
Hath power o'er the nations.

“ Stronger than steel
Is the sword of the Spirit ;
Swifter than arrows
The light of the Truth is ;
Greater than anger
Is Love, and subdueth ! ”

Amid the excitement of the war with Spain, amid the intoxication of victory or the madness of defeat, like a voice crying in the wilderness, is one who protests against the carnage of battle, the waste and woe of war. Although we sympathize profoundly with the generous purpose of our American kinsmen in their chivalrous effort for the liberation of Cuba, we have also a profound conviction that their methods are a dreadful mistake, that their beneficent object might have been far better secured by peaceful means. We regard the war spirit as utterly opposed to the spirit of Christ. His kingdom cometh not with observation, not with the blare of trumpets, the throb of drums and the roar of cannon ; not in the earthquake and the tempest ; but in the still small voice speaking inly to the soul.

We fail to see the relevancy of an appeal to the stern *lex talionis* of a barbaric age, to the sanctions of war in the Old Testament. Yet even under the old Hebrew economy God set the seal of His reprobation of war by refusing David permission to fulfil his heart's desire of erecting a temple at Jerusalem, for which he had accumulated such treasure—because he was a man of blood. “Thou hast shed blood abundantly and hast made great wars : thou shalt not build a house unto my name, because thou hast shed much blood upon the earth.”

Christ came to teach nobler ideals and holier methods. His kingdom is not of this world. Though He could have summoned twelve legions of angels to overcome His foes, He chose rather to die for their salvation. “Put up thy sword in its sheath,” He said to Peter. And we think He says so to us.

Most of the wars of Christendom have been accounted for by those who waged them

as just, and even holy, crusades. The blessing of the “God of Battles” has been invoked on both sides, and *Te Deums* sung for the slaughter of their foes. But the verdict of history has been that most of those wars have been unnecessary, reckless, cruel and criminal.

England went with a light heart into the Crimean war ; only a few Cassandra voices were raised in solemn protest. But all men now feel that these voices spoke truth—that the war was a mistake, if not a crime. In the House of Commons, John Bright raised his voice in prophet-like rebuke of that war, which clothed in mourning almost every household in England. “The Angel of Death,” he said, “has been abroad throughout the land ; you may almost hear the beat of his wings. There is no one, as when the first-born was slain of old, to sprinkle with blood the lintel and the two sideposts of our doors, that he may spare and pass on. He takes his victim from the castle of the noble, the mansion of the wealthy and the cottage of the poor and lowly, and it is on behalf of all these classes that I make this solemn appeal.”

War may sometimes call forth many heroic virtues, much sublime valor, much sacred self-sacrifice ; but it often kindles the fires of hate and sets loose the passions of hell. It may seem chimerical and Quixotic, but we solemnly believe that if the great Republic had sent her ships to bombard Havana, not with shot and shell, but with food and medicines, and had permitted Clara Barton and the brave soldiers of the Red Cross to continue their ministrations of love, had reinforced them with all the resources of the nation, had preached the Gospel of forgiveness alike to Spaniards and Cubans, and besieged the throne of Divine grace for their conversion from the error of their ways, it would have accomplished its generous purpose more surely, more grandly than it ever can by force of arms.

When poor, proud Spain, decrepit and exhausted, bleeding at every pore, is brought to her knees and forced to yield to the strong young giant of the West, there must still be arranged the terms of surrender and of reconstruction in Cuba, which could all the more easily have been secured before angry passions were enflamed and the dragon's teeth of bitter hatred sown.

What a sad spectacle at the close of the nineteenth century, that all the resources of civilization and science should be exhausted for the battering of forts, the destruction of ships, the slaughter of men fighting bravely, even though for a bad cause. What an opportunity was lost of showing the world the methods of a higher Christian civilization in redressing wrong. The portals of the twentieth century might swing wide "on golden hinges turning," ushering in the dawn of the millenium, the reign of the Prince of Peace, instead of like Milton's gates of hell "grating harsh thunder" with the deep and deadly thunder of the cannonade. What a sublime example might have been set to the war-worn nations of Europe—the young Republic of the West, like a beautiful tall angel, a messenger of mercy and of peace, pouring out her treasures like water to save life, not to kill; sending her bravest men and women to heal the sick, to feed the hungry, to teach the sinning, to succor the sorrowing, to save the lost! What though a few scores or hundreds should perish of fever! Their death would be a blessed martyrdom, a testimony of the love of Jesus that would have melted the hearts of the reconcentrados and their persecutors alike, and would have ushered in the dawn of a new day to the world.

"A single million, or a few millions," said the Hon. E. J. Phelps, late American minister in London, "out of the many hundreds of millions that war would cost us, would amply answer the purpose. The humanity of peace is better and more fruitful than the humanity of war."

The Church of God in the United States, in Canada, and in all Christian lands, has a solemn obligation resting upon it. It should stand—like the high priest of old—between the living and the dying. It should pray earnestly for the spirit of wisdom, of love, of a sound mind. It should repent of the sin of any complicity with the spirit of war, revenge and hate. "Vengeance is mine, I will repay," saith the Lord. It should besiege the throne of grace that God may make the wrath of man to praise Him, and that the remainder of his wrath He may restrain, that He would turn the hearts of the children of men to peace and love and brotherhood. If ever the time shall come when nations shall beat their swords into plowshares, and learn war no more, it will be by the prevalence of this spirit of Christ.

The blood-stained warriors of the past,

the Rameses and Sennacheribs, the Alexanders and Cæsars and Napoleons of mankind are remembered as a hideous dream. But the holy and blessed martyrs for the truth, who fought not with the sword of steel but with the sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God, the Perpetuas and Polycarps, a Telemachus and a Savonarola, the Latimers and Riddleys, the Tyndales and Coverdales, the Argyles and the Sidneys, the Russells and the Vanes—these mark the progress of humanity through the ages with their bleeding feet. These have advanced the civilization of the world, these have secured the rights of man, these have established the kingdom of righteousness and peace beyond all the warriors who ever fought.

"Careless seems the great Avenger; history's pages but record
One death-grapple in the darkness twi-
old systems and the Word;
Truth forever on the scaffold, Wrong forever on the throne—
Yet that scaffold sways the future, and,
behind the dim unknown,
Standeth God within the shadow, keeping
watch above His own.

"By the light of burning heretics Christ's
bleeding feet I track,
Toiling up new Calvaries ever with the cross
that turns not back,
And these mounts of anguish number how
each generation learned
One new word of that grand Credo which
in prophet-hearts hath burned
Since the first man stood God-conquered
with his face to heaven upturned.

"For humanity sweeps onward; where to-
day the martyr stands,
On the morrow crouches Judas with the
silver in his hands;
Far in front the cross stands ready and the
crackling fagots burn,
While the hooting mob of yesterday in
silent awe return
To glean up the scattered ashes into his-
tory's golden urn."

The great curse of Europe for centuries has been its deadly wars. The page of history is like the prophet's scroll, written within and without with lamentation, and weeping, and great woe.

"I hear even now the infinite fierce chorus,
The cries of agony, the endless groan
Which through the ages that have gone
before us
In long reverberations reach our own.

"The tumult of each sacked and burning
village,
The shout that every prayer for mercy
drowns;

The soldier's revels in the midst of pillage,
The wail of famine in beleaguered towns;

"The bursting shell, the gateway wrenched
asunder,

The rattling musketry, the clashing blade;
And ever and anon, in tones of thunder,
The diapason of the cannonade."

The London *Daily Mail* estimates the world's loss of lives in war at the bewildering figure of seven billions, of whom four billions have been killed since the beginning of the Christian era.

The blood-stained nations of Europe, groaning beneath the debt of age-long wars, and by their very armed truce adding to the intolerable burden, look across the sea at the nation which God had set on this broad continent to keep it as a heritage for the oppressed and perpetual abode of peace, and say, "How art thou fallen, oh Son of the Morning! Art thou become like unto us?"

If the golden age of peace is ever to dawn upon our world it must be largely by the ministration of the Church of Christ. It must teach, and preach, and work, and pray for the coming of the time when

"The warrior's name shall be a name abhorred;

And every nation that shall lift again
Its hand against a brother, on its forehead
Shall wear for evermore the curse of Cain!

"Down the dark future, through long generations,

The echoing sounds grow fainter and then cease;

And like a bell, with solemn, sweet vibrations,

I hear once more the voice of Christ say,
'Peace!'

"Peace! and no longer from its brazen portals

The blast of war's great organ shakes the skies!

But beautiful as songs of the immortals
The holy melodies of love arise."

TRUE PATRIOTISM.

Since the above was written we have

read the address on "True Patriotism," by Prof. Norton, of Harvard University, given in a Congregational church at Cambridge, Mass. From this we make a few extracts:

"There never was a good war,' said Franklin. If a war be undertaken for the most righteous end, before the resources of peace have been tried and proved vain to secure it, that war has no defense; it is a national crime.

"But the war is declared; and on all hands we hear the cry that he is no patriot who fails to shout for it, and to urge the youth of the country to enlist, and to rejoice that they are called to the service of their native land. Stop! A declaration of war does not change the moral law. 'The Ten Commandments will not budge' at a joint resolve of congress. No! the voice of protest, of warning, of appeal is never more needed than when the clamour of life and drum, echoed by the press and too often by the pulpit, is bidding all men fall in and keep step and obey in silence the tyrannous word of command. Then, more than ever, it is the duty of the good citizen not to be silent, and spite of obloquy, misrepresentation, and abuse, to insist on being heard, and with sober counsel to maintain the everlasting validity of the principles of the moral law.

"My friends, America has been compelled against the will of all her wisest and best to enter into a path of darkness and peril. Against their will she has been forced to turn back from the way of civilization to the way of barbarism, to renounce for the time her own ideals. It depends on the virtue, on the enlightened patriotism of her children whether her future steps shall be upward to the light or downward to the darkness."

It required a good deal of moral courage to utter such unpopular sentiments—a good deal of the spirit of the old Hebrew prophets. It brought down upon him a perfect avalanche of vituperation, of which the following, from the Rochester, N. Y., *Democrat*, is a specimen:

"A little more than a century ago the author of such sentiments would have been hanged to a convenient tree. Later in our history he would have been carried about on a rail; now he is left to stew in his own littleness."

To-morrow you will live, you always cry;
In what fair country does this morrow lie,
That 'tis so mighty long ere it arrive?
Beyond the Indies does this morrow live?
'Tis so far-fetched, this morrow, that I fear
'Twill be both very old and very dear.
'To-morrow I will live,' the fool does say:
To-day itself's too late;—the wise lived yesterday.

Current Events.



THE ALTARS, CUBA.

PROGRESS OF THE WAR.

The south-eastern coast of Cuba presents a rugged and mountainous front to the sea. It is indented with deep bays running far into the mountains like those at Santiago and Guantamamo. Its interior is an almost pathless tropical jungle with only a few mule tracks over the hills—an exceedingly difficult country in which to conduct modern military operations. The guerrilla methods of the Spaniards and the Cubans are largely caused by the nature of the country in which they fight. Our initial cut gives a glimpse of the coast line, mentioned in the press despatches, having in the foreground the curious flat-topped rocks named Los Altars, or The Altars, and in the interior the serrated and chapperal covered mountains. This place was one of the first bombarded by the Americans in landing. "The first offering on the 'Altars' for the appeasement of the god of war," writes the correspondent of the *Globe*, "was some poor man's home." It is curious that the same epithet occurs in Virgil's *Aeneid*:

Those hidden rocks th' Ausonian sailors
knew;
They called them Altars when they rose in
view,
And showed their spacious backs above the
flood.

Instead of the thrumming of the light guitar, supporting our picture, is heard the deadly hum of the Mauser bullet.

Admiral Sampson made the charge, which was re-echoed by the whole American press, that the Spaniards had barbarously mutilated the American dead. This charge which greatly exasperated the nation the Admiral has withdrawn. It was all the work of the horrible Mauser missiles.

It was no light achievement to convey 16,000 men two thousand miles by land and a thousand by sea, and to land them without mishap on a hostile shore. The advance over the rugged hills beset like an *abbatis*, with thorns and thickets, prickly pears, and sword plants which cut like a knife, under a tropical sun and tropical storms, in the face of a watchful and relentless foe, whose tactics were more like those of the aboriginal Indians than of modern warfare, exhibited the greatest pluck and daring. But the Cuban insurgents were even more wily in this guerrilla fighting than the Spaniards and proved invaluable scouts to the American troops. The miles of barb wire fences offered a novel but futile opposition to the inventive American genius, which quickly cut the wires, battered the fences to pieces, and gallantly charged against the Spanish entrenchments.

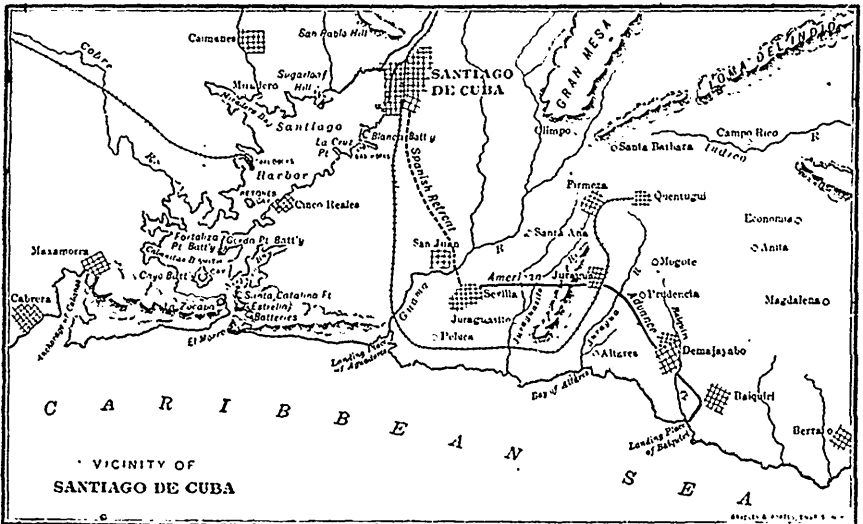
But the pity of it is that the loss of

many brave men on both sides will carry sorrow to many an American and Spanish home, will leave immedicable wounds, which not the triumph of victory nor the anguish of defeat can make cease to bleed. We totally reject the Jesuitical doctrine that "the end sanctifies the means." We regard it as forever opposed to the will of the loving All-Father that His children, though of different race and creed, should thus slay and destroy one another. The only excuse—if it be an excuse—for such bloodshed, and for the sending of an American fleet across the sea to harry the seaboard of Spain, is the hope that the agony may the sooner be over, that a speedy and permanent peace may be secured.

dash. This may be war, but it is not chivalry. It must, we think, estrange the humane sympathies of the generous American people and of the civilized world. It is a strange comment on the words of our Lord, "If thine enemy hunger feed him, if he thirst give him drink."

If it be demoralizing to read of murder and crimes of violence, it must be still more so to read daily of wholesale slaughter by the coldly engineering of war, and to hear it glorified as the highest expression of patriotism.

It may be sweet and noble to die for one's country—*dulce et decorum*—as Curtius and Winkler did. It is noble to perish in saving life, as many a physician



SUPPING ON HORRORS.

The war news in the mornings' papers is very painful reading to any one with humanitarian instincts. War in its essence is a relapse into barbarism, the awaking of the savage instincts of the cave men of the stone age, the use of brute force instead of reason. It is not pleasant to think of civilized men stripping half-naked, whetting their swords and machetes, and lying in wait for the chance to slaughter one another. It is hard to read of brave men knocked over "like jack rabbits," or blown to pieces by dynamite shells. It is painful to contemplate the sufferings of the innocent women and children and noncombatants in Santiago famishing of thirst in that torrid climate, their supply of water being cut off by a much belauded military

fireman, sailor and engine driver has done. But to kill as many of one's fellow men as possible with overwhelming force and superior weapons, and with as much safety to one's self as can be secured, is not so heroic. Yet these are the rules of war.

NOBLE IDEALS.

The American Republic entered upon the present war for the liberation of Cuba with high and Christian ideals. The better sentiment of that country still insists on their maintenance to the end. On the question of indemnity the *New York Independent* takes this high ground: "The carrying out of these noble principles will forever stop the mouths of cavillers who affirm that the war had its origin in a

greed for gain, and will set such an example of high-souled honour and chivalrous self-sacrifice as the world has never seen before. We have declared, and truthfully, that we have not entered-upon it for the purpose of conquest. The purpose was to deliver Cuba from intolerable oppression. We were not hunting for spoil; we were not fishing for indemnity. We are fighting for nothing but philanthropy; and this fact the Christian church must insist upon, and it must require our people to go no further. While Christianity forbids us to take Spain's territory for the purpose of indemnity, still more would it forbid us to demand a money indemnity for the expense of the war. Doubtless precedent would allow it, not Christianity. When the war ends the United States will be strong and rich; Spain will be weak and poor. We shall be aggrandized; Spain will be humiliated. What credit would we deserve for philanthropy if we demanded pay for it? What Christianity would there be in compelling Spain, already nearly bankrupt, with her people already crushed with taxes, to pay many millions of dollars to ease our lighter burdens? It would be a crime before God. Would that be the way to obey the command "Love your enemies?" It might be the manner of war; it would not be the manner of Christ."

We are sorry to see this noble ideal repudiated by some American journals. The San Francisco *Argonaut* says:

"As for this folly of promising to wage a foreign war for the profit of an alien people, such a promise binds only the Congress which made it. That Congress is now dying, and will soon be dead. With its death its foolish promise dies."

Nevertheless, the Cubans will hold the nation to its promise. Col. F. Figuerido writes to the *Independent*:

"We recall your solemn pledges. The United States Congress has declared that the people of the Island of Cuba should be free and independent. The United States has solemnly promised not to exercise sovereignty or control except for pacification. We have the fullest confidence in the American Government, to believe that these pledges will be carried out to the letter."

VICTORIES OF PEACE.

Lord Salisbury has been a good deal carped at by British jingoes because he did not go to war with Russia or Germany on the Chinese question, or with France about the Niger Hinterland. Bismarck, the man of "blood and iron," sneered at him as a lath painted to look like a sword. It is greatly to his credit

that he has secured the "open door" in China, and the settlement of the Niger question by peaceful diplomacy, without invoking the dreadful and uncertain arbitrament of war. Better carry to his grave such a record as is his and Gladstone's, in favour of peace, rather than the blood-stained history of the Iron Chancellor. It is said that our peace-loving Queen has resolved that, so far as she can prevent it—and her influence is most potent—there shall be no great war during her life. Thank God for the wise instincts alike of the sovereign and of the woman. May her life long be spared to maintain in the future, as she has for so many years in the past, the victories of peace instead of the atrocities of war.

OILING THE BEARINGS.

The payment by the United States to Canada of the large award, due for the Behring Sea claims, and the prospective removal of other causes of estrangement, are an omen of more kindly relations in the future. "For years past," says Mr. Stead, "the relations between the Dominion and the Republic have been somewhat of a hedgehoggy order. There were any number of prickly points, prompting friction and irritation which at any moment might develop into an angry sore. Previous efforts to adjust these points of difference had failed. It is now said that owing to the more cordial feeling that exists between the two great branches of the English-speaking race, all the outstanding difficulties have been satisfactorily dealt with. Several of them have been settled for good, while in the case of others a workable *modus vivendi* has been arrived at. Cordiality between nations is like oil in machinery—it keeps the bearings from heating and makes it possible for the engine to work."

We thank God that both the first of July in Canada and the fourth of July in the United States, our respective national birthdays, are being celebrated with far more Christian spirit and international good will than has ever been the case before. Instead of re-vamping worn-out stories of war and conflict, they are being devoted to kindly appreciation of the ties of brotherhood, a bond of peace. One of the significant indications of this is the Fourth of July number of *Forward*, the official young people's paper of the Presbyterian Church of the United States. This paper, is very largely made up of articles highly appreciative of Canada and its people, with a capital picture of our Parliament buildings at Ottawa.

THE JOINT COMMISSION.

The Appropriations Committee of the United States Senate—the body that almost stampeded the country into war with Great Britain two years and a half ago, the body that thwarted the arbitration movement a year ago, that precipitated the Spanish war two months ago—is reported to have refused the grant of fifty thousand dollars to pay the expense of the joint commission to settle outstanding matters of dispute with Canada. Such a malice makes that body contemptible in the eyes of its own country and of the world. It is like Mrs. Partington trying to sweep back the Atlantic. It will be impossible thus to dam the rising tide of good will between the kindred nations.

"THE COLOSSUS OF RHODES."

The star of Mr. Cecil Rhodes, that maker of empire in Africa, is again in the ascendant. His far-reaching plans for linking Cairo and the Cape by telegraph and rail are rapidly developing. He is transporting the whole Fingo tribe from the south to the mining districts of Mashonaland. "The first instalment," says the *Outlook*, "will consist of about ten thousand persons. Each head of a family is to receive ten acres of land on condition of his furnishing a certain number of days of free labour. It is also announced that Mr. Rhodes has bought thirty ranches in Cape Colony, the smallest of which contains eight thousand acres. Here, relying on favourable climate and soil, he will try fruit-growing for the British market, the crops ripening about January 1. This last scheme may prove not only a commercial but a political success; it may result in Mr. Rhodes's return to the Cape Premiership."

MR. GLADSTONE AT WORK.

The indefatigable energy of the grand old man is humorously indicated in the above cartoon from *Punch*. It would seem impossible that one pair of hands could write all the letters and post cards that came from his busy pen, to say nothing of the tree-felling, both literal and metaphorical, in which he was engaged. He accomplished his great work, not by being in a hurry and flurry—for this he never was—but by his rigid economy of time and by his method in work. When he was visiting at a country house, for instance, after dinner, in the evening, in conversation and repartee, he took a

prominent part, he would retire to his room and resume his reading "like a student," says a narrator, "cramming for an examination."

THE HON. J. A. CHAPLEAU.

The death of the Hon. Joseph A. Chapleau removes an eminent French-Canadian statesman. He had a distinguished career, both in Provincial and Dominion politics. In 1867, with only ten shillings in his pocket, he ran for a seat in the local Legislature. His eloquence captured the admiration and votes of the electors of his native Province. He entered the Quebec Legislature in 1867, became Solicitor-General in 1873, and subsequently Provincial Secretary, and in 1879, Premier of his native Province. Entering Dominion politics he held the office of Secretary of State, and for a brief period Minister of Customs. In 1892 he became Lieutenant-Governor of Quebec. He was a very eloquent speaker, and was sometimes called the "Gambetta of Canada."



MR. GLADSTONE AT WORK.
(*Punch's Idea.*)

UNITING THE FLAGS.

For many years at the international conventions of the Christian Endeavor, Epworth League, Chautauqua Assembly, and other Christian institutions the Union Jack and Stars and Stripes have twined their folds together. These have prepared, in large degree, the way of the strong tie of brotherhood which unites

the kindred people, which have so many of the noblest elements of nationhood in common. It is most gratifying to the patriot and lover of his kind to see these emblems of law and order and liberty gracefully wreathed together. The celebration of the Queen's birthday by American troops at Tampa, and the visiting boys in blue at Kingston, Niagara Falls and elsewhere, is an augury, let us hope, of that broader brotherhood, of that international peace and good will, which we hope will soon engirdle the world. Our genial humorist, Mr. J. W. Bengough, has in one of his cartoons superimposed the Union Jack upon the Stars and Stripes, and one of our public buildings in Toronto has for weeks flung to the breeze a gigantic flag on which the Royal Standard of England is quartered on the flag so dear to our American kinsfolk. God grant that more and more these nations, which more than any others represent the higher Christian civilization of the twentieth century, may abide in love and brotherhood, and lead the van in the march of progress through the ages.

A WONDERFUL F. URTH.

In the brilliant days of William Pitt, Britain's great Commoner, who declared that "England should moult no feather of her crest," Horace Walpole used to say—one must ask every day what new victory there is." But never in the history of Great Britain nor of any other country has one day brought intelligence of so many important events from many parts of the world as the forever-historic Fourth of July, 1898.

The investment and victories at Santiago, the destruction of the Spanish fleet, the capture of Admiral Cervera with 1,600 prisoners, would seem triumph enough. But from Manila comes, the same day, the tidings of the strong reinforcement of Dewey with ships and stores and men, and the capture of the *Ladrones*. These achievements should show poor, proud, decrepid Spain the futility of further struggle and should lead to a speedy and permanent peace.

The heavy losses of the United States should temper victory with regret,

"The tumult and the shouting dies—
The captains and the kings depart—
Still stands thine ancient Sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!"

This memorable Fourth will bring sad thoughts to many besides the friends of the slain Spaniards and Americans. The loss of the *Bourgogne*—one of the most dreadful sea tragedies on record—should make us all realize on what a slender tenure hangs everlasting things.

RALLYING FOR THE CAMPAIGN.

The Plebiscite Temperance Convention in this city early in July was a very noteworthy rally. It gave no uncertain sound on the great moral issue before the country. It was almost like a Methodist Conference, so many of our ministers and laymen were present. We rejoice that our church is practically a unit in favor of prohibition of the drink traffic—a traffic in the bodies and the souls of men—a slavery of the mind and heart and will: worse than the African slavery of the thews and sinews.

We rejoice that the overwhelming weight of influence in all the churches is in favor of the greatest of moral reforms. With a combined and hearty effort, with a long pull, a strong pull, and, above all, a pull altogether, victory is sure to follow the plebiscite campaign of 1898.

It is an inspiring thought that while the sounds of war are abroad, our country is engaged in a great moral crusade, the weapons of which are not bullets but ballots—not the sword of the flesh, but the sword of the Spirit—the word of the living God. The appeal is not to brute force, but to reason and righteousness. This is the only appeal that is availing; nothing is settled till it is settled right.

In this moral crusade there may be room for greater courage, for more heroic moral daring, for nobler endeavor than in seeking the bubble reputation at the cannon's mouth. From beginning to end it is a sublime endeavor to save the lives and souls of the future generations of our beloved land. May God's blessing rest abundantly upon the labours of his servants.

IMPORTANT ORIENTAL FIND.

Every biblical scholar, says the *Independent*, knows that the Hebrew account of the deluge found in Genesis has been paralleled by two Babylonian accounts, one that of Berosus, a Babylonian historian, whose narrative has been handed down to us by early Greek Christian writers; and the other, that found on Assyrian tablets by George Smith. Both resemble, and yet both differ from the Genesis story. Biblical critics have dif-

ferred as to the age of the biblical story, the more conservative holding that, being written by Moses, it is older than his time and was incorporated by him into the book of Genesis, while the newer school of critics were, until the discovery of the Tel-el-Amarna tablets, inclined to believe that the story was borrowed from Nineveh or Babylon at the time of the captivity, or not long before it, at which time the book of Genesis was written.

The discovery by George Smith of a full poetical account of the deluge, on tablets in King Assurbanipal's library at Nineveh, was of immense interest; but it did not assure us of the age of the deluge story among the inhabitants of the Euphrates valley; for it was on tablets written in Assurbanipal's reign, that is scarce 600 years before Christ. To be sure, these were said to be copied from tablets in Babylonian libraries, but we did not know how old these original tablets were. Besides the deluge story was on the 11th tablet in a long poem, compiled in twelve books, one for each month, in a quite artificial way, and might belong to a comparatively late period of religious and literary syncretism. The original Babylonian tablets, from which the Assyrian copies were made, were much desired.

Now Pere Scheil has made the discovery. To be sure, the record on the tablet does not amount to much, it is such a fragmentary bit; but it is large enough to make sure that the tablet contained the story of the deluge, and, most fortunately, the most important part of all is preserved, the colophon, with the date. It is dated in the reign of Ammi-zaduga, King of Babylon, and we know that he reigned about 2140 B.C. That is we have here a precious bit of clay on which was written a poetical story of the deluge seven centuries before Moses and about the time of Isaac and Jacob. That is enough to make the discovery memorable. We learn positively that the story of the deluge was familiar to the common people of Babylonia, and therefore of all the East from Syria to Persia.

This text is in poetry. It proves that the poetic construction was fixed more than 2,000 years before Christ. Each line is divided into two hemistichs, as in Hebrew poetry. The fragment is large enough to show that it is a poem full of polytheistic version and has been thoroughly purged, giving mythical details, of which the genesis is a tale purely monotheistic, absolutely ethical, and fit to give religious instruction to an unscientific people in the infancy of civilization.

Religious and Missionary Intelligence.

The reception of Chancellor Burwash and Principal Shaw, fraternal delegates from our General Conference to the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, was an exceedingly interesting occasion. Dr. Burwash, with his Scottish antecedents and upbringing on the Shorter Catechism, had a distinct advantage. But Dr. Shaw, with his wide culture and genial sympathies, was not far behind. They both captured the hearts of the Assembly. Our affinities and affiliations with the Presbyterian Church are closer than that of any other. These fraternal greetings do much to knit more closely the bonds of brotherhood between these kindred brigades of the same great army.

The *Presbyterian Review* makes the significant statement that graduates of Union Seminary, New York, are finding increasing difficulty in securing settlements. Before the Briggs agitation, 75 per cent. of them usually had calls before

graduation day. This year, out of twenty-seven Presbyterians in the graduating class, only four are placed. At Princeton over 50 per cent. of the class are virtually settled, and at Auburn every man is already taken up. The prejudice against Union men is becoming so great that not a few of her students now prefer taking their final year elsewhere to avoid it. The McGiffert agitation is not likely to improve the situation.

President Eliot says that Boston University (Methodist) has made greater progress in its twenty-five years than did Harvard in its first two hundred. In all departments, last year, the number of its students was nearly fifteen hundred.

Bishop Earl Cranston, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, has sailed from Vancouver, B.C., for an episcopal visit to Japan, Korea and China. He expects to visit the Conferences and missions of the

Methodist Episcopal Church in those countries.

Dr. Carman has been writing a very interesting series of letters on his visit to Japan in the *Evening News*. We reprint some of these in *Onward*.

The Methodists have the largest Christian church in Corea and in China.

Another Gospel car has been purchased by the English Wesleyan Home Mission Department, making nine in all. It is intended to increase the number to twelve.

The anniversary of Hugh Price Hughes' West London Mission, this year, is said to have eclipsed all former anniversaries. About £3,000 was raised for the work. The church membership at the mission is 1,514, the largest in its history.

The membership of the British Wesleyan Methodist Church, as appears from the official returns made to the synods, now stands at 442,258, an increase of 3,299 on last year; 44,160 new members have been received during the new year, so that the "leakage" amounts to 11,216 members.

According to late official returns there are in Canada 99,304 Indians. Of these 70,394 are classified as belonging to various religious denominations. The greater number, 41,813, are Roman Catholics; 16,129 are Anglicans; 10,273, Methodists; 807, Presbyterians, and 13,062 belong to other Christian bodies. The religion of 12,300 is unknown, and 16,677 are pagans.

Advices brought by steamers from China, says the *North-Western Christian Advocate*, report that food riots occurred last month in the upper Yang-tse-Kiang valley. These riots have greatly enhanced the danger of a general outbreak in Central China against the Peking Government and foreigners. Chow Han, a mandarin of Human, has excited his ignorant and suspicious people by an address in which he declared that the time has come "to exterminate the foreign hogs and goats in China and all converts to their religion." His utterances are the most bitter anti-foreign utterances ever heard in China. Missionaries through the Yang-tse-Kiang valley have been warned of danger and to keep out of the new districts.

On the Samoan Islands two hundred native churches support their own preachers.

There are at present eighty-six missionaries, men and women, labouring among Mohammedans in Morocco, Algiers, Tunis and Tripoli.

The China Inland Mission has received a splendid gift. A legacy of \$900,000 has been left to Mr. J. Hudson Taylor for its work.

There are now upwards of 1,000 schools for natives in China under foreigners. They range from the village day school up to high schools and colleges. In this empire there are no schools for girls, except those founded by the missionaries.

As an illustration of the progress of self-support in India, in the mission of the Lutheran General Synod, while the expenses of village congregations have advanced in ten years from \$4,500 to \$6,451, the receipts from the natives have increased from \$158 to \$2,806.

The Emperor of China has sent to the British and Foreign Bible Society's bookstore for 400 foreign books translated into the Chinese language.

The missions of the foreign stations of the Wesleyan Church reports 43,845 full members. The first year's missionary collection of the Wesleyan Church was \$250, and the present year's, \$699,630.

"During my residence in China," says Rev. J. Southy, "I have never seen an indecent picture of any kind. The Chinese would not tolerate some of the pictures that are exhibited in tobacco-shops in this country."

The Religious Tract Society of England issued during its ninety-ninth year nearly 60,000,000 books and other publications. The combined trade and missionary income was \$666,135. The centenary fund of \$250,000 is approaching completion, \$170,000 having been raised. The number of languages and dialects in which the Society has publications is 229.

According to a newspaper paragraph, Rev. W. H. Morrison, of Manchester, N.H., has voluntarily relinquished \$500 of his \$2,000 annual salary because of the cut of 20 per cent. in the wages paid at the mills and the consequent hard times in the parish and the town.

A curious spectacle is to be witnessed on Sundays in the pretty little church of Hampden—always associated with the memory of John Hampden—for there are to be seen a peer of the realm, his wife, and the stone-breaker to the parish council, all assisting in divine worship. The Earl of Buckingham reads the lessons, the Countess plays the organ, while the stone-breaker plays the useful part of verger.

The *Michigan Christian Advocate* says:

"Of 1,955 Baptist ministers in Great Britain and Ireland, 1,556 are reported to be total abstainers. Out of 2,847 Congregational ministers in England and Wales, 2,364 abstain from strong drink. In some of the Methodist bodies the percentage of total abstainers is still larger. Out of 17,468 ministers in the M. E. Church, how many are total abstainers? We think about 17,468."

Mr. Alfred Lee says that among the islands of Malaysia there is "no spot of like dimensions whose people are so well taught, so intelligent and well behaved, whose villages are so well ordered and clean, whose houses are so well built and kept in such good repair, and whose women and children are so well cared for, as in Celebes."

Dr. T. J. Scott, of Bareilly, India, says: "Within a few years more than 100,000 souls from among the sweeper caste of this country have been gathered into the Christian community. For centuries the name of Jesus and something of his teaching have been known in India apart from the direct work of the missionaries. There is a tradition that a sweeper was the means of restoring to life a hero of the Sikhs, Guru Govind Sing. The hero saint immediately said:

"Come thou Saviour of the world, Jesus.
Under thy sway shall flowers and betel
leaf fall from heaven.
All men shall gather together and cry in
joy;
All hail thou Ruler of the universe,
Vanquisher of foes and fosterer of the
poor."

A meeting in Borneo in May, 1859, was the means of starting the Sumatra Mission. There are now nineteen missionary stations in Sumatra in a population of 3,000,000, with twenty-two European missionaries and 21,799 church members. Dr. Schrieber, the foreign secretary of the Rhenish Mission, says: "I do not know if there is any other part of the mission field, with the exception of some part of Java, where such large numbers of Mohammedans have been won for Christ as among the Battaks of Sumatra."

RETURN OF DR. CARMAN.

We are glad to learn of the safe return to Canada of our beloved and honoured General Superintendent, Dr. Carman, from his visitation to our missions in Japan. That visitation will be of great service in two ways: It will result in inspiration and consolidation of our work in the Kingdom of the Rising Sun; it

will bring our home work into closer touch and more vital sympathy with our first foreign mission, which has just reached its silver jubilee.

DEATH OF REV. D. C. McDOWELL.

The Rev. D. C. McDowell died at his residence, Bowmanville, July 3, after a brief illness from paralysis. He was seventy-five years of age, and entered the ministry in 1846, being superannuated eight years ago. Since then he had resided in Bowmanville. He led a very active and useful life, was honoured by his brethren by several responsible positions and was highly respected by all favoured with his acquaintance. His widow and seven children survive him. His principal fields of labour were Richmond, St. Andrews, Matilda, Toronto East, Perth, Kemptville, Prescott, Pembroke, Smith's Falls, Barrie, Owen Sound and Bowmanville.

REV. JOHN HOLMES.

"This beloved brother was," writes Dr. Ryckman, "one of the best of men, a faithful pastor and successful worker for thirty-six years. He suffered much, but was wonderfully sustained and cheered, and the end was perfect quietness and peace." He was received on trial at Kemptville in 1861 and attended for a time Victoria College. His appointments were chiefly in Lower Canada: Smith's Falls, Lanark, Harrowsmith, Winchester, Richmond, Arnprior, Bolton, Ormstown, and others. Failing health led to his superannuation, and the later years of his life were spent in Kingston, Ontario. A good man, one that feared God and wrought righteousness.

REV. W. G. HUDGINS.

We learn from the *Christian Guardian* that the Rev. W. G. Hudgins, a superannuated Methodist minister, died at his residence, in Belleville, at noon on Saturday, July 2. Deceased was fifty-nine years of age. The immediate cause of his death was blood poisoning. He leaves four daughters. Mr. Hudgins held a number of charges prior to coming to this city, and since that time did considerable circuit work in the northern part of this county. At the Conference just closed, however, he finally retired from the active list. He was a man of strong convictions and great force of character, and was well known throughout the district.

Book Notices.

Dreamers of the Ghetto. By I. ZANGWILL.
New York: Harper & Bros.; Toronto:
William Briggs. Price, \$1.50.

The influence of Hebrew thought on literature, science, art, politics and religion would be a fascinating subject for a book or essay. A strong reason for the jealousy exhibited toward the Jewish race is its predominant influence in journalism and finance and politics in Central Europe. In the serene regions of philosophy and poetry the same jealousy does not exist.

In this book a Son of Israel, proud of the traditions of his race, gives a series of brief biographies treated in the form of romantic sketches. The Ghettos and Judengassen, in which the Jews from time immemorial have been confined in the cities of Europe, are made to yield their striking stories of the strange Hebrew people.

"They lived in narrow streets and lanes
obscure,
Ghetto and Judenstrass, in mirk and
mire;
Taught in the school of patience to endure
The life of anguish and the death of fire.

"For in the background figures vague and
* and vast
Of patriarchs and of prophets rose sub-
lime,
And all the great traditions of the past
They saw reflected in the coming time."

Among these figures are the philosopher Spinoza, the poet Heine, Acosta, Sabbatai Zevi, the Turkish Messiah and others. The sketches, we judge, are historically correct. The author gives their subjects a sympathetic interpretation. There is a vein of pensiveness, almost of sadness and pessimism in these dreamers—these gropers after truth who often fail to find it. The book throws considerable light on Jewish character. Rejecting the true Messiah and devoting such time and thought to the lying legends of the Talmud, their judgment has been sadly perverted, and, to use the poet's words again, they misread the whole history of their race and of the world,

"And thus forever with reverted look
The mystic volume of the world they
read,
Spelling it backward, like a Hebrew book,
Till life became a legend of the dead."

Through the Gold Fields of Alaska to Behring Straits. By HARRY DE WINDT, F.R.G.S., author of "A Ride to India," etc. With a map and illustrations. Pp. xii., 314. 8vo, cloth, ornamental. New York: Harper & Bros.; Toronto: William Briggs. Price, \$2.50.

This is an account of an English traveler with a foreign-looking name through the regions which have become famous throughout the world as the Arctic Eldorado. It describes not only the Klondike, but the little known region stretching on to Behring Straits. The intrepid explorer had many painful experiences and adventures, which are vividly recorded in this book. "It will hold the attention," says the *Christian Intelligencer*, "as the best novels do." "Not many recent successes in the way of recent travel" says the *London Chronicle*, "equal it in grim human interest." The book is gotten up in the admirable style of the Harper's Publishing House. It has excellent maps and numerous full-page illustrations. A valuable appendix gives detailed information as to routes and rates, costs of stores, etc. We shall give this book fuller notice later.

Hassan: A Fella. A Romance of Palestine. By HENRY GILLMAN. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; Toronto: William Briggs.

The writer of this book was for some years United States Consul at Jerusalem. He writes with an intimate knowledge of the peasants of Palestine, and with keen sympathy with their humble joys and sorrows. He has also made a special study of the ancient and modern history of the country, of its archaeology, ethnology, geography and topography. On these subjects his story throws much light. Many who would not study these subjects in a systematic treatise will be beguiled into reading them when interwoven with a story. The almost unchanged manners and customs of Palestine to-day make it, as it has been well said, a Fifth Gospel and a perpetual commentary on the Scriptures.

Much human interest is given to this tale by the simple love story of Hassan and Hilwe—a shepherd lad and a village maid. But their villages have a blood feud, which verifies the adage, "The

course of true love never did run smooth." The writer is not skilled in the literary art, and his style is rather redundant and florid. The book has won the following striking commendation by the accomplished critic of the *New York Independent*:

"One thing is all but perfect in Mr. Gillman's book—the effect we call 'atmospheric.' It is like the aerial illusions in painting, and while we read we are far away. We are taken up in a dream, and

'Pause on the goat-crags of Tabor to see
The gleam of thy waters, O dark Galilee.'

A biblical, patriarchal, pastoral spirit pervades it. Indeed, the whole book is saturated with the author's reverence for the Holy Land, its legends, traditions, glory, misery—its romance, in a word, and its one supreme glory, the impress of the Chosen of God and of the Master who walked among them."

Dawn. By H. RIDER HAGGARD, author of "King Solomon's Mines," etc. New edition. Longman's Colonial Library. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co. Pp., 371. With sixteen full-page engravings.

This is a reprint of Haggard's first story. It has all the characteristics of its many successors, the vivid description, the breathless interest, the involved plot, the happy *denouement*. It has been many times reprinted, and is one of the most popular of his tales. The high-priced, three volume edition is here compressed into a convenient sized book for summer reading. It may beguile a holiday in the hammock.

How the Dutch came to Manhattan. Penned and Pictured by BLANCHE McMANUS. New York: E. R. Herriek & Co. Toronto: William Briggs.

This is a companion book to the "Voyage of the *Mayflower*," not long since reviewed in these pages. At the mouth of the Hudson is situated the second largest city in the world. The story of the beginnings of this great city, and the voyage of Hendric Hudson in the

Half Moon up the noble river that bears his name, is a very noteworthy one. Washington Irving's history of Diedrich Knickerbocker is too much the creation of romance for busy people wishing to learn the facts of history. This little volume is "a noble tale well told of valiant deeds well done." Odd pictures of the old Dutch town of Manhattan and its people, with their queer costumes, its shipping, its windmills and its odd houses, lend interest to the volume.

The King's Jackal. By RICHARD HARDING DAVIS, with illustrations by C. D. GIBSON. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

Mr. Davis's "Soldiers of Fortune" was one of the most successful books of last year. It described one of those South American revolutions which so frequently occur—clearing the political atmosphere as the cyclone clears the sultry air. His last book, "The King's Jackal," describes the attempt made by one of the petty kinglets of southern Europe to recover his forfeited throne. The king is a scoundrel, and his jackal is not very much better, but in comparison with the king seems quite reputable. Miss Carson, an American heiress from California, a zealous Romanist, is induced by Father Paul, an insinuating priest, to help the movement with her millions for the sake of the church and the salvation of the king's sixty thousand subjects. But Mr. Gordon, a shrewd American newspaper man, frustrates the king's little game, and justice is administered all round. The story is very cleverly told, and Gibson's illustrations make you feel that you know the actors in it.

The Bibliotheca Sacra, now in its sixty-eighth year, announces that Rev. N. D. Hillis, D.D., and Rev. F. W. Gunsaulus, D.D., of Chicago, become associate editors with the July number. This is one of the oldest, as well as one of the strongest of the religious quarterlies. The book reviews by Dr. Holbrook are of special value.

Falling asleep awhile, I dreamed of fragrance,
Then waking, at my pillow found a bunch
Of roses sweet, brought by a loving friend,
Half flushed with glowing pink and half were drest
All in pure white.

Oft through the night of earth
We dream of heaven, and many a token find
That our Best Friend Himself has been beside us.

—Parkinson.