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RIZPAH.

BY E. TALLMADGE ROOT.

Why should my Lord, the King, inquire
The name

Of such a dead dog? such a worthless flea?
Thy servant is a man of Gibeon.

Placed by my brethren here on guard. For
when

Jehovah sent long famine on the land,
Because Saul's bloody house kept not the
oath

Which Joshua to our wily fathers swore,
My Lord himself gave up seven sons of Saul,
And them we hanged before the face of God.
Then, to thy servant, said the Gibeonites;
"Watch thou, lest any pluck these bodies
down."

Let not my Lord in wrath say: "None
would touch
The hated of Jehovah and the King!"—
For one did dare show kindness.

When I saw,—
Just as the first long day grew dark with
night,—

That figure robed in sackcloth, quick I ran,
Stood in the path, and cried: "Back, on
thy life!"

Then, lo! a woman's sob shook the strange
form;

And as the parting cloud shows white and
gold,

The swaying sackcloth to mine eyes disclosed
Fine linen and such gems as queens may wear.
"Wilt thou forbid me to approach my sons?"

"Daughter of Aiah," I exclaimed, "for
thee

This grim sight were not fit! To gaze on
flowers

Thine eyes were made; thy limbs, for
damaak couch.

True, dead is Saul; and princely Abner, dead;
But men there are who live—"I stopped,
amazed.

So have I seen the lioness, at bay,
Glare, while she screened her whelps.

"Fool! let me pass!
Two, yonder, are my boys!"

"Woman," said I,
"If one be taken, my corpse hangs for his."

"Now as Jehovah liveth," burst she forth;
"I swear that I will loose nor thong nor nail!

I will but drive away the beasts by night,
And birds of air by day, from their dear
forms.

Then, if I break my oath, strike thou me
dead."

My Lord, what could I do? I let her pass;
For in my heart I thought: "Within an hour,

From the first wolf that howls, back will
she flee!"

O King, seest thou these big and welcome
drops?

The rains for which this bloody offering
prayed,

The autumn rains, are near. 'Twas harvest
then,

First days of barley harvest, when they died,
See, still she keeps her vigils!

Stout my heart,
King David, tho' ye call me "hewer of wood
And drawer of water" still; and I have seen
Thy lion-hearted men of Judah fight.

But never have I known courage like this!
No man of all mankind but what had fled,
Long moons ago, from yon accursed spot!

Fled from the grim realities of day,
And from the half-heard horrors of the night,
Lest sounds and sights and smells had set
him mad!

But Rizpah spread her sackcloth on the rock,
And bared her dainty arm to sun and wind.
And with her slender wrists beat back brute
might;

Till angry eagles quailed before her eyes,
And lions fled rage fiercer than their own,
The fierceness of a human mother's love!

My Lord, Saul would not know the girl
he made

The pretty plaything of his idle hours;
Nor Abner recognize the face for which
His soul turned traitor to his master's house.
Gaunt, haggard, withered, browned, un-
kempt and foul—

She that once matched the glowing, fragrant
rose!

Yet to my mind, she seems more glorious,
Thus stripped of every grace that woman
loves,

In the sheer grandeur of her motherhood.

Woe, woe is me! that I have spoken thus,
Who am but dust and ashes, to the King!
What saith my Lord? Have my ears heard
aright?—

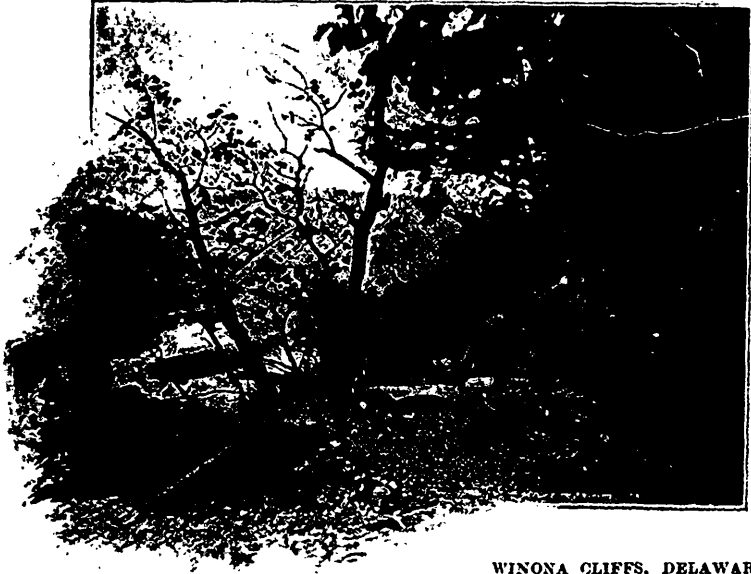
Ho! Rizpah, ho! Thy vigils have an end!
Yet shall thy sons lie with the great of earth
Where troubleshooters cease and where the weary
rest!

For one hath told King David of thy deed;
And lo! he comes to give fit burial
To all the house of Saul—Now weep, poor
eyes!

Hands tense and torn, unclench! Relax,
brave heart!

E'en hate and hell yield to a mother's love!

—The Independent.



WINONA CLIFFS, DELAWARE
WATER GAP.



DELAWARE WATER GAP, IN THE BLUE RIDGE MOUNTAINS.

Methodist Magazine and Review.

MAY, 1904.

ON THE LACKAWANNA.



SUMMER CARNIVAL AT WATER GAP.



PROFESSOR BRIGHAM in his book on the effects of geology and geography on history and progress shows by relief maps how the great Appalachian range for nearly one hundred and fifty years cut off in a large degree communication between the old

colonial sea-board and the interior. When General Braddock's army advanced to the Ohio valley thousands of men were engaged for months in cutting a road over the Alleghanies. When the railway era dawned, even the sea of mountains that tossed their lofty crests against the sky were compelled to give way to the advance of the iron horse. Now, from the

Chesapeake and Ohio Railway in the south to the Lackawanna in the north, there are no less than seven railway systems crossing this mountain barrier.

While the conditions make railway building difficult and costly, it adds greatly to the picturesqueness and pleasure of travel. On our Northwest prairies the Canadian Pacific was built at the rate, in places, of two miles a day; in parts of the Alleghanies, two miles a month would be nearer the rate of progress. To travel over the prairies is almost as monotonous as a voyage over the liquid plains of ocean—not without, of course, a majesty of its own. A ride through the Alleghanies presents a panorama of endless variety of mountain and valley, shining river reaches, and snowy waterfalls.



MUSCONETCUNG RIVER.

It is, we deem, an evidence of higher civilization, of nobler mental and moral development, that everybody nowadays possesses a keener appreciation of nature, especially of its sublimer moods, than did the people of a hundred years ago. Every one endeavours to enjoy his summer holiday in which he may get near to nature's heart. The greater tension of modern life, the more eager rush and crush of business, makes it imperative that men should leave its hurly-burly for a time and, Antaeus like, renew their strength by contact with mother earth. But this love of nature is, as we have said, a comparatively modern thing. Switzerland has become the playground of Europe. Its most remunerative crop is its annual crop of tourists. These receive not only health and strength from the mountain air, but moral uplift and inspiration from the mountain solitudes and sublimity, and are conscious of thoughts that lie too deep for words. Yet in this sense Switzerland was

discovered within a hundred years. Before that time travellers spoke only of the "horrid mountains," the "frightful crags," the "dreadful abysses," instead of going into rhapsodies about them as Coleridge and Wordsworth have since done.

John Wesley, although possessing a keener eye for the beautiful than most men of his time, makes almost no reference in his voluminous journals of his travels from end to end of the United Kingdom—to its beauties of mountain and moor, of river and lake. But with the nineteenth century a new sense of the beautiful seemed to be born in man. The great nature poets were the inspirers and the teachers of this new sense. These high priests of nature gave us a revelation of its might and majesty before unknown. Cowper, Wordsworth, Scott, Byron, Tennyson, and the school of Lake poets, all became high priests of this new form of worship which led men "from nature up to nature's God," and interpreters of its moral and spiritual significance. Pope and



ALONG THE SUSQUEHANNA.

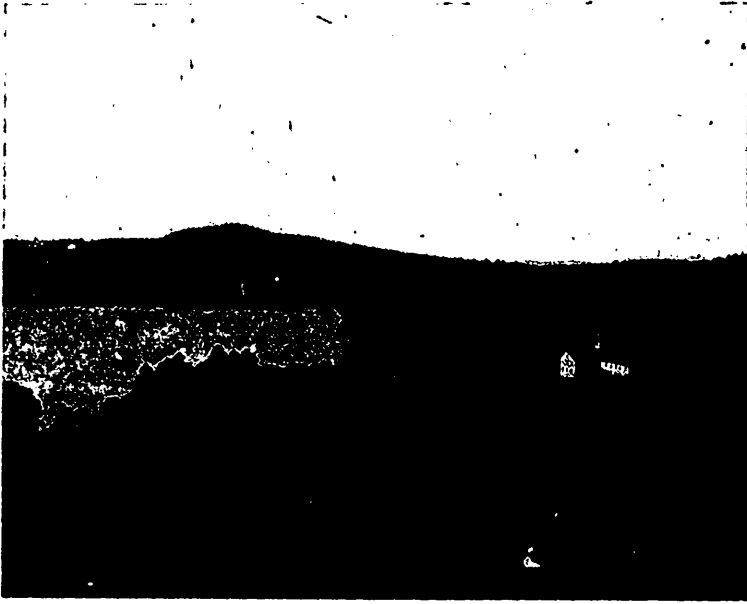
Dryden and their school knew nothing of it. The ancient classic writers seldom referred to the beauties of nature, save of its milder manifestations, as the "flower bespangled meadow," the "rippling rill," the "fertile field." Homer, the greatest of them all, seems almost alone to have rejoiced in these great elemental forces which speak of divine power and energy. Over and over again he describes "the wine-dark sea," "the violet-coloured wave," the majesty of high Olympus, the beauty of the vale of Tempe.

In the Hebrew Scriptures we have manifested a keen sympathy with nature and recognition of its might and majesty: "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help." "Thy righteousness is like the great mountains." "His strength setteth fast the mountains." "Mountains and hills praise the Lord." These, and many other passages in the Psalms, in Job, in the prophecies, show a realizing sense of God in these manifestations of His power. "The glory of Lebanon," "the excellency of Carmel

and Sharon," the grandeur of Hermon—those great features of Palestine—are over and over described.

The modern landscape painters have had much to do with the cultivation of this new higher sense of beauty. The old masters, while matchless in portraiture, painted impossible landscapes. Ruskin says no man ever painted a tree till Turner showed them how; and still more true is this of mountain sublimities. Ruskin himself has become the interpreter of nature to multitudes whose eyes he has opened to the beauty of mountain and valley, river and lake. The number of landscapes and seascapes on the walls of our modern art galleries, and the annual exodus to the mountains and sea-shore show the growth of this new cult and feeling. Anticipating by two hundred years this sentiment, Milton said, "It is treason against nature not to seek out and enjoy her beautiful scenes."

It was not, however, an abstract discussion that we began to write, but it was to recall memories of a summer tour of many years ago to



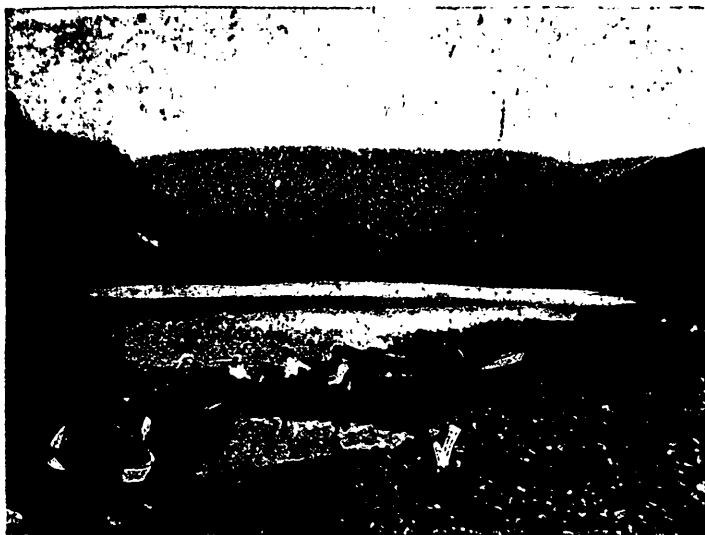
THE WINOLA, LAKE WINOLA, PA.

one of the most picturesque regions of New York and Pennsylvania, which we are enabled to illustrate with the fine half-tones which accompany this article.

The Lackawanna Railway offers the shortest route between the Niagara River and tide-water at the Atlantic coast, and traverses a region of remarkable scenic attraction. One soon enters upon the rolling hill country of western New York, through which a couple of years ago we made a bicycle tour. But these great hills and wide, deep valleys, believe us, are much more easily negotiated in a comfortable train than by pushing a forty pound wheel up their long slopes. The view of the broad, fertile Genesee valley from the heights above Danville is one of striking magnificence. Soon we enter the winding Chemung valley, which has given its name to an important geological group. The crowding hills seem to forbid further progress, but always open a gateway when an exit seems impossible.

Though not directly on the line of the Lackawanna, Watkins' Glen is easily reached, via Elmira, by electric cars. It well deserves a visit as a scene of remarkable beauty. It consists properly of a number of glens rising one above another, forming a series of rocky arcades, galleries and grottoes, and vast amphitheatres; its tortuous length extends nearly three miles, and its total ascent to the summit of a mountain above is eight hundred feet. Following in its eccentric course is a beautiful stream which descends from section to section in sparkling cascades and rapids, uniting a succession of circular pools in deep, stone basins or wells, grooved and polished like finely wrought marble. One goes leagues out of the way in foreign travel to see sights far less attractive and beautiful.

Another summer resort of remarkable beauty and fascinating interest is Richfield Springs. Situated at an altitude of 1,750 feet and surrounded by the high hills of Northern New York, it combines the



BOATING ON THE DELAWARE RIVER.

charm of mountain, lake, and spa. Richfield Springs is the region of Fenimore Cooper. On the shore of Lake Otsego, Cooper lived and died, and it was the scene of one of his best tales. This lake was the "Glimmer-glass" of "Deerslayer." Mount Otsego is 2,800 feet above sea level. From its summit can be seen the Adirondacks on the north, the Green Mountains in Vermont, the Catskills and ranges of the Alleghanies to the south.

The busy cities of Elmira, Binghamton, Scranton—the latter the heart of the anthracite coal industry—offer attractions to many. Scranton is one of the great coal centres of the world. The broad valley in which the city is situated is studded with mining shafts and coal breakers—the latter being gaunt and blackened structures for breaking up the huge masses of coal into commercial sizes. The vast mounds of debris blacken the landscape for many a mile. But nature must be wooed in her more sequestered scenes to reveal her greatest charms.

The Pocono Mountains reach an altitude of about 2,000 feet, or

higher than the Catskills, with an uninterrupted sweep of sixty miles of country. The effect is that of a gigantic Oriental carpet, with a changing pattern.

One of the most picturesque mountain regions bears the name of *Canadensis*, so suggestive to the Canadian mind. The high altitude, pure air, and dry climate make it especially attractive. All the westerly slope of the plateau is as wild and seemingly remote as the hills of Cape Breton or Newfoundland.

The most magnificent of all in its combined beauty and sublimity is the famous Delaware Water Gap, where the Delaware has broken its way through the Blue Ridge ranges to the sea. This deep gorge, through which winds the romantic river, is wonderfully impressive in the light of the late afternoon, as we first saw it. The shadows creep slowly along the long hill slope and fill the narrow valley as a beaker is filled with wine. Wonderfully solemn and impressive is the scene. We climbed next day at the garish hour of noon to the same magnificent point of view, but in the hard, hot light the



OAK GROVE.

BUSHKILL FALLS.

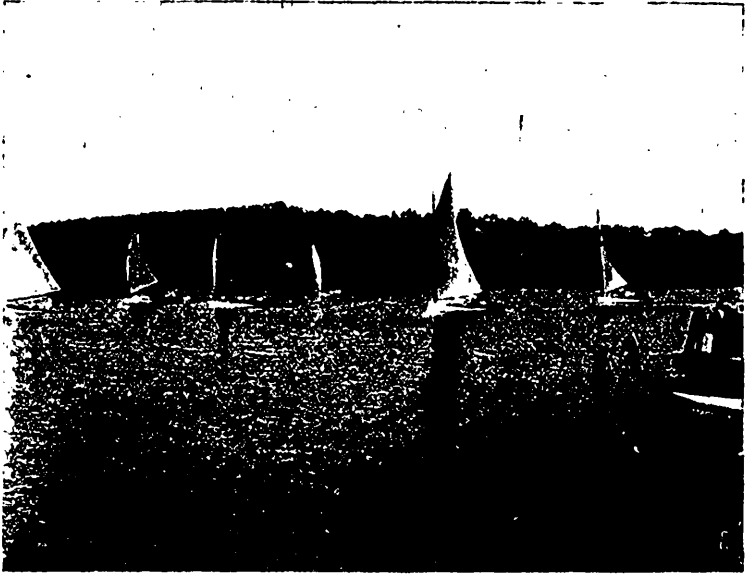
scene was quite disenchanted of its awesome power. The Rev. Daniel Wise, long Sunday-school editor of the Methodist Episcopal Church, thus describes his impressions of the Delaware Water Gap:

"Between the couchant lions that guard the Gap on either side roll the gentle waters of the Delaware, slowly winding its way through a mysterious cut less than a thousand feet wide for the distance of a mile. Seen through the mists of evening, it is a weird and wondrous spot. We speedily find ourselves slowly creeping up what, in the darkness, seems to be a very steep ascending plane. Fifteen minutes of this slow travel and we emerge from the gloom of a tree-lined road to an elevated plateau.

"In the morning we discover abundant charms both for the senses



and the aesthetic tastes. As we look south, the northern end of this remarkable Gap lies at our feet, for we are now three hundred and sixty-five feet above the river. The wood-crowned sides and heights exercise an indescribable influence upon the observer. Their ever-varying lights and shadows delight him, their majesty impresses him with a kind of awe; and as he locks on the beautiful river winding through the nar-



SUMMER REGATTA AT LAKE HOPATCONG.

row channel at their feet, his mind wanders back into the mighty, the unknown past, and wonders how those mountains, once united, were cut in twain by the river.

"A row through the Gap in a boat, toward evening, gave us a clearer impression of this great natural curiosity and drew to our lips the words of the Psalmist, 'O Lord how manifold are Thy works; in wisdom Thou hast made them all.'

"The country around the Gap is associated with names almost classic in modern Christian story. David Brainerd, with a burning heart, once traversed the hills and vales of the Minisink, seeking to win the wild Lenape Indians to Christ and civilization. The Moravians had their missionary establishment at Bethlehem, and their preachers traversed the Delaware, Lehigh and Susquehanna Valleys, preaching Jesus with some success to the red warriors. Then John Brodhead, a Methodist pioneer, greatly beloved, was a native of this region, who went forth with heroic faith and saintly

fervour when only eighteen years old to preach the unsearchable riches of Christ.

"Our allotted week having expired we returned home stronger in body and greatly refreshed in spirit by our communion with the solitudes and beauties of nature. Looking back on that pleasant week we often apply to it these lines of Wordsworth:

" . . . I have learned
To look on nature, not as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth; but hearing often-
times

The still, sad music of humanity.

Therefore am I still
A lover of the meadows and the woods
And mountains; and of all that we behold
From this green earth; of all the mighty
world

Of eye and ear, both what they half create,
And what perceive; well pleased to recognize
In nature and the language of the sense,
The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse,
The guide, the guardian of my heart, and
soul

Of all my moral being."

The word which best describes the Delaware Valley is *restful*. The woodland quiet, the sleep-giving,

nerve-resting, pine-sweetened air, the expanse of placid river, the wondrous peace that nature brings—all contribute to an atmosphere of relaxation. The Delaware River

many places that bid us come aside and rest awhile. There is a haunting sweetness about these northern lakes that sighs through the forests, broods in the wave, unrolls in wide

Baltustol.

Morris County.



Essex County.

Canoe Brook.

Club House, Montclair.

SOME OF NEW JERSEY'S SUBURBAN GOLF LINKS.

winding through the valley enhances the charm which water alone can give to such a region. The union of woods and water forms a picture of peace.

In the highlands of New Jersey and among its northern lakes are

emerald hills and along sky-line and far reaching shores.

Lake Hopatcong, the largest within the boundaries of the State, lies a thousand feet above the level of the sea, or seven hundred feet higher than Lake George. How happily

those oldtime redskins could choose a name. Hopatecong implies "honey water of many coves;" it has the melody and rhyme of harp notes; it is a lake of surprises and delights. With its seventy miles of shore it presents a varied beauty quite as superb as that of the Killarney region of Ireland. Its symphonies of wind and leaf may be compared to the exquisite harmony of flute and violin. To the tired toiler escaped from the grind of business it becomes the anchor of pure thoughts and memories, filling the heart with covenants of peace.

The Jersey Hills are not mountains, but so are nearer. more a part of one's self, and thus more lovable. The views are not grandly far, but

they perfectly fill the eye with their miles of emerald slopes. The Watchung Mountains reach an altitude twelve hundred feet above the sea level. The entire section presents a scenery so wild, so grand, so picturesque, so changeeful from the extensive outlook over and beyond the fertile valleys, through the gorges, and alongside the rippling mountain streams, as to fill the eye and mind with beauty and delight. At Mount Tabor, in harmony with its sacred name, Methodist camp meetings are held in the summer. The Orange Mountains present some of the most beautiful suburban sights and scenes in the neighbourhood of the great metropolis.



A SUBURBAN COUNTRY HOME.

I dropped a note in the sea :
 Lost, utterly lost, it seemed to be
 As the swift ship sped along.
 But the winsore winds and the currents strong
 Drifted the note from the end
 Of the world to the hand of my best earthly friend.

I was dropped off the world into space :
 Lost, utterly lost, I seemed in the race
 As the swift world sped along.
 But the tides of love, than of seas more strong,
 That back to their Maker tend,
 Swept me on to the heart of my uttermost Friend.

—Bishop H. W. Warren.

WOMEN WORKERS OF TO-DAY.

THE COUNTESS OF ABERDEEN.

BY DAVID WILLIAMSON.



ALTHOUGH there is much in modern society which may well make us grieve, there were never so many ladies of high rank who find their joy as well as their duty in doing good. As Sir Lewis Morris sung:

The old bad rule of luxury and vice
Is lost to-day in generous sacrifice;
No power there is can draw the multitude
Save the pure might of Good.

We have to thank God for many who have realized the privileges and opportunities which belong to lofty station, and are daily exercising "the pure might of good." There are, indeed, fortunately so many workers that we can only select representatives from among them, and describe briefly some of the main outlines of their special interests.

The greatest lady in the land, Queen Alexandra, is entitled to be called a "Woman Worker of To-day," for she has busied herself in beneficence ever since she came to this country, and her example has been of the highest value in many a field of philanthropy. To give one recent instance of the Queen's influence, one may say with confidence that without her personal interest the Soldiers' and Sailors' Families Association would never have received within the last three years the enormous amount of £1,300,000. At the annual meeting, over which Queen Alexandra presided—although it was held on the afternoon before the Coronation, when she



THE COUNTESS OF ABERDEEN.

might easily have pleaded pressure of work as a lawful reason for her absence—it was stated that an Australian gentleman, Mr. Tooth, had given the Queen a cheque for £10,000 which her Majesty had handed to the Association. Such incidents as that prove the immense value to a society of the Queen's patronage. I might also include all the royal sisters of the King as Women Workers, for not one of them has failed to aid some good work by her practical sympathy, and the names of Princess Christian, Princess Louise, and Princess Henry of Battenberg are associated with many a hospital or other form of benevolence. Nor must I omit the Princess of Wales, who has inherited from her mother a deep pity for the

poor, and the Duchess of Albany, who has shown a special care for the needy classes at Deptford and elsewhere.

THE COUNTESS OF ABERDEEN.

Passing by these royal ladies, we come to one who has represented the sovereign in a viceregal position—I refer to the Countess of Aberdeen, who has left behind her in Canada so many happy traces of Christian words and deeds. A little while before the Earl and Countess sailed for Canada, they entertained Colonel John Hay, who is now Secretary of State in Washington. He was asked to write some verses in the visitors' book at Haddo House, and these are the lines he penned:

Ask me not here amid these storied halls,
Vowed to traditions of high strenuous
duty,
Where faces of dead statesmen deck the
walls
With righteous glory's ever living beauty:
Ask me not here to turn a careless rhyme,
It ill would suit the solemn place and hour
When Haddo's Lord bears to a distant clime
The Gordon conscience backed by Brit-
tain's power."

The "Gordon conscience" has always been a distinguished possession of both the Earl and the Countess of Aberdeen, and they carried out their duties of State in the great Dominion with the same high purpose that had made them so beloved in Dublin during the Earl's brief regime as Viceroy. Lady Aberdeen always attributes to Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone much of the impulse toward social service which has made her so earnest a worker. She said the other day: "I dare not speak much of Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone, for my husband and I have ever felt ourselves almost adopted children in their house. They are associated with the memories of us both in childhood—they were friends of both our parents—and Mr. Glad-

stone has often said that Lord Aberdeen's grandfather, the Premier, was the one statesman of his earlier years whom he loved. And as time went on, our lives became more and more closely associated with theirs, both from a public and a private standpoint. We spent our last night in the Old Country beneath their roof, and when I came home it was to Hawarden that I went first after landing, as a matter of course."

Perhaps next to the Gladstone influence, which made the Countess think seriously of the responsibilities of life, even when as a girl she rode on her pony beside Mr. Gladstone at Guisachan, came the strong and beautiful influence of Professor Henry Drummond. "The scientific religionist of the hour," as Professor John Stuart Blackie called him, had a special message to cultivated people who desired a fuller consecration of their powers, and he made a deep impression upon Lord and Lady Aberdeen, which has lasted to this day. These two distinct personalities point to the two aspects in which Lady Aberdeen has appeared to the public eye. She has been a keen believer in the right of women to take a hand in political affairs, but above and beyond this she has seen the opportunity which awaits all earnest women in the sphere of Christian work.

Lady Aberdeen has a warm place in her heart for poor children. Frequently when Dollis Hill was their home the Earl and Countess would entertain large parties of waifs, and nothing gives her greater pleasure than the sight of East End children dancing round the May-pole at one of those May Day festivals which the ladies at the settlements love to organize. When General Booth made his appeal on behalf of "Darkest England," the Earl and Countess were among the earliest donors of £1,000. The Ragged School Union,

the Sunday School Union, and many other benevolent institutions have found in Lord and Lady Aberdeen kind and practical friends. Her ladyship is a delightful speaker, as was proved on all sorts of occasions

in Canada, where she was indefatigable on behalf of every good enterprise. She is one of those bright spirits who inspire in others an enthusiasm and an energy in spreading the light of true happiness.



AT SUNSET.

THE CONVERT.

BY H. C. MINCHIN.

Here in the dark I lie alone:
And how I love the silence! You,
I think, would love it, had you known,
As I, the howling of that crew
That bade me scape the lictor's rod
By owning Caesar for a god.

Thanks be to God, who locked my lips.
But they, their patience soon at end,
Cried, "Justice slumbers in eclipse,
Best that we settle with our friend!"
Blows followed: then—a shout, a clasp
That tore me, living, from their grasp.

For Justice swooped upon the fray:
Alert and armed, she drove them back,
Smarting and snarling for their prey,
Like huntsman when he schools his pack,
And threw me here—'twas Caesar's will—
Where all is dark and damp and still.

So still, so calm, no breath of air:
On quiet seas I seem to ride
After the storm: I hardly care
To lift a hand and brush aside,

Such languor all my spirit wraps,
What trickles downward—blood, perhaps.

Blurred phantoms of departed days
Are thronging round me—thoughts or
dreams?

When sudden from the misty haze,
As lightning through the darkness
gleams,
With every facet clear defined
A vision flashes on my mind.

The ranks are crowded, tier on tier,
And midst them in my place am I,
As oft before; we talk and jeer,
Waiting to see yon captive die
Who in the arena stands alone:
He turns his face—I see my own!

'Tis I that wait the roar and rush
When bars are raised; 'tis I that fall
Upon my knees, amid the hush
Of cruel tongues, on Christ to call:
Upon whose parted lips the while
There breaks a glad, triumphant smile.

—*The Spectator.*

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL AND HER PUBLISHER.

SIDE-LIGHTS ON A SAINTLY LIFE.

BY J. P. LANGHAM.



SAINTLINESS is difficult to define; but when we see it we recognize it and do it reverence. No Holy Conclave can make saints or secure reverence for unsaintly men. The qualities which distinguish a saint from a man of clay are self-evidencing, and,

like the smile of God, transcend description or definition. Every age and land have had their uncanonized saints, whose lives have compelled belief in the reality of "divine indwelling." Saints have a way of appearing in the most unlikely places and living their lives of blessing under the most unlikely conditions. Churches and religious houses have no monopoly of them; but in farmstead and factory they diffuse the aroma of holiness.

With wonderful unanimity people think of Frances Ridley Havergal as a saintly woman. Hers indeed was a life of "sweetness and light." Though more than twenty years have passed away since she joined the great majority, her influence is still potent for good.

From the Welsh coast I have seen the sun setting behind the western seas. Long after he sank beneath the distant horizon the golden glow remained—a glorious witness to his genial sway. So the afterglow of saintly lives lingers like a benediction long after the day of death. Goodness, like God, is imperishable, and therefore the good never die. The good never pose as saints, but, as plants diffuse



FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

their perfume unconsciously, radiate the sweetness of the heavens without effort or intention.

The real character of a man or woman is more certainly revealed in spontaneous acts and speech than in acts which result from premeditation and deliberation. The fierce light of publicity conceals rather than reveals character. When men think that many eyes are looking upon them, they instinctively act the part expected from them; but when the restraint of public scrutiny is withdrawn they are true to their inmost selves. Carlyle said, "No man is a hero to his *valet de chambre*," because he knew that men are apt to reveal their littlenesses in private. But is it not equally true that the heroism and saintliness which disappear in private life, are delusive and unreal?

Thank God, some persons pass the ordeal of the "private view" unscathed. Those most familiar with them are the firmest believers in their goodness.

Recently I have made the acquaintance of Mr. James Parlane, of the firm of J. & R. Parlane, Paisley, who for many years published Miss Havergal's world-famed leaflets.

His relations with her were intimate and long continued, and his estimate of her worth is enthusiastically appreciative. He says: "She was the best example of Christian womanhood I ever knew; she may have had equals, but never a superior."

This testimony from a printing office is of the greatest value, for it enables us to see how Miss Havergal appeared to men of business. The letters which Miss Havergal wrote to the publisher of her leaflets have been carefully preserved, and I have had the privilege of looking over them. Though most of them are occupied with business matters, there are incidental references to that which was indeed her one business—the spiritual life.

With Mr. Parlane's permission, I am going to give some extracts from those letters—extracts in which the heart overflows in the midst of business-like instructions.

It is well known that Miss Havergal's sufferings were frequent and painful. How she carried herself in her sickness is instructive and inspiring. We cannot stay to consider the truth or untruth of her theory of disease. But it is certain her faith in God robbed disease of all power to afflict her soul, and made her in the most trying times calm and triumphant. With Wesley she could say:

In deep affliction blest,
With Thee I mount above,
And sing, triumphantly distressed,
Thine all-sufficient love.

In a letter, written in pencil, dated April 23rd, 1875, she says:

I am slowly recovering now,—my second illness, which began in January,

has been longer and more suffering than the first; and I am not to attempt or expect to be able for any sort of work for months yet. But I have been so very happy,—such numbers of promises "came true," and it was worth any suffering to prove His tenderness and faithfulness. Some day when His time comes, I hope to "tell it out" more clearly than before. I ought to:

To write such words on a sick-bed is only possible to those who live in fellowship with Him who said, "If it be possible, let this cup pass from me; nevertheless not my will; but Thine, be done."

In these business letters it is very clear that her first thought was,—how to reach and comfort other hearts. She seems entirely innocent of any thought of gain. What profits she did make from her publications were dedicated to religious and philanthropic uses. She literally carried out her own words,

Take my silver and my gold,
Not a mite would I withhold.

Not the gain of authorship, but the love of service, kept her pen at work. Hence, on June 3rd, 1872, she wrote:

I wish you never to be at any loss or risk in printing for me. If anything of mine really sells well enough to give you proper profit, then I will gladly accept what I want for my own use, i.e., for giving away.

She realized how "great" is the gain of godliness, and desired no other. Many,—perhaps, who have read the "Life and Letters" of Frances Ridley Havergal, have felt, as they read, "I should have liked her better if she had been a little more earthly, and had taken more interest in common things."

These letters, however, show that though she was indeed an "angel in the house," she was "not too good for human nature's daily food."

The following extract will show that she was "very womanly," and

had all woman's attractiveness about her. This is how she speaks of that frightful ordeal—sitting for your photograph:

I never shall get a good one till I find a photographer who has the moral courage to take me straight off at once, and trust to me standing still without sticking my head in an iron thing to ensure it. After a quarter of an hour of posing, and "chin a little up"—and "bend a little more this way, thank you"—and "now a smile, if you please"—and so on. I reach a point of utter stupidity, and the whole spirit and expression, whatever it might be, is simply killed out of one's countenance, and one might be an amiable idiot for all there is left.

How thankful one feels that she who wrote the world-famous "Consecration Hymn" was woman enough to thus satirize the ineptitudes of the photographic saloon.

Amongst these letters to her publisher are some from other persons testifying to the gracious influence of her "ministry of song."

Julia Kirchoffer (whose own gifted life was cut short by early death) writes to tell her of a great longing she felt, when very ill, to hear her sing. The poetical expression of that desire Miss Havergal declared had been very pleasing to her. In her "Life" we find her saying, in acknowledging the receipt of the lines, "I have had plenty of verses headed 'F.R.H.,' but never any which touched me more, or gave me such a thrill of loving fellow feeling toward the writer."

As I look at the original copy of the verses, I am not surprised that they gave such pure pleasure to the recipient. They breathe not flattery, but love:

Ask her to come and sing to me,
For day by day I long
With a craving never known before
For the magic of a song—
'Twere like a sweet, stray wanderer
From heaven's choral throng.

You see, she feels the gift of song
A holy, high bequest,—

Then how could she refuse to grant
A poor sick child's request?
Methinks 'twould soothe this constant
pain,
And lull me into rest.

I want "The old, old story"—
How Jesus set us free,
Or "The Riven Rock of Ages"—
Or else "Abide with me,"
Or, what we used to sing at night,
"Nearer, my God, to Thee."

Had it been possible, how gladly would she have gratified this sick girl's thirst for music. Her voice as well as her pen was consecrated to the service of man, and thus to the glory of God. The next letter which I quote shows this clearly:

I must tell you a wonderful bit of ministry of song through "Having not seen." I was taken on speculation last Friday to call on a young married gentleman, of immense wealth, living at a place near here—just an infidel, knowing the Bible and disbelieving it, and believing that nobody else really believes, but that religion is all profession. I was not primed at all—only knew that Mr. J. was "not a religious man." In the first place I had no end of fun with him, and got on thoroughly good terms—then was asked to sing. After a Handel song or two, which greatly delighted him. I sang, "Tell it out"—felt the glorious truth that He is King, and couldn't help breaking off in the very middle and saying so right out. Then I sang "Whom having not seen," and felt I could sing out all the love of my heart in it.

Well, this hardened young infidel, who had seemed extremely subdued by "Tell it out," completely broke down, and went away to hide his tears, in a bay window. And afterwards we sat down together, and he let me "Tell it out" as I pleased; and it was not hard to speak of Him of whom I had sung. He seemed altogether struck and subdued, and listened like a child. He said: "Well, there is faith, then; you have it, anyhow. I saw it when you sung, and I could not stand it; and that's a fact."

He is most anxious for me to come again. When I came away, his sister (a Christian), who had introduced me, wept for joy, saying that she had persuaded me to come with a vague hope that he "might find he could tolerate a religious person," but never dared to hope such an effect as this; and that she thought I had

been most marvellously guided in drawing a bow at a venture ; for every word and every action had been just what was wanted for her poor brother.

I tell you this because you are publishing both. Will you sometimes pray that God's especial blessing may go with them ? I should add that it was almost a miracle in another way, for I had such a cold that I doubted being able to sing at all ; and yet I believe I never sang clearer, and stronger, and better. How good God is !

Many readers will doubtless join me in thanking Mr. Parlane for these "side-lights on a saintly life."

They bring Frances Ridley Havergal nearer to us, and make her dearer than she has hitherto been.

As we read these letters they did not sound like "voices from the tomb," but like the loving utterances of a living friend. They made us feel how real is the "communion of the saints," and that death is but an incident which can only partially interrupt it.

After reading such letters, and coming into spiritual fellowship with such pure spirits, we think, not of the words in Revelation, "Blessed are the dead which die in

the Lord," but of the words of Jesus, "He that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live : and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die."

These letters show how subservient all things are to the ruling love. Frances Ridley Havergal was a Christian first, and a business woman afterwards. She conquered and held for Christ the business department of her life—a department which some affirm cannot be Christianized. But she believed and proved that the heavenly can be so grafted into the earthly as to crown the whole life with heavenly fruit.

We leave these letters feeling thankful that we have been permitted to peruse them ; and feeling also that it is possible to yield literal obedience to the apostolic counsel, "Be ye filled with the Spirit ; speaking to yourselves in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing and making melody in your hearts to the Lord ; giving thanks always for all things unto God and the Father in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ."—*The Aldersgate Magazine.*

"JESUS, THE SOUL'S REFUGE."

BY J. H. COLLINS.

Jesus, I am sorely tried,
And my heart is crushed with woe ;
Yet I will in Thee confide ;
Though I stagger 'neath the blow.
Thou art "all in all" to me,
Light in darkness, ease in pain,
Joy in sorrow comes from Thee,
Loss for Thee is richest gain.

Every other friend may fail,
Every other comfort fly,
But when fears my soul assail,
On Thy Truth I will rely.
Never shall I be dismayed,
Though afflictions press me sore,
Fears assail, and foes invade ;
Thou art mine for evermore.

Thou canst make my weakness strong,
Thou wilt shelter me from harm,
Thou dost shield my soul from wrong,
Therefore naught shall me alarm.
Clinging to Thee, I can sing
"Nothing can my peace molest,"
Sheltered safe beneath Thy wing,
I enjoy unailing rest.

O what comfort from Thee springs !
What enduring bliss is mine !
Richest joy Thy presence brings
Sweetest fellowship divine !
Feasting with Thee every day,
By Thy bounty well supplied ;
Walking with Thee all the way,
I am safe when near Thy side.

THE ACHIEVEMENTS OF SCIENCE.

BY PROF. J. C. HINTON, M.A.*



THE ancients knew nothing of the laws of chemical action, and recognized only four elements—earth, air, water, and fire; and for two thousand years after Aristotle there was little progress made toward a better knowledge, though for the latter part of that time the alchemists were engaged in an earnest search for that by which they might transmute all things into gold. The science of chemistry is well-nigh coextensive with the nineteenth century. The great pioneers and the principles already partly indicated cannot be discussed here. Before 1800 chemistry had not been of much benefit to mankind. Since then it has been a most practical science, benefiting humanity in every avenue of life. It is expected of me that I shall in this paper indicate how this has been so.

Foremost, then, allow me to mention illumination. A century ago there was not even the most inferior mineral oil-lamp. The best illumination for the inside of a house was some form of animal or vegetable fat or oil in a cup, with a small round wick, giving a light hardly better than a candle. For outside illumination there was nothing better than a torch, nor was there any way of lighting this or the morning fire save by the flint and steel, by friction of wood against wood, by firing a gun, or by sunlight focused by a lens, when the sun shone. Chemistry early in the century brought a knowledge of

illuminating gas and its method of production, but by no means was it easy to introduce gas for illuminating purposes.

Ten years since, by the action of water on calcium carbide, was produced acetylene gas, which is as much superior in brilliancy to the ordinary gas as that was to the tallow dip. Moreover, it does not leave you for its production at the mercy of a corporation. By improved apparatus its production has been made cheap, and its careful use not dangerous. Each home may have its apparatus, or the gas may be liquefied, and is destined to be furnished in that form. Petroleum is found in the earth, but its refinement is one of the achievements of chemistry. Electric lighting is a matter of physics.

Synthetic chemistry has accomplished enough in the closing century to make it conceivable at least that man might to some degree be independent of the seasons for his food and clothing. If we have not tasted olcomargarine, we all know it is here, and doubtless to stay, despite proper legislation in behalf of the cow. It is said to be a perfectly wholesome chemical product and no mean imitation of butter; cheaper by half, if honestly sold, therefore a boon to the poor. This is but one of many food products, the result of chemical experiment and processes—some, perhaps, not now so innocent, but which may become so. I can only mention some of these: Sugar, grape sugar, acetic acid (vinegar), tartaric acid, tea, coffee, oil of mustard, the fruit flavours, the various essential oils of the fruits (pear, pineapple, etc.), formed by combining in varying

* Abridged from The Methodist Review.

proportions oxygen, hydrogen, and carbon dioxide. Besides these, chemistry has produced turpentine, musk, the perfumes of all common flowers, so that it is difficult to tell the artificial perfume from that extracted from the flowers. It has also produced a substitute for cloth that may yet be a blessing to the poor. It is claimed that it has demonstrated its ability to produce silk as good as that made by the silkworm, whose occupation may soon be gone. It has produced for the richer genuine rubies large enough to set, and also small diamonds.

Celluloid, put to so many and such beautiful uses, is a product of chemical processes. Applied chemistry has produced new kinds of paper for multifarious uses, such as car wheels, better than steel ones; water buckets; water mains; window panes, quite translucent and not fragile; and clothing, especially waterproofs, that invention of a twenty-year-old boy chemist. A paper perfectly fireproof has been produced, that can be made into beautiful patterns, and is soon to take the place of wood in the interior of passenger coaches, and doubtless in houses also. Artificial leather also has been produced, and valises made of it are said to be more durable than if made of leather itself. Pantasote is said to be every whit as handsome as the leather for fine couches and chair bottoms, and not subject to cracking or rapid deterioration. It is now used in place of the fine leather in great hotels and ocean steamers, being much cheaper. It is a product of recent science. The beautiful coloured glass such as that in our church windows, has resulted from the chemist's experiments.

Chemistry, obeying the injunction of the Master, "Gather up the fragments, that nothing be lost," has shown a marvellous capacity for

utilizing waste products; and this is destined to be more and more the case in the coming century. Acetylene is made from a by-product in the production of aluminum. Waste straw or waste of all kinds has been used to make paper, and doubtless the waste fibre of our sugarcane, the juice being pressed out, could be so used. But the most striking instance of this utilization is in the matter of coal tar, a waste product in the manufacture of coal gas. The aniline colours, every colour of the rainbow, with numerous variations, have resulted from the chemical treatment of coal tar. And, wonderful to relate, the numerous antipyretics, antipyrine, antifebrin, antikamnia, etc., used in reducing fever, are from the same source, which also furnishes us with our most powerful antiseptic, carbolic acid. The sewage of our large cities, heretofore worse than waste, is beginning to be treated, chemically and electrically, the result being pure water, pure ammonia, and one of the best fertilizers. Cotton seed, formerly a waste, now furnishes an excellent fertilizer or a cow food.

If synthetic chemistry has accomplished something and promised more in the way of imitating man's food, analytic chemistry stands ready to detect any imposition on him in the adulteration of his food, or to detect any poison designedly put in it. Moreover, analytic chemistry has proved a friend to the farmer, has analyzed his soils, and has handed over to applied chemistry the formula for the food needed by the particular soil for the production of any specified crop. Thus agriculture during the century has been raised by the dignity of a science.

The last century was hardly half gone when Daguerre, following on the mainly unsuccessful attempts of others, made his first successful pic-

tures by the light of the sun. Photography was for awhile looked upon as perhaps the greatest wonder of science. Its applications have been most marvellous and useful; besides giving us permanent possession of the images of our loved ones, it has aided greatly in the detection of criminals, and in putting in the reach of all beautiful literature, books, and periodicals, at a cheap price. It is indispensable in illustrating the text-books of the present day. In no other way could the truths of modern science be brought within the grasp of the student. It is especially useful in connection with the stereopticon in exhibiting the wonders of the heavens and of animal life. The kinoscope and cinematograph are marvellous adaptations of photography, known in a measure to all.

Physics.

The ancients knew almost nothing of physical law. Aristotle, their wisest thinker, thought a two-pound weight would fall through the air twice as quickly as a one-pound weight, and the world believed with him for seventeen centuries, till Galileo proved differently. Ptolemy argued against the rotation of the earth, because a bird would be left behind if it got off the limb of a tree. Galileo, Huyghens, Newton, and others laid a firm foundation for modern physics. Electricity, known even to the ancients, was little understood as to its production on a useful scale until this century, the first voltaic battery being set up in 1800. It is not yet known what this mysterious force is, but the methods of its manifestation and the laws of its operation are well understood. It can be readily produced to any extent, can be perfectly measured and can be controlled at will, just as well as any of man's servants. The mightiest factor in man's material pro-

gress now, it was near the middle of the century before it was harnessed to a useful end. I forbear further statement about the telegraph, telephone, phonograph, electric railway, electric light, and the electric furnace for smelting ores. Marconi's wireless telegraphy, in signaling from ship to ship, and from shore to shore, will doubtless save many lives.

One of the greatest problems of science is how to transmute the energy of heat economically into electric energy, which is nearly all used to good purpose in producing motion. It is known definitely that ninety per cent. of the heat to be obtained from a ton of coal is totally lost in producing electricity. Hence science is experimenting to produce electricity from the coal by chemical action, so as to utilize all or nearly all this energy. We cannot doubt ultimate success, which indeed Edison claims to have reached.

But in nature around us is measureless energy going apparently to waste. It is proposed to use the incoming and outgoing tides to produce electric energy, as much as man needs; and as the moon mainly produces the tides, this is to make the moon, the earth's child, do the work of the parent. But the earth proposes to call upon her parent, the sun, for help in the mighty work, otherwise than as already indicated; for be it known that, as Professor Langley, of the Smithsonian Institution, has calculated, "even on such a little area as Manhattan Island, or that occupied by the City of London, the noontide heat is enough, could it be utilized, to drive all the steam-engines in the world." It is also calculated that Niagara itself can furnish many times over as much energy as that which could be exerted by the combined exertion of every man, woman, and child in the United States. A part of this science recently has harnessed up, and

it is running the street-cars of Buffalo, and furnishing light to this and other places many miles away.

But science is never satisfied with attainment. She seeks a rival, or at least a mate, for electric energy, and some think she has found it in compressed air. Here is a material all round us and above us, serving a useful purpose, but able to do far more. Compressed air is most powerful and convenient. It can be carried about and can be used for carrying about. The other purposes for which it has been used are many. When men were in despair as to how quickly and economically the buildings of the Centennial Exposition were to be painted, some one steps forward and offers to spray the paint on by compressed air, as from an atomizer; and so it was done. It is used for painting cars, being able to paint one in fifteen minutes, no crack escaping the paint forced in. It gets the dust out of the car seats more perfectly than any dusting brush. It already does the house cleaning. It has been the most available help in mighty engineering enterprises. By it were worked the powerful dredges for excavating the Chicago canal, costing its thirty-five millions of dollars. By it were worked sand-blasts in excavating the Mont Cenis and other tunnels. By it our huge monsters of the deep are lifted at the docks, and by it their hulls are cleared of the numerous barnacles which so trouble these vessels. This but indicates what it can do, and opens to our vision what it may do. Of liquid air, air compressed still more and cooled to three hundred degrees below zero, public demonstrations have exhibited the wonders, and mankind hardly listens with incredulity to the claims of its discoverers, Linde and Tripler. It may be the long-looked-for source of energy that may yet make the airship a practical in-

vention. It is not too much to expect that housekeepers may at no distant day send to town for a bottle of oil to lubricate the sewing-machine, and at the same time one of liquid air to run it, or a gill of the air to cool the refrigerator, or a gallon to cool the whole house, and at the same time freeze the ice-cream.

Science as it is to-day could by no means be carried on with the crude apparatus of the past, and hardly elsewhere has it accomplished greater wonders than in devising and constructing what may be called instruments of precision. I mention a few of these:

Fizeau's and Foucault's machines for determining the velocity of light, showing that light moves 186,330 miles a second, a rate that would carry it a distance as great as around the earth eight times in one second.

Miller's machine for making minute measurements. It can measure the 1-20,000,000th of an inch. The delicate balance of the chemical laboratory weighs a hair an inch long, so that the dust of the balance is no longer a negligible quantity.

Langley's bolometer for ascertaining minute quantities of heat records a change of 1-1,000,000th of a degree, and by it we find that the moon gives only 1-150,000th of the heat that the sun does.

Rowland's machine for making his grating spectroscope for the analysis of light, rules on speculum metal 50,000 lines to the inch. By applying a powerful microscope the lines are seen to be all there, separate and distinct, and parallel. The length of light waves and the number coming a second for each colour have been determined, four hundred and fifty-eight billion vibrations a second in the luminiferous ether producing red light, and seven hundred and twenty-seven billions violet.

The powerful compound microscopes will show thousands of ani-

malculæ in as much liquid as I can take up in one dip of the pen with which I write.

As a contrast to these instruments of precision might be mentioned the mighty machinery for accomplishing such wonderful engineering exploits as the Suez Canal, the Mont Cenis Tunnel, etc. Let one mention be sufficient. The crane at Peterhead, on the coast of Scotland, picks up the largest locomotive as easily as a child picks up its toy car, and lifts a mass of stone weighing one hundred tons, swings it around over the sea seventy-two feet from shore, and places it where it is wanted one hundred feet beneath the surface of the sea.

Meteorology, another branch of physics, has become almost an exact science. If chemistry helps the farmer, in giving him knowledge of the proper food for his crops, physics, through the predictions of the weather bureau, will help him to know when to plant, and when to harvest, and when to refrain, for eighty-five per cent. of these predictions prove to be correct.

Astronomy.

Until a century ago there was no science of astronomy save mathematical astronomy, concerning itself with the orbits of the heavenly bodies, and the interaction of the bodies among themselves. The greatest achievement of the human intellect in all centuries is ranked the discovery of Neptune, not as a result of searching for it with one of our great telescopes, but by calculating its approximate size and the position it must necessarily occupy in the sky in order to account for the minute perturbations of Uranus, which were noticed after its discovery by Sir William Herschel, in 1781. Sir William Herschel laid the foundation of the science of astro-physics, and built considerably on it himself. This science it is

that has astonished the world with its disclosures. It has wonderfully widened our conception of the magnitude of God's universe, and the glory thereof. We know that the sun is 93,000,000 miles away, a distance so great that it would take a train running night and day, sixty miles an hour, one hundred and seventy-five years to accomplish; and it would take such a train five thousand years to go from the sun to Neptune, the outpost of our solar system; and yet this is but a step in space, for the nearest star to us is shown to be 200,000 times as far away as the sun, and hence it would take the supposed train 35,000,000 years to reach it. And yet there are stars whose distance is indicated to be a thousand or rather thousands of times as far away as this nearest one; so that as we would refuse to measure the distance from here to the north pole in millimeters, we need a longer unit to measure the stellar distances. Mounting a beam of light going, as I have already stated, 186,000 miles a second, it would be over three years before I came to the nearest star, and probably not less than 20,000 years to the farthest in the range of our largest telescope.

We look up to the skies and say, How numerous are the stars! Yet with the naked eye no man sees more than three thousand stars at a time. So marvellous has been the increase in telescopic power that we can see three hundred times as many now as a century ago, the Lick and Yerkes telescopes being capable of bringing to view 100,000,000 stars, each a sun like our own, but some immensely larger. There are brought into view thousands of patches of nebulous matter out of which suns and systems yet unformed are to be made. The immensity of the extent of some of these is beyond comprehension. That of Orion stretches over an

area many times the area included by the orbit of Neptune.

The telescope has brought to view solar systems, in which there are one, two, three, or even eight suns, some of various colours, red, blue, green, orange, white, etc. Astrophysics has attempted to study these stars and systems in detail by inventing the spectroscope, it has analyzed wonderfully substances on the earth, added many new elements, and reaching across a hundred trillion miles to the stars, it tells us the composition of these stars, showing their kinship to the sun and us. It also by the same invention tells us whither these stars are moving and how fast, that some are approaching us or receding from us from twenty to fifty miles a second, and from a comparative study tells us that our solar system is moving toward the bright star Vega, which twelve thousand years hence is to be our pole star.

Science has not only weighed a hair, but it has weighed the earth and expressed it in tons by the number six followed by twenty-one ciphers: and the sun, it tells us, is 330,000 times as heavy, and some stars one hundred times as weighty as that. It has determined the moon to be a perfectly dead world, without water or air, or any organic life, inconceivably cold. The sun, on the other hand, she has shown is a mass of flaming, fiery, gaseous matter, fifteen to eighteen thousand degrees hot; at times immense billows of flaming substance being cast up hundreds of thousands of miles high at the inconceivable velocity of three hundred miles a second. The power and the prodigality of God our Father is shown in the facts heretofore stated, and in this one fact alone that, as science shows, the sun radiates into space light and heat sufficient for 2,000,000,000 such planets as are under his sway. So prodigal of His light was He in

sending into the world Jesus Christ our Saviour.

Besides the eight great planets of the solar system, astronomers have discovered four hundred and fifty smaller planets between Mars and Jupiter, the first one being discovered on the very first night of the nineteenth century. Most of these were discovered by photography. Astronomers have proved the existence of countless myriads of meteoric bodies throughout space, and they have shown that in numerous cases these in immense crowds have an orbit, coming around periodically, causing meteoric showers; and they have indicated that these are strayed members of a cometary family, wholly or partially dispersed along the route.

Geology.

Geology has dived into the earth and shown us the process of its formation, not inconsistent with the Biblical account, as most eminent scientists have shown. We are told that our own continent was the abode of gigantic animals, the skeletons of snakes one hundred feet long being produced, and of mastodons several times as large as the elephant now on the earth. Biology has concerned itself with life of every kind, animal and vegetable, furnishing us in evolution, along with the nebular hypothesis, what some consider the greatest generalization of the human mind.

Archæology has shown by its discoveries that the great nations of history arose and built and accomplished their careers above the ruins of nations of which we have no knowledge save that conveyed in monuments, and earthenware libraries now being more and more brought into view. Yet nothing comes forth to discount the Bible, but much to confirm its truthfulness.

Of several thousand funerals solemnized at Trinity and St. Paul's in New York about the close of the eighteenth century, one-ninth were of persons who died from small-pox. Now few have the disease, and fewer die. Perhaps it would have been exterminated if vaccination, which, beginning late in the eighteenth century, became common only in the early nineteenth, were universal. The principle of vaccination has been applied by Pasteur, Koch, and others to contriving a serum for hydrophobia, consumption, diphtheria, cholera, etc. Great success has been attained. This investigation has been laborious, long continued, and very scientific, following along the principles of bacteriology, a branch of biology. The body of truth evolved constitutes the "germ theory of zymotic diseases." By inoculation, or by destruction of germs, it is hoped many diseases will be stamped out.

Much is now learned by viewing the patient's interior by the aid of the Roentgen rays, or by a small incandescent electric light bulb, introduced into the mouth or stomach.

In 1839 Velpeau said, "The escape of pain in surgical operations is a chimera, which it is idle to follow up"; and, believing this, the most distinguished surgeons hastened the operation as much as possible, both on their own and the patient's account, some amputating a limb in a minute. In less than ten years after Velpeau's statement, anesthetics were introduced, which minimize the apprehension of the patient and the pain of the operation, and enable the surgeon to proceed cautiously and gently, thus making it possible to perform delicate operations which could not have been imagined a century ago.

From the lack of antiseptics, blood poisoning and gangrene were

common in case of wounded persons a century ago, three out of five persons undergoing amputation dying from the effects. Now the better knowledge of the surgeon enables him to avoid amputation in many cases; and when it is unavoidable, the operation seldom results fatally.

The foregoing account of the achievements of science in the nineteenth century has been inadequate, of course, to meet the demands of those specializing in science. In no respect will it seem more inadequate than in its slight reference to the doctrine of evolution, outranking, as some think, everything accomplished or proposed in the century. A fit closing of this paper might be a statement of the attitude of Christianity towards scientific progress in general, and in particular toward the evolutionary hypothesis. Truth is the essence of Christianity, and all truth demonstrated and put in practice is welcomed by Christianity as furnishing so much more power for blessing the world. The attitude of Christianity is that of the sincere truth-seeker. At times the Church, from preconceptions, mental inertia, human fallibility, may at the outset oppose what becomes afterwards demonstrably true. In this her position differs in no wise from that of the most eminent scientists. The Church is not expecting any fact of science to lessen her confidence in the reliability of the Scriptures, or in the correctness of Christ's claims. The evidence is not yet all in. The geological record is "imperfectly kept and written in a changing dialect. Of this history we possess the last volume alone, relating only to two or three countries. Of this volume only here and there a short chapter has been preserved, and of each page only here and there a few lines."

That men in general have come

to believe in progressive development is true. That all parts of the evolution hypothesis are equally true is too much to expect. The theory must itself submit to a process it advocates. The theory as to our solar system had to pass through successive stages. The nebular hypothesis has had to do the same, and it has been changed to meet proved conditions, and even yet it is admitted that in part "the nebular hypothesis of Laplace is at variance with facts." If "many a million ages went to the making of a man," as Tennyson says, it would seem that the advocates of this view ought to be patient in granting time to discover perfectly the method of his making, and not suppose the whole truth has dawned at once.

The acceleration of progress in the past century does not seem to harmonize with the slow, uniformly gradual process of evolution. This evidences the immanent deity controlling, regulating, directing, accelerating at will the orderly process by which we have arrived at

our present state. Such a period of accelerated progress came in a century ago, so that the achievements of the nineteenth century exceeded far the combined achievements of all preceding centuries of historic man.

As a result of the revelation of God in Christ Jesus came another era of accelerated progress along the lines of the higher and nobler things of the spirit, and subsequently, in Christian lands, in material things. Man's consciousness of his sovereignty over nature and of his capacity for self-improvement has grown with the centuries. Let him not think that he holds his mighty power through any inheritance from the lower life by right of the "survival of the fittest," but that he holds it by right of a limited sovereignty conferred upon him by the Creator when He breathed into Adam his soul, and let him acknowledge his fealty to one Lord and Master, Jesus Christ, "by whom are all things, for whom are all things."

DAWNING.

BY R. BOAL.

Long centuries these northern lands were filled
By wandering denizens, both fierce and wild,
And by the council tent were captives killed,
While fiends of fury brained the foe-man's child

Now arts of peace, upheld by Freedom's hand
Shed light and knowledge to the farthest sea
And a young nation by divine command
Elaborates a glorious destiny!

Methinks I see a grander day arise,
When power and justice shall unite as one,
And underneath our clear Canadian skies,
God's own great work is being nobly done!

LORENZO AND PEGGY DOW.

BY THE REV. JESSE S. GILBERT, A.M., PILD.



O the student of psychology, and of the early religious history of the United States and Canada, the story of the eccentric Lorenzo Dow, and Peggy, his equally eccentric wife, is full of interest. The whole history of this remarkable couple is told in a portly volume, published in the year 1856, and now out of print. The title page is as queer as the contents, being as follows:

The
Dealings of
God, Man, and the Devil;
As Exemplified in the
Life, Experience, and Travels
of
LORENZO DOW.
In A Period Of Over Half A Century:
Together With His
Polemic And Miscellaneous Writings,
Complete,
To Which is Added
The Vicissitudes of Life,
By PEGGY DOW.

To this quaint title is appended the text:

Many shall run to and fro, and knowledge shall be increased.—DAVID.

By what strange slip so diligent a reader and expounder of the Scriptures as Dow should ascribe this familiar text to David instead of Daniel, it is hard to say.

There is an introductory essay by the Rev. John Dowling, D.D., a once famous Baptist preacher of

New York. A goodly portion of the book is taken up with Dow's journal, from which we learn much concerning his life and character, and of the manners, customs and religious life of the times. From a child he was the subject of intense if not morbid religious impressions. When between three and four years of age he "suddenly fell into a muse about God and those places called heaven and hell," refusing any longer to remain in the company of his playmate, because he did not say his prayers.

When about eight years old, the thought of death appeared such a terror to him that he longed to be translated, like Enoch and Elijah. At the age of twelve he suffered from an attack of severe illness, the effects of which seem to have followed him all his life, as he was often sick, and notwithstanding his hardship and travels, always delicate.

About this time he had a dream that gave him much concern, for like many of the early Methodists he was much given to dreams and impressions. He dreamed that he saw the prophet Nathan, and asked him how long he was to live, and received the answer, "Until you are two-and-twenty."

Dow was ever recording his dreams. In his sleep he had strange visitors, heard voices and saw visions. In fact, he seems to have led throughout a sort of weird and morbid life, sometimes touching the borderland that separates sanity from mental derangement.

He was long a thorn in the side of Jesse Lee and the Methodist leaders, and a conundrum that the Conferences could not solve. He remained a member of the Methodist

Church, but could not or would not work in harness. He was an itinerant with a vengeance. "One month he would be heard of labouring for the good of souls, in his own peculiar way, in the neighbourhood of his native New England home; the next, perhaps, braving the frost and snow of a Canadian winter; the next on his way to Ireland or to England, in the prosecution of the same benevolent purpose, and six months afterwards, perhaps, encountering the dangers and hardships of a Georgia or a Kentucky wilderness, or fleeing for his life from the tomahawk or the scalping knife of the Indian savage in the then untrodden wilds of the great valley of the West."

But to go back to the story of his early life. Soon after the experiences already described he fell into the snares of the intense and ultra Calvinism then taught, believed himself foreordained to eternal torments and was about to end his own life.

Happily about this time a Methodist preacher, named Hope Hull, came to the town in which Dow lived and preached the Gospel of a full and free salvation. A single extract from one of his sermons will illustrate the plain and pungent way in which those early Methodist preachers proclaimed the terrors of the law before they presented the consolation of the Gospel. "Sinner, there is a frowning providence above your head, and a burning hell beneath your feet, and nothing but the brittle thread of life prevents your soul from falling into endless perdition. But, says the sinner, what must I do? You must pray. But I can't pray. If you don't pray then you'll be damned."

At first, this only increased Dow's mental anguish, but after a few days and nights of torture, that a different presentation of the Gospel and a clearer view of the divine

nature would have prevented, he came into the light. The transition was, as usual, in such cases, sudden and intense. The cold wintry earth seemed clad in the verdure of the springtime.

A few weeks after his conversion Dow went through the usual temptation of the early Methodist converts, being assailed by the thought that it was all a delusion. Coming safely through this stage of experience he was baptized, and with twelve others joined a Methodist society. He was soon impressed with a call to preach, but at first resisted it as a temptation of the devil. For months he lived in a state of renewed mental distress, sometimes losing the sense of the divine favour, often visited by uncanny and troubled dreams, that he relates with great detail, and not knowing what to do. His health was wretched, and these spiritual "exercises" of mind made it worse. He was shaken by the asthma, and had spells of weakness in which it seemed that the spirit would leave the body. One night he dreamed that he saw all mankind suspended by a "brittle thread" over the pit of hell, and in another dream he held a prolonged conversation with John Wesley.

From preachers and friends he received very little encouragement. One preacher, the celebrated Nicholas Snithen, after a brief trial of his gifts, sent him home advising him to learn "some easy trade, and be still for two or three years."

This would seem like good advice, but to "be still," was an impossibility for Lorenzo Dow, so we find him setting out for Boston to interview Jesse Lee, and every now and then trying to exhort or preach. His first attempts were sad failures. Of one place, he says, "they would not consent that I should preach there any more for some time."

Thomas Coupe, a circuit preacher, bluntly said to him, "I do not be-

lieve that God has called you to preach," and pressed by Dow for his reason, gave five, namely, want of health, gifts, grace, learning and sobriety.

But our hero, like Banquo's ghost, would not down, and he continued to exhort and preach wherever opportunity offered. In a few weeks Conference met in the town of Thompson, and Dow after being examined was rejected and sent home, the reason assigned being a want of credentials. For thirty-six hours he took no food. But discipline was rather lax in those days, and Philip Wagar, a preacher on the Orange circuit, had pity upon him and took him as an assistant. From that time on to the end of his days, Dow travelled and preached, but always in sort of wild, irregular manner.

Soon after this Lee and Dow met, and Lee sent him home. In a footnote to his diary, Dow says: "This was the fourth time I had been sent home." His parting from Lee is thus described: "I ran after him and said, 'If you can get no text to preach upon between now and conference, I give you Gen. xl. 14,' and then turned and ran, and saw him no more for some years, when we met at Parkersburg, in Virginia."

After a short visit to his parents Dow was off again upon his career of travelling and preaching. In September of the same year he again sought admission to Conference; but they would have none of him, and after a sharp debate gave him into the hands of S. Hutchinson "to employ him, or send him home, as he should think fit."

Through some misunderstanding Dow never heard of this arrangement and supposed that he had been sent home again. After a severe conflict, in which he tells us that he was afraid he should become insane, he publicly gave up the name of Methodist. Many were the adventures and strange scenes through

which he passed in his eccentric career of incessant travel and preaching.

Dow was often in extreme peril, and suffered from heat and cold, hunger and weariness. He was often ill, but persevered in his strange and erratic course of life in spite of hardship and sickness, opposition of friends, hostility of church authorities and persecution of enemies. At the age of twenty-two his health almost completely failed him. Under an impression that an ocean voyage was the only thing that could save him, he made a trip to Ireland.

There we find him almost as soon as landed at his old work of preaching. His restless spirit ever driving him onward. Ere long he felt it his duty "to travel the vineyard in other lands," and after a season of itinerating in Ireland, back he sailed to America.

Again the Conference tried him with an appointment, and again he left his circuit before the year was out, to roam the country at large. It will be in vain for us to try to follow his wanderings. Eccentric almost, if not quite, to the point of mental derangement, he never swerved from Methodist doctrine, even after he severed his relation with the denomination. He made extensive tours of the south, and would, tradition says, often fix the day and hour of his return to a neighbourhood, a year in advance. Innumerable stories are still told of his sayings and doings.

No doubt this incessant travelling and change of scene was a safety valve that relieved a morbid restlessness, that otherwise might have resulted disastrously. It is not, however, to be wondered at that more than once he found, as at Charleston, "the preachers friendly, and yet shy." In one place in his diary he speaks of himself as "a leper shut out of the camp," but naively

adds, "of course I cannot be expelled from the connexion, seeing I was never in it." In truth, Dow had no cause to complain. Conference could do nothing with him. He would not submit to its discipline and never got beyond being a "preacher on trial." The Conference was far more tried than he.

In the southwest, Dow met with those peculiar physical demonstrations that were called "the jerks," and his observations concerning them make curious reading. He declares that the wicked were more afraid of it than of smallpox, or yellow fever, but that it most frequently attacked those who opposed the work. "And they sometimes have cursed, and swore, and damned it, whilst jerking; there is no pain attending the jerks except they resist it, which if they do, it will weary them more in an hour than a day's labour." Such is a part of his comment upon this strange disorder.

That such a strange being as Lorenzo Dow could find a woman so like himself as to make them a congenial pair does not seem at all likely, and yet such was the fact.

In "Peggy" he found a helpmeet after his own heart. Of course his courtship was peculiar. Peggy was the adopted daughter of a gentleman at whose house Dow was entertained. After their first meeting, whilst preaching, "an uncommon exercise," the nature of which he does not reveal, passed through his mind. On his way to the evening appointment he asked and obtained permission of his host to speak to his daughter upon the subject of matrimony. What must have been Dow's delight to hear that Peggy had resolved to marry no one but a preacher, and a travelling preacher at that. If he did not fill the bill she must have been hard to suit.

Peggy soon entered the room, and Lorenzo at once asked her if the report he had heard was true, and

upon her replying that it was, said, "Do you think you could accept of such an object as me?" Woman-like Peggy did not reply at once, but left the room. Upon leaving Dow made a more formal proposition, saying that he was going south to be gone a year and a half, and that if she still remained single, had met no one whom she liked better than himself, and would be willing to give him up twelve months out of thirteen, and never said, "Do not go to your appointment," for if she did he would pray God to remove her, a prayer that would most likely be answered, if she fulfilled all these conditions, and in the meantime, if he saw no one whom he liked better, he promised upon his return to say something more on the subject. Then away he started upon a prolonged tour in the south. He often journeyed from thirty to fifty miles, and preached four or five times in a single day.

But love was too much even for Dow. He induced the small family to remove to the Natchez country, and he and Peggy were married on September 3rd, 1804. Dow often felt divinely impressed to do the thing that he most wanted to do. The union was a happy one, for Peggy made a loving and faithful wife. Dow often alludes to her in his journal. We find him here, there, and all over. At Albany he writes, "from hence I shipped Peggy down the river." She tried, and to some extent did travel with her husband, but we do not wonder to read: "Peggy being unable to keep up with me I was necessitated to leave her with brother Quackenbush, and disposed of her horse." How many tears this caused poor Peggy we do not read.

However, they went together upon a preaching tour in Europe, and seem to have been exceedingly well mated. Dow declares her to have been "a great consolation" to him

as a "lent favour." In London Dow met with Dr. Adam Clarke, who treated him "like a gentleman," and with Dr. Coke, who cruelly snubbed him.

The wanderings, voyages and preaching of Dow continued up to the time of his death, which took place at Washington, D.C., February 2nd, 1834. He had gone thither to arouse the government to take action against what he regarded as some dangerous design upon the part of the Roman Catholics.

The journal of Peggy Dow is much briefer than that of Lorenzo, but not without interest. She was only three years younger than her husband, and a woman of considerable force of character, and strength of mind. She declares Lorenzo to have been "very affectionate and attentive." A child was born to them while in Ireland, but died at a very early age. Peggy was a good mother as well as wife, and the record in her journal of the birth and death of the little one is beautiful in its tenderness and pathos. She strove "to sink into the will of God," but "the struggle was very severe."

Peggy died about fourteen years before Lorenzo, and he wrote a truly beautiful and affecting account of

the closing scenes in her life. Just a little before she died, pointing her finger toward her husband she declared "but one thing attracted her here below." At Dow's request her body was arranged for interment in "her best, plain, neat meeting dress," and with "woollen blankets instead of shrouded sheets."

The rest of the portly volume, from which I have gleaned the material for this article, is occupied with the curious polemic and religious writings of this strange character, the pure-minded, eccentric, simple-hearted, obstinate, loving, and yet bigoted Lorenzo Dow. The very titles of these articles are sometimes curious, such as, "Lorenzo's Trial and Condemnation," "A Cry from the Wilderness," "Prophecy Concerning America," "A Journey from Babylon to Jerusalem," and "On Petticoat Law."

Notwithstanding his singularities and his eccentric career I believe with Dr. Dowling, that he was a sincere and good man, who turned many to righteousness, and who will be found among those who are to "shine as the brightness of the firmament and as the stars for ever and ever."

DRAWING WATER.

BY PHOEBE CARY.

He had drunk from founts of pleasure,
And his thirst returned again ;
He had hewn out broken cisterns,
And behold ! his work was vain.

And he said, " Life is a desert,
Hot, and measureless, and dry ;
And God will not give me water,
Though I strive, and faint, and die."

Then he heard a voice make answer,
" Rise and roll the stone away ;
Sweet and precious springs lie hidden
In thy pathway every day."

And he said—his heart was sinful,
Very sinful was his speech :
" All the cooling wells I thirst for
Are too deep for me to reach."

But the voice cried, " Hope and labour ;
Doubt and idleness is death :
Shape a clear and goodly vessel,
With the patient hands of faith."

So he wrought and shaped the vessel,
Looked, and lo ! a well was there ;
And he drew up living water,
With a golden chain of prayer.

“AND ENOCH WALKED WITH GOD.”



BY R. V. CLEMENT.



HOW rapt from earth, how free from all its taint,
Must he have been, ere with the Holy One
He might be privileged without constraint
To enjoy sweet fellowship till set of sun,
And then go homeward with Him when the day was done!

And yet—who knows?—does not the Deity
With His pervasive atmosphere enfold
Each soul He meets, with subtle alchemy
Transmuting basest dross to finest gold,
Drawing from unregarded refuse wealth untold?

Did not th' Incarnate Son, with piercing eye
Scanning the youth with eager question fraught,
Beneath the rust of mammon-love descry
A finely tempered soul for great use wrought,
And yearn to guide his steps into the Life he sought?

Doubtless God sees in many a man to-day,
Who recks not of his Lord, who heedless flings,
Perchance in reckless sin, his life away,
A spirit capable of loftiest things
Awaiting but the touch divine that quick'ning brings.

Often, methinks, He walks unknown beside
A man like this, whose ear low whisp'rings hears,
Coming he knows not whence, that gently chide
For life ignobly lived, the while the years
Are speeding, and his soul no worthy fruitage bears.

He turns, it may be, no unheeding ear—
Inspired he strives to climb life's loftier peaks,
And as he mounts, the voice grows loud and clear—
Sudden he knows it is his God who speaks!
He yields his soul and fuller knowledge seeks.

Courage, my soul! What tho' at times the sense
Of all thy deep unworthiness oppress?
What tho' while panting with a thirst intense
After the living God, with bitterness
Thou feel'st thou canst for such as He no charm possess?

Look up! If in the alien God can see
The nobler nature 'neath the rubbish hid,
Surely He cannot fail to find in thee,
Who lovest Him, *some* good the bad amid.
—He comes e'en now! Make haste, and loving welcome bid!

Grand Forks, B.C.

IN THE RAINLESS VALLEYS OF PERU.

BY L'INCONNU.



A FAIR LIMENA IN STREET COSTUME.

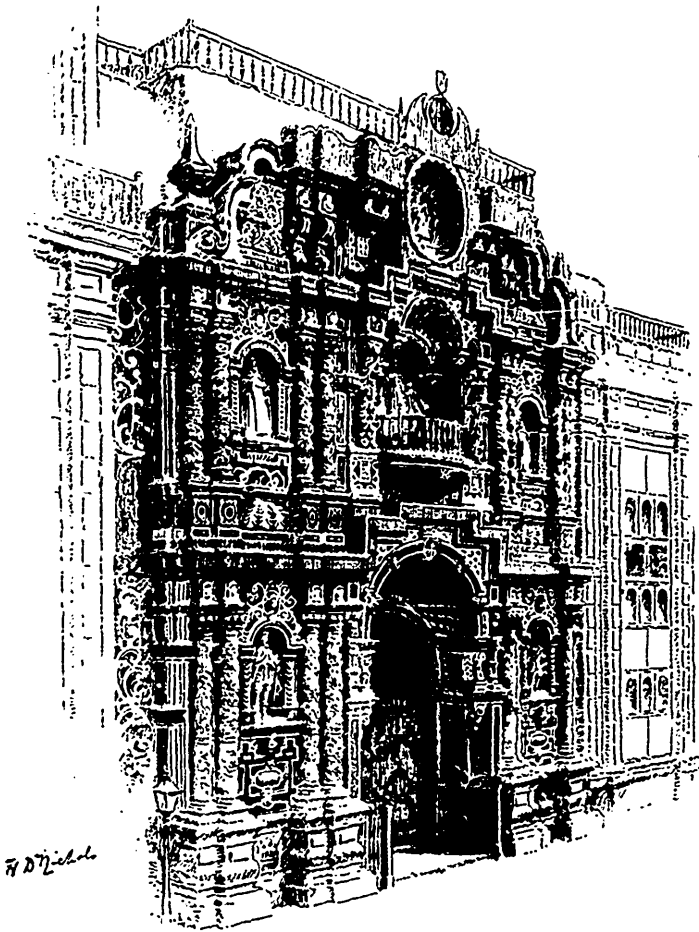


EVERY branch and twig and tree was white, every roof and tower, every post and rut. The first noises of traffic had a muffled hush as though the great world of commerce were awed for a moment and feared to break the silence of the white city with its tread. And still the snow kept falling—falling—falling. I closed the door of my boyhood's home behind me and stood for a moment gazing down the long white street, along which a few dark figures hurried and a tram-car glided under the white overarching boughs. I stood

a moment gazing. But the next. I opened my eyes in Lima, the Peruvian sun shining full and strong in my windows. It was only the white city of a winter dream, and we were actually in Peru with another sphere of South American life to study. I roused Malcolm and told him my dream with a genuine twang of home-sickness in my voice.

"Tut! old chap!" he said. "Your brain is doing a bit of play-acting. You see, Sarah Bernhardt occupied these same rooms during her visit to Lima. The landlady told me so last night. It's just the lady actress' spirit making you play you want to be somewhere else."

We went to the window and looked out for a little on the Peru-



CHURCH OF LA MERCED, LIMA.

vian capital—the flat earth-covered roofs of the houses, the bullet-pitted towers of the cloisters of San Francisco, and the motley frequenters of the streets. How like Seville or like Toledo it looked! We could almost believe ourselves under the skies of Castile again. For Lima remains to this day a sixteenth century Spanish town, the best specimen of its kind that South America affords. Here the spirit of Old Spain hovers like some bird of fate whose black wings overshadow all efforts at progress.

The lethargy of Spain is in the

veins of the Peruvians. Fresh from the vigorous life of Argentina, with its infusion of immigrant blood, the decadent state of Peru struck us all the more forcibly. We saw the contrast on every hand as we went out into the country around us.

For the present we contented ourselves with breakfasting in the courtyard of the hotel. All about us were pretty flower-beds and overhead a roof of luxuriant climbing-vines, through which the sun filtered in wavering shadows. Now and again a shiny-faced negress, a Chinaman or a copper-skinned

Cholo, or native Indian, crossed the courtyard, for these are the favourite menials of the Peruvians.

We went out into the streets, the picturesque streets of Lima. The large Chinese element surprised us. In fact, there is a fair-sized Chinese colony, with Chinese theatre and pagoda and joss-house. We learned

with his cotton trousers, his black or chocolate coloured blouse and his broad panama hat. A few of the more successful of his countrymen are well-dressed merchants with long, glossy pig-tails.

John also fills an important place as restaurateur. The Limenos have the greatest aversion to cook-



CHOLO TYPES.

afterward that the origin of this was the importation of coolies in former years to work the guano deposits. Now the coolies have intermarried with the native Cholo women and become peaceful and industrious citizens. In fact, the women of the lower classes have come to regard John as quite a paragon of domestic virtues. One sees him everywhere

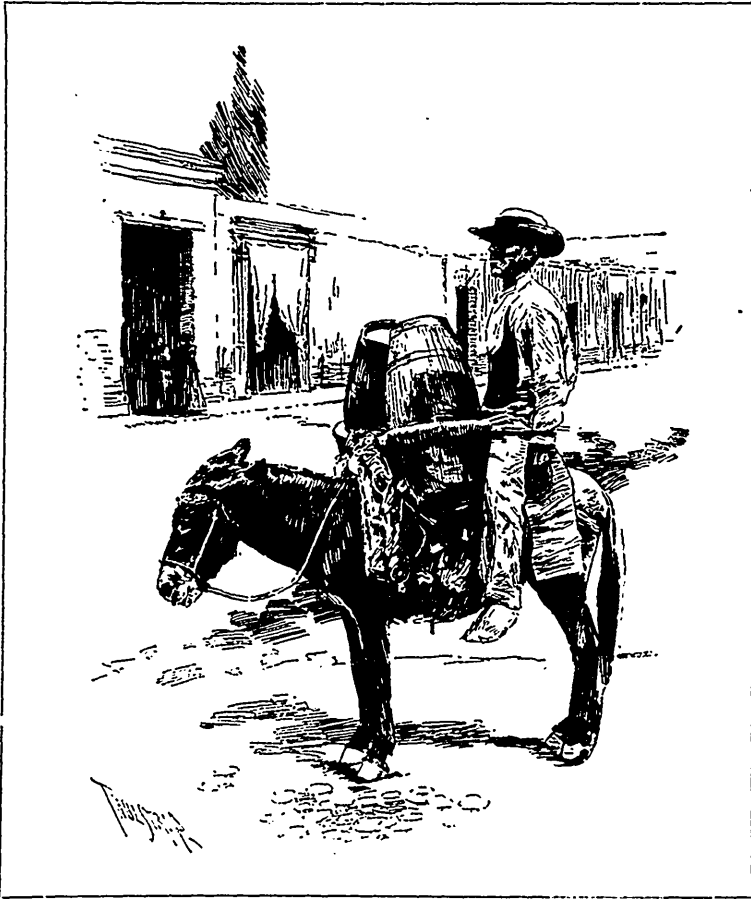
ing. In the better classes they place a certain sum every day in the hands of the cook, who provides what he sees fit without further advice or enlightenment. In the great mass of the households no cooking is done at home. They send out for their meals to the nearest restaurant. They get unnameable mixtures of something of which truly

Where ignorance is bliss
'Tis folly to be wise.

Here John Chinaman comes in as exclusive restaurateur for the poor.

Besides the Chinese there is the negroid layer of society in Lima, descendants of the emancipated slaves. One sees them everywhere—

one writer notes at least twenty degrees of hybridism. Lima is the city of the black, white and yellow races. One of the types that as an artist I at once began to study was the pallid countenance of the aristocratic lady of Lima. The beauty of the Limenas has often been the



PERUVIAN WATER-CARRIER.

coachmen, labourers, loafers—large, woolly-headed and grinning. They give the city a certain West Indian aspect.

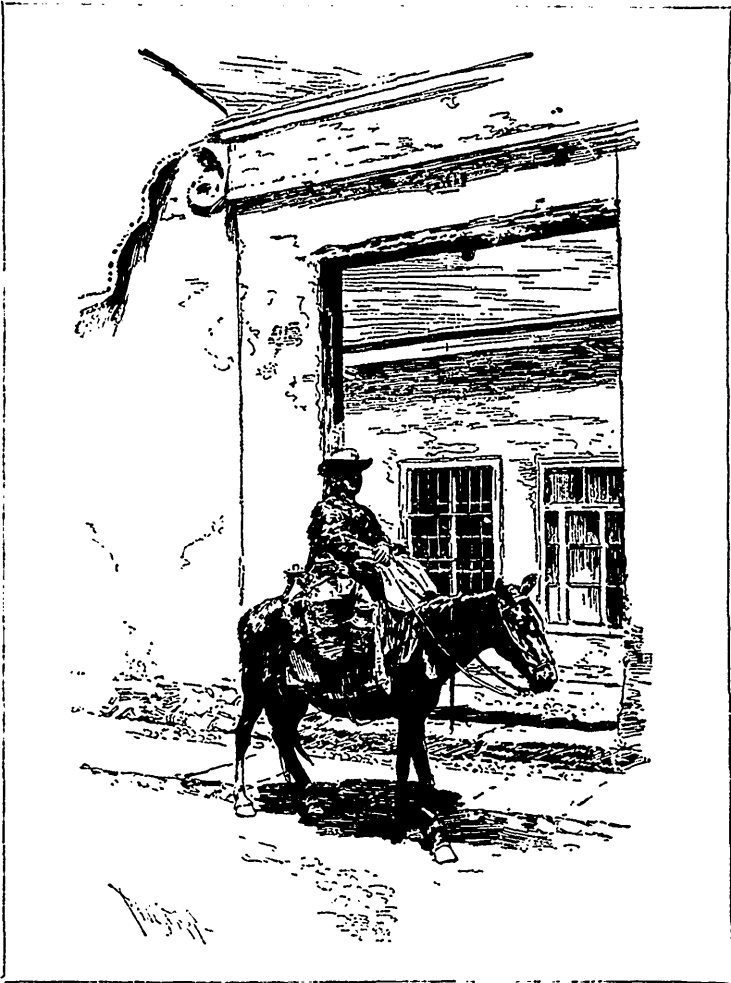
One sees in the streets of Lima all shades and colourings of people, ebony black, chocolate, copper, red-brown, yellow, sallow-white—indeed,

subject of comment. Just now we saw them at their best.

In the morning my lady of Lima invariably wears the dull black manta, which serves as bonnet and shawl, and a more artistic background to such a face it were hard to find. The whiteness of the flesh,

the fine liquid beauty of the black eyes are set off to the best possible advantage by the sombre morning dress. In the afternoon, clad in the latest finery of Paris, the Limenas are much more commonplace. In-

women, enthroned on their cans on the hind-quarters of their donkeys; an occasional Sierra Indian, or a group of bull-fighters with their flat-brimmed hats and heavy watch-chains. For bull-fighting holds as



PERUVIAN MILKMAID.

deed, after all, methinks they compare but ill with the splendid animation and rosy cheeks of a group of Canadian girls gliding over the winter ice.

Other figures of interest were the water-sellers, the big black milk-

prominent a place as in old Spain. A cart with three mules harnessed abreast passes you. But for the most part carts are scarce, Lima prefers the donkey. She performs the little transactions of every day largely over the donkey's back.



A LADY OF LIMA.

The Plaza Mayor is one of the most important in the Peruvian capital. Thither we made our way. On one side of the Plaza towers the great cathedral, large and imposing, but with an air of decay about it quite in keeping with the nation. On the other side is the Casa Verde, the residence of the President, in which is transacted all the governmental affairs of the Republic.

On the remaining side of the Plaza are shops, shops, shops, where we saw articles "marked down" after the fashion of bargain days at Eaton's, or Simpson's, or Morgan's—shops, shops, the Chinaman's easily distinguished by its decorations of black or orange-red paper bearing vertical inscriptions—shops, and on the public square counters of money changers, venders of lottery tickets, newsboys and fruit-sellers squatting at the corners.

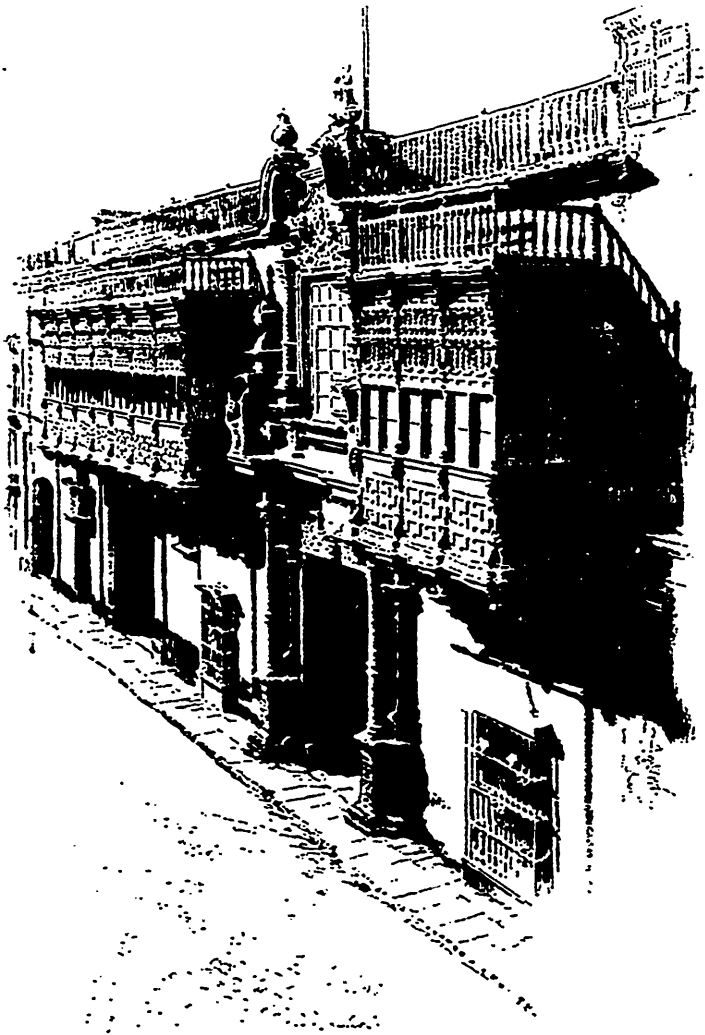
The architecture of the churches is very uniform. One of the most

elaborate facades is that of La Merced, adorned with twisted columns, niches and statues all in stucco work. One thing that struck us particularly was the frail construction of the roofs of these churches. The whole roof is but a light framework of wood interlaced with fine bamboo canes, covered on the inside with white plaster and on the outside with brown mud. This roofing we soon learned was quite sufficient, for in Lima and indeed along the Peruvian coast it never rains. The Trade winds striking the tops of the Andes have their moisture condensed, with the result that their last burden of vapour falls in powdery snow on the mountain peaks and none is left for the brown and yellow sands of the coast lands of Peru. The dews are, however, very heavy and a truly wonderful system of irrigation has been inherited by the Peruvians from their more progressive ancestors.

The cloisters of San Francisco were especially interesting to us. Like everything else in Peru, San Francisco has a decadent aspect. Its towers are terribly pitted with the bullet-marks of a recent revolution. But there is still a lingering sense of riches and dignity about the place. In the little garden enclosed by the cloisters, bananas and brilliantly flowering shrubs grew in a somewhat wild profusion. Within, the Franciscan monks shuffled along in their brown-hooded robes and sandals, doing their devotions, and a few Limenas in their black mantas were doing honour to their beloved Santa Rosa—the favourite saint of the Limenas.

We then visited the famous house of the Torre Tagle family, the model of domestic architecture in Lima, but a model whose copies have deviated sadly from the original.

We spent a little time looking into the history of these non-progressive Peruvians. One is continually



TORRE TAGLE HOUSE, LIMA.

stumbling upon something that suggests a greater civilization, a more prosperous people. Such, for instance, is their irrigation system, collecting water in lakes among the mountains and leading it down the sterile slopes in canals. The aqueducts are sometimes four and five hundred miles in length.

The Peruvians are ever ready to tell of the glorious times of the Incas. Of these Incas little is known. They

are said to have been "the children of the sun." They ruled both church and state, and were enthroned in great wealth and honour. Peru was organized on a somewhat socialistic basis. The empire was divided into three portions, the respective revenues of which supported the sun which they worshipped, the Inca or government, and the people. The portion allotted to the support of the Inca was worked by the whole popu-

lation, singing patriotic songs as they toiled. The people seem to have been prosperous and happy until their conquest by Pizarro, the cruel Spanish adventurer, in the year 1530. Then were the splendid public buildings destroyed, the vast treasures confiscated, and the decadence of Peru began. It would seem like the irony of fate that here in the land of his conquest Pizarro should be slain in a desperate affray caused by the jealousy of Amalgio, who had assisted in the conquering expedition.

Previous to the Spanish conquest of Peru in the sixteenth century the country had a population of 30,000,000—twelve times its present population. The valley of Santa once boasted 700,000 inhabitants. Today there are but 12,000. Ancullama has 425 inhabitants instead of a former population of 30,000. The whole country, over one thousand miles in length and with a coastline of more than sixteen hundred miles, had according to the census of 1888 a population of less than 3,000,000. (This did not include the wild tribes of Indians.) Such has been the progress of Peru since the invasion of Spain and Roman Catholicism.

The Peruvians of early times had a religion somewhat in advance of most semi-civilized nations. They believed in a Great Spirit, the Creator who could not be represented by images or made to dwell in a temple made with hands. They believed in the immortality of the soul, the resurrection of the body and the reward of good and evil according to their kind. But they also believed in lesser deities, of whom they worshipped the chief, i.e., the sun, and to whom altars were erected throughout the land.

The survivors of the Incan Empire now number about half the population of Peru, but they have fallen far from their ancient estate.

They lacerate their bodies with tortures unequalled by anything since the Middle Ages. Their Christianity is rudely mixed with a pagan realism. Indian dances are held after mass. Of the other Indian tribes some are so ignorant their arithmetical knowledge extends no further than the number one. Others enumerate as far as four or five.

Santa Rosa, the favourite saint of the ladies of Lima, is described as having put aside her toys and childish games at the age of five, as mixing herbs and gall with her food, as reducing herself to a diet of bitter orange seeds on fast days, but as growing thereon plumper and rosier than ever. She slept on thorns and stones, and wore pins next her skin. Such is the ideal of the beautiful Limenas.

Into this land with its admixture of superstition and paganism, Methodism has gone. It has inaugurated a well-developed school-work in Lima. In 1899 the Peruvian government even engaged the Methodist Presiding Elder to organize a system of national normal schools with foreign Protestants as the chief teachers. Already one sees the influence of the heaven.

There is as yet, however, little liberty granted the missionary except to labour for individuals and to promote education. The efforts of the Bible and tract colporteurs are, however, much used and blessed. The Presbyterians some time ago began a work in Callao, the port of Lima; but it has since been given over to the Methodists. Four spiritual lighthouses have been established along the coast for the moral illumination of the people.

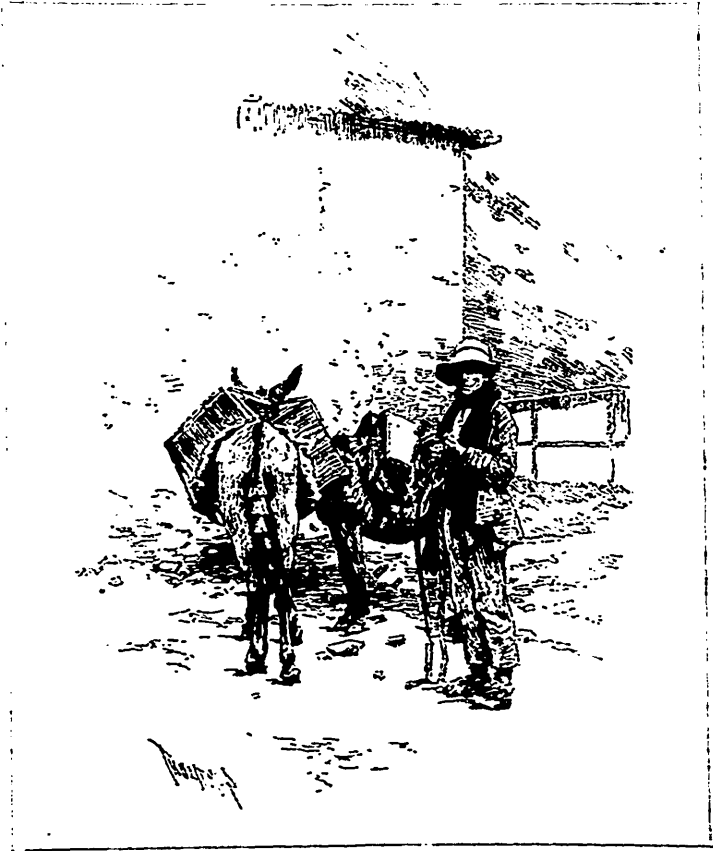
We soon began to notice the effects of the climate of Lima. While not positively unhealthy, it is far from being invigorating, and we felt a pronounced laziness creeping through our bones. A few weeks

more of it and we should have been as slow and sodden as the natives themselves.

Of life in the seaports we saw but little. In fact the ports are few. The Peruvian coast rises stern and forbidding, a mighty wall against which the swell of the great Pacific beats and breaks. Coming up the

banged against the bulwarks, swung in mid-air and dropped on deck with a crash. They are stunned of course, and consciousness is usually restored by a violent pulling of their tails.

Before leaving for the Andean climb we had planned, we made a little excursion to the famous sugar



SIERRA INDIAN WITH PACK MULES.

coast, one of the cruellest things we had noticed was the method of loading cattle on the steamers. The animals are brought up alongside the ship on lighters. A noose is slipped under their horns and hooked on to the chain of the steam-winch. The poor brutes are then hoisted on board in the most barbarous style,

plantation and refinery known as Caudivilla. In the rainless valley of Chillon everything depends upon irrigation. The valley is devoted for the most part to the production of sugar, and throughout a journey of five miles along a private railway from Lima one sees on either side the pale yellow green of the planta-



LLAMAS ON A PLANTATION.

tions. The colouring ends abruptly where irrigation ceases, and beyond rise the foothills, reddish or brown with blue shadows lurking in their barren hollows.

The Caudivilla we found to be a sort of little commonwealth sufficient unto itself, and employing over eight hundred men. There was the great mill where men, boys, negroes, Chinese and Peruvians hurried about, a motley crowd. The mill is fitted out with machinery from Philadelphia, and manned by a North American engineer.

Besides the mill there are the stables, the warehouses for bagging and sacking the sugar, the hotel, the restaurant for employees, and also the tambo, a sort of general store where everything may be bought from a silk dress to a pound of meat. A doctor and a druggist are found in connection with the establishment, both affording their services gratuitously to the hands. There is a school and Catholic chapel, and the Chinese have two pagodas. There are several villages on the estate where live the wives and concubines

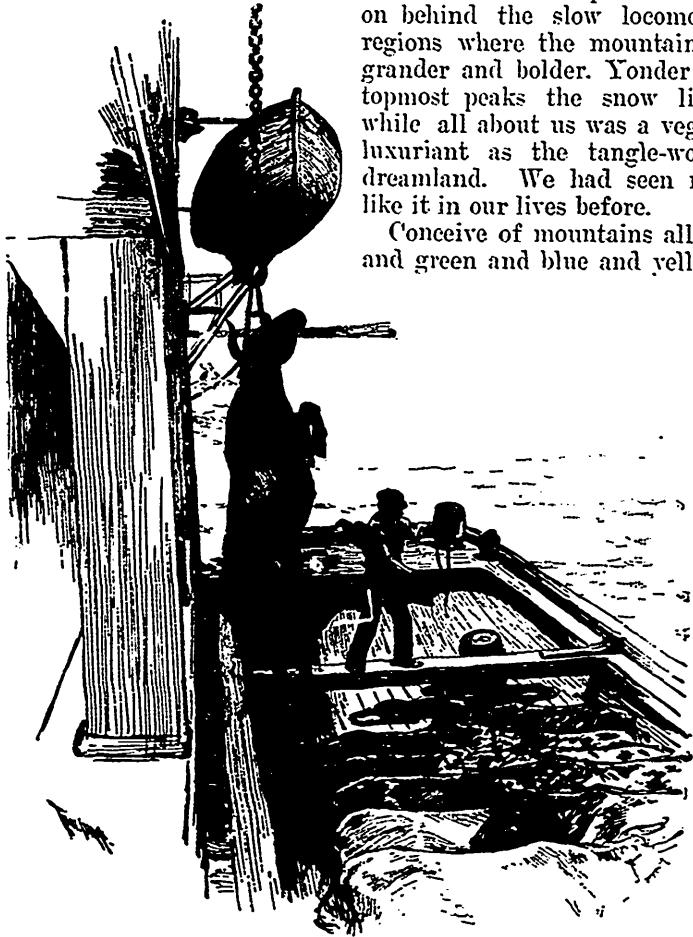
of the workmen. For the most part the picture is squalid and miserable, not the peaceful socialistic commonwealth so easy for the reader to imagine.

A few days later and we were far up among the heights of the Andes. We were breathing the rarefied air of great altitudes. We had crossed tumultuous torrents by web-like iron bridges; we had zigzagged along precipices; we had gazed down thousands of feet upon a train of pack mules and Indians moving along the bottom of ravines; we had climbed up among the old Inca terraces hanging like rock gardens near the clouds. To an incredible height the Incas have terraced and irrigated the Andes till they present a pleasing alternation of green hill gardens linked by layers of rocky slope, brown and barren, and studded with cacti. Sometimes we watched a group of llamas bearing their burdens down from the mountain wilds. We had noticed them on the plantations we had passed several times before. These llamas are especially fitted for use as beasts

of burden among the Andes, the peculiar conformation of their feet enabling them to walk securely in places too rough and steep for any other animal. Indeed, it is said that some of the Andean silver mines could scarcely be worked without

learned was their custom when overloaded. They are about three feet in height at the shoulders, and varied in colour. Commonly they are brown or speckled, but occasionally one finds them black or white. Their wool is valuable, but not so much so as that of the alpaca. We crept on behind the slow locomotive to regions where the mountains grew grander and bolder. Yonder on the topmost peaks the snow lingered, while all about us was a vegetation luxuriant as the tangle-woods of dreamland. We had seen nothing like it in our lives before.

Conceive of mountains all scarlet and green and blue and yellow, and



LOADING CATTLE ON A STEAMER.

them. The males only are burden-bearers, and will carry from one hundred to one hundred and twenty-five pounds on their backs.

We were amused one day whilst watching the llamas being loaded to see several of them lie down and obstinately refuse to rise. This we

everywhere great sad-faced passion flowers. Here was every kind of flower we had ever known, only some of them were developed to an extent to make them almost unrecognizable. Morning-glory, nasturtium and heliotrope, buttercup and geranium, gold and silver ferns, creepers of

every variety and carnations of almost innumerable shades and markings—Nature's carnival of flowers. How often yet we recall the perfumed hush of the Andean heights. The sudden breath of a rose or a violet brings it back like some old dream.

Once, just at nightfall, we came to an Andean village with its cluster of green huts. The natives were mostly grouped about some willow trees beside a stream. As we drew nearer we recognized the voice of an Anglo-Saxon though speaking the native dialect. It was a missionary from the United States telling the story of life to a people who had never before heard the name of Jesus. Grouped about him they stood or squatted, these Puna Indians, in their blankets and knee-breeches, with stolid, moony faces, some of them seeming as though they comprehended little, others with looks of eager enquiry.

When one thinks of a single district like the Callejon de Huaylus, with a population of 300,000, and but one Protestant missionary and a native colporteur, when one comes

face to face with problems like this and remembers conditions at home, one wonders if after all we have not put some of the first things last.

The Amazonian provinces of Peru on the other side of the Andes are as yet but wild and inaccessible regions. Here Nature is so exuberant that it is said a path cut through the virgin forests would be entirely overgrown and disappear in less than a fortnight. The fertility of this district is its misfortune. The clearing of such a land would require almost an army of toilers. The cocoa, caoutchouc, and other products of the forest are borne out on rafts down tributary streams to the Amazon.

Peru, in spite of her unfortunate railway investments, in spite of her embarrassed financial condition, in spite of the inaccessibility of most of her products—Peru, in spite even of the Peruvians, has splendid possibilities. She is marvellously rich in mineral products. She needs only an infusion of capital and energy. The construction of the Isthmian Canal will probably bring these.



FLOWERS.

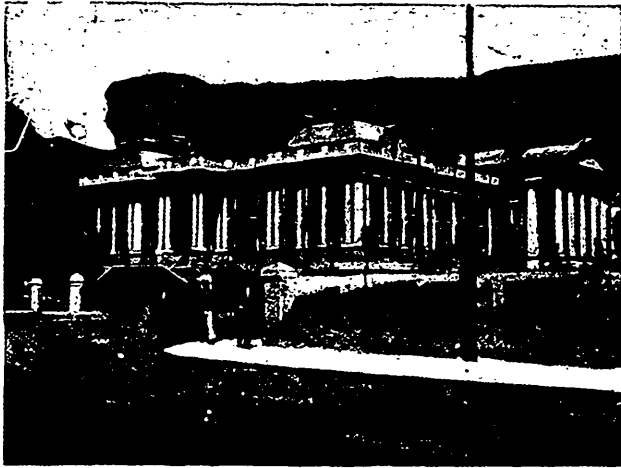
BY J. C. S.

The stars which shine are the flowers of God,
On the infinite meadows of heaven:
And the flowers which spring from the crumbling clod
Are the tokens of friendship given.

Then send me a flower in the day of distress
From the garden or wild mountain side,
And though the fair flower may wither like grass,
Our friendship shall ever abide.
Toronto.

JOHN MACKENZIE, MISSIONARY AND STATESMAN.*

BY LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR CHARLES WARREN, G.C.M.G., K.C.B.



PARLIAMENT HOUSE, CAPE TOWN.



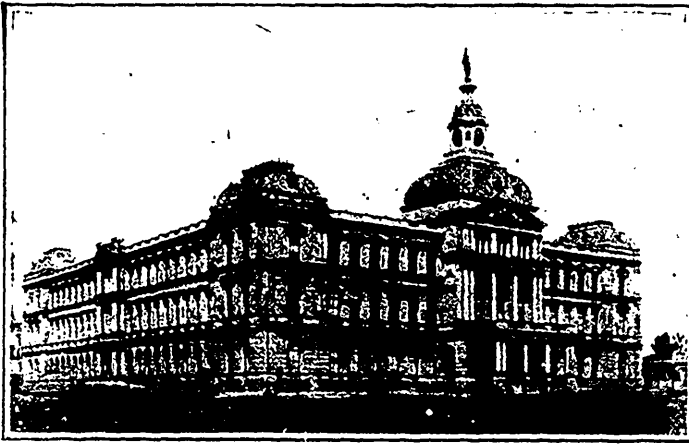
OME twenty years ago, even as now, there were three goals before the eyes of the people of South Africa—a great Confederation of States forming part of the British Empire; a South African Republic, independent of our Empire; a Unified South Africa, with Cape Town as its capital, with perhaps some slender connection with the British Empire, but drifting from it in thought, feeling, and aspiration.

Those who looked forward to

* "John Mackenzie, South African Missionary and Statesman." By W. Douglas Mackenzie, M.A., Professor of Systematic Theology in the Chicago Theological Seminary. (London: Hodder & Stoughton.)

these goals, had representing them respectively as their exponents, John Mackenzie, Paul Kruger, and Cecil Rhodes. Each was a man of strong personality and high mental power, and each in his turn, whether he would or no, has been overruled in his actions, to assist in solidifying the Empire.

John Mackenzie is described in this volume as missionary and statesman, and the terms taken together seem so incongruous to our ears and thoughts that we must pause a moment to enquire into the ways of missionaries in South Africa, and as to the precise meaning attached to the title of statesman. The pages before us sufficiently enlighten us upon these two points, and show that within limitations the two positions are compatible in particular instances.



HOUSE OF PARLIAMENT AT PRETORIA, TRANSVAAL.

Amongst uncivilized tribes, outside the rule of recognized governments, the missionaries are usually the only white men in whom the chiefs and the people can place confidence, as being disinterested in their dealings, and insensibly they grow to look upon them as their friends and their advisers. Thus, if the missionaries have judgment and ability, they become qualified from constant practice and experience to act as political agents, or

even, in rare cases, as administrators.

In fact they are thrown, by the force of circumstances, into a somewhat analogous position to that held by the Government political agents accredited to the Native Indian and Malayan States. It is in this wise that we find that Moffat, Livingstone, and Mackenzie have taken so high a position in public estimation. In offering the Gospel to the natives, they are also inculcating views of



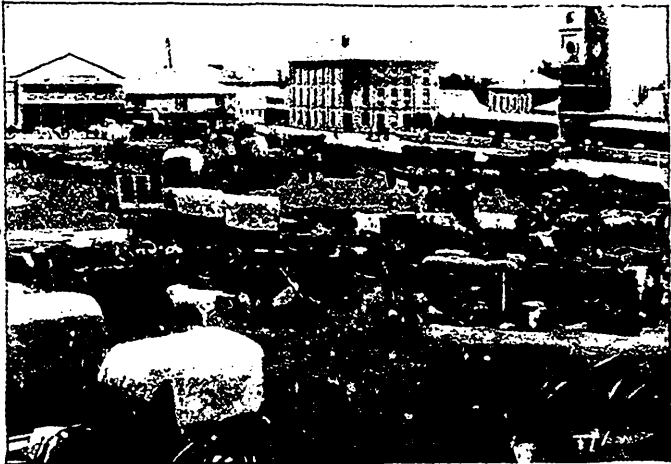
STREET SCENE IN JOHANNESBURG BEFORE THE WAR.

the brotherhood of mankind held by the bulk of our people at home, and they are preparing natives to accept civilization and to look upon the British with a friendly eye.

It is in times of emergency and crisis only that a missionary can with propriety enter the field of administration, and then simply because (from neglect of the Government to keep agents in native territories) he is the only person fitted by knowledge of his subject and by practice to cope with the difficulties of the situation.

going on during this period; and when, in 1853, his intellectual life was suddenly awakened by joining a literary association, it "led gradually to that religious quickening from which his whole character ever after drew its most distinctive qualities," and he made the inward resolution from which henceforth there was no swerving, to become a preacher of the Gospel in the heathen world. His prayer was: "O Lord, send me to the darkest spot on earth."

Selected by the London Mission-



MARKET DAY AT KIMBERLEY.

Brought up in a little farmhouse in remote Knoekando, in Morayshire, Mackenzie was taken from school at the age of fourteen (in 1848) and sent to lodgings in Elgin, as an apprentice to *The Elgin Courant*, uncontrolled and master of his own habits and spare time—free to drift towards good or evil. For six years he entered heartily into boyish fun and amusement, but his religious feeling became stifled, and he gave up going to church, never read his Bible—only silly and frivolous publications.

No doubt internal struggles were

ary Society as a probationer, he studied at their seminary at Bedford, and in his twenty-third year he proceeded to Cape Town (1858) as one of a party of six missionaries whose object it was to plant new missions in the heart of the Dark Continent south of the Zambesi, in the regions west and north of the Transvaal, which Livingstone had opened up to European influence.

These were trying times for our young missionaries, for they had to take steps to withstand (and frequently unsuccessfully) the encroachments of the Boers on native

territories. As the Missionary Society planted new mission-stations to educate the natives, the "immigrant farmers" of the Transvaal set themselves to destroy these stations, deliberately and systematically. Dr. Moffat describes no less than four mission-stations blotted out by the Boers, from which the native teachers were driven off, and where the people of the district were plundered and slain.

enslavement of the native tribes, and the rendering all the interior of South Africa Dutch or German.

Pretorius succeeded in obtaining the assistance of some representatives of the Hermannsburg Mission, and a vigorous correspondence ensued between the offices of the London and German Societies.

For four years this state of unrest prevailed, and our missionaries were in daily peril of raids from the



TREKING IN SOUTH AFRICA.

At last the Boers, finding that our missionary efforts increased as their persecutions extended, initiated a new policy, and in 1858 President Pretorius proposed turning the British missionaries out of Bechuanaland as a body, and settling in their place German missionaries under the patronage of the Transvaal Government—a course which would have resulted in the disintegration and

Boers; then in 1863 the good news arrived that the German missionaries had agreed to withdraw from all stations in Bechuanaland, and the English missionaries could now settle down to work permanently amongst the various tribes.

During this time Mackenzie saw the native tribes at war with each other and ravaged by the Boers. From 1864 to 1876 Mackenzie

laboured at Shoshong, making occasional hazardous journeys into the far interior. It was in 1872 that Khama assembled all the white men of Shoshong together, and employing Mackenzie as interpreter, made known to them his law with reference to strong drink. Henceforth it was illegal to bring spirits into the territory, or to sell them.

The chapter entitled "By-products of a Missionary Career," writes Mr. T. J. Raybould in *The Aldersgate Magazine*, tells how varied was his life. He acted as postmaster, as guide, philosopher, and friend to white and black men. His house was often the hospital in cases of fever, and he acted as executor in winding up estates of deceased traders or hunters. He had the faculty of drawing men to himself; they would open their hearts to him, and receive from him the very word of warning and rebuke, of encouragement and consolation, which they needed.

He speaks in sorrowful terms of one aspect of European aggression. The brandy waggons of the pioneers, and the nefarious traffic in drink, debase European and African alike. "Is this hideous exorcism on English society to follow unquestioned and unchecked into every new country in which they spread?"

Sir Bartle Frere and Colonel Warren proposed that Mackenzie should accept the position of Commissioner for South Bechuanaland, at a salary of £1,000 per annum, to be supported by magistrates and 200 mounted police. The missionary refused to give up his life-work even for this important position. The High Commissioner's anxiety to secure Mackenzie's help caused him to offer the same salary if Mackenzie would act as native Commissioner with magistrates under him, giving part of his time to missionary work and part to the Government. He had practically been doing this work before without payment.

In 1881, without warning, the retrocession of the Transvaal took place. No British resident was appointed among the tribes on the western and southwestern border, so that the natives were left at the mercy of the Boers. Their speedy invasion took place at two points, and the Boer Republics of Stellaland and Goshen were set up, to the utter exclusion of the chiefs who had been loyal to the distant "White Queen."

In a broad and generous spirit the London Missionary Society directors passed resolutions which stated that they consented to his withdrawal from the Society which he had so well served for twenty-five years in the interests of good government, the progress of civilization, and especially the successful continuance of work among the natives. In those days Mr. Stead was all for British Imperialism, and his article on "Our First Resident in Bechuanaland" is vivid and impressive. "A sturdy, stalwart, broad-backed, beetle-browed Scotsman, whose sandy hair is beginning to silver with the frost of the second half-century of life, and whose keen blue eyes look out with shrewd penetrating gaze beneath a solid but somewhat irregular forehead. He leaves London this afternoon to unravel the Gordian knot that Boers and filibusters, with the aid of Moshette and Massouw, have been busy trying for the last two years in the country of Mankoroane and Montsioa." Mackenzie's name "is worthy to be linked with those of Moffat and Livingstone."

"As Indian Viceroys used to read Mill on the Government of India, so future South African administrators will have to master the articles of Mackenzie. We bid Mr. Mackenzie godspeed, with every confidence that hereafter he will live in the annals of our empire as the man who, at a grave crisis, saved Africa for England."

Mackenzie found himself in a

strange world of plots and counter-plots. In spite, however, of double dealing, Boer raids and cattle lifting, he exercised wise, patient frankness amid much personal danger.

He returned to the homeland "baffled to fight better." For nearly five years he toiled heroically with an unselfishness and devotion to one supreme ideal which absorbed his energies and shortened his days. Mr. John Morley was himself friendly, but, like others, was shy of African responsibilities. Lord Kimberley and Mr. Courtney wanted to leave the South African native to die out, "as the Choctaws had done."

His book concludes with the possible South Africa, in the light of the policy which he had advocated.

"Like every true vision of the future," he says, "mine ends in peace, and not in war." . . . "Assuredly, as England has abolished duelling, and still retains her honour and her self-respect, so will the savage arbitrament of war be discredited and disused the world over, when the thoughts of the victorious Galilean shall have become the code of the world. Then the contests of men will consist in the noble emulations of literature, art, commerce and industry; in all of which Austral Africa will have its share. I see these things with the eye of the soul, they will surely come to pass, I pray to be permitted to see some of them with the bodily eye also."

Mackenzie's own years of hard labour in educating the British public regarding South Africa, prepared the way for the Chartered Company. South African correspondents had made him aware of the extraordinary manner in which President Kruger had begun to supply the burghers of the Transvaal with guns and ammunition for quiet but effective distribution. Throughout these years of great toil, of absorbing engagements and of much

anxiety, his religious life deepened; and his habits of prayer-life remained unimpaired.

The directors of the London Missionary Society had urgent reasons for setting a strong man down at Hankey, a large missionary settlement in Cape Colony, fifty miles west of Port Elizabeth. Here, quietly resuming obscure missionary life, Mackenzie settled down to the many-sided work.

Instead of a three years' task, as stated, it needed the work of a lifetime. He had for many years used the "Taal" or kitchen Dutch of South Africa, but some public religious worship was to be in High Dutch, so that Mackenzie at fifty-six years of age had to face the task of learning a new language.

Mackenzie shut himself into the valley of Hankey as completely as if he had never covered all South Africa with his interest and service; as if he had not haunted the lobby of the House of Commons for days and months and years; as if great statesmen and public men were unknown to him. He refused to read newspapers for many weeks, and applied himself to learning Dutch, for pulpit preparation, and a thorough study of the administrative, industrial and social affairs of the community.

He watched with keenest interest the tour of the three Bechuanaland chiefs through England, and the agreement at which Mr. Chamberlain arrived, by which a strip of Khama's territory on his eastern border—no wider than ten miles—was handed over. Mackenzie wrote an open letter, which was a model of frankness and courtesy, to President Kruger. He pursued and sowed broadcast the loftiest ideals, whether at Shoshong, Kuruman, London, or Hankey; or as Chairman of the Congregational Union in South Africa. His death in March, 1899, spared him the horrors of the war.

CHARACTER, THE ELEMENTAL FORCE IN LITERATURE.

BY REV. ARTHUR JOHN LOCKHART (PASTOR FELIX).

A good man out of the good treasure of the heart bringeth forth good things: and an evil man out of the evil treasure bringeth forth evil things.—St. Matthew xii. 35.

None
But such as are good men, can give good things;
And all which is not good is not delicious
To a well-govern'd and wise appetite.

—Milton, *Comus*.



MILTON, speaking from the highest range of the literary vocation, has said :

Poetical powers are the inspired gift of God, rarely bestowed . . . in every nation, and are of power, beside the office of a pulpit, to imbreed and cherish in a great people, the seeds of virtue and public civility, to allay the perturbation of the mind, and set the affections in right tune; to celebrate in glorious and lofty hymns the throne and equipage of God's almightiness, and what he works and what he suffers to be wrought with high providence in his Church; to sing victorious agonies of martyrs and saints, the deeds and triumphs of just and pious nations, doing valiantly through faith against the enemies of Christ; to deplore the general relapses of kingdoms and states from justice and God's true worship.

It is evident that to him such high powers were a sacred trust, to be held sacredly; and to be used in restraint and discipline, as one curbs the noble rage of his courser who flies on his victorious way. Pegasus, when he held the bridle, should not go wildly nor aimlessly, nor should his aim be futile or ignoble. A wholesome life refined and developed, with powers chastened and matured, yet not diminished,—these, with leisure, he awaited, before he should attempt his work of noblest note. And to accomplish this he considered an

especial inspiration of the Divine Spirit necessary, for he says, furthermore :

None hath by more studious ways endeavoured, and with more unwearied spirit none shall,—that I dare almost aver of myself, as far as life and full license will extend. Neither do I think it shame to covenant with any knowing reader that for some few years yet I may go on trust with him toward the payment of what I am now indebted, as being not a work to be raised from the heats of youth, or the vapours of wine, like that which flows at waste from the pen of some vulgar amourest, or the trencher fury of a rhyming parasite, nor to be obtained by the invocation of Dame Memory and her syren daughters; but by devout prayer to that Eternal Spirit who can enrich with all utterance and knowledge, and sends out His seraphim with the hallowed fire of His altar to touch and purify the life of whom He pleases.

Of "Dame Memory and her syren daughters," he shall render a due account, with that royal reason and splendid imagination of his; but it is not to the stops and pipes and keys of the human organ he must make his chief appeal, remembering that unseen, but most potent musician from whom the touch and breathing of an eternal strain must come.

Byron, when defending himself against the charge of blasphemous impiety in that baleful masterpiece, "Cain," appeals to the noblest work of his master, Milton, and to the austere tragic Grecian.

The two passages (objected to), he writes to Murray, cannot be altered without making Lucifer talk like the Bishop of Lincoln, which would not be in the character of the former. . . . The other passage is also in character: if *non-sense*, so much the better, because then it can do no harm, and the sillier Satan is made, the safer for everybody. As to "alarms," etc., do you really think such things ever led anybody astray? Are these people more impious than Milton's "Satan"? or, the "Prometheus" of Æschylus? or even the "Sadducees" of —, the "Fall of Jerusalem" . . . Are not Adam, Eve, Cain, and Abel as pious as the catechism"?

By this reasoning,—too shallow for such a mind as Byron,—and this badinage, he avoids the real issue, which concerns the *spirit* of his work. Whether the passages impugned be blasphemous or not, is to be determined by the motive of the whole piece. We know Milton's attitude, whatever words may be put into the lips of his Satan. Also we cannot misunderstand the attitude and spirit of Byron, that it is diverse from that of the greater poet, by whose literary practice he wishes to be justified.

Mr. Gladstone, in a notable tribute to the memory of Arthur Henry Hallam,* ascribes to his subject the union of extraordinary character, as well as intellect, at an unusual stage of development, when his earthly career was terminated at Vienna in 1833. He had scarcely looked at life, if we estimate the apparent limits of time and opportunity; yet it seemed as if he thoroughly, or at least essentially, apprehended it, and stood calmly, and with collected soul, before its perturbing mysteries. It may be said that he courted and loved the things that fill other men with doubt and fear; that the dark things were not altogether dark to him, possessed of a sort of divine insight that penetrated to beyond the shadows to the sustaining veri-

ties there hidden. This left him just the degree of mystery the mind craves, and he would have said,—

I love the mystery, nor seek to solve;
Content to let the stars revolve,
Nor ask to have their meaning clear.
Enough for me, enough to feel;
To let the mystic shadows steal
Unto a land whither I cannot follow,
To see the stealthy sunlight leave
Dewy dingle, dappled hollow;
To watch when falls the hour of eve,
Quiet shadows on a quiet hill;
To watch, to wonder and be still.*

The fog might lie along shore;
he was sure of one thing—the coast.

The reason and the beauty of such a life may be seen in this early discernment and recognition of the permanent and the eternal; of man's dependence upon, and responsibility to, a personal and righteous God, who is the "Everlasting Father"; and his obligation to dedicate life and service to Him, and to work worthily of such a character and relation. This conception and a high resolve appropriate thereto are embodied in the written prayer found among his papers after his decease:

Lord, I have viewed this world over in which Thou hast set me; I have tried how this and that thing will fit my spirit, and the design of my creation, and can find nothing on which to rest, for nothing here doth itself rest; but such things as please me for a while in some degree, vanish and flee away from before me. Lo! I come to Thee—the Eternal Being—the Spring of Life—the Centre of Rest—the Stay of the Creation—the Fulness of all things. I join myself to Thee; with Thee I will lead my life and spend my days, with whom I am to dwell for ever, expecting when my little time is over, to be taken up into Thine own eternity.

How well and speedily his purpose was fulfilled! Soon "God's finger touched him, and he slept." He left no great writing, but he left a memory and inspired an affection the sufficient motive of one of the noblest poems of the past century.

* In The Youth's Companion.

* Alfred Austin.

His is a personality canonized in song, having a certain essential and ideal lustre; but Gladstone attempts his memories with dispassionate impartiality, yet with most generous concessions of superiority in the endowments of his school-boy friend. He speaks of that friendship as "surpassing every other that has ever been enjoyed by one greatly blessed in the number and excellence of his friends."

This is saying much,—but the writer continues :

It is the simple truth that Arthur Henry Hallam was a spirit so exceptional that everything with which he was brought into relation during his shortened passage through this world came to be, through this contact, glorified by a touch of the ideal. Among his contemporaries at Eton, that queen of visible homes for the ideal schoolboy, he stood supreme among his fellows; and the long life through which I have since wound my way, and which has brought me into contact with so many men of rich endowments, leaves him where he then stood, as to natural gifts, so far as my estimation is concerned.

We find that this life, so briefly, yet so perfectly, lived, has entered as a moving force into at least two of the greatest of modern characters, and has become not only the subject but the material and inspiration of imperishable song. It required not merely the genius of Tennyson, but the spirit of Arthur Hallam, purified and exalted above the shades of death, to produce "In Memoriam." Hallam's poetic endowment, united with his spiritual nobility, was significant of the greatness of his possible accomplishment, though perhaps it could never become the highest of the age.

Whether, Mr. Gladstone continues, he possessed the greatest genius I have ever known is a question which does not lie upon my path, and which I do not undertake to determine. It is of the man that I speak, and genius does not of itself make the man. When we deal with men, genius and character must be jointly

taken into view; and the relation between the two, together with the effect upon the aggregate, is infinitely variable. The towering position of Shakespeare among the poets does not of itself afford a certain indication that he holds a place equally high among men.

This is the more interesting from a consideration of the author himself, as a man of the highest character, and of wonderfully multifarious achievement, at the close of the most signal career of the century; characterizing with applause the high spirit and serene temper of a man whose life here was only a promise, yet who lives in the lives of others, and "being dead, yet speaketh." That his unique character has been a force in modern literature, we cannot question; and that without the spell of his illumining personality there could have been no "In Memoriam." The readers of that splendid threnody,—the most significant work of its kind in our language,—may well be grateful for the life which inspired and made it possible.

Mr. Gladstone modestly compares Hallam with himself, where he refers to their debates in college,—as does also Tennyson in his poem :

One would aim an arrow fair,
But send it slackly from the string;
And one would pierce an outer ring,
And one an inner, here and there;

And last the master-bowman, he
Would cleave the mark. A willing ear
We lent him. Who but hung to hear
The rapt oration flowing free

From point to point, with power and grace
And music in the bounds of law,
To those conclusions when we saw
The God within him light his face,

And seem to lift the form, and glow
In azure orbits heavenly wise;
And over those ethereal eyes
The bar of Michael Angelo.

But Gladstone :

On Sunday, May 14th, 1826, I find this record in my journal: "Stiff arguments with Hallam, as usual, on Sundays, about articles, creeds, etc." It is difficult

now to conceive how during these years he bore with me; since not only was I inferior to him in knowledge and dialectic ability, but my mind was "cabined, cribbed, confined," by an intolerance which I ascribe to my having been brought up in what were then termed evangelical ideas—ideas, I must add, that in other respects were frequently productive of great and vital good.

Hallam had, indeed, a mind singularly open, and to unusual scope of vision he united a temper fundamentally catholic and tolerant; and it is worth noting how Gladstone was impressed, and how he has widened in these respects, when we remember that youth is usually the season of our easiest faith, when we are the most ready to embrace all specious theories in the very callowness of our benevolence.

All he has said of his friend is very well received and understood now—but when Tennyson's poem first appeared, Hallam, not being in his real character popularly known, it was received by some as an unquestionable example of fulsome and lachrymose extravagance, and it was treated by certain critics with that scornful incredulity which a Diderot or Paine might have bestowed upon some contemporary account of a vision of angels,—so intolerant is our commonplaceness.

Frederick W. Robertson gives us his view of such contemptuous criticism in one of his lectures*—a criticism in which it was complained that so much "of poetic feeling had been wasted on a lawyer," and in which "much wit is spent upon the tenderness which is given to 'Amaryllis of the Chancery Bar.'" The lecturer has with the critic a strict and just settlement, as with one of indurated mind, who always remembered poetry as a school exercise, was mentally

construing Virgil, and who poked in the ashes of a thought when he should be peering between the bars of text, where lies the glowing flame, into the living landscape of the spirit,—an accomplishment to which he was perhaps destined never to attain. But the reader may like to recall how Robertson cracks the helmet of this critical De Bohun:

A barrister, it seems, is beyond the pale of excusable, because political, sensibilities. So that if my friend be a soldier, I may love him, celebrate him in poetry, because the profession of arms is by all conventional associations heroic; or, if he bears on his escutcheon the red hand of knighthood, or wears a ducal coronet, or even if he be a shepherd, still there are poetic precedents for romance; but if he be a member of the Chancery bar, or only a cotton lord, then because these are not grades accredited as heroic in song, worth is not worth, and honour is not honour, and nobility is not nobility. O if we wanted poets for nothing else, it would be for this,—that they are the grand levellers vindicating the sacredness of our common humanity, and in protest against such downright vulgarity of heart as this.

Such misconception was scarcely necessary in the premises, since at that time the literary remains of Hallam had been published, among *the literati*, at least, with an introductory memoir by his distinguished father, and the laudatory tributes of some of the ablest men in Britain; while Tennyson had been given some twenty years, since its interruption by death, to test the quality and significance of his friendship.

Gladstone,—to whom, aside from his statesmanship, we are greatly indebted for his contributions to literature and learning,—is, and will be, distinguished among his contemporaries for a certain august greatness of character. With him departed the most reverend figure from the group of England's Commoners; and in him Cato and Tully seem to have lived again, combined with his own more radiant, loftier,

* The first of two lectures, "On the Influence of Poetry on the Working Classes." Delivered at Brighton before the members of the Mechanics' Institute, February, 1852.

farther-reaching spiritual personality. Remoteness of time, and the heightened aspect of 'the great departed,' may not add so much of majesty and stateliness to the impression of future generations, as in the case of some not so well appreciated in their lifetime; but we cannot suppose that gracious and imposing presence can ever be materially diminished. His life has been delineated by one of the clearest minds and most skilful writers of the century, as by one who saw him often and knew him intimately, and is competent to deal with him in most phrases of his many-sided nature.*

"Not Fox nor Chatham, nor William Pitt," says Justin McCarthy, "had anything like Mr. Gladstone's capacity for constructive legislation; and the resources of information possessed by Fox or Chatham or Pitt were poor indeed when compared with that storehouse of knowledge which supplied Mr. Gladstone's intellectual capacity." Yet here is the central fact, according with our theme: Mr. Gladstone has been possessed through his life with an *eager passion to do the right thing at all times*. No human interest has been indifferent to him, and the smallest wrong as well as the greatest has aroused his most impassioned sympathy. Defects of temperament, of manner, and of tact, have, no doubt, been ascribed to him over and over again. He is not good, I am told, at remembering names and faces. He is loved by his friends; he cannot but be honoured by his political enemies—for personal enemies he never could have had.

He stood, in the massiveness and affluence of a candid, generous spirit, amid the oppositions of more dexterous, and sometimes more practical, debaters; but there, as everywhere, his gentleness, and magnanimity made him great.

And how much of that force, which has operated so powerfully in literature, and statesmanship may be due to the young man who was laid so early to his rest beside

* Hon. John Morley.

The pleasant shore,
And in the hearing of the wave,

what man shall presume to declare? And as the life of Gladstone, so the life of Tennyson has been an influence in the world equal with his word and song. The biography of the poet, by his son,—no less than that solemnly beautiful and majestic threnody, now a classic,—in revealing the bright spiritual beauty of his friend's character, exhibits also the manly strength and steadfastness of his own. He was a person of extraordinary self-restraint, patience, and determination, and his defects were superficial by contrast with his virtues; while his exquisite art is no more an efficient factor in the literary history of his time than his faithful quest of truth, and rectitude in the spirit.

So much that men approve and admire must we trace to that bright spirit whose heaven wrought in his character,—that transfigured companion, concerning whom he could say,—

Behold, I dream a dream of good,
And mingle all the world with Thee.
Thy voice is on the rolling air;
I hear Thee where the waters run;
Thou standest in the rising sun,
And in the setting Thou art fair.

This brings us to reflect on the importance of character in shaping and giving quality to the great masterpieces of literature. The great masters of this nineteenth age, just passed, have been distinguished for the loftiness of their aim, and the pure and noble spiritual quality of their lives; and when we mention such statesmen as Gladstone, and Bright, and Sumner, and Lincoln, and such poets as Tennyson, and the Brownings, Longfellow, Lowell, Emerson, Whittier, and Lanier, we can but exclaim,—Happy is the era that could produce them, and the people who have them for exemplars and teachers! These evince something more than the artistic sense,

something more than imagination, passion, acumen, and the literary dexterity of the easy-going author, who can write anywhere, upon any kind of a theme. We instinctively feel that Homer, Æschylus, Dante, Milton,—and when we investigate, we perceive the fact— even from the tone of their work, were not only great poets, but great, right-hearted men; and that—to adapt Gladstone's phrase, with respect to Hallam—they “resembled passing emanations from some other and less darkly checkered world.” Had they not been such, writing such as theirs would have been impossible. One needs but to study his work to see that the last named poet was “a dedicated spirit”—one who thought himself

Born to that end, born to promote all truth,
All righteous things;

for it inheres in the very fibre of all that he has left us; and therein is “the precious life-blood of a master-spirit, embalmed and treasured up to a life beyond life,” which informs it and gives it sustaining power and quickening energy. “Time tries the troth in everything”; and that unfailing test of character prevails here in the domain of literature, originating form and imparting spirit. Milton must long remain to us the supreme “type of manly strength and purity.”

Thy soul was like a star and dwelt apart;
Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like
the sea;
Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free;

was the tribute of a kindred and sympathetic soul, of equal purity, if less in power; and when a critic of the past generation* remarked thereupon, “It dwelt in tumult and mischief and rebellion,” he spake,—as Moses is said to have done on

* Christopher North, “Noctes Ambrosianæ.”

one occasion,—unadvisedly; since Wordsworth is not alluding to his political and controversy activity, but to the Nazarite-like separation of his spiritual and poetical life. Among poets of the century to which we who are in middle life chiefly belong, whoever will attend to Wordsworth, Browning, and Tennyson will come to feel that he is dealing with greatness of substance, the primary quality, to which refined technique and plasticity of style are always to be subservient.

The Cavalier Poets, occupied with the *finesse* of song and the petty art of turning the curious in form and expression, redeem frequently by the happiness of their phrases the poverty of the things they have to say. Undoubtedly these trifles have their artistic significance, and their appropriate place as counters in our literary parlance. Some of them have their touches of nobleness and purity, as when Lovelace sings:

I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Loved I not honour more;

Or,

Oh, could you view the melody
Of every grace,
And music of her face,
You'd drop a tear;
Seeing more harmony
In her bright eye
Than now you hear.*

Can the revivers of Oriental or Provençal forms, with all their finish, attain a more graceful or artless result? It is not without good reason that we read to-day and relish such verses as,—

When love with unconfined wings
Hovers within my gates,
And my divine Althea brings
To whisper at my grates;
When I lie tangled in her hair,
And fettered in her eye,
The birds that wanton in the air
Know no such liberty;

* From which Byron drew his fine expression in the “Bride of Abydos”:

The mind, the music breathing from her
face.

which are not of the malodorous sort the spirit of the Second Charles required. Nor could the age of the earliest of the Georges relish or produce any thing so ærially graceful as—

Her feet beneath her petticoat,
Like little mice stole in and out,
As if they feared the light;

or, turning from Suckling to Carew, a stanza exquisite as this :

Ask me no more whither doth haste
The nightingale when May is past ;
For in your sweet dividing throat
She winters and keeps warm her note.

For, despite the frequent triviality of the things expressed, there is much true to human lives and dear to human hearts, and the expression is well-nigh perfect ; the genuine life-blood of poesy is there, but in tiny trickling veins instead of giant pulses. How incomparably poor must our literature have been had we only such trinkets as these—the frills and ruffles and dangling ornaments of verse. The excuse for their being is that, slight as they are, they are *gold* and not *tinsel*. Yet how far below a “*Comus*,” a “*Saul*,” a “*Ulysses*,” a *tour de force* of Gray, or a happy inspiration of Wordsworth,—his glorious Ode, or the lines on Tintern Abbey, for example ! In these, character, as well as genius, speaks ; in these purity and strength attain to mastery.

When the toying writers mentioned do attempt a noble utterance, it usually rings hollow or falls flatly from them ; and in many instances their *finesse* runs to the fantastic, and the affections that a pure taste abhors. Some of them seem as incapable of the heroic, in feeling and sentiment, as in action. Wit does not always redeem them ; and even Hudibras, with all his long and broad comedy, is not exempt from the disgust an earnest spirit feels in attempting to follow

him, and who doubts, perhaps, if Butler was worthy of a better fate than befel him, when

He asked for bread and he received a stone.

Mirth at the expense of truth and justice ends with a sore heart. Butler gave us little of that bread wherewith the heart of humanity is nourished. We laugh with him for a season, but it is far from being a merry laugh at the last.

We think that these observations may apply to the present time, when elegance in art, and rudeness in art, and freedom in art, are alternately pointed out as rules for our guidance. It is not elegance, over refined ; it is not rude vigour, overdone into coarseness ; it is not freedom, escaping into license ;—to none of these may we look as the proper aim and goal of the literary art. Nor are we speaking to diminish the glory of the true artist, nor thinking to withhold the smallest meed of praise that is anywhere his due.

We state that the law of Beauty is not the only law ; nor the much-boasted law of Utility. Beauty has a large and high domain accorded to her ; but though we have felt her power and, bowed at her shrine, we are not disposed to make her our tyrant, or to worship any partial images of her. And all her varying forms are inconsistent in the comparison of her living, breathing spirit—the sister of eternal Truth—which is everywhere radiant and vibrant. We think it needful just now to emphasize that ever-subsisting relation of great souls, of spirits noble and unworldly, as well of great impulses and ideas, to all genuinely high and enduring art.

It is asked that the faculty thus apotheosized shall be reduced to a state of harmony and co-operation with the others ; and that there be loyalty in the inner life, not to Beauty alone, but to spiritual verity

in all kinds and in all realms;—to Truth, to Purity, to Righteousness, to Faith, to Love, to Obedience,—and to the summit of all these,—to God. Ours is the Fountain of Life, as well as the reality of “the things that do appear.”

To the importance of this factor in art and literature, which we term character, John Burroughs,—in despite of what we believe to be some of his errors respecting the Christian’s faith, one of the sincerest of modern men,—comes bearing witness :

A man like Poe is of the true poet type, but his contribution is unimportant because there is not enough of him. . . . There is a mastery in him not, in Longfellow ; but Longfellow will outlive him because he has a winning, genial personality and his works are sweet and wholesome. Poe’s mastery is over the elements of verse, not over the elements of life or spirit. Shelley, Swinburne, Rossetti, and

all that ilk, do not fail as artists, but as men.

I went to a table that was covered with a multitude of richly-figured, highly-coloured, and brightly-gilded dishes. The people who sat with me seemed devoid of keen, wholesome appetite, but kept picking at this and that fantastic syllabus, or fell to inspecting the *menu* cards. Much admiration was expressed at seeing so elegant a service ; the silver and gold plate, and the porcelain and crystal were the most elaborate ever seen. When the covers were lifted from these fine dishes I was amazed to discover how little there was in them ; and I thanked heaven that the world contained a more abundant and nutritious fare. Just now the public fancy runs toward gilded and empty dishes ; but I cannot believe it will always be so.

AT THE BAR.

“Who speaks for this man?” From the great white throne,
Veiled in its roseate clouds, the voice came forth :
Before it stood a parted soul alone.
And rolling east, and west, and south, and north,
The mighty accents summoned quick and dead :
“Who speaks for this man, ere his doom be said?”

Lingering, he listened, for his early life
Had passed in dull, unnoted calm away ;
He brought no glory to his early strife,
No wreath of fame, or genius’ fiery ray ;
Weak, lone, ungifted, quiet and obscure,
Born in the shadow, dying ’mid the poor.

Lo ! from the solemn concourse, hushed and dim,
The widow’s prayer, the orphan’s blessing rose ;
The struggler told of trouble shared by him,
The lonely of cheered hours and softened woes ;
And like a chorus spake the crushed and sad,
“He gave us all he could and what he had.”

And little words of loving-kindness said,
And tender thoughts, and help in time of need,
Sprang up like leaves by soft spring showers fed,
In some waste corner, sown y chance-flung seed,
In grateful wonder heard the modest soul,
Such trifles gathered to so olest a whole.

O ye, by circumstance’s strong fetters bound,
The store so little, and the hand so frail,
Do but the best ye can for all around ;
Let sympathy be true, nor courage fail ;
Winning among your neighbours, poor and weak,
Some witness at your trial hour to speak.

—All the Year Round.

A PURITAN'S WIFE.*

A BREViate OF THE LIFE OF MRS. MARGARET BAXTER (1681).

BY FLORENCE MARY PARSONS.



BAXTER, the author of "The Saint's Everlasting Rest" (and of a hundred and sixty-seven other books); Baxter, the persecuted preacher; Baxter, the peace-maker, misunderstood in an age of extremists; Macauley's Baxter, the object of Jeffreys' blasphemies,—is a figure widely known after a fashion.

The general reader imagines him, in so far as he imagines him at all, to have been a sombre Puritan in gown and bands, perpetually wrestling with sinners in hydra-headed sermons. Nor is such a sketch unauthentic. Beside it, however, there should be hung another less austere portrait, that of a man hourly leaning on the strong arm of a woman who loves him. For a knowledge of this softening gleam upon the hard life of Richard Baxter we are indebted to a singular document—which has been only once reprinted—*A Breviate* (written by himself) of the *Life of Margaret his Wife*. A "paper monument," Baxter calls it. He is thinking of the "very fair, rich, large marble stone" his wife had caused to be laid over her mother's grave, but which, five years later, in the falling of the church at the Fire of London, was broken to pieces. More durable than that marble

stone he hopes this may prove, which he erects under the power of melting grief, but in sincerity of truth.

"The unsuitableness of our age," writes Baxter in commencing the *Breviate*, "and my former known purposes against marriage and against the conveniency of ministers' marriages, made our marriage the matter of much public talk and wonder." Somewhere else he says that even Charles II.'s marriage (which took place at about the same time) was less "rung about" than his. When it is remembered that he was well on towards fifty, and his bride less than half his age; that he was sickly, sharp, uncomely; and that he was, moreover, without maintenance, owing to the operation of the recent Act of Uniformity; while she came of one of the best families in his own county of Shropshire, and possessed two thousand pounds of her own,—it is not surprising that friends and onlookers should have shaken their heads and prepared for the worst.

There was only one justification for the conduct of Richard Baxter. Margaret Charlton had fallen violently in love with him, so violently that she nearly died from the effect of concealing her attachment. It began as the irresistible hero-worship to which sensitive feminine souls have always been prone in the presence of sacerdotal glamour. Margaret was a Heloise translated into the prose of Puritan England.

The record of her girlhood is curious and significant. She was not one of these favoured souls who grow up into godliness by undiscerned degrees. About four years before the Restoration, her mother,

* Last year we printed a character-study of the great Puritan divine, Richard Baxter. We have pleasure in printing a companion piece, being a sketch of the remarkable woman whose romantic marriage created such comment and criticism throughout the realm.

Mrs. Hanmer, a widow for the second time, left her old home, Apley Castle, Salop, upon her son's marriage, and settled at Kidderminster, where she made the humble praying weavers her principal friends, choosing them for their piety above all the vanities of the world. Her elder daughter was already married to a canon at Christchurch; and now the younger, aged eighteen, resolved to quit her brother's house, where Mrs. Hanmer had left her, to rejoin the mother who "deserved her dearest love."

So Margaret came to Kidderminster; but for a long time the religious atmosphere which the famed Mr. Baxter had created there failed to penetrate her. On the contrary, she was namelessly affronted by the strictness of the Kidderminster people. Their poverty and the meagre, mean lives they led were repugnant to her. She had been accustomed to see existence as an amusing spectacle; she liked costly, glittering clothes; she delighted in romances "and company suitable thereto." All this, so natural at nineteen that one would hesitate to call it pardonable, as implying criminality, her inflexible husband, reviewing it, sums up as "the pride of her vain youth." Yet there was nothing out of nature in the "miracle" that transformed this debonaire creature, delighting in her romances, into the gracious, understanding woman, Baxter's espoused saint.

Quite early in the Breviate we catch glimpses beneath the mundane surface of a far more essential quality, self-analysis—the very material from which to carve a Puritan; and "although worldly," we read, "at least she thought that she was not what she should be, but something better must be attained."

It would be interesting to know what were Margaret and her future

husband's impressions of each other at the outset. Did she meet him first, as she may well have done, in her mother's quiet parlour, on some occasion when two or three of the Lord's peculiár were gathered together to be refreshed by the dew of Hermon? It was not till 1663 that the Conventicle Act was passed, which forbade friends to assemble for prayers without book. In the absence of any record, fancy helps one to see, silhouetted against dark panelling, the profile of a slim girl who kneels perfunctorily among the tearful, groaning others, her bright dress looking like exotic plumage in that circle of sober habits. Margaret is a shade paler when she rises. In spite of her will she has been awed into good sadness; young maid though she is, her lively sense has grasped the difference between the heart-searching, pathetic simplicity of Mr. Baxter and the timid jargon she had expected. This man, at least, Margaret Charlton will henceforward wrong by no flippant word. His absorbed sincerity has been a revelation to her.

And so, bit by bit, the work of grace was wrought; and there could have been few weak places in the soul-armour that was forged, for it resisted through a score of years continuous dint of warfare in the way of persecution and harassment, privations many, prisons oft.

The fact of her change only dawned upon her friends when they began to hear her through the wall at frequent prayers. What an authentic morsel of old life the words convey, of a time when, even in solitude, the sincerest people did not feel they had prayed unless they prayed aloud! It was about at this stage, one must suppose, that Margaret's veneration of Baxter as someone divine began "to mingle, to blend" with love of him as somewhat human. At any rate, just

when she seemed to be going on well with her religion, and all her mother's friends were rejoicing over her, she fell into a cough and seeming consumption. The ordinary doctor was called in, and so was Mr. Baxter, who, a semi-invalid himself, was a great medicine man, well accustomed to making up draughts and boluses for the ailing sheep among his flock. This time, however, he found the case too hard for him, so he brought—the zeal is not without significance—two extraordinarily clever physicians, Dr. Prujean and Dr. G. Bates. They looked grave.

Margaret was very ill. Then unexpectedly, while the doctors were prescribing and everyone else praying, all at once an improvement set in. Failing a hint of any adequate cause for it, we are free to guess that the pastor had made the discovery of the straitened fire shut up and striving to break forth, and that the divine event of mutual insight had somehow dawned. All the memoir says is that on the 1st of January Margaret began to mend, after drinking a large quantity of syrup of violets. Rather a pretty piece of symbolism, were symbolism intended!

Various pious observances followed the deliverance. Mrs. Hammer invited the "praying neighbours," who had previously fasted with her, to keep a day of thanksgiving. Mr. Baxter asked Margaret beforehand what she would particularly have them give thanks for, and, when they assembled next morning, she (in spite of her dread of being thought ostentatious and enthusiastic) had ready for them a paper giving under separate headings her various rills of gratitude for recovery. That same day, when she was alone, she wrote a second long paper, a kind of vow or covenant with God. Towards evening, however, fears and scruples cloud-

ing her soul, we have her writing a third and still longer paper of soul-workings, addressed to the Almighty, and signed, "Thy unworthy, unthankful, hard-hearted creature, M. Charlton."

It is noticeable in Margaret that though she always kept the two papers of self-dedication and self-judgment, she never showed them even to so sympathetic a companion as her husband. To the end of her days, Puritan and preacher's wife though she was, she remained hamperingly sensitive about the expression of the deep things of the heart.

On very circumstantial evidence we learn that it was Margaret who made the decisive proposal. According to this work, she sent a friend to Baxter's chamber, bearing her declaration; and when the holy man, uttering the word "Madness," refused to listen, she herself, at the door, overhearing, came in behind her messenger, and flatly, though in Puritanical language, made the tender of herself to "dear Mr. Baxter." Whereat he, we read, was at a stand, convinced that he could not despise so zealous a proffer! The same vigorous nature that, in the maid, could woo and not be baffled, was to stand her, as a wife, in good stead during the harassing years in store.

It could not truthfully be said of Baxter's saint that she proved by any means a simple character. She was, on the contrary, a complicated and woman-like being, compounded of many opposites, and these and the entire candid record of them her husband makes are what give the Breviate of her life a surviving and evergreen interest. She was an animated talker and possessed "an extraordinary sharp and piercing wit"; but she was even more characteristically reserved and difficult.

"Timorousness was her disease," writes her husband of her; and we

shall see, as we follow her married story, how fear of many kinds increasingly marred her outlook upon life. On the other hand, if Margaret Baxter was not a brave woman it would be difficult to say who ever was, at least as regards the passive side of courage—endurance. No wife ever incited and sustained her husband more cheerfully along the path of the painful right; a path entailing, not alone misinterpretation and social odium, but acute material loss, suffering, and peril.

Nevertheless, Baxter was tunelessly inclined. He encouraged congregational music; when his nights were bad, he “then sang much”; and he quaintly records, “It was not the least comfort that I had in the converse of my late dear wife, that our first in the morning and last in bed at night was a psalm of praise, till the hearing of others interrupted it.” Evidently unsympathetic neighbours, “that savoured not melody,” had been rude enough to expostulate.

It was in the early part of Margaret Charlton’s long and thorny engagement that an event occurred well calculated to try a girl’s heroic temper. A bishopric was offered to Baxter, offered at such a juncture and in such a way that by accepting it he would have sacrificed nothing of the dignity of his character among the Presbyterians. What betrothed lady but would learn with a swelling heart that one of those glamorous seats was within the reach of the master and lover who had so lately been evicted from a humble pastoral charge, and whom her relatives told her she would debase herself by marrying?

Baxter had always openly deplored the sectarian separating spirit; he had never condemned a moderate episcopacy; it was known he cherished the hereditary principle in monarchy; he was al-

ready one of the new king’s chaplains. Yet now, without the slightest blatancy or self-gratulation, he refused the see of Hereford on the score that it would take him off his more useful writing. And Margaret Charlton was as firm as he with her *nolo episcopari*. “I am persuaded,” he writes, “that had I accepted the bishoprick, it would have alienated her from me.” Evidently these two were not ordinary people, but Christians, and their conversation was in heaven.

Much as Margaret revered the man so much her senior who was about to marry her, it does not appear that at this stage she entirely idealized him. He, at all events, faithfully sets down that his wife often said that before she married him she expected more sourness and unsuitableness than she found. For all his deep interior sweetness, there was something, no doubt, to be put up with in the author of “A Saint or a Brute.” Not only had his Margaret to sustain the trying role of a martyr’s companion, but that martyr’s temper was as irritable as, say, Jane Welsh’s husband, and his health far worse. Baxter took no pleasure in notable housekeeping; he could not endure interruptions when he was writing; he spent a great part of his time in a sick-night-cap; he was gaunt, and pale, and worn-looking. His tottering cottage, as he calls his body, was tormented by pleurisy, colic, the stone, and thirty-six doctors.

If Margaret found her husband gentler than she had expected, he, on his side, poignantly realized his failings towards her. “Though we never differed in point of interest, or any other matter, every cross, provoking word which I gave maketh me almost irreconcilable with myself, and tells me how repentance brought some of old to pray to the dead whom they had wronged.”

By Baxter’s urgent wish, it was

settled in their marriage contract that Margaret's property should remain exclusively hers. This was an unusual line of action, but Baxter meant to stop the calumnious mouths from which he had already suffered as much as any man who belonged to that rancorous age. The Quakers were particularly against him. When he went along London streets they used to call from their shops, "Alas! poor man, thou art yet in darkness." Others of them used to collect under his windows, and, when any one passed in lace or neat clothing, they would cry, "These are the fruits of thy ministry."

After the date of Margaret Baxter's wedding we hear no more of her keeping a skull by her side as she did in her youth. The Baxters' household affairs were sufficiently engrossing, thanks to their "oft-necessitated removals." Each time the non-conforming preacher was hounded out of one place, in consequence of the local enforcement of some new and ever newer Act, they had to rehouse themselves, and, as Baxter very properly allows, "the women have most of that sort of trouble." Moorfields, Acton—where they made four moves, jail, Totteridge—a fresh part of London: in a comparatively short space of time they had lived in all these places. At Totteridge, Baxter records that few poor people could be put to the hardness his wife was put to. The only lodgings they could find were with a small farmer, where the chimneys smoked so badly that all day in their living-room, throughout a long, severe winter, they breathed in a dense coal-cloud, and were half suffocated with the smell. "And she had ever a great straitness of the lungs, that could not bear smoke or closeness." Not only were the "few mean rooms" so dreadfully smoky, but so cold

that Baxter spent the winter in "much anguish" from sciatica.

Wherever they went Mrs. Baxter carried the same fortitude, making nothing of the discomforts, throwing herself into the lives of the poor folk around them, winning their goodwill and kindnesses, and (what she valued infinitely more) their souls for Christ, in each successive place she lived in, "unless in any street where she staid so short a time as not to be known."

Taking into account what jails were generally during the seventeenth century, it is an odd fact that Baxter seems to have found his sojourn in Clerkenwell Prison, in 1668, a pleasant interlude. It was, of course, his wife who did most to temper the wind, for she not only went with him into captivity most cheerfully, but took their best bed with her, and so many other necessaries that they were able to keep house as contentedly and comfortably as at home. They had moreover, an honest jailer who gave Baxter the liberty of walking in a fair garden, while more friends called upon them in a day than they had at home in half a year.

True to the promise of her wooing, Margaret took the initiative in all business transactions, playing the masculine part. She was always the woman of means, and never undervalued wealth or birth. Her husband had entire faith in her ability. So completely did he leave their affairs in her hands that he feels it necessary to justify himself in the Breviate for having let her be his "governess." Her apprehension of matters of estate, he says, was both quicker and sounder than his.

Mrs. Baxter was an extraordinarily open-handed woman. She thirsted to give, and she dressed more meanly than she ought, and ate far meaner food, so as to have money

to bestow. In spite of her shrewdness, she seriously mortgaged her property in order to be charitable, and so indiscriminate were her alms that her husband sometimes remonstrated.

Richard Baxter, like many another husband with less good reasons, deprecates the cumber and trouble of household interests. He was so unspeakably taken up with weighty soul concerns that he could set only the minimum of value upon the ritual of a well-ordered home. The sole design, scope, and tenor of Baxter's being was to save his brethren's souls, and he had no interest to spare for anything else. With characteristic poignancy, he somewhere defines holy life as "vivacity towards God." With intense imagination and the deepest pity he saw men and women bent over their muckrakes, while above their heads a crown was being held out, and he flung himself with splendid abandonment into the task of forcing them to look up.

Akin to Margaret Baxter's energy and impulsiveness was the presence of mind she showed in emergencies. Once when her husband was preaching to eight hundred people in a room above St. James's market-house, a fearful crack was heard in the floor-boards. Panic began. The stairway was narrow. Some cried from the windows for ladders. Quick as thought, Mrs. Baxter had got out and called to a passing workman, "Can you suddenly put a prop under a beam?" The prop was put, and though at first the carpenter's knocking still further alarmed the assembly, all escaped unhurt.

Baxter found his wife abler at resolving cases of conscience than any divine he knew. "Abundance of differences were brought me, some about restitution, some about injuries, some about vows, some about marriage promises, which I

always put to her, and she so resolved as to convince me of oversight in my own resolution." Unlike himself, his helpmeet rarely felt anger. Even when a servant lost ten pounds' worth of linen in carriage carelessly, and another ten pounds' worth of plate, she showed no wrath; nor would she ever ask who had committed any household offence, for fear of tempting some one to tell a lie. Margaret counted too hopefully on success in each good work she undertook, and was almost overturned with trouble when it fell short. Altogether, an eager, lovable, great-hearted lady.

In that way, too, a true woman, Mrs. Baxter possessed endurance enough for all trials, but lacked the active counterpart of endurance—courage. She was, indeed, morbidly timorous. It was only timorousness as regarded near risks and accidents, but it made much of her life weariful to her. Her dreams were of murderers and fires (especially after the Great Fire), and dreams worked on her like realities. Bad news or any prognostications of evil affected her horribly, and, though she hid it in conversation, she felt the trouble of her own mind so acutely that she lived in perpetual fear of complete brain-sickness, which Baxter thought tended to bring on her what she feared. His comment on this unhappy side of his wife's character must not be omitted:

I was apt to think it was but a passionate, fanciful fear, and was too apt to be impatient with her impatience, and with even the trouble of her mind, not enough considering how great tenderness in all our discourse she needed. Yet was her understanding so far from overthrow, that it was higher and clearer than other people's; but like the treble strings of a lute strained up to the highest, sweet, but in continual danger.

One of her few recorded remarks occurs at this time, and we may be

certain it came from her heart. "It is a great mercy of God," she would say, "not to know what will befall us in this world, nor how we shall be sick, or suffer, or die, that our foreknowledge may not anticipate our sorrows."

So hypersensitive a temperament seldom sees old age. Margaret Baxter died at forty-two. Her illness was internal, but she was unaware of it, and imagined herself to be suffering from something else.

She entered into rest on June 14th, 1681. Her mind had been wandering, and for some days she alternately suffered greatly and was unconscious. But the worst of her troubles—fear—now vanished utterly, and, looking at her husband as he stood by her bed a short time before her change, she cried out to

him, "Thou and I shall be in heaven."

Thus was Richard Baxter left to the mournful solitude of the old, childless widower. In the same year as his loss he wrote his *Breviate*. He did not do what John Knox at sixty did, but remained faithful to memory. The rest of his life belongs to the great story of the struggle in England for religious freedom and religious concord; the romance of his marriage is like the little space of green round a cairn. For it was a romance, a somewhat limited and unradiant one perhaps, but a romance none the less, since it was made out of the most essential element in romance, "love settling unawares."—*London Quarterly Review*.

THY LOVING-KINDNESS.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

Sitting alone in the shadow
Of a grief that was all my own;
Silently thinking it over,
Silently making moan.
Sudden there swept the music
Of a gladness great and deep,
Over the chords of feeling,
Till my heart forgot to weep.

"Because of Thy loving-kindness"—
The words stole into my brain,
Like a cool hand soothing its fever,
And charming away the pain.
Because of Thy loving-kindness,
Better than life to me,
My life shall be keyed to the measure
Of praise unchecked and free.

Not always the path is easy,
There are thickets hung with gloom,
There are rough and stony places,
Where never the roses bloom;
But oft, when the way is hardest,
I am conscious of One at my side,
Whose hand and whose feet are wounded,
And I'm happy and safe with my guide.

Better than friends and kindred,
Better than love and rest,
Dearer than hope and triumph,
Is the name I wear on my breast.
I feel my way through the shadows,
With a confident heart and brave,
I shall live in the light beyond them,
I shall conquer death and the grave.

Often when tried and tempted,
Often ashamed of sin,
That, strong as an armed invader,
Has made wreck of the peace within,
That wonderful loving-kindness,
Patient, and full, and free,
Has stooped for my consolation,
Has brought a blessing to me.

Therefore, my lips shall praise Thee,
Therefore let come what may,
To the height of a solemn gladness,
My song shall arise to-day.
Not on the drooping willow
Shall I hang my harp in the land,
When the Lord Himself has cheered me,
By the touch of His pierced hand.

A MODERN MIRACLE.

BY CONVICT NO. 7.



N the seventh of July, 1873, I was condemned to seven years' penal servitude and seven years' police supervision, through what has since been publicly admitted to be a miscarriage of justice. I was then only nineteen years old, and never shall I forget the cruel sense of wrong and shame which filled my whole being as the sense of my misfortune broke in upon my heart.

I had been led down from the court in Manchester to the cells underneath that building, and found myself sitting with my head in my hands slowly recovering from a stupor, the result of the cruel shock. I braced myself with the thought that surely my case would be taken up by the Press, and a reconsideration made imperative. Delusive hope! For I was to learn in a bitter school that in England there is an unwritten law, that a prisoner once condemned must abandon all hope of aught but a life of shame, or death.

I soon realized that I was forgotten, and that all I could do was by good conduct to make my term of imprisonment as short as possible. In five years I was free again, and as I heard the gate of the gaol close behind me I resolved that never again would I become a guest of Her Majesty. Alas! I did not know what was in store. Day after day I tramped the streets in search of work. I answered advertisements by the hundred, and sought for employment, first in offices, then in shops, afterwards at the docks. I tried selling newspapers, then

matches and collar-studs; I cared not what, so long as I could live an honest life. When I obtained work, in a few days it became known that I was a gaol-bird, and I was discharged. At last I had not a penny left, and starvation was before me. Oh! the cruel pangs of hunger, the awful temptation of seeing the wherewithal to buy food lying close to my hand, exposed outside the shops and no one to guard the goods. No one knows how hard I tried to resist.

But I fell. Then came remorse and another struggle, only to be beaten every time. In Christian Britain there is little chance even for a wrongly condemned prisoner to make an honest living. I fell again, when it meant to steal or die. I was caught in the act, and the consequence is I have spent twenty-five years out of the last twenty-eight of my life in prison. Last August I was discharged, and once more I am free.

But I am also free in another sense, for I have found that which makes a man free indeed. It was my good fortune to be in Parkhurst, when Lieutenant-Colonel Plummer was the Governor. He has a military title, a military bearing, and that sense of discipline which a military training can alone engender; but it is since he left the army that he has won his chief laurels. As a soldier of the Queen he was distinguished, but as a soldier of Christ he is pre-eminent. It is possible that the governorship of one of His Majesty's prisons is looked upon by some as a snug berth for half-pay naval and military officers; but Colonel Plummer looked upon it as a heaven-sent opportunity for *loving* his fellow-

men back to virtue. He was, of course, subject to the official rules and regulations of the department to which he belonged, but he never allowed himself to be cramped in soul, warped in spirit, by his daily contact with the mere sordid side of life, as some men might have been. On the contrary, this very contact seemed to draw out of him all the natural humanity of disposition which indubitably belongs to him, as well as that loving-kindness and tender mercy which is the product of his deep and sincere Christianity.

Colonel Plummer, in short, looked upon his position as a trust from God, as a commission in the army of Love; and I am myself a monument of Colonel Plummer's work for his Master, and I trust a changed man. But I have a better story than that to tell. It is of the miracle of grace wrought in the heart and life of Dick C.

A more ferocious, dissipated, and altogether unmanageable convict I have seldom if ever met than Dick C. He was the son of a Shore-ditch butcher, and both he and his father—who, by the way, was a mild, inoffensive man—were undergoing five years' penal servitude at Parkhurst. It was the fourth time that Dick had been the inmate of a convict prison, and it was a general prophecy that he would end his wild career on the scaffold. Chaplains, schoolmasters, and police-court missionaries had tried to bring him to a better frame of mind, but they one and all came to the conclusion that he was positively past mending, absolutely irreclaimable.

Great though my faith was in Colonel Plummer's influence, I felt that in Dick C. he had met his match. This conviction of mine was deepened when I learned, time after time, that he had been reported to the Colonel and punished. For, with all his humanity and Christian love, Colonel Plummer was a strict disciplinarian, and never

allowed a breach of the rules and regulations to pass unpunished. But an incident which happened later on greatly affected my views, and gave me at the same time the key to the Colonel's power.

On a very cold night I chanced to be on the bottom landing of "A Hall" having my hair cut, when, to my surprise, I caught sight of the Governor coming quietly out of Dick C.'s cell, and I heard his low, impressive voice say, "Good-night." I was, of course, accustomed to the sight of the Governor going about from cell to cell, after official hours, but I was not prepared for this occurrence, as Dick was rightly considered a dangerous man, and few officers cared to enter his cell singly and alone.

The next day I was transferred to the gang in which C. worked, and, aware of his ill reputation, I gave him a wide berth. There was some very rough horse-play indulged in by members of this gang, and I fully expected to find C. a ringleader among them. To my intense surprise, however, he did not utter a word, but sat working as diligently as if he were a conscientious workman earning his daily bread. Needless to say his demeanour did not pass without comment.

"What's up with C.?" "Has Dick got the blues?" "Has he turned Methodist?"—such were the gibing questions bandied to and fro.

C. took no notice, however, but continued his work, and it was not until I left the prison, which I did shortly afterwards that I learned the real explanation of his changed conduct.

One day, a few months ago I had occasion to visit the Y.M.C.A. in Aldersgate Street, and, on leaving the building, I felt a hand grip my shoulder. I faced about, and, to my utter surprise, beheld the redoubtable Dick smiling in my face.

"What on earth——" I began, but he stopped me.

"Don't ask any questions," he said. "I know it must look rather queer to you to see me in a place like this. You would have wondered less if you had met me in prison, eh? It is 'No. 1' (the Governor) who has made me what I am, and I am a happy man to-day." Bit by bit, both from himself and others, I learned how the Colonel had reached the heart of this man, seemingly impervious to every other influence. It took six months of direct personal, strenuous, hand to hand and heart to heart tugging, ere he pulled this brand from the burning.

Dick C. is to-day a saved man, and not only so, but he is using his talents, which are by no means small, in the service of his Master, and is respected and loved by all who know him. Ministrations such as these are not recognized by the powers that be, but they prove that our convict prisons, which now, alas! are too much devoted to mere punishment, might under such governors as Colonel Plummer, be made remedial as well. That is one of the miracles I have seen in a prison cell.

How many similar cases occurred in Parkhurst Prison, only the recording angel knows; but I will relate one more. W. was a man on the verge of sixty, and was particularly noted in the prison for his indifference to anything savouring of religion. Indeed, his irreverence during service time was quite a scandal, and I think the chaplain was so incensed at this man's conduct that he gave him up as an old reprobate. He seemed determined to continue to the end to defy both

God and man. The Governor used to deliver a short address in the chapel every Tuesday and Thursday. Direct, simple, full of the Lord Jesus Christ and His power to save unto the uttermost, these addresses were God-given and God-inspired. So forceful were they, so reasonable, that it was almost impossible for a rational being to listen to them without his intelligence, if not his heart, being reached. One morning Colonel Plummer selected as his text, "Let not your heart be troubled." How can I describe the wonderful pathos and meaning which he evolved from these six words. It was outpouring of heart language—deep crying unto deep—soul struggling with soul, until there was not a dry eye in the whole building. W. was sitting behind me at the time, and I could not during the service catch sight of him, and if I could I should not, for I was absorbed in the address; but on leaving the chapel I ventured to look in his direction. There he sat, seemingly unconscious that the meeting was closed, his old grey head buried in his hands, his shoulders heaving—the picture of abject despair.

From that day W. was a changed man, and he is now in Devonshire, his native county, preaching the Gospel. The bow drawn at a venture had pierced the armour of infidelity in which he had encased himself. Truly the grace of God is to be met with behind prison doors, and miracles have not ceased. Nay, Christ is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.—*The Sunday Straul.*

Always with me! always with me!
Words of cheer and words of love;
Thus the risen Saviour whispers
From His dwelling-place above.

With me when with sin I struggle,
Giving strength and courage too;
Bidding me to falter never;
But to Him be ever true.

—Rev. E. H. Nevins.

A SINGULAR LIFE.

BY ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS WARD.

"What is that to thee? Follow thou me."

—Jesus Christ.

XIV.



DEAR Mr. Bayard.—I have been thinking since I saw you. I have health, and a summer. What can I do to help your work? I haven't a particle of experience, and not much enthusiasm. But I am ready to try, if you are willing to try me. I don't think I'm adapted to drunkards. I don't know which of us would be more scared. He would probably run for the nearest grogshop to get rid of me. Aren't there some old ladies who bother you to death, whom you could turn over to me? Yours sincerely,

"Helen Carruth."

This characteristic note, the first that he had ever received from her, reached Bayard by mail, a few days after his call at the cottage of the "Flying Jib."

He sat down and wrote at once :

"My Dear Miss Carruth,—There is an old lady. She doesn't bother me at all, but I am at my wits' end with her. She runs away from the institution where she belongs, and there's no other place for her. At present she is inflicting herself on Mrs. Job Slip, No. 143 Thoroughfare Street, opposite the head of Angel Alley. Her mind is thought to be slightly disordered by the loss of her son, drowned last winter in the wreck of the 'Clara Em.' Mrs. Slip will explain the circumstances to you more fully. Inquire for Johnny's mother. If the old woman ever had any other name, people have forgotten it now. I write in great haste and stress of care. It will not be necessary to traverse Angel Alley to reach this address, which is quite in the heart of the town, and perfectly safe and suitable for you. I thank you very much. Yours sincerely,

"Emmanuel Bayard."

Helen frowned a little when she read

this. No bishop of a diocese, dictating the career of a deaconess, could have returned a more businesslike, calm, even curt, reply.

Accustomed to be eagerly wooed, Helen did not know what to make of this devotee who did not urge himself even upon her friendship. She had never given any man that treasure before. She would have liked him to make friendship as devotedly as those other men had made love to her.

Without ado or delay, she took the next electric car for Mrs. Slip's.

Bayard received that afternoon, by the familiar hand of Joey Slip, this brief rejoinder :

"Dear Mr. Bayard,—This experienced boy seems to be on intimate terms with you, and offers to take my report, which stands thus : Johnny's mother is in the Widows' Home. Shall I write you details? Truly yours,

"H. C."

"Run on down to the 'Mainsail Hotel,' Joey," said the minister, writing rapidly. "Find the lady—there with be a good many ladies—and hand her this."

"Pooh!" retorted this nautical child with a superior air, "Vat ain't nuffin'! She's good-lookin' nuff to find off Zheorges in a fog-bank."

Thus ran the note :

"Dear Miss Carruth,—I will call for the report to-morrow. Thank you. Yours,

"E. B."

When Bayard reached her mother's piazza the next evening, Helen was in the middle of the harbour.

"My daughter is considered a good oarswoman, I believe," said the Professor with a troubled look. "I know nothing about these matters myself. I confess I wish I did. I have not felt easy about her; she has propelled the craft so far into the stream. I am delighted to see you, Mr. Bayard! I will put another boat at your service—that is—I suppose you understand the use of oars?"

"Better than I do Verbal Inspiration, Professor!" replied Bayard, laughingly. "She is rather far out, and the tide has turned."

He ran down the pier, and leaped into the first boat that he could secure. It happened to be a dory.

The sun was sinking, and the harbour was a sea of fire. A sea of glass it was not, for there was some wind and more tide. Really, she should not have ventured out so far. He looked over his shoulder as he gained upon her. She had not seen him, and was drifting out. Her oars lay crossed upon her lap. Her eyes were on the sky, which flung out gold and violet, crimson and pale green flame, in bars like the colours of a mighty banner.

By the island, half a mile back, perhaps, Jane Granite in a dory rowed by the younger Trawl silently watched the minister moving with strong strokes across the blazing harbour. Drifting out, with beautiful pose and crossed hands, was the absorbed, unconscious woman whom his racing oars chased down.

Between the glory of the water and the glory of the sky, he gained upon her, headed her off, and brought up with a spurt beside her. Jane saw that the minister laid his hand imperiously upon the gunwale of the lady's boat; and, it seemed, without waiting for her consent, or even lingering to ask for it, he crept into the cockle-shell, and fastened the painter of his dory to the stern. Now, between the colour of the sky and the colour of the sea, the two were seen to float for a melting moment.

"Ben," said Jane, "let us put about, will you? I'm a little chilly."

Bayard had indeed crossed into Helen's boat without so much as saying, By your leave. Her eyes had a dangerous expression, to which he paid no sort of attention.

"Didn't you know better than to take this shell—so far—with the tide setting out?" he demanded. "Give me those oars!"

"I understand how to manage a boat," replied the young lady coldly. She did not move.

"Give me those oars!" thundered Bayard.

She looked at him, and gave them.

"Don't try to move," he said in a softer voice. "It's the easiest thing in the world to upset these toys. If you had taken a respectable ocean dory—I can't see why they don't provide them at the floats," he complained, with the nervousness of an uneasy man. "I can manage perfectly where I am. Sit still, Miss Carruth!"

She did not look at him this time, but she sat still. He put about, and rowed steadily. For a few moments

they did not exchange a word. Helen had an offended expression. She trailed her hand in the water with something like petulance. Bayard did not watch her.

Captain Hap crossed their course, rowing home in an old green dory full of small bait—pollock and tinkers. He eyed Bayard's Harvard stroke with surprised admiration. He had seldom seen a person row like that. But he was too old a sailor to say so. As the minister swerved dexterously to starboard to free the painter of his tender from collision with the fisherman, Captain Hap gave utterance to but two words. These were:

"Short chops!"

"Quite a sea, yes!" called Bayard cheerily.

Captain Hap scanned the keel-boat, the passenger, the dory in tow, with discrimination.

"Lady shipwrecked?" he yelled, after some reflection.

"No, sir," answered Helen, smiling in spite of herself: "captured by pirates."

"Teach ye bet-ter!" howled Captain Hap. "Hadn't oughter set out in short cho-ops! Hadn't oughter set out in a craft like that nohow! They palm off them eggshells on boarders for ho-o-oats!"

Helen laughed outright; her eyes met Bayard's merrily, and, if he had dared to think so, rather humbly.

"I was angry with you," she said.

"I can't help that," replied Bayard. "Your father and mother were very anxious about you."

"Really?"

"Naturally. I was a chartered pirate, at any rate."

"But I was in no sort of danger, you know. You've made a great fuss over nothing."

"Take these oars," observed Bayard. "Just let me see you row back to the float."

Helen took the oars, and pulled a few strokes strongly enough. The veins stood out on her soft forehead, and her breath came hard.

"I had no idea the tide was so strong to-night. The wind seems to be the wrong way, too," she panted.

"It was blowing you straight out to sea," observed Bayard quietly.

"Shall I take the oars?" he added.

She pulled on doggedly for a few moments. Suddenly she flung them down.

"Why, we are not making any headway at all! We are twisting about, and—going out again."

"Certainly."

"It is that heavy dory! You can't expect me to row two boats at once."

"The dory does make some difference. But very little. See—she doesn't draw a teaspoonful of water. Shall I take the oars?"

"If you please," said Helen, meekly.

She gave them up without looking at him, and she was a trifle pale from her exertion. Her hat was off, and the wind made rich havoc of her pretty hair. She was splashed with spray, and her boating-dress was quite wet. Bayard watched her. The sun dropped, and the colour on the harbour began to fade.

"I suppose you came for the report?" she asked suddenly. "I stayed in all the afternoon. I couldn't be expected to wait indefinitely, you know!"

"I could not possibly set the hour. I am much overworked. I should beg your pardon," said Bayard, in his gentlest way.

"You are overworked," answered Helen, in her candid voice. "And I am an idle, useless woman. It wouldn't have hurt me a bit to wait your leisure. But I'm not— . . . you see . . . I'm not used to it."

"I must remind you again, that I no longer move in good society," said Bayard, looking straight at her. "You must extend to me as much tolerance as you do to other working men."

"Yes," returned Helen; "we always wait a week for a carpenter, and ten days for the plumbers. Anyhow, Johnny's mother is in the Widows' Home. She's as snug as a clam in a shell. She says she won't run away again till I've been to see her."

"How in the world did you manage?" asked Bayard admiringly.

"Oh, I don't just know," replied Helen, clasping her hands behind her head; "I made myself lovely, that's all."

"That might be enough, I should fancy," ventured the young man under his breath.

"I took her shopping," said Helen.

"Took her shopping."

"Why, yes. She wanted to buy some mourning. She said Johnny's father had been dead so long, her black was all worn out. She wanted fresh crape. So I took her round the stores, and got her some."

"Bought her crape?"

"Yes. I got her a crape veil—oh, and a bonnet. She's the happiest mourner you ever saw. She went back to the Widows' Home like a spring lamb."

"Oh, these widows!" groaned Bay-

ard. "We got two starving women in there by the hardest work, last spring, and one left in a week. She said it was too lonesome; she wanted to live with folks. The other one said it 'depressed' her. A Windowver widow is a problem in sociology."

"I saw Mari and Joey," went on Helen, "and Job Slip. I stayed two hours. Job was as sober as you are. They invited me to dinner. I suppose they were thankful to be rid of that poor old lady."

"Did you stay?"

"Of course I did. We had pork gravy, and potatoes. I'm going to take tea with Johnny's mother next week, at the Widows' Home, you know. I had a long talk with Job Slip."

"You say you found him sober?"

"As sober as a Cesarea trustee. But the way that man feels to you is something you haven't an idea of. I thought of that verse, you know, about love 'passing the love of women.' It is infatuation. It is worship. It is enough to choke you. Why, I cried when I heard him talk! And I don't cry, you know, very often. And I'm not ashamed to own it, either. It made me feel ashamed to be alive—in such a world—why, Mr. Bayard!" Helen unclasped her hands from the back of her head, and thrust them out towards him, as if they were an argument.

"Why, I thought this earth was a pleasant place! I thought life was a delightful thing! . . . If the rest of it is like this town—Windowver is a world of woe, and you are one of the sons of God to these unhappy people!"

She said this solemnly, more solemnly than he had ever heard her say anything before. He laid down his oars, and took off his hat. He could not answer, and he did not try.

She saw how much moved he was, and she made a little gesture, as if she tossed something that weighed heavily away.

"You see," she interposed, "I've never done this kind of thing. I'm not a good Professor's daughter. I didn't like it. I went through an attack of the missionary spirit when I was fifteen, and had a Sunday-school class—ten big boys; all red, and eight of them freckled. We were naming classes one Sunday, and my boys whistled 'Yankee Doodle' when the superintendent prayed, and then asked if they might be called the lilies of the valley. I told him they weren't fit to be called red sorrel. So after that I gave them up. I've never tried it

since. I'm of no more use in the world—in this awful world—than the artificial pansies on my hat."

Helen picked up her straw hat from the bottom of the boat, and tied it on her head, with a little sound that was neither a laugh nor a sigh.

"The trouble with me, you see," said Helen, "is just what I told you. I am not 'spiritual.'"

"You are something better—you are altogether womanly!" said the young preacher quickly.

The old clam-digger stopped when he saw the lady in the boat. It was now quite dark. Bayard and Helen were the last people to land at the float. He gave her his hand in silence. She stood by, while he helped the keeper of the float up with the two boats. He coughed a little as he did so, and she said, rather sharply:

"Tim! you should keep two men here to do that work."

Tim apologized, grumbling, and the two walked on up the pier together; still alone. At the door of the cottage, she asked him, rather timidly, if he would come in. But he excused himself, and hurried away.

When he found himself far from the hotel, and well on the way to his lodgings, Bayard drew the long breath of a man who is escaping danger. He experienced a kind of ecstatic terror. He thought of her—he thought of her till he could think no more, but fell into an ocean of feeling, tossing and deep. It seemed to have no soundings. He drowned himself in it with a perilous delight.

What would a lonely fate be, if a woman capable of understanding the highest, and serving it, capacious for tenderness, and yielding it, a woman warm, human, sweet, and as true as one's belief in her, should pour the precious current of her love into a long life's work? Why, a man would be a god! He would climb the inaccessible. He would achieve the undreamed and unknown. He would not know where consecration ended and where heaven began.

"He would be a freer man than I am," thought Bayard, as he passed, between the larkspurs and the feverfew, up Mrs. Granite's garden.

Mrs. Granite met him at the door; she held a kerosene lamp high in one hand; with the other she handed to him a soiled and crumpled bit of paper.

"A boy left it here, sir, not ten minutes ago, and he said you was to read it as soon as you came home. I don't know the boy. I never saw him before, but it seemed to be something quite partikkelar."

Bayard held the message to the lamp and read:

"A pore man in distres would take it kindly of the minester to mete him as sune as possibel tonite to Ragged Rock. i am a miserbul Drunkhard and i want to Knock Off. i heer when folks talk with you they stop Drinkin. i wish youde talk to me so I would stop. Yours "Jack Haddock."

 XV.

Bayard re-read this message thoughtfully. He could hardly have told why it perplexed him. Up and down the shores and streets of Wind-over no cry of misery or of guilt had ever yet lifted itself to him in vain. Such appeals were common enough. Often it would happen that a stranger would stop him in the street, and use much the same naive language: "I hear when you talk to folks they stop drinking. I wish you'd talk to me." Contrary to his custom in such matters, he showed this slip of paper to Mrs. Granite.

"Mr. Bayard, sir," she said, with that prompt feminine fear which sometimes takes the place of reliable good sense, "don't you go a step!"

Bayard did not reply. He turned away musing, and paced up and down between the larkspurs. True, the place was lonely, and the hour late. But the vagaries of disgraced men are many, and nothing was more possible than that some fisherman, not wholly sober, and not half drunk, should take it into his befuddled brain that an interview with the minister located at a safe distance from nagging wife, crying child, or jeering messmate, or, let us say, far removed from the jaws of Trawl's door, should work the magic or the miracle for which the morally defective are always waiting.

"I see no reason why I should not comply with this request," he said decidedly.

"Mr. Bayard, sir," urged Mrs. Granite, "it's a thing I don't like to be her who tells you, but it's time somebody did. There's them in this town wouldn't stop at nothing, they have that feeling to you."

"To me?" cried Bayard, opening his hazel eyes as wide as a child's.

"Rum done it," stammered Mrs. Granite, instinctively using the three familiar words which most concisely covered the ground. "It's your temperance principles. They ain't pop'lar. They affect your standing in this community."

This was the accepted phrase in Windover for all such cases made and provided. It was understood to contain the acme of personal peril or disgrace. To talk to a man about "your standing in this community" was equivalent to an insult or a scandal. Poor Mrs. Granite, an affectionate and helpless parrot, re-echoed this terrible language and trembled. She felt as if she had said to the minister, Your social ruin is complete for all time, throughout the civilized world.

"Not that it makes any difference to us," sobbed Mrs. Granite; "we set just as much by you. But your standing is affected in this community. There's them that hates you, sir—more shame to 'em!—more'n the Old Boy himself. Mr. Bayard, Mr. Bayard, don't you go to Ragged Rock alone, sir, this time o' night to meet no tom-fool of a drunkard anxious about his soul. He don't own such a thing to his name! All he's got is a rum-soaked sponge he's mopped up whisky with all his born days!"

"Your drinks (if not your metaphors) are getting a little mixed, dear Mrs. Granite," laughed Bayard.

"Sir?" said Mrs. Granite.

"But still I must say, there is some sense in your view of the case—Ah, here's Jane; and Ben with her. We'll put the case to—No. I have it. Mrs. Granite, to please you, I will take Ben Trawl along with me. Will that set you at rest?—Here, Trawl. Just read this message, will you? Something about it looks a little queer, and Mrs. Granite is so kind as to worry about me. What do you make of it?"

"Oh, you've got home so soon, have you?" said Trawl rather sullenly.

In the evening his eyebrows met more heavily than ever across his forehead; they looked as if they had been corked for some ugly masquerade. He glanced from under them, coldly, at the minister; read the note, and was about to tear it into strips.

"I'll take it, thank you," said Bayard quietly, holding out his hand.

"Mr. Bayard," said Jane, who had not spoken before, "I hope you will pay no attention to this message."

She spoke in a voice so low as to be almost inarticulate.

"Oh, I'll go with him, if he's afraid," said Trawl, with that accent which falls just so far short of a sneer that a man may not decently notice it.

"I incline to think it is wise to take a witness to this adventure," replied Bayard serenely. "But I need not trouble you, Mr. Trawl. Pray don't exert yourself to oblige me."

"It's no exertion," said Ben, with a change of tone. "Come along!"

He strode out into the street and Bayard, after a moment's hesitation, did the same, shutting the garden gate behind him. Jane Granite opened it, and followed them for a little way; she seemed perplexed and distressed; she did not speak, but trotted silently, like a dog, in the dark.

"Go back!" said Trawl, stopping short. Jane slunk against a fence, and stopped.

"Go back, I say!" cried Trawl.

"It is natural that she should want to come. She feels anxious about you," observed Bayard kindly.

"Go back to your mother, and stay there!" commanded Trawl, stamping his foot.

Jane turned and obeyed, and vanished. The two men walked on in silence. They came quickly through the village and down the Point, turning thence to cross the downs that raised their round shoulders, an irregular gray outline against the sky. Bayard glanced back. It looked black and desolate enough ahead of him. The hotels blazed cheerfully; the piazzas were full and merry; in the parlours people were playing and singing. The music from the "Mainsail" piano followed him. There was a parlor concert—a woman's voice—a soprano solo—ah! The great serenade!

Komm, beglücke mich!

The strain seemed to chase him, like a cry, like an entreaty, almost like a sob. His heart leaped, as if soft arms had been thrown around him. He stopped and listened, till the song had ceased.

"That is good music," he said aloud, not knowing what he said, but oppressed by the dogged silence which his escort maintained.

"Good enough," said Ben roughly. The two walked on, and neither said anything more. Ben strode on in sullen silence. Bayard watched him with some discomfort, but nothing like a sensation of fear had yet reached his nerves.

"This fellow chose a lonely place for a pastoral visit," he observed at length, as they approached the little beach made memorable by the wreck of the "Clara Em."

"Wanted to stump you," said Ben, with an unpleasant laugh. "Wanted to dare you, you know—to see if you'd show game. It's a way they have, these toughs who meddle with parsons. They like to make out a big

story, and tell it round the saloons. Probably the whole thing's a put-up job."

"That is more than possible, of course. But I'd rather investigate three put-up jobs than neglect one real need of one miserable man. That is my business, you see, Ben. Yours is to ruin people. Mine is to save them. We each attend to our own affairs, that's all."

"No!" shouted Ben, suddenly facing about. "That's just it! You don't attend to your own affairs! You meddle with mine, and that's what's the matter! I'll teach you to mind your own business!"

Before Bayard could cry out or move, he felt the other's hands at his throat.

XVI.

Bayard stood so still—with the composure of a man not without athletic training, determined to waste no strength in useless struggle—that Trawl instinctively loosened his clutch. Was the minister strangling? This was not Ben's immediate purpose. His fingers relaxed.

"Ah," said Bayard quietly, "so you are Jack Haddock."

"I wrote that note. You might have known it if you hadn't been a fool."

"I might have known it—yes; I see. But I took you for a decent fellow. I couldn't be expected to suspect you were—what you are. Well, Mr. Trawl, perhaps you will explain your business with me in some less uncomfortable manner."

He shook Ben off with a strong thrust, and folded his arms.

"Come," he said. "Out with it!"

"My game's up," replied Ben between his teeth. "I can't do what I set out to, now. There's too many witnesses in the case."

"You meant to push me off Ragged Rock, perhaps?" asked Bayard quietly. "I hadn't thought of that. But I see—it would not have been difficult. A man can be taken unawares in the dark, and as you say, there would have been no witnesses."

"You come home too soon," growled Ben. "I counted on getting away and bein' here to welcome you, and nobody the wiser. I supposed you'd stay awhile with your girl. A man would, in our kind of folks. You don't seem to belong to any kind of folks that I can see. I don't know what to make

of you. I'd like to see you go yellin' and bub—ble—in' down to your drownin'! I'm heavier'n you be, come to the tug. I could do it now, inside of ten minutes."

"And hang for it in ten months," observed Bayard, smiling.

"I could get a dozen men to swear to an alibi!" cried Trawl. "You ain't so popular in this town as to make that a hard job. You've got the whole liquor interest ag'in' you. The churches would back 'em, too, that's the joke of it!"

He laughed savagely.

Bayard made no reply. He had winched in the dark at the words. They were worse than the grip at his throat.

"When you get ready, Ben, suppose you explain what you have against me?" he suggested, after an uncomfortable pause.

"You've took my girl!" roared Ben.

"Your girl? *Your* girl?"

Bayard grasped, from the sheer intellectual shock of the idea.

"You've made love to her, behind my back! You've turned her head! She ain't no eyes left in her for anybody but you. And I've ben keepin' company with her for four years. You've got my girl away from me, and you'd oughter drown for it. Drownin' 's too good for you!"

"Look here, Ben," said Bayard. "Are you drunk?"

"We don't drink—me, nor my father. And you know it. We ain't such fools!"

"It is waste of the English language to add," observed the preacher, with an accession of his natural dignity, which was not without its effect upon Ben Trawl, "that I have never regarded Miss Granite—for a moment—in the extraordinary light which you suggest. It seems to me unnecessary to point out to you the unnaturalness—I may be frank, and say the impossibility—of such a supposition."

"Why," sneered Ben, "ain't she good enough for you, then?"

"Ben Trawl," said the minister imperiously, "this nonsense has gone far enough. If you have nothing more reasonable to say to me, we may as well stop talking, for I'm going home. If you have, I'll stay and hear it out."

Bayard calmly seated himself upon the base of Ragged Rock, and took off his hat.

"What a warm, pleasant night it is!" he said in a tone so changed that Ben Trawl stared.

"Plucky, anyhow," thought Ben. But he said: "I ain't got half through yet. I've got another score ag'in you. You've took the girl, and now you're takin' the business."

"Ah," replied the preacher; "that's another matter."

"You own up to it, do you?"

"Assuredly," answered Bayard. "I am doing my best to ruin your business. It is a pleasure to hear you admit it. It has gone further than I supposed."

"It has gone further'n you suppose!" echoed Ben malignantly, "and it will go further'n you suppose! Me and father have stood it long enough. There's them that backs us that you never give one of your holy thoughts to. I give you warning on the spot, Mr. Bayard. You stop just where you be. Meddle with our business one inch further, and you'll hear from the whole liquor interest of Windover. We'll blow you into eternity if you don't let us alone."

"I should count that," replied the preacher, gently, "the greatest honour of my life."

"You don't believe me," sneered Ben; "you think we ain't up to it."

"Do you suppose, Ben," asked the preacher quietly, "that an educated man would deliberately choose the course that I have chosen to pursue in this town without informing himself on all branches of the subject that he is handling? Do you suppose I don't know what the liquor interest is capable of when attacked by Christian temperance? There hasn't been an outrage, a persecution, a crime—no, not a murder committed in the name of rum and the devil against the cause of decency and sobriety in this country for years, that I haven't traced its history out, and kept the record of it. Come up to my study, and see the correspondence and clippings I have collected on this matter. There are two shelves full, Ben."

"He don't scare worth a cent," thought Ben. Aloud he said—

"So you're goin' to fight us, be you?"

"Till I die," answered Bayard solemnly; "and if I die!"

"You won't take no warnin' then?" asked Ben with a puzzled air.

"Neither from you, Ben, nor from any other man."

"The worse for you, then!" returned Ben in an ugly tone.

"I'll risk it," replied Bayard serenely.

"There's them that says you're goin' to fight it out at the polls," said Ben, more sullenly now than savagely. "Folks says you're goin' to get away father's license."

"I hadn't thought of it till this minute!" exclaimed the preacher. "But it would be a good idea."

Ben made an inarticulate noise in his throat. Bayard instinctively thrust out his elbow; he thought for the moment that Ben would spring upon him out of sheer rage. They were out on the open downs, now; but still only the witness of the sky and sea and rocks remained to help him.

"Look here," said Ben, suddenly stopping. "Are you going to tell of me?"

"That you were so uncivil as to put your hands on my throat, Ben?—I haven't decided."

"Not that I care!" muttered Ben. "But Jane——"

"I shall never mention any circumstance of this—rather unpleasant evening—which would bring Miss Granite's name into publicity," replied the preacher quickly. "She is a good, modest girl. She should be sheltered and cared for. You might better toss a woman off Ragged Rock—as you intended to do by me—than to turn the gossip of Windover loose upon her. She is much too good for you, Ben Trawl," added Bayard quite politely, as if he were offering the other a glass of lemonade.

Ben groaned, writhing under the minister's manner. "Don't you suppose that's the worst on't?"

"I think I'll cut across here towards the hotel," observed Bayard pleasantly. "We seem to have talked out, for this time. Good-night, Ben. Next time you want to murder me," called the minister cheerily, "don't try anonymous traps! Show up like a man, and have it out in the open air!"

He walked on towards the beach. Ben watched him for a perplexed and sullen moment, then took his course thoughtfully in the direction of the town.

When the two men had disappeared from the dark map of the downs, a woman's figure swiftly and quietly crossed it. Jane Granite had followed the minister like the spaniel that she was, and, hidden in the shadows of Ragged Rock, thinking to save him, God knew how, from heaven knew what fate, had overheard the interview from beginning to end.

XVII.

A fiery July as followed by a scorching August. There was a long drought, and simooms of fine, irritating dust. The gasping town and inland country flocked to the coast in more than the usual force. The hotels brimmed over. Even Windover fanned herself, and lay in hammocks lazily, watching for the two-o'clock east wind to stir the topsails of the schooners trying under full canvas to crawl around the Point. In Angel Alley the heat was something unprecedented; and the devil shook hands with discomfort as he is fain to, and made new comrades.

Bayard was heavily overworked. He gave himself few pleasures, after the fashion of the man; and the summer people at the Point knew him not. He was not of them, nor of their world. Afterwards, he recalled, with a kind of pain lacking little of anguish, how few in number had been his evenings in the cool parlour of the cottage where the lace curtains blew in and out through the purple twilight or on the impeared harbour, in the dory, when the sun went down, and he drifted with her between earth and heaven, between light and reflection, in a glamour of colour, in alternations of quiet, dangerous talk, and of more dangerous silence; brief, stolen hours when duty seemed a dimming dream, and human joy the only reality, the sole value, the decreed and eternal end of life. Upon this rare and scanty substitute for happiness he fed; and from it he fled.

Between his devotions and his desertions the woman stood mute and inscrutable. And while they still moved apart, saying, "The summer is before us," lo, the petals of the Cape roses had flown on the hot winds, the goldenrod was lifting its sword of flame on the undulating gray downs, and the summer was spent.

And yet, at every march and counter-march in the drill of duty, he was aware of her. It could not be said that she ever overstepped the invisible line which he had elected to draw between them; though it might be said that she had the fine pride which did not seem to see it. Helen had the quiet, maidenly reserve of an elder and more delicate day than ours. To throw her young enthusiasm into his work without obtruding herself upon his attention, was a difficult procedure, for which she had at once the decorum and the wit.

At unexpected crises and unthought-

of ways he came upon her footprints or her sleight-of-hand. Helen's methods were purely her own; no rules or precedents controlled her. She relieved what suffering she chose, and omitted where she did elect; and he was sometimes astonished at the common-sense of her apparent wilfulness. She had no more training in sociological problems than the goldenrod upon the bosom of her white gown; yet she seldom made a serious mistake. In a word, this summer girl, playing at charity for a season's amusement, poured a refreshing amount of novelty, vigour, ingenuity, and feminine defiance of routine into the labours of the lonely man. His too serious and anxious people found her as diverting as a pretty parlour play. A laugh ran around like a light flame whenever she came upon the sombre scene. She took a bevy of idle girls with her, and gave entertainments on which Angel Alley hung, a breathless and admiring crowd. She played, she sang, she read, she decorated. Pictures sprang on barren walls; books stood on empty shelves; games crowded the smoking-room; a piano replaced the painstaking melodeon; life and light leaped where she trod, into the poor and unpopular place. The people took to her one of the strong, loyal fancies of the coast. Unsuspected by her, or by himself, she began, even then, to be known among them as "the minister's girl." But this hurt nobody, neither herself nor him, and their deference to her never defaulted. In the indulgence of that summer's serious mood, Helen seldom met, he was forced to suspect that she purposely avoided, the preacher. Often he entered a laughing home from which she had just vanished. Sometimes—but less often—he found that she had preceded him where death and trouble were. Their personal interviews were rare, and of her seeking never.

"She is amusing herself with a novelty," he thought. Then came the swift, unbidden question, If this is her beautiful whim, what would her dedication be?

It was an August evening, sultry and smoky. Forest fires had been burning for a week on the wooded side of the harbour, and the air was thick. It was Sunday, and the streets and wharves and beaches of Windover surged with vacuous eyes and irritable passions. The lock-ups were full, the saloons overflowed. The ribald song and excessive oath of the coast swept up and down like air cur-

rents. There had been several accidents and some fights. Rum ran in streams. It was one of the stifling evenings when the most decent tenement retains only the sick or the helpless, and when the occupants of questionable sailors' boarding-houses and nameless dens crawl out like vermin fleeing from fire.

Upon the long beach of fine white sand which spanned the space between the docks and the cliffs of the wooded coast, there gathered that evening a large and unusual crowd. Angel Alley was there en masse. The wharves poured out a mighty delegation. Dorries put out from anchored vessels whose prows nodded in the inner harbour, and their crews swarmed to the beach in schools, like fish to a net.

A few citizens of another sort, moved, one might say, from curiosity, innocent or malicious, joined themselves to the fishermen and sailors. Their numbers were increased by certain of the summer people from the Point, drawn from their piazzas and their hammocks by rumours of a sensation. An out-of-door service, said to be the first of its kind conducted by the remarkable young preacher of such excellent family and such eccentric career, was not without its attractions even on the hottest evening of the season. There might have been easily eight hundred or a thousand people facing the light temporary desk or pulpit which had been erected at the head of the beach for the speaker's use.

The hour was early, and it would have been very light but for the smoke in the air, through which the sun hung, quivering and sinister, with the malevolent blood-red colour of drought and blasting heat.

"Statira," in a low tone said the puzzled voice of the Professor of Theology, "this is—I must say—really, a most extraordinary gathering. It quite impresses me."

"I have seen something somewhere it reminds me of," mused Mrs. Carruth, with a knot between her placid brows. "Where was it, Haggai?—Helen! Helen! What have I read that is like this? I can't think whether it is George Elliot, or Fox's Book of Martyrs. Perhaps it is the Memoirs of Whitefield; but certainly—"

"Possibly," suggested Helen. "it may have been the New Testament."

"That's it! You have it!" cried Mrs. Carruth, with mild relief. "That's

the very thing. How extraordinary! It is the New Testament I have got into my head."

The Professor of Theology changed colour slightly, but he made no answer to his wife. He was absorbed in watching the scene before him. There were many women in the crowd, but men predominated in proportion significant to the eye familiar with the painfully feminine character of New England religious audiences. Of these men, four-fifths were toilers of the sea, red of face, uncertain of step, rough of hand, keen of eye, and open of heart—

Fearing no God but wind and wet.

The scent of bad liquor was strong upon the heavy, windless air; oaths rippled to and fro as easily as the waves upon the beach. Yet the men bore a decent look of personal respect for the situation. All wore their best clothes, and most were clean for the occasion. They chatted among themselves freely, paying small heed to the presence of strangers, these being regarded as inferior aliens who did not know how to man a boat in a gale.

The fisherman's sense of his own superior position, is, in any event, something delightful. In this case there was added the special aristocracy recognized in Angel Alley as belonging to Bayard's people.

"Look a' Job Slip yonder! See the face of him, shaved like a dude. That's him, a-passin' round hymn-books. Who'd believe it? Job! Why, he ain't teched a drop sence he swore off! Look a' that young one of his taggin' to his finger! That's his wife, that bleached-out creetur in a new bunnet. See the look of her now!"

"It's a way women have—lookin' like that when a man swears off," replied a young fellow, wriggling uncomfortably. "It kinder puts my eyes out—like it was a lamp turned up too high."

He winked hard and turned away.

"Ben Trawl! Hello, Trawl! You here? So fond of the minister as this?"

"I like to keep my eye on him," replied Ben Trawl, grimly.

Captain Hap, distributing camp-chairs for the women of the audience, turned and eyed Ben over his shoulder. The Captain's small, keen eyes held the dignity and the scorn of age and character.

"Shut up there!" he said authoritatively. "The minister's comin'.

Trot back to your grog-shop, Ben. This ain't no place for Judases, nor yet for rummies."

"Gorry," laughed a young skipper; "he ain't got customers enough to okkey him. They're all here."

Now there sifted through the crowd an eager, affectionate whisper.

"There! There's the preacher. Look that way. See? That tall, thin fellar—him with the eyes."

"That's him! That's him. That long-sparred fellar. Three cheers for him!" shouted the mate of a collier, flinging up his hat.

A billow of applause started along the beach. Then a woman's voice called out:

"Boys, he don't like it!" and the wave of sound dropped as suddenly as it rose.

"He comes!" cried an Italian.

"So he does, Tony, so he does!" echoed the woman. "God bless him!"

"He comes," repeated Tony. "Hush you, boys—the Christman comes!"

Bayard stood bareheaded in the colour of the red sun. He was pale, notwithstanding the warmth of the evening, and had a look so worn that those who loved him most felt unspoken fear like the grip of a hand at their hearts. The transparence, the delicacy of his appearance—bathed in the scarlet of the murky sunset, as he was—gave him an aspect half unreal. He seemed for the moment to be a beautiful phantom rising from a mist of blood. A hush, half of reverence, half of awe, fell upon all the people; it grew so still that the lazy breath of the shallow wave at that moment spent upon the beach, could be heard stirring through the calm.

Suddenly, and before the preacher had spoken any word, the impressive silence was marred by a rude sound. It was a girl's coarse laugh.

Then there was seen upon the beach, and quite apart from the throng, a little group of nameless women, standing with their backs to the sacred scene. Some one—*Job Slip*, perhaps, or *Captain Hap*—started with an exclamation of horror to suppress the disturbance, when the preacher's lifted hand withstood him. To the consternation of his church officers, and to the astonishment of his audience, Bayard deliberately left the desk, and, passing through the throng, which respectfully divided before him to left and right, himself approached the women.

"Lena! . . . *Magdalena!*"

He said but that word. The girl looked up—and down. She felt as if

an archangel from the heavens, commissioned with the rebuke of God, had smitten her with something far more terrible—the mercy of man.

"You disturb us, Lena," said the preacher gently. "Come."

She followed him; and the girls behind her. They hung their heads. Lena scrawled she knew not what with the top of her gaudy parasol upon the beach. Her heavy eyes traced the little pebbles in the sand. For her life, she thought, she could not have lifted her smarting lids. Till that moment, perhaps, Lena had never known what shame meant. It overwhelmed her, like the deluge which one dreams may foretell the end of the world.

The street girls followed the preacher silently. He conducted them gently through the throng, and seated them quite near the desk or table which served him as a pulpit. Some of his people frowned. The girls looked abashed at this courtesy.

Bayard ignored both evidences of attention to his unexpected act, passing it by as a matter of course, and without further delay made signs to his singers, and the service began.

Was it magic or miracle? Was it holiness or eloquence? Did he speak with the tongue of man or of angel? Where was the secret? What was the charm? Not a man or woman of them could have answered, but not a soul of them could have gainsaid the power of the preacher.

Bayard's manner was quiet, finished, and persuasive; it must have appealed to the most fastidious oratorical taste; any instructor in homiletics might have seen in it a remarkable illustration of the power of consecrated education over ignorance and vice. No class of men are more responsive to originality than sea-going men. Of the humdrum, the commonplace, they will naught. Cant they scorn, and at religious snobbery they laugh.

It would be difficult to say what it was in Emanuel Bayard that most attracted them; whether his sincerity or his intellect, his spirituality or his manliness; or that mystical charm which comes not of striving, or of prayer, or of education—the power of an elect personality. Perhaps it would be nearer the truth to say that the fishermen loved him because he loved them. The idea is older than the time of this biography, but it will bear repeating.

The red sun dipped, and the hot

night cooled. Dusk purpled on the breathless water, and on the long beach. A thousand restless people grew as gentle as one. The outlines of the preacher's form softened into the surrounding shadow; the features of his high face melted and wavered. Only his appealing voice remained distinct. It seemed to be the cry of a spirit more than the eloquence of a man. It pleaded as no man pleads who has not forgotten himself, as no man can plead who is not remembered of God. Fishermen stood with one foot on the beach, and one on their stranded dories, like men afraid to stir. Rude, uncomfortable men in the heart of the crowd thrust their heads forwards with breath held in, as still as figureheads upon a wreck. The uplifted eyes of the throng took on an expression of awe. It grew dimmer, and almost dark. And then, when no one could see the pathos of his face, they knew that he was praying for their souls. Some of the men fell upon their knees; but the heads of others got no lower than their guilty breasts, where they hung like children's. The sound of stifled sobbing mingled with the sigh of the waves.

The unseen singers, breathing upon the last words of the prayer, chanted a solemn benediction. The tide was rising slowly, and the eternal Amen of the sea responded. Suddenly a lantern flashed—and another—and light and motion broke upon the scene.

Rough men looked into one another's wet faces, and were not ashamed. But some held their hats before their eyes. The girls in the front chairs moved away quietly, speaking to no person. But Lena separated herself from them, and disappeared in the dark. Job Slip had not arisen from his knees, and Mari, his wife, knelt by him. The woman's expression was something touching to see, and impossible to forget. Captain Hap held a lantern up, and Bayard's face shone out, rapt and pale.

"Behold the Christman!" said the Italian, repeating his favourite phrase in a reverent whisper.

"It is written," said the Professor, "that 'the common people heard Him gladly.' And it must be admitted that our dear young friend, His servant, seems to command that which—men older and—sounder than he, would give their lives—and fame—to—"

But there he choked, and tried to say no more.

The throng dispersed slowly. The

dark sea formed a sober background to the mass of quietly moving figures. The fishermen, with one foot on their dories, leaped in, and pushed off; scattered crews gathered gently, and rowed soberly back to their schooners. Groups collected around the preacher, waiting their turns for a word from his lips, or a touch from his hand. It was evident that he was very tired, but he refused himself to no one.

The summer people walked away softly. They passed through Angel Alley on their way to take the electric car. They looked up thoughtfully at the illuminated words swinging over their heads in fire of scarlet and white:

The Love of Christ.

As she passed by the door of the mission, Helen was recognized by some of the women and children, who surrounded her affectionately, begging for some little service at her hands. It seemed to be desired that she should play or sing to them. While she stood, hesitatingly, between her father and her mother, Bayard himself, with a group of fishermen around him, came up Angel Alley.

"I will see that she is safely taken home, Professor, if you care to let her stay," he said. "We won't keep her—perhaps half an hour? Will that do? The people like to hear her sing; it helps to keep them out of the street."

"Mr. Bayard will look after her, Haggai," replied Mrs. Carruth wearily. "I see no objections, do you?"

The Professor took her away. He wanted to tell his graduate what he had thought about that service on the beach; indeed, he made one effort to do so, beginning slowly:

"My dear Bayard, your discourse this evening—"

"Mr. Bayard! Mr. Bayard, sir! Come here!" cried Captain Hap in a thunderous sea-voice, "here's them two Trawises a-tryin' to toll Job Slip into their place! Mr. Bayard! Mr. Bayard!"

Mr. Bayard held out his hand to his Professor, and, smiling, shook his head. Then he vanished down the Alley. He had lingered only to say these words in Helen's ear:

"Go into the chapel and stay there till I come for you. Look after Lena—will you? I want her kept inside. Get her to singing with you, if you can."

He called back over his shoulder:

"I will bring her home, Mrs. Carruth, in half an hour. I will row her home, myself. I have a boat here."

Professor Carruth stood for a moment watching the thronged, bright doorway into which his daughter had disappeared. The fishermen and the drunkards, the Windover widows in their crape and calico, the plain, obscure, respectable parishioners, and the girls from the street moved in together beneath the white and scarlet lights. Helen's voice sounded suddenly through the open windows. She sang :

I need Thee every hour,
Stay Thou near by.

"Hello, Bob," said a voice in the street. "That's the minister's hymn." Groups of men moved over from the grog-shop to the chapel door. They collected, and increased in numbers. One man struck into the chorus, on a low bass,

Stay near me, O my Saviour.

Another voice joined; and another. Up and down the street the men took the music up. From Angel Alley without, and "Christlove" within, the voices of the people met and mingled in "the par'n's hymn."

The Professor glanced at the illuminated words above his head.

"It is growing chilly. I am sure you will take cold," complained his wife. With bared grey head the Professor walked out of Angel Alley, and his old wife clung silently to his arm. She felt that this was one of the moments when Mr. Carruth should not be spoken to.

Bayard brought Helen home as he had promised; and it was but a little beyond the half-hour when his dory bumped against the float. He rowed her over the dim harbour with long skilful strokes; Helen fancied that they were not as strong as they might have been; he seemed to her almost exhausted. They had exchanged but a few words. Midway of the harbour she said abruptly,—

"Mr. Bayard, I cannot keep it to myself! I must tell you how what you saw this evening on the beach—how that service made me feel."

"Don't!" said Bayard quickly. Helen shrank back into the stern of the dory; she felt, for the moment, terribly wounded.

"Forgive me!" he pleaded. "I didn't feel as if I could bear it—that's all."

"I am not in the habit of making

a fool of myself over ministers," replied Helen hotly. "I never told one I liked his sermon, yet, in all my life. I was going to say—I meant to say—I *will* say!" she cried, sitting up very straight, "Mr. Bayard, you are better than I am; truly, infinitely, solemnly better. I've never even *tried* to be what you *are*. You've done me good, as well as Job, and Lena, and the rest. I *won't* go away without saying it—and I'm going away this week. . . . There!"

She drew a long breath and leaned back.

Bayard rowed on for some moments in inscrutable silence. It was too dark to see the expression of his face. When he spoke, it was in a half-articulate, tired way.

"I did not know. Are you coming back?"

"I am going to Campo Bello with the Rollinses," replied Helen briefly. "I don't expect to come back again this year."

"I wonder I had not thought of it," said Bayard slowly. "I did not," he added.

"The people will miss you," he suggested, after a miserable pause.

"Oh, they will get used to that," said Helen.

"And I?" he asked, in a tone whose anguish smote suddenly upon her ears, like a mortal cry. "What is to become of me?"

"You'll get used to it, too," she said, thrusting out her hands in that way she had.

His oars dropped across his knees.

Before either of them could speak or think or reason, he had caught one of her outstretched hands. It lay, warm, soft, quivering—a terrible temptation—in the grasp of the devotee.

He laid Helen's hand down gently. He did not so much as lift it to his starving lips. He laid it down upon her own lap quite solemnly, as if he relinquished something unspeakably precious. He took up his oars, and rowed her home.

Neither had spoken again. Helen's heart beat wildly. She dared not look at him. Under the solitary lantern of the deserted float she felt his strong gaze upon her, and it looked, not with the eyes of angels, but with the eyes of a man.

"Oh, my dear, I love you!" he breathed in a broken voice.

Saying this, and only this, he led her to her father's door, and left her.

(To be continued.)

CHURCH UNION.

The meeting to promote Christian union among the Churches, which was held at Mr. Flavelle's residence in March, may mark a new epoch in Canada. It gave a new impulse to thought and feeling on this important subject. The fraternal sentiments expressed by such men of light and leading as Dr. Carman, Dr. Caven, Dr. Borden, Dr. Sutherland, and many others, and the letters by Chancellor Burwash in the Toronto News, are enforcing the conviction that the times are ripening, if not fully ripe, for closer union between the evangelical Churches of this Dominion.

The seal of Divine approval which has been so manifestly stamped upon the Presbyterian and Methodist unions of the past is at once an argument in favour of the extension of the same principle and a guarantee of its success. There were difficulties in some respects about those unions, which do not exist in the case of the projected ones. Often the nearer the kin the greater the estrangement. The denominational rivalries in some cases were more keen on account of the thinness of the dividing walls. In the negotiating Churches a mutual respect for one another, a mutual admiration of each other's excellences, has grown with the years, and sympathy with each other's spirit that seeks for closer relations.

But it is not an academic or sentimental question which confronts us. It is not a theory, but a condition. The problem which divine Providence has set before us in evangelizing this land can be solved only by mutual help instead of mutual rivalry and antagonism. It is a task worthy of highest ecclesiastical statesmanship to adapt our resources to the stupendous task to which Providence calls us.

Never did God give any nation such an opportunity to lay the foundations of empire on a virgin soil of almost boundless extent and exhaustless resources as He has given to us. The question is: Shall we perpetuate in the new Canada of the North-West the denominational rivalries of the older provinces? In that new country the evils of divisions from which we suffer here, will be greatly intensified and aggravated.

Never was the need for union so great, nor the conditions so favour-

able as at the present time. In the vast spaces of our North-West with its mile-square farms and widely scattered settlements, it seems nothing less than fatuous to seek with divided effort to overtake the work which would tax to the utmost the best energies of a united Church. In this crisis and to meet this need, doubtless through Divine inspiration, has sprung up in all the Protestant Churches a stronger desire for religious co-operation.

But strong as is the argument for union in the home work, it is stronger still in the foreign mission field. Here union, or at least a Christian federation, has practically been established among the Churches of Christendom. In the delimitation of their spheres of influence, in the consolidation of their institutions, in their gatherings and assemblies for counsel and edification, in the preparation of a common hymnal, as in Japan, in co-operation in Bible translation and revision, and in many other ways, the brigades of the same great army are marching side by side to the conquest of the world.

In the presence of paganism and kindred forms of error, it seems treason to the highest within us and above us to waste a thought or mispend a dollar in rivalries or un-economic administration. Such visits as those of Bishop Warne and Bishop Thoburn bring us face to face with the vital problem of breaking the bread of life to the millions who are perishing of hunger. The growing spirit of missionary consecration in our colleges, in our young people's societies, in our churches, responds to the heroic ideal, "The evangelization of the world in this generation." The awful contrast between the wide regions, the vast and dense populations without a ray of Gospel light, and some over-churched parts of Canada, urgently demands a wiser distribution of men and means for the accomplishment of the Saviour's command to preach the Gospel to every creature.

Our Presbyterian friends have missions in India, Formosa, in the islands of the sea, in whose triumphs we may share. In our work in China and Japan they would be profoundly interested. Our colleges and schools could be consolidated and strength-

ened. The uneconomic employment of men and money in the older provinces, and especially in the North-West, would be prevented. The petty rivalries, which sometimes mar the harmony that should prevail, would disappear. A new impulse would be given to every department of the work at home and abroad, and under the Divine blessing we could accomplish vastly more for the glory of God and the salvation of man as a united Church than we could hope to achieve as separate organizations.

If an organic union cannot at once be effected, why should there not be, as Dr. Rose has suggested, federation of the evangelical Churches of this land. Thus some of the worst effects of friction would be eliminated, closer co-operation secured, better acquaintance obtained. The result, we are confident, would be, as we learn to know

each other better, we would love each other more. The great and vital points in which we agree are far more numerous and important than those on which we differ. The more speculative aspects of truth may be held in abeyance as long as its cardinal principles are firmly grasped. Let us cultivate the breadth of view and depth of piety of the wise founder of Methodism, who left on record this message for the Methodist people, "I desire to form a league with every lover of the Lord Jesus Christ." Let the differences and estrangements of the past be forgotten.

Let us then, uniting, bury
 All our idle feuds in dust,
 And to future conflicts carry
 Mutual faith and mutual trust,
 Always he that most forgiveth
 In his brother is most just.

THE PILGRIM WAY.

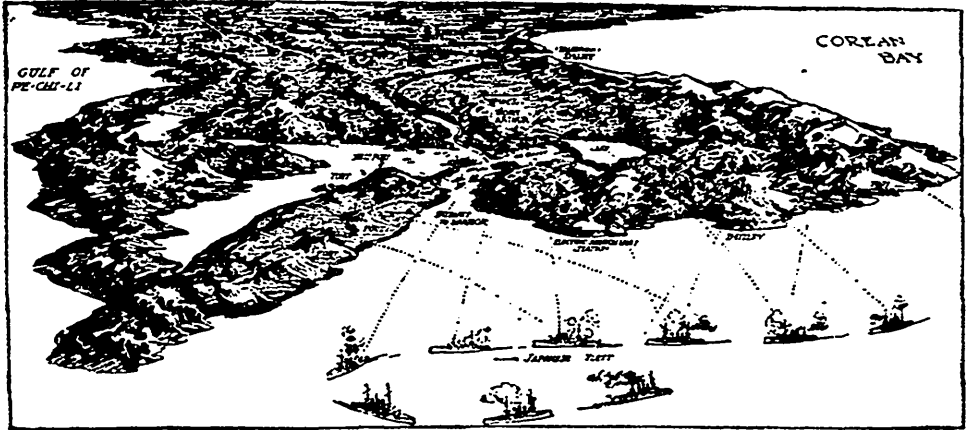
BY AMY PARKINSON.

There is a road, in spirit trod by those
 Whose feet have grown so weary that no more
 Earth's paths can know them. Golden gleams of joy,
 Foretastes of coming gladness, streak the clouds
 Above this pathway—for the spirit sees
 The bright beyond, when all fair scenes of earth
 Are hid from longing eyes. Adown this road
 Faint, far-off echoes float, from heavenly harps,
 And thrill the listening soul with sweet surprise—
 Although earth's music not again shall greet
 The ears that loved it. And sometimes a song
 Of hope and trust wells upward from the heart
 Back to the Gracious Giver of sweet notes
 Of promise—though no voice of melody
 Be found, wherewith to give it utterance.

Then patiently along this pilgrim way
 Toil on, tired soul! it leads unto thy rest.
 O feet, that failed so sore in paths of earth,
 Wait yet a little while! and ye shall tread
 The smooth highways of heaven. Wistful eyes,
 That lingering turned you from earth's landscape fair,
 Gaze onward to the goal! Soon scenes so bright
 Shall glad your raptured vision as on earth
 Were never dreamed of. O ye straining ears,
 That wait and long to drink sweet sounds once more,
 List on! list on! the golden harps are near,
 Whence bursts of harmony so rich and full,
 So wondrous clear and sweet, shall give you greeting,
 As heard on earth would awe her finest strains
 To trembling silence. Yearning heart of mine,
 Still hope and trust! thou shalt be satisfied
 Where faith and hope are lost in perfect love.
 And there, O voice, that sing'st no more on earth,
 E'en thou shalt flood the air with gladsome praise
 Of Him in Whom all fulness dwells, with Whom
 No life can lack completeness.

Toronto.

Current Topics and Events.



BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF PORT ARTHUR.

Showing the main harbour in the centre, the inner harbour, mostly shoals on the left and the fresh water lake on the right.—New York World.

JAPAN AND ENGLAND.

BY JAMES BERNARD FAGAN.

From my land, a torii on the waves,
I have charged the rising sun
To bear this word to thy sea-born braves,
When his long land-course he run :
" By the shore of all the seas of the earth,
Alone have we stood, from the hour of our
birth,
And our destinies are one.

" I, too, am outpost of the deep,
And a sentry to the seas ;
And my dead, too, in thousands sleep
Where never stirs the breeze ;
And my land, too, like to thine own,
A conqueror's foot has never known,
Nor slept in servile ease.

" Brother, give me thy helping hand ;
Brother, stand thou by me.
We are the vanguards of the land,
And the first-born of the free,
I in the East, as thou in the West,
We are twin—we are twin, and our mother's
breast
Is the civilizing sea."

—London Times.

THE FAR EAST.

The unhappy war in the East drags its slow length along, already with much loss of life, and with an appalling amount of suffering. The horrors of

the passage of Lake Baikal, swept by arctic winds, recall those of the sea of ice in Dante's Inferno. But the sufferings of the hapless women and children, fugitives from the Siberian wastes, were worse still. The Japanese, too, have been frost-bitten and hunger-bitten and worn out upon the wretched roads of Northern Korea. The sufferings of the coolies, impressed as burden-bearers, and of the horses



THE CZAR OF RUSSIA.



FORTS AND LAND DEFENCES OF PORT ARTHUR, WHICH RUSSIA HAS MINED FOR DESTRUCTION, SHOULD JAPAN CAPTURE THE CITY.

- 1 "Golden Hill" Fort.
- 2, 3, 4, 5 Forts and Fortified Hills.
- 6 Main Fort.
- 7 Dockyard.
- 8 Battery.
- 9 Merchants' Offices and Stores.
- 10 Waste Land.
- 11 Chinese Quarters.
- 12 Japanese Tea Houses.
- 13 Railway Terminus.
- 14 Military Headquarters.
- 15 Admiral Alexieff's House.
- 16 Naval Headquarters.

dragging cannon and munitions of war through deep snowdrifts or mud-sloughs, and over rugged mountains, are almost beyond imagination.

But what shall we say of the repeated disasters sending the best of Russia's ships to the bottom of the sea, engulfing with them the flower of her navy; the mourning on the banks of the Neva, from the shores of the Baltic to the Euxine, alike in palace and peasant home?

As both the combatants realize the colossal task they have undertaken, let us hope and pray that the stern logic of events will lead them to accept intervention. Great Britain and the United States have exceptional advantages for making such friendly offers. Edward the Peacemaker is persona grata both to the Mikado and to his nephew, the Czar, and Queen Alexandra is known to be intensely anxious to stay if possible the humiliation of her Russian kinsfolk. The United States, as comparatively disinterested, would carry great weight in securing peace. A joint action, we believe, would prevent further bloodshed and mutual wreck and ruin. The time seems opportune. Japan has absolute control of Korea, which was the chief bone of contention. Let Russia fulfil her pledges, evacuate, or at least neutralize, Manchuria, and she will avert the loss of uncounted millions of treasure and seas of blood. She has not won much glory in this war, nor will she, even should she defeat the Japanese. All her mighty fleets have done is to sink a Japanese coaster and a Chinese fishing-smack,

with much loss of innocent lives, and to skulk beneath the guns of her impregnable fortresses.

The killing of fifty Japanese on an island in the Yalu has a sinister look. Surely this isolated handful of men, or some of them, might have been made

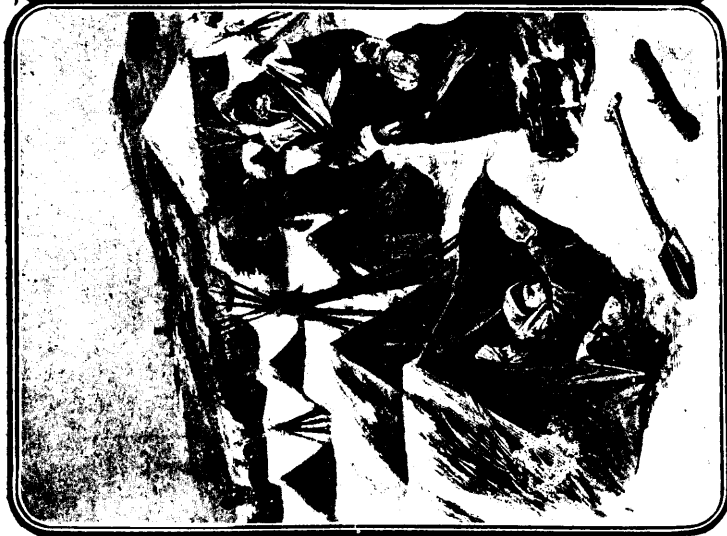
hell of war. It is like the lifting of the lid of the infernal pit.

THE MORE EXCELLENT WAY.

Our morning reading to-day contained the words of the Master as he



ON THE MARCH IN SNOW-BOUND MANCHURIA.



RUSSIAN SOLDIERS IN TENTS AND "DUG-OUTS."

prisoners of war. It is too hideous to think that a civilized power should prefer to despatch them than be burdened with their support. Yet the atrocities of the Cossacks and the slaughter of six thousand Chinese in the river Amoor give us a glimpse of the

sent forth the Seventy for the conquest of the world, "Go your ways; behold I send you forth as lambs in the midst of wolves; carry no purse, no wallet, no shoes. And into whatsoever house ye shall enter, first say, 'Peace be to this house.'" And within a few de-



DIAGRAM-MAP OF THE BELLIGERENT TACTICS.

This diagram-map shows at a glance the movements and dispositions of the Japanese and the Russian naval and military forces as indicated by the despatches from the seat of war. Of course, the position of war-ships cannot be accurately set down, but they can be approximately located from the multitude of telegrams despatched from all parts of the seat of war. The object of the diagram map is to give a general idea of the line of advance adopted or contemplated by the belligerents as gleaned from the reports of their movements.

cadecade these messengers of peace conquered the then known world, and a Christian emperor sat on the throne of the Caesars.

It is true many of the apostles perished. What of that? They accomplished more by their death than by their life. So it ever is. The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church. The three thousand victims of Boxer persecution are mightier in

their influence than three millions of warriors. The brave missionaries who remain at their posts in Korea, in Manchuria, and Japan are truer heroes than all the laurel-crowned soldiers of either army. They are also the more potent force. The victories of the cross which they win are imperishable. The higher civilization of the future, we believe of the near future, will be the outcome of their life and labours and their deaths.

A SONG OF PEACE.

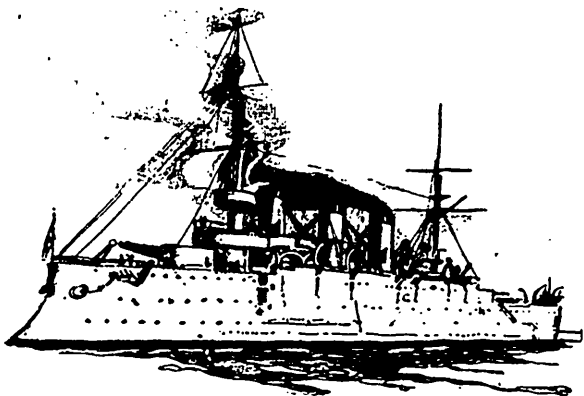
John. Ruskin's wonderful words in his call for peace will yet be sung by all nations :

Put off, put off your mail, ye kings, and beat your brands to dust;
 A surer grasp your hands must know, your hearts a better trust;
 Nay, bend aback the lance's point, and break the helmet bar,—
 A noise is in the morning winds, but not the note of war!

Among the grassy mountain paths the glittering troops increase :

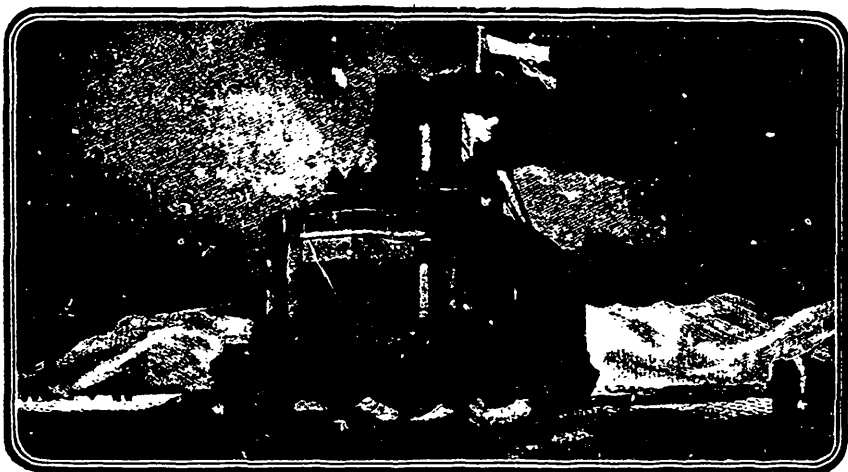
They come! they come!—how fair their feet—they come that publish peace!
 Yea, Victory! fair Victory! our enemies are ours.
 And all the clouds are clasped in light, and all the earth with flowers.
 Ah! still depressed and dim with dew, but yet a little while,
 And radiant with the deathless rose the wilderness shall smile,
 And every tender living thing shall feed by streams of rest,
 Nor lamb shall from the fold be lost, nor nursing from the nest.

Great surprise has been expressed by Russia at the sympathy shown a heathen nation like Japan instead of

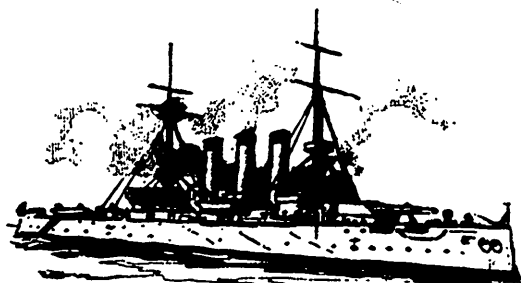


THE RUSSIAN BATTLESHIP, "POBEDA"
 (VICTORY).

the holy orthodox Christian nation like Russia. But it is maintained that Japan is in many respects more Christian than Russia. It has never been guilty of the atrocities in war wrought by the Russians and their Cossacks on the Amoor. It has never been guilty of cruel oppressions that have marked the history of Russia from time immemorial; it has never practised the intolerance and persecution of Russia. "Japan," says The Outlook, "is in a wide sense a Christian nation. The Japanese constitution guarantees absolute freedom of religious belief, and the Gospel of Christ is preached from one end of the empire to the other." Dr. De



THE GREAT ICE-BREAKER CLEARING A PASSAGE ON LAKE BAIKAL.



THE JAPANESE BATTLESHIP "HATSUSE."

Forest, a missionary in Japan, writes: "Japan fights for international righteousness and for open doors of knowledge, religion, and commerce, while Russia's victory would mean the extension of despotism, ignorance, and exclusion." Many of the statesmen and leaders of Japan are Christian in creed, and Christianity exerts an influence in the councils of the nation altogether beyond the proportion of its adherents.

The cartoon on page 473 is not so far-fetched as it may seem. The part played by the torpedo in naval wars seems likely to relegate to the junk-yard the splendid navies of the great sea powers. When the sting of an insignificant mosquito-like torpedo can in a few minutes send to the bottom a great battleship costing several million dollars, with its complement of seven hundred men, the dependence on such sea-castles will be destroyed; and nations will be much slower to incur the fearful risks of war, and stake, perhaps, their national existence on the chances, almost certainties, of their costliest defences being sent to the bottom.

COLLISION AT GURU.

According to Lord Curzon, if the Himalayas are to be an effective rampart for India, these Thibetan slopes must not be occupied by a foe. Metaphorically speaking, they must be commanded by Himalayan guns. For



HURRYING FORWARD RUSSIAN REINFORCEMENTS IN MANCHURIA.



THE NEW GODDESS OF PEACE.

—Bush, in the New York World.

fifteen years the British have been trying to come to terms with the Thibetans, but owing partly to Russian intrigue, they have made no headway. Thibet was becoming a cradle for Russian machinations. She has also ignored a definite trade agreement with Britain.

Consequently it was with some anxiety the British world watched the brave little force that recently set forth on its mission to Thibet. Its valour in climbing over the "roof of the world" in midwinter equals its best traditions. The unfortunate collision at Guru, and the terrible slaughter of the Thibetans, even though precipitated by their own treachery, cause grave misgivings in England. Oh the pity of it! Brave men mown down like grass by machine guns! The Russian press is singularly silent on the subject. It is firmly believed that when the war with Japan is over, Russia hopes to gain something in other quarters.

OLD FOES, NEW FRIENDS.

With French and English sympathies ranged on opposing sides in the war of the Far East, it is something of a surprise to the public to

find these two peoples arriving at an amicable agreement concerning several outstanding matters that have long provoked a pin-prick policy. France is to allow the Egyptian Government to dispose of the surplus revenue hitherto paid into the Caisse de la Dette as a guarantee for the payment of Egyptian bonds. England gives France a free hand in Morocco, Spain consenting. France resigns her privileges in Newfoundland in consideration of an indemnity and a concession in West Africa. The fruit of the visits recently interchanged by King Edward and President Loubet will be readily seen in this. The growing amity between France and England is a matter for the warmest congratulation. Much credit is due Lord Lansdowne and M. Delcasse for their share in the work. Of this happy rapprochement, the Daily News remarks: "One hundred years ago Napoleon was crouching at Boulogne for a spring upon England. One hundred years later France and England sign a treaty affecting four continents and mingle the Union Jack with the Tricolour from Newfoundland to the New Hebrides. England is well out of the tiresome and dangerous disputes over Newfoundland."

MUNICIPAL CORRUPTION.

The severe sentence of Judge Winchester upon the deputy returning officers who abused their office to subvert the will of the people was a needful tonic to public opinion. Many persons seem to regard such crime against society as a mere venial offence. It has been rampant among us for years. It was notoriously in evidence at the temperance referendum, in the Sunday-car vote in Toronto, and in many elections. It was eating into the very heart of the commonweal. It saps the very foundations of our institutions. However painful the duty as affecting the culprits, it was a much-needed lesson. "When the guilty is absolved, the judge is condemned." It is better that one man suffer, that the whole nation perish not. It is not to the credit of those in authority that all attempts to punish the fraudulent voting at the referendum and other expressions of the people's will were so ineffective.

The men who suffer, however, are not the only nor the chief criminals. They were not in this ballot-stuffing "for their health." It is intolerable that those who reaped the benefit of their fraud should go scot-free while these men languish in prison.

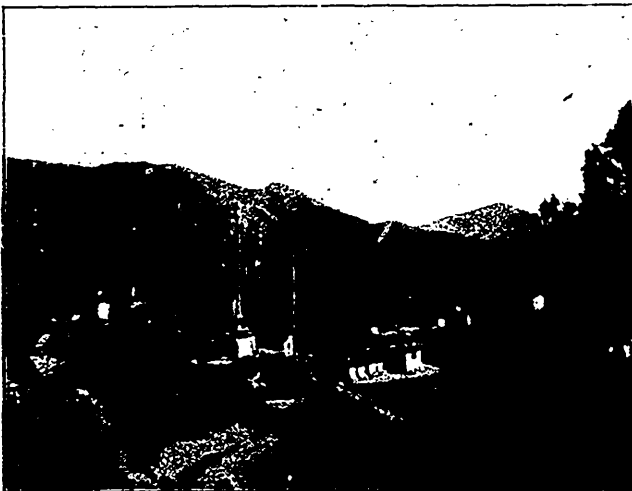
THE TEMPERANCE CRISIS.

The action, or rather inaction, of the Ontario Government, after all its pledges to the temperance people, is distinctly disappointing. The problem before it is confessedly a difficult one, but it will not be solved by eva-

sion and delay. Had the Premier but grasped the nettle firmly before the last general election, he would, we believe, have carried the country; or if he had fallen he would have fallen with credit and renown.

Years of delay but entrench the liquor trade more strongly. High license and restricted license make its strategic points more impregnable. The "good will" of a liquor stand now commands a premium of many thousands of dollars. The banishment of the bar, with its wretched treating system, is, we believe, the only cure for this social malady. The temperance sentiment of the country, as pronounced in plebiscite and referendum, will not be satisfied with less.

If the Premier will put in concrete form the character of his proposed legislation, in harmony with these repeated demands, and will be prepared to stand by his guns, we believe a great temperance advance is possible. Certainly the moral reformers have it in their power to secure such support of temperance legislation as will give any Government backing and warrant enough to carry out their behests. Let them demand of every candidate of either party an ironclad pledge to vote for the banishment of the bar, and the thing is done. If there were even six independent prohibition stalwarts in the Ontario Legislature, would they not have got what they wished? Cannot temperance electors place at least that many in the next House? This great moral question should not be made the football of party, to be kicked about the arena and over the bounds as suits the politics of the hour.



SCENE IN TIBET.

Religious Intelligence.

THE NEEDS OF JAMAICA.

Only an eye-witness can realize the havoc wrought in this "summer isle of Eden" by the tornado of last August. Over vast areas the stately cocoanut palms were prostrated like dead men upon a battle-field—ninety-five per cent. of them, it is averred. The banana plantations, with their broad, banner-like leaves and fragile stalks, were completely destroyed. The churches and schools, being the larger structures, were the chief victims of the cyclone. Of these, seventy-one were unroofed or destroyed, besides five parsonages and twelve teachers' cottages. The gentle ministries of nature in that tropical climate do much to conceal the scars of this havoc, but in the wreck of the buildings it is still too sadly apparent.

Contributions from Canadian Methodism towards the urgent need of our friends in Jamaica call forth warmest gratitude. But that response has still been quite inadequate to the urgency of the case. The British Conference, having assumed the debt of \$150,000 on their chapel property, is unable to do more. Comparatively little has reached them from the United States, engrossed by its own manifold missionary operations. Though Canada has its colossal problem in the North-West, still the needs of our brethren in one of Britain's earliest mission fields call most urgently for assistance.

The Jamaicans in the time of their prosperity exhibited great religious enterprise. For a score of years they maintained their own work without help from England, and sent also vigorous missions to both Hayti and Costa Rica. But the failure of the sugar industry, followed by the late tremendous disaster, has cut the nerve of their ability to rebuild their ruined churches.

The island of Jamaica presents a complete solution of the race problem which seems so insoluble to the Southern States of the Union. Seventy years ago Britain made a great atonement for her great crime of enslaving human beings by their emancipation in her West India possessions at a cost of a hundred million dollars. She gave them good government and good schools. The Methodist, Church of England, Baptist, Moravian, and Quaker missionaries

have planted churches and trained the people in piety throughout the island.

The heartiness of the religious service is the best type of old-fashioned Methodism. We never heard the *Te Deum* so well sung as in the Coke Memorial Church, in Kingston, Jamaica, named after Dr. Coke, the father of Methodist missions. It was not left to the choir, but was sung by the whole congregation. We never heard the responsive prayers of the English Church service so heartily uttered. The native preachers are men of pronounced culture and piety. The Sunday-schools are conducted with an intelligent and orderly management that we have never seen surpassed. The kindly courtesies of the people give evidence of the most kindly race relations. The admirable English almost everywhere spoken is a fine tribute to the excellence of the schools, while the writing and spelling would put to shame some Canadian boys and girls.

I doubt if there can anywhere be found a more law-abiding and religious community. Our souls are harrowed almost every week by the reports of lynching atrocities of the greatest barbarism in the Southern States. This crime has never been known in Jamaica. In the South a woman is scarce safe upon her own hearthstone; in Jamaica a woman may walk from one end of the island to the other alone and undefended, and receive everywhere the most chivalrous courtesy and protection.

A SINGER SILENT.

The death of Sir Edwin Arnold removes one of the most distinguished writers in prose and verse of latter days. In his "Light of Asia" he did more than any other writer to familiarize the Western mind with the lore of the East and with the story of the gentle Gautama. His "Light of the World" is a sympathetic poem on the greater teacher than the "Light of Asia." His most recent poem, "The Voyage of Ithobal," written in blindness, gives word-pictures of tropical life of Africa, not equalled by any who can see. Our own favourite volume, however, is his "Pearls of the Faith," a series of Oriental apologues, less known than his other works. On stating to Sir Edwin, whom we met at the hos-

pitable board of Professor Goldwin Smith, our preference for these poems, he expressed much pleasure, for he said very few people in Canada seemed ever to have heard of them. He was then on his way to Japan, where he quite fell in love with the bright and dainty people of the East, and especially with one of its fair daughters, whom he made his wife.

THE GENERAL CONFERENCE IN LOS ANGELES.

One of the important themes just now with our brethren across the border is the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, to meet next month in Los Angeles, Cal. The Californians, with their usual liberal hospitality, are making extensive preparations to welcome the Methodist host. The Chamber of Commerce alone has subscribed \$15,000 of the \$25,000 needed on the expense account. Something of the growth of Methodism in Los Angeles will be seen from the fact that six new Methodist churches are reported in process of erection in that city.

The Conference will have before it such subjects as the restoration of the time limit, the discussions regarding amusements, and other such matter. The removal of the time limit has not been thought a wise step in many quarters.

Reduced railway rates, the prospect of a journey by one route and return by another, and all the attractions of side-trips, will doubtless induce many not delegated to the Conference to profit by the occasion.

THE BOOK COMMITTEE OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

The last annual meeting of the Book Committee of the Methodist Episcopal Church, held in Cincinnati, reports a year of general prosperity in both houses. The various publications report a wider circulation and strengthened financial footing. A great shock to the Committee was the announcement that their much-honoured cashier, Mr. Daniel Denham, had been crushed to death in an attempt to leap on a moving train on his way to the meeting. Mr. Denham recently celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his connection with the Methodist Book Concern, and on August 14th of this year would have celebrated his fiftieth year as treasurer of the Missionary Society.

A MISSIONARY CONFERENCE IN KOREA.

It is just twenty years since the work of Protestant Missions was begun in Korea. It would have been hard to find a more fitting way to celebrate the vicennial than by the Conference of Missionaries to be held this year in the Hermit Kingdom.

The Methodist Episcopal, the Methodist Episcopal, South, the American Presbyterian, North and South, the Canadian Presbyterian, and the Australian Presbyterian, all these missions are heartily supporting the project of the coming conference.

A NEW CHINA APPEARING.

How changed is the Flowery Kingdom from a few months since! In more than one city, missionaries are embarrassed by the abundance of gifts bestowed. In some cases non-Christian Chinese have put into their hands enough funds to build complete churches, hospitals and schools. In Canton, for example, one Chinese woman has contributed \$3,500 to add a children's ward to the woman's hospital in that place. Mr. Li, a merchant of Ningpo, has presented the Presbyterian Board with \$30,000 for a high-grade boys' school.—Ex.

THE LEPERS OF INDIA.

Mr. John Jackson, F.R.G.S., Secretary of the Mission to Lepers in India and the East, is about to make a tour through the United States and Canada in the interests of that Mission. Mr. Jackson has just completed a journey of 7,000 miles through the leper settlements of India. There are in India 500,000 lepers, who lead the life of solitary outcasts. Many of these unfortunates live in wretched huts utterly neglected.

In a remote corner of the Himalayas, Mr. Jackson found Miss Mary Reed presiding over a fine institution for lepers. Miss Reed, it will be remembered, is the only living missionary who has contracted leprosy in the course of ordinary missionary work.

The lepers are very grateful for all that is done in their behalf. The hope which Christianity holds out to them is in such striking contrast with the teaching of the Hindu doctrine that leprosy is a judgment from God, that they willingly accept the new faith.

FIFTEEN NEW CHURCHES EVERY DAY.

According to various statements which have recently appeared, somewhere between twelve and fifteen churches are completed and dedicated in the United States every day the year through, with the larger number more likely to be nearest the facts. Of these the Methodists build 3 churches a day; the Baptists, 2; the Lutherans, $1\frac{1}{2}$; the Roman Catholics, $1\frac{1}{2}$; the Presbyterians, 1; Episcopalians, 1; Congregationalists, $\frac{3}{4}$, and miscellaneous, $1\frac{1}{2}$. The average cost is about \$7,000, or an aggregate of from \$85,000 to \$105,000 daily for church buildings.

WHAT THE TWENTIETH CENTURY MAY BEHOLD.

In his address as chairman of the Congregational Union of England and Wales, Dr. Robert F. Horton said:

It is calculated that the sporadic efforts of the eighteenth century produced 70,000 converts. Warneck estimates that as a result of the nineteenth century there are 11,000,000 Christians won from heathendom. If we may work out a proportion: As 70,000 is to 11,000,000, so is 11,000,000 to 1,650,000,000; that is the probable population of the globe in the year 2000 A.D. Yes, all the kingdoms of the earth made the kingdom of the Lord and of His Christ. That is assuredly His design. In a little island of the Southern Seas there is the grave of a missionary, and an epitaph: "When he came in 1848 there was not a Christian; when he left in 1872 there was not a single heathen." So it will be said of this island planet in the ocean of the universe which was visited by the Divine Missionary. "When He came there was not a Christian in it; when He left it there was not a heathen."

MY CANNIBAL FRIENDS.

None but a Christ-like soul and a hero could use the phrase. But it is found in a letter of Chalmers', the martyr of New Guinea, just brought to light, in which he refers to his purpose to visit those whom he calls "my

cannibal friends in the Namau district." He says: "The Akerave natives of that district killed eleven Maipuan lately, and left nothing but their bones. We must get among them as soon as possible." There are those whose first thought, in view of the savage nature of these cannibals, would have been to get well away from them. The Christian zeal of Chalmers led him to exactly the opposite conclusion. Men so wicked and cruel must be reached as soon as possible.

Within the Uganda British Protectorate a recent census shows 1,070 church buildings with a seating capacity of 126,850, and an average Sabbath attendance of 52,471. It is only twenty years since the first Christian baptism took place in that country. Verily, this is a wonderland for the spread of the Gospel, and bids fair soon to outdo even Hawaii or Madagascar.

The Methodists of Australasia carry on mission work not only in India and China, but also in various islands, like Fiji, New Ireland, New Caledonia, and New Guinea. The last returns show that there are 525 full members, and 15,502 attendants on public worship in a mission which was first established in the year 1891.

According to conservative estimates, there are 1,250,000 Jews in the United States, and according to Joseph Jacobs, the Jews of Greater New York number over 600,000, or 16.5 per cent. of the entire population, while in Manhattan Borough they number 500,000, or 27 per cent. The number of Christian workers among them is but 139, of whom 58 are found in Greater New York.

Concrete illustrations of the large Jewish element in the United States may be found in the facts that there were 2,000 Jewish soldiers in the Spanish-American war; there are 6 Yiddish theatres in the country; 72 Jewish periodicals are published, and gifts to Jewish denominations last year amounted to more than \$1,000,000.

Think truly and thy thoughts
Shall the world's fainine feed;
Speak truly, and each word of thine

Shall be a fruitful seed;
Live truly and thy life shall be
A great and noble creed.

—Horatius Bonar.

Book Notices.

"The Old Puritanism and the New Age." Addresses before the Woburn Conference of Congregational Churches at Malden, Massachusetts, April, 1903.

In an age of laxity of thought and practice and of religious enervation it is well to breathe again the bracing air that comes from the Puritan past. It is well for the sons of the Puritans to catch once more the spirit of their sires. In this volume certain undying truths are once more affirmed, as the historical significance of Puritanism, its doctrines, its message as to forms of worship, and conduct of life. One strongly written and practical address of this series is that by the Rev. Dr. Sims, formerly pastor of Bond Street Congregational Church, Toronto, now of Melrose, Boston. Dr. Sims urges as the message of Puritanism to the Church of to-day that its worship shall be rational and not mechanical, spiritual but not sensuous. The literalness and severe plainness of the old-time Puritans may give place to more stately churches, and to the organ's solemn peal and choral chant, but our worship must be inspired with the old truth and the old faith. It is a sane, wise, temperate plea for the recognition of beauty in art and service whose "sweet reasonableness" will commend it to every reader.

"Sketches of Indian Life." By Rev. F. Frost. Printed for the author by William Briggs, Toronto. Pp. 297. Price, \$1.00.

The Indians of Canada have always lent a picturesque character to our early history and frontier achievements. This is well expressed in the words of the Bishop of Algoma in the introduction to this book: "This broad and fair Dominion once was theirs. Upon its shimmering waters their frail canoes danced happily in the golden sunshine. Through its vast forests they roamed and hunted at will—its lords. A feeble, decaying people, bereft of almost everything they once held dear, confined within narrow limits, scantily provided for, but picturesque and fascinating to the last, they claim at our hands to-day, as their just and lawful due, a knowledge of the 'better coun-

try,' and, so far as we have it in our power to secure it for them, a title to its never-ending joys."

Mr. Frost has been for thirty years a missionary among the red men on the northern shores of Lakes Huron and Superior. He knows their manner of life, their character, their folklore. With a sympathetic pen he describes incidents of missionary experience that give us a better idea of the religious side of the Canadian Indians than do most of the books of adventure and fiction which profess their portrayal. It is an admirable contribution to missionary literature. It is well illustrated, and bound in imitation of birch bark.

"The New Testament in the Christian Church." Light Lectures. By Edward Caldwell Moore. New York: The Macmillan Company. Toronto: Morang & Co. Pp. xii-367. Price, \$1.50 net.

The formation of the New Testament canon and the principles of exclusion and inclusion are a subject of profound interest and importance. "There is no book in English," says the author, "which presents the results of the labours of scholars during the last fifteen years in the study of the growth of the New Testament canon and in that of the attribution to the early Christian writings of a scriptural authority." It is to meet this need that the author summarizes his studies on Zahn, Harnack, Holtzmann, and other writers on this important theme. Not that he slavishly follows authorities. The subject has been thought out independently, and his conclusion expressed with clearness and force. The importance of this subject demands a fuller review, which we will present at an early date. The author lovingly dedicates his book to his wife, without whose encouragement the studies it embodies would not have been maintained.

"Sir Henry Morgan, Buccaneer." A Romance of the Spanish Main. By Cyrus Townsend Brady. Author of "For Love of Country," etc. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company. Pp. 445. Price, cloth, \$1.50; paper, 75 cents.

The Caribbean Sea, the Mediterranean of the New World, presents as

lovely an aspect as its European counterpart. It is studded with islands and surrounded by a coast line as fair and majestic as the "Middle Sea" of the Romans. It, too, has its stirring memories of battle and victory. The gallant Drake, with his men of Devon, scourged the Spanish on the main they called their own, and "singed the king of Spain's beard" even in his defenced cities of Panama, Nombre de Dios, Carthagena, and La Guayra.

But these summer seas were haunted also by some of the rarest scoundrels in history. They made the harbour of Port Royal, Jamaica, one of the vilest spots on earth. The wrath of heaven at last swallowed up in an earthquake this den of thieves. One may look down through the blue waters of the bay upon the crumbling ruins of the old-time city.

One of the most ruthless and truculent of these buccaneers was Sir Henry Morgan—a knight, forsooth, created by that not over-scrupulous monarch, Charles II. Mr. Brady has made in his "Colonial Fights and Fighters" a special study of the times, and in this tale of the sea has given a vivid picture of Morgan and his reckless exploits. He does not gild the character of this ruffian, but paints him, scars and all, as he was, and in his story brings him to a merited fate, bound to a rock while the vultures hovered near, a worse fate than that of Prometheus upon Mount Caucasus. "And so the judgment of God was visited upon Sir Henry Morgan at last as it was writ of old, 'with what measure they meted out, it had been measured back to them again.'"

"The American Prisoner." By Eden Phillpotts. Toronto: Geo. N. Morang & Co. Pp. viii-422. Price, \$1.50.

The author of this book knows his Devon and the West Country as well as does the author of "Lorna Doone." The deft hand that wrote "The Children of the Mist" is evident on every page. The title at first glance is a little misleading. It has nothing to do with Indian captives in the wild West, but is a minute study of conditions on the high and bleak Dartmoor in which was situated England's great war prison, designed for the accommodation of ten thousand men. It was, as shown in the frontispiece, a vast circular enclosure, surrounded by double walls, with great barrack-like structures in which were housed thousands of American and French prisoners during the wars of 1812

and Britain's Napoleonic campaign. They were under severe military discipline and guardship. Cecil Stark, of Vermont, was here held a prisoner of war. The prison life is portrayed and the historic attempts at escape vividly described. The pictures of the wind-swept wastes of moorland, rock, and meadow are of photographic fidelity, as also, we suppose, are the renderings of the west country dialect which are here given. The book is one of sustained and fascinating interest.

"Jesus Christ and the People." By Mark Guy Pearse. Cincinnati: Jennings & Pye. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 226.

This book is the outcome of Guy Pearse's work in the West London Mission. That work brought him, like the Master whom he serves, into closest contact with the common people. He learned to love them and rendered them his noblest service. The book is full of inspiration and cheer.

"The Presiding Eldership Structural in the Methodist Episcopal Church." By T. B. Ford. Cincinnati: Jennings & Pye. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 171.

The system of presiding elders has been a ministry of potent influence in the progress of the most widespread Methodism in the world. Especially for pioneer and missionary work it seems almost essential. This has led to its adoption in principle, if not in name, by the appointment of our missionary superintendents in New Ontario and the great West.

"Brevities." By Lisle De Vaux Matthewman. Pictured by Clare Victor Dwiggin. Square 12mo. Cloth, with One Hundred Illustrations. Philadelphia: Henry T. Coates & Co.

Brevities comprises the latest work of the lamented Lisle De Vaux Matthewman, whose untimely death from typhoid fever recently occurred at New York, which adds a melancholy interest to this little book. The delicacy, grace, and humour of the illustrations, as well as the keen, biting sarcasm of the text, are a combination unique in its way. If "brevity is the soul of wit," it is here; but the wit displayed is independent of its briefness, and has a character and flavour of its own. The following is

an example: "If our hearts expanded as readily and easily as our heads swell, the world would be the gainer." "Brevities" is very daintily bound, and makes an attractive volume.

"The Upper Way." An' Open-Air Discourses on the Path of Life, and the Process of Walking Therein. By William Curtis Stiles, B.D. New York: Eaton & Mains. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 226. Price, \$1.00.

In this treatise on the higher Christian life the author has of purpose avoided theological terms. He speaks in the language of every-day life, of the market and the fireside. This removes the veil of remoteness that marks much religious teaching. The word comes home to men's business and bosom. The burden of the author's message is, "Salvation through suffering Love." He pays a beautiful tribute to his wife, through whose higher spiritual insight the truths written in his book have been more clearly discerned.

"The Jewish Encyclopedia." A Descriptive Record of the History, Religion, Literature, and Customs of the Jewish People from the Earliest Times to the Present Day. Isidore Singer, Ph.D., Projector and Managing Editor. Vol. VI. Octavo, pp. xx-618. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, \$7.

Half of this great work has now been issued. This fact enables us more fully to realize the magnitude of the scale on which it is planned, the ability and learning with which it is executed, and the mechanical excellence of its presentation. It is one of the most important literary enterprises ever undertaken. Only the resources of a great and admirably organized publishing house are adequate to its completion. We have placed this important volume in the hands of a scholarly expert for review.

"The Alienated Crown." By Thomas G. Selby. Manchester: James Robinson. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. vii-400.

This book is another of the admirable volumes of sermons by Non-

conformist ministers issued by James Robinson. It takes its name from the initial discourse, "Let no man take thy crown." Others are Suppressed Vocations, The Satisfaction of Service, Equipped for Well-Doing, The Abounding Assurance, The Buffetings of Faith, The Malignity of Sin, Cross Currents of Character, the Unalterable Gospel, and similar practical topics. The treatment of these august themes is as fresh and suggestive as the titles. The most recent discoveries of science, those of electrons and radium, are laid under tribute to illustrate spiritual truths. The social conditions of the Old Land, the fight with the drink traffic, with other forms of vice and immorality, are much more difficult than anything in our more fortunate Canada.

"Denis Dent." By Ernest Hornung. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co. Pp. viii-324. Price, \$1.50.

The scene of this story is laid in the vast continent of Australia, principally in the Bendigo and other mining regions. It describes the turbulent conditions of society in the days of early discovery. Shipwreck, war, and disaster are vividly pictured, with the primitive passions to which they give play.

"Old Sins in New Clothes." By George Clarke Peck. New York: Eaton & Mains. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 317. Price, \$1.00.

Books of formal sermons are often a drug on the market. But books of plain, straight talk on Bible truths have an undying interest. Those under notice are unconventional, vivid, and vivacious chapters on themes old as the universe. Their very titles, like that of the book itself, are piquant and suggestive, as, The Perils of Privilege, Inglorious Compromises, Too Easily Content, Not Wasted. If we had more preaching like this, there would be fewer complaints of vacant pews.

"The Makers of Canada. Papineau, Cartier." By Alfred D. DeCelles. Edition de Luxe. Toronto: Morang & Co. Pp. 338. Reserved for further notice.

There is a word I fain would speak,
Jesus died!
O eyes that weep and hearts that break,
Jesus died!

No music from the quivering string
Could such sweet sounds of rapture bring
O may I always love to sing,
"Jesus died! Jesus died!"

—Frances Ridley Havergal.