

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur

Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur

Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée

Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées

Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée

Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées

Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque

Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées

Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur

Pages detached/
Pages détachées

Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)

Showthrough/
Transparence

Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur

Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression

Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents

Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue

Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure

Includes index(es)/
Comprend un (des) index

Title on header taken from: /
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:

Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.

Title page of issue/
Page de titre de la livraison

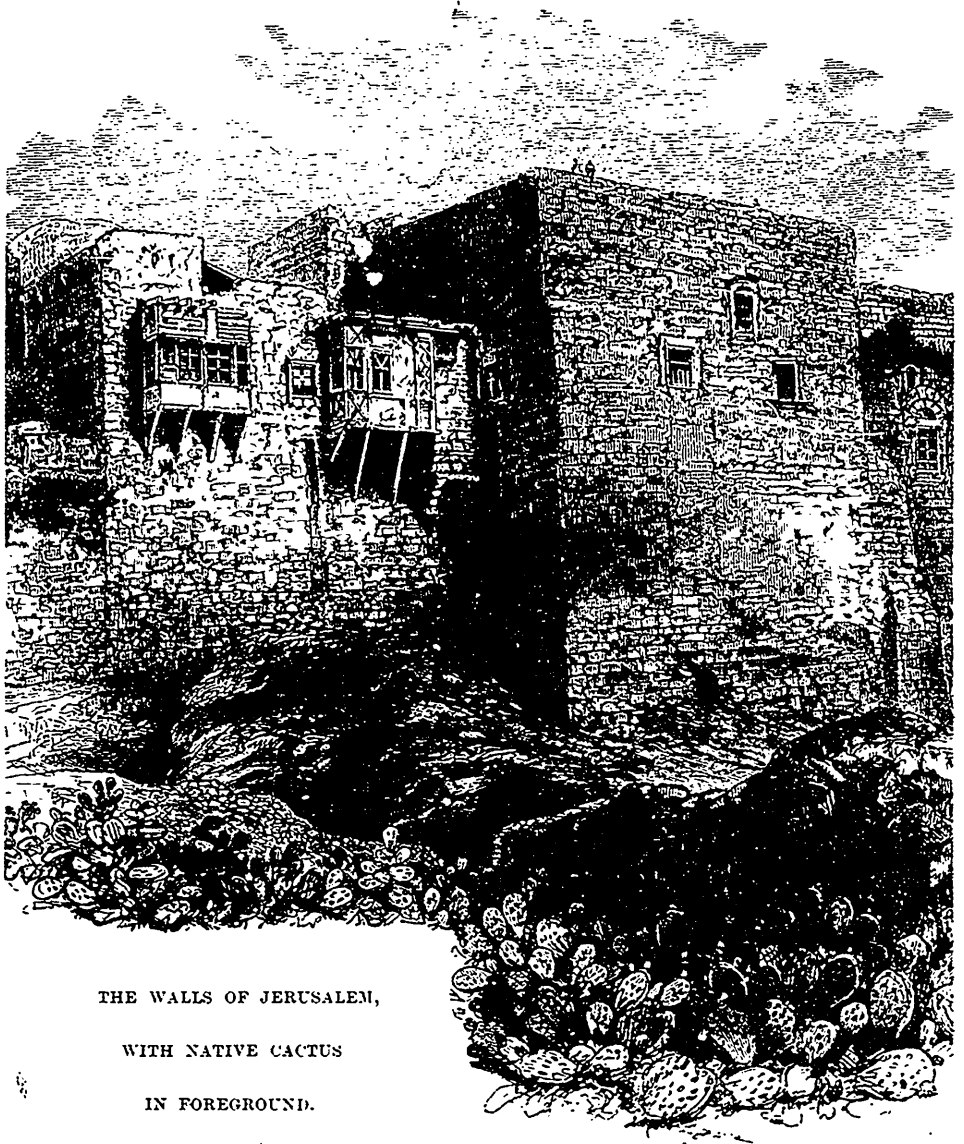
Caption of issue/
Titre de départ de la livraison

Masthead/
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

Additional comments: /
Commentaires supplémentaires:

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below /
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	14X	18X	22X	26X	30X
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
12X	16X	20X	24X	28X	32X



THE WALLS OF JERUSALEM,
WITH NATIVE CACTUS
IN FOREGROUND.

THE
Methodist Magazine.

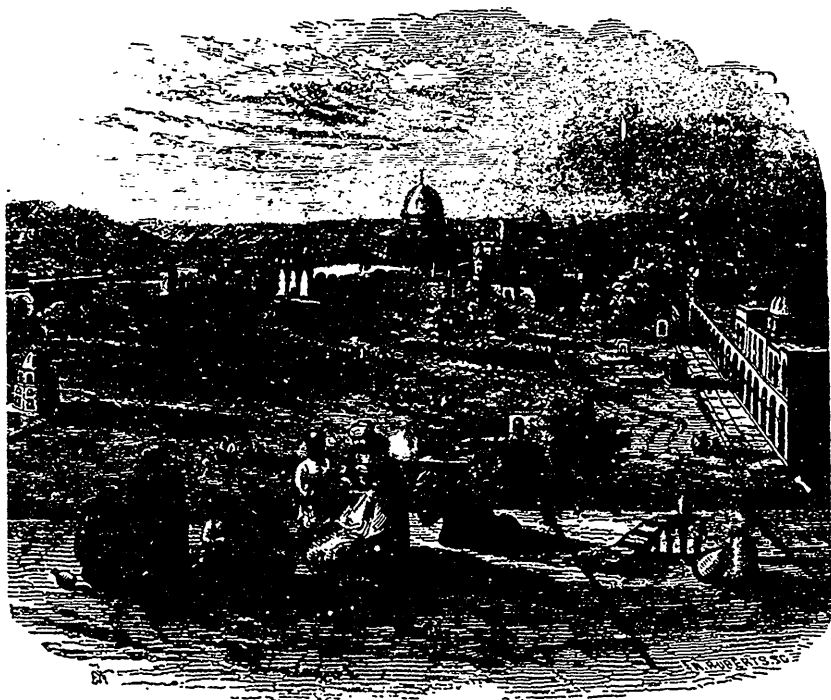
SEPTEMBER, 1893.

TENT LIFE IN PALESTINE.

BY THE EDITOR.

IV.

"THE NOBLE SANCTUARY."



IN THE ENCLOSURE OF THE HAREM-ESH-SHERIF.

ONE of the most impressive visits made by the Canadian tourist party while in Jerusalem was that to the so-called Mosque of Omar, or more correctly, Dome of the Rock. The *kawas* of the British Consulate, in imposing official dress, with

curved sword and silver-topped staff of office, and a Turkish soldier dressed in coarse uniform, carrying his side arms, escorted us, for which dignity or protection we had to pay pretty roundly.

The Haram-esh-Sherif, or Noble Sanctuary, as it is called, is one of the most profoundly interesting spots in the world. This is, undoubtedly, the ancient Mount Moriah which has been consecrated to divine worship from time immemorial. It was a place

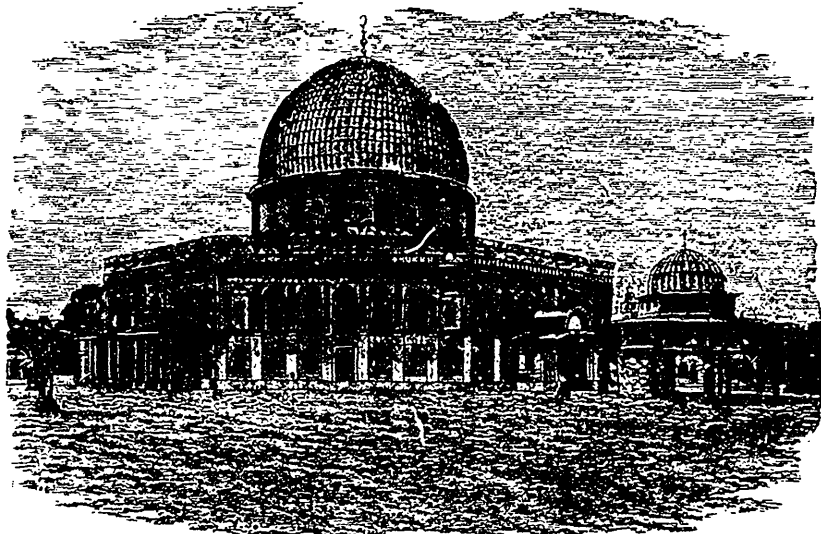


A GLIMPSE OF THE MOSQUE OF OMAR.

for sacrifice in the time of Abraham. Here he offered up his son, a type of the Greater Sacrifice which was to be offered up near the same spot. Here David erected an altar, 2 Sam. xxiv., 25; 1 Chron. xxii., 1; and here rose the great and goodly temple of Solomon, the lesser glory of that of Nehemiah and the restored temple of Herod. Here, for well-nigh a thousand years, went up the smoke of the morning and the evening sacrifice, and was

maintained the stately pageant of the temple service. And here One greater than the temple walked and taught the people of the spiritual temple of which He was the foundation and chief corner-stone.

The inclosing walls of the Harem, the excavations of Captain Warren has shown, exist far below the surface of the ground. This noble area was obtained by building lofty substructures and vaulted chambers which still excite our astonishment and admiration. On their very site the Emperor Hadrian built a temple to Jupiter, and now a mosque of the false prophet Mohammed is erected at, or near, the very spot where stood the Holy of



MOSQUE OF OMAR.

Holies; so literally have been fulfilled the words of prophecy of our Lord that the abomination of desolation should be set up in the holy place.

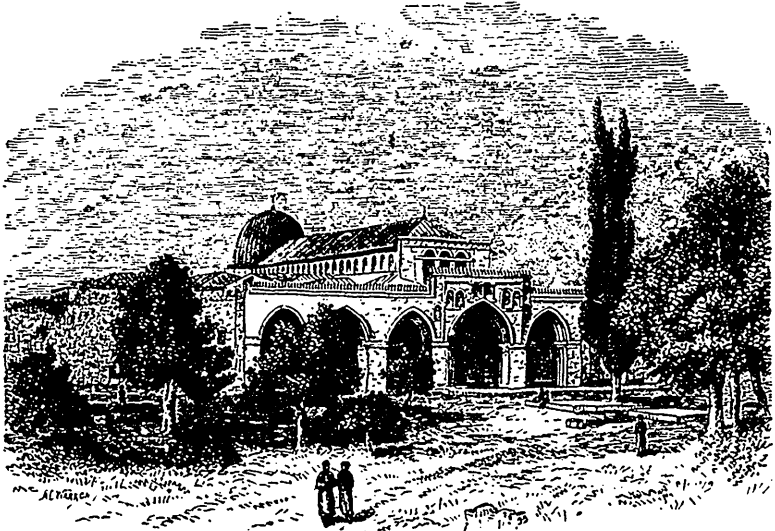
It is only since the Crimean war that travellers have been admitted to this sacred area, and even now we were admonished not to wander away from our guards, nor to exhibit a too curious observance of the religious rites lest the fanaticism of the Moslems should be excited.

The Harem-esh-Sherif is a large irregular quadrangle of 536 yards by 548. It is dotted with many structures, the chief of which are the famous Dome of the Rock and the Mosque El-Aksa. The Dome of the Rock stands on a platform ten feet above the rest of the area, approached by flights of steps. It is

surrounded by elegant arcades and paved with fine slabs which can only be trodden, as well as the mosques, by shoeless feet. The rather meagre verdure and ragged and melancholy cypresses with which the area abounds give it a sombre and impressive character.

The Mosque of Omar, as it is often, but improperly, called, is a large and handsome octagon, covered externally with beautiful porcelain tiles and marble slabs. A frieze of interwoven characters, expressing passages from the Koran run around the building.

The origin of this building is obscure, but it is probably of Moslem structure, dating from about the year 687. The interior



MOSQUE EL-AKSA.

is 174 feet in diameter and has two concentric rows of piers and columns. The latter are of different heights and colours, having been taken from older buildings, some of them probably from the Temple of Jupiter built on this spot. One of the capitals is even said to bear a cross. In a broad blue band above the arches are ancient Cufic inscriptions in gold. They consist of verses from the Koran having reference to Christ, affirming that "the Messiah Jesus is the son of Mary, the Ambassador of God and His Word."

The dome, which dates from 1022, is nearly 100 feet high, and is richly adorned in blue and gold. The stained glass windows have an intense and marvellous richness of colour. They gleam

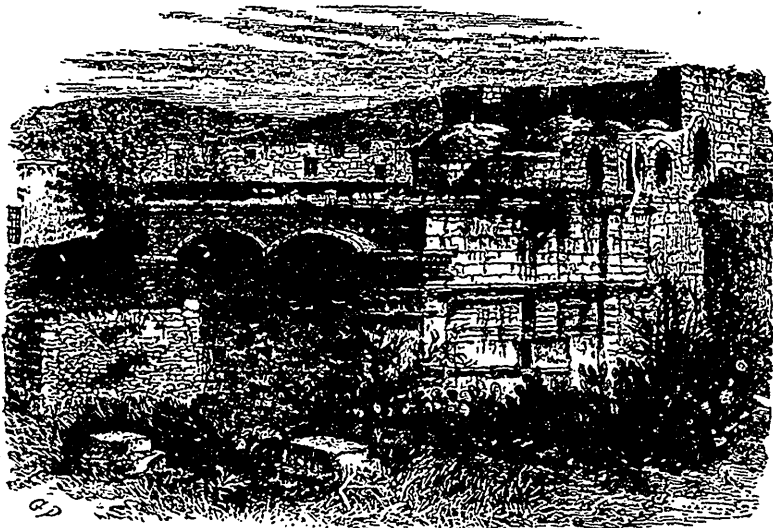
like living topaz and sapphire, and shed a solemnly dim light throughout the vast and shadowy interior.



STABLES OF SOLOMON.

Immediately under the dome, overshadowed by silk drapery like a banner over a hero's tomb, and surrounded by an elaborate iron screen, is the sacred rock; the strangest and surely the most mysterious object ever covered with such magnificent architecture. It has a rude, rough, irregular surface of limestone 65

feet long and 43 feet wide, and rises about six and a half feet above

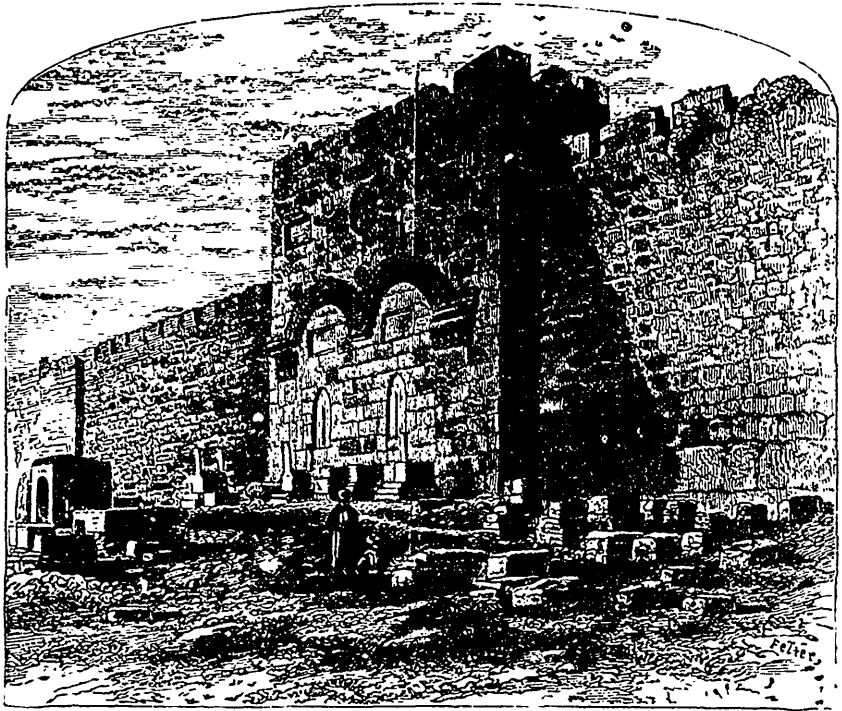


INTERIOR OF THE GOLDEN GATE, JERUSALEM.

the surrounding marble pavement. According to tradition this was the summit of Mount Moriah, where Abraham offered up

Isaac, and where Melchizedek also offered sacrifice. Traces of steps by which it was ascended can still be seen.

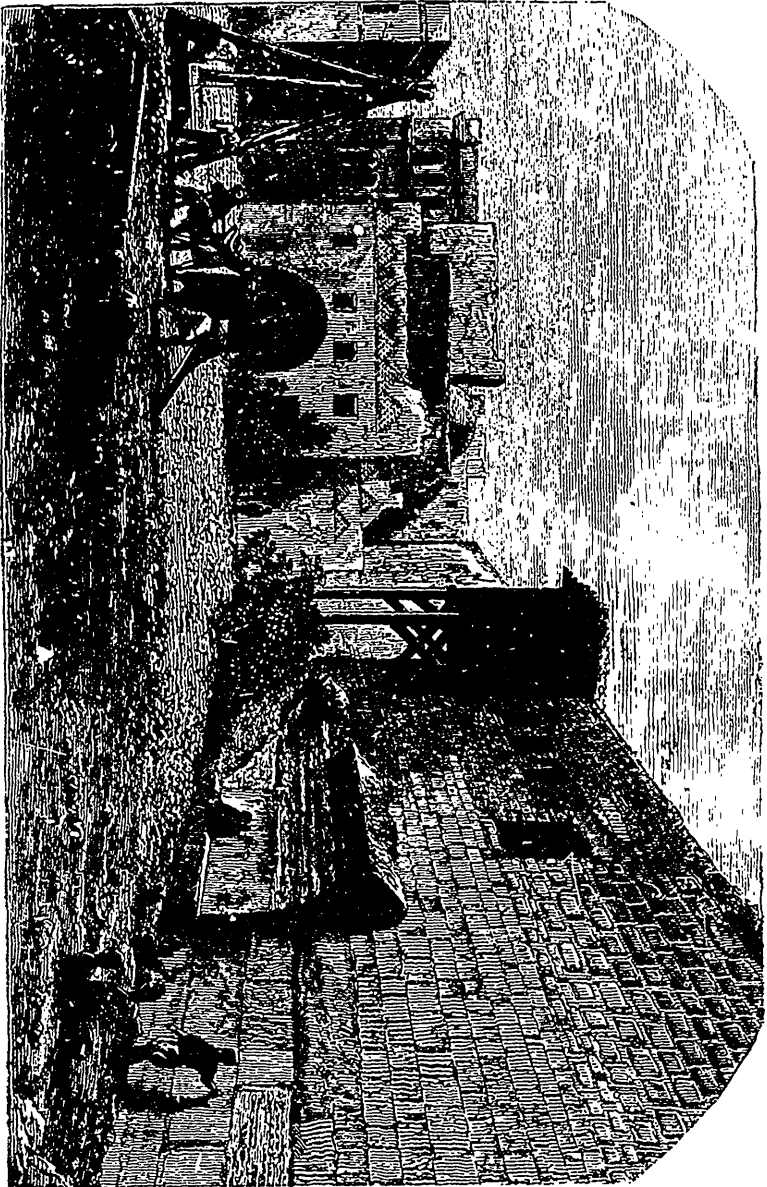
Beneath the rock is a large cavern to which we descend by eleven steps. The rough walls are illumined by hanging lamps, and the guide points out the small altars where Abraham and Elijah, David and Solomon and Mohammed were in the habit of praying. A number of Moslems were devoutly prostrating themselves on their prayer carpets.



EXTERIOR OF THE GOLDEN GATE, JERUSALEM.

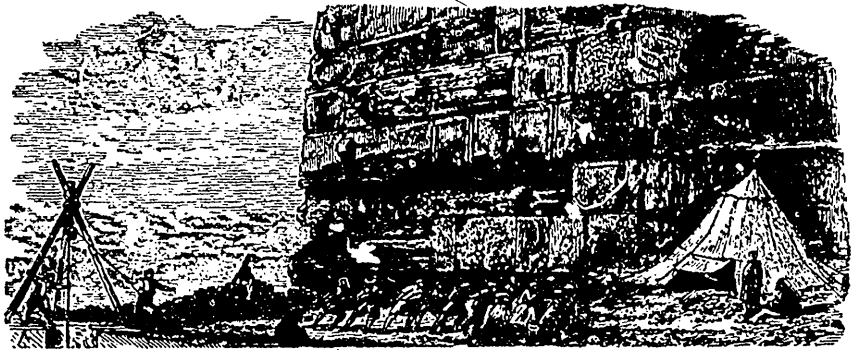
The Moslems affirm that beneath this cave is the well of souls. Others affirm that these are the gates of hell, that here will resound the blast of the last trump which shall announce the Judgment, and that God's throne will be planted on this spot. Mohammed declared that one prayer here was better than a thousand elsewhere, and from this place, according to Moslem legend, he was translated to heaven on the back of El-Barak, his miraculous steed. It is even claimed that this was the original tomb of Christ. It was probably a cistern for water. If the Jewish altar of sacrifice were on this rock the round hole in its surface may have been for conveying away the blood of the sacrifices.

According to legend the rock was desirous of accompanying Mohammed to heaven ; but the angel Gabriel held it down. The



ROBINSON'S ARCH, JERUSALEM.

traces of his hand are still shown on the rock. Many other puerile stories are told. We were shown a stone of jasper into which Mohammed drove nineteen golden nails. One falls out at



AT FOOT OF THE WALL.

the end of every epoch, and when all are gone will be the end of the world. Satan once destroyed all but three and a half which still remain.

“This magnificent building,” says Prof. Soccin, “produced a wonderful impression on the Franks of the Middle Ages, and it was popularly believed to be the veritable temple of Solomon. The society of knights founded here was accordingly called the Order of the Temple, and they adopted the dome of the Sacred Rock as a part of their armorial bearings. The Templars, moreover, carried the plan of the building to distant parts of Europe, and London, Laon, Metz, and several other towns still possess churches in this style. The polygonal outline of this mosque is even to be seen in the background of Raphael’s famous *Spesalizio* in the Brera at Milan.”

In the paved area rise a number of pavilions, fountains, and an elegant Saracen pulpit, from which a sermon is preached every Friday during the month of Ramadan. Beneath the pavement are a number of cisterns or reservoirs—one being upwards of 40 feet in depth and 246 yards in circumference. A companion of Omar, having let his pitcher fall into a cistern, descended to recover it and discovered a gate which led to orchards. There he plucked a leaf which he brought back to his friends. The leaf came from paradise and never faded. Others, however, who attempted to discover the elysian orchards were unable to find them. One of these fountains, according to tradition, occupies the site of the brazen laver of Solomon.

The other great structure of this sacred inclosure is the Mosque El-Aksa, a vast and complex pile. Originally a basilica, built by the Emperor Justinian, it has been enlarged and altered into a great mosque, 90 yards long and 60 yards wide. Like many Moslem structures it is built from the spoils of earlier churches and temples. The columns, bases and capitals exhibit much variety and yet have an odd kind of harmony of their own.

More interesting than the mosque itself are the vast substructures beneath the area, attributed by the Arabs to the agency of demons. These are known as Solomon's stables, and there may be some foundation for the name, as the palace of that monarch was somewhere in this neighbourhood. In the middle ages they were used by the Frankish kings and Templars. The rings to which their horses were attached still exist. These are large vaulted chambers, many of them still partially filled with earth and rubbish.



PHENICIAN MARKS ON STONES BENEATH SOUTH-EAST ANGLE.

Ascending to the open air, we climbed along the narrow ledge of the inclosing wall, which affords an admirable view of the Valley of Jehoshaphat, with its tombs immediately below, and of the Mount of Olives.

“The Moslems say that all men will assemble in the Valley of Jehoshaphat when the trumpet blast proclaims the Last Judgment. From the wall a thin wire rope will then be stretched to the opposite Mount of Olives. Christ will sit on the wall, and Mohammed on the Mount as judges. All men must pass over the intervening space on the rope. The righteous

preserved by their angels from falling, will cross with lightning speed, while the wicked will be precipitated into the abyss of hell."

The large structure shown on page 215 is known as the Golden Gate, which has been walled up for many hundred years. According to tradition this was the Beautiful Gate of the Temple where the healing of the lame man by St. Peter took place. A tradition still exists that some Friday a Christian conqueror shall enter by this gate and take Jerusalem from the Moslems. The vaulted interior is used as a Mohammedan place of prayer.



CANAL BENEATH ROBINSON'S ARCH.

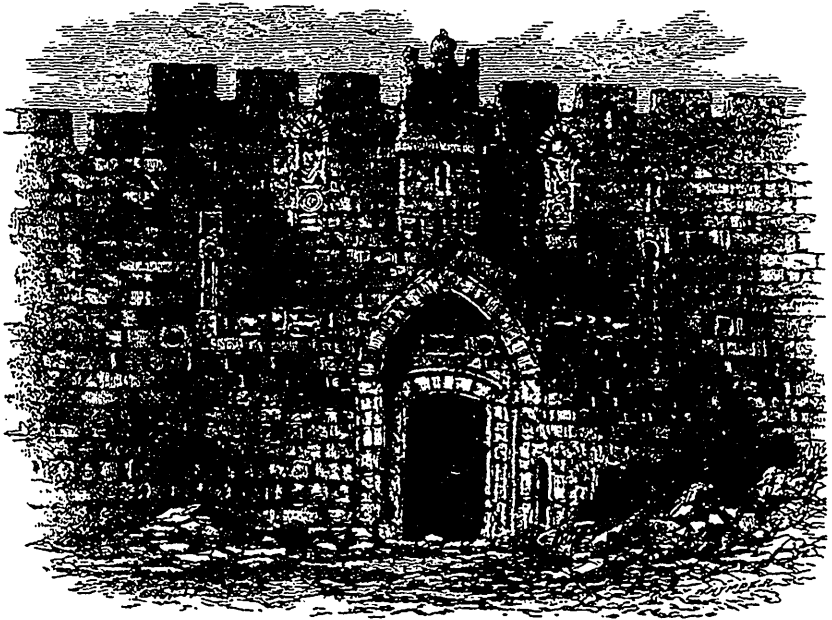
A domed structure is known as the Throne of Solomon, from the legend that the wise king was found dead here. "In order to conceal his death from the demons, he supported himself on his seat with his staff, and it was not till the worms had gnawed the staff through and caused the body to fall that the demons became aware that they were now released from the king's authority."

One thing that impressed us was the air of quiet and seclusion in this great area. A few tall, Oriental figures seemed to float

about with noiseless tread, and a few women, like sheeted ghosts, wandered beneath the shade of the sombre cypress trees. No sound of toil or traffic from the busy city broke the silence. A great Turkish barrack, with lofty minaret, occupies one side of the area. It is probably the site of the castle of the Tower of Antonia, a station of the Roman garrison.

Dr. McLeod refers thus to the thrilling associations of this sacred place :

“Such are some of the traces left of the ancient building, and as I walked across this green spot once occupied by God’s Holy Temple, I cried,



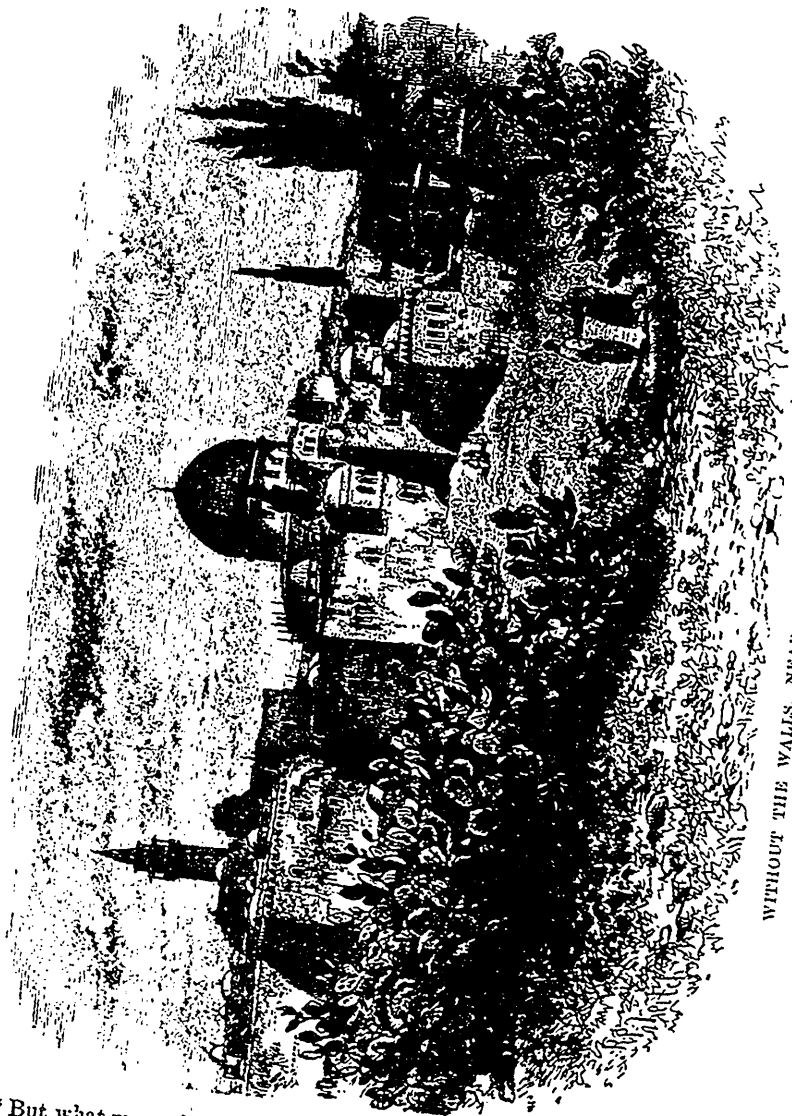
ST. STEPHEN'S GATE, JERUSALEM.

‘O for a voice to utter the thoughts that arise in me!’ For who can adequately express the thoughts which here rush upon the mind, wave upon wave in rapid and tumultuous succession, out of the vast and apparently limitless ocean of past history? Here, in this remote corner of the earth, and in a sequestered spot among the lonely hills, shepherd clans for centuries worshipped Him whom the great nations of the earth still worship as the ‘God of Abraham, of Isaac, and of Jacob.’”

“This spot of verdure is the narrow strait through which, ages ago, the living stream passed which is now flooding the whole earth. If we ask how this enduring worship came to be established, our inquiry receives a reply from the Books of Moses, in which its origin and establishment are recorded.

“Standing here, one loves to linger on earlier days, and to recall the holy men and women, the kings, priests, and prophets, who came up to this

spot to pray—whose faith is our own, whose sayings are our guide, whose life is our example, and whose songs are our hymns of worship. We seem to hear the majestic Psalms of David which have ascended from this spot, and have never been silent since on earth, nor will be until they are absorbed in the worship of the temple above.

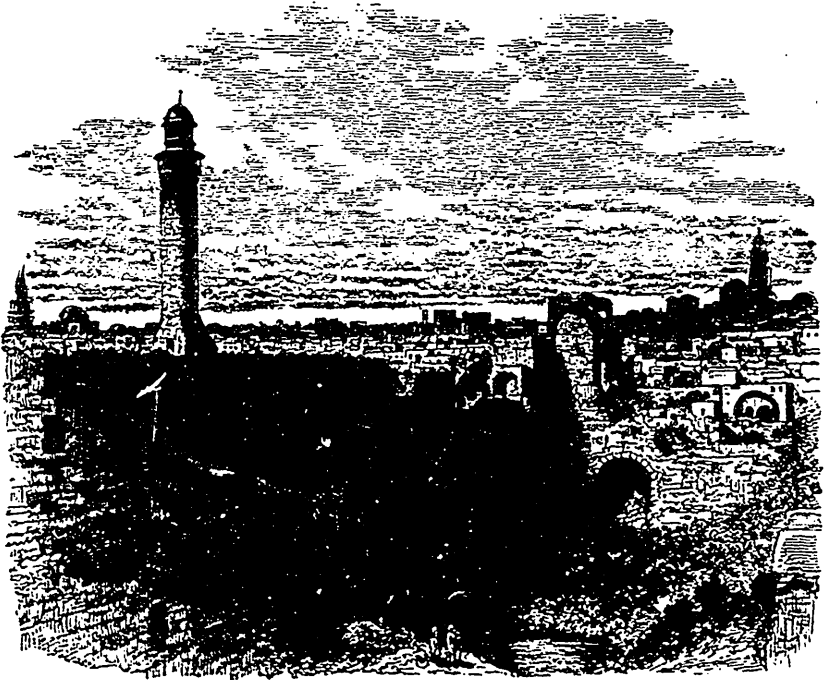


WITHOUT THE WALLS, NEAR ST. STEPHEN'S GATE, JERUSALEM.

“But what more than absorbs all else into itself as a source of reverential wonder, was the presence here, in His own Holy Temple, of Jesus Christ, ‘the Desire of all nations.’ How affecting to recall His teaching within this spot, His holy and awful works here done, His words of love and power here spoken—the incidents of His boyhood, temptation, and ministry, down to His last hours.

“ It may be that those holy feet have trodden the steps of that old passage ; and His lips may have drunk from the waters that ‘ made glad the city of God,’ and with reference to which He, on the first day of the feast, cried, saying, ‘ If any man thirst, let him come to Me and drink, and the water which I shall give him shall be in him,’ as the water is within the Temple, ‘ a living fountain springing up into everlasting life ! ’ ”

Of very special interest is the walk around the outside of the walls of this very ancient area, whose massy masonry enables us better to realize the character of the huge substructures of the



POOL OF BETHESDA, JERUSALEM.

Temple. At the north-west angle of the Harem, Captain Warren sunk a shaft at a distance of ninety-eight feet from the ground, and then a tunnel to the base of the wall, and the stones bore red marks and incised letters, probably of Phœnician or early Hebrew origin.

Near the south-west angle of the Harem is Robinson's Arch, shown on page 217. It was 50 feet in width, and contains stones 19 and 26 feet in length. This was the beginning of the viaduct which led from the Temple over the Tyropœon Valley, connecting the palace of Solomon with the opposite hill, one hundred yards distant. It was by this probably that the Queen of Sheba

approached when she was so overcome by its magnificence "that there was no strength in her."

Not far from the Harem wall is the traditional Pool of Bethesda, where the impotent folk waited for the stirring of the waters. This is an inclosure, 121 yards long by 144 yards wide, the bottom covered with rubbish as shown in our engraving. More interesting, however, is the real pool or intermittent spring by which this Pool of Bethesda was fed. We found the gate locked, but nothing daunted we climbed over the wall and, leaping down from ledge to ledge, descended a long stairway to the mouth of the well, over which stands a small tower. It was a wild, romantic, beautiful place, the walls lined with delicate maiden-hair ferns, and over us bent the blue sky. The family of the keeper, upon whose garden we trespassed, thought we were a pretty cheeky lot of pilgrims.

It is a fascinating task to thus go about Mount Zion, to consider its towers, and number its bulwarks, though now largely buried in the rubbish, the accumulation of centuries. St. Stephen's Gate, shown on page 221, known by the Christians as the Gate of our Lady Mary, bears on the outside two lions, hewn in stone, shown in half-relief. It is known as the place of the martyrdom of St. Stephen. An earlier tradition, however, assigns this to a place north of the city, near the Damascus Gate, at the so-called grotto of Jeremiah.

A "SONG IN THE NIGHT."

BY AMY PARKINSON.

"Rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for Him."—Psalm xxxvii. 7.

REST thou in Him—no need for fear—
 Thou knowest not His plan for thee,
 But well thou knowest that He is near,
 Then rest in Him, rest quietly.
 Not much seems left of earthly joy—
 But O, thy Father knoweth best!
 Let this blest word thy thought employ—
 And rest.

Wait thou for Him—take what He sends,
 Sure that His every thought for thee
 In nought but love begins and ends;
 Then wait for Him, "wait patiently."
 For thee may rise—thou canst not tell—
 New joys, e'en this side heaven's gate;
 If not—*He always chooseth well*—
 Just wait.

THE SEA OF TIBERIAS.—JOHN XXI.

BY ANNIE CLARKE.

Low, low in the darken'd sky the crescent moon is drooping,
 And all the solemn, mystic heaven about our boat is stooping ;
 Only a little light comes down, though myriad stars are gleaming,
 The sunset wind has fallen asleep ; the silent sea is dreaming.

Deep, deep in our riven hearts we ponder all the story
 Of Him who sailed this sea with us, and changed its gloom to glory ;
 And born of love-taught faith in Him, a solemn gladness fills us,
 And interwoven with the joy, a tender sadness thrills us.

Slow, slow in march majestic the stately hours are treading,
 The while we work, and watch, and wait, our empty meshes spreading ;
 No silver glistens in our net, though day will soon be dawning.
 What hope we for ? The land and sea and sky await the morning.

The stars are dim, they fade away,
 The night recedes, and in its stead,
 A growing glory overhead
 Proclaims the coming of the day.

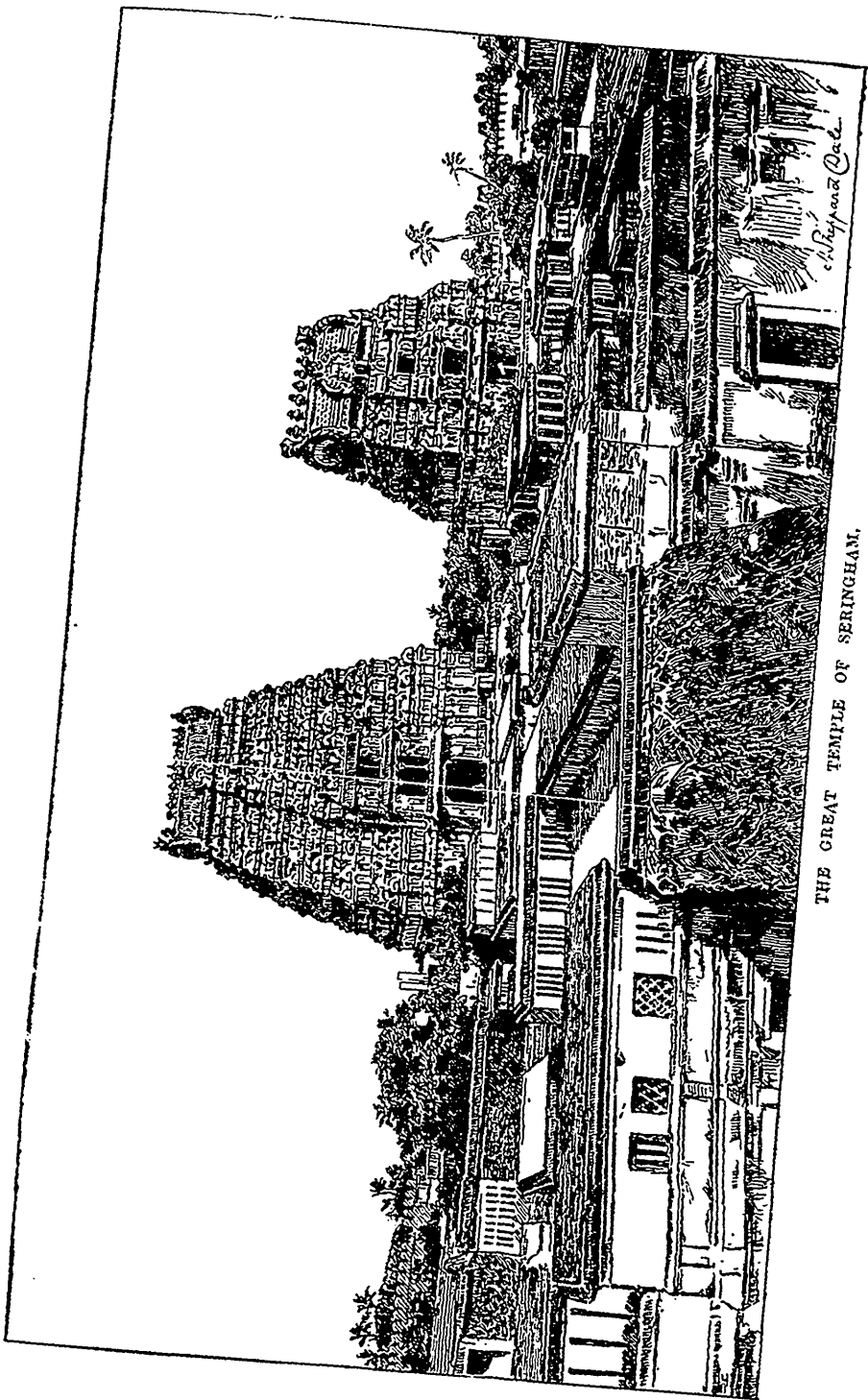
The splendour falls on land and lake,
 And gilds the sea-bird's flashing wing :
 And scent and song the breezes bring
 From flowers that bloom and birds that wake.

And to our ears a voice is borne,
 And on the shining wave-washed strand
 We see a lonely watcher stand—
 Why comes He here at break of morn ?

He speaks, and mighty is His word !
 Lo, here is all we need, and more ;
 Our nets are full, our hearts brim o'er,
 We know Him for our risen Lord.

And on the shore a feast is spread ;
 His loving care is still the same,
 Who met the people when they came,
 Told them of God, and gave them bread.

Behold Him King below, above !
 His words are kind, His smile is sweet ;
 He stoops our lowest need to meet,
 And satisfies our souls with love.



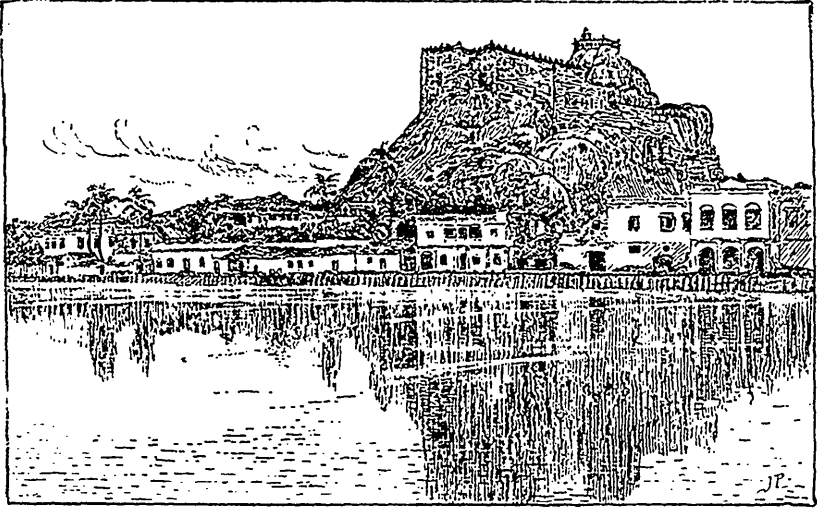
THE GREAT TEMPLE OF SERINGHAM.

Ch. Rajagopal Rao.

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

BY W. S. CAINE, M.P.*

XIII.



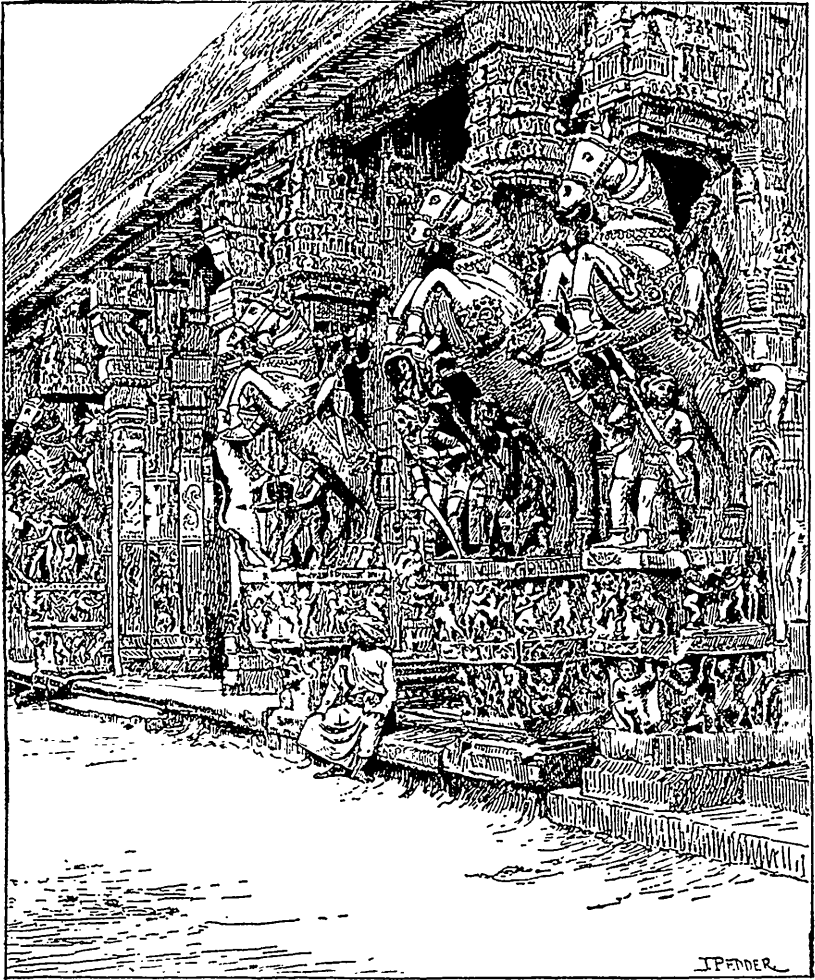
THE ROCK OF TRICHINOPOLI.

TRICHINOPOLI is, after Madras, the largest city in the Presidency. It is a place of historic interest. It figures in the traditions of the South Indian dynasties for five centuries B.C., and was an important centre, and sometimes capital, during the whole of the dynasties of the Pandyan kings. Towards the close of the 16th century, it fell under the dominion of the Nayakan kings of Madura. The greater portion of the fort, and most of the city itself, was built during the reign of the first king, Viswanatha. Choka Nayakan about 100 years afterwards removed his seat of government from Madura to Trichinopoly, erecting the building now known as the Nawab's palace.

It was besieged by the French in 1751, who were drawn off from its walls by the brilliant capture of Arcot by Clive. Every popular history of India gives an account of the famous siege of Trichinopoly.

The great rock of Trichinopoly is a mass of gneiss, rising abruptly out of the plain, like a huge boulder, to a height of 273

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

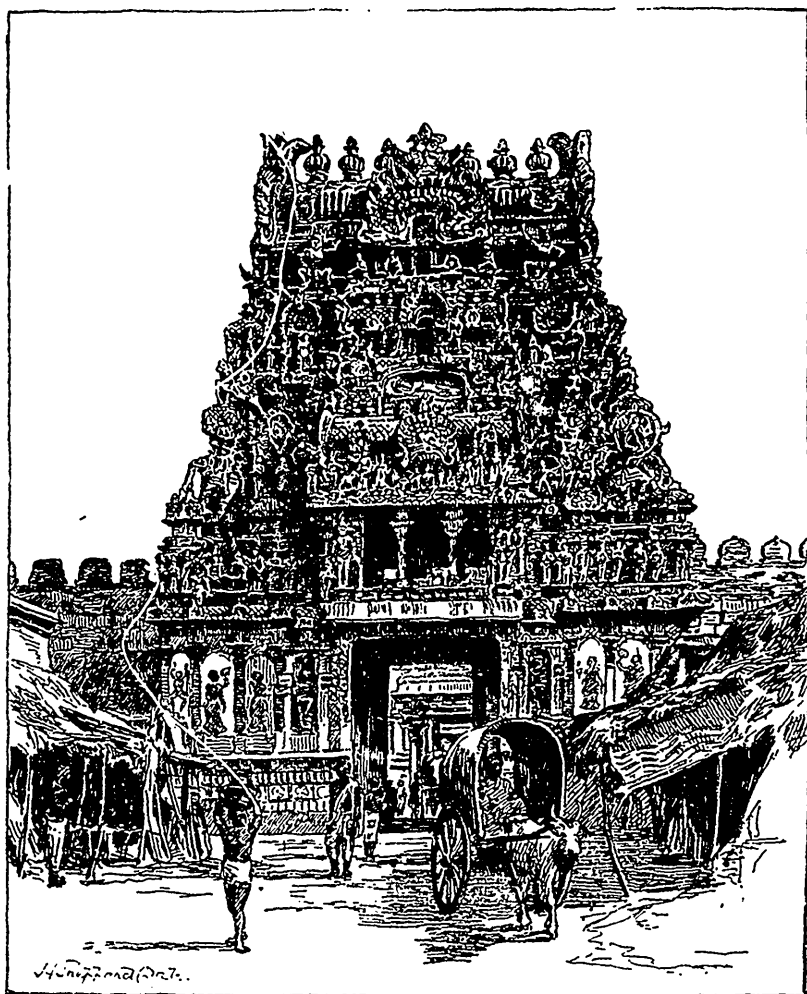


HALL OF A THOUSAND COLUMNS, SERINGHAM.

feet above the street at its foot. This fortress-crowned rock is conspicuous all over the town, especially when viewed from the river, and forms one of the most striking and picturesque objects in India. The refraction of the sun's rays on this huge bare mass makes Trichinopoli likewise one of the hottest places in India.

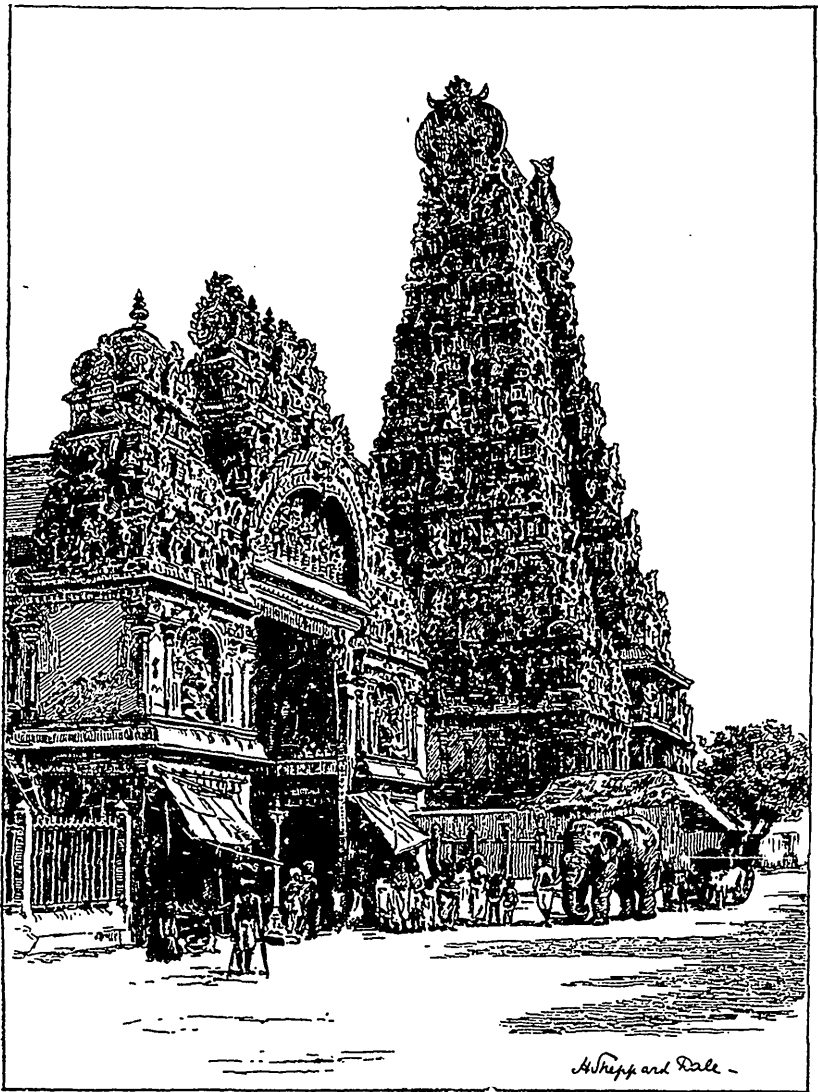
The old fortifications surrounding the rock, the scenes of many a fight, described by Orme, were all demolished thirty years ago, and the citadel and the small temple which crown the summit are approached by a pillared passage cut in the rock. Emerging from this covered way, a farther flight of steps is cut in the rock

on the open. In 1849, a crowd of pilgrims were descending this passage after visiting the temple, when, owing to a panic, 250 persons were crushed to death.



INNER GATEWAY, SERINGHAM.

Seringham is famous for its magnificent temple, dedicated to Vishnu, whose vast walls embrace not only the sacred buildings, but the greater part of the town itself. The double walls enclose an area 960 yards long by 825 yards wide. It is undoubtedly the largest temple in India. The great gate, shown in one of our cuts, is one of the most imposing masses in Southern India, and, probably because it was never finished, is in severe and good



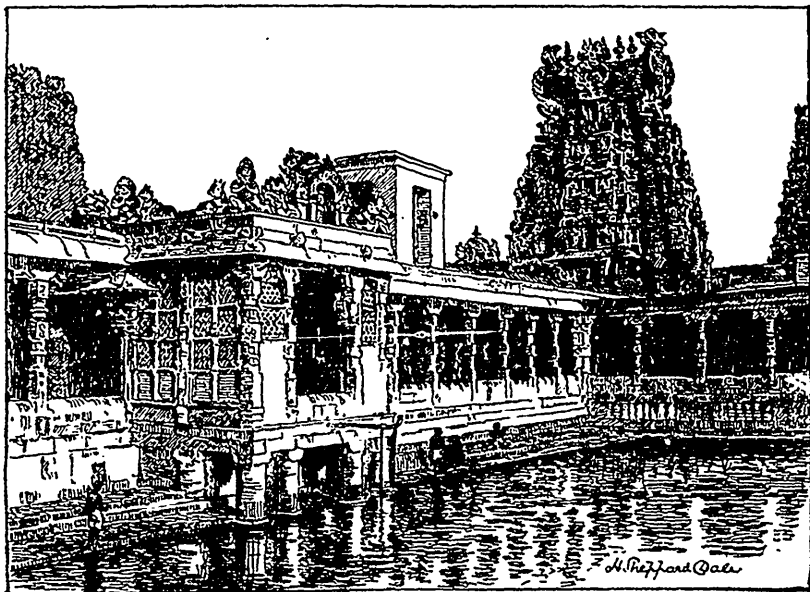
GREAT TEMPLE, MADURA.

taste. Its present height is 200 feet: if it had been finished it would have risen to a height of 300 feet. At its base it measures 130 feet wide by 100 feet in depth. The passage through is twenty-one feet six inches wide, and forty-three feet high. The jambs or gateposts are splendid granite monoliths, and the roofing slabs throughout are twenty-four feet long. The general effect of the fifteen great gate-towers and connecting walls of this stupendous temple, with the porticoed enclosures filled with

foliage between, which may be viewed from any coign of 'vantage, is at once an unequalled, impressive, and intensely picturesque sight.

The details of the temple are full of interest. The Hall of One Thousand Columns, all of which are granite monoliths, stands in a magnificent courtyard, a mass of elaborate sculptured decoration.

Madura is the chief town of the district, with a population of 74,000, mostly Hindus. From time immemorial it has been the political and religious capital of the extreme south of India. The great temple of Madura is rendered doubly holy by being one of



TANK, MADURA TEMPLE.

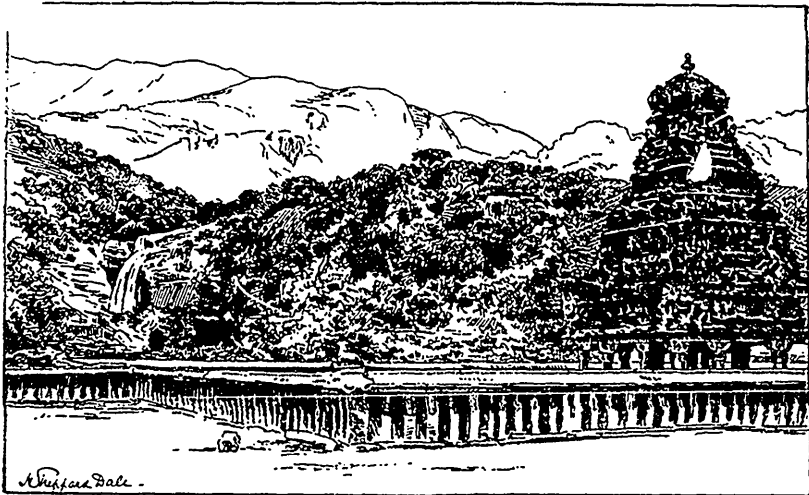
the chosen residences of Siva. It forms a parallelogram 282 yards by 248. It presents all the usual characteristics of a fine Dravidian temple. The thousand-pillared hall was built by Arya Nayak, about 1550. The tank is surrounded by arcades, and is singularly beautiful. The whole interior of this marvellous temple is one mass of superb carving. There are some curious frescoes in the arcades round the tank, some of which are very objectionable. It is said that this temple cost four millions sterling; not an excessive estimate, considering the elaborateness and quantity of the sculpture, and that it is executed in the hardest granite.

In 1606 Robert de Nobilis came to Madura, adopted the life, diet and dress of a religious devotee. He founded the flourishing

mission which now numbers 70,000 converts, ministered to by 14 European and a number of native priests, who perform service in 350 chapels throughout the district.

The mission stations of the Madura district are mainly in the hands of the American Board, who have thirteen American and thirteen native missionaries employed, with about 5,000 communicants and as many scholars in their various district churches and schools.

There are 160,000 Christians in the Tinneveli district, of whom 60,000 belong to the Roman Catholic Church. It was here that Francis Xavier began his work as the apostle to the Indies. The fishermen of the coast, protected by the Portuguese against Mussul-



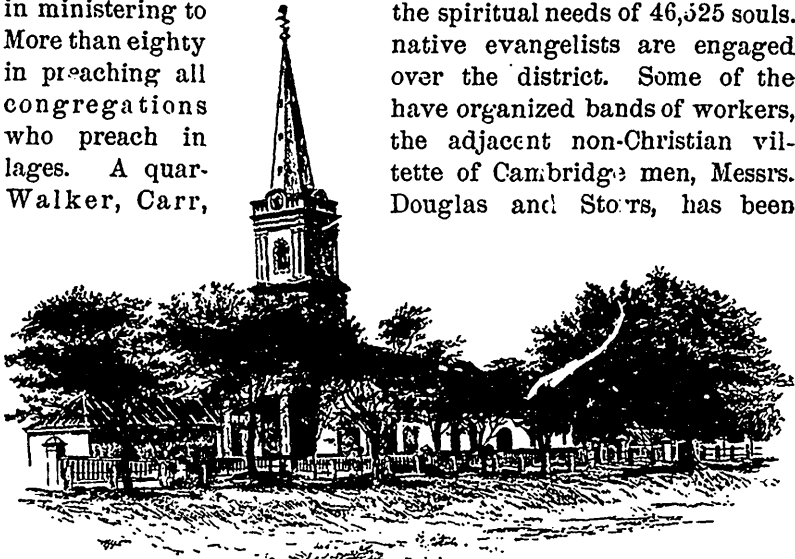
COURTALLUM.

man oppression, had become Christians, and Xavier formed them into churches. They still speak of themselves as the children of St. Francis.

The work of Protestant missions in Tinneveli dates back more than one hundred years. The first trace of it is found in the journals of Schwartz, whose name is memorable in the annals of Christian missionary work, and occurs in the year 1771. The first convert was a Brahman widow, Clorinda by name, whose zeal for her new-found faith led to the erection of a little church, the remains of which are still extant. From that time the work grew and expanded, till the beginning of the present century the number of native Protestant Christians in Tinneveli had reached the total of 4,000.

The native church in connection with this mission has assumed

very considerable proportions, and has reached a somewhat advanced stage of organization. Sixty-seven ordained native pastors, and about a hundred catechists, and the partial assistance of the local Christian schoolmasters, are engaged in ministering to the spiritual needs of 46,325 souls. More than eighty native evangelists are engaged over the district. Some of the congregations who preach in villages. A quartette of Cambridge men, Messrs. Walker, Carr, Douglas and Stors, has been



MISSION CHURCH, TINNEVELLI.

specially assigned aggressive missionary work. By special services of an evangelistic type they seek to deepen the spiritual life and increase the missionary zeal of native Christians. It is proposed, too, by the association with these European evangelists of educated natives of superior culture, to raise up a higher order of native pastors and evangelists.

ONWARD AND SUNWARD.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

OTHERS shall sing the song,
Others shall right the wrong,
Finish what I begin,
And all I fail of win.

What matter I or they !
Mine or another's day,
So the right word is said,
And life the sweeter made ?

Hail, to the coming singers !
Hail, to the brave light-bringers !
Forward I reach and share
All that they sing and dare !

I feel the earth move sunward.
I join the great march onward.
And take by faith, while living,
My freehold of thanksgiving.



THE MARCH FROM ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH TO TASHILL HALL,
MAY 18TH, 1843.

THE FREE CHURCH JUBILEE.

BY FRANCIS HUSTON WALLACE, M.A., B.D.,

Professor in Victoria University.

I.

HAPPILY our generation is not one of disruption but of reunion. Centrifugal forces in Christianity seem to have spent themselves, and centripetal forces are reasserting themselves. And we are thankful. Nevertheless, division is not always an evil, or, if an evil, not always the greater, but sometimes the less. Acquiescence in wrong may be a greater sin than separation. Every division must be judged on its own merits.

What were the motives which led to the disruption of the Church of Scotland in 1843? Ambition? Hardly, for the most prominent men of the Church came out of it, those who had nothing to gain and much to lose by any change. The rash obstinacy of leaders who would risk all rather than yield a point? Nay, verily. For it was only after a long struggle, after hopes often deferred and grievously disappointed, that with reluctance and with heart-ache both leaders and followers came to the momentous decision to abandon their beloved homes and churches and trust themselves upon the uncertain sea of separation. Obedience to conscience, loyalty to what they deemed, and what the issue has amply proved to be the cause of Christ—this was the star which they followed, this was the motive which impelled them.

He who would understand the Scotch disruption, must understand the Scotch character and the Scotch history. Scotchmen have a characteristic aptitude for speculative thought, a rare fondness for "metapheesics," a stubborn adherence to principles. They are no lovers of expedient compromises, but ready to follow principles to their logical consequences. They may sometimes be obstinate, impracticable, unamiable, but they are capable of a heroism which is sublimely careless of all selfish considerations. And Scotch history is full of memories that thrilled and principles that inspired the men of the disruption. That

"Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
Land of the mountain and the flood,"

has been no more jealous of interference with its national rights than the Church of Knox and the Reformation has been jealous of encroachment upon its spiritual independence.

From the first that Church has asserted the grand principle of *the spiritual independence of the Church of Christ*. This fact is the key of modern Scotch history.

The Second Book of Discipline (1578) declares:—

“The power ecclesiastical is an authority granted by God the Father, through the Mediator Jesus Christ, unto His Church, and having its ground in the Word of God; to be put into execution by them unto whom the spiritual government of the Church is by lawful calling committed. This power ecclesiastical flows immediately from God and the Mediator Jesus Christ, and is spiritual, not having a temporal head upon earth, but only Christ, the only spiritual King and Governor of His Church.”

Now, how shall this spiritual authority be practically exercised? Through the channel of the freely appointed officers of the Church, whose call to their office comes from God, and whose rule of action is in the Word of God, free from the interference of any secular magistrate, parliament, or king. The Book of Discipline proceeds:—

“The magistrate neither ought to preach, minister the sacraments, nor execute the censures of the Church, nor yet prescribe any rule how it should be done.”

The authority of civil government in things secular is freely granted, but in things spiritual is stoutly denied. The Scotch Church courted the alliance of the State in the way of endowment and support, but demanded untrammelled freedom in the exercise of her own spiritual prerogatives.

When it was proposed to make the holding of general assemblies dependent upon the royal permission, John Knox exclaimed: “Take from us the liberty of assemblies, and take from us the Gospel!” In various ways and at various stirring epochs in her history the Church vindicated these glorious principles. When assemblies were bidden, under pain of being counted rebels, to desist from the ecclesiastical trial of certain of their members, the assemblies resented the interference, completed the trials, and passed sentence. In 1638, for instance, the Moderator Welsh said boldly to the Royal Commissioner:—

“Whatsoever is ours, we shall render it to his Majesty—even our lives, lands, liberties, and all; but for that which is God’s and the liberties of His house, we do think neither will his Majesty’s piety suffer him to crave, neither may we grant them though he should crave it.”

And these men did more. When the worst came to the worst they died for their principles and “The Crown Rights of the Redeemer,” with their latest breath proclaiming Jesus Christ the only Head of the Church.

It cannot be held that the Church was always and absolutely consistent with its own principles. Sometimes it bent slightly before the storm. The inherent difficulty of the situation was great. How can the Church on the one hand enter into a close alliance with the State, thereby securing the financial and social benefit of establishment, and on the other perfectly retain her autonomy in the spiritual sphere? This difficulty appears in its most acute form in the history of *patronage*. As complementary to the State duty of supporting the Church, appears the State claim of patronage, *i.e.*, the right of directly or indirectly nominating pastors. In the seventh century the recognition began in the Christian Church of the right of founders, those who had bestowed endowments upon churches, to present pastors to these churches. Under various forms this right has been very widely recognized since. Those nobles or other landed proprietors, whose ancestors have endowed churches, or whose estates support them, not unnaturally, perhaps, claim the right of presentation to the livings.

In Scotland, immediately after the Reformation, this question of patronage had to be faced. The claim of the First Book of Discipline (1560) is, that "it appertaineth to the people, and to every several congregation, to elect their minister." However, under all the historical circumstances, some vacillation was to be expected. Patronage could not be altogether avoided. The most that could be secured was that the nomination of the pastor be subject to the consent of the congregation. But, when the opportunity presented itself in 1649, patronage was abolished as "a grievance." With the Restoration came back patronage and many another evil. At the Revolution of 1689 it was provided that the heritors and elders should "propose" a pastor to the people. If the people objected the presbytery determined the issue. This plan worked fairly well, and was guaranteed by the Act of Union in 1707. But in 1711 this guarantee was ignored; patronage in full was restored, as Bishop Burnet says, "on design to weaken and undermine the Presbyterian establishment." The Scotch Church continued for years to utter its protest against this breach of faith. But the voice of this protest gradually became fainter and fainter, until at last it died away in the growth and ascendancy of Moderatism.

The Moderates were the successors of those worldly-minded ministers who, in the chances and changes of Church affairs in the seventeenth century, were ready to accept Prelacy or Presbytery, as the tide turned, careless of the vital principles of the Gospel, indifferent to the interests of their people, neither radical

nor conservative in thought, neither hot nor cold in their religion. Throughout the eighteenth century this party gradually rose to ascendancy in the Church of Scotland, as did a similar school in the Church of England.

Under this tendency the Erastian view of the relation of Church and State prevailed. The State was practically regarded as supreme in every sphere. The spiritual independence of the Church was no longer a principle to stir men's blood. A deadly chill fell upon all religious interests. The end of vital religion seemed at hand. But, in the good providence of God, there came a change—life from the dead!

What the conversion of John Wesley meant for the religious life of England, that the conversion of Thomas Chalmers meant for Scotland. With him labored a band of able, pious, energetic men whose influence was felt throughout the parishes of Scotland in gracious revivals, and in the Church courts in a developing sensitiveness touching the relations of Church and State. Not that this Evangelical party desired to sever Church and State, or dreamed of following the Erskines and other courageous men who had abandoned the emoluments of a spiritually dead establishment, choosing the obscurity and poverty of dissent. No. Thomas Chalmers was not only a loyal but an enthusiastic upholder of the Establishment, valuing it as affording at once the centre for the unifying of the whole life of Scotland, and the basis for united and successful efforts to teach and evangelize the lapsed masses of the community. But Chalmers and the Evangelicals in general cherished this fascinating ideal of a State Church, in strict subordination to the fundamental ecclesiastical principle of the spiritual independence of the Church. This was no after-thought of controversy, but a principle fully stated long before the conflict came.

More and more, however, a breach between the Moderates and Evangelicals became inevitable, between those who were willing that the Church should be the creation and instrument of the State, and those who deprecated the use of the Church for political purposes, denounced the bestowal of its livings for the reward of unconverted sycophants of the aristocracy, and sought to fill the pulpits of the land with men whom God had called to that holy office and ministry. These Evangelicals claimed that the compact between Church and State in Scotland, from the Reformation down, had left the Church autonomous in her spiritual affairs, supported indeed by the State, but neither created nor controlled by it, and especially that the intrusion of unacceptable ministers upon unwilling congregations by force of patronage was a gross breach of this compact.

In 1838 Chalmers thus eloquently proclaimed these principles to a brilliant audience in London:—

“It should never be forgotten, that in things ecclesiastical, the highest power of our Church is amenable to no higher power on earth for its decisions. It can exclude, it can deprive, it can depose, at pleasure. External force might make an obnoxious individual the holder of a benefice, but there is no external force in these realms that could make him a minister of the Church of Scotland. There is nothing which the State can do to our independent and indestructible Church but strip her of her temporalities, *nec tamen consumebatur*. She would remain a Church notwithstanding, as strong as ever in the props of her own moral and inherent greatness. . . . What Lord Chatham said of the poor man's house is true in all its parts of the Church to which I have the honour to belong. ‘In England every man's house is his castle. Not that it is surrounded with walls and battlements; it may be a straw-built shed. Every wind of heaven may whistle round it, every element of heaven may enter it, but the King cannot—the King dare not.’”

The Evangelicals were now in the majority in the Church, and prepared to give effect to these views. They were not prepared to abolish patronage altogether, even if they had had the power. But they sought to bring it into harmony with the spiritual independence of the Church. By the *Veto Act* of the General Assembly of 1834, it was provided that a presbytery should not ordain any man presented by the patron to a living, if a majority of the male heads of families, communicants in the parish concerned, disapproved of the nomination. This Act worked well, produced little friction, resulted in a great decrease in the number of unconverted candidates for the ministry, who relied upon the favour of landed families for positions in the Church, and in a great increase in the settlement of devoted evangelical pastors.

But such Evangelical success naturally intensified the hostility of the opposing Moderate party. Such assertion of ecclesiastical independence was obnoxious to the Scotch landed aristocracy, and also to the English politicians, whose conception of the true relation of Church and State was that of the complete dependence of the former upon the latter, as in England. From this point on we may date the so-called Ten Years' Conflict between the sturdy, godly, Evangelical majority of the Church of Scotland, on the one side, fired with the hereditary sentiments and principles of long heroic centuries, and on the other side the formidable and determined forces of the Moderates, the landed proprietors, and the politicians. All came to a crisis in the cases of the parish of Auchterarder and the presbytery of Strathbogie.

In the fall of 1834 Lord Kinnoul presented a Mr. Robert Young to the living of Auchterarder. The congregation almost unani-

mously disapproved. Out of a parish population of 3,000 only two men signed the call. The presbytery accordingly declined to ordain Mr. Young pastor over a reluctant people. Lord Kin-noul and Mr. Young applied to the civil courts. After the usual delays of the law, the decision was rendered in March, 1838, that the Church had no right to defer to the wishes of the congregation, and that the presentee must be treated by the presbytery just as if the people had not expressed their disapproval of him.

This startling invasion of the autonomy of the Church was followed and emphasized by the Strathbogie case. In 1837 a Mr. Edwards was presented to the living of Marnoch, Strathbogie. For excellent reasons he was objected to by the congregation, only one man, and he the tavern-keeper of the parish, signed the call. The settlement therefore was not effected; but Mr. Edwards, appealing to the civil courts, secured in 1839 a decision in his favour. A majority of the presbytery of Strathbogie were Moderates, and they willingly proceeded to obey the behests of the civil courts and settle Mr. Edwards as pastor of Marnoch. The General Assembly was in no mood to tolerate such treason to the law of the Church, and the Commission of Assembly prohibited the presbytery from taking any steps in the direction of Mr. Edwards' settlement. The presbytery disregarded this ecclesiastical prohibition, preferring to obey the civil courts. Thereupon the Commission of Assembly suspended the Moderate majority of the presbytery from all the functions of the ministerial office. The issue was clear. By their ordination vows those men were bound to obey their ecclesiastical superiors in things ecclesiastical. But they chose to fling such considerations to the winds; and on the memorable 21st January, 1841, the seven suspended ministers, amid a protesting crowd of 2,000 people, in spite of the solemn and tearful departure from the Church of the whole congregation, proceeded to install Mr. Edwards pastor. Need we wonder that the Assembly of 1841, by an overwhelming majority, deposed them from the ministry?

Another phase of this strange Non-Intrusion conflict appeared when, upon the suspension of the Strathbogie ministers, others were sent, and among them many of the foremost ministers of the time, to preach the Gospel and dispense the sacraments to their parishioners, for, like a clap of thunder from a clear sky, came an interdict from the Court of Session forbidding any but the suspended men from discharging ministerial functions in the seven parishes! Here was a straight issue—to preach in obedience to the Church, or to desist in obedience to the State. The history of the apostolic time was repeating itself, and these men proved themselves true successors of the Apostles. Guthrie, Duncan and

others like-minded put the interdict in their pockets, took all the risks involved, and preached to enthusiastic congregations.

So the conflict broadened and deepened. All Scotland rang with its echoes. Decision followed decision, interdict followed interdict, heavy damages were laid upon the loyal Evangelicals for carrying out the will of the Church.

The Assembly of 1842 adopted by a vast majority the *Claim of Right*, an appeal to the Queen and Government, setting forth the grievances of the Church and claiming constitutional protection of the Church in her spiritual affairs from the encroachments of the State, and asserting that without such recognition and protection of her spiritual rights she could no longer remain an Establishment. The only answer was the final decision of the House of Lords in the Auchterarder case, awarding Mr. Young £10,000 from the presbytery for refusing to ordain him! The situation had surely become intolerable.

In November, 1842, a convocation of the Evangelical ministers was held in Edinburgh to consider what should be done. The large number of 474 gathered. Much time was spent in prayer. Frank discussion took place. Practical unanimity was secured. They would stand by the *Claim of Right*, and if no redress could be secured they would "tender the resignation of those civil advantages which they could no longer hold in consistency with the free and full exercise of their spiritual functions." The die was cast. These men were now a sworn brotherhood, ready to risk all and lose all for their sacred cause. Deputations were sent to stir the hearts of the Scotch people and prepare them for the approaching crisis. Soon all the land was rife with the old spirit of the Covenanters. The appeal to the Government and Parliament ignominiously failed. By a vote of 211 to 76 the House of Commons refused to even appoint a committee of enquiry into the grievances of the Church of Scotland. The politicians hoped that a little firmness would give the quietus to the restless Scotch malcontents. No one could believe that the Evangelicals would actually sacrifice their incomes, leave their happy homes, and go forth churchless, penniless, degraded, into social ignominy and family distress merely for the sake of principles which, to shrewd statesmen, seemed too "other-worldly" to act as practical motives with intelligent men of the nineteenth century.

As the Assembly of 1843 approached, curiosity grew keen. Will *any* come out; and, if any, how many? A document issued on the 1st of March, 1843, on behalf of the Moderates, was bold enough to assert that there need be no apprehension of the dis-

ruption of the Church. "Its office-bearers may, in some instances, be changed, and a few of its lay members be withdrawn for a time, but the tempest will soon pass over." They expected a tempest in a teapot, and were surprised by a cyclone! In Edinburgh men said *forty* might come out. In Holyrood Palace, where the Marquis of Bute had just arrived as royal commissioner, on the evening preceding the opening of the Assembly, the confident calculation was that between twenty and thirty would secede. And yet, already, on that very day, the protest which had been prepared renouncing the establishment, had been signed by four hundred ministers!

Next day, the memorable 18th of May, 1843, the Assembly was opened in St. Andrew's Church, with the usual pomp and circumstance of Royal Commission. The Marquis of Bute proceeded from Holyrood to St. Andrew's Church, amid the tramp of soldiers and the strains of martial music, and took his seat upon the throne, the Assembly rising to honour him and the State which he represented. Dr. Welsh, the Moderator, led in prayer. Then, amid the awful hush of a solemn expectancy, Dr. Welsh, in clear and deliberate tones, declared that in consequence of certain proceedings affecting the guaranteed rights and liberties of the Church he must protest against proceeding further. He then read the *Protest*, which enunciated the principles of Church liberty, rehearsed the violations of these principles by the State, declared the impossibility of proceeding with the Assembly under such circumstances, and claimed the right of the Church to separate from the Establishment. "And we now withdraw accordingly, humbly and solemnly acknowledging the hand of the Lord in the things which have come upon us because of our manifold sins, and the sins of this Church and nation, but, at the same time, with an assured conviction that we are not responsible for any consequences that may follow from this, our enforced separation from an establishment which we loved and prized, through interference with conscience, the dishonour done to Christ's crown, and the rejection of His sole and supreme authority as King in His Church."

Then, laying the protest on the table, the Moderator bowed to the representative of Royalty and moved to the door, followed by Dr. Chalmers and a great procession of the ministers and elders. A shout went up from the crowds on the street as the band of heroes appeared. As they marched steadily down to the hall in Tanfield, near the suburb of Canonmills, which had been prepared for the Assembly of the now Free Church, signs of deep emotion were visible on every side. Hats were lifted and solemn words of encouragement were uttered. Here went a little army

of ministers (the number finally mounted to 474) who had boldly renounced their homes, and incomes aggregating £100,000 a year, purely for conscience sake. In the throng stood wives and children of these men, rejoicing and yet weeping, for while the deed was heroic, the consequences were formidable.

All Edinburgh was stirred. Lord Jeffrey, when the news was brought to him—"More than four hundred of them are actually out!"—flung aside his book, sprang to his feet, and exclaimed: "I am proud of my country. There is not another country upon earth where such a deed could have been done."

In the hall at Tanfield a vast concourse of eager people had sat awaiting them for hours, and greeted them with mingled acclamations and tears. Dr. Welsh opened the Assembly with prayer. Dr. Chalmers, amid a storm of applause, was elected Moderator. Just as he rose to give out a psalm for singing a heavy cloud passed by, and amid a burst of sunshine they sang:—

"O send Thy light forth and Thy truth;
Let them be guides to me."

Fitly did the scene symbolize the deep relief with which godly men in that Assembly, and far beyond it, hailed the final emancipation of the Church from the intolerable interference of the State.

The first Assembly of the Free Church of Scotland was a scene of much spiritual exultation, and of much wise preparation for the vast enterprises of the future. Here was a great Church, 474 ministers, among them the greatest and most esteemed of modern Scotland, about 2,000 elders and a vast body of sympathizers. But not a church building, nor a manse, nor a penny of revenue did this great Church possess! How should order be organized out of this chaos, and a fairer edifice be reared from amid the ruins of the Establishment? A brief answer to this question must be reserved for a second article. Meanwhile let this article close with a few of Chalmers' noble words at the opening of the Free Assembly, for in such utterances we catch the spirit of the whole movement:—

"Reverend fathers and brethren! it is well that you should have been strengthened by your Master in heaven to make the surrender you have done of everything that is dear to nature, casting aside all your earthly dependence rather than offend conscience. . . . It is well that you have made for the present a clean escape from this condemnation; and that, in the issue of a contest between a sacrifice of principle and a sacrifice of your worldly possessions, you have resolved upon the latter; while to the eye of sense you are without a provision and a home, embarked upon a wide ocean of uncertainty, save that great and glorious certainty which is apprehended by the eye of faith—that God reigneth, and that He will not forsake the families of the faithful!"

THOMAS CARLYLE.*



THOMAS CARLYLE.

IN view of other points of resemblance which have led to Carlyle's being likened to a Hebrew prophet, it is interesting to note that he was born of a peasant race, and spent his early years amid the simplicities of country life. The blood which ran in his veins was blood that had been warmed in many a border fray. Ere the Carlyle blood reached our hero's father, it had been somewhat cooled; or at least the fiery spirit of the race was in him tempered by the influence of religion, and the fighting instinct had mellowed into a spirit of patient labour and intelligent industry, by which battle was done with the hard rock and obdurate soil of Annandale, to compel them to useful ends.

James Carlyle, first a stone-mason and then a small farmer, was a man after his son's heart, with "sterling sincerity in thought, word and deed, most quiet, but capable of blazing into

* Abridged from the *Scottish Review*.

whirlwinds when needful." "He had an air of deepest gravity and even sternness. He had the most entire and open contempt for idle tattle—what he called clatter; any talk that had a meaning in it, he could listen to; what had no meaning in it, above all what seemed false, he absolutely could not and would not hear, but abruptly turned from it." His second wife, Margaret Aitken ("a woman of to me the fairest descent—that of the pious, the just and wise,") was Carlyle's mother, "the best of all mothers, to whom, for body and soul, I owe endless gratitude." She seems to have brought into the union an element of lighter playfulness which blended with, and at the same time relieved, the stern humour of her husband. They toiled together not without outward success, winning under hard conditions some worldly substance and much respect in their little community, and training their sons and daughters to industry and godliness. For they were distinctively and above all else godly people—members of the Secession Church of Ecclefechan—a humble meeting-house "thatched with heath"—of which their son says: "That poor temple of my childhood is more sacred to me than the biggest cathedral then extant could have been; rude, rustic, bare, no temple in the world was more so; but there were sacred lambencies, tongues of authentic flame which kindled what was best in one, what has not yet gone out."

They had for pastor the Rev. John Johnstone, whom Carlyle describes as "the priestliest man I ever under any ecclesiastical guise was privileged to look on." Of the order to which this "teacher of the people" belonged, he says, "Very venerable are those old Seceder clergy to me, now when I look back. . . . Most figures of them in my time were hoary old men; men so like evangelists in modern vesture, and poor scholars and gentlemen of Christ, I have nowhere met with amongst Protestant or Papal clergy in any country of the world." The people who constituted the membership of the Church were equally venerable to him, with "their heavy-laden, patient, ever-attentive faces," their "thrifty, cleanly poverty."

It was no mere pleasant sentiment which led Carlyle to cherish tenderly the memory of the temple of his childhood, and of those who taught and worshipped within its poor walls. The deepest roots of his life were there. The godly counsels of his mother followed him into the after struggle; and when divergence from the old modes of expression perplexed her, he comforted her by the reiterated assurance that they had the same faith, though they had different forms of uttering it. His reverence for his parents is singularly beautiful. In his feeling

toward his father the reverence was not unmixed with awe: "We had all to complain," he says, "that we could not freely love our father. His heart seemed as if walled in"; but in his relation to his mother, the love was so perfect that it cast out fear. She taught herself to write that she might have the joy of corresponding with him; she subscribed herself "your old minnie"; when he sent her a present, she called it "my son's venison"; even after he had grown to man's estate, she sent him such counsels as these:

Oh, Tom, mind the golden season of youth, and remember your Creator in the days of your youth. Seek God while He may be found. Call upon Him while He is near. We hear that the world by wisdom knew not God. Pray for His presence with you and His counsel to guide you. Have you got through the Bible yet? If you have, read it again. I hope you will not be weary, and may the Lord open your understanding. . . Now, Tom, be sure to tell me about your chapters.

To both parents alike the "honour" of the commandment was unstintedly given. His father's character supplied him with an ideal of industry and capability in work. It was his ambition to write his books as well as the Ecclefechan mason had built his houses; and when sick at heart of what he saw of the self-seeking struggle in the Edinburgh society of 1833, of which he says, "The spirit of Mammon rules all their world," "All are alike of the earth earthy," he writes thus:

I shall never make any fortune in the world; unless it were that highest of all conceivable fortunes, the fortune to do, in some smallest degree, my all-wise Taskmaster's bidding here. May He, of His great grace, enable me! I offer up no other prayer. Are not my days numbered: a span's thrift in the sea of eternity? Fool is he who could speak lies or act lies, for the better or worse that can befall him for that least of little whiles. I say, therefore, lie away worthy brethren, lie to all lengths, be promoted to all lengths; but as for me and my house, we will not lie at all. Again, I say, God enable us! and so there it rests. Ought not my father's and my mother's son to speak even so?

From the instructions of the village schoolmaster, and of Mr. Johnstone, the Secession minister, who helped him with his Latin, Carlyle passed to Annan Grammar School, where he was subjected to terrible sufferings from the persecutions of the rude boys who took advantage of his unwillingness, in deference to his mother's injunction, to give stroke for stroke. Before he was fourteen he passed from the Grammar School to Edinburgh University, walking all the way from Ecclefechan, nearly one hundred miles, under the guidance of "Palinurus Tom," a student some

three years his senior. Though from the distance of more than half a century, he looked back tenderly on his experience at the university, which, when he was an old man, cast its highest honour at his feet, and though he helped to enrich it by bequeathing his wife's estate of Craigenputtock to found scholarships for its students, he seems to have derived little help from its teaching.

But "the hungry young," who "looked up to their spiritual nurses, and for food were bidden eat the east wind," contrived after the manner of Scottish students, to educate themselves and each other. Carlyle's powers were soon recognized by the members of his little circle of Arnandale lads. "He was the prudent one of the party, able, if money matters went wrong, to help them out of his humble savings."

At the close of his arts curriculum, he enrolled himself as a student of theology, but, probably because he had already begun to hesitate as to ultimately entering the ministry, he elected to take the longer course of a non-resident, and was appointed to a mathematical tutorship in Annan Grammar School, which he held for two years, finding the chief advantage of the appointment in his nearness to the farm house of Mainhill, to which his father had by that time removed. His next appointment was to a school in Kirkcaldy, where, spite of the fact that he was sent there as a rival teacher, he formed the most lasting and influential of his earlier friendships—that with Edward Irving, with whom he had some previous acquaintance. Neither of the friends was specially adapted to the work of "school-mastering," neither was able to maintain very cordial relations with the Kirkcaldy burghers, and they both resigned their situations at the close of 1818. It was with the intention of studying law that he returned to Edinburgh on leaving Kirkcaldy; but though he read some books in this department, and attended Hume's lectures, his intention was short-lived.

The years which followed were terrible years to Carlyle. It was his lot from first to last to live a burdened life. Even at home the life of his childhood was not joyous. At school he was made miserable by rude persecutions. To the end he suffered from his dyspepsia, his nervousness, his sleeplessness; and the sins of his generation lay as a cross upon his heart. But the essential agony of his life-battle came on just after he left Kirkcaldy. Edward Irving, the one friend admitted to his confidence, writes to him; "The race you have run these last years pains me even to think upon it, and if it should be continued a little longer, I pray God to give you strength to endure it." Speaking of Cromwell's hypochondriacal maladies, and "fancies about the

Town Cross," Carlyle says, "Temptations in the wilderness, choices of Hercules and the like, in succinct or loose form, are appointed for every man that will assert a soul in himself, and be a man"; but in his own case the wilderness was specially dreary, the conflict was peculiarly severe. The doubts which assailed him with regard to the forms of doctrine which had been interwoven with his most sacred associations, were distressing in proportion to the depth of his reverence for his parents, and for "the temple of his childhood." Not the earth only, but also heaven was shaken. He had to spend many a weary day and sleepless night ere the things which cannot be shaken made themselves clear to him.

Several influences combined to deepen the agony of the spiritual conflict. Foremost among them was the state of his health. After his return to Edinburgh on leaving Kirkcaldy at the close of 1818, he was attacked by the fell disorder which afflicted him through life—"all his reflections were coloured by dyspepsia," and "his doubts were blackening into thunder-clouds." His sense of loneliness, and the difficulty of finding a footing in life, also helped to increase his misery. But it was the state of the country, and the condition of the poor at the close of the great war—when wages were low and food was dear, when thousands were out of work and their families were starving—that forced upon his heart the question with which saints and psalmists have wrestled,—Is there any moral government in the world where one event comes alike to all?—where indeed the righteous suffer and the wicked are exalted? Is there any living God who hears the cries of the destitute? The simple faith of his father and his mother in a Bible, supernaturally inspired as an infallible message from God to bear witness of His love, was no longer possible for him, and he became the victim of a great unrest. He could not settle to work with any definite aim. When he escaped to the country, "he could not read: he wandered about the moors like a restless spirit—his mother was in agony about him—he was her darling, her pride, the apple of her eye, and she could not restrain her lamentations and remonstrances."

The days of darkness which began in 1818 lasted till the mid-summer of 1821, when the incident in the "*Sartor*" of the Rue St. Thomas de l'Enfer took place in Leith Walk, Edinburgh. He was going to the sea to enjoy the bath which was his daily, and almost his only available solace. He was in utter misery, and reason seemed to be trembling on its throne; when a sudden thought of defiance and victory flashed into his mind. Then, he says, "I shook base fear away from me forever." His misery was not ended, but the temper of it was changed, "Not fear or whin-

ing sorrow was it, but indignation and grim fire-eyed defiance." This, which he speaks of as his spiritual new birth, was at least the first step towards the creed in which he found rest, described in the "*Sartor*" as "The Everlasting Yea."

During the years of unrest, he had earned a scanty livelihood by private teaching and by writing brief articles for "Brewster's Encyclopædia"; but his chief occupation, to which he strove amid his misery to apply himself, was the study of German literature. Schiller first attracted him, and then Goethe gained the power over his thought, which he never lost.

The understanding of Mr. Carlyle's religious convictions to which every attentive student of the "*Sartor*" is led, has been confirmed by Mr. Froude, who not only tells what he had learned by frequent conversations on these matters, but gives us certain fragments in which the old man had once and again begun to set forth the articles of the creed to which he had clung, since the date of which he describes as his conversion. We have not space fully to explain that creed, nor is it our province to criticize it. He does not deny the miraculous, but he believes that all God's universe is a miracle. To him not one but every bush is ablaze with the glory of the divine presence. His position—whatever we may think of it—is to be clearly distinguished from skepticism or unbelief. "He believed as firmly as any Jewish prophet or Catholic saint in the spiritual truths of religion." "The theories which dispensed with God and the soul Carlyle abhorred." "Skepticism on the nature of right and wrong, as on man's responsibility to his Maker, never touched or tempted him." After expounding "the tremendous image of a Doomsday—*dies iræ, dies illa*—when the All-just, without mercy now, with only terrific accuracy now, would judge the quick and the dead, and to each soul measure out the reward of his deeds done in the body—eternal heaven to the good, to the bad eternal hell"; he adds: "My friend, it well behoves us to reflect how true essentially all this still is; that it continues, and will continue fundamentally a fact in all essential particulars—its certainty, its absolute justness, and all the other particulars, the eternity itself included."

With his reverence for the person, and estimate of the character of Jesus Christ; with his reiterated statement as to the pre-eminence and permanence of the Christian religion, all readers of his works are familiar. From a letter which now appears for the first time, we learn his attitude in relation to the question of prayer:

Prayer is, he says, and remains always, a native and deepest impulse of the soul of man; and correctly gone about, is of the very highest benefit

(nay, one might say, indispensability) to every man aiming morally high in this world. No prayer, no *religion*, or at least only a *dumb* and lame one! Prayer is a turning of one's soul, in heroic reverence, in infinite desire and *endeavour*, towards the Highest, the All-Excellent, Omnipotent, Supreme. The modern Hero, therefore, ought *not* to give up praying, as he has latterly ail but done. . . .

Prayer is the aspiration of our poor struggling, heavy-laden soul towards its Eternal Father; and, with or without words, ought *not* to become impossible, nor, I persuade myself, need it ever. Loyal sons and subjects *can* approach the King's throne who have no "request" to make there, except that they may continue loyal. Cannot they?

After his father's death, he advised his younger brother, left at home, to maintain the observance of family worship in the house; and he commended another brother because he had begun to observe it in his home.

Whatever may be thought of Carlyle's creed—and its defects are manifest enough—it must be admitted by all that it was the inspiration of a noble life. In the midst of hard struggle and frequent disappointment, he would say: "On the whole I always return to this. As the great Guide orders, so be it. While I can say *His will be mine*, there is no power in earth or out of it that can put me to fear." Again he says, "For myself, I fear not the world, or regard it a jot except as the task-garden of the Highest, wherein I am called to do *whatsoever* work the Taskmaster of men (wise are they that can hear and obey Him) shall please to appoint me. What are its frowns or its favours? What are its difficulties and falsehoods and hollow threatenings to me? With the spirit of my father I will front and conquer them. Let us fear nothing; only being the slaves of sin and madness; these are the only real slaves." His ideal of life was that which is expressed in the word *Entsagen*, the renunciation of personal happiness—a word which, occurring constantly in his letters and in his conversation, greatly perplexed John Stuart Mill. "My main comfort about you," he would write to his younger brother, "is to see the grand practical lesson of *Entsagen* impressing itself in ineffaceable devoutness on your heart. Whoso is a man may, in all seasons, scenes and circumstances, live like a man. Let us take the world bravely, then, and fight bravely to the end, since nothing else has been appointed us." We might multiply quotations, but the whole story of his life illustrates better than any number of quotations the practical power of the religious convictions to which he had fought his way through the deep darkness.

Carlyle was assured that in the acceptance of what he believed to be fundamental in his mother's creed, he and she stood on the same ground. When he heard of his father's death, one of the

considerations with which he comforted himself was that his father had been spared to him till he was better able to bear his loss; "still by manifold struggles I too, as he did, feel my feet on the everlasting rock, and through time with its death, can in some degree see into eternity with its life."

Just before Carlyle emerged from the darkness he was taken to Haddington by Edward Irving, and introduced to Miss Welsh, with whom his destiny was thenceforward to be linked. His first relation with his future wife was one of literary friendship. Her keen eye early discovered his commanding ability, and she fearlessly accepted him as her guide and intellectual director. He told her the books she ought to read, and procured them for her. A regular correspondence, and frequent calls on his part when she was visiting her friends in Edinburgh, were the natural results. She did not dream of any closer relation.

She had no thought of marrying him, but she was flattered by his attachment. It amused her to see the most remarkable person that she had ever met with at her feet. His birth and position seemed to secure her against the possibility of any closer connection between them. Then he had a trying time of it. In serious moments she would tell him that their meeting had made an epoch in her history, and had influenced her character and life. When the humour changed, she would ridicule his Annandale accent, turn his passionate expressions to scorn, and when she had toned him down again, she would smile once more and enchant him back into illusions.

Would it have been well for him, and would it have been well for her, that she had adhered to her expressed resolution to be Carlyle's friend, but never his wife? Mr. Froude would answer these questions in the affirmative. "Two diamonds," he says, "do not easily form cup and socket." It seems to us certain that she never loved Carlyle with such love as her early passion for Irving showed her to be capable of, and that while she loyally bore the burden she had taken upon her when she married him, that burden was not lightened by the all-engrossing affection which, if she had had it, would have done much to woo him from his abstractions, and to charm him out of his humors. This has been placed beyond doubt by the words she spoke "in the late evening of her labourious life"—"I married for ambition. Carlyle has exceeded all that my wildest hopes ever imagined of him—and I am miserable." But we have been unable to resist the conviction that the best love of his heart was given to her. It may be true that it would have been wiser for him never to have married. The wedding garment does not fit well with the camel's hair and leathern girdle: and it is better for one who has to bear the burdens of his generation in weariness and painfulness, and who

has moreover a thorn in the flesh, the messenger of Satan sent to buffet him, not to lead about a sister, a wife.

We have it on the authority of Carlyle's mother that he was "gey ill to live wi"—and probably the mother of Elijah the Tishbite would have said, in the language of Gilead, the same thing of her son ere he went to stand before Ahab. But so far as the love which warrants and sanctifies marriage was possible to one whose calling was to wildernesses and lonely caves, that love was given by Carlyle to the women whom he wedded. It is true that when negotiating the marriage, he stands firmly out against successive proposals made by her as to their place of residence and road of life, and is exacting in his demand that if she loves him she must be prepared to accept "his heart and hand, with the barren and perplexed destiny which promises to attend them." He had insight enough to see that it was "not the poor, unknown, rejected Thomas Carlyle that she knew, but the prospective rich, known, and admired": and it does not seem inconsistent with the deepest affection, that he should seek to test her love by asking that she should be willing to share his poverty and obscurity. In the letter in which we find these "hard sayings," he says, "Oh, Jane, I could weep too, for I love you in my deepest heart." The difference in their up-bringing must be taken into account—he was a peasant's son and had not learned to understand that amenities which it was no privation to him, or to his mother and sisters to want, were necessities of life to a woman born and nurtured as Miss Welsh had been. It was therefore no evidence of lack of true affection that he did not understand how great to her were the privations involved in their life on the lonely moor; and that there and elsewhere he was so engrossed with the work he had in hand, that she was left much to herself.

But through all their married life—as even in the preliminary correspondence—we see the tenderness of love welling up out of the gloomy depths of his nature. She was his "Goody"—her letters to him in his absence from home were "not unlike what the drop of water from Lazarus's finger might have been to Dives in the flame." Again he says: "And how should we do, thinkest thou, with an eternal separation? O God, it is fearful, fearful. But is not a little temporary separation like this needful, to manifest what *daily* mercy is in our lot which otherwise we might forget or esteem as a thing of course?" All the world knows how overwhelming was his sorrow when the final separation came. We gather, indeed, from the outpourings of his grief, that her death had smitten him with compunction for his unwitting neglect; but every page betokens a deep, true and tender love.

We have been tempted to dwell at some length on this painfully interesting subject, to which Mr. Froude gives great prominence in the biography. We do not detract from Mrs. Carlyle when we say that the one indispensable condition of perfectly happy marriage was on her side awaiting. It is rather to her honour that, lacking it, she was able with unflinching loyalty to bear the heavy burdens which were to her a cross instead of a joy. There are few scenes more memorable than that *chiaroscuro* scene, so vividly pictured in a letter written by her thirty years after the incident to which it refers. She tells a friend how she came to learn "that it is not the greatness or littleness of the 'duty nearest hand,' but the spirit in which one does it, that makes one's doings noble or mean." She describes the isolation of Craigenputtock. She tells of their poverty, and of how, "being an only child, she was sublimely ignorant of every branch of useful knowledge, though a capital Latin scholar, and very fair mathematician!" how it behoved her to learn to sew and to cook, no capable servant choosing to live at such a place, and her husband having bad digestion.

Whatever view is to be taken of Carlyle's feelings towards his wife, it seems unquestionable that from his earliest introduction to her these feelings were such as to stimulate to more energetic and persevering exertion. His efforts to obtain a hearing for the truth he had to speak were at first far from successful. During his Kirkcaldy residence he had sent an article "to some magazine editor in Edinburgh," which "vanished without sign." He was employed by Sir David Brewster to write brief articles for his "Encyclopædia." It was to Irving that Carlyle was indebted for his first important literary engagement, which resulted in the "Life of Schiller." To Irving, also, he owed the only appointment he ever had which yielded him enough to place him beyond anxiety as to his living, and yet left him some leisure for literary work. This appointment was a tutorship to the sons of Mr. Buller—one of whom, Mr. Charles Buller, afterwards made for himself a name during his brief Parliamentary career. The salary was £200 a year, which placed Carlyle at once in the coveted position of being able to make some worthier acknowledgment than he had found possible before, of all that the beloved friends at home had done for his education. The first fruits of previous small earnings had gone to them, and now he was in a position to help his brother John to attend medical classes in Edinburgh.

It was during his tenure of the tutorship that he translated "Wilhelm Meister," and wrote the "Life of Schiller." These

books brought him the friendship of one whose slightest approbation he esteemed more precious than much common renown. Goethe wrote to him and asked his friendship, continuing the correspondence, and from time to time sending to him and to his wife graceful little presents. The common renown, which he valued only as a means of bringing him work to do, and fair wages for doing it, he found harder to win. The beginning of 1826 found him settled with his wife at Comely Bank, on the outskirts of Edinburgh. There the hard struggle for a livelihood, which lasted through nine weary years, began. An introduction to Jeffrey brought him fairly regular work as a contributor to the quarterlies and monthlies; but this is an uncertain dependence for a married man. Other dependence he failed to find. Again and again efforts were vainly made to obtain vacant professorships in St. Andrews, in Glasgow, and in London; and editorships with a settled income were also sought with like result. Though he grumbled more than enough, he never lost heart or hope; but bravely wrought at the task assigned him. Almost every payment coming to him from the magazines, was divided with his brother John, whose education he had undertaken; and out of his poverty he helped another brother to stock a farm.

The residence at Comely Bank was short, as available resources were not sufficient to meet the cost of city life; and so, at Whitsuntide of 1827, the two strange persons who had chosen each other for better or for worse migrated to the lonely moors of Dumfriesshire, and took up their abode at Craigenputtock. This step was not so foolish as it seemed. The utter solitude suited well the moody philosopher. Perfect quiet and regular exercise in the free moorland air induced sleep, and thus he was able to write. During the Craigenputtock years his work was regular and thorough. Almost all the essays contained in the first three volumes of the "Miscellanies," the "*Sartor Resartus*," and the greater portion of a work on German literature, which proved unsalable, belong to this period.

The amount of labour involved in the production of these "Miscellanies" may be gathered from the fact that for the essay on Diderot alone he read twenty-five octavo volumes. This he accomplished in less than a month. On each week day he mastered a volume, the Sundays of the month being devoted to the book of Genesis, which he read to his household—his wife, the maid, and the stable-boy

But unquestionably the most noteworthy work of this period is the "*Sartor Resartus*." It is not accidentally but essentially

the product of the transition time. It records in mythic guise the history of the conflicts through which he had fought his way to the power wherewith he was girded when he emerged from his retirement—his apprenticeship completed—and set himself to the healthful work of his life in "The French Revolution," the "Cromwell," and the "Frederick." The reading of these biographical volumes gives a new interest to the "*Sartor*," and the re-perusal of the "*Sartor*" gives additional interest to the biography. They stand related as do the "Pilgrim's Progress" and the "Grace Abounding" of John Bunyan, for the "*Sartor*" is best understood if it is read as a modern Pilgrim's Progress wherein we are able to trace the path by which, through endless vicissitudes of experience—through sloughs of despond, Sinai thunder-clouds, dungeons of Giant Despair and valleys of the shadow of death, with occasional interludes of flowery meadows, houses beautiful and delectable mountains, a burdened spirit struggles on towards celestial kingdoms. We now know that in the later as in the earlier book, the way is traced by one who had himself trodden it with bleeding feet.

The life in the wild was occasionally diversified by visits from Carlyle's kith and kin, whom also he would go to see, driving over into Annandale in the "clatch," as he called his old gig; and there were occasionally brighter invasions of the solitude, as when once and again Jeffrey came, or when Emerson found his way across the moor to grasp the hand which, by electric thrill of sympathy that distance could not dull, he had recognized beyond the Atlantic as the hand of a fellow-worker to the same high ends. When the years were passing, and the solitude was becoming irksome, we find visits to London and to Edinburgh in anticipation of the final resolution to make the former city his home and scene of work; but it was not till the midsummer of 1834 that he bade adieu to the moorland, and entered the house in Cheyne Row, Chelsea, where he remained till the close.

We have learned enough from the volumes in our hands to make us know what manner of man he was, whom his generation first slighted, and then honoured above most. His every weakness and all his shortcomings have been revealed to us with needless minuteness and reiteration; and yet the outcome is that we have a higher estimate than before of his nobleness. With all his moodiness, his restlessness, his discontent, no man was ever at heart more entirely submissive to the lot which fell to him, or more devoutly thankful for the good which mingled with it. Sweeping in his condemnations, and apparently reckless in his criticisms, he was yet generous in his view of human conduct

and not really uncharitable in his judgments. Apparently inconsiderate of the inconvenience to others caused by the arrangements he deemed it needful in view of his work to make, he was yet singularly unselfish. We have seen how his first scanty earnings were shared with those he loved. At his special request, and while he was still in poverty, his name was omitted from his father's will on the ground that he had received a more expensive education than the rest of the family. And when in later life his income was abundant, he generously gave away the half of all he received.

"The stern censor," says Mr. Froude, "was the kindest of Samaritans." Above all, he emerged from the trials of his youth and early manhood with an unsullied moral purity, rare even in the case of the kingliest men. His biographer is able to bear this remarkable testimony: "In the thousands (of letters) which I have read, either written to Carlyle, or written by him, I have found no sentence of his own which he could have wished unwritten, or, through all those trying years of incipient manhood, a single action alluded to by others, which those most jealous of his memory need regret to read, or his biographer need desire to conceal." In him the ancient order of the Nazarites was revived; and the sins of the age were as sternly rebuked by his life as by his teaching.

IF THOU ART TRUE.

BY C. B. SANDERSON.

If thou art true, if thou art just,
 If all alone thou still art strong,
 Though steep the path, and rough, and long,
 Thy heart beats high in hope and trust ;

If thou hast learned through mists of grief
 Thy kinship with earth's sons of woe,
 Can'st weep with weepers, share each blow,
 And sharing minister relief :

Then hast thou learned how best to live,
 And here, or there, or otherwhere,
 The Master's crowning joy can'st share ;
 Can'st gain His strength, and gaining give.

And if thy giving meet the need
 Of humbler toilers on the way,
 Whose brows may never wear the bay,
 Whose wounded hearts as sorely bleed.

Then be a gracious gladness thine,
 That He, who taught thee to be strong
 Amid the weakness of the throng,
 Has bid thee share His task divine.

TORONTO, ONT.

OUR CITY CHARITIES.

BY REV. E. BARRASS, D.D.

TORONTO has become renowned for its high moral character. Its churches excite the commendation of strangers, whilst the crowds of worshippers are such as are seldom seen in other cities on the continent. The quietness of its Sabbaths has become proverbial. Foreigners who sojourn with us declare that in respect to Sabbath observance Toronto is far ahead of any other city which they ever visited.

Nevertheless there exist in our midst many things which minister to vice rather than morality; forty per cent. of all the prisoners in the Central Prison and in the Mercer Reformatory hail from this highly-favoured city.

The police report for the year 1892 contains facts which should excite our shame, and cause us to hesitate before we designate our city "Toronto the good." During the last year nearly 9,000 persons were arrested for infractions of the law, and 800 drunks were allowed to stagger home as best they could without being put behind the bars. Of the 8,891 arrests, 1,269 were boys and 101 were girls under twenty years of age. Nearly 1,400 persons under twenty were arrested in this church-going city during 1892.

Happily a good deal is being done to remedy these evils. Our limited space will not allow us to give more than a brief mention of the forty or more benevolent societies which are established in Toronto.

The House of Industry. This institution has been in existence more than half a century, during which thousands have been relieved from present suffering while many who were destitute and had neither friends nor means were permanently cared for until they were removed by death. Last year the applications for out-door relief represented 8,676 persons, the amount required for their relief being \$11,228.83. The number thus aided was 777 less than the year preceding and is within a fraction of four per cent. of the population. In twenty-five years the grant to this institution only doubled, while the increase of the population was fourfold. This relief is only continued during the winter months.

A "Night Shelter" is provided for such as may require temporary lodging, and last year 1,050 men and eighty-two women were thus accommodated, from one to three nights each. There is a labour-test connected with this department, which consists of splitting wood by the men, who last year cut and split 804 cords of wood.

The city is divided into forty-five districts which are in charge

of gentlemen who visit every family which applies for relief. In this way 50,638 loaves of bread, and 13,550 pounds of groceries were distributed.

The total cost of the House of Industry was \$21,715.88 which was made up by grants from the Ontario Legislature and the City Council, including nearly \$2,000 from private subscriptions.

The writer of this article is one of the forty-five visitors named above. He published in the city papers an article entitled, "We should remember the poor," in which he described a few of the cases in his district, and appealed for relief. In a few days more than \$110 was sent to "the House," but in every case the kind donors withheld their names. The writer also received gifts of clothing, which, with the cash, he distributed among the necessitous.

The Irish Protestant Benevolent Society. This society has been in existence for twenty years. Last Christmas aid was given to 207 families including 72 widows and 443 children. During the severe weather temporary aid was granted to 123 families.

The St. Andrew's Society. The fifty-sixth Annual report is on our table. During the last year \$407.40 were expended among 132 persons. The society owns a burial plot in Mount Pleasant Cemetery. The income of the society is \$958.58, besides \$2,443 which is invested.

The St. George's Society. The year 1835 dates the origin of this society. It has cheered the heart of many a poor immigrant who was a stranger in a strange land. Last year 1,190 persons were assisted. During Christmas 937 families, including 4,927 individuals, were made to rejoice. After the Christmas dinner 100 loaves of bread were sent to the Boy's and Girl's Homes.

It may be proper to pause here for a moment and ask why there are so many poor. It is a lamentable fact that not a few seem to be in a hopeless condition of poverty.

Some blame capitalists, and think that there should be better wages paid to unskilled employees. It must not, however, be forgotten, that employers have rights equally with their employees, and when all classes act according to the Golden Rule, strikes will be abolished, and the chasm between capital and labour will be greatly reduced. The principle of profit-sharing is likely to solve this difficult problem.

It is, however, an unhappy fact that much of the suffering among the poor is self-inflicted and might be greatly lessened by the adoption of total abstinence from intoxicating liquors and tobacco. A physician was walking along the road one day, when he met an old man who had a bottle of whiskey sticking out of his pocket. "Is this the way to the poor-house, sir?" asked the old man, point-

ing in the direction in which he was walking. "No, sir," said the physician, "but this is," laying his hand on the bottle of whiskey.

Dr. Dawson Burns, London, estimates that at least seventy millions of the amount spent last year in drink came out of the wages of the working people, and he pertinently asks, "What would have been the condition of our working classes if they had *used* instead of *wasting* this seventy millions?"

R. W. Dobbin, Esq., of Glasgow, like Dr. Burns, is an eminent authority on statistics relating to moral questions. He says, that the population of Glasgow is 780,414. The rate of taxation is \$16.10 per head. The liquor bill alone is \$12,681,727.50. If this amount had been expended in manufactures, 40,000 more men could have been employed, which, at \$5 per week, would have given to the working community at least \$10,000,000.

Who can doubt the truth of what the late Earl Russell said on this very question? "The government of this country (England) durst not tax the working classes to anything like the extent to which they tax themselves in their expenditure upon intoxicating drinks."

Those who are brought into contact with the poor everywhere know how that the use of intoxicating liquor is the great curse which crushes and oppresses them.

For some months past the present writer has had occasion to pass a certain tavern at a late hour, two or three times a week, but he never does so without seeing a large number of workingmen in the bar-room, whose homes are in the locality, and from personal visitation he knows that the money which was being squandered was greatly needed in their families.

We know that governments have licensed the manufacture and sale of intoxicants, and so far have legalized the liquor traffic. The Ontario Legislature has done something to remedy the evils occasioned by this traffic. Hence, we have the General Hospital, the Andrew Mercer Reformatory, the Industrial Refuges, the Boys' Reformatories and the Girls' Refuge, all of which are supported at the public expense. In all these institutions Sunday-schools are established, and means are adopted by pious, benevolent persons, who spend much time every week in labouring among the subjects of suffering and though they labour under great disadvantages, they by no means labour in vain.

The superintendent writes "Among the 117 inmates received during the year, sixty-seven were reported as intemperate, although in confidential conversation with the other fifty I did not find one total abstainer; in fact, nearly all admitted that drink was the principal cause of their continuance in a degraded and indolent life."

Though the Central Prison is a place of punishment, still the object of all punishment should be the reformation of the criminal. When a prisoner is committed, the warden first ascertains what he can do, and then exacts a certain amount of work to be done daily. At the same time the prisoner is informed that extra work will be paid for, when the time comes for his discharge. A poor fellow was recently discharged after twenty-two months' confinement who received eighty-two dollars for extra work which he had performed. The food of the prisoners is wholesome and plentiful but no tobacco nor intoxicants are allowed, hence, though some when committed are diseased by intemperance and licentiousness, they become greatly improved and leave the prison in much better health than when committed.

The Woman's Christian Temperance Union. A reading-room is established, which is supplied with daily papers and magazines, which after being read are used at the jails. Besides the headquarters at Elm Street, there are branches in various parts of the city, from which temperance literature is disseminated at railway stations, fire-halls and lumber-camps. There are also flower missions from which visits are made to the abodes of sickness. Evangelistic services are held and classes are instituted for the scientific study of temperance.

There is also the *Young Women's Christian Association*. The *Young Men's Christian Association* has long been established, but it is only in recent years that a similar association was established for young women. A fine building has been erected on Elm Street which has become a centre of good. There is a boarding department, of which 319 young women have availed themselves. They are classified as housekeepers, teachers, milliners, dressmakers, students, professional nurses, and domestics. Teachers give instruction in plain sewing, cutting by chart, physical culture, cooking and dressmaking. Evangelistic services are held, and during the past year Miss Ethel Macdonald, daughter of the late Hon. John Macdonald, has held religious services every week. The income of the Association was \$2,113, only \$446 of which was paid in wages.

There is a Relief Society also, the design of which is to give work to poor women in the way of making garments, for which they are paid. Last year 1,100 families were thus assisted. Lack of work, illness, improvidence and drunkenness, were found to be the chief causes of distress. The amount of cash received and expended last year was \$3,506.

A Young Woman's Christian Guild has also been inaugurated. Largely to the munificence of the late Wm. Gooderham, Esq.,

this institution owes its existence. Among other rooms there is an auditorium which is known as the William Gooderham Hall, and will seat 850 persons. The Guild aims to improve young women temporarily, but chiefly it seeks to lead them to Christ and train them for usefulness in various departments of Christian work. Classes are instituted and lectures on various subjects for their special benefit are delivered.

There is also a *Home for Aged Women* which is situated on Belmont Street, at which old women, especially such as are infirm, are cared for. It is a real home, where every effort is put forth to comfort those in declining years who would not otherwise enjoy the sustenance which their position requires.

The Salvation Army deserves honourable mention for its praiseworthy labours among the destitute and outcast portion of the community. It is only a few years since "the Army" established itself in Toronto, and during those years the work it, has done is truly marvellous. One of the female soldiers may be seen every day at the Police Court, holding out a friendly hand to her poor fallen sister and leading her to "The Rescue Home" and seeking to restore her again to the paths of virtue. A children's department and a Prison Gate Home and Shelter for men has also been provided. The City Council last year contributed \$1,000 to the funds. The "Army" has various organizations for special work, but none excite our admiration more than the League of Mercy, which is a band of young women, with a suitable officer, who visit prisons and hospitals. Such a league cannot fail to accomplish great good.

The Salvation Army enrolls a noble class of men and women who are not working for worldly fame. Their scale of remuneration is small, but in "Self-denial week," they contributed the handsome sum of \$12,920 for the various departments of their work. They thus set an example worthy of imitation by all the churches.

Their latest scheme is a "Shelter Depôt" at the corner of Wilton Avenue and Victoria Street. There is accommodation for 125 men, who will receive a supper, bed and breakfast for fifteen cents. There is also a reading-room and a smoking-room, for those who may wish to enjoy such luxuries.

The Toronto City Mission has only been in existence a few years; it employs one missionary, whose duties consist in holding meetings in cottages and the open-air, as well as in mission halls, prisons and churches. A Gospel-carriage, which was the gift of a kind friend, carries fourteen persons, and during the summer months the missionary and his assistants held 122 meetings in various parts of the city. The crowds that attended were always

attentive. In all, the missionary visited 1,405 families, held 437 services, distributed \$137 and 193 garments among the poor. The treasurer received for carrying on this praiseworthy work \$1,109,91.

The Prison Gate Mission and The Haven must here also be noticed. The object contemplated is to lift up the poor fallen sisters of the community. The work is largely done by Christian women, who are always on the look-out for women who have been discharged from prison, or released from the Reformatory. Last year 377 persons were admitted to the Haven. Rev. Charles Sylvester was chaplain of the Haven and gave his services gratuitously for thirteen years.

The Hospital for Sick Children, with its convalescent branch on Gibraltar Point, Toronto Island, is probably the most popular of all our city charities. It is largely indebted to the munificence of Mr. Ross Robertson, who gave \$25,000 towards its erection; others have contributed liberally. One mode of supporting this institution greatly interests us, namely, the number of cots supported by private individuals and the children in various Sunday-schools, which bear the names of their respective donors. The Children's Hospital is open to children of all creeds and nations. We strongly urge our lady friends especially to make themselves familiar with the Children's Hospital.

The Children's Aid Society is a newly formed institution, and is the outgrowth of the Fresh Air Fund, which for four years was of great service to the poor children of the city. The society partly contemplates the work of rescuing children from brutal, drunken parents, picking up the waifs off the streets or such as may be brought into the Police Court.

The necessity of such a society may be seen from the fact that on three evenings 450 boys under fourteen attended the theatres of the city. The superintendent of the Newsboys' Lodgings said, that in six months 100 boys had been received. The Hon. Mr. Gibson's Bill will greatly aid this society in its benevolent work of saving the children of our city from becoming criminals and outcasts.

The Protestant Orphans' Home has existed more than forty years. It is open to orphans of all denominations of Protestants. It has provided for more than 2,000 children, boys and girls. The average is 177. The children are trained and educated until they attain a suitable age to learn trades or are adopted into families. The children are taught frugality and industry. They have \$1,000 deposited on their own account.

At the *Industrial School*, Mimico, hundreds of poor boys have been cared for, some of whom have attained respectable positions

in society. In 1892 there were 146 boys in the institution. Various trades are taught and part of every day is occupied in school work. Religious worship is conducted daily. The boys attend the various churches in the village on the Sabbath.

A similar school is also established at East Toronto, for girls, which bids fair to accomplish much good.

The General Hospital is probably the oldest city charity. As far back as the close of the war of 1812-14, the "Patriotic and Loyal Society" donated £4,000 towards its establishment. The first part of the present magnificent buildings was begun in 1854 through the liberal gifts of the late W. Cawthra, W. Gooderham, the Hon. John Macdonald and others. The various departments, as the Burnside Maternity Hospital, the Eye and Ear section, and the Ambulance service, are now in a state of great efficiency. In one year 10,929 out-door patients received medical advice gratis. These were poor persons who could not afford medical aid; and 3,385 patients were under the care of the medical staff in all the departments of the house.

The Training School for Nurses, a valuable auxiliary of the Hospital, dates from 1881. Sixty nurses now engaged in the Hospital were trained in the School; more than 130 hold certificates of standing and are employed in various hospitals. The School is well patronized. Last year 600 young women applied for admission, sixty-seven of whom were entered on probation.

The Homœopathic Hospital has only been a short time in existence, and has received a large share of patronage. It has also a Training School for Nurses. In the Dispensary department 871 families were treated, and 3,583 prescriptions were made up in less than one year.

The Home for Incurables. According to the eighteenth report, the income amounts to \$22,256.21, towards which the Ontario Government and the City Council contributed \$7,445.90; the balance was raised by private subscriptions, etc.

The number of inmates is 100; forty-five were admitted during the past year, many of whom were consumptive and cancer patients. Religious services are held every Sabbath and on one evening every week by ministers of different denominations.

There are "poor funds" in most of the city churches, and on all church rolls there are those who receive more or less support from the contributions of their richer brethren.

Grace Church, Episcopal, of which the Rev. J. P. Lewis is rector, employs a large staff of efficient workers, who visit the entire parish and seek out those who need charity.

The Jarvis Street Mission is connected with the Metropolitan

Methodist Church. Its existence, though short, has been eminently successful. In one year 26,400 beds were occupied in the Lodging department, which was self-supporting last year. Religious services are regularly held, and there is good reason to believe that several have been converted to God, some of whom were deeply sunk in wretchedness. H. A. Massey, Esq., has donated \$50,000 towards the erection of mission premises, which will afford facilities for carrying on the work so auspiciously begun. The building is a memorial of his son Frederick, who was one of the earliest workers in the Mission. There will probably be no superior mission premises on this continent. The auditorium will accommodate 400 persons, and there will be beds for at least 200 lodgers. A first-class gymnasium for men and a day nursery for children will be provided. There will be a restaurant, a boy's club and reading-room, also an old men's home, so that every possible means will be provided for prosecuting every kind of mission work on the most extensive scale.

The writer regrets that he could not secure reliable statistics respecting the charities of the Roman Catholic Church, but it is well known that the following institutions are performing a most praiseworthy work, viz.: The House of Providence, St. Michael's Hospital, St. Nicholas' Institute, Sunnyside Orphanage, Sisters of the Good Shepherd and St. Paul's League of the Cross. These institutions are sustained at a cost of thousands of dollars, and are greatly ameliorating the condition of very many who would otherwise be great sufferers.

The Cottage Workers' Association is in connection with the free breakfasts given during the winter in Richmond Hall. Rev. H. C. Dixon deserves honorable mention in this connection. After supplying the poor men with a hearty meal a religious service was held, conducted by clergymen and others.

And now, what is the conclusion of the whole matter? Is not the world better for Christianity? Are not the obligations which press upon Christians in the nineteenth century great, and should we not rejoice that our lot has been cast in this century, which is the best period of the world's history? Is it any marvel that the late Dr. Punshon, when dying, spoke of "the grandeur of living," or that the late Bishop Brooks, of Boston, desired to live a few years longer because of the wonders which he believed would be achieved during this and the coming century?

The *Catholic Times* of London has rightly said:—"If history tells one thing plainer than another, it is that Christianity, so far from having failed, is the source of all that is best in the life of the modern world. If slavery has disappeared, it is the work of

Christianity. If, in every city and town, the hospital is a recognized institution, the first hospitals were the outcome of the teaching of Christianity as to our duty to the poor. If on the battle-field blood is no longer shed after the fight is done, and the prisoners are spared, and the wounded cared for, it is Christianity that has wrought this change even in war itself, and most fittingly the flag that guards the ambulance and the field hospital bears the sign of the cross."

We conclude our imperfect article in the words with which Mr. Warring Kennedy concluded an eloquent speech at the anniversary of the Home for Incurables. He said: "Infidelity builds no hospitals, erects no asylums, establishes no homes for incurables, creates no sick children's hospitals, furnishes no cots, supports no home for the aged, founds no house of industry, opens no haven door, sustains no boys' homes, nurtures no girls' homes, maintains no orphans' homes, endows no newsboys' lodging, upholds no convalescent homes, assists no Magdalens, carries on no benevolent institutions, incites to no deeds of charity and cheers no orphan hearts." God be praised for CHRISTIANITY!

"HE SHALL GIVE HIS ANGELS CHARGE
OVER THEE."

BY AMY PARKINSON.

FEAR not, for He shall give His angels charge
Concerning thee, to guard thy feeble steps,
And to keep watch o'er thee in all thy ways.
In their strong hands, gentle to soothe, but firm
To give support, thou shalt be borne o'er all
The roughest places. Thou must pass this way—
No other road could be so safe, so sure
To lead thee home. And though a swift, dark stream
Flows near, and in its windings often comes
So close, it seems that it must cross thy path --
Though rough winds catch the rising spray, and leave
Its cold touch on thy face, thou need'st not fear,
God's ministering spirits have their charge
That harm befall thee not. And though, indeed,
The tide must once be crossed, that crossing o'er,
The angels' charge may end; for thou shalt when
Be sheltered, safe and fearless, where no ways
Are wearisome, no rough winds ever blow,
And dangers all are past.

TORONTO.

A YOUNG HEART OF OAK.*

BY THE EDITOR.

Too many young men seem to have the idea that to be a Christian means to be a milksop and an unmanly kind of fellow; that a robust enjoyment of life and of manly pleasure is inconsistent with genuine goodness. The stirring story of Harry Stuart Boldero, Lieutenant of the Royal Navy, should fully dispel that delusion.

Young Boldero came of old Danish stock, the family tracing their legendary pedigree back to the days of Baldur, the sun-god. This reminds us of the old Scottish family, described by Mrs. Barr, "as auld as the Flood, ay, and a good deal aulder;" and of that famous Scottish genealogy midway in which occurs the note, "About this time the world was made." On his mother's side he was descended from the Huguenots, and exhibited in his bright young life the noble endurance and fortitude by which they were characterized. He was born in Queen's County, Ireland, and spent a happy boyhood rambling over Slievebloom Mountains with his younger sisters. As a boy he was a manly fellow, fond of dog and pony and out-of-door sports.

While our hero was a little lad only nine years old, Colonel Boldero, his father, received a military appointment at Malta, and thither in 1872, the family went. The boy was often on board the men-of-war in the harbour of Valetta, and acquired that taste for the naval service that followed him all his life. The blood of the Vikings stirred in his veins, and he took to the sea as naturally as a duck to water.

A year later came his first separation from home, when he returned to England to a private school near Oxford, where he became a universal favourite. After a visit to Malta for a few months he returned to England. He successfully passed his examination as cadet in the Royal Navy, though only twelve years and a half old, and joined H.M.S. *Britannia*, fifth in the list. Prince Albert Victor and Prince George of Wales were also cadets on the same ship. Harry was cadet captain during the last term, and gives amusing accounts of his maintaining

* "A Young Heart of Oak: Memories of Harry Stuart Boldero, Lieut. R.N." With a preface by the Very Rev. H. D. M. Spence, D.D., Dean of Gloucester. With portrait and illustrations. Second Edition. London: Hodder & Stoughton. This is an admirable biography of a noble young life, from which the material of this sketch has been derived, which is here reprinted from *The Boys' Own Paper*, London.

discipline at his end of the table where the two young princes were seated.

Meanwhile he studied hard—trigonometry, navigation, and French—and writes: “We have fine games of leapfrog on the deck when we are allow to skylark.” He was very fond of a five-mile paper-chase on shore when he got a chance. He passed eighth out of the *Britannia* after two years’ service, receiving a prize from the hands of H.R.H. the Princess of Wales, and was soon appointed to the *Boadicea* cruiser. On his fifteenth birthday, October, 1878, he started for the South African station. He promised his mother to refrain from gaming and from intoxicating drink, and to this promise he owed much of his manly character and boldness in standing up for the right.

His letters home are full of tales of adventure by sea and land, for the cadet spent much time on shore. He describes “trekking,” with eighteen ox teams, “laager” by night, and skirmishing with the Zulus by day.

He promised his mother to read with her the same ten verses day by day from the Bible, thus keeping up the sweet and tender tie with the dear home circle and mother-heart. His Bible was marked every ten verses through nearly all the Epistles. He became a member of the Bible and Prayer Union, and was even then an enthusiastic abstainer, and influenced men much his seniors to become “teetotallers.”

One of his letters records the tragic death of the Prince Imperial of France by the Zulus, which sent a thrill of grief throughout the civilized world. He describes with a diagram the fate of the prince, who was stabbed sixteen times on the breast by Zulu assegais. The *Boadicea* conveyed the young Prince Imperial’s remains from Durban to Simon’s Bay, whence they were shipped to England, and were finally deposited at Chiselhurst beside the body of his father, the Emperor Louis Napoleon. What a sad ending of the bright young life—the boy born in the purple, and heir to one of the proudest thrones in Europe, slain by a Zulu assegai—a disinherited and exiled prince!

This English lad of fifteen has strong opinions on public matters. In a letter to his father he says: “The *Jumna* came in this morning. She has been continually breaking down on her way out. It is disgraceful. They have no business to send a troopship out here that is not in a fit state.” . . . “We have just heard that Cetewayo has been collared, but with great loss on our side.” “I am such a terrible hand at jams and all that sort of thing,” he adds, “that it takes it out of my pocket. Still, never mind, I think that you give me too much.”

He escorted Sir Bartle Frere, with staff and ladies, in a pinnace to the *Jumna*. "We looked very nice," he says. "I was in my tail coat and dirk. . . . I had great fun on shore at Durban, but have not passed my examination so well in consequence. I am getting on to sixteen now. The commodore makes me do duty as his *aide-de-camp*."

An officer who knew him well writes to his mother, "You need not be anxious about your boy. He loves God and his mother, and will never go very far wrong." Temperance was not then very popular in the navy. Harry writes home for permission to join the Good Templars' Lodge of the Blue-Jackets: "Do you think there will be any harm in it? I think it would be a help to some of the men to have an officer of their own ship belonging to it."

In a five months' cruise around the coast he sees a good deal of Africa, Sierra Leone, Lagos, St. Paul de Loanda, Bonny River, etc. Full of life he writes in his sixteenth year, "My examination is just over. I have come out, third in the ship with double the marks I got last year. I am midshipman of the main crosstrees, and I like it very much, and have great fun running aloft. I suppose in eighteen months we shall find ourselves at home. Oh, I *shall* be glad!"

During the Boer war he was transferred for a short time to H.M.S. *Dido*. From Port Natal he writes: "We have received terrible news to-day from the front, General Colley killed, our commander dangerously wounded. Reconnaissance was made with 1,600 men, 6,000 Boars attacked them, 200 are missing out of the 600. They fought nine hours and a half. Then our men ran short of ammunition and had to retreat. I am afraid some of the men I like best are lost."

The strong love for the noble mother in far-off England was a spell on the boy's life. "My voice is not very strong," he writes his father, "and that is partly why I wanted to smoke, but mother asks me to wait till I get home to decide. There are a number of things in favour of it. It helps to keep you warm on cold nights." But the boy preferred to shiver through his night-watch rather than to act counter to the wishes of his absent mother. In his examination he came out third in the ship. His boyish exuberance was not quite quelled by naval discipline. "I am often in hot water," he writes, "for making a noise in the gun-room and skylarking."

After three years and a half of service Harry had seven weeks' leave of absence at home. He was now a manly fellow of eighteen

years and a half. It was a great joy to the father and mother to find that their boy

“through this track of years
Had worn the white flower of a blameless life.”

He was not yet, however, a true Christian. “Mother, dear,” he writes, “there is no use in my pretending to be what I am not; and although I know quite well it was only the power of God which has kept me from evil these last three years, yet you know I am not living for Him now; but whenever the change comes I will let you know. Of course it is the happiest life; you have always shown me that.”

After his furlough he joined H.M. Brig *Liberty* for instruction in practical seamanship. At Plymouth he came under the influence of Miss Weston, the noble woman who had organized a sailors' rest and religious services. He heard Moody and Sankey, and Phillips “the Singing Pilgrim.” In a letter to his mother he says: “Thanks awfully for your letter. What made me decide was this. One night at Miss Weston's, a lady, Miss Brown, spoke on the subject, ‘Supposing you were to die to-night, where would you go?’” The thought haunted him, that he would be lost, as he had neglected God. When he went on board he took out his Bible and tried to read, but could find no comfort. He tried to pray, but it seemed no use. While all slept around in their hammocks he lay awake thinking till about 2 a.m., when he just said, “Lord Jesus, I will trust Thee,” and the matter was settled.

In the morning when he awoke his first thought was, “Now I belong to Christ, how shall I serve Him?” In the evening at Moody's meeting Harry was the first to spring to his feet to confess Christ. Next day at dinner one of his brother officers suddenly said, “Hallo, Boldero, are you converted?” Harry joyfully answered, Yes, he had found eternal life, and said he would like to have them have it too, and out of his well-studied Bible cited texts to show what he meant. He worked earnestly for the Royal Naval Temperance Society, and helped in every good work unflinching to the end. He was a prime favourite with the boys. Although a very sharp officer on duty, when discipline could be laid aside his bright character bubbled over in fun and frolic.

After a few months on H.M.S. *Liberty*, Harry Boldero went to the Royal Naval College at Greenwich. Here he worked hard at navigation and other studies, and was also full of enthusiasm over football, and other manly games. Mr. John McGregor, of *Rob Roy* fame, and a writer for the *Boy's Own Paper*, held a Bible-class every week in the College for young officers, at

which Harry was a diligent attendant. The family lived in London in the winter of 1882, and Harry saw much of society. He was also actively engaged in religious effort among the soldiers, some of whom attributed their conversion to the earnest efforts of this boy of eighteen. But his religion did not interfere with his athletics. He won the cup at Greenwich for high jump of five feet. "I was so sorry that you were not there," he writes his father; and to his mother: "Many thanks for your jolly letter. . . . I have been finding out what a blessing it is to be in constant communion with Christ. . . . Went to a policemen's tea-meeting. Had a good time. Sang 'Tell it out, tell it out, the good news of Jesus' blood.'" His Sankey hymn-book was full of pencil-marks at his favourite hymns—"Bringing in the Sheaves," "My faith looks up to Thee," "Sing them over again to me." We can almost hear the clear young voice ringing out those beautiful hymns. He defended his athletics to one who found fault with them on these grounds: that a Christian might and ought to do these things in the right spirit; that his influence was extended thereby, and that for him the thing was decided by the words, "Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth!"

He went to Plymouth for torpedo practice, and in his letters mixes the secular and sacred after his usual method, which is, after all, the right method. If religion is good for anything, it is good for daily use. He writes his mother: "I know how to blow up any ship in the service now. . . . How full of teaching Job is!"

Early in 1884 Harry was appointed to the *Teméraire*, an armoured ship of 8,540 tons, as sub-lieutenant in his twentieth year. He writes home from Malta with the exuberance of a boy: "We shall have an awfully happy commission. The captain is jolly, and the commander also. Stileman is an awfully nice fellow and full of fun. I am going in strong for fives; it is a good game, with lots of exercise."

He had hard work from 6.15 a.m., to 5.30 p.m. at rifle practice and the like. He saw a good deal of the Mediterranean: Malta, Corfu, Zante, and the other Greek islands, and Alexandria, which he thoroughly enjoyed.

At Alexandria he was laid up with a fever, and had to return to the hospital at Malta. He spent his twenty-first birthday in a sick cot, but writes cheerily, "God will make me well when He likes." He quotes from St. Peter, "Add to your faith virtue," etc., and adds, "Splendid fellow, Peter." He whiled away his four months' illness by reading Drummond's "Natural Law in the Spiritual World," Farrar's "Life of Christ," Keble's "Christian

Year," and, most of all, studied his Bible. "I think one gets more out of Jonah every time," he says, "he was a most peculiar man."

His very unconventional way of writing is shown in the following:

"Canon Peacock is very good, he lets you have it straight. No shilly-shally about it. Either the Lord occupies the whole of your heart or He does not. Did you see that General Booth offers one hundred per cent. interest on money lent him. Five per cent. in this world and ninety-five per cent. in the next. Rum idea, is it not?"

He writes from St. Christopher, West Indies, "The Wesleyans on the ship have what they call a class-meeting on board. I went to one the other day. It is a testimony meeting, the men telling of the grace of God during the week. We combined it with a meeting of the R. N. C. U. * and had a very pleasant and instructive time."

It was a great disappointment to our young hero not to be able to join the Egyptian expedition. He had a few weeks' sick leave during his convalescence, and was appointed to H.M.S. *Pilot*, one of the old "Heart of Oak" training ships which are becoming more rare in these days of mastless, iron-clad fighting machines. Boldero was soon appointed sub-lieutenant to H.M.S. *Iron Duke*. He at once began a night-school for the seamen, teaching them trigonometry, reading and writing. A voluntary religious service had sometimes four or five hundred men present. He put a stop to bad language in the gun-room. The men used to play upon his name by calling him "Bold-hero." There were about seventy teetotallers in the ship. With all this he kept up his zeal in athletics. He writes from Lisbon, "We had a grand football match yesterday—the *Monarch* and ourselves against the fleet. We beat them hollow: in fact knocked them endways—one goal, and two tries to one goal." On Christmas Day, 1885, he was put on a chair and carried around by four or five strong men by way of compliment, and had song-singing in the gun-room till midnight.

In 1886, in his twenty-second year, he was promoted to the lieutenantancy of H.M.S. *Emerald*, of the North American squadron. He enjoyed life at Bermuda and Halifax very much. Of the latter he writes: "Halifax harbour is lovely, and just above the naval yard is an immense expanse of water about ten square miles, called Bedford Basin; all the shores of it are wooded down

*Royal Naval Christian Union, most of who members, he says, are Wesleyans.

to the water's edge. In the naval yard is a drill-ground where we all played cricket, and every morning a game of quoits, a game I am very fond of."

He was quite proud of the feat of navigating his ship in a fog from Halifax to St. John, Newfoundland, by sounding and dead reckoning, in four days less than the mail steamer took for the same distance. He greatly enjoyed the fine sports of cariboo shooting and the like, on the island. At Halifax he joined a paper chase of eight miles—"Capital fun," he writes, "though rather exhausting. . . . Played football with local club and got thoroughly beaten, but it was a capital game." He was full of zeal for the welfare of the seamen, erected a horizontal bar on the quarter-deck, and trained them in athletics. "Many times," writes a friend, "we have seen him on the quarter-deck laughing and cheering on the mids to do as well as himself."

As this bright young life neared its close, a foregleam from the other world seemed to shine across his pathway. He writes as follows: "Dear Mother, lately I have been so longing to get a glimpse of that holiness which God commands us to have. 'Be ye perfect even as your Father in Heaven is perfect.' One of the men and I had a long yarn and a little prayer over it. He is leading stoker, Watts by name; such a nice fellow. He is leader of the Wesleyan class which has been formed on board this ship." A fine example of Christian democracy—the descendant of the "Sun-god" and the leading stoker praying together for heart-holiness!

"I met a nice fellow at Halifax," he writes; "Captain Cameron in the 84th. He is a thorough Christian, full of energy and zeal for God. He does a lot of visiting—hospital and poor people round about. I had a book given me by the Rev. Mark Guy Pearse, entitled 'Thoughts on Holiness.' It seems good, the men like it much. Of course, on the lower deck the ridicule is tremendous and difficult to stand."

Harry's cariboo hunting expedition to Newfoundland was not a success. "The most awfully hilly country you ever saw," he writes. "There is no track. Toiling up and down, and a gale blowing too, bitterly cold. Fine long tramps we had too—mine were 14, 18, 15, and 14 miles respectively. Never saw a deer; did not get a shot at all."

His hard work and exposure as navigator in the severe climate of the Newfoundland coast seriously affected his health. After three weeks in the hospital of St. John, he was invalided, and by slow stages was taken home to his father's house at Folkestone. The fine stalwart frame sank rapidly, but to him death had no

terrors. "I have had a very happy life," he said; "few fellows, I suppose, have had as happy; but I am sure it is better to depart and be with Christ—far better." His nurse sang his favourite hymns, which he had often sung with his blue-jackets, "Bringing in the sheaves," "Light in the darkness, sailor," "Let the lower lights be burning," and, "He leadeth me, oh blessed thought." He lingered for three weeks, and as calmly as sets the sinking sun, his bright young life passed away.

The little town had never seen such a funeral as was given him. His body was borne on a gun-carriage, and was buried with naval and military honours. Old comrades and coastguards followed it with muffled drums and arms reversed, and over the grave the hymn "Pull for the shore, sailor," was sung. In the seamen's homes at Portsmouth and Plymouth tablets were erected to his memory with the text, "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

His chivalrous character was shown by some trifling incidents. While at sea one day in a heavy rain the men were getting wet while he was keeping dry in his waterproof. This he thought not right, so he took off his waterproof and sent it below, and shared and fared alike with the blue-jackets.

The Wesleyan *Watchman* at Barbadoes bears testimony to his zeal in temperance work in that station. The Blue Ribbon Army in that place increased in one year from 100 to 470, largely as the result of his labours.

On his grave in Folkestone Cemetery, is a large block of granite with a ship's anchor firmly attached to the rock, a symbol of that hope which is the anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast. The following is the simple inscription: "Harry Stuart Boldero, R.N., born October 13, 1863. Died December 7, 1887. With Christ which is far better."

WORK.

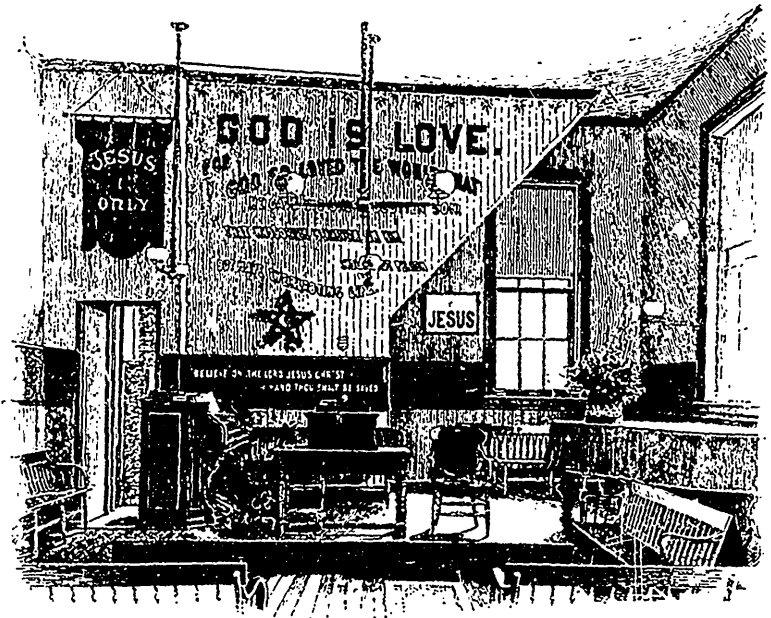
WHAT are we set on earth for? Say, to toil;
 Nor seek to leave thy tending of the vines
 For all the heat o' the day, till it declines,
 And death's mild curfew shall from work assoil.
 God did anoint thee with His odorous oil
 To wrestle, not to reign; and He assigns
 All thy tears over, like June crystallines,
 For younger fellow-workers of the soil
 To wear for amulets. So others shall
 Take patience, labour, to their heart and hand,
 From thy hand and thy heart and thy brave cheer,
 And God's grace fructify through thee to all.
 The least flower, with a brimming cup may stand,
 And share its dewdrop with another near.

—Elizabeth B. Browning.

LIGHT IN DARK PLACES.

JERRY McAULEY'S WATER STREET MISSION.

BY HELEN CAMPBELL.



THE PLATFORM FACING THE AUDIENCE IN THE WATER STREET MISSION ROOM.

For six days in the week the gray-fronted warehouses in Water Street, grim and forbidding, seem to hold no knowledge that Sunday can come. All the week, above the roar of heavy teams, and the shouts and oaths of excited drivers as wheels lock and traffic is for a moment brought to a standstill, one hears the roar of steam, the resounding beat of great hammers, the clash of metal as the iron plates take shape.

This is Water Street for six days in the week, and then comes Saturday night, and the doors of the warehouses close, and the crowd streams up town. Sunday has come, and with it creeps into the empty street all the life that for the other six days bides its time till night and gives no sign of existence. It is essentially a business street and only business, save here and there a tall tenement-house, reminders of a day when Water Street, like many another around it, was a part of the region known as the Five

Points, long ago reduced to order and decency by forces working for good.

This is what the casual looker-on thinks, till the side streets are traversed, and the sudden discovery made that, in spite of the fact that business has claimed much of the old ground, enough still remains in the hands of the enemy to offer full harvest for the saloon and bucket-shop. Side by side with warehouse and factory are dens given over to all abominations. Here are sailors' boarding-houses, where poor Jack is fleeced and turned loose to ship again and earn painfully the wages that he will return to use in the same fashion. Stale-beer dives are in every other basement; and from shackling old houses come the jingle of cracked pianos and the twanging of cheap fiddles.

Standing at the corner of Dover Street, shadowed by the great pier of the Brooklyn Bridge, one sees here and there a low, gable-roofed house, the last remnants of the homes once owned by the quiet Dutch burghers, who, if spirits walk amidst their old haunts, must shrink and shudder at the sights and sounds of what was once a country street. Rat-pits and cock-pits, as well as bucket-shops, are here, and they are thronged by recruits from narrow streets and from dark alleys festering with filth. What can check them, and what hope is there for this region, where evil rules and every pestiferous alley and swarming tenement-house holds its quota of defrauded, vicious, and well-nigh hopeless human life?

A step or two farther, and the question is answered. A plain brick building shows itself; a carefully kept walk before it. The wide doors are closed with a spring lock, and on the steps stands a policeman, waiving off the children and half-grown boys who make occasional rushes toward the building and smash its windows by volleys of stones. It is the Water Street Mission; and though the rare soul of its founder has passed on to the larger life for which it waited, his work is still done as he planned at the beginning.

Jerry McAuley, born a thief, and with a lengthening record of crime; a bully, drunkard, and convict!—who does not know his story and the work of the thirteen years in which he laboured for the ward in which he had grown up, and which he left reluctantly for a field hardly less fruitful, in and about Thirty-second Street—the Cremorne Mission? Whoever once entered the plain little chapel on Water Street, holding at most not over four hundred, and looked into the face of the man whose pride and joy it was, believed at once in his deep sincerity. Other converts who had started missions had fallen from grace, and many had known a last state worse than the first; but for Jerry fear had long ago ceased. Beginning fresh out of prison, and in one little room, where he hung out his sign, "Helping Hand for Men," he had gone on till this fruit of his labours had risen as a visible token of what power lies in passionate consecration to the spirit of help.

I will write of it, then, as it was in the days when he came and went there; and all will be true to-day, since nothing has altered, and he could once more take his seat in the arm-chair on the

raised platform with no sense of strangeness. On this platform is a small reading-desk, a piano, a cabinet organ, and a few benches for visitors, who sit facing the audience. Scripture texts hang on the walls, and on each side are two framed cards printed in heavy black letters, "Speakers strictly limited to one minute."

Looking about the audience which has come in quietly, it is hard to believe that this is the Fourth Ward, and that it is made up of ex-convicts, criminals of many orders, and all the baser products of this nineteenth-century civilization. Whatever they may have been, to-day at least finds them new men, and among them all there is not a face that owns worse lines than Jerry's own, or that would be seized upon by the physiognomist with greater avidity as a proof of his most damaging conclusions—a typical bully and ruffian fresh from the hand of Nature, who has chosen forms that do not lie. The frame is tall and firm, with long arms and great hands, which show immense brute strength. The head could hardly be more defective in all that makes possibility for man. The forehead is retreating, the eyes small and deep-set; the nose heavy and projecting, and the wide mouth equally animal and significant. There is a keen and quiet observation that one sees at times on the faces of old convicts who have known every phase of successful crime. It is the look, too, of some powerful animal anticipating attack from a hidden enemy, and certain that its own strength will suffice for any conflict that may come.

This is Jerry, and at the cabinet organ near him sits his wife, a sweet-faced motherly woman, who looks at him with devotion, but also nods and smiles as one and another enter and take what are evidently familiar places. She has played at intervals hymns from the Moody and Sankey collection, to which the feet of the audience keep time as the chapel fills, but as the hands of the clock point to half-past seven she nods again, and a tall man comes up to the desk and says quietly, "Let us pray."

It is an Irish tongue that speaks. There is no rant, no shouting, but an appeal of deepest earnestness that this night many wandering souls may be brought into the waiting fold. "There are some of us that's clane and dacent," he says. "There's more outside that is nayther. Oh, Lord Jesus, that picked me up out of the gutter, pick up them too an' make 'em come to you."

"Bring them in here," he adds, after a moment in which his voice has broken, and he has stood silent, quite powerless to speak. "Bring them in here, an' let us show them the way out o' trouble into peace."

A hymn follows and then a chapter, the story of Blind Bartimeus. The speaker has his own method of pronunciation, but he reads with a reverence so deep that all inclination to smile is destroyed, until he ends with a climax, grotesque, yet full of power:

"An' so ye see that the Lord was willin' to give His time and His mind to any one that would be askin' ayther. I tell yc, dear friends, there's nothin' like it. Joshua commanded the sun and moon to stand still, an' sure 'twas for his own interest he did

it, but Jesus Christ stood still an' spoke to a blind beggar! You'll never get ahead o' that, do what ye will."

Men crept in as he read and talked, some hatless, others without shoes or coat, with matted hair and dirty face, seeming to have come straight from the gutter, each one watched by the deep-set eyes of the occupant of the chair. His time had come, and now he rose slowly and looked about.

"The time's come for experiences," Jerry began. "There's few of you like to have had more than me, but when you start to tell, don't you forget an' run over your minute. There's a deal can be said in a minnte. Cut out the middle an' give us both ends. An' you needn't be afraid to tell the whole. There's no spot in New York where you can tell the worst an' have it so natural not one winks when they hear it. Why, look at me. Clean, ain't I, an' respectable, ain't I, an' happy, as the blindest might see. That's me, an' yet I've been down in the gutter deeper than those fellers over there or one that's here to-night. Yes, that's so. I'd no clothes but an old red shirt thick with dirt, an' a hat that might 'a' lain in an old tar-pot. I've lain on the floor in stale-beer dives an' begged for a drink, an' that head on me, me own mother wouldn't 'a' known me; but for all that an' more the blessed Jesus picked me up an' set me on me feet, an' now I'm tryin' to do the same with them that needs it. Who wouldn't?"

"I've got the same story to tell, and may be even a worse one," said a voice from behind me, and I turned to see the organist stepping forward, her eyes full of pity as one of the drunken men broke into a wail—"O Lord! What's the use?" "Yes, it's the same old story," she went on. "I drank and drank till there was nought left of me but the beast. I was so lost and degraded I don't want to think about it, but even then there was a power that could save me, and it did; and here I am to tell you every one you can't be so far gone but what you can be picked up out of it. The dear, tender Saviour found me, and all I want in the world is to make every one know His power, and have the peace and comfort I have every hour of my life. Now, let's hear what some of the rest think, and if there's any that doubt."

If Lucretia Mott had suddenly arisen, flung down her Quaker bonnet, and announced herself an inveterate drunkard, I could not have been more profoundly amazed. I studied the sweet, steady face, not a line of it bearing any meaning but that of love and cheer and helpfulness, with an even, merry expression about the lips, that smiled involuntary at the unexpected turns of thought and speech from one and another.

Half a dozen spring up at once, and sit down smiling, watching their turn. A flood of experience pours out, some eight or ten occupying not more than five minutes:

"I came in here fresh from a three-years term, and Jesus saved me."

"Fifteen weeks ago to-night I rolled in here so drunk I couldn't stand, and God saved me that very night."

"Eight months ago I was a wicked woman, none but God knows

how wicked, though some here has had a taste of it, and Jesus saved *me*."

Then a woman rose; a markedly Jewish face and the strong accent of the German Jew.

"I bless Gott dat ever I come here. O, my tear friends, how vill I tell you how vicket I vas! So vicket! I schvear, und tell lies, und haf such a demper I trow de dishes at mine husband ven he come to eat. And I hated dem Christians so! I say, dey should be killed efery one. I vould hurt dem if I could. One time a Bible reader she come und gif me a Bible. Ven I see de New Testament, I begin mit mine fingers, und efery day I pinch out de name of Jesus. It take a goot vwhile. Efery day I haf to read so to see de name of Jesus, und efery day I pinch Him out. Den at last it is all out und I am glad. Oh, vwhat shame it makes me now to see dat Bible so! Den mine nusband runs away und leaf me und de five children, und I cannot get vork enough, und ve go hungry. I vas in such drouble. Und one day mine neighbour comes, und she say, 'Come mit me. I go to a nice place.' All de time I remember some vords I read in dat Testament, und dey shtick to me. So I come, but I say, 'I am a Jew, I like not to come.' Dere vas a man, und he say he been a Jew, too, und I could not spit on him; but den I begins to gry, I feels so quecr, und den some one say, 'Come, it vont hurt you to be prayed for,' but I say, 'Go avay mit you, I vill not.' I keep comin'. It seem good, und at last I did understand, und I pray, un' beg eferybody pray. Oh, my sins are so big! I vant to lose dem. I vant to lofe Jesus! I keep prayin' und in one day dey are all gone. Oh, I am so happy. You vill not believe. I do not ever vant to schvear any more. No, not any more. I do not vant to holler und be mad. No, not any more. I do not vant to tell lies. No, not any more. Gott is so goot to me. I could not be vicket any more. Oh, pray for me, and help me to be goot."

At this point an interruption occurred. An old man in a sailor's blue shirt had taken his place among the rougher men near the door,—a man between sixty and seventy, with every mark of long dissipation. His hat was gone, as is often the case, and he had come from across the street barefoot, having pawned his shoes for a final drink. Heavy and gross; his nose bulging with rum-blossoms; his thin white hair gone in patches, like the forlorn mangy white dogs of this locality; trembling with weakness and incipient "horrors," and looking about with twinkling, uncertain blue eyes, he seemed one of the saddest illustrations of what the old Water Street had power to do. His seat had not satisfied him. Once or twice he had changed, and now he arose and stumbled up the aisle to the front, sitting down with a thump, and looking about curiously at the new faces. Jerry eyed him a moment, but apparently decided that the case at present needed no interference. The organ sounded the first notes of "The Sweet By and By," and the old man dropped his head upon his breast and shed a drunken tear. Then looking at Jerry, he said:

"O, dear-r, dear-r, dearie me! Here I be! here I be!" As the

words ended, it seemed to occur to him that, like Mr. Wegg, he had "fallen into poetry unawares," and with great cheerfulness and briskness he repeated his couplet, looking about for approbation. One of the "regulars" came and sat down by him and whispered a few words.

"All right," was the prompt answer, and for a time he remained silent.

Another hymn, "Have you trials and temptations?" was sung, and another man stood up.

"I want to tell you, my friends, salt's salt, an' if the salt you salt with ain't salt, how you goin' to salt it?"

A pause, and the man, flushing deeply, sat down.

"You're tangled up, like, that's all," said Jerry. "I see well enough, you want us to be lively Christians; plenty o' seasonin', and no wishy-washiness. Ain't that it?"

"That's it," said the embarrassed speaker with a smile of relief, and another rose.

"I tell ye a man's passions ride up jest the way his collar does sometimes. You ever fought with your own shirt collar, when a button's off an' it rides up a r' rasps your ears an' skins your neck, an' you'd give half a dollar to keep it down? That's me, an' between tobacco, an' liquor, an' swearin', I tell ye I had more'n I could do. I thought I'd reform on me own hook. I didn't want no hangin' on to somebody's skirts an' goin' into Heaven that way. But I had to come to it. I was jest beaten every time. An' now I hang on, an' the harder I hang the better I get along, an' that's me."

It was a July evening, and doors and windows were all open. I had taken my place at the organ, to relieve for a time Mrs. McAuley, who usually presided. Street sounds mingled with the hymns and testimonies, and the policeman found it all and more than one could do to preserve any degree of order outside. Back of the Mission building is a high tenement-house, the windows overlooking the chapel and within speaking distance. Listening to the speeches of the men, and fanning to bring some breath of coolness into the stifling air, I heard from the upper rooms of this tenement-house the sound of a fierce quarrel. A man and woman were the actors, the man apparently sitting quietly and at intervals throwing out some taunting words, for the woman's voice grew louder and shriller. Then came the crash of breaking furniture; a scream, and the throwing of some heavy piece of iron, probably a stove lid. The door banged furiously, and for a moment there was silence. Then began the snarling, raging cry of demoniac passion; a wild-beast rage that it curdled the blood to hear, interspersed with screams and oaths. No one went to her. The house was well used to such demonstration, and as her fury slackened slightly she leaned from the open window and looked into the chapel. Then followed a volley of oaths.

"Cursèd heretics. Bunch o' liars. I sphit on ye all. Ah, but wouldn't I like to get at the eyes of yees, ye ivery one! An' me fine lady there at the organ! Oh, ye sit there an' fan at yer ease

ye ——, do ye? Think ye could earn yer own livin', —— ye! Comin' down an' sittin' there an' niver carin' a —— if all of us has our hids knocked off! What de ye know about throuble, —— ye? Ah, let me get at ye once, an' I'll tear ye to slithers. I'd slatter ye if I had the handlin' of ye. Turn round, will ye, an' show yer face an' I'll sphit on it."

As the torrent of oaths and abuse went on, so fierce and furious that one instinctively shrunk back, fearing some missile must follow, a child's voice from the room below—a voice not shrill and piercing, like that of many children, but clear, pure, and even—began singing, to the air of "Home, Sweet Home," a hymn learned in the Howard Mission: "Our Father in Heaven, we hallow Thy Name."

The oaths redoubled, the child now being the object of attack, but she did not stop, and each word came distinct and sweet. The man who had risen to speak stood silent. Straight through to the end the little voice sung on. The storm of words above slackened, then ceased, and silence settled down; a silence that seemed the counterpart of that which came upon the wild waves of Galilee when—then as now—the Saviour's voice had power to bring quietness out of the storm.

The men, to whom such horrible scenes were no novelty, continued to narrate their experiences:

"If Heaven had cost me five dollars I couldn't 'a' got there," said another. "I was that ragged an old-clothes man wouldn't 'a' bid on me; no, nor a ragpicker 'a' taken me up on his hook; but here I am. O, I tell ye, anybody can be saved. I said I couldn't be. I was too far gone, but here I am, clean, an' good clothes too. You say you can't be saved. You can be. Jesus took holt of me just the way he saved wretches when he was down here, an' don't you suppose His arm is long enough to reach across eighteen hundred years and get a holt of you? Try it."

"Damned hypocrites, every one of you!" growled a man in the background, and shuffled out, turning to shake his fist as he opened the door.

"There's many a one here has said the same in the beginning," said a young man who had sprung to his feet and stood looking intently about. "I did, for one. I said Jerry McAuley was the biggest liar goin', and a fraud all the way through. 'Twas me was the liar, and I said so when I'd got strength to stop my drinkin' and chewin' and smokin' and keep out o' the gin-mills. I'm clean inside and I'm clean outside now, and I bless the Lord it's so. O, believe, every one o' you."

"He's told the truth!" cried another. "He was a sneak, and I was a rearin', tearin' bully, worse than ten o' him, and here I am now, ashamed yet, but there was forgiveness for me and more like me. Hi, old Padgett! Ain't that so?"

"You'd better believe it is!" and old Padgett rose slowly, the "old" being a term of affection rather than descriptive of his battered yet almost youthful countenance. "It's me that swallowed me wages fast as I could earn 'em, an' me wife the same. I

bumped round here with Jerry before ever he got sent up, an' I wouldn't believe me eyes the night I come in here an' see him clean an' respectable an' heard him tell how it happened. I knelt down here that very night. I wasn't going to lose any time, I can tell ye, but I said to meself, I didn't much believe anythin' would come of it, but somethin' did. I was that shook up I couldn't get to me feet, an' when I got up I said I was done with drink forever. I was, boys. I hain't never been in a gin-mill since, save to pull my wife out, an' it's a hard pull an' a long one she give me before she'd come round to my way o' thinkin'. Here she is, though. Ain't you, Ellen?"

"I am that, praise the Lord," said a little woman, rising suddenly. "I won't go back on his word. He'd give me money to get supper, an' I'd spend it for drink, an' he'd come home an' find me dead drunk on the floor. That's a nice kind of a wife, ain't it? But he never lost patience. I come here a year an' couldn't never seem to understand. I was Catholic, and that made it harder. But one night I heard 'em singin' as I come: 'Light in the darkness, sailor, day is at hand,' an' all at once in it streamed, an' there was sunrise inside o' me. I wanted drink sometimes, I won't deny it, but I said, 'Jesus save me,' an' He did every time. I never get tired sayin' it over an' over."

"Nor none of us," said Jerry, rising slowly. "It's time now to change the meetin' an' see who's tired o' knockin' around an' wants to be saved. There's one down by the door there I'm dead certain of, an' I've got my eye on one just out from a ten-years term. I've been there. Don't you think I'd like to be quiet about it? Well, I ain't goin' to be quiet. A dirty rascal of a thief,—that's what I was, an' I'll tell every time what I had to be saved from. I'd 'a' cut a man's throat for a five-dollar bill an' kicked him overboard. I was a bummer, too, in war-time, an' had plenty o' money, an' rode behind me own fast horse, an' I fought with every one that looked at me the wrong way. The lower I got the more I fought. Head on me like a mop. Big scar across me nose. Wonder I've got a nose at all when I think on all the licks it got. I got that low down I'd hang round the bucket-shops, an' sawdust the floor and clean up the nastiness just for one glass o' bad rum. An' I'd hang round and look at every soul that come in, like a hungry dog, hopin' they'd treat. They'd send me out. 'Come, Jerry, give us a rest. Go out and take a cool-off round the block.' Oh, how mean I'd feel! But I'd come out. I was like as if I'd die, if I didn't get a drink. Many's the time I've slep' in a corner on the street.

"I had a home, too. Want to know what it was like? I'll tell you. It was in a cellar on Front Street. Me an' three men slep' on some foul straw in the corner. Often the tide came in, and we'd wake an' the water well over us an' risin'. We kep' a log there, an' we'd get up on the log an' float 'round till it went down. One night some feller stole the log an' locked the door for fun. The tide was high, an' we were pretty drunk, an' couldn't find the log nor the door neither, an' before we kicked the door down

the water was up to our necks, an' we sober enough, an' scared to death for fear we'd drown.

"Then I had another home. That was the same kind, only I changed me base an' tried a Brooklyn cellar instead of a New York one. There ain't much choice. Oh, wasn't I a dirty rag-shop of a man! You ought to see the home I've got now, right upstairs here. Any of you may go and look that wants to. I tell ye I sit down an' the tears come in me eyes many a time when I see me nice furniture an' carpets, an' everythin' good an' comfortable, an' I think what a thing I was, an' what the Lord gives me now.

"Want to know how I started bein' a drunken bummer? Lemonade with a stick in it. That's the way I begun, an' then I wanted me stick bigger, an' soon I wanted it straight. I tell ye I got to be a deader'n Lazarus, but God lifted me out of that grave an' saved me. None of me people would look at me. I disgraced 'em all. Me suster begged me to clear out an' not bring no more shame on 'em, an' me mother the same. I'd a patch on me nose the year round, an' a black eye, too; sometimes a pair of 'em. Get into a fight an' smash things. Turn off the gas for fun, an' then break chairs an' everythin' else. Get taken up an' off to the station-house. Next morning to the Tombs. 'Ten days, young man.' 'Six months, young man.' Nice kind o' fun, wasn't it?

"Now it's done with, an' the worst of it is I'm most done with, too. I spent the best o' my life in deviltry, an' now, when I want to live an' bring souls to Christ, I've got to go before very long. But as long as I've got a breath I'll say this one thing: that there ain't one of you so far gone but that Jesus will save you an' make a new man of you. I want each man o' you that's tired o' just roughin' it to come up here an' be prayed for. I used to say why did God make me a loafer an' put me in a hell on earth? I've held up me hands an' cursed Him because I was a drunkard an' a thief. But it come over me at last, He hadn't done it. I'd done it *meself*. Where was me common sense?

"There's many come in here that say, 'Oh, I'm too bad. God wouldn't give me a show.' That's a big mistake. God takes what the devil would almost turn up his nose at. I know a man that come in here to lick another for sayin', 'Jesus saves me.' What do you think? Jesus saved that very man himself. He came along lookin' for fight, but the starch was knocked out o' him. He went away that night like a cur in a sack, tremblin' all over, but he's a good man now. Come now, you men over there, an' all o' you, stan' up an' be prayed for. Oh, won't you stan' up an' be prayed for?"

"This loving Saviour stands patiently," sounds from the organ, and all are on their feet as the refrain comes full and clear:

"Calling now to thee, prodigal, calling now to thee;
Thou hast wandered far away, but He's calling now to thee."

The old man in front had listened intently, and rose at once, falling on his knees and covering his face. The bench filled;

another had to be vacated before all could find place. Jerry's face glowed, and so did that of his wife as she led forward the last candidate, a sailor-boy of eighteen or twenty. Both prayed with an intensity of earnestness that no repetition seemed ever able to lessen. Then came the prayer from each one of the kneeling figures, broken by sobs, or murmured so that none could hear, yet fervent and far-reaching beyond any word in their past lives; the first conscious appeal to the mysterious power working in and for them. Then all rose to their places, and Jerry hesitated a moment as he saw the twinkling eyes of the old sailor fixed full upon him, then turned to the other end of the bench. One or two refused to speak, but the majority rose at once, and declared their intention to lead a better life, one man laughing with purest happiness as he said:

"I tell ye, my friends, I can't hardly hold in. I was that down when I come up here I jest wished the floor'd open an' take me in, an' when I said jest now, 'Lord Jesus, do take my wicked soul an' show me how to do different,' seemed like as if a door opened an' I seen sunshine, an' my trouble jest went. Oh, how I feel!"

At last the old man was reached.

"Do you feel you are a great sinner?" asked Jerry, and the whole bench turned, as the answer came with prompt distinctness: "Never sinned in me life."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean what I say. I ain't a thief nor a blackguard. I hain't been in prison. The most I've done ain't much. Mought 'a' told a lee, now an' again; mought 'a' told a lee, but it was for fun. Never sinned in me life."

"Do you want to be saved? Do you believe you can be saved?"

"To be sure, an' why not?" returned the old man, in a high interrogative key, and Jerry, who saw he was too drunk to be responsible, turned to the next candidate, a most hardened-looking man, who had been urged forward, and who had dropped on his knees and burst into tears, burying his face in his arms. Mrs. McAuley had left her place and kneeled beside him. It was a prayer of utter faith that came from her lips, and as she ended and said, "Now let this poor soul pray for himself," the answer seemed already certain.

"Oh, Jesus," said the weeping man, "you know all about it. I'm sick o' my sins. I want to be decent. You can help me. Don't let me get into the mud again."

"I'm too bad to pray," said the next one. "I'm afraid to."

"That's me, too," said his neighbour.

"You're none o' you too bad. There's no such thing as too bad," said Jerry earnestly. "'God be merciful to me a sinner,' is all you want. Try it now, an' you'll see."

His full face turned for a moment toward the group on the platform. Could this be the man whose coarse features carried such seal of all he had revealed himself to be. A glorified face, with tender eyes as ever looked on human pain. A face that had

lost the brute and held only the divine. Such a look means more than years of argument. It is the one thing that can never be assumed. The men who met it held out their hands as if he had power to lift them up, and who shall say he had not? One by one, as they took their places on the bench, avowed their determination to lead a new life, and through the deep stillness that filled the room came murmured "Thank Gods!" from men and women who had known the same bitter repentance and felt the same power at work.

"We'll pray for you," said Jerry. "Keep comin', an' we'll do you good."

Nine o'clock struck. Another hymn, and then all sang together, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow."

Mrs. McAuley had passed down to the door and stood there to shake hands and speak a word of greeting or encouragement. Men flocked about the new converts, offering help. All were chatting like close friends. Jerry stood smiling, but said little. It was plain now, as one looked at him critically, that the long years of indulgence and crime had undermined the powerful constitution, and that disease was at work.

"Every night in the week an' twice for a Sunday," he said to me. "What do you think o' that for a steady diet? It never sickens on me, I can tell you that. For all the sameness it's never the same. Come up an' see the home we've got."

He led the way to the second floor,—a comfortable, prettily furnished flat, exquisitely neat, and full of home-like feeling. In the windows geraniums and heliotropes were growing. Could this be Water Street, and what hint of the foulness in which both had lived was in these faces alight with love and tenderness?

Hundreds of sad, despairing souls have found hope and a new purpose within the walls of the little Mission. Whoever has any curiosity as to a Sunday in Water Street may still hear strange experiences, and find tears and smiles are very near, as one listens. But the empty arm-chair tells its story of a loss hardly to be made up, though often one fancies a familiar presence there, and hears once more the pathetic voice that to the last had only promise and cheer for all alike.

It's wiser being good than bad ;
 It's safer being meek than fierce ;
 It's fitter being sane than mad.
 My own hope is, a sun will pierce
 The thickest cloud earth ever stretched ;
 That, after Last, returns the First,
 Though a wide compass round be fetched :
 That what began best, can't end worst,
 Nor what God blest once, prove accurst.

—*Robert Browning.*

THE LIFE CRUISE OF CAPTAIN BESS ADAMS.

BY JULIA M'NAIR WRIGHT.

CHAPTER XI.—BETWEEN PORTS.

“Since grief, fatigue, and hazards still molest
The wandering vessels of the faithless deep,
Oh! happier now escaped to endless rest,
Than we, who still survive to wake and weep.”

ONLY those who have experienced such losses can know what a loneliness and vacancy the death of Captain Adams made in his little home. The family were drawn nearer together than ever and all thought of further separation seemed terrible. David must go first to his place in Portsmouth. Then the time drew near for the *White Eagle* to put to sea again.

“I can't bear to have you go,” sighed Lucy. “Need it be? We are less in number now, and there has been a little money laid up these few years.”

“A *very* little,” said Bess. “The Scripture bids us be ‘diligent in business,’ and to ‘provide things honest, in the sight of all men.’ Did you never think, Lucy, that if the *Eagle* came to great damage in a storm, what we have laid up would only suffice for our share in her repairs? Though, as to that, we shall hereafter have her well insured. But remember there are many expenses before us. Annie must be taken care of, and by-and-bye she will marry and need her little portion. Kate has taken George, and David does for himself; but Robert must be educated, and that will cost a deal of money. Besides, you and I will grow old, Lucy, and must provide for our old age; and I am sure I ought not to leave the sea until Phil and Jim and Henry can take care of themselves and sail the *White Eagle*.”

“Ah! Bess,” said the minister, coming in, “resolving yourself into a committee of ways and means as usual? Never forget the one presiding Power above all your planning. To work is well, to worry is ill; the day's labour we can endure, but not the anxiety of future results. Be careful for nothing!”

“And don't you think I ought to go to sea?” demanded Bess.

“I feel convinced that you have a mission at sea,” said the minister. “Perhaps it would be hard to sum up the good you have done on shipboard.”

“And if I am to start the boys well in life, I must go on as I have done for a few years more,” said Bess; “for insurances do not cover the full value of ships, and, if our *Eagle* should be lost, it would take all that Master Hastings and ourselves have to get another ship, besides the loss of time.”

The word “lost” set Lucy crying. “Ah! my boys may be lost.”

“Be sure, Lucy,” said Bess, “in any trouble my first care would be for them; and don't forget the words I heard on the wreck of

the *Seabird*—that God is as near on sea as on shore. They've comforted me in many a stormy night. I feel that the Lord is always present in our ship, and that he does care if we perish, although it may not be His plan always to say to the waves: 'Peace, be still.'"

"Men must work and women must weep," said the poet. Bess Adams was one of very many women who have too much work to do to find time for weeping. As for Lucy, she thought it best to keep her tears until the three blue chests were packed and her house was left unto her desolate.

Looking down the long perspective of the past, we fancy we see them now going forth to that "great and wide sea." The lovely September sunlight falls over them—over white-haired Bess in her gown of blue: over the golden-headed striplings on either side her, Phil and Jim—ah! so long ago went forth to sea in boyish joy those other two, Phil Adams and James Wren, of far differing destinies—and over the brown locks and stout shoulders of Henry, glad enough to get back to his beloved *White Eagle*.

The *White Eagle* is the chief interest of Lucky Cove. Thence she gets her officers and her men; there would be wailing in every house if she were lost; there is a festival in every home when she returns. And Bess, who from her recent loss feels more keenly than ever what it is to mourn for the dead, realizes especially now her heavy responsibility with all their lives dependent on her care. She makes a vow within herself that no fault of hers shall bring loss and sorrow to these families who come cheerily to their thresholds to cry, "Good-bye, and God bless you!"

They walked through the village to the "Blue Mackerel," whence Kate's husband was to take them to the stage. Lucy and Annie went with them so far, and the minister and the Dane. The stout son of the North had now seen ninety-three years, and of him was the poet's description true:

"Hearty and hale was Othere:
His cheek had the colour of oak,
With a kind of laugh in his speech,
Like the sea-tide on the beach."

The minister attended upon him like a son, but the proud old Master would never lean upon his ready arm, nor scarcely upon his staff, but held himself erect with a kind of independence good to see. To Bess he seemed nothing less than a true father; and, after she had bidden all good-bye, her heart smote her at the thought of his great age and his loneliness, and she returned again to take Lucy aside and bid her go daily to visit him, and to see that his new servant was not ignorant or neglectful of those many comforts with which the faithful old Christine had surrounded him.

"He will be gone before I return," said Bess with a sigh.

Boston was reached, and the business of getting ready for departure began at once. A light cargo for New York was put in, but mostly in ballast the *White Eagle* ran down to New York, and was there loaded with tobacco.

While here an unforeseen difficulty occurred. Just on the eve of departing from harbour one of the sailors was taken seriously ill, and had to be sent to the hospital; and another disgraced himself by accepting higher wages in a ship in need of skilled hands, and stole away in the night. Bess was compelled to ship two seamen of whose character she knew nothing.

Livorno, or Leghorn, a chief port in Italy, ships three principal commodities to the United States—marble, rags, and pumice-stone. For the last we may thank the agencies that have shaken the world and buried cities; of the second, one can only wonder whence they come. It is true that a heterogenous mass of tatters flutters from all Italy's beggars. But how and when do they moult one covering of fragments in favour of the rag collectors, and appear in another? However that is, through the streets of Livorno move frequent processions of waggons, piled high with prodigious bales of rags.

But the marble? Ah! that is a better theme. Quarried in the long, swelling line of the Carrara Mountains, the mighty, snowy cubes are hurled crashing to the bottom of the range, and are thence carried to the sea. An enormous waste and damage is the result of such treatment, yet the ships daily receive beautiful and flawless masses, such as Michael Angelo and all the great sculptors before and since his time, have made pilgrimages to Carrara to procure.

For such a lading of marble, rags, and pumice-stone, did the *White Eagle* cross the seas, having her hold crowded full of hogsheads of tobacco. The voyage was longer than common; winds were baffling, or the sails hung idly against the mast, while all nature seemed asleep. Eighty days passed before the long swells of the swollen Atlantic were crossed, the narrow Straits of Gibraltar had delivered them to the shining beauty of the Mediterranean Sea, they had seen Genoa the Superb, seated empress-like on her heathy hills, and entered at last the pleasant port guarded by Monte Nero.

But as the ship came in sight of Leghorn there was a gloom on the heart of Captain Bess Adams. The two sailors shipped at New York had given signs of insubordination from the first day out. The prayers and the Sabbath services had aroused their bitter disdain. More than once or twice had oakum-picking and mast-heading been the reward of transgressing the ship's law against swearing; and the night before leaving Genoa they had broken over rule altogether, and taken the occasion of leave on shore to get drunk and disorderly, in this condition returning on ship, and being shut up to recover themselves, by John Porter. But here the matter was not to end. Bess Adams felt keenly that entire subordination was needful on the *White Eagle*, above all ships. To resolve with her was to act; she had at once posted at Genoa, in the last hour of her stay there, a note to the captain of police for Leghorn harbour, to send officers with the pilot's boat to the *White Eagle* to make an arrest. Not one word had been addressed to the offenders concerning their misdemeanour, and

as the *White Eagle* lay to, waiting for the pilot, they were securely planning further breach of "Methodist discipline."

When the pilot and the officers came aboard, Bess ordered all hands piped forward, and addressed her crew: "I have to regret in this voyage the first insubordination and transgression of orders which have ever occurred on the *White Eagle*. There are but two men on this deck whom I cannot thank for years of hearty and obedient service. Hitherto I have had friends, not enemies, in my crew. Nelson and Moore! step forward. You fully understood the regulations enforced on the *White Eagle* when you shipped with me. In all things as a captain I have done my duty to you, but you have flagrantly failed in your duty to me. I put you in the hands of the harbour police. Officers, do your duty." She motioned to the culprits, who were at once handcuffed and removed to the aft part of the ship.

The pilot and officers had not understood one word of these remarks, except the last order, but they had been deeply impressed with the earnest gravity of Bess Adams' speech and the respect with which it had been heard.

When the vessel dropped anchor inside the mole, Nelson and Moore were conveyed in a small boat to the harbour prison, a sort of ark, moored apart from the shipping, for the reception of refractory seamen.

Three weeks was the time allotted for lying in port at Leghorn, and the lighters were at once busy around the ship, stowing the new cargo.

Amid all her business in the care of watching the proper stowage of cargo, refilling the water-tanks, taking on fresh provision, giving each man as much liberty as was just, and then seeing it suitably used, Bess had yet time to be careful for Jim, who seemed quite wild to be on shore after his longest voyage.

The ship-chandler's was the greatest cause of her anxiety, and Phil's guardianship was her greatest hope. Everywhere in the city, wine was much more freely drunk than water; and the chandler kept a den behind his shop, where he liberally served out liquors much stronger than the light, sour wine of Italy.

The ship entered harbour on a Thursday, and the second Thursday thereafter was looked to by Bess as a white day—not because matters were progressing most beautifully in the stowing of the cargo, but it was always a white day to her when she could do any good, and on this occasion she was about to compensate herself for the severity she had been obliged to use toward offenders.

At five o'clock Nelson and Moore were returned to the ship by the police officers, and the next step, according to marine custom, would have been their dismissal from the ship without wages. As may be imagined, the culprits reported upon the quarter-deck with sullen faces.

"Nelson and Moore," said Captain Bess Adams frankly, "I delivered you to the harbour police, not from any ill-will, but from duty to myself as a captain, to you, who must learn not to

offend again, and to the rest of my men, who must see law honoured. I am well aware that you have felt that my authority might be more lightly esteemed than that of other captains, and that discipline on this ship would not be as rigidly vindicated as in ordinary. I believe you are not bad fellows in the main, but you are evidently below the standard of morals and manners required on the *White Eagle*. I might mention that you are not up to the mark of chivalry and honest manhood which particularly distinguishes my crew. You are aware that you have forfeited your wages. But you have wives and children, and for their sakes I pay you every penny due. Moreover, I have secured berths for you on other ships—you, Nelson, will go to the *Mora*; and, Moore, you are to take your place on the *Richards*. Mr. Porter will see you safe aboard these ships, and pay your wages to your respective captains, to be given to you when you reach port, with your other wages. For the money so paid you will have a receipt; and let me beg you, as a friend, not to spend one cent of it on the whiskey that will surely ruin you. Keep it for your families, and may you be better men!"

By no rules of romance can we make it appear just, that, within two hours after Bess had dealt so kindly with her sinners, her heart should be torn by having Jim sent over with some other parcels from the chandler's—"drunk and incapable!" We say *other parcels*, because he was as inert and unconscious as the parcels, and was carried on deck in the same manner that they were. Jim was put in his hammock, and all the honest hearts on the ship understood their Captain's feelings; and there was a great silence on the *White Eagle* all that evening.

Yet there were some curious whispers in the fore-castle: Wonder what the cap'n will do about it?"

"The cap'n will do right in the fear of the Lord," said Tom Epp.

After breakfast Master Jim was summoned to the cabin. Bess sat there alone.

"James," she said quietly, "there are times when I must cease to regard you as a brother, and consider you solely in your position as a seaman on the *White Eagle*. On this ship you have had many immunities and privileges because you are young and my brother, and because this ship is in part owned by us as a family, and therefore you are a sharer in it. But in the matter of discipline all must be treated alike. I cannot stand before my crew and adjust punishments for breach of discipline with a partial hand. No man on board can transgress with impunity the rules of the *White Eagle*. All other thought but justice must be set aside. I now sink the sister in the captain. I have sent for the officers, and they will take you to the harbour prison for the week that remains until we sail."

Jim heard as one stunned; but Bess bent her head on her hands, and did not look at him. John Porter came down and touched his arm to beckon him to the deck, and in less than two minutes poor Jim was handcuffed and on his way to the floating jail.

Then the sister began to cry over what the captain had done.

But how often had not her father told her that she, of all others, must maintain rigid discipline and strict temperance on her ship! Marline-spike arguments there were not; but authority never flinched a hair's breadth.

On the day of sailing Jim was returned upon the *White Eagle*. Bess, watching for his coming, met him with the greatest cordiality; Mr. Porter and the second officer shook hands with him as if he had only been away on an excursion; and Phil, locking arms with him, walked up and down, talking of the wind, the cargo, and the probabilities of the voyage home. After this they went down to dinner with Bess and the officers in the cabin, and all tried to show this sheep, who was growing blacker, that they had quite forgiven him.

The *White Eagle* weighed anchor, and under a good wind went swiftly out of port.

Jim had preserved the greatest sulkiness, but at twilight Bess sent Phil to tell him to come to her. John Porter was keeping the watch, and Bess had Jim sit down by her apart from others' hearing. She laid her hand on his arm.

"I am sorry you feel unkindly toward me, Jim, for doing that which I felt to be a duty, not only toward you, but to the rest of the men. Believe me, to condemn you and send you away was quite as hard for me as for you."

"I'll believe no such a thing," retorted Jim. "You treated me in a most tyrannical manner, and I won't stand it. I don't forget that I'm your brother and part owner in this ship, if you do."

"Tell me," said Bess, subduing all wrath, "did not I do right by Nelson and Moore?"

"That's a different thing," said Jim, who could not stultify himself by declaring *their* punishment unjust. "But I ought to have different treatment."

"No," said Bess, firmly, "not when you commit the same error."

"You needn't talk to me in that way," said Jim. "I have a *right* here, and am not to be sent off like a common hand. I own part of the ship."

"You reiterate that," said Bess calmly; "but do you not remember what the Scripture says, that 'the heir so long as he is a child differeth nothing from a servant, though he be lord of all, but is under tutors and governors?' And now let me ask you, James, do you realize the great offence you have committed against God, that you have degraded to a brutish level that body which He formed to be the temple of the Holy Ghost, and in perverting and then stupefying those moral faculties which He gave to guide you? Against your comrades you have sinned greatly in setting a bad example; against me, as your sister, who have also filled a parent's place, in so deeply grieving me; and against me, as a faithful captain, in disturbing the peace of my ship, and rebelling against those laws which I made for the good and safety of those under my command. Besides, James, they are our good father's laws, for they were formed according to his express wishes, and he constantly charged me to uphold them. More than your sin,

which might have been a hasty act, your settled impenitence grieves me."

"Others did as badly many times before me, and will many times after me," said Jim, stolidly. "I want to know if you mean to try this game with me again?"

"Let us feel sure that by God's grace you will not so offend again?"

"But suppose I did, what then?" said Jim, angrily.

"I shall never be afraid to do my duty," said Bess, calmly.

"We'll see, we'll see!" shouted the young rebel.

"Hush," said Bess, firmly, "you are speaking too loudly. I have held this conversation with you, not as a captain, but as a sister who, having watched over you all your life, has hoped very many good things for and of you; and, please God, I will yet hope them. But you are not ready to converse in a reasonable manner, so I leave you, hoping that you will come to a better mind."

Contrary to expectation, Jim, who had overmuch of the evil spirit of his luckless grandfather, preserved his ill-will in spite of the constant kindness of those about him, and the exhortations and remonstrances of Phil and Tom Epp.

The *White Eagle* had had an order for Alicante for currants, to be obtained either on the outward or homeward voyage. Coming out, the wind, after so many calms or baffling airs, had proved excellent after leaving Gibraltar, and Bess had hurried her vessel on to get in advance of some other ships in securing the services of the port lighters; for in Livorno the ships do not lie at a wharf, but at some distance from shore, and must be loaded or unloaded by lighters. The stop at Alicante must be now made, and was to be of but two days' duration.

The business was quickly performed, but just on the eve of sailing Jim was found to be missing. Vexed to her heart that he had gone ashore without leave, Bess dispatched Tom Epp to look for him. After an hour Phil joined the search. The signal of departure was flying at the mast-head; the wind and tide that should have served them was being lost. For any other sailor Bess would not have tarried; but how could she trust this boy alone in a foreign land? Mr. Porter set himself to look for the stray one, and called in the aid of the authorities. The search continued all night. Bess was nearly distracted. Was Jim drowned—"gone to his account with all his imperfections on his head?" Had he been killed in some tavern brawl with these hot-headed Spaniards?

All next day searching still.

At last a boatman was found who was said to know something of the affair. Being carefully interrogated through an interpreter, he stated that he had taken an English-speaking lad to a vessel just about leaving the harbour; he had been during the previous afternoon to several vessels, and whether he took this boy to an English or a French ship he could not tell. He thought he was a sailor belonging on board her.

The *White Eagle* could not delay indefinitely; after forty-eight

hours' looking for the lost, the matter was put in the hands of the consular agent, who was to provide for the lad and return him to New York if he appeared; and then the *White Eagle* left Alicante with a gloom spread over all on board, and Bess herself being especially heavy at heart.

"Depend on it," said John Porter, "he's run away to get more liberty. Let him have his fling; he'll find that wild-oat sowing and reaping are anything but pleasant; and he will realize before long how well off he has been here. Then we'll see Master Jim back in a better frame of mind."

What could Bess do? How could she send this sad news to Lucy? It was equally hard either to believe the boy dead or so vicious that he had run away to get greater opportunities of ill-doing. The voyage seemed very long, Bess was so anxious to get to port and look for her runaway. They spoke two or three ships on the passage, and reported the loss of Jim and the desire to have him returned to the *White Eagle*.

At last they reached New York, and Tom Epp was detailed for the special duty of searching for Jim. Bess also wrote of all that had happened to the minister, and asked him to break the news to Lucy as gently as possible, and make search for Jim all about Lucky Cove. David was also written to at Portsmouth, and requested to prosecute inquiries there.

The second officer, a good fellow from the Cove, went to Philadelphia looking for Jim, but his search was fruitless; and as this loss seemed to wear greatly on the captain, giving her a pained, anxious look, the memory of the delinquent came to be thoroughly execrated, and both Tom Epp and the second officer were ready, if they saw him, to lay hands on him both suddenly and violently.

Lucy was quite sure her son was dead. She *knew* that he could not have run away from a ship containing his sister and two brothers. She was very certain that he had been drowned or murdered.

There was plenty of business besides looking for Jim. The cargo was taken out of the *White Eagle*, and then equal was the bustle and stir above and below, getting in a lading of wheat to be conveyed direct to London. Bess was very thankful for an opportunity of going to London; she was sure of finding her runaway there. He was not likely to stay on a French ship, even if he had first gone to one; and she thought the wonderful centre of the world's commerce most likely to attract one alike restless in body and mind.

Having made pretty sure, during a month in New York, that Jim was not at that port, Bess rejoiced when the anchor was weighed, and the ship was passing swiftly out of the beautiful harbour, losing the white line of the New Jersey coast, and flying toward England before a breeze that filled all her canvas.

THE SQUIRE OF SANDAL-SIDE.

BY AMELIA E. BARR.

CHAPTER XI.—SANDAL AND SANDAL.

NEXT morning very early, Stephen had a letter from Charlotte. He was sitting at breakfast with Ducie when the rector's boy brought it; and it came, as great events generally come, without any premonition or heralding circumstance. Ducie was pouring out coffee; and she went on with her employment, thinking not of the letter Stephen was opening. An angry exclamation from Stephen made her lift her eyes to his face. "My word, Stephen, you are put out! What's to do?"

"Julius has turned Mrs. Sandal and Charlotte from house and home, yesterday afternoon. They are at the rectory. I am going, mother."

"Stop a moment, Steve. This is now my affair."

Stephen looked at his mother with amazement. Her countenance, her voice, her whole manner, had suddenly changed. An expression of angry purpose was in her wide-open eyes and firm mouth, as she asked, "Can you or Jamie, or any of the men, drive me to Kendal?"

"To-day?"

"I want to leave within an hour."

"The rain down-pours; and it is like to be worse yet, if the wind does not change."

"If it were ten times worse, I must to Kendal. I am much to blame that I have let weather stop me so far and so long. While Dame Nature was busy about her affairs, I should have been minding mine. Deary me, deary me!"

"If you are for Kendal, then I will drive. The cart-road down the fell is too bad to trust you with anyone but myself. Can we stop a moment at the rectory on our road?"

"We can stop a goodish bit. I have a deal to say to the parson. Have the tax-cart ready in half an hour; things are past waiting for now."

In twenty minutes Ducie was ready. The large cloak and hood of the Daleswoman wrapped her close. She was almost indistinguishable in its folds. The rector met her with a little irritation. It was very early to be disturbed, and he thought her visit would refer, doubtless, to some trivial right between her son and Charlotte Sandal; besides which, he had made up his mind to discuss the Sandal affairs with no one.

But Ducie had spoken but a few moments before a remarkable change took place in his manner. He was bending eagerly forward, listening to her half-whispered words with the greatest interest and amazement. As she proceeded, he could scarcely control his emotion; and very soon all other expressions were lost in one of a satisfaction that was almost triumph.

"I will keep them here until you return," he answered; "but let me tell you, Ducie, you have been less quick to do right than I thought of you."

"The fell has been a hard walk for an old woman, the cart-road nearly impassable until this rain washed away the drifts; but I did not neglect my duty altogether, neither, parson. Moser was written to six weeks since, and he has been at work. Maybe, after all, no time has been lost. I'll away now, if you will call Stephen. Don't let Mrs. Sandal 'take on' more than you can help;" and, as Stephen lifted the reins, "You think it best to bring all here?"

"Far away best. God speed you!" He watched them out of sight,—his snowy hair and strong face and black garments making a vivid picture in the misty, drippy doorway,—and then, returning to his study, he began his daily walk up and down its carpeted length, with a singularly solemn elation.

After a while he went up-stairs and talked with Mrs. Sandal and Charlotte. They were much depressed and very anxious, and had what Charlotte defined "a homeless feeling." "But you must be biddable, Charlotte," said the rector; "you must remain here until Stephen returns. Ducie had business that could not wait, and who but Stephen should drive her? When he comes back, we will all look to it. You shall not be very long out of your own home; and, in the meantime, how welcome you are here!"

"It seems such a weary time, sir; so many months that we have been in trouble."

"It was all night long, once, with some tired, fearful ones 'toiling in rowing;' but in the fourth watch came Christ and help to them. It is nigh hand—the 'fourth watch'—with you; so be cheerful."

Yet it was the evening of the sixth day before Ducie and Stephen returned. It was still raining heavily, and Ducie only waited a moment or two at the rectory gate. Charlotte was amazed to see the old clergyman hasten through the plashing shower to speak to her. "Surely Ducie's business must have a great deal of interest to the rector, mother: he has gone out to speak to her, and such weather too."

"Ducie was always a favourite with him. I hope, now that her affairs have been attended to, ours may receive some care."

Charlotte answered only by a look of sympathy. It had seemed to her a little hard that their urgent need must wait upon Ducie's business; that Stephen should altogether leave them in their extremity; that her anxious inquiries and suggestions, her plans and efforts about their new home, should have been so coldly received, and so positively put aside until Ducie and Stephen came back. And she had a pang of jealousy when she saw the rector, usually so careful of his health, hasten with slippered feet and uncovered head, through the wet, chilling atmosphere, to speak to them.

He came back with a radiant face, however, and Charlotte could hear him moving about his study; now rolling out a grand march

of musical Greek syllables from Homer or Euripides, anon breaking into some familiar verse of Christian song. And, when tea was served, he went up-stairs for the ladies, and escorted them to the table with a manner so beaming and so happily predictive that Charlotte could not but catch some of its hopeful spirit.

Just as they sat down to the tea-table, the wet, weary travellers reached Up-Hill. With a sigh of pleasure and content, Ducie once more passed into its comfortable shelter; and never had it seemed to her such a haven of earthly peace. Her usually placid face bore marks of strong emotion; she was physically tired; and Stephen was glad to see her among the white fleeces of his grandfather's big chair, with her feet outstretched to the blazing warmth of the fire, and their cosy tea-service by her side. Always reticent with him, she had been very tryingly so on their journey. No explanation of it had been given; and he had been permitted to pass his time among the looms in Ireland's mill, while she and the lawyer were occupied about affairs to which even his signature was not asked.

As they sat together in the evening, she caught his glance searching her face tenderly; and she bent forward, and said, "Kiss me, Stephen, my dear lad. I have seen this week how kind and patient, how honourable and trustful, thou art. Well, then, the hour has come that will try thy love to the uttermost. But wise or unwise, all that has been done has been done with good intent, and I look for no word to pain me from thy mouth. Stephen, what is thy name?"

"Stephen Latrigg."

"Nay, but it isn't."

Stephen blushed vividly; his mother's face was white and calm. "I would rather be called Latrigg than—the other name, than by my father's name."

"Has any one named thy father to thee?"

"Charlotte told me what you and she said on the matter. She understood his name to be Pattison. We were wondering if our marriage could be under my adopted name, that was all, and things like it."

Ducie was watching his handsome face as he spoke, and feeling keenly the eager deprecation of pain to herself, mingling with the natural curiosity about his own identity, which the cloud upon his early years warranted. She looked at him steadily, with eyes shining brightly through tears.

"Your name is not Pattison, neither is it Latrigg. When you marry Charlotte Sandal, it must be by your own true name; and that is Stephen Sandal."

"Stephen Sandal, mother?"

"Yes. You are the son of Launcelot Sandal, the late squire's eldest brother."

"Then, mother, then I am— What am I, mother?"

"You are squire of Sandal-Side and Torver. No living man but you has a right to the name, or the land, or to Seat-Sandal."

"I should have known this before, mother."

"I think not. We had, father and I, what we believed good reasons, and kind reasons, for holding our peace. But times and circumstances have changed; and, where silence was once true friendship and kindness, it is now wrong and cruelty. Many years ago, Stephen, when I was young and beautiful, Launcelot Sandal loved me. And my father and Launcelot's father loved each other as David and Jonathan loved. They were scarcely happy apart; and not even to please the proud mistress Charlotte, would the squire loosen the grip of heart and hand between them. But your father was more under his mother's influence: proud lad as he was, he feared her; and when she discovered his love for me, there was such a scene between them as no man will go through twice in his lifetime. I have no excuse to make for marrying him secretly except the old, old one, Stephen. I loved him, loved him as women have loved, and will love, from the beginning to the end of time."

"Dear mother, there was no wrong in that. But why did you let the world think you loved a man beneath you? an uneducated shepherd like my reputed father? That wronged not only you, but those behind and those after you."

"We were afraid of many things, and we wished to spare the friendship between our fathers. There were many other reasons, scarcely worth repeating now."

"And what became of the shepherd?"

"He was not Cumberland born. He came from the Cheviot Hills, and was always fretting for the border life: so he gladly fell in with the proposal your father made him. One summer morning he said he was going to herd the lambs on Latrigg Fell, but he went to Egremont. Your father had gone there a week before; but he came back that night, and met me at Ravenglass. We were married in Egremont church, by Parson Sallafield, and went to Whitehaven, where we lived quietly and happily for many a week. Pattison witnessed our marriage, and then, with gold in his pocket took the border road. He went to Moffat and wed the girl he loved, and has been shepherding on Loch Fell ever since."

"He is alive, then?"

"He is at the Salutation Inn at Ambleside to-night. So, also, is Parson Sallafield, and the man and woman with whom we staid in Whitehaven, and in whose house you were born and lived until your fourth year. They are called Chisholm, and have been at Up-Hill many times."

"I remember them."

"And I did not intend that they should forget you."

"I have always heard that Launcelot Sandal was drowned."

"You have always heard that your father was drowned? That was near by the truth. While in Whitehaven, he wrote his brother Tom, who was living and doing well in India. When his answer came, we determined to go to Calcutta; but I was not in a state of health fit for such a journey as that then was. So it was decided that your father should go first, and get a home ready

for me. He left in the *Lady Liddel*, and she was lost at sea. Your father was in an open boat for many days, and died of exhaustion."

"Who told you so, mother?"

"The captain lived to reach home again, and he brought me his watch and ring and last message. He never saw your face, my lad, he never saw your face."

A silence of some minutes ensued. Ducie had long ceased to weep for her dead loye, but he was unforgotten. Her silence was not oblivion: it was a sanctuary where the lights were burning round the shrine, over which the wings of affection were folded.

"When my father was gone, then you came back to Up-Hill?"

"No: I did not come back until you were in your fourth year. Then my mother died; and I brought you home. At the first moment you went straight to your grandfather's heart; and that night, as you lay asleep upon his knee I told him the truth, as I tell it to you this night. And he said to me, 'Ducie, things have settled a bit lately. The squire has got over his trouble about Launcie; and young William is the acknowledged heir, and the welcome heir. He is going to marry Alice Morecombe at the long last, but it will make a big difference if Launcelot's son steps in where nobody wants him. 'Now, then,' he said, 'I will tell thee a far better way. We will give this dear lad my own name, none better in old Cumbria; and we will save gold, and we will make gold, to put it to the very front in the new times that are coming. And he will keep my name on the face of the earth, and so please the great company of his kin behind him. And it will be far better for him to be the top-sheaf of the Latriggs, than to force his way into Seat-Sandal, where there is neither love nor welcome for him.'

"And I thought the same thing, Stephen; and after that, our one care was to make you happy, and to do well to you. That you were a born Sandal, was a great joy to him, for he loved your father and your grandfather; and, when Harry came, he loved him also, and he liked well to see you two on the fells together. Often he called me to come and look at you going off with your rods or guns; and often he said, 'Both fine lads, Ducie, but our Steve is the finer.'"

"Oh, mother, I cannot take Harry's place! I love Harry, and I did not know how much until this hour"—

"Stop a bit, Stephen. When Harry grew up, and went into the army, your grandfather wasn't so satisfied with what he had done. 'Here's a fine property going to sharpers and tailors and Italian singing-women,' he used to say; and he felt baddish about it. And yet he loved Squire William, as he had loved his father, and Mistress Alice and Harry and Sophia and Charlotte; why, he thought of them like his own flesh and blood. And he could not bear to undo his kindness. And he could not bear to tell Squire William the truth, for he knew well that he would undo it. So one day he sent for Lawyer Moser; and the two of them together found out a plan that seemed fair, for both Sandal and Latrigg.

"You were to remain Stephen Latrigg, unless it was to ward off wrong or ruin in Sandal-Side. But if ever the day came when Sandal needed Latrigg, you were to claim your right, and stand up for Sandal. Such a state of things has Harry brought about, my father never dreamed of. He would not have been able to think of a man selling away his right to a place like Seat-Sandal; and among all the villians he ever knew, or heard tell of, he couldn't have picked out one to lead him to such a villian as Julius Sandal. So, you see, he left no special directions for such a case, and I was a bit feared to move in too big a hurry; and, maybe, I was a bit of a coward about setting every tongue in Sandal-Side talking about me and my bygone days.

"But, when the Squire died, I thought from what Charlotte told me of the Julius Sandals, that there would have to be a change; and when I saw your grandfather sorting the papers for me, and heard that Mrs. Alice and Charlotte had been forced to leave their home, I knew that the hour for the change had struck, and that I must be about the business. Moser was written to soon after he funeral of Squire William. He has now all the witnesses and papers ready. He is at Ambleside with them, and to-morrow morning they will have a talk with Mr. Julius at Seat-Sandal."

"I wonder where Harry Sandal is."

"After you, comes Harry. Your grandfather did not forget him. There is a provision in the will, which directs, that if, for any cause not conceivable by the testator, Harry Sandal must resign in favour of Stephen Sandal, then the land and money devised to you, as his heir, shall become the property of Harry Sandal. In a great measure you would only change places, and that is not a very hard punishment for a man who cared so little for his family home as Harry did. So you see, Stephen, you must claim your rights in order to give Harry his."

The facts of this conversation opened up endlessly to the mother and son, and hour after hour it was continued without any loss of interest. But the keenest pleasure his new prospects gave Stephen referred itself to Mrs. Sandal and Charlotte. He could now re-instate them in their old home and in their old authority in it. For the bright visions underneath his eyelids, he could not sleep,—visions of satisfied affection, and of grief and humiliation crowned with joy and happiness and honour.

It had been decided that Stephen should drive his mother to the rectory in the morning, and there they were to wait the result of Moser's interview with Julius. The dawning came up with sunshine; the storm was over, the earth lay smiling in that "clear shining after rain," which is so exhilarating and full of promise. The sky was as blue, the air as fresh, fell and wood, meadow and mountain, as clean and bright as if they had just come new from the fingers of the Almighty. Ducie was handsomely dressed in dark violet-coloured satin, and Stephen noticed with pride how well her rich clothing and quiet, dignified manner became her; while Ducie felt even a greater pride in the stately, handsome

young man who drove her with such loving care down Latrigg Fell that eventful morning.

Julius was at breakfast when the company from Ambleside were shown into the Master's room in Seat-Sandal. The Lawyer sent in his card; and Julius, who knew him well, was a trifle annoyed by the visit. "It will be about your mother's income, Sophia," he said, as he viciously broke the egg he was holding; "now mind, I am not going to yield one inch."

"Why should you, Julius? I am sure we have been blamed and talked over enough. We can never be popular here."

"We don't want to be popular here. When we have refurnished the house, we will bring our company from Oxford and London and elsewhere. We will have fine dinners and balls, hunting-parties and fishing-parties; and, depend upon it, we shall very soon have these shepherd lords and gentlemen begging for our favour."

"Oh, you don't know them, Julius! They would not break bread with us if they were starving."

"Very well. What do I care?"

He finished his breakfast in a sulky, leisurely fashion, to such reflections as they evoked. Then, with a cigar in his mouth, he went to the Master's room to see Moser. He had been told that other parties were there also, but he did not surmise their business was identical. Yet he noticed the clergyman on entering, and appeared inclined to attend to his request first; but as he courteously waved his claim away, and retired to the other end of the room, Julius said curtly,—

"Well, Mr. Moser, good-morning, sir."

The lawyer was pretending to be absorbed in the captions of the papers in his hand, for he was offended at being kept waiting so long: "As if a bite of victuals was of more ado than business that could bring Matthew Moser all the road from Kendal."

"Good-morning, Mr. Sandal."

The omission of "Squire," and the substitution of "Mr.," annoyed Julius very much, though he had not a suspicion of the lawyer's errand; and he corrected the mistake with a bland smile on his lips, and an angry light in his eyes. Moser, in reply, selected one particular paper, and put it into the hand of Julius.

"Acting for Squire Sandal, I would be a middling bad sort of a lawyer to give you his name. Eh?"

"You are talking in riddles, sir."

"Eh! But I always read my riddles, Mr. Sandal. I am here to take possession of house and land, for the real heir of Sandal-Side."

"I bought his right, as you know very well. You have Harry Sandal's own acknowledgement."

"Eh? But you see, Harry Sandal never had a penny-worth of right to sell. Launcelot Sandal left a son, and for him I am acting. Eh?"

"Launcelot Sandal was drowned. He never married."

"Eh, but he did!—Parson Sellafeld, what do you say about that?"

"I married him on July 11, 18—, at Egremont Church. There," pointing to Matt Pattison, "is the witness. Here is a copy of the license and the 'lines.' They are signed, 'Launcelot Sandal' and 'Ducie Latrigg.'"

"Confusion!"

"Eh? No, no! There's not a bit of confusion, Mr. Sandal. It is all as clear as the multiplication table, and there is nothing clearer than that. Launcelot Sandal married Ducie Latrigg; they had one son, Stephen Sandal, otherwise known as Stephen Latrigg: proofs all ready, sir, not a link missing, Mr. Sandal. When will you vacate? The squire is inclined to be easy with you, and not to back-reckon, unless you force him to do so."

"This is a conspiracy, Moser."

"Conspiracy! Eh? Ugly word, Mr. Sandal. An actionable word, I may say."

"It is a conspiracy. You shall hear from me through some respectable lawyer."

"In the meantime, Mr. Sandal, I have taken, as you will see, the proper legal steps to prevent you wasting any more of the Sandal revenues. Every shilling you touch now, you will be held responsible for. Also," and he laid another paper down, "you are hereby restrained from removing, injuring, or in any way changing, or disposing of, the present furniture of the Seat. The squire insists specially on this direction, and he kindly allows you seven days to remove your private effects. A very reasonable gentleman is Squire Sandal."

Without further courtesies they parted; and the deposed squire locked the room-door, lifted the various documents, and read them with every sense he had. Then he went to Sophia; and at that hour he was almost angry with her, although he could not have told how, or why, such a feeling existed. When he opened the door of the parlour, her first words were a worry over the non-arrival, by mail, of some floss-silks, needful in the bird's-nest she was working for a fire-screen.

"They have not come, Julius," she cried, with a face full of inquiry and annoyance.

"They? Who?"

"The flosses for my bird's-nest. The eggs must be in white floss."

"The bird's nest can go to Jericho, or Calcutta, or into the fire. We are ordered to leave Seat-Sandal in seven days."

"I would not be so absurd, Julius, so unfeeling, so ungentlemanly."

"Well, then, my soul," and he bowed with elaborate grace, "Stephen Latrigg, squire of Sandal-Side, orders us to leave in seven days. Can you be ready?"

She looked into the saue, mocking, inscrutable face, shrugged her shoulders, and began to count her stitches. Julius had many varieties of ill-humour. She regarded this statement only as a new phase of his temper; but he soon undeceived her. With a pitiless exactness he went over his position, and, in doing so, made the hopelessness of his case as clear to himself as it was to others.

And yet he was determined not to yield without a struggle; though, apart from the income of Sandal, which he could not reach, he had little money and no credit.

The story, with all its romance of attachment, and its long trial of faithful secrecy, touched the prejudices and the sympathies of every squire and shepherd between Duddon and Esk and Windermere. Stephen came to his own, and they received him with open arms. But for Julius, there was not a "seat" in the Dales, nor a cottage on the fells, no, nor a chair in any of the local inns, where he was welcome. He stood his social excommunication longer than could have been expected; and, even at the end, his surrender was forced from him by the want of money, and the never-ceasing laments of Sophia. She was clever enough to understand from the first, that fighting the case was simply "indulging Julius in his temper;" and she did not see the wisdom of spending what little money they had in such a gratification.

"You have been caught in your own trap, Julius," she said aggravatingly. "Very clever people often are. It is folly to struggle. You had better ask Stephen to pay you back the ten thousand pounds. I think he ought to do that. It is only common honesty."

But Stephen had not the same idea of common honesty as Sophia had. He referred Julius to Harry.

"Harry, indeed! Harry who is in New York making ducks and drakes of your money, Julius,— trying to buy shares and things that he knows no more of than he knows of Greek. It's a shame!" and Sophia burst into some genuine tears over the reflection.

Still the idea, on a less extravagant basis, seemed possible to Steve. He began to think that it would be better to compromise matters with the Julius Sandals; better to lose a thousand pounds, or even two thousand pounds, if, by doing so, he could at once restore Mrs. Sandal and Charlotte to their home. And he was on the point of making a proposition of this kind, when it was discovered that Julius and his wife had silently taken their departure.

"It is a hopeless fight against destiny," said Julius, "When the purse is empty, any cause is weak. I have barely money to take us to Calcutta, Sophia. It is very disagreeable to go there, of course; but my father advised this step, and I shall remind him of it. He ought, therefore, to re-arrange my future. It is hard enough for me to have lost so much time carrying out his plans. And I should write a letter to your mother before you go, if I were you, Sophia. It is your duty. She ought to have her cruel behaviour to you pointed out to her."

Sophia did her duty. She wrote a very clever letter, which really did make both her mother and sister wretchedly uncomfortable. Charlotte held it in her hand with a heartache, wondering whether she had indeed been as envious and unjust and unkind as Sophia felt her to have been; and Mrs. Sandal buried her face in her sofa pillow, and had a cry over her supposed partiality and

want of true motherly feeling. "They had been so misunderstood Julius and she, she feared; and they were being driven to a foreign land, a deadly foreign land because Charlotte and Stephen had raised against them a social hatred they had not the heart to conquer. If they defended themselves, they must accuse those of their own blood and house, and they were not mean enough to do such a thing as that. Oh, no! Sophia Sandal had always done her duty, and always would do it forever." And broad statements are such confusing, confounding things, that for one miserable hour the mother and sister felt as mean and remorseful as Sophia and Julius could desire. Then the rector read the letter aloud, and dived down into its depths as if it was a knotty text, and showed the two simple women on what false conditions all of its accusations rested.

At the same time Julius wrote a letter also. It was to Harry Sandal,—a very short letter, but destined to cause nearly six years of lonely, wretched wandering and anxious sorrow.

DEAR HARRY,—There is great trouble about that ten thousand pounds. It seems you had no right to sell. "Money on false pretences," I think they call it. I should go West, far West, if I were you.

Your friend,

JULIUS SANDAL.

He read it to Sophia, and she said, "What folly! Let Harry return home. You have heard that he comes into the Latrigg money. Very well, let him come home, and then you can make him pay you back. Harry is very honourable."

"There is not the slightest chance of Harry paying me back. If he had a million, he wouldn't pay me back. Harry spoke me fair, but I caught one look which let me see into his soul. He hated me for buying his right. With my money in his hand, he hated me. He would toss his hat to the stars if he heard how far I have been over-reached. Next to Charlotte Sandal, I hate Harry Sandal; and I am going to send him a road that he is not likely to return. I don't intend Stephen and Harry to sit together, and chuckle over me. Besides, your mother and Charlotte are surely calculating upon having 'dear Harry' and 'poor Harry' at home again very soon. I have no doubt Charlotte is planning about that Emily Beverley already. For Harry is to have Latrigg Hall when it is finished, I hear."

"Really? Is that so? Are you sure?"

"Harry is to have the new hall, and all of old Latrigg's gold and property."

"Julius, would it not be better to try and get around Harry? We could stay with him. I cannot endure Calcutta, and I always did like Harry."

"And I always detested him. And he always detested me. No, my sweet Sophia, there is really nothing for us but a decent lodging on the shady side of the Chowringhee Road. My father can give me a post in 'The Company,' and I must get as many of its rupees as I can manage. Go through the old rooms, and bid them

farewell, my soul. We shall not come back to Seat-Sandal again." And with a mocking laugh he turned away to make his own preparations.

"But why go in the night, Julius? You said to-night at eleven o'clock. Why not wait until morning?"

"Because, beloved, I owe a great deal of money in the neighbourhood. Stephen can pay it for me. I have sent him word to do so. Why should we waste our money? We have done with these boors. What they think of us, what they say of us, shall we mind it, my soul, when we drive under the peopuls and tamarinds at Barrackpore, or jostle the crowds upon the Moydana, or sit under the great stars and listen to the tread of the chokedars? All fate, Sophia; All fate, soul of my soul! What is Sandal-Side? Nothing. What is Calcutta? Nothing. What is life itself, my own one? Only a little piece out of something that was before, and will be after."

Who that has seen the Cumberland moors and fells in July can ever forget them?—the yellow broom and purple heather, and, above and around all, the great mountain chains veiled in pale, ethereal atmosphere, and rising in it as airy and unsubstantial as if they could tremble in unison with every thrill of the ether above them.

It was thus they looked, and thus the fells and the moors looked, one day in July, eighteen months after the death of Squire William Sandal,—his daughter Charlotte's wedding-day. From far and near, the shepherd boys and lasses were travelling down the craggy ways, making all the valleys ring to their wild and simple songs, and ever and anon the bells rung out in joyful peals; and from Up-Hill to Seat-Sandal, and around the valley to Latrigg Hall, there were happy companies telling each other, "Oh, how beautiful was the bride with her golden hair flowing down over her dress of shining white satin!" "And how proud and handsome the bridegroom!" "And how lovely in their autumn days—the two mothers! Mistress Alice Sandal leaning so confidently upon the arm of the stately Mrs. Ducie Sandal." "And how glad was the good rector!" Little work, either in field or house or fell-side, was done that day; for, when all has been said about human selfishness, this truth abides,—in the main, we do rejoice with those who rejoice, and we do weep with those who weep.

The old Seat was almost gay in the sunshine, all its windows open for the wandering breezes, and its great hall doors set wide for the feet of the new squire and his bride. For they were too wise to begin their married life by going away from their home; they felt that it was better to come to it with the bridal benediction in their ears, and the sunshine of the wedding-day upon their faces.

The ceremony had been delayed some months, for Stephen had been in America seeking Harry; seeking him in the great cities and in the lonely mining-camps, but never coming upon his

footsteps until they had been worn away into forgetfulness. At last the rector wrote to him, "Return home, Stephen. We are both wrong. It is not human love, but God love, that must seek the lost ones. If you found Harry now, and brought him back, it would be too soon. When his lesson is learned, the heart of God will be touched, and He will say, 'That will do, my son. Arise, and go home.'"

And when Mrs. Sandal smiled through her tears, for the hope's sake, he took her hand, and added solemnly, "Be confident and glad, you shall see Harry come joyfully to his own home. Oh, if you could only listen, angels still talk with men! Raphael, the affable angel, loves to bring them confidences. God also speaks to his children in dreams, and by the oracles that wait in darkness. If we know not, it is because we ask not. But I know, and am sure, that Harry will return in joy and in peace. And if the dead look over the golden bar of heaven upon their earthly homes, Barf Latrigger, seeing the prosperity of the two houses, which stand upon his love and his self-denial, will say once more to his friend, "William, I did well to Sandal."

THE END.

ON HEIGHTS OF POWER.

BY FRANCES E. WILLARD.

Love's light illumines the pathway ye trod,
 Comrades of yesterday, now saints of God;
 Gracious and great were your souls in their stay,
 Greatest of all in their going away.
 Blessing the world that you loved and you left,
 Soothing the hearts that your going bereft.
 Death did not daunt, and you feared not your fate,—
 Sweet sang your souls "We must love, trust and wait."

CHORUS—

Born into beauty and born into bloom,
 Victors immortal o'er terror and tomb,
 Fast fall our footsteps—we follow from far,
 Love's light leads heavenward from gates left ajar.

Faith that makes faithful and Truth that makes true,
 Hallow our hearts from the heights gained by you.
 Happy White-ribboners, homelike is heaven,
 God girds and guides us through help you have given.
 Motherly spirits of sweetness and might,
 We hear your symbol in ribbons of white.
 "Christ and His kingdom" our watchwords will stand;
 Banners of peace shall enfold every land

ANGLO-SAXON FEDERATION.

BY JOSEPH COOK.

SIR LEPEL GRIFFIN tells us that the British Empire is yet in its infancy. What is England? Six things: the mother islands, the Canadian group of provinces, the West Indian group, the South African group, the Australasian group, India. What is the greatest question in the future of the British Empire? Confederation or disintegration, which? Turgot used to say that colonies are like fruits, which drop off their parent stems as soon as ripe. There was once a greater France, nearly encircling the earth. Where is it to-day? Disintegrated. There was a greater Spain. Where is it? Disintegrated. There was a greater Holland. Where is it? Disintegrated. There is a greater Britain on which now the sun never sets. Where is it likely to be in a hundred years unless confederated? Even Britons are predicting that within two generations the British Empire must disintegrate, unless held together on a plan essentially new. The certainty is that the number of Britons outside the mother islands will soon be greater than the number inside. There are now only ten or eleven millions of Britons outside Great Britain and Ireland. But very soon the thirty-five or forty millions in these islands will be exceeded in numbers by the Britons in Canada, Australia, India, the West Indies and South Africa. It is very true that the British colonies rule themselves; but in one particular they have no influence, they do not determine the foreign policy of the empire. As soon as a majority of Britons is found outside the mother islands, the question will be raised whether it is just to allow the management of the whole empire to be conducted by a minority of Britons. Why may not the majority outside the mother islands have something to say as to foreign policies, in which they are profoundly interested, and that may bring them into wasting wars? It is plainly necessary, if the British Empire is to be kept together, that it should give a voice to the majority of Britons in the determination of its foreign policy.

It is not surprising, therefore, that we find statesmen as conservative as the late Secretary for Ireland, Mr. Forster, recommending imperial federation. Important public discussions by scholars, statesmen, and reformers, both British and Colonial, are thrusting into great prominence the large topic of the possibility and advisability of imperial alliance between the mother islands and her colonies. Mr. Forster, in dispassionate and luminous forecast of the great changes awaiting the British Empire, said:

“In giving self-government to our colonies we have introduced a principle which must eventually shake off from Great Britain Greater Britain, and divide it into separate states, which must, in short, dissolve the Union, unless counteracting measures be taken to prevent it. . . .

“These two opposing principles—subordination on the one hand, and self-government on the other—cannot long co-exist. This imperfect, incomplete, one-sided federation must end either in disintegration, or in complete and equal and perfect federation. . . . If, then, I am asked, How can the mother country be kept united with her colonies? I reply: By an organization for common defence, and a joint foreign policy. And again, to the question, Why

not leave matters alone? I reply: Self-government will end in separation if there be no such organization."

On what plan will the confederation of the British Empire be consummated? Probably on that of the American Federation. It will undoubtedly give great liberty to local legislatures; it will put into the hands of such bodies in Canada, Australia and the other colonies, the government of local matters; but it will retain imperial powers in the hands of an imperial Parliament. Professor Seelye, in his highly suggestive work on "The Expansion of England," has already most definitely recommended the American plan of union as the basis of a new confederation of the fragments of the great empire of which he is so proud. There would be a severance of imperial and local powers, a reorganization of Parliament, and such a representation of local legislators in an imperial legislature as to parallel the general principles of the American Union. Englishmen do not admire everything in American civilization; but since the Civil War, they have often been very frank in expressing their admiration of the principles underlying the Union. They admit that the political ideas of the age of Washington have shown themselves capable of holding together a great number of States between two oceans widely separated, and that perhaps no other principles known to history are fit to be the basis of a consolidated British Empire.

Let us not underrate the British States of North America. It has been my fortune lately, in Manitoba and in British Columbia, to meet with experiences which have given me a new conception of the dignity of the Canadian Dominion. Conversing with a professor of a university, in the beautiful and energetic city of Winnipeg, while a map of North America was opened before us, I put my compasses down, one foot on St. Paul, and left the other swinging above the chart. "Now," said I to my informant, "How far north must I carry this loose foot of the compass to reach the farthest border of your good wheat lands?" "You must carry it north," said he, "to the Peace River in Athabaska. On the banks of that stream, the buffalo and their young may be seen feeding on grass on the tenth of May." I opened the compasses until they reached the Peace River, some 1,500 miles northwest of St. Paul. I then swung the compasses around, and their northernmost point, when carried to the east, stood in the Atlantic Ocean, and when carried to the south it stood in the Gulf. Incredible as the assertion may appear, there is more arable land northwest of St. Paul than east of it, or south of it.

The American Consul at Winnipeg, the Hon. Mr. Taylor, told me that he is accustomed to divide North America into three belts—the cotton belt, the maize belt, and the wheat belt—and that, in his judgment, three-quarters of the wheat belt lies north of the international line. The sunlight endures two hours longer on a summer's day in Athabaska than in Ohio. Canadians are discussing, with not a little eagerness, the project of a new route to England through Hudson's Bay, from the mouth of the Nelson River, just north of Winnipeg. At least three months in every year ships may pass freely through the outlet of Hudson's Bay. The distance from the mouth of the Nelson to the mouth of the Mersey is two hundred miles shorter than that from the mouth of the Hudson to the mouth of the English stream. Sir Richard Temple had just been lecturing

in Winnipeg when I was there, and he was accustomed to say publicly and privately that as the ships of the Hudson Bay Company had gone in and out of Hudson's Bay for two hundred years, it might be expected that steamships could carry on an important trade there. Archangel, in Russia, with its 20,000 people, has a climate worse than that of the Nelson River, and yet it was and is an important port. The Canadian Pacific Road will carry to England all the tea that the mother islands bring from Japan and China. A study of Manitoba and of British Columbia, and of that mighty region of the Saskatchewan Valley, through which the warm isotherms runs north so far, has doubled my respect for the political and industrial future of the Canadian Dominion.

The Australia Confederation has already been adopted. England is urging it upon the colonies in the south of Africa. Federalism is the natural outcome of self-government in neighbouring sister States.

The colonies are very proud of their loyalty, but equally attached to their self-government. But if they were ruled as the Thirteen States were when colonies, they would revolt in an hour.

Many of you, riding up and down through the counties of England, and reading in the daily journals the reports of Parliamentary business, have no doubt raised the question why England does not relieve Parliament, the most overworked body in Christendom, from a large amount of attention to local affairs, and give these over to local legislatures. Why should England not change her great counties and group her small ones into States? This re-organization of England on the American plan is precisely what Matthew Arnold recommended. He hoped that Home Rule in Ireland itself may be achieved in this way. He would divide Ireland into three or four great States, give each a legislature, and allow each local rule. He would divide Scotland into two States, a highland and a lowland; and Wales into two, a north and a south; and he would make several great commonwealths of the counties of England. He is bold enough to confess that he would substitute for the House of Lords a body of Senators, elected by the proposed new local legislatures.

Mr. Gladstone thinks it probable that in the year 2,000 there will be one thousand millions of English-speaking people in the world. In a letter addressed to an American correspondent, he says :

“What a prospect is that of very many hundreds of millions of people, certainly among the most manful and energetic in the world, occupying one great continent, I may almost say two, and other islands and territories not easy to be counted, with these islands at their head, the most historic in the world. In contact, by a vast commerce, with all mankind, and perhaps still united in kindly political association with some more hundreds of millions fitted for no mean destiny; united almost absolutely in blood and language, and very largely in religion, laws and institutions.

“If anticipations such as these are to be realized in any considerable degree, the prospect is at once majestic, inspiring and consolatory. The subject is full of meaning and of power; of so much meaning that the pupil of the eye requires time to let in such a flood of light. Clearly, if the English-speaking people shall be anything like what we have now been supposing, and if there shall not be a good understanding among them, there will have been a base desertion of an easy duty a *gran rifiuto*, such as might stir another Dante to

denounce it, a renunciation of the noblest the most beneficial, the most peaceful primacy ever presented to the heart and understanding of man.

“On the other hand, great as it would be, it would demand no propaganda, no superlative ingenuity or effort; it ought to be an orderly and natural growth, requiring only that you should be reasonably true and loyal to your traditions, and we to ours. To gain it will need no preter-human strength or wisdom; to miss it will require some portentous degeneracy. Even were it a day-dream it would be an improving one, loftier and better than that which prompted the verse—

“*super et Garamantas et Indos
Proferet imperium; jacet extra sidera tellus,
Extra anni solisque vias.*”

Is it probable, as Mr. Gladstone seems to assume, that the British islands will remain at the head of the English-speaking populations of the world an hundred years hence? In 1910 the United States ought to have one hundred millions. Sir Lepel Griffin himself predicts that one hundred millions of people will be found within its borders before those now born have grown gray. If, in the providence of God, I am permitted to see my seventy-second year, in 1910, I shall expect to see the sun in heaven looking down upon a population of one hundred millions within the present boundaries of the republic. I will give you forty years in which to double after 1910. You should have two hundred millions in 1950, a date which some here in life's morning may live to behold. I will give you fifty years in which to double after 1950. In the year 2,000 you ought to have four hundred millions of English-speaking people on this continent. They will be found not necessarily within the present Union, but overflowing to the best lands north and south. Of course the most fertile soil will be taken up before the poorest. Somewhere on this continent we are likely to have, in the year 2,000, under the operation of present historic causes, four hundred millions of people speaking the English tongue. We shall double great numbers in the future almost as rapidly as, in the past, we have doubled small ones. We shall double our fifty and our one hundred millions nearly as quickly as we doubled our twenty-five millions or our ten. You think this a wild estimate; but it is only half the estimate of German scholarship, of Scotch sagacity and English condescension.

The highest foreign estimate as to the number of English-speaking people outside this continent at the date I have named, is only two hundred millions. Which will set fashions for the other—the two hundred outside the continent, or the four hundred here? Not more than one hundred millions of the two hundred millions will be in the British islands. There may be a confederation of all the present parts of the British Empire. America is not likely to form a part of it. She, however, will be the largest English-speaking nation—she is such to-day—and as such will have extraordinary political and moral influence. A confederate British Empire would be a second set of United States. [And why should not these two form a great Anglo-Saxon Federation, perhaps a prelude to “The Parliament of Man, the Federation of the World?”—ED.]

Religious and Missionary Intelligence.

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

THE METHODIST CHURCH.

The Conferences of the Maritime Provinces were held in the latter part of June. Moncton was the place of meeting of New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island Conference; sixty-two ministers were present at the Ministerial Session. Rev. James Comben was elected president, and Rev. Jas. Crisp, secretary. General Superintendent Carman was present. He is always a welcome visitor. Miss Hart, a returned Missionary from Fort Simpson, added greatly to the interest of the Conference Missionary Meeting by giving an account of what she had seen among the Indians.

The Sustentation has an increase of \$250. There is also an increase of 200 in the membership of the Church.

The Memorial Service was deeply affecting. Rev. S. W. Sprague, a venerable member of the Conference, was the only minister who had been called to his reward. Many testimonies were given respecting his excellencies.

The minister who conducted the Conference Lovefeast, Father Daniel, is 86 years of age. He is truly a father among his brethren, having been in the ministry more than 60 years. Six candidates for the ministry were received on trial, two of whom were graduates of Mount Allison. Glad to see the name of Cyrus H. Rice among the graduates, the son of a former Bible Christian minister in Ontario. Instead of the fathers shall be the children.

NOVA SCOTIA CONFERENCE.

This Conference met at Canso. Among the laymen elected to Conference was a good sister, who is the first among the sisterhood of

Methodism to be elected a member of Conference.

Three ministers had finished their course and gone to their final home—Father Bent, J. R. Borden, and R. O. B. Johnston. Rev. E. B. Moore was elected president, and Rev. D. W. Johnston, M.A., re-elected secretary. It is not a wise regulation to make frequent changes in the secretariat. Rev. J. M. Mellich resigned his position as a member of Conference.

The Conference Missionary Meeting was favoured with two lady speakers, one of whom, Miss Cunningham, gave a graphic description of Missionary life in Japan. Mrs. Whitman was the other lady speaker, who greatly delighted her audience.

Mount Allison Educational Institution was reported as being in a healthy condition. In fifty years, 8,000 students have passed through its halls, and over half of the ministers in the Eastern Conferences received their education there.

Rev. J. Dove, of Newfoundland, received the degree of D.D.

Rev. C. S. Eby recently gave an exhibition of stereopticon views at the palace in Tokyo, Japan, and received in acknowledgment a choice silver cup from His Majesty the Emperor.

A minister in Nova Scotia writes that of the numerous employees in the House of Commons only three are Methodists. He says that the Methodists have no share of Government patronage, which is entirely confined to Roman Catholics and Episcopalians.

NEWFOUNDLAND CONFERENCE.

This Conference met at St. John's. Rev. G. P. Story was elected president, and Rev. A. D. Morton, M.A., secretary.

The Educational Fund needs better support. Ten young men requested to be sent to college, but the state of the Fund would only permit two to be sent.

A consensus of opinion seems to prevail in the Conference that there ought to be a Superintendent of Missions appointed. The General Board is requested to appoint such an officer.

The prohibition question is exciting much attention in the island. The tobacco question also is prominent. Hon. J. J. Regerson said that \$250,000 is spent yearly in Newfoundland on tobacco.

The Missionary, Educational, and Sustentation Funds report a slight increase of income, but there is a decrease in the membership of 77.

The Conference unanimously requested Dr. Carman, General Superintendent, to attend the next Conference.

WESLEYAN METHODIST.

Rev. B. Gregory, D.D., who has been twenty-five years editor of the *MAGAZINE*, has retired from the position. He has nobly sustained himself as an able exponent of Methodism. Rev. W. L. Watkinson, a man of great versatility, is successor to Dr. Gregory. Great expectations are formed respecting him.

The Irish Conference reports an increase of 426 members. This is gratifying, seeing that the losses sustained by emigration have been great.

At the Methodist Conference in France it was stated that of 37,000,000 of population in the country, more than 36,000,000 are Roman Catholics. The Conference reports a small increase of members.

The Conference which is in session at Cardiff as these notes are being prepared is likely to be of unusual interest. The plan contains 860 services, which are to be held in 38 circuits. About 100 services will be in Welsh. Rev. J. H. Pope was elected president.

There will be six public examinations of candidates for ordination, of whom there are 57.

At a late Sunday School Anniversary in one of the London churches it was said that of those who formerly composed one of the classes five were now members of the House of Commons.

It is proposed to select a number of lay evangelists who shall itinerate in the villages of Yorkshire and Lincolnshire.

There is now no doubt but that at least fifty-seven of the brave men who perished in the unfortunate war-ship *Victoria* were Wesleyans.

A real Pentecost has been enjoyed in South Africa under the labours of Thomas Cook, evangelist. Hundreds of persons professed conversion. In some of the congregations which he addressed there were judges of the high court, State attorneys, inspectors of education, members of Parliament, and representatives of all conditions of life.

Rev. W. Burgess, of Secunderabad, writes, "We have planted the Gospel in sixteen new villages during the year."

Australia does well for its worn-out ministers, giving from \$500 to \$1,000, according to their term of service.

METHODIST NEW CONNEXION.

The late Conference appointed Rev. W. J. Townsend, D.D., editor of the large *Magazine*, and Rev. G. S. Hornby editor of the small *Magazine*.

After making up the losses of 3,203 members by removals, etc., there is a net increase of 421.

It is proposed to celebrate the centenary of the Connexion in 1896. One gentleman gave \$1,500 at the Conference Missionary Meeting for the hospital in China, but withheld his name.

PRIMITIVE METHODIST.

A new Orphan Home is contemplated to be erected in the Midland or Northern counties.

It is proposed to arrange for the unification of several connexional funds, under the head of United Connexional Fund, which will require an annual income of \$60,000.

A Mission Van is being erected, to which Mr. Hartley is a liberal contributor. The van will be employed in Mission work in rural districts, chiefly among the villages.

For sixteen years open-air services have been held on Sunday afternoons at Bournemouth. No complaint has been made respecting them until recently. A by-law has been adopted by the local authorities forbidding such services.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

Dr. McCabe, Missionary Secretary, says that his church alone contributes more money annually for missionary work than the Church of Rome throughout the world.

Village chapels are greatly needed in India. The venerable William Butler, D.D., has greatly interested himself in raising a fund for the purpose.

Governor Pattison, of Pennsylvania, is a Methodist to be proud of. He resisted the appeal of those who wanted to repeal the law on the sale of Sunday newspapers. Recently he has gone still further in the same direction by refusing to sign a bill which would have given a greater license to Sabbath desecration in Allegheny.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH SOUTH.

According to Dr. Carril this church has gained 57 per cent. during the last decade, and that this was a greater gain than any other

denomination, and much greater than the growth of the country, which was only 25 per cent.

This Church is also making preparation to celebrate its jubilee. June 8, 1894, will make 50 years since the adoption of the "plan of separation," in pursuance of the provisions of which the Methodist Episcopal Church South became a separate ecclesiastical jurisdiction.

The Board of Missions recently held its annual meeting. The receipts amounted to \$374,565.14—\$904 more than the previous year. The Committee on Estimates wanted \$412,050, but it was decided not to appropriate more than \$259,576. The collections for the debt are \$67,000.

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

Rev. W. Clarke writes very favorably respecting Union. He says: "Our Presbyterian brethren have met us more than half way, and have shown a cordiality that reminds one of the 133rd Psalm. Union, if it can be effected, will enhance the power for good of both denominations. It will end a number of unseemly rivalries and stop the waste of much missionary money . . . Denominationalism is surely doomed to give place to a higher type of church life, and if we can be a link in the golden chain that shall bind the now divided sects into one it will be a grand wind up to a mission which, even so far, has been by no means an unfruitful one."

Book Notices.

Vox Dei, The Doctrine of the Spirit as it is set forth in the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments. By REV. R. A. REDFORD, M.A., LL.D. Cincinnati: Cranston & Curts. Toronto: William Briggs. Price \$1.00

Not long since we reviewed in these

pages Dr. Redford's admirable volume, "Four Centuries of Silence," which attracted marked attention in both English and American editions. The present volume is by the same accomplished writer. His special training as professor of systematic theology and apologetics in New

College, London, England, has admirably qualified him for treating this important subject. And it is a subject of vital importance.

Our author discusses the testimony of Scripture and of Jewish literature during the "Four Centuries of Silence" in a clear and cogent manner and beautifully says, "may the Voice of God be heard through the broken utterances of the voice of man."

We were much impressed by a remark of Bishop Ninde at the Epworth League Convention at Cleveland upon the character of Chunder Sen "that God-intoxicated man," as the bishop in a daring expression calls him. He had such an intense conception of the infinite importance of the Latter Day dispensation of the Spirit that he considered all earlier manifestations as but foregleams of the glory which shall be revealed. A study of this book will tend to give more just and adequate conceptions of that blessed dispensation in which the Church of the Living God now dwells, and for the fulness of whose manifestations all devout souls now pray.

For Name and Fame; or, Through the Afghan Passes. By G. A. HENTY. London: Blackie & Sons. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 352. Eight full-page engravings. Price \$1.75.

Even more than the Romans of old, the British are the pathfinders of civilization in the remote parts of the earth. Amid the mountains of Abyssinia, the tangled jungles of India, and the plains of Afghanistan they carry that red-cross flag which is the symbol of order and liberty, of an open Bible and of freedom to worship God. This is not so much making war as acting as a moral police to subdue the turbulent, barbarous and half-civilized tribes of the earth.

Afghanistan is more a geographical expression than a nation. It occupies the frontier between the great empires of England and Russia, and may be the scene of a tremendous struggle between these nations for British India. Through Russian intrigue the Afghans assumed the aggressive against British territorial rights and interests, and her wild mountain passes have more than once been the scene of fierce conflict and heroic bravery. In this book is told the stirring story of the advance up the Kyber Pass, the treacherous massacre of the British by the Afghans at Cabul and the vindication by British valour under General Roberts of the territorial rights of our gracious sovereign, the Empress of India. Much personal interest is given to the narrative by the account of the promotion of the British private soldier, Will Gale, to a captaincy in the army; and the heroism of a British chaplain who won the Victoria Cross by bravery in the field in saving life.

The Latter Day Eden: Treating of Wedlock and the Home. By HENRY TUCKLEY. Cincinnati: Cranston & Curts. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 251. Price 90 cents.

A clever English writer not long since attracted considerable attention by the cynical humour of the title of his book "How to be Happy though Married." The author of this volume sets out with a loftier conception of home life. In a series of chapters he discusses household government and blessedness, "The better half" and "The other half," the Serpent that threatens the home kingdom, the analogies between the earthly home and that of which it is a type—the everlasting home on high. All married people, and those who hope to be, will find the book full of excellent hints and helps.

ENDURANCE is the crowning quality,
And patience all the passion of great hearts.

—Lowell.