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ALFRED THE GREAT.
Statue to be erected in his honour in New York.

Methodist Magazine and Review.

AUGUST, 1901.

# KING ALFRED THE GREAT.

BY PROFESSOR GOLDWIN SMITH, LL.D.

## II.

IN order to restore civilization, it was necessary above all things to reform the Church. "I have often thought," says Alfred, "what wise men there were once among the English people, both clergy and laymen, and what blessed times those were when the people were governed by kings who obeyed God and His gospels, and how they maintained peace, virtue and good order at home, and even extended them beyond their country: how they prospered in battle as well as in wisdom, and how zealous the clergy were in teaching and learning, and in all their sacred duties; and how people came from foreign countries to seek for instruction; whereas now, when we desire it, we can only obtain it from abroad." It is clear that the king, unlike the literary devotees of Scandinavian paganism, looked upon Christianity as the root of the greatness, and even of the military force, of the nation.

In order to restore the Church, again, it was necessary above all things to refound the monasteries. Afterwards—society having become settled, religion being established, and the Church herself having acquired fatal wealth—these brotherhoods sank into torpor and corruption; but while the Church was still a missionary in a spiritual and material wilderness, waging a death-struggle with heathenism and barbarism, they were the indispensable engines of the holy war. The refoundation of monasteries, therefore, was one of Alfred's first cares; and he did not fail, in token of his pious gratitude, to build at Athelney a house of God which was far holier than the memorial abbey afterwards built by the Norman Conqueror at Battle. The revival of monasticism among the English, however, was probably no easy task; for their domestic and somewhat material nature never was well suited to monastic life.

The monastery schools, the germs, as has been already said, of our modern universities and colleges, were the king's main organs in restoring education; but he had also a school in his palace for the children of the nobility and the royal household. It was not only clerical education that he desired to promote. His wish was "that all the free-born youth of his people, who possessed the means, might persevere in learning so long as they had no other work to occupy them, until they could perfectly read the English scriptures; while such as desired to devote themselves to the service of the Church might be taught Latin." No doubt the wish was most imperfectly fulfilled, but still it was a noble wish. We are told the king himself was often present at the instruction of the children in the palace school. A pleasant calm after the storms of battle with the Dane!

Oxford (Ousen-ford, the ford of the Ouse) was already a royal city; and it may be conjectured that, amidst the general restoration of learning under Alfred, a school of some sort would be opened there. This is the only particle of historical foundation for the academic legend. Oxford was desolated by the Norman Conquest, and anything that remained of the educational institution of Alfred was in all probability swept away.

Another measure, indispensable to the civilizer as well as to the church reformer in those days, was to restore the intercourse with Rome, and through her with continental Christendom, which had been interrupted by the troubles. The Pope, upon Alfred's accession, had sent him gifts and a piece of the Holy Cross. Alfred sent embassies to the Pope, and made a voluntary annual offering, to obtain favourable treatment for his subjects at Rome. But, adopted child of Rome, and naturally attached to her as the centre of ecclesiastical order and its civilizing influences though he was, and much as he was surrounded by ecclesiastical friends and ministers, we trace in him no ultramontanism, no servile submission to priests. The English Church, as far as we can see, remains national, and the English king remains its head.

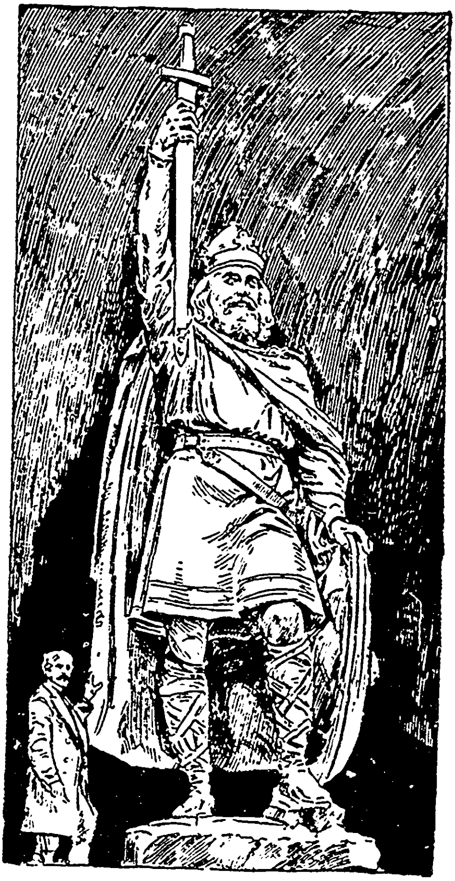
Not only with Latin, but with Eastern Christendom, Alfred, if we may trust the contemporary Saxon chronicles, opened communication. As Charlemagne, in the spirit partly perhaps of piety, partly of ambition, had sent an embassy with proofs of his grandeur to the Caliph of Bagdad; as Louis XIV., in the spirit of mere ambition, delighted to receive an embassy from Siam; so Alfred, in a spirit of piety unmixed, sent ambassadors to the traditional Church of St. Thomas in India: and the ambassadors returned, we are told, with perfumes and precious stones as the memorials of their journey, which were long preserved in the churches. "This was the first intercourse," remarks Pauli, "that took place between England and Hindostan."

All nations are inclined to ascribe their primitive institutions to some national founder, a Lycurgus, a Theseus, a Romulus. It is not necessary now to prove that Alfred did not found trial by jury, or the frank-pledge, or that he was not the first who divided the kingdoms into shires, hundreds, or tithings. The part of trial by jury which has been politically of so much importance, its popular character, as opposed to arbitrary trial by a royal or imperial officer—that of which the preservation, amidst the general prevalence of judicial imperialism, has been the glory of England—was simply Teutonic; so was the frank-pledge, the rude machinery for preserving law and order by mutual responsibility in the days before police; so were the hundreds and the tithings, rudimentary institutions marking the transition from the clan to the local community or canton. The shires probably marked some stage in the consolidation of the Saxon settlements; at all events, they were ancient divisions which Alfred can at most only have reconstituted in a revised form after the anarchy.

He seems, however, to have introduced a real and momentous innovation by appointing special judges to administer a more regular justice than that which was administered in the local courts of the earls and bishops, or even in the national assembly. In this respect he was the imitator, probably the unconscious imitator, of Charlemagne, and the precursor of Henry II., the institutor of our Justices in Eyre. The powers and functions of the legislature, the executive and the judiciary lie at first enfolded in the same germ, and are alike exercised by the king, or, as in the case of the ancient republics, by the national assembly. It is a great step when the special office of the judiciary is separated from the rest. It is a great step also when uniformity of justice is introduced. Probably, however, these judges, like the itinerant justices of Henry II., were administrative as well as judicial officers; or, in the terms of our modern polity, they were delegates of the Home Office as well as of the Central Courts of Law.

In his laws, Alfred, with the sobriety and caution on which the statesmen of his race have prided themselves, renounces the character of an innovator, fearing, as he says, that his innovations might not be accepted by those who would come after him. His code, if so inartificial a document can be dignified with the name, is mainly a compilation from the laws of his Saxon predecessors. We trace, however, an advance from the barbarous system of weregeld, or composition for murder and other crimes as private wrongs, towards a state system of criminal justice. In totally forbidding composition for blood, and asserting that indefeasible sanctity of human life which is the essential basis of civilization, the code of Moses stands contrasted with other primeval codes.

Alfred, in fact, incorporated an unusually large amount of the Mosaic and Christian elements, which blend with Germanic customs and the relics of Roman law, in different proportions, to make up the various codes of the early Middle Ages, called the Laws of the Barbarians. His code opens with the Ten Commandments, followed by extracts from Exodus, containing the Mosaic law respecting the relations between masters and servants, murder and other crimes, and the observance of holy days, and the Apostolic Epistle from Acts xv. 23-29. Then is added Matthew vii. 12, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them." "By this one commandment," says Alfred, "a man shall know whether he does right, and he will then require no other lawbook." This is not the form of a modern Act of Parliament, but



COLOSSAL STATUE OF KING ALFRED.
To be unveiled at Winchester, Eng.

legislation in those days was as much preaching as enactment; it often resembled in character the Royal Proclamation against Vice and Immorality.

Alfred's laws unquestionably show a tendency to enforce loyalty to the king, and to enhance the guilt of treason, which, in the case of an attempt on the king's life, is punished with death and confiscation, instead of the old composition by payment of the royal weregeld. Hence he has been accused of imperializing and anti Teutonic tendencies; he had even the misfortune to be fixed upon as a prototype by Oxford advocates of the absolutism of Charles I. There is no ground for the charge, so far at least as Alfred's legislation or any known measure of his government is concerned. The kingly power was the great source of order and justice amidst that anarchy, the sole rallying-point and bond of union for the imperilled nation; to maintain it, and protect from violence the life of its holder, was the duty of a patriot law-giver.

As the authority of a Saxon king depended in great measure on his personal character and position, no doubt the personal authority of Alfred was exceptionally great. But he continued to govern by the advice of the national council; and the fundamental principles of the Teutonic polity remained unimpaired by him, and were transmitted intact to his successors. His writings breathe a sense of the responsibilities of rulers and a hatred of tyranny. He did not even attempt to carry further the incorporation of the subordinate kingdoms with Wessex; but ruled Mercia as a separate state by the hand of his brother-in-law, and left it to his own national council or witan. Considering his circumstances, and the chaos from which his government had emerged, it is wonderful that he did not centralize more. He was, we repeat, a true Teuton, and entirely worthy of his place in the Germanic Walhalla.

The most striking proof of his multifarious activity of mind, and of the unlimited extent of the task which his circumstances imposed upon him, as well as of his thoroughly English character, is his undertaking to give his people a literature in their own tongue. To do this he had first to educate himself at an advanced age, after a life of fierce distraction, and with the reorganization of his shattered kingdom on his hands. In his boyhood he had got by heart Saxon lays, vigorous and inspiring, but barbarous; he had learned to read, but it is thought that he had not learned to write. "As we were one day sitting in the royal chamber," says Asser, "and were conversing as was our wont, it chanced that I read him a passage out of a certain book. After he had listened with fixed attention, and expressed great delight, he showed me the little book which he always carried about with him, and in which the daily lessons, psalms, and prayers were written, and begged me to transcribe that passage into his book." Asser assented, but found that the book was already full, and proposed to the king to begin another book, which was soon in its turn filled with extracts.

A portion of the process of Alfred's education is recorded by Asser. "I was honourably received at the royal mansion, and at that time stayed eight months in the king's court. I translated and read to him whatever books he wished which were within our reach: for it was his custom, day and night, amidst all his afflictions of mind and body, to read books himself or have them read to him by others."

To original composition Alfred did not aspire; he was content with giving his people a body of translations of what he deemed the best authors; here again showing his royal good sense. In the selection of his authors he showed liberality and freedom from Roman, ecclesiastical, imperialist, or other bias. On the one hand he chooses for the benefit of the clergy whom he desired to reform, the "Pastoral Care" of the good Pope, Gregory the Great, the author of the mission which had converted England to Christianity; but on the other hand he chooses the "Consolations of Philosophy," the chief work of Boethius, the last of the Romans, and the victim of the cruel jealousy of Theodoric. Of Boethius Hallam says:

> "Last of the classic writers, in style not impure, though displaying too lavishly that poetic exuberance which had distinguished the two or three preceding centuries; in elevation of sentiment equal to any of the philosophers; and mingling a Christian sanctity with their lessons, he speaks from his prison in the swan-like tones of dying eloquence. The philosophy which consoled him in bonds was soon required in the sufferings of a cruel death. Quenched in his blood, the lamp he had trimmed with a skilful hand gave no more light; the language of Tully and Virgil soon ceased to be spoken; and many ages were to pass away before learned diligence restored its purity, and the union of genius with imitation taught a few modern writers to surpass in eloquence the Latinity of Boethius."

Bede's Ecclesiastical History of the English, the highest product of that memorable burst of Saxon intellect which followed the conversion, and a work, not untainted by miracle and legend, yet most remarkable for its historical qualities as well as for its mild and liberal Christianity, is balanced in the king's series of translations by the work of Orosius, who wrote of general and secular history, though with a religious object. In the translation of Orosius, Alfred has inserted a sketch of the geography of Germany, and the reports of explorations made by two mariners under his auspices, among the nations dwelling on the coasts of the Baltic and the North Sea—further proof of the variety of his interests and the reach of his mind.

In his prefaces, and in his amplifications and interpolations of the philosophy of Boethius, Alfred comes before us an independent author, and shows us something of his own mind on theology, on philosophy, on government, and generally as to the estate of man. To estimate these passages rightly, we must put ourselves back into the anarchical and illiterate England of the ninth century, and imagine a writer, who, if we could see him, would appear barbarous and grotesque, as would all of his equipments and surroundings, and one who had spent his days in a desperate struggle with wolfish Danes, seated at his literary work in his rude Saxon mansion, with his candle-clock protected by the horn lantern against the wind. The utterances of Alfred will then appear altogether worthy of his character and his deeds. He always emphasizes and expands passages which speak either of the responsibilities of rulers or of the nothingness of earthly power; and the reflections are pervaded by a pensiveness which reminds us of Marcus Aurelius. The political world had not much advanced when, six centuries after Alfred, it arrived at Machiavelli.

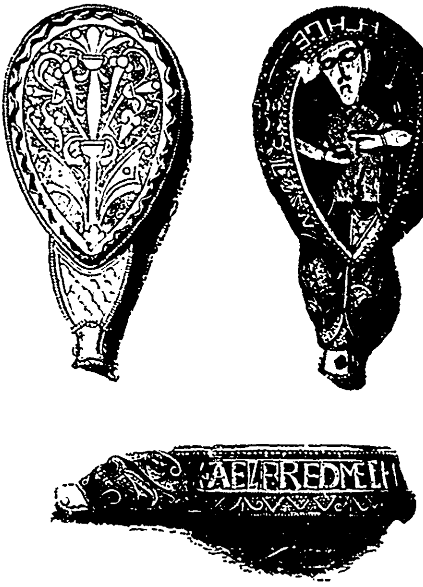
There is an especial sadness in the tone of some words respecting the estate of kings, their intrinsic weakness, disguised only by their royal trains, the mutual dread that exists between them and those by whom they are surrounded, the drawn sword that always hangs over their heads, "as to me it ever did." We seem to catch a glimpse of some trials, and perhaps errors, not recorded by Asser or the chroniclers.

In his private life Alfred appears to have been an example of conjugal fidelity and manly purity, while we see no traces of the asceticism which was revered by the superstition of the age of Edward the Confessor. His words on the value and the claims of a wife, if not up to the standard of modern sentiment, are at least instinct with genial affection.

The struggle with the Northmen was not over. Their swarms came again, in the latter part of Alfred's reign, from Germany, whence they had been repulsed, and from France, which they had exhausted by their ravages. But the king's generalship foiled them and forced them to depart. Seeing where their strength lay, he built a regular fleet to encounter them on their own element, and he may be called the founder of the Royal Navy.

His victory was decisive. The English monarchy rose from the ground in renewed strength, and entered on a fresh lease of greatness. A line of able kings followed Alfred. His son and successor, Edward, inherited his vigour. His favourite grandson, Athelstan, smote the Dane and the Scot together at Brunanburgh, and awoke by his glorious victory the last echoes of Saxon song. Under Edgar the greatness of the monarchy reached its highest pitch, and it embraced the whole island under its imperial ascendancy. At last its hour came; but when Canute founded a Danish dynasty he and his Danes were Christians.

"This I can now truly say, that so long as I have lived I have striven to live worthily, and after my death to leave my memory to my descendants in good works." If the king who wrote these words did not found a university or a polity, he restored and perpetuated the foundations of English institutions, and he left what is almost as valuable as any institution—a great and inspiring example of public duty.



THE ALFRED JEWEL.

# BUILDERS OF NOVA SCOTIA.*

## I.

### *SOME ELEMENTS OF THE POPULATION.*

BY SIR JOHN G. BOURINOT, K.C.M.G., LL.D., D.C.L., LIT.D. (LAVAL).

THE foundation of Halifax in 1749 practically put an end to the Acadian period of Nova Scotian settlement. Until that year the English occupation of the country was merely nominal. Owing largely to the representations of Governor Shirley, of Massachusetts, the British Government decided at last on a vigorous policy in the province, which seemed more than once on the point of passing out of their hands.

Halifax was founded by the Honourable Edward Cornwallis, on the slope of the hill, whose woods then dipped their branches into the very waters of the noble harbour long known as Chebuctou, and renamed in honour of the Earl of Halifax, a member of the Montague family, who was at the head of the Council of Trade and Plantations, which had in those days full control of the administration of colonial affairs. Colonel Cornwallis, a son of the baron of that name—a man of firmness and discretion—entered the harbour on the 21st of June, old style, or 2nd July, present style, and soon afterwards assumed his duties as governor of the province.

The town was surrounded by a cordon of palisades or upright pickets with five quadrangular block-houses at important points. In the middle of the town was the parade, ever since a familiar feature to residents of the town. On the upper part of this ground the barracks of the Royal Artillery stood for some years. An historian of the city tells us that before 1760 " the houses were generally built of square and round timber, some with small pickets placed upright between the stubs of the frame, and the whole covered over with clap-boards; they were usually of one story with a hipped roof, the shops and half-doors with no glass, swinging signs, and wooden shutters opening downwards, on which goods were exposed for sale." The first Government House stood on the site of the present province building, and had only one story, defended by small pieces of ordnance mounted on hogsheads of gravel and sand. Block-houses and eventually batteries were raised at all important points around the harbour, whose chief defence for years was the fort on George's Island. In early years there was only a small redoubt on Citadel Hill, which was included within the original palisades. That important position was defended by a fort about or after the commencement of the rebellion of the thirteen colonies, though the present fortifications may be said to date actually from 1794-7, when the Duke of Kent, then in command of his Majesty's forces, ordered the removal of the old fort and the commencement of new works.

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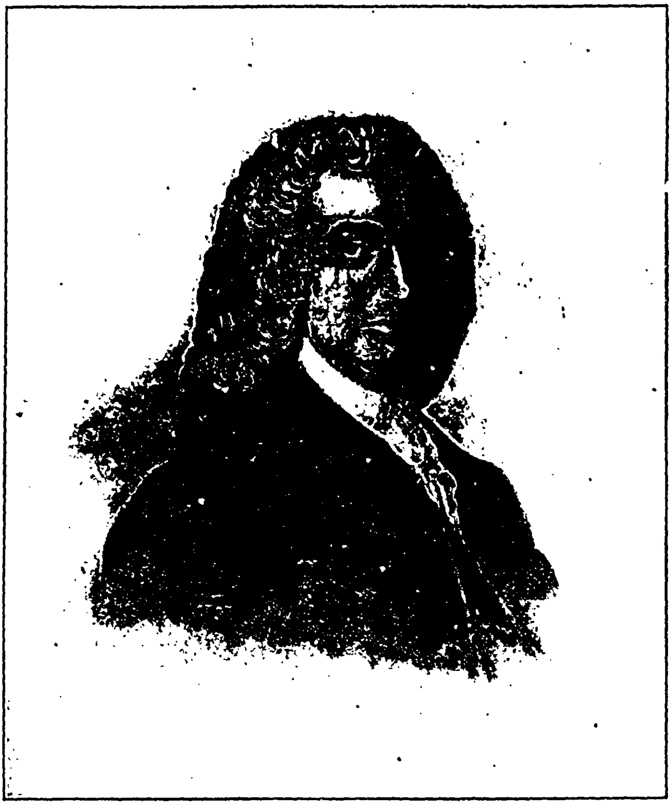
* We have pleasure in reprinting, by kind permission of Sir John Bourinot these copious extracts from his " Builders of Nova Scotia," which was printed in the "Proceedings and Transactions of the Royal Society of Canada," for the year 1899. This book was subsequently published in handsome octavo (The Copp, Clark Company, Toronto), with specially-designed cover by Mr. J. W. L. Forster. Only a few copies remain unsold, and may yet be procured from the publisher. Price, $1.50.



GOVERNOR SHIRLEY.

Between two and three thousand people were brought in by the British Government to found the new town and settle the country. These people were chiefly made up of retired military and naval officers, soldiers and sailors, gentlemen, mechanics and farmers—far too few—and some Swiss, who were extremely industrious and useful. On the whole, they were not the best colonists to build up a prosperous industrial community. The Government gave the settlers large inducements in the shape of free grants of land, and supported them practically for the first two or three years. It was not until the Acadian population was removed, and their lands were available, that the foundation of the agricultural prosperity of the peninsula was really laid.

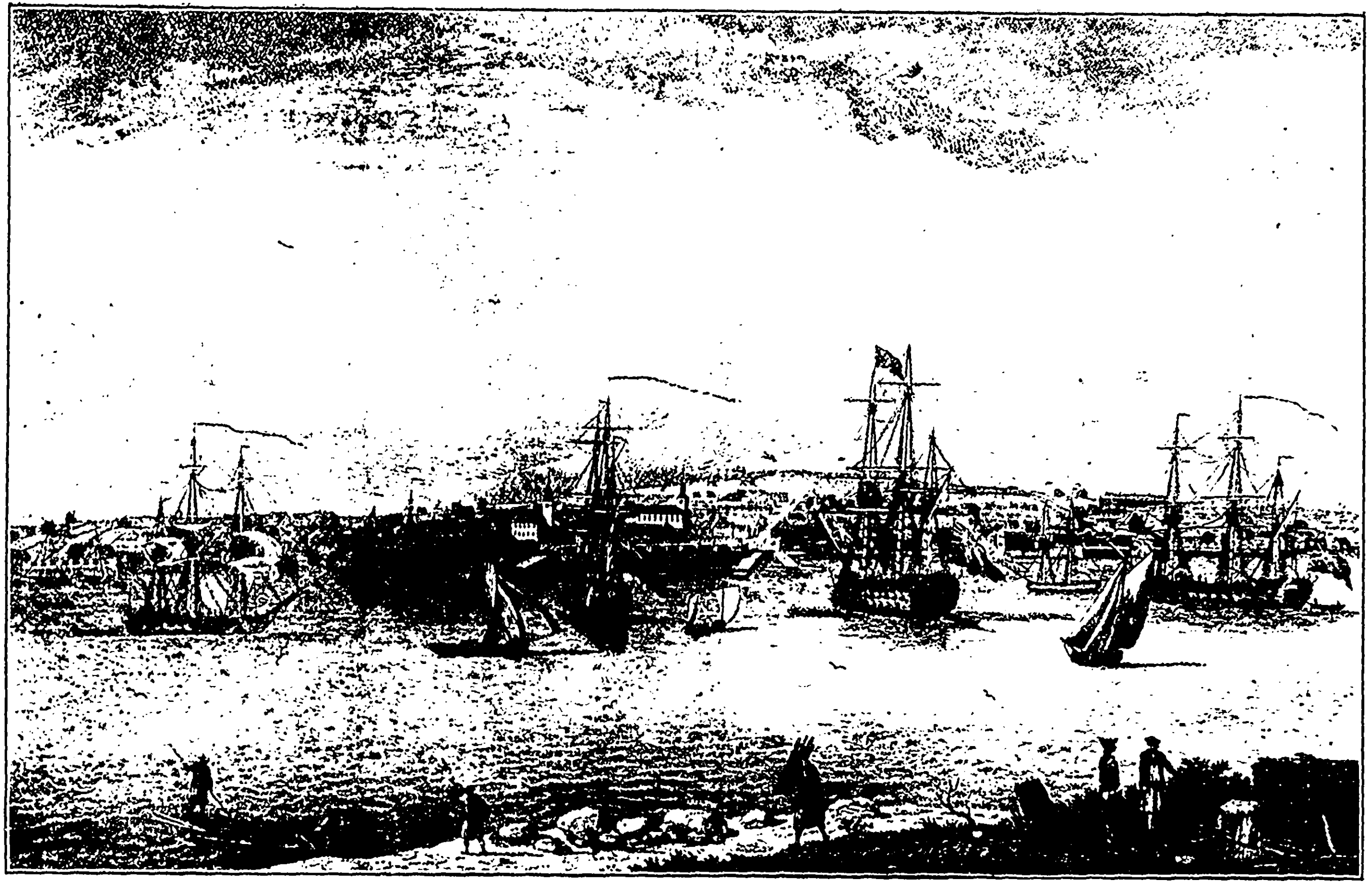
The settlement of 1749 was supplemented in 1760 and subsequent years by a valuable and large addition of people who were induced to leave Massachusetts and other colonies of New England and establish themselves on the fertile Acadian lands and other favoured parts of the peninsula. Persons not well acquainted with the history of the Acadian provinces are wont to attribute the material prosperity of the peninsula of Nova Scotia mainly to the large body of Loyalists who left their homes in the old colonies, after the war of independence. As a matter of fact, however, there were two well-defined streams of immigration into the province after the expatriation of the French Acadians. The first was the influx of the people properly known as Pre-Loyalists, who settled in townships of the present counties of Annapolis, Kings, Hants, Queens, Shelburne, Yarmouth, Cumberland, and Colchester, especially in the beautiful townships of Cornwallis and Horton, where the Acadian meadows were the richest.

No better class probably could have been selected to settle Nova Scotia than the American immigrants. The majority were descendants of the Puritans who settled in New England, and some were actually descended from men and women who landed from the "Mayflower" in 1620. The county of Yarmouth has always illustrated the thrift and enterprise which were the natural heritage of the founders of New England.

### COMING OF THE UNITED EMPIRE LOYALISTS.

By 1783 the legislative and legal institutions of Nova Scotia were fully organized, and the province received a large accession of loyal population from the old thirteen colonies, then recognized as the independent federal republic of the United States. In 1784 there were in the province, according to the most trustworthy statistics available, about forty-three thousand souls, of whom over twenty-eight thousand represented "the new inhabitants," or loyalists and disbanded troops, who had taken part in the late war. The "old British inhabitants," or the immigration previous to 1783, are given at fourteen thousand. Only four hundred Acadian-French were living at that time in the country. Of the Loyalists, nearly ten thousand were already settled on the St. John River, and eight thousand in the county of Shelburne, where they had very bitter experiences. The new population also included, besides black servants or slaves, a large number of fugitive negroes, many of whom were deported to Africa at a later time by the Imperial authorities.

The Loyalist migration of 1783 commenced a new epoch in the history of British North America. It opened up districts, made additions of a loyal population to the older settlements, and gave colonies to the empire. The articles of peace, which were signed in 1783, afforded no adequate protection to the men who had fought and suffered for king and country. The weak congress, which then nominally governed the feeble confederation, formed in 1781, had no real influence over the independent states, when the question arose of carrying out the provisions of the treaty and granting an amnesty to the people who wished to be restored to their homes and estates, or to obtain at least some compensation for the same. The legislatures of these states were animated by a purely revengeful spirit, and few, if any, estates were given back to their lawful owners. In many places men were tarred and feathered, and even hanged, for daring to remain in the country. Many thousands had no choice open to them except to seek refuge in Florida, the West Indies, the British Isles, and in the wilderness which still belonged to Great Britain in North America.



VIEW OF TOWN AND HARBOUR OF HALIFAX IN 1777.

"They left the homes of their fathers, by sorrow and love made sweet;
Halls that had rung a hundred years to the tread of their people's feet;
The farms they had carved from the forest where the maples and pine-trees meet.

"He left his years of manhood, he left his place of pride;
And she, she left the little room where her first baby died.
Ah, God, how each familiar thing to that fond mother cried.

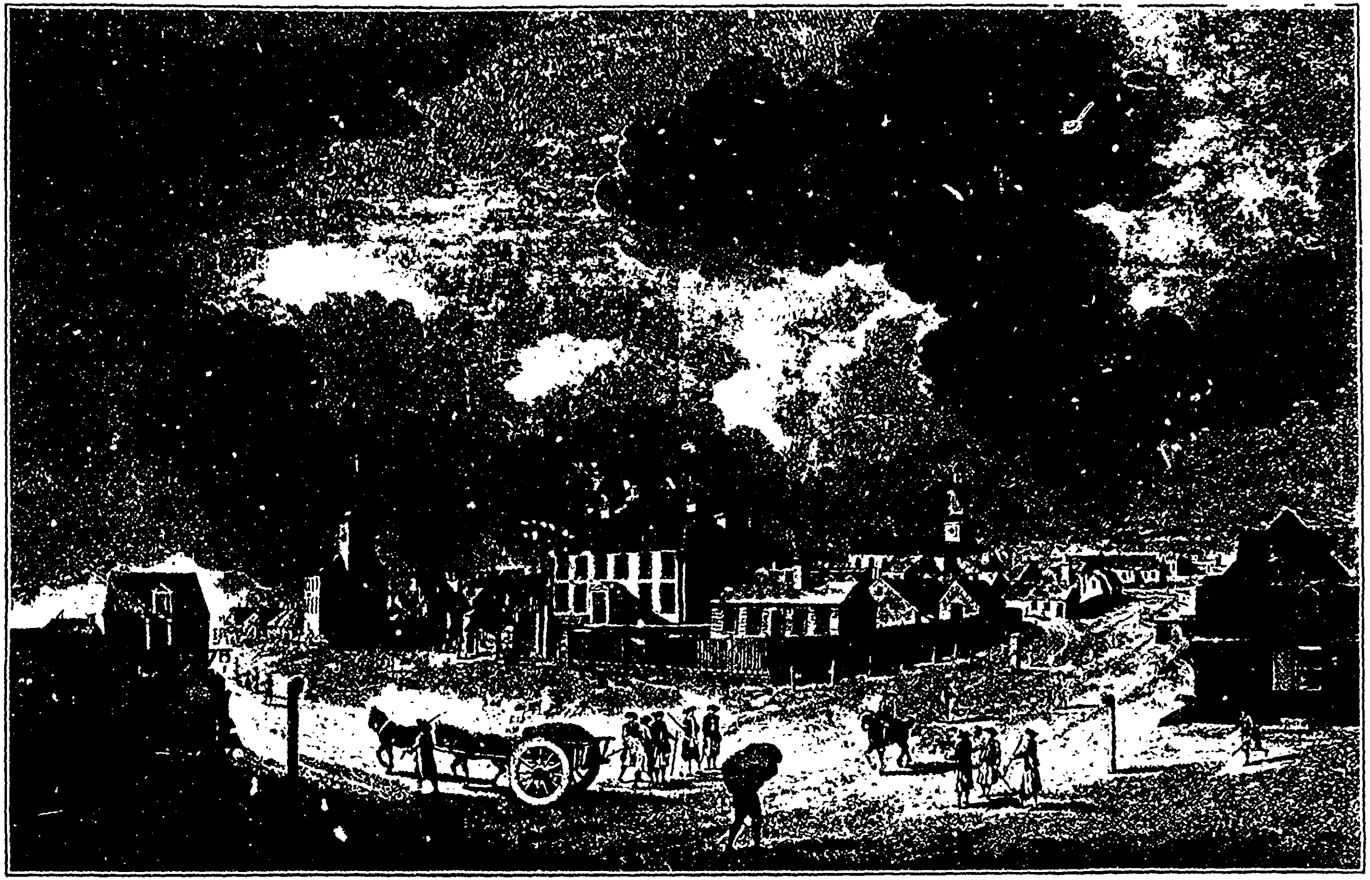
"The rebels held our homesteads; 'Ours' laid them down in the moss.
The world was loud with their triumph; the woods were dumb with our loss.
They sat on the throne as victors; the throne of our love was a cross.

"'Mid slow, soft footed things that creep at the edge of the eve and dawn,
The women went with their young ones, as the doe goes by with her fawn,
While the men they loved went on before, guns ready and sabres drawn.

"They passed down the silent rivers which flow to the mighty lake;
They left what they'd made for England (but those who have made can make),
And founded a new Dominion for God and their country's sake."

It is impossible to tell exactly how many persons altogether became exiles. All the men who had taken an active part in the war, and were consequently most hated by the successful revolutionists, certainly left the United States. As we know that at the very least twenty-five thousand men fought in the regularly organized royal regiments, we may fairly estimate that between eighty and one hundred thousand men, women and children, were forced to leave and scatter throughout the world. Of this number, between thirty and forty thousand people came to the provinces of the present Dominion. More than two-thirds of the exiles settled in the provinces of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, the remainder in the valley of the St. Lawrence. The British Government granted pecuniary compensation and lands to the Loyalists who had suffered great losses—almost irreparable in many cases—for the sake of the empire. It took some years before the pecuniary claims of the numerous applicants for aid could be investigated and relief afforded. Many persons felt all the misery of "hope deferred." In 1786 a writer stated that "this delay of justice has produced the most melancholy and shocking events." Eventually the exiles, who made out their claims, were voted by Parliament an allowance of nearly sixteen millions of dollars! others received considerable annuities, half-pay of military officers, large grants of land, and offices in the provinces.

In Nova Scotia, the principal settlements of the exiles were in the present counties of Annapolis, Digby, Shelburne, and Guysboro'—so named from Sir Guy Carleton—but a considerable number also found homes in the old settled townships where the American Pre-Loyalists, Irish, Germans and others had established themselves from 1749 until 1783. Nearly all the men who came to Nova Scotia and New Brunswick had served in the royal regiments of the old colonies. The condition of many of the people is described in 1783 by Governor Parr, of Nova Scotia, as "most wretched." They were "destitute of almost everything, chiefly women and children, all still on board the vessels," and he had not been "able to find a place for them, though the cold was setting in very severe." Rude huts were erected for the temporary accommodation of these unhappy people when all the available buildings were crowded. At Shelburne, on the first arrival of several thousand exiles, chiefly from New York, there were seen "lines of women sitting on the rocky shore, and weeping at their altered condition." Some of these people, says Sabine, tried to make merry



VIEW (1777) OF GOVERNMENT HOUSE (IN CENTRE), MATHER'S CHURCH (TO LEFT), ST. PAUL'S CHURCH (TO RIGHT), WITH GLIMPSE OF PARADE, CITADEL HILL.

at their doom, by saying that they were "bound for a lovely country, where there are nine months' winter and three months' cold weather every year"—so little did they know of the climate and resources of their new homes.

At Guysboro', the first village which was hurriedly built by the settlers, was destroyed by a bush fire, and many persons only saved their lives by rushing into the sea. The Loyalists had also to suffer much in the valley of the St. John. Many of the people spent their first winter in log huts, bark camps, and tents covered with spruce, or rendered habitable only by the heavy banks of snow which were piled against them. A number of persons died through exposure, and "strong, proud men," to quote the words of one who lived in those sorrowful days, "wept like children," and lay down in their snow-bound tents to die.

Supplies of the necessaries of life were granted to the people for three years. At Port Roseway, now Shelburne, and at the mouth of the River St. John—to quote the words of Colonel Morse, in 1784—"astonishing towns have been raised in less time, perhaps, than was ever known in any country before." Shelburne was for some years a place of great expectations, and had a population larger than that of Quebec and Montreal combined, but it transpired after a short and bitter experience that it had none of the elements of stable prosperity, largely owing to the rugged nature of the country around it: and when the British Government stopped the supplies and withdrew the troops, its people began to leave and seek homes elsewhere in the provinces, and a few even in the United States. A pretty town now nestles by the side of the beautiful and spacious harbour which attracted the first ill-fated settlers, and its residents point out to the tourist the sites of the buildings of last century, one or two of which still remain, and show you many documents and relics of the days when the old inhabitants were full of hope.

If we review the lists of the Loyalists who settled in the Maritime Provinces, we find the names of many men who had distinguished themselves in divinity, law, medicine, and commerce in the old colonies, especially in New England. Among them, there were some who were direct descendants of the famous Puritan migration of 1629-1640. A few were sprung from the Huguenots—the Bayards for instance—who fled from France on the revocation of the Edict of Nantes.

It is an interesting coincidence that on those very shores, which the Acadian exiles of 1755 left in such misery, there landed the far greater proportion of the Loyalists almost in the same spirit of despondency which had been felt by their predecessors in misery less than thirty years before. More than a century has passed since the occurrence of those sad events in the history of America, and the Acadian provinces, which are so intimately associated with the sufferings of those exiles, have become prosperous and happy communities. On the meadows, won from the sea by the Acadian farmers, there are now many happy homes, and the descendants of the old French occupants of Acadia have villages and settlements within the limits of the ill-defined region which was known as Acadie in the days of the French regime.

In the beautiful valleys of the St. John and Annapolis, by the side of many spacious bays and picturesque rivers of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, we find the descendants of the Loyalists, living in content and even affluence—occupying the highest positions of trust and honour. By the St. Lawrence and the Canadian lakes we see also many thousands of people who proudly trace their lineage to the same migration: who have the same story to tell of suffering and trial in the past, of courage and patience triumphant in the end, of the wilderness made to blossom as the rose. In the records of industrial enterprise, of social and intellectual progress, of political development, we find the names of many eminent men, sprung from the people, to whom Canada owes a deep debt of gratitude for the services they rendered her in the formative period of her chequered history.

If the provinces of British North America have been able at most critical periods to resist the growth of purely republican ideas, and to adhere to England, credit is largely due to the principles which the Loyalists handed down to future generations after their migration of the last century to the Atlantic provinces and the country in the valley of the St. Lawrence and great lakes.

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## UNION WITH GOD.

BY LEWIS FREDERICK STARRETT.

"Happiness is neither within us nor without us; it is the union of the soul with God."—PASCAL.

Not from within. The nature we inherit
Is so polluted and defiled with sin,
He sees but little save his own demerit,
Who looks within.

Not from without. Our intercourse with others
So oft deceives us, that we come to doubt
If there be any truth in those our brothers;
Not from without.

Not from within. For conscience makes denial
Of our pretentions as the friends of right;
We boast our courage, and in time of trial
Shrink from the fight.

Not from without. The friends whom we have tested,
They whom our confidence would not betray,
Upon whose strength our weariness has rested,
Fall by the way.

Not from within. The soul gives loath assurance
Of soul realms that it dares not to explore:
Glad, if their demons be but kept in durance
By closed door.

Not from without. For time is ever spoiling
Alike the plans of cottagers and kings;
And wealth we gain at price of lifelong toiling
Makes itself wings.

Only a soul united in endeavour
With Him who is the Lord of every sphere,
Forward may go to any fate soever
Without a fear.

What shall it fear? Shall it not triumph, rather,
Though fates combine, if God be on its side?
The child the Father loveth, from the Father
What can divide?

# PHOEBE—SISTER AND SERVANT.*

### BY ISABELLE HORTON,*

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SOMETIMES it is a question not easily settled whether a great event is a product of the times in which it occurs, or whether the times are a product of the event;—that is, whether it is an "epoch-making" or an "epoch-marking" event. But the birth of the order of deaconesses is so closely allied in spirit to other movements marking the closing years of the century, that we gladly put it down as just one blossoming of the altruistic spirit which is stirring the great heart of the world. An age of creeds and theologies is giving place to an age of charities and practical benevolences.

This age has its "Imitation of Christ," but it is not that written by Thomas a'Kempis, with its meditations, its heart-searchings, its withdrawings from the world; ours has been written by Sheldon in his "What Would Jesus Do?" with strong emphasis on the "do." The very titles are significant. It is not so much the mystical Christ, the anointed Son of God, whom the age would imitate, as Jesus, the Son of man, with red blood throbbing through his veins and the sweat of daily toil on his brow. It was not the literary merit of Sheldon's book that caught the popular heart, for it had none, but the fact that it spoke the word that the sons of men were longing to hear spoken. Christendom is heart-hungry for a practical Christianity, and is trying—with many a slip and many a blunder, of course, but still trying—to realize the second part of the great commandment—"Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself."

The ever-swinging pendulum of human impulse may carry us too far in this direction; we may come to need another a'Kempis, another Fenelon, to give us back our spiritual tone; but still we believe that humanity, with all its goings to and fro, is approaching with every sweep nearer the Divine, and that in all our multitudinous doings, from the city-wide associations of charities and philanthropies, down to the simple round of a deaconess' daily duties, we find a spirit and purpose that reaches up to the very heart of God.

And if this is an age of practical things in religion, not less is it a woman's age. In the business world, in temperance work, in all public philanthropies, women are taking positions of influence and leadership which they have never before assumed. In church work, where women have always been a leading factor, it is not strange that they should assume new responsibilities, supplying an element in church organization which has long been lacking. And this is well. It is an old and trite story of the great artist Angelo, that he spent days and even weeks upon a certain statue after a casual visitor to the studio thought it had been finished. Finding him still at work upon it, he asked what he had been doing. The sculptor said, "I have curved the lip a little, and deepened the shadows of the eye, and finished the drapery." "But these are only trifles," said the visitor. "That may be," returned the artist severely, "but trifles make perfection."

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* Romans xvi. 1.—An address given in the Broadway Tabernacle at the seventh anniversary of the Deaconess Institute, Toronto.

So, when the wise church fathers have carved out the rugged framework of the Church, which is the body of Christ, and have roughhewn it into masterful proportions, there still remain the finer touches, the detail of curve and line, that the manifest image of Christ upon earth may lack nothing of love and tenderness as well as of majesty and power.

So the deaconess work is in its motive and impulse the essence of a broad Christianity. In practice it is but an epitome of what the whole Church should be and do. It was not for deaconess or for missionary, but for Christians, that the hymn was written, "Jesus, I my cross have taken, all to leave and follow thee."

What if—in the fine specialization and organization that our times demand—what if she carries the banner of sacrifice and service a little in advance of the rank and file? It is only to lead the way where all must follow if the Church would not confess that it has lost its early power over the masses.

Paul understood this principle two thousand years ago, and in sending his letters to the church of Rome by the hand of the deaconess Phoebe, he defines her relation to the church almost with a stroke of his pen, and yet so justly that the modern deaconess has not wished to alter or improve it. "I commend unto you," he says, "Phoebe, our sister, a servant of the church that is at Cenchrea."

What a delicate balancing of relationships! "Our sister"—"a servant;" and of duties—"She hath been a helper of many," he says, and then exhorts the church to "assist her in whatsoever business she hath need of you."

It is so much easier to remember others' obligations to us than ours to others that, while the Church affirms and emphasizes the duties of the deaconess as servant and helper, we may be forgiven if sometimes we venture humbly to remind our brothers and sisters of their fraternal duty to help us in whatsoever good work we may need assistance.

The idea of servitude in itself is always repugnant, and it ought to be to every noble mind. Slavery degrades both slave and master. God himself planted in every human soul the love of freedom. But as our Lord Jesus took the cross, the horrid emblem of shame and suffering, and made it the sign of glory and of victory, so, taking upon Himself the form of a servant, He glorified service by love and made it royal; so that now the kings and princes of the earth are proud to write upon their banners, "I serve." This is the ideal that our Lord held constantly before His disciples, not alone in word, but in deed, as when at the last supper He even washed their feet. What gives that marvellous scene its pathos is the fact that "He who was rich, for our sakes became poor," and of His own gracious will—not another's—performed that humble service, unasked, unexpected, even protested against.

If, without irreverence, we could imagine the disciples taking in bald literalness his assertion that the greatest among them should be servant of all, and had demanded of the Master that menial task, our hearts, instead of melting in tenderness, would turn from the scene in disgust, not that they should ask, but that the great Teacher should yield to such arrogance.

So when Paul would commend

Phoebe as "servant of the church," he places just before the humble term that other word that might almost stand as a synonym of unselfish love—"Our sister." The service must be love-service. It must be of grace, and not of necessity, else there were no graciousness in it.

There can be in the Church, which is the body of Christ, no question of high or low, honour or dishonour, master or servant. For, after all, the word which our English translators have made "servant," is "diakonos"—deaconess—helper; and applies equally well to deacons and to ministers.

And Phoebe was a helper; she was also to be helped. She was, even in those early times, a woman of affairs, capable of directing and planning in matters of importance. The business which called her from Corinth to Rome with letters of introduction by Paul, could have been no trivial matter, but something connected with the larger interests of the Church.

And in all places and in all ways she was the loving sister—servant—not the bond-servant—doing sweetly and graciously a thousand gentle ministries, all the more welcome because they were not demanded nor compelled, but freely given for love's sake, and in the name of Love Incarnate.

The true deaconess to-day will covet no higher, and need take no lower place than this of sister-servant. She will carry the spirit of loving service wherever she may go. In homes of wretchedness and misery she may not shrink from the humblest tasks, but she dare not cheapen them by accepting the position merely of a menial; rather will she enrich and glorify them with the compassionate tenderness of a loving sister. Who of us in times of sickness or trouble would exchange the unbought ministries of mother or sister for those of a hired servant? We cannot shut our eyes to the truth that it is not the work that is done for money that most reaches the heart and influences the life; no—nor that which brings to the doer the purest and truest satisfaction. It is the love-inspired service that, forgetting itself and its own interests, goes out in Christlike tenderness to the lost or the sorrow-laden.

And it is not only to the suffering, but to the sinful as well, that the deaconess must go in the same spirit. Go in love, judging never, yet keeping her own hands clean and her heart pure. I know how one deaconess learned the lesson—I think there is no other way for any to learn it.

She had been but a few weeks in the work, coming from a wholesome country home, when it became her duty to carry a message from a heart-broken mother to her daughter in one of the dark places of the great city. If it had been hunger or cold, or suffering of any kind, it might have been easy to pity and relieve; but this was sin—shameless, unrepentant sin—flaunting itself in silken attire and setting at naught everything sacred in life. And yet this deaconess dared not go even to this woman in a spirit of condemnation, and for days she waited, trying by force of will or sense of expediency to overcome her aversion to the task. At last, in desperation, she went on her knees before God, and for hours pleaded for a heart to love—not sinners in the abstract—but this one sinner in particular, to be helped to so hide herself in Christ that she could see with his vision, and, conscious of her own shortcomings, could go to this woman and say without cant or hypocrisy—"my sister." It was midnight when the answer came, but the next morning she stood before the guilty woman, and looked into her eyes, and gave her message, tenderly as one would to a wayward sister. And the woman covered her face with her hands and sank into a chair, and sobbed in shame and sorrow; and before many days the mother received the message of hope she so longed for.

And whenever we dip down into the shifting, drifting tides that form the undertow of life in our great cities, where good men and women are struggling against the forces of evil, we shall always find that the measure of uplifting influence is the measure of love in the heart of the worker. Without this the gift pauperizes, the reproof irritates, the advice falls upon unheeding ears. The woman who, from the heart out, can place herself in the relation of sister to these children of misfortune is the woman who has power to lift them up. And the ideal deaconess is she whose heart is full of this spirit of humble, loving service; the one who, though lacking nothing of refinement and true womanliness—perhaps because lacking neither of these—can go to the poorest, the most degraded, and say, " Come, my brother, my sister, there is still hope for you."

Sometimes in reading the story of the Prodigal Son, I have wondered whether, if that elder brother had been a sister, the wanderer would have received a grudging welcome home. It rather seems to me that she would have been sending out her white-winged letters, telling him that the father's heart still yearned over his son, and begging him to leave his swine and come home—that she would have kept the light burning in the window—nay, that she might herself have gone, even down to the gates of hell, to rescue and lead him back.

The cities swarm with these prodigal brothers of ours; too weak to stem the tides of misfortune and disaster, yet dimly longing for better things. There are those, the tempters rather than the tempted, who seem to have sold themselves to work iniquity until they have lost the stamp of both the divine and the human, and bear but the mark of the beast in their faces—God pity and judge them; I cannot—but I believe the majority are rather weak than wicked.

When we consider the power of the evil influences all around them—the saloon and the gambling den allied with every seductive accompaniment to lure the feet of the unwary, where music, and art, and social pleasure, and every good thing that the lonely heart craves is made the bait to drag down—when we see the heartless war of business life, every man fighting desperately for himself, and driving the weak one to the wall—when, worst of all, we see men in high places, who stand as examples and models for others, perjuring themselves and shamelessly degrading their office for gold, we cannot wonder that the victims of our civilization become cynical, and hopeless, and desperate. Rather do we wonder when we see at how frail a straw they will often grasp to lift themselves to a better life. A friendly hand-clasp, an encouraging word of sympathy and interest for some homeless vagabond have often been enough to turn the scale, and give him heart for a new struggle.

And who so potent to exercise such influence as the sister who, with honest eyes and kindly voice, pleads with him to forsake his evil ways and be a man again ? God gives but one mother, and she has become but a dream and a memory to him; he is not fit to have a wife, or if he has one he has doubtless broken her heart long ago; saints and angels are very far away from one like him; but a sister—the very word is full of sweet homelikeness. Ideas of peace, and purity, and all gentle and helpful ways cling to it like perfume to a flower. It suggests not a dispenser of charity merely, but an interested friend, near enough to be entrusted with the heart's secrets, yet wise and kind enough to be looked up to for advice and consolation. It is the ideal relation to those whom we would serve.

A few months ago a boy came to our door in Chicago asking for old clothes. During the winter months the tramp had become so ubiquitous, and was proving such a tax upon our time and our resources, that we have vowed to harden our hearts against this variety of the "genus homo," and this was my first call after that resolution was made. But as I looked at him standing there—shivering, ragged, dirty, and wretched—I said to myself, "He's only a boy; I can't turn him away," and I brought him in by the fire, and heard his story and gave him a good meal, and manufactured some excuse for work somewhere as an equivalent for that and some warm clothes. But I think it was not the food nor the clothes that meant the most to him, for as he stood with his hand on the door, he turned his face away struggling for some words that he wanted to say but could not, and finally blundered out awkwardly, "You're so kind to me, I don't know what to make of it," and hurried away.

He had been invited to come again, and he did, three or four times within the next few days, and then we saw him no more for several weeks. But one morning I was called to the parlour, and there sat my tramp boy, his face shining with soap and water and smiles. I gave him a hearty welcome, and an invitation to stay to dinner. Before he left he opened a little purse well filled with money, and taking two silver dollars, he put them into my hand, saying, "I want to give you something for what you have done for me." I did not want to accept it, but for his sake I did, saying, "If you are sure you can afford it, I will take it to help some other boy who is in a tight place;" and then I remarked to him what I had at the first remarked to myself, "You are looking better than when I saw you first." "Yes," he said, in his slow Swedish accent, "I was desperate that day when I came here first. I had evil thought all right enough. If you hadn't—if you hadn't"—he said, hesitating for a word, "if you hadn't been different from some other folks, I wouldn't 'a' been here like this now. I'd 'a' been in prison most likely."

He comes to our home still, an invited guest. He is working hard and honestly, and trying to save a little money to help him to go to school next winter. But when I think what that boy's life was—not one little place in all the wide world that he could call home, and not a friend within a thousand miles—when I think of the days of weary wandering, the cold looks and harsh words, the disappointments, the awful nights in police stations or saloons, or cheap lodging-houses or wandering all night in the streets, the evil associations that were continually around him, and put over against all these a bundle of old clothes, a half-dozen meals, and a few kind words, I can only marvel at their potency.

Then there is the great world of commonplace people; people who are not wicked enough to be picturesque, nor wretched enough to be soul-harrowing, nor bright enough to be interesting. Yet how often the deepest tragedies lie hidden under these commonplace exteriors. So many sealed hearts that open only to the touch of sympathy! so many fountains of bitterness that can be sweetened only by loving-kindness! so many high aspirations hidden and crushed under the dull routine of spiritless, unappreciated toil, just waiting for some other soul, not occupied with its own sorrows, to come and tell them what they want to believe, but cannot of themselves—"God's in His heaven; all's right with the world"—to all such as these she who is soul-sister to humanity may be guide and confidant.

Then there are the omnipresent, perplexing problems of charity—falsely so called. We are assured that the poor we shall have always with us, and we are exhorted by scores of commands in the Good Book and by every Christlike impulse in our own hearts to do them good. A century ago it was thought enough to give generously of our substance, and there were not lacking those who fondly imagined that the heavenly Father was so especially favourable to them that the poor and miserable were made so on purpose that they themselves might win heaven through their works of charity.

Then the enlightened conscience of modern times began to wonder if the poor, dear people were not being imposed upon by beggars, who seemed to be growing more numerous and importunate with all the alms that were distributed, and who were not as a rule duly grateful to their benefactors. Then came our improved methods of charity. The practical tendencies of the age found expression in societies that were to draw the line carefully between the "worthy" poor, who were to be helped, and the "unworthy" poor, who were to be shut outside the pale of our sympathies. We were solemnly warned against the pauperizing effects of giving, and taught to put on our flint-glass magnifying spectacles and examine our applicant as a "case."

"Very likely you're an impostor, sir; I see you're poor—but are you strictly honest? Perhaps you tell lies sometimes, which you know is very wrong—for a poor man. But I'll investigate your case, and have you properly ticketed, and labelled, and transfixed with a pin through your heart in a jiffy."

And thus, from the Scylla of hysterical generosity we are hurled on to the Charybdis of heartless institutionalism. Which is worse—which is the greater travesty of pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father, I do not know The old, Lady Bountiful charity that pauperized was bad because there was no love in it but self-love; the new may be just as bad for the same reason. Either may be good with the leaven of unselfish love to keep it sweet. But love is more than sentimental gush; something more than real but impulsive self-sacrifice.

If there is any one who can reconcile the two extremes, saving what is good in both—one who can give without condescension, and investigate without brutality—who can be both loving and practical at the same time, surely it is she who can best sustain the relation of faithful friend and counsellor. She who has the mother's confidence, who advises her in her little economies, counsels with her about the children's welfare, and is told without asking all the secret sorrows of the family life.

Perhaps she will find that sometimes the poor and downtrodden do not want to be lifted up; that they would rather be left in their filth and ignorance, and supported by gifts, than to rouse themselves for the bitter struggle with untoward circumstances; and few of us realize how hard and how bitter that struggle must be in most cases. But if she be a true sister, she will know that this does not in the least alter the fact that it is her duty to bring them, if possible, new inspiration and higher ideals until the desire comes for a better life. And I have such faith in the power of this personal friendship that I would almost dare to say that there is no life so depraved that a strong, patient, tender friend cannot redeem it, if the friend be strong enough, and patient enough.

Such work is slow and difficult, but the passion for obtaining large results at small outlay has its limit. There are some kinds of work for which no machinery ever has been or can be invented. It requires the deft touch of the human hand. So in social and religious work, there is no substitute for heart labour—for the personal, loving, heart-to-heart intercourse with those we would help. Of course this is costly—so is hand-made lace—but it is the only genuine.

There are yet others for whose sake the Church needs this sisterly care and service. There is many a household where the mother is so busy and burdened that the care of the little ones is left to the older sister. We see them everywhere—the " little mothers "—carrying their charges with a patient devotion that only the mother-love itself could excel. And our great Church-Mother—with all her weighty cares—has she not been too busy with her many societies and her world-wide missions to give the attention she should to the little ones of the fold ? And is she not learning when it is too late that they are slipping from her grasp by hundreds and thousands. Even now I fear we do not realize as we should the need for special care and teaching for this class, nor do we regard it as a consummation devoutly to be wished for, and worked for, that they should early be brought into church membership.

Not long ago I read an account of a great revival in some church where it was said that seventy-five people had been converted, " not counting the children." Who in the name of sanctified commonsense would they count ? Some old, gray-headed reprobate, whose evil years stretch in a black vista behind him—who can never possibly hope to undo one-tenth of the evil he has done, or recall the baneful influence he has sent out to curse the world ? Could such a conversion begin to compare in value with that of an innocent child, with all his years and their bright possibilities still before him ?

Then there is the child of the alley, with his mischief, his waywardness, and his misery, just waiting for the outstretched hand to lead him where it will. He has no father to speak of, and a mother who is perhaps worse than no mother at all. He lies, and fights, and swears, no doubt, for he has learned these things from infancy. Yet, down deep in his nature are the springs of affection that can be unsealed only by the love-touch which now he never knows. And he stands for thousands of his kind, poor little half-starved bodies and wholly-starved souls, hungry and waiting for the loving word, the tender, guiding hand. They can never know a mother's wise and loving care; too often the " wife and mother " of the slums is the chief factor in the degradation of her family. At best she is a spiritless, broken-hearted creature, crushed down by cruel circumstances, and helpless toward the uplifting of her family. Perhaps she herself was such a child of such a home, and without help from outside sources her children will go from bad to worse.

But it is so easy to win them to better things. A smile for some neglected waif in the street, and his grimy little hand is thrust into yours to walk by your side, and pour out his artless confidences. A bunch of flowers for the mother, and her consent is won for the little one to go with you to Sunday-school, or wherever you may choose to lead him. A little watching, a little patience, a little more love, and the childish feet are trying as best they may to follow in ways of righteousness. This has been the history of many a little pilgrim.

I think in all my deaconess life I have had no sweeter experience than in walking through some dusty, dingy alley where children swarmed, to see little dirty faces uplifted with shy smiles—though they might never have seen me before—and to hear childish voices pipe out, "Hello, teacher," or, "Hello, sister," because some other woman wearing a garb like mine had sometime gone in and out among them, bringing brightness and cheer into their lives.

Let the Church send out its sisters, and let it give them all the needful appliances, that these little ones may be gathered in, not by scores. but by hundreds and thousands, and trained for Christian citizenship. If three-fourths of the machinery of the Church were devoted to saving the children it would be wisely invested. If we take care of the children, the old people, with all their distressing problems of pauperism and crime, will, in a generation or two, take care of themselves.

But the deaconess is not only a sister to the world's needy souls, but she is a sister in the household of faith, and a child of the common parent—the Church. And not more does the Church need her strong and helpful service than she herself needs the watch-care of the Church, that she may never be found more lacking in filial reverence than in sisterly service. The typical deaconess is one whose soul, though fed from secret springs of divine life, is not much given to self-analysis nor to spiritual ecstasies of soul-communion. She does not spend much time marking the ebbing and swelling of the tide of religious emotion, but rather uses its power to turn the mill-wheels of service to humanity.

But the perfect life must preserve the fine balance between communion and service, and the deaconess needs always a warm place at the home fireside, lest her service become materialistic. There may be rocks and shoals ahead in the future development of the work, which will demand the wisest forecast, the soundest judgment, the broadest thought that the parent Church can give; for there is no organization carrying with it great possibilities for good that has not correspondingly great possibilities for disaster.

We appeal to the Church, then, for fraternal co-operation and paternal guidance, which shall yet leave us as untrammelled as may be for the fulfilment of our mission to "seek the wandering, comfort the sorrowing, save the sinning."

The deaconess of the future will be about what the Church expects her to be. The attitude of the Church toward the work will largely determine the character of the women who enter its ranks. If she demands simply the "servant," she will get it. If pliability and docility are made the chief considerations, they will be forthcoming, though it may be at the expense of more valuable considerations. But are these qualities what the Church most needs in meeting the crisis that is confronting it in the problems of the modern cities? A piece of putty is splendidly pliable, but its use in building enterprises is limited.

If the Church asks for the "sister," she will get that, and the servant too. She will get more than this; she will have at her service all the tenderness, the self-sacrificing instinct, which is the spiritual quality of true motherhood, not sealed up in the precious alabaster box of one home, but broken at the Master's feet to bless many homes and many homeless little ones with its rich incense.

Do not fear to ask great things of the future. Humanity loves the teacher who sets before it a high ideal and demands its fulfilment—providing the teacher himself follows it, not afar off. The divine audacity of the call will be its attraction. Great sacrifices are easier than small ones because of the great inspiration that comes with them; human nature loves to be called upon for the best that is in it. But the Church should measure up to the same standard of sacrifice and service. If it exploits the deaconess work as a cheap commodity, a sort of bargain counter, where much work can be secured for little money, the deaconess will soon be swallowed up in the worldly-wise policy of the Church.

If the Church, in supporting the work, also buys the deaconess to work exclusively for the promotion of its interests, she may become a dutiful creature, moving without friction in her appointed sphere, and we may be able to point with pride to the economical workings of the machine; but we shall have lost the enthusiastic uplift, the spiritual power, the holy abandon, which alone can make the service a blessing to the Church.

Rather let us hope that the deaconess of the future will be the broad and intelligent helper, working, not narrowly for the Church, but with the Church for the salvation of the lost world. Co-operating intelligently with every good cause; sometimes obeying, sometimes being obeyed; the servant of the Church as the hand is the servant of the body—cherished and protected while executing its generous will.

Do you fear the results of too much liberty, and ask whereunto this may tend? Civilization has taken the check-rein from the neck of its draught horses, realizing that the power that bears the burden must be freest from unnecessary straining. Do not fear to make as free your sister of the Church. Let her decide for herself what it is suitable for her to be and to do.

Conventionalities differ with time and place. In India it is thought unwomanly for the wife to sit at table with her husband; Paul suffered not a woman to teach. In Canada and America to-day a woman may do both without losing her womanliness. That is something that cannot be made or unmade by outside restrictions.

Do you say that I magnify my office? In my heart of hearts I believe there is no higher or more sacred calling. The fact that it will always be an exceptional one does not alter but rather emphasizes this fact. But she who most deeply feels the responsibilities of her position will also most keenly realize her own unworthiness, and in very desperation be driven to the source of divine strength. And so with faith in Him who has promised to meet every human need with divine fulness, with faith, too, in our great Church, whose heart is always open to every generous impulse, we commend to you your sister—a servant of the Church.

# 'TWIXT TWO CENTURIES: LOOKING BACKWARD AND FORWARD.*

BY FREDERICK W. FARRAR, D.D., D.C.L.,

Dean of Canterbury, England.

"And the Lord said unto Moses, Wherefore criest thou unto me? speak unto the children of Israel, that they go forward."—Ex. xiv. 15.

ONE hundred years ago we stood all but alone amid the conflagration of universal war. The debt of England was then £448,000,000. The genius of Napoleon seemed to be sweeping all Europe into subjection. In 1805 the great William Pitt died of a broken heart, crushed by the news of Napoleon's victory at Austerlitz, and it seemed as if England, too, must at last succumb to an invincible despotism. But God gave us Nelson to annihilate the power of our enemies at sea; and Wellington to crown our triumphs on the glorious field of Waterloo.

The expansion of Great Britain, it has been said, over vast subject populations is without parallel in the history of the human race. She now bears rule over one-seventh of the surface of the globe and one-fourth of its population. We have 54 separate colonies or groups of colonies. Our Indian empire now extends from Cape Comorin to the Himalayas, territory equal in area to all Europe without Russia. In 1837 our Queen had 130,000,000 of subjects; in 1900 she had more than 400,000,000. In 1837 she reigned over 2,000,000 of square miles; in 1900, 8,000,000 of square miles.

With this growth of dominion God has granted us many other priceless blessings. In the beginning of the century there were terrible evils in the midst of us. The Corn Laws were a curse to the British people; taxation was monstrous; expenditure boundless; criminal enactments were ruthlessly savage. Two hundred and twenty-three offences were punished with death. The prisons, in the language of Lord Cockburn, were dirty, fetid, cruel hells of torture and demoralization. Little weeping lads were publicly hung for trivial thefts; soldiers and sailors even for slight offences were condemned to five hundred lashes; women were publicly flogged; slavery was universally prevalent; children of six were employed for long, cruel hours in factories and mines; wretched boys were driven by blows to suffer indescribable horrors in narrow and soot-choked chimneys; sanitation was almost unknown. Small-pox and other epidemics raged unchecked; manners were coarse; drunkenness was prevalent even in the highest society; profane swearing was all but universal. The vast mass of the people were entirely uneducated; the whole power of government was in the hands of a few wealthy oligarchs; money became scarce; exports fell away. England, it is said, exhibited all the appearance of a dying nation.

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* We have pleasure in presenting in the same number with the character-study of the great Dean of Canterbury, his recent remarkable sermon, preached in England's most venerable Abbey, which has often rung with the eloquence of her mightiest pulpit orators. We deem it one of the most noteworthy signs of the times that such a sermon should be preached in such a place on such an occasion. Dean Farrar has done much to answer his own prayer for a prophet to rouse the Church to noble and strenuous leadership. Like Jonah in Nineveh he proclaims the peril of the nation, but points out, too, its only salvation.

We think Dean Farrar too pessimistic in his outlook. The progress of the past is a bright augury of the progress of the future. His own long fight against the drink evil is synchronous with a revolution in the State Church, many hundreds of whose clergy are now pronounced temperance advocates, where units were forty years ago. Even greater progress has been made in the Nonconformist Churches, which embrace the majority of the people of England. His own Church may in large degree be given up to disputes about incense and altar candles and chasubles and stoles; but at the very hour the Dean was speaking, the Nonconformist Churches were girding themselves for a Simultaneous Mission in every city, town and village in the realm, for the promotion of Christ's kingdom, and were completing the most magnificent thank-offering to Almighty God ever laid upon His altar in the history of the world. The blackest cloud on the horizon is the drink traffic. The most shameful blot on England's escutcheon is that she consumes more liquor for every man, woman and child than any other country in the world. The greatest glory of our own Dominion is that it offers the least consumption of liquor per head in the world.—ED.

Yet from all these miseries and dangers God most gloriously delivered us. In 1832 the Reform Bill inaugurated the new principle of government of the people by the people for the people. In 1833 came the emancipation of the slave; in 1843 the rescue of children from a living death; in 1859 vaccination was introduced; the causes of death were combated. The death-rate in 1800 was one in thirty-six; it has now fallen to one in fifty. Our commerce increased by leaps and bounds. According to Mr. Gladstone, it increased more in fifty years of the reign of our Queen than in all the long millenniums since Julius Cæsar. Missions to the heathen began. Charity societies, which now number more than five hundred, have endeavoured to alleviate many forms of human misery. The discovery of anesthetics, of the antiseptic treatment of wounds, of the Rontgen rays, and the vast advance of skill in medicine, extended human life and saved it from unnumbered horrors.

Above all, science began its magnificent and unparalleled advance, advance so marvellous as to exceed in this century alone all the progress of all the long previous millenniums of the human race. Geology has for the first time deciphered the primeval records written by God's own finger on the rocky tablets of the world. Astronomy has brought within our ken the abysses of space crowded with galaxies of innumerable stars. Electricity has fearlessly seized the lightning-flash by its wing of fire and utilized it to light our houses and to flash our messages in a moment round the girdle of the globe. Mechanical science has used the expansive force of steam to speed us across vast continents and over boundless seas. The telegraph, the telephone, the phonograph have transmitted, magnified, and perpetuated sound. And science has not only been the herald of progress, but the archangel of beneficence in economizing human labour, increasing human blessedness, and lengthening human life.

When we have reviewed all these facts which have come to pass in the last century, might it not seem as if the human race, and England especially, had entered into a new millennium, and as if England might claim indeed to be Lady of the Kingdoms, and her sons might sit as gods and say, "There shall no harm happen unto thee"?

Such language, my friends, is always dangerous, as the prophets of Israel warned Babylon and Tyre; and all history is but one long comment upon their warnings. This is the moral of all human tales. 'Tis but the same rehearsal of the past; first freedom and then glory. When that fails, wealth, vice, corruption, barbarism at last, and history with all her volumes vast, hath but one tale. What is that tale? It is that there is one thing, and one thing only, and that is righteousness, in which is included all manliness and spiritual force; one thing only, righteousness, which exalteth a nation; and that sin is not only the reproach, but the ruin of any people. If that be so, what is our outlook for the twentieth century?

1. To begin with, Shall we retain our splendid empire? Are its foundations secure?

Let us look at this question, not with a rose-pink optimism, but with fearless honesty. Not long ago a poet warned us that extended empire, like expanded gold, exchanges solid strength for feeble splendour. We are surrounded on every side, to a degree quite unprecedented, with the burning hatreds and jealousies of the nations; and if it be argued that this only means the rabid virulence of the Continental press, it is the press which stimulates the enterprises and inflames the passions of other people. It is by no means improbable, considering that we have long ceased to produce in these islands sufficient food for our own population—it is far from improbable that the new century may not have advanced far in its course without seeing a European combination against us, which might find us most inadequately prepared, and might shake our supremacy into the dust. It is all very well to say, with stolid boastfulness: "Come the four corners of the world in arms, and we will shock them." Nevertheless, we may be very sure that our empire, too, will go smoothly gliding down into the limbo of the things that were, if we show neither sufficient foresight nor sufficient energy, intelligence, and self-denial to face the fleets and armies of the many powers to whom we are objects of jealousy and detestation.

2. And, then, our commerce: Will our commerce maintain its present supremacy? On this subject there is wide and deep misgiving. We are receiving warning from many competent authorities that our commerce is in a state of unstable equilibrium. What made Venice great of old was her obedience to her first commercial precept: "Around this temple let the merchant be just, his weights true, his conduct guileless." Is it so with us? Have we no spurious commodities? No fraudulent imitations? "The products of Great Britain," said the noble-hearted General Gordon, "have terribly fallen off. It is money, money, money, with us; we are full of tricks in every trade. Now, falsehood in trade shows want of morality in the nation, and when morality is wanting the end is not far off."

"Our ports," said Lord Beaconsfield, "may be full of shipping, our factories may smoke on every plain, our forges may flame in every city, yet, if the testimonies against us be true, we shall form no exception to that rule which the page of history has mournfully recorded—to fade like the Tyrian dyes, and to crumble like the Venetian palaces." "Other hands," said Mr. Robert Giffen, "are filching away our trade. The Continent, by means of agents, often far better trained and more energetic than those whom we send forth, is forcing its goods upon our own old customers in Africa and farther Asia. The problems, political and social, which the future will have to solve, are not easier, but, in the constant growth of population, are infinitely more complex than those with which this country has been confronted in any former age." And this, he thinks, is greatly due to a certain supineness and languor which is creeping over us. "Industrial depression," says another writer, "is coming slowly and surely upon us."

According to the Board of Trade returns, employment has declined in many of the most important branches of commerce. German goods are greatly superseding English manufactures. In nearly every market the Americans have surpassed England in electric engineering, and in many branches of mechanical production, because Americans show more intelligence, more originality, more willingness to modify their educational systems in accordance with modern needs. Hence Germany and America are replacing England as the great workshops of the world. Young Germans oust young Englishmen from hundreds of places in our great English business establishments. Why? Because they are better instructed, because they know more, because they are less devoted to self-indulgence and to amusement. "And in America and France," says another competent authority, "much greater thought is given to mechanical improvement than is now the case in England." In a world glowing with a love of progress the old conservatism of the English manufacturer is undoubtedly the most perilous form of dry rot by which our industrial system can be invaded.

These are no idle conjectures of mine; the subject is not one which I have specially studied. These are the opinions of the best experts. Shall we arouse ourselves in England to consider and to remedy these perils, or shall we, in spite of all warnings, blunder on in slothful confidence until all improvement has become too late?

3. What view are we to take of our present social condition?

It has been said by one of the first living men of science that, along with our marvellous successes there have been equally great, equally stirring, moral and social failures; and our self-appreciation does not rest on an adequate appreciation of facts. Our boasted civilization, he says, is in many respects a mere surface veneer. In support of this view he points us, amid the utter nonchalance of greed and luxury, to the fact that there are, according to the estimate of Mr. Charles Booth, in London alone, 300,000 paupers, besides the inmates of workhouses, prisons, hospitals, and asylums, who are in miserable and poverty-stricken conditions, in grinding and hopeless toil. He points out that suicides in England and Wales have increased from 67 per million to 92 per million of the population; that the insane, too, have increased 50 per cent. faster than the population; that the increase of population is 10 per cent. larger among paupers than among the well-to-do. And Professor Huxley, as you know, said, when he spoke of an East-end parish in which he had lived some years, that the state of things in it was one which, unless wise and benevolent men take it in hand, will tend to create something worse than savagery: a bog which in the long run will swallow the surface crust of civilization. And our greatest poet asked, Is it well that

> "While we boast our science, glorying in
> the present time,
> City children soak and blacken soul and
> sense in city slime"?

Are we to neglect this warning? Are we to neglect the warning of a great man of genius, that there is a poison in the sores of Lazarus against which Dives has no antidote?

4. And then there is one of the most marked and fatal signs of the apathy of national effort and the utter callousness of the national conscience—it is the shameful dereliction of our national duty as regards drink.

We sometimes vainly pride ourselves with the notion that there is more serious religion in England than on the Continent. Yet in opposition to the curse and ruin of drink, France is stirring, Belgium is stirring, Switzerland is stirring, Austria is stirring, Russia is stirring, even Spain is stirring; Sweden and Norway have long saved multitudes of their population from destruction by drink. America has long adopted repressive measures. And in this matter of vital importance all these countries have shown themselves more brave, more conscientious, more in earnest than we are.

We flatter ourselves that intemperance is on the decrease, and yet the drink bill of 1899 was £162,163,474, which is £7,682,000 in excess of what it was in 1898. And with what result? With the result that our paupers, our criminals, our lunatics, our suicides, our murderers, our habitual drunkards rise against us to condemn us for our careless neglect of the thing which ruined them. We still speak with horror of the massacre of the innocents by Herod; but through drink we massacre and cause to be massacred, to be starved, to be beaten to death, to be overlaid by drunken mothers, and especially on Saturday and Sunday evenings, thousands more than the children whom Herod once slew in Bethlehem. One of the ablest of our working-men representatives, Mr. John Burns, has said: " What England wants is, not a whiff of grape-shot against its foreign foes, but a breath of Puritanism over its national life." Gambling symbolizes among the working classes the mania for money, the greed of gain, that our foreign critics say is eating into every phase of British life, and involving us in imperial difficulties and continental dangers which will require the courage which only Puritanism can give.

Why will not the nation listen to the repeated warnings even of its leading statesmen? Our Chancellor of the Exchequer tells us that with all the millions of children and hundreds of thousands of total abstainers, we are still spending on drink per head of the population, the monstrous sum of £3 17s. 6d., which since he spoke has increased. Sir William Harcourt proved to us that we are consuming more beer, more wine, more spirits, more of every kind of drink than any other nation under the sun. Lord Rosebery has warned us that if the state does not control the liquor traffic, the degraded result will be that, to the infamy of England, the liquor traffic will control the English state. And another Prime Minister, the greatest of modern days, Mr. Gladstone, said: "Among many other warnings, let us carry deeply stamped upon our hearts and minds a sense of shame at the great plague of drunkenness which goes through the land sapping and undermining the character, breaking up the peace of families; and let us remember that this great plague and curse is," he said, " a national curse, calamity, and scandal."

It would be useless, nor shall I attempt to do so, to repeat to you again the incessant, indignant, burning testimonies of all who are most competent to bear witness—of our judges, of our statesmen, of our physicians, of our philanthropists, of our social inquirers, of our magistrates, that drunkenness means rags, filth, vice, crime, degradation, mental disease, and horrible death to such an extent that led one of our chief physicians to say, that when he witnessed its ravages he felt inclined to throw up his profession altogether and to go abroad proclaiming, Beware of this enemy of the race. Even the royal commission appointed by a government which declines at present to lift so much as a finger to help toward the removal of this deadly curse, even that royal commission, I say, declared that a gigantic evil remains to be remedied, and hardly any sacrifice would be too great which would result in a marked diminution of this national degradation.

Yet this seems to be the darkest and most damning blot on our national character that, callous to all this evidence of crime and misery which the papers daily bring before us. deaf and dumb and blind to moral duties. so intensely urgent, we go drowsily on to our punishment and to our ruin, everywhere still confronting the minimum of resistance to the maximum of temptation, crowing over our plutocratic drink-sellers, indifferent to the wholesale ruin of our poor, causing the endless multiplication of children who are pale, sickly, stunted, decrepit, sallow-faced, with bowed shoulders, half starved, brutally maltreated, who grow up to fill our disgraceful streets with the dehumanization of drunkenness and the brutalities of Hooliganism. The Rev. C. M. Sheldon told me he had seen more drunkenness in England in a single fortnight than he had seen for long years together in his native State of Kansas. And a brilliant American statesman, Mr. Chauncey Depew, after one Sunday visiting Whitechapel, said: "Such poverty, such misery, such wretchedness, such a seething furnace of ignorance and all the attendants upon it, I never saw before, and never expect to see again. And when I saw it I felt that the great city, with all its wealth and luxury, rests upon a volcano which only needs the force of civilization to relapse upon it to produce a catastrophe which would make the world shudder."

Are we to be indifferent to all the testimonies of our greatest men and our greatest visitors? Can these things be, and not awaken our indignation, and alarm, and shame; without stirring up to that national repentance which must come soon, or it will be too late to avert the consequence of our crimes?

5. The Church and religion in England—how are they meeting the perils which lie thick and dark around us?

What do we hear of most in any paper about the Church of England? Is it about spiritual passion and moral nobleness, or is it about the trivialities of infinitesimal importance? Meanwhile, one of our writers has asked, Has religion touched the life, the habits, the thoughts of the majority of workers in our great towns? And he answers, Assuredly not. Efficient work is done in many parishes, we thankfully admit; but we want the Church to lead, to uplift, to inspire the mass of the people. The measure of the vitality of religion is its power to readjust its conceptions and to readapt its institutions to its environment. The measure of its weakness is its timidity and foolish laxity; the measure of its hopes the measure of self-sacrifice it inspires, and the reality of the efforts with which it serves the wretched and despairing.

The religion of Christ and His apostles, the religion which regenerated the world, knew nothing of petty externalism; but it was the burning energy of spiritual love which, if it existed now, would make it impossible to say, as a lay speaker said not long ago at a church congress, that the Church of England had too usually been on the side of privilege against right, of ignorance against knowledge, of restriction against freedom, of retrogression against progress, of the few against the many. The emptiness of multitudes of our churches certifies to the need of changes in our services. We, almost alone of all the churches of Christendom, go on reciting constantly the Athanasian Creed, most unsuitable for purposes of public recitation, in its literal sense most uncharitable and most deeply repulsive to thousands of those who hear it. Our liturgy is, as many clergy testify, what the people do not want and cannot understand. It is too iterative, too long, too mechanical, too formal.

The world, said the eloquent Archbishop of Armagh, will certainly judge the Church by her works, by that which softens, which brightens, which improves, which elevates, which sweetens, which does something for human society, and lays its hand with a touch of healing on the leprosy of life—that religion will be welcomed first as a friend and then as a messenger of Christ. I see the people rising to their feet, the greatest host that time has ever known; I hear the murmur of millions speaking to millions in many languages. What there is in Christ's Gospel to rectify human life, to elevate the selfishness of capital and chasten the selfishness of labour, to carry to the homes of the people improvement in the present and hope for the future—that will find eager listeners. But to the man of the future, religion will appear a barren and worthless stem unless it bring forth the fruits of love.

We need some true man among us, some true prophet, to arouse the Church to noble and strenuous leadership. If God grant us such a man he will of course be hated and persecuted, slandered by all the so-called religious press, martyred by a life-long martyrdom till another generation has placed him among the saints. But unless such a prophet comes we are only able to say that "where there is no vision there the people perish."

I have not attempted to conceal from you, my friends, the conviction—which would be nothing at all if it were only mine, but it is that of many of the most earnest thinkers among us—that the future of England in the coming century is full of the most serious perils—peril to our Empire, peril to our commerce, peril to our Church, peril to our whole national life. If we are to content ourselves with ease and luxury, with blind optimism in the state and retrogressive pettiness in the Church; if the nerves of our national manliness are too much relaxed to arouse ourselves and our growing youths to greater energy and self-denial; if we produce so few true men and so many hungers and thirsts and fevers and appetites—then farewell to the greatness and glory of England.

Our greatest men have passed away; and God can never make man's best without best men to help Him. We want—

"Deeds, not words of whining note,
Not thoughts from life remote;
Not stately, languid prayers,
Not love of sects and creeds—wanted,
Deeds."

We want voices, not faded echoes; truths, not exploded shibboleths; saints, not effeminate conventionalities; we want prophets with words aflame who will scorn as lying unfathomably beneath their utmost capacity the malignities and meannesses of party criticisms.

"God give us men; a time like this demands
High minds, great hearts, true faith, and ready hands;
Men whom the lust of office does not fill;
Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy;
Men who possess opinions and a will;
Men who have honour; men who will not lie."

The river of our national life must not be allowed to stagnate in a back-water of acquiescence in existent evils. Would to God we might say, as Milton said in his day. "Methinks I see a noble and puissant nation arousing herself like a strong man out of sleep and shaking her invincible locks. Methinks I see her as an eagle, mewing her mighty youth and kindling her undazzled eye at the full noon-day beam, while a whole noise of timorous birds, with them also that love the twilight, flutter about her, amazed at what she aims at." The clash of an Armageddon battle with the hosts of the evil ones is at hand. Shall we have men to meet it? May God grant it! May He flash His own lightning through our national apathy and our petty religious puerilities. May He speak to us with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God, and bring home to our minds the truthfulness and the glorious inspiration of a religion which men can hold. Come from the four winds, O breath, and breathe upon these slain that they may live!

Do not go away and lay a salve on your consciences by simply saying that you have heard a pessimistic sermon. I am no more a pessimist than the prophets of Israel, who did not fear, at the cost of persecution and hatred, to point out the sins and the perils of their fellow countrymen. If we would be but more noble, more true, more fearless, less apathetic, less petty, less self-confident, less self-indulgent, more determined to uphold the cause of truth and righteousness, I should not be a pessimist, but, with an intense love for my country, the most hopeful of optimists. Meanwhile I say, as I once heard Mr. John Bright say: " Suppose I stood at the foot of Vesuvius and Etna, and, seeing a village or homestead planted on its slope, I said to the dwellers in that hamlet: 'You see that vapour which ascends from the summit of the mountain—that vapour may become a dense black smoke that will obscure the sky; you see that trickling of lava from the crevices of the mountain—that trickling of lava may become a river of fire; you hear that muttering in the bowels of the mountains—that muttering may become a bellowing thunder that may shake half the Continent. If I say this to the dwellers on the slope of the mountain, and if there comes thereafter a catastrophe which makes the world shudder, am I responsible for that catastrophe? Was it I who built the mountain? Was it I who stored it with explosive material? I merely warned the men who were in danger."

The nobler course is not to preach a mere vapid optimism full of flatteries to you, and poor vaticinations, but it is to point out dangers while yet there is time to avert them.

" Naught shall make us rue,
If England only to herself be true."

But let England be true to herself to an extent and degree which is now not the case; let her shake off the consuming greed of gain, the execrable curse of drink, the *laissez faire* of self-satisfied indolence, the dead religionism which is not religion; let her aim at being more faithful, more strenuous, more self-denying, more progressive, more serious, and then we shall perhaps be able to say that God will certainly give us His blessing. Then Christ will reign in the midst of us. Then England will hold herself as the first nation, fearing God and doing righteousness. Then, "as an eagle stirreth up her nest, fluttereth over her young, spreadeth abroad her wings, taketh them, beareth them on her wings," so the Lord shall care for us; and in the light of His countenance we shall rejoice for evermore. The command of Jehovah is timely: " Speak unto the children of Israel that they go forward."

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## THE MASTER'S TOUCH.

In the still air the music lies unheard;
In the rough marble beauty hides unseen;
To make the music and the beauty needs
The master's touch, the sculptor's chisel keen.

Great Master, touch us with thy skilful hand;
Let not the music that is in us die!
Great Sculptor, hew and polish us, nor let,
Hidden and lost, Thy form within us lie!

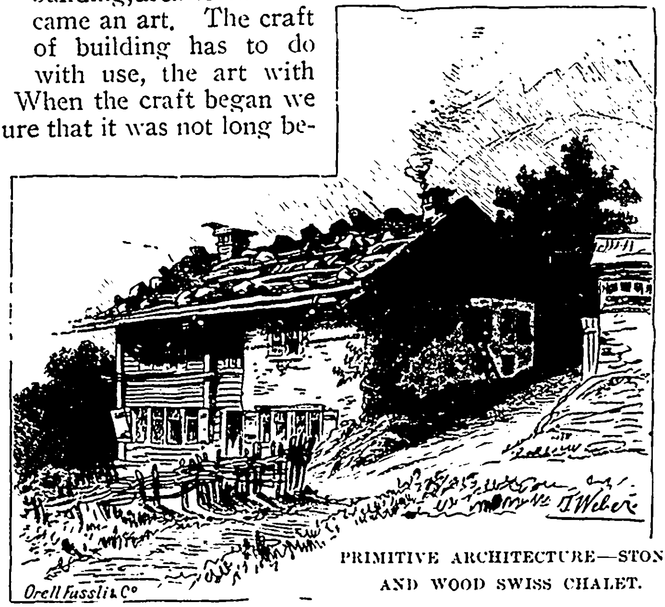
Spare not the stroke! Do with us as Thou wilt!
Let there be naught unfinished, broken, marred;
Complete Thy purpose, that we may become
Thy perfect image—Thou our God and Lord!

# THE STORY OF ARCHITECTURE.*

### BY ISAAC OGDEN RANKIN

### *I. THE LINTEL AND THE ARCH.*

ARCHITECTURE begins in need of shelter. The weather and the wolves, we may say, first made men builders. After necessity followed beauty. When any man began to take pleasure in building, architecture became an art. The craft of building has to do with use, the art with delight. When the craft began we may be sure that it was not long before the art followed, for it is man's nature when he works freely to take pleasure in his work. It would please him to make his own hut beautiful. He would spend still more effort on the shelter of his chief, which, in a sense, belonged to the whole tribe. If it was decided to build a dwelling for the god they worshipped, the best builders would be chosen and the best materials supplied. So from nearly the beginning architecture has had to plan and build private houses, public buildings and churches, just as it does to-day.



PRIMITIVE ARCHITECTURE—STONE AND WOOD SWISS CHALET.

At first, no doubt, sticks and skins or bark were the materials employed for building, but when something more permanent was desired, and logs and stones began to be used there were new difficulties. Anybody can make a wall, the question is how to make a door and roof. Windows they might at first get along without (there are no win-

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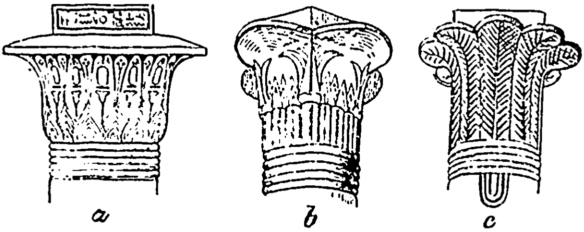
* The Editor of this Magazine spent three years of his life in an architect's office, and has for many years made a special study of architecture. It possesses for him, as for many others, a singular fascination. He purposed preparing a series of papers on "The Romance of Architecture." Interruptions of work and pressure of other duties have for the present postponed that undertaking. He, therefore, gladly avails himself of the admirable papers by Mr. Rankin which he abridges from the *Congregationalist* of 1898, supplying, instead of the illustrations which appear in that paper, a larger number of appropriate engravings.

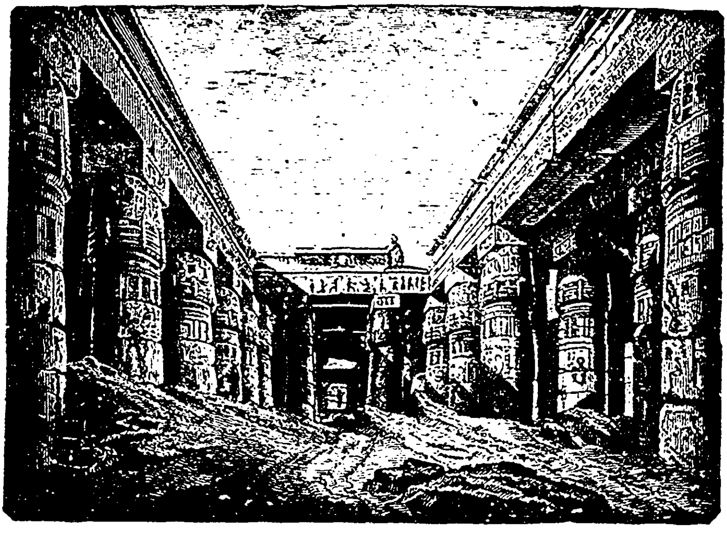


CALYX CAPITALS.

dows in a tent) but they must have a door. How to cover the door was the question which the first builders with stone or timber had to answer, and it has been the important question ever since.

This question of covering the door has been answered in two ways. So long as men built with timber it was simple enough. All they had to do was to lay a strong beam across the top of the sideposts of the door. If the wall was of stone they would find or cut a flat stone long and heavy enough to cover the door and hold up the wall above it. Such a beam or stone is called a lintel, and such square-topped doors and windows covered with a stone or beam are common everywhere. These are shown in the picture of the Ramesseum at Thebes in Egypt. Blocks of stone cover the doors and rest on the tops of the columns; and the flat roof is made in just the same way. All architecture founded upon this principle may be called the architecture of the lintel.*

Suppose, however, that the builder lived in a country where there was neither timber nor stone large enough to use for lintels. He must either send a long distance for beams or stones or find some way of covering his doors and windows without them. He could not make a flat lintel by cementing bricks or small stones together, because the



THE RAMESSEUM, UPPER EGYPT.

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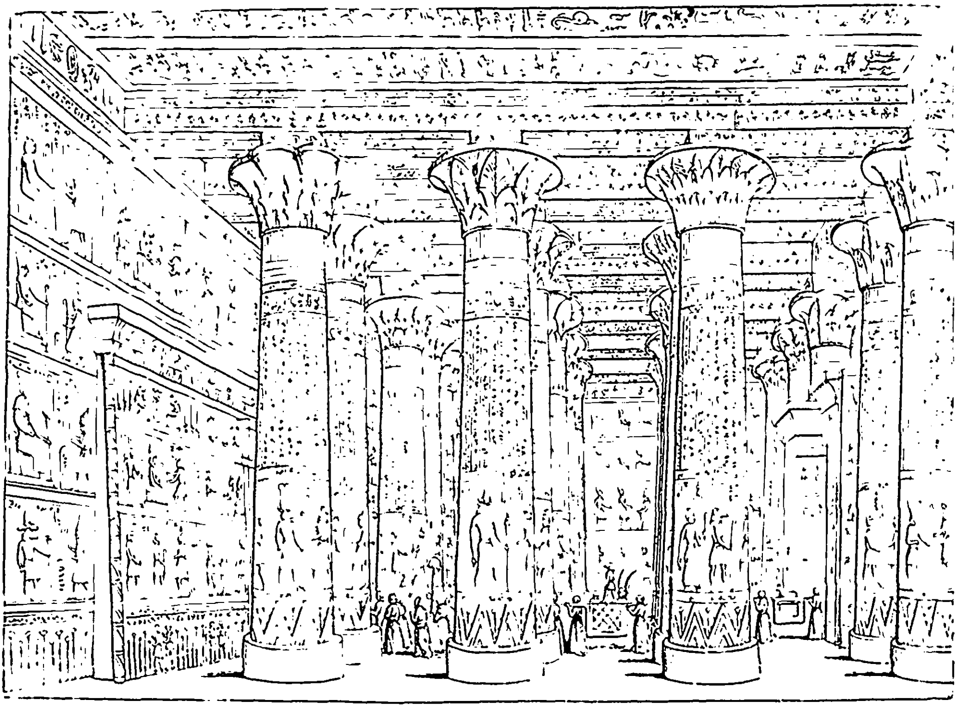
* This is better shown in the illustration of the restored temple of Esneh, Egypt.



PORTICO OF TEMPLE AT ESNEH.

cement would not hold the weight of the wall above it. At last some clever builder discovered that by putting brick or stone together in a half circle on a framework of small sticks above the door, that even if the framework dropped the bricks would hold; and not only would they hold, but they would also carry the weight of the wall above them just as if there were no door. This was the invention of the arch, without which neither brick nor small stone could have been put to the best use in building. Cut on next page, taken from a Norman church in England, shows an example of walls held up by arches resting on the tops of pillars, and illustrates the second school of building, which may be called the architecture of the arch.

All architecture depends for its style or fashion upon the way in which its doors and windows are covered in. The Greeks were lintel builders; the Romans used both the lintel and the arch; and we use either or both in endless combinations growing out of the Roman fashion, or in part by the adoption of Oriental practice. When men first began to be architects they took the materials for building which were close at hand; and one can see in all their building afterward the traces of their first method and material. The temples at Athens are built of marble, but no one who studies their lines can fail to be reminded of the logs of wood with which the first ancestors of the Greeks began to build. They supported their roof on upright trunks of trees, and laid a beam across the top of the doorposts, and the later architects imitated the same forms in stone.

The people of the Euphrates valley had neither stone nor wood, and

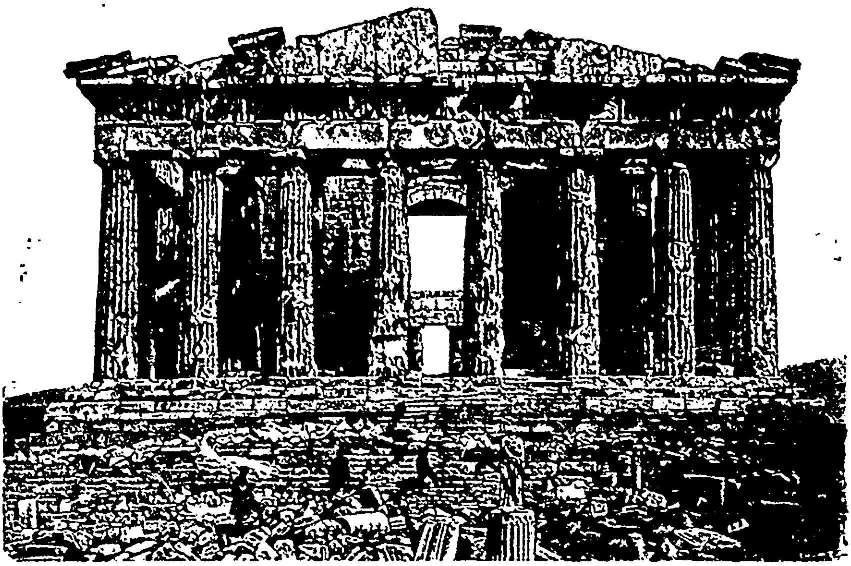
TRANSITION ROMAN TO NORMAN STYLE, BUILDWAS ABBEY.

began to build with clay baked in the sun. They covered their doors with a lattice of reeds or small sticks covered with wet clay, and so learned to make the arch and to shape burned bricks and a keystone. The Chinese began to build near the mouths of rivers, where the bamboo and other great reeds grow. They found that they could readily work and join the bamboo stalks, and came to delight in the network of slender lines which they produced.

When they began to build with brick and stone they still built as lightly as they could, so that a great Chinese pagoda still looks almost like a structure of bamboo. The Egyptians had no reeds strong enough to be used singly, so they tied them in bundles and filled up a wall around and between them with clay. When they moved up the valley they found an abundance of fine building stone, but their temples to the last suggest the reed bundles and packed clay of their earliest building.

These forms of architecture for thousands of years went on separately. Each had a life of its own and grew like a tree that is always putting forth new branches. We can tell to-day, if an old palace or temple is dug out of the earth in Asia or Africa, what people built it and about what time in their history. The Chinese built in the Chinese fashion, the Egyptians in the Egyptian, the Greeks in the Greek, without ever thinking of any other. Each architect tried to make improvements, but without changing the general fashion which had come down to him.

This life and growth of architecture went on until about the time of the discovery of America, when people began to study and think about the old Greek and Roman building, and to follow the rules laid down by Vitruvius, a Roman engineer of the time of Augustus, whose book on architecture had just been rediscovered. Instead of building like their fathers, with such slight changes and improvements as they could invent, they



THE PARTHENON AT ATHENS.

began to be weary or ashamed of their fathers' building and to wish to imitate the old work of the Greek and Roman times. The law of living growth gave place to an artificial selection, often resting upon the whim of passing fashion and leading to confusion, which has been the history of architecture in most of Europe and America ever since. Even the good work of the great architects suffered from this essential change in the life of architecture.

We have many strong and convenient buildings and a few beautiful ones, but there is no longer any regular law of growth or fixed standard of taste. We go all over the world for our suggestions. We put the imitation of a Greek temple next door to the imitation of a Gothic church. We grow proud of a beautiful church and then allow somebody to build a stone block next door higher than its steeple to spoil it. It is this mixture of elements and jumble of styles which makes the study of modern architecture so confusing and unsatisfactory.

## II.

### *GREEK AND ROMAN BUILDINGS.*

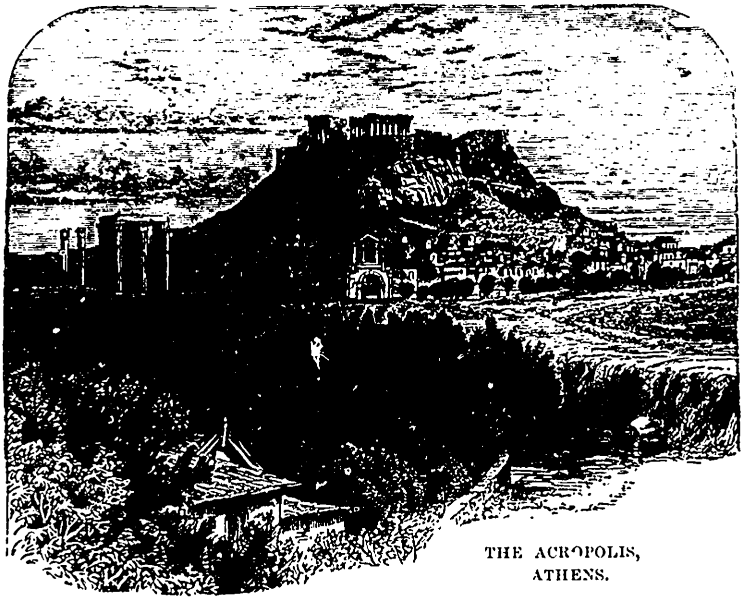
Imagine a modern city with all the buildings gone but the churches and you will have a picture of what was left of Greek architecture when the modern age began. The roofless theatres of Athens were soon buried under rubbish. Private houses, which were built around a central court and made small show upon the street, soon perished. The wooden roof-beams of the temples fell in, their columns were broken, their walls defaced. So it happened that when modern architects began to build in what they called Greek style, they were really imitating only temples—and ruined temples at that.

Almost every American or Canadian village has a church or a few houses built with white columns in imitation of a Greek temple. Our illustration shows the ruins of a pure Greek temple of the best time (the Parthenon at Athens).

The architects of ancient Greece had a native style of their own, and for every purpose would have found some way to use it. They despised foreigners too much to imitate them closely. They would have thought it irreverent as well as inconvenient to make a private dwelling like a temple. It is doubtful if they would have cared to paint their houses white. The Parthenon, the most splendid of all the Greek temples, was constructed of beautiful white marble, but the glitter of it did not please the Athenians, and they painted it in colours.

What the modern builders really do is to use the beautiful post and lintel architecture of the Greek temples as a mere outward ornament for all sorts of buildings. Perhaps the Greeks themselves did something like this in Syria and Egypt after Alexander's time, and the Romans certainly did. They copied Greek columns, with such changes as pleased their taste, or sometimes stole them bodily from old Greek buildings, and set them up about their walls of stone or brick. The later architects did the same thing with Roman columns, and so on, century after century, until at last men began to go back to Greek forms again as most beautiful of all. The city of Washington is full of such borrowed decorations. The Capitol is surrounded by Greek porticoes and columns. They were repeated over and over again at the Chicago Fair.

It is this perfection of the column and architrave and pediment which we owe to the Greeks. They did not invent them, but moulded and fitted them with exquisite skill and taste, and with these simple elements constructed the most perfectly proportioned buildings the world has yet seen. In their best days the Greeks did not care for big buildings, or value mere size as an element of architectural power. They built no high towers or steeples, and the lines of their temples follow the line of the earth and do not reach up toward the sky. A tall and slender tower on top of a steep hill they would have consid-



THE ACROPOLIS,
ATHENS.

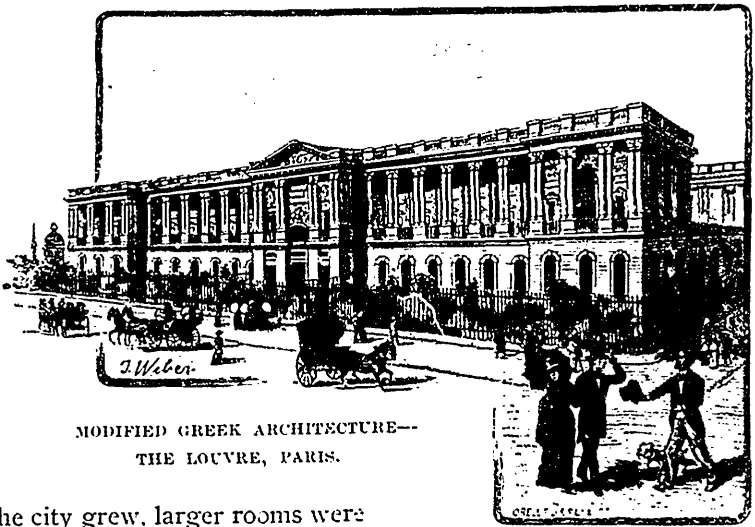
THE ARCH OF TITUS, ROME.

ered ugly. The Parthenon on its great rock looks almost as if it had grown there, and not as if it had been raised by the hand of man. Their buildings harmonize with the bare and sunny hilltops, on which they were usually built, as no other structures do.

Nothing was careless or accidental with the best Greek builders. The Parthenon, for example, appears to be full of straight lines, but in reality there is not a straight line of any length in it. All are carefully curved so that they may appear to the eye to be straight. It was so solidly and perfectly built that nothing but an explosion of gunpowder ever shattered it, and yet its stones were fitted together without mortar or cement. Each stone was perfectly shaped for its place, and once in position remained there by its own weight.

The first Romans were colonists. When they began to build they found themselves between two different peoples. On the north were Etruscans, who used the arch. On the south were Greeks, who preferred the post and lintel. The Romans were magnificent borrowers. They reached out on one side and took the arch, while on the other they borrowed the column and put the two together. Of all the Greek orders they liked the Corinthian best and used it most frequently. Its luxuriance of decoration exactly suited their magnificent taste.

The Romans wanted law courts, public meeting-places, baths, tombs, triumphal monuments and palaces.



MODIFIED GREEK ARCHITECTURE—
THE LOUVRE, PARIS.

As the city grew, larger rooms were required. Most of their temples were small, but for other purposes they liked, as well as needed, large and high buildings. They had excellent stone and clay for brickmaking, and the best cement the world has ever seen, so that it was not necessary to cut stone with the Greek accuracy. They liked to put one row of columns on top of another in front of their high walls, or at the side of arched openings. In this way the post and lintel came to be used as a mere ornamental frame for the arch.

In this delight in high buildings, story piled on story, the Romans also destroyed that effect of horizontal lines which the Greeks made so prominent and set the fashion of buildings reaching toward the sky, which grew so strong in later times. They were fond of big triumphal arches, which each new conqueror set astride of the road that entered the city in memory of his triumphs. Our picture shows the ruins of one arch. There came to be many such arches in Rome and they were imitated in other places and in later times.

Most important of all, the Romans enlarged and perfected the vault, which is a broadened arch, and the dome, which may be described as a circle of arches with a common keystone. These they used for covering great assembly rooms, and so prepared the way for the Christian churches and Mohammedan mosques which were to follow. Such a dome covers the Pantheon in Rome. It was probably the central hall of a public bath, but is now a church.

With the Greeks and Romans in temple-building the outside was more important, but with the demand for larger buildings for public and everyday use the interior began to claim equal or greater attention, and in this respect again the Roman buildings prepared the way for the Christian churches.

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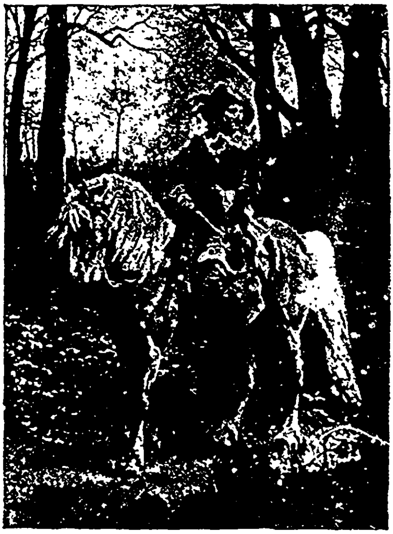
"Sunset skies thro' a dusty pane,
Stars and clouds, and the morn again—
Yet you never need look for the sky in vain."

# RUMBLINGS OF REVOLUTION.

BY MAUDE PETITT, B.A.



"THE CHIEF OCCUPATION HUNTING, OR SWASHBUCKLING."

TO a land flowering with orchard bloom, glossy with grassy hills, clover fields and meadows—a nation of brawn and brain, a great, free, full-bosomed nation budding into life like our own Canada—to such a people it is often difficult to repicture those scenes of lands where civilization has grown over-ripe, old historic scenes of insurrection, battle-strife and carnage. Yet it is well that sometimes we look back thus, lest we forget the path by which our fathers were led, lest we forget our cause for thankfulness in this land of freedom and of plenty; in the reiterated words of Kipling, "Lest we forget; lest we forget."

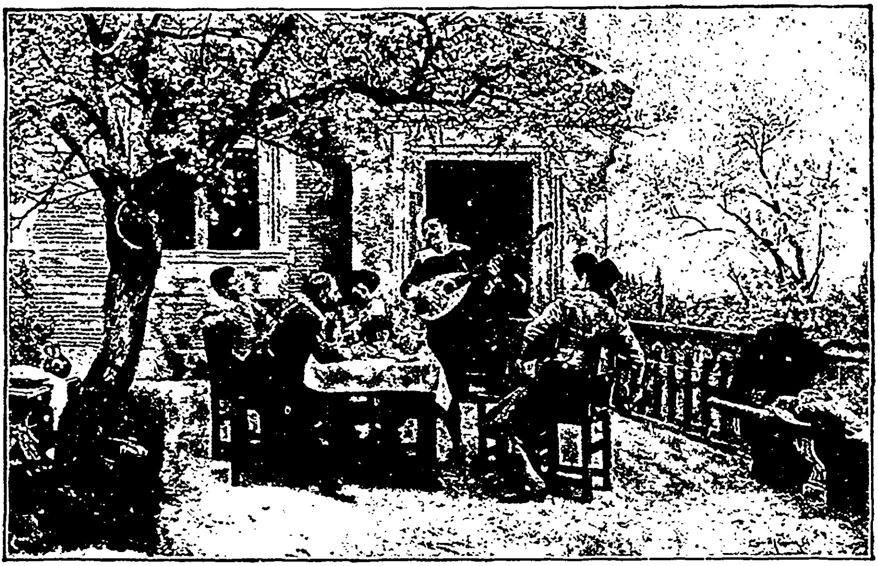
Native to the Far West we find a species of cactus that bursts into bloom only after a growth of a hundred years. To such a species of plant must belong that period of French history that culminated in the French Revolution—a plant whose leaves were thick and thorny. Only it differed in that its growth was yet slower, its roots were embedded beneath a throne, and its efflorescence was deadly Its flower, if by any irony of poesy it can be called a flower at all, must have been akin to the blossoms of that fatal basket borne in to the Christian Empress Valeria, flowers whose fragrance was filled with death. Certain it was that the French monarchy had long paved the way for those who should tread her underfoot.

Shakespeare may never repeat, but history is a series of reiterations, and never perhaps had crumbling Rome repeated herself more fully than she did in the Paris of the eighteenth century.

A pampered nobility, over-fed, over-dressed, amused to death, and world-weary, was idly fawning about a throne already storm-girt by twenty-five million human beings, whose spur was Hunger, whose captain was Despair.

Ennui is a result of sin, and an ennuye class means somewhere else a class either overworked, or starved, or both. The chief malady of the French court, according to Carlyle, was "languor and vanity," and the chief amusement hunting, or swashbuckling. It was said of their king on the days he did not go hunting, "Le roi ne fera rien"—To-day the king will do nothing."

They tell also how he had a



"WHILE THE SWEET NOTES OF THE GUITAR DROWNED OUT THE MURMURINGS OF SAINT ANTOINE."

gruesome horror of death. Once, on his way to a hunting expedition, he met a peasant, bearing a coffin for one of his fellow-labourers.

"What did he die of?" asked the king.

"Hunger!" answered the peasant, with a ghastly smile. And the king went silently on.

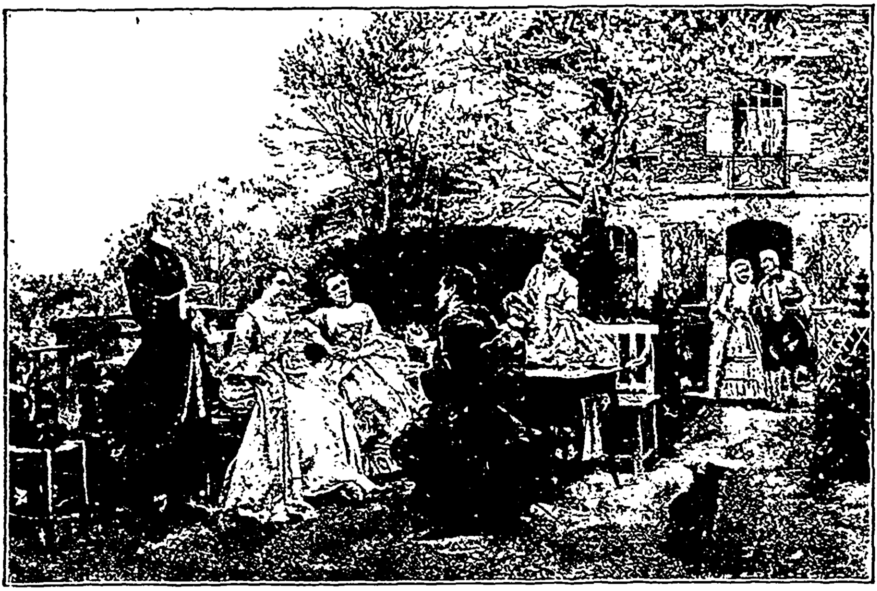
That was where the trouble lay with la noblesse of France. It was not so much the evil they did that made Paris flow with blood. It was the good they left undone.

Too often we have pictured the nobility of France as goading on their enslaved peasants with darkening brow and lashing whip. Nay, "Monseigneur" was only carelessly indifferent to his brother man, only smiling and jesting while the sweet notes of the guitar drowned out the murmurings of Saint Antoine. The French Revolution was as much the child of Gay Indifference as it was of Active Oppression.

"Let the peasant toil, let the peasant pay the taille, the gabelle, the corvee, and all the rest; let the peasant starve." So said "Monseigneur," basking in the presence of Beauty and Fashion.

Says Lodge, of the French nobility:

> "Many of them had powers of jurisdiction, all had supreme rights of hunting and forestry. They could exact forced labour from the peasants and could compel them to pay tolls and other dues, and to grind their corn at the lord's mill. These exactions would have been cheerfully acquiesced in so long as the lord's were real rulers, and gave protection and judicial administration in return for them. But in the eighteenth century the vast majority of the nobles were absentees, who left the collection of their dues in the hands of extortionate bailiffs, and squandered the proceeds in the capital. . . . So heavy was the burden of taxes imposed upon them, that all motives for economy, or for the improvement of agriculture, were destroyed. The taille had been gradually increased by the mere will of the government, and its collection was purely arbitrary. Most of the indirect taxes were levied on necessaries,



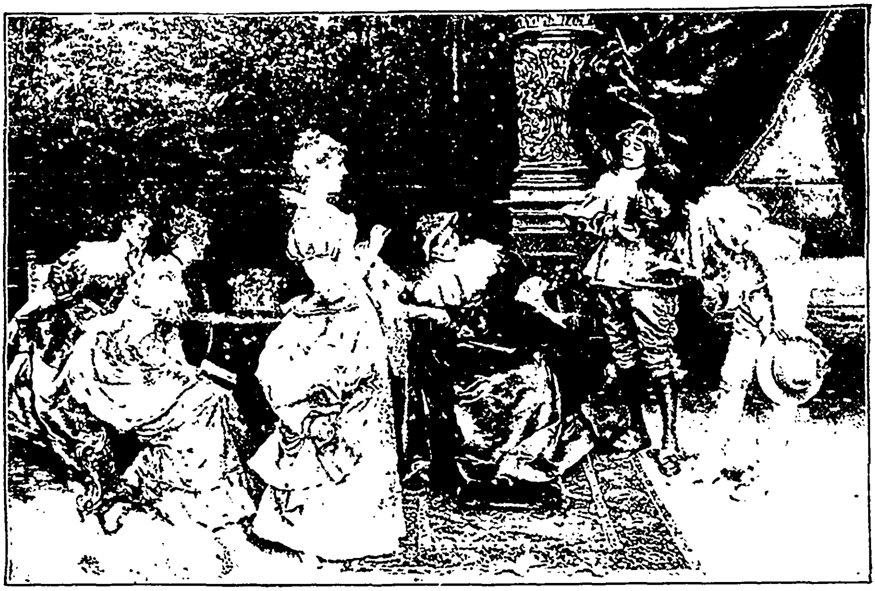
"BASKING IN THE PRESENCE OF BEAUTY AND FASHION."

such as salt, and therefore fell with special weight on the poorer population. In addition to the odious exactions of their lords, the crown had now come forward with similiar demands. No grievance is more prominent at this period than the corvées, the compulsory labour enforced by the central government for the making and repairing of roads. And besides having to bear most of the expenses of the regular forces, the peasants were also compelled to undergo an irksome term of service in the militia."

A weak and vacillating king, who is the tool of his haughty wife, the tool of his ministers, the tool of every one who whispers in his ear, a country whose expenditure exceeds its revenue, whose cry is more taxes, more tolls. Such was France. More tolls! From whom? From the peasant who was born to toil, not from the noblesse who make merry in their chateaux. Les paysans, for whom is poverty and toil! Then comes Famine, with her ghastly, cadaverous touch. "And above them they see no God," says Carlyle. The Church was teaching philosophy.

Yet they wrong the Church of those days who think she allied herself altogether with the side of Wealth and Oppression. The light on her altars never went out in utter darkness. There were always some faithful shepherds to share the miseries and sympathize with the aspirations of the people. But the name of the Church was dishonoured by those in her seats of power. There were still within her pale those who felt for Faubourg St. Antoine, as well as those who fawned upon Versailles.

But who within tapestried and curtained salon sees the storm-clouds gather in the sky without, and hears the faint, low moan of hunger in the far-off hut? Who knows that the roof leaks yonder, that the children are but half-clad, and are crying with cold? Who knows and who cares? But the



"WHO WITHIN TAPESTRIED AND CURTAINED SALON SEES THE STORM-CLOUDS GATHER IN THE SKY WITHOUT?"

nation that forgets the home, however lowly—that nation weaves its own shroud.

And, lo! Famine musters her forces. Then, in Parisian streets, the dark cloud of human beings grew and grew till its voice was as the thunder shaking the distant turrets of Versailles and breaking into the dreams of the beautiful but selfish Marie Antoinette with her "vision all too fitful narrow for the work," she had "to do."

Yet historians tell of her charities in earlier days—charities to those about her. Her sin lay in that she did not sacrifice herself to know her people. Knowing them not, she heeded not their cry. And so the blood of a king and queen must flow. "He that saveth his life shall lose it." Better a thousand times a life laid down in the service of their people. "If you would win the love of men, do them good." Louis XVI. and his fair queen simply forgot this great truth, and the nation forgot to love its rulers, forgot to love, then learned to hate. Yet let us not condemn with overhaste the sins beneath a diadem. We have each our realm, for which we are as answerable as they. "Not to be ministered unto but to minister." There is between these two the difference of life and death.

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"Be like the bird who, pausing in her flight
Awhile on boughs too slight,
Feels them give way beneath her, and yet sings,
Knowing that she hath wings."

# FREDERICK W. FARRAR, D.D.,

## *DEAN OF CANTERBURY.*

BY IGNOTUS.

ARCHDEACON FARRAR.

SINCE Dr. Frederick W. Farrar left Westminster, where he was Archdeacon, Rector of St. Margaret's, Chaplain to the House of Commons, and Canon of the Abbey, for the dignified comparative retirement of the Deanery of Canterbury, he has passed somewhat out of the public eye. When he preached on Sunday afternoons in the Abbey there were never seats or even standing room enough for the vast congregations. In those congregations Nonconformists formed a very large percentage, for, apart from his eloquence, Dr. Farrar's broad-minded tolerance, his strong evangelicalism, his fearless zeal as a reformer, and especially as a temperance reformer, made him a favourite second to none. It was a source of deep regret to thousands when he left London, but years of hard, unremitting pastoral and literary work were beginning to grave deep marks in his face, and he had well earned the lighter duties attached to the care of the mother church of Anglican Christianity, on the site of the church built for St. Augustine.

Twenty years ago Canon Farrar's course of Sunday afternoon discourses on "The Larger Hope" started a controversy that extended to all the churches, and powerfully modified the theological thought of the time. Whatever may be said of the theory he expounded, it can never be said that Dr. Farrar has made light of sin or the coming judgment. No Anglican preacher has been more insistent on the defiling nature of sin, and has more prophetically denounced social habits and individual vices and selfishnesses, that tended to blunt the Christian conscience and to obliterate the eternal Divine distinction between holiness and a callous worldliness. Here is a characteristic passage from an Abbey sermon on "The World's Dream of Happiness": "Most men are certainly giving their fruit unto the caterpillar, and their labour unto the grasshopper; they are making for themselves cisterns—broken cisterns that will hold no water; they are giving their money for that which is not bread, and their labour for that which satisfieth not. And the marvellously sad thing is that men never seem to utilize the experience of so many ages of the world—the boy, the youth, and the man is eager to run the race his fathers ran, however vain and wretched that race may have been. Satan knows our weakness so well, and so utterly despises his victims, that he spreads the snare quite openly in the sight of the silly bird. He dangles the gilded bait before us, and hardly takes the trouble to conceal the lacerating hook in it. Year after year, in generation after generation, he impudently whispers that everlasting lie which cost us Paradise, and hardly conceals from us, even at the moment, that it is anything but a lie. And yet he knows that, betrayed by the sorcery of inward passion, youth after youth, and man after man, and woman after woman, will listen to the envenomed whisper, 'Yea, hath God said? but ye shall be as gods, and ye shall not die,' and will pretend to believe, or persuade themselves that they believe, that it is not a lie, and that though the victims of it lie slain on every side, lie in the grave like sheep, death feeding upon them suddenly in the morning, and their beauty consuming in the sepulchre."

The deadening effect of convention in sapping the foundations of religion and morality is a peril on which Dr. Farrar never tires of dwelling. A favourite exhortation to young men is that they "should not be content to be swept like dead fish down a stream." The rich rhetoric of this preacher, while a main element of popularity with many, is, I confess, not so agreeable to myself. Dr. Farrar so delights in sensuous language that his thought is often weighed down by the heavy embroidery of the ornate expression. One longs amid the gorgeous procession of overcharged sentences for a little simplicity, as on a glaring summer day one longs for a little shade.

A less censurable characteristic of Dr. Farrar's preaching is his fondness for quotations and literary allusions. He is a mighty reader of books, and reminds one in the pulpit of Macaulay as a writer. The quotations and allusions are often extremely happy, and light up or adorn a thought in a very delightful way, but often, too, they seem crowded in when there is no real necessity for them either for use or ornament. We have to go back to Jeremy Taylor to find so quotative a preacher, and it happens to be Jeremy Taylor, also, whom Dr. Farrar most resembles as a dazzling rhetorician. Dr. Farrar is at home in many languages. He was once a master at Eton College, and published one of the most helpful of Greek grammars. He seems to forget, however, that 499 out of 500 of an average congregation are limited to their native English, and are only bewildered when quotations are carelessly strewn over a sermon in Greek, Latin, Italian, and German. It is a serious blunder for any preacher not merely to quote in sermons from languages unknown to the congregation, but to use "dictionary words" that are familiar only to students, and in this latter respect, too, Dr. Farrar often lays himself open to remark. But amid all that is subject to criticism, his burning earnestness, the directness and force of his appeals, and his stalwart Protestantism, that is becoming almost an extinct 'ism in the Church that once boasted of Cranmer and Hooper and Latimer and Ridley, made him and still make him, on the rare occasions of his pulpit appearances, a mighty influence for good.

As a lecturer on Dante, Browning, Tennyson, and other poets, Dr. Farrar has delighted countless audiences. He often, even as Dean of Canterbury, lectures during the season to Nonconformist Literary Societies, to the horror of High Churchmen, who regard a Nonconformist chapel as something infinitely more defiling than a gin palace. Dr. Farrar has been the personal friend of many poets, and he was one of the officiating clergy at the burial in the Abbey of Browning and Tennyson. He is a great admirer of Cromwell and the men of the Commonwealth, and has often expressed his strong disgust at the degrading conduct of the Restorationists, who grubbed up their bones from the Abbey, either to hang them in chains at Tyburn, or to pitch them pell-mell into an unmarked pit in St. Margaret's churchyard. Many a delighted Nonconformist party he conducted round the Abbey, and regaled with fascinating stories and details from his unrivalled intimate knowledge of its history.

The delivery of Dr. Farrar would disappoint the Methodist, who prefers to hear the natural intonation in the pulpit. Dr. Farrar's intonation is highly-pitched, and he drops into the artificial "sing-song" so common with the Anglican clergy, no doubt as a result of the practice of intoning the service. To do justice to his preaching full allowance needs to be made for this habit, never very agreeable to Nonconformist hearers.

As an author Dr. Farrar first became famous by his "Life of Christ," in which he has pictured in such glowing colours the doings and sayings of our Saviour. That book has sent thousands with the keenest zest to the New Testament, and has brightened countless sermons, by firing the minds of the preachers by its sanctified realism. His "Life of St. Paul," and "The Early Days of Christianity," were written in the same style. The ardent imagination of Dr. Farrar revels in the early Christian history, and it is rarely he preaches without introducing some telling incident he has met with in the reading of the Fathers. Thus, in a Church Congress sermon at Bradford, last year, he laid stress on practical as opposed to a merely contemplative Christianity, and said :

"Do not let us expand selfishness to infinitude by thinking only of our own salvation; but let us remember that Christ taught us by love to serve one another, and the epitome of His life is that 'He went about doing good.' There is a legend in the Greek Church about her two favoured saints, St. Cassianus—the type of monastic asceticism, individual character,

Which bids, for cloistered cell,
Its neighbour and its work farewell,

and St. Nicholas—the type of genial, active, unselfish, laborious Christianity. St. Cassianus enters heaven, and Christ says to him, 'What hast thou seen on earth, Cassianus?' 'I saw,' he answered, 'a peasant floundering with his waggon in a marsh.' 'Didst thou help him?' 'No!' 'Why not?' 'I was coming before thee,' said

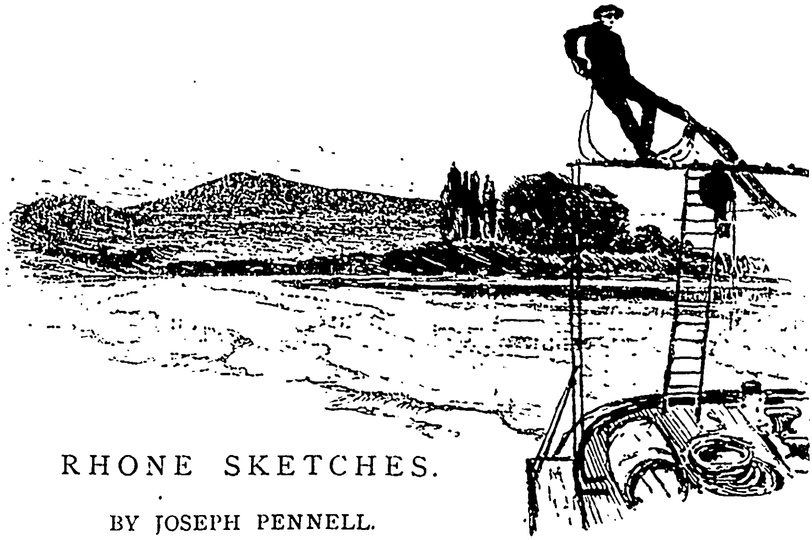
St. Cassianus, 'and I was afraid of soiling my white robes.' Then St. Nicholas enters heaven, all covered with mud and mire. 'Why so stained and soiled, St. Nicholas?' said the Lord. 'I saw a peasant floundering in the marsh,' said St. Nicholas, 'and I put my shoulder to the wheel and helped him out.' 'Blessed art thou,' answered the Lord, 'thou didst well; thou didst better than Cassianus.' And He blessed St. Nicholas with four-fold approval."

As a preacher to young men Dr. Farrar is very stimulative. He impresses on them the necessity of living a robust, strenuous life of service for Christ, and the need of perfect purity of thought and deed if such a life is to be lived. In a very helpful sermon on "The Good Fight of Faith," he recently instructed a congregation of the Church of England Young Men's Society how they might conquer their lower selves, and live the Christly life. He thus summarized his counsels:

"But if you are in earnest to conquer sin, which doth so easily beset you, whatsoever it be—and if you are not, I tremble to think of what may await you, for then nothing but God's terrible and fiery finger can shrivel the falsehood or burn the vice out of your souls—but if there should be even one soul here in earnest, even one soul here who desires with all his might to save his life from destruction, and to fulfil the high purpose for which God created him, then I pray you as if God Himself were speaking to you by my voice, as He is speaking at this moment to the inner conscience of every one of you, then I beg you to let me for one moment recapitulate these counsels, and let me ask you to try and fix them in your memories:

"(1) You must be absolutely convinced that you can be saved, and that the door of heaven is not closed against you. (2) You must resolve, determined in God's name that you will not continue the slave of sin, but will give your soul to your Saviour Christ. (3) You must pray with all your hearts this night and without ceasing, and it may be as you have never prayed before, to Him whose merciful ears are ever open to the cry, 'God be merciful to me a sinner.' (4) You must occupy all your days and hours with good deeds, wholesome interests, pure aspirations, noble efforts. (5) You must set a resolute watch over your hearts, that you offend not by guilty thoughts. (6) You must nerve yourself to the battle which must continue even unto the end. Lastly, do not lose one single day, one single hour, one single moment, but here and now and in this church, as you sit there, give your whole soul to God, with the cry, 'I am thine, oh, save me!'"

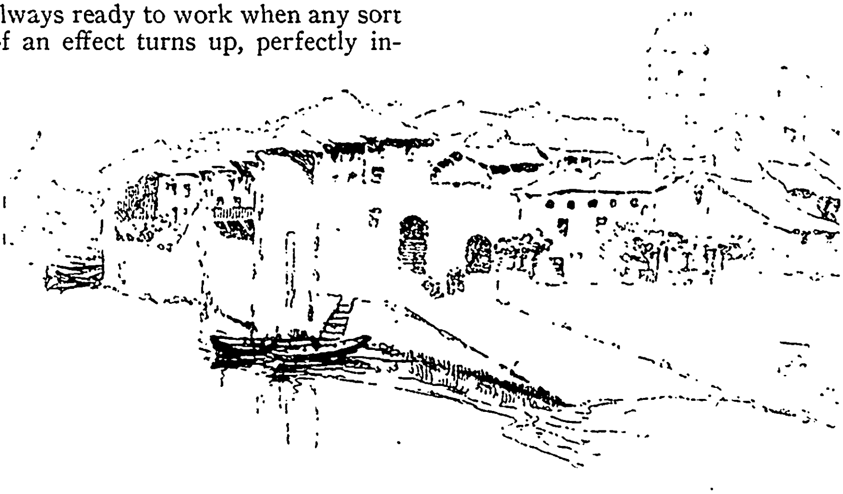
These are golden words, and once sunken in the memory of a Christian young man, should save him from many a peril. It is well that when so many of his clerical brethren are speaking and acting as if the burning of incense and the lighting of candles are the essential things of Christianity. there should be one man of lofty character, of high station, in the Church, who might be a Primitive Methodist for his clear vision of the truth that the one thing needful is the saved soul and the changed life. Lately, Dr. Farrar has been speaking very despondently of the state of his Church and the moral and religious condition of England. Let the Nonconformists in general and Methodists in particular hearten him up by working for such a wave of spiritual revival as shall reduce the "beggarly elements" of Ritualism into insignificance, and change the moral face of England.—Primitive Methodist Magazine.

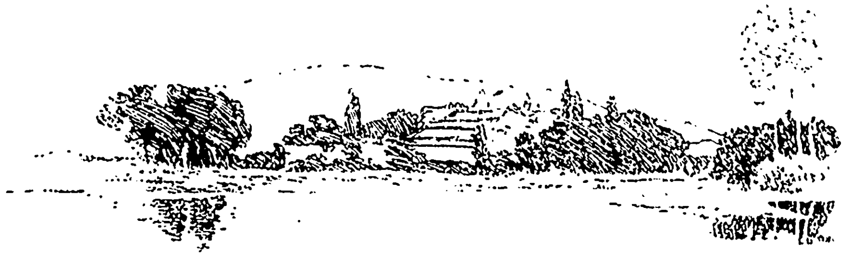


# RHONE SKETCHES.

BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

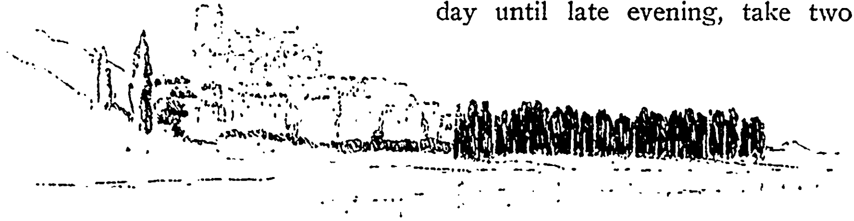
IT was just at sunset on one of those hot summery days that come in the Provençal autumn that I leaned on the balustrade which bounds the Rocher des Doms at Avignon. My only feeling was one of envy towards a painter who was putting in a magnificent sunset going on down the river. He was apparently one of those fortunate individuals who are always ready to work when any sort of an effect turns up, perfectly indifferent to the hot winds and mosquitoes, plagues to which I had succumbed. But as I loitered there was wafted from among the trees up the river the long, low, booming whistle of a steamboat, which I had first heard on the Mississippi, and which sometimes on quiet nights one hears coming from the Thames in London. And around the first turn of the river, and out of the mist which always covers the Provençal plains as soon as the sun goes down, came the steamboat from Lyons.

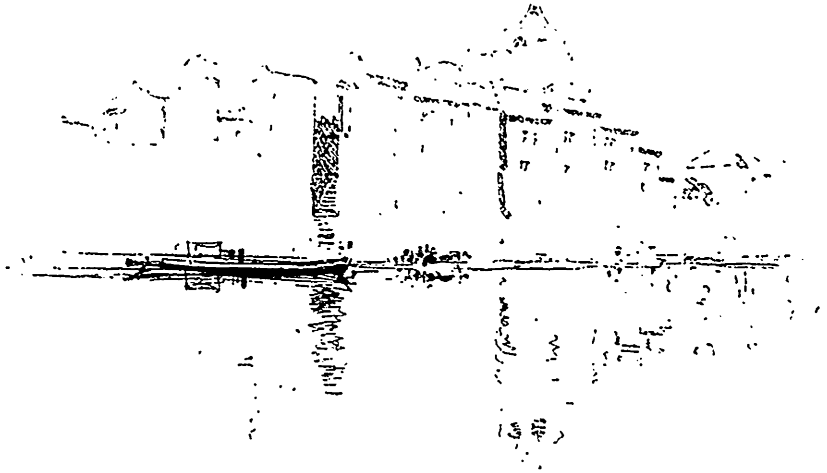


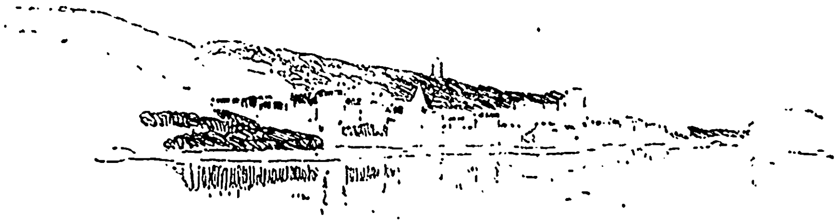


Faster than a railway train she rushed down the straight reach to the city. Her engines stopped, the steersman, a silhouette at the stern, walked his skeleton plank as he put his rudder hard down, and even at this distance became a perfect embodiment of picturesque power as he braced himself against it far out over the water. The boat swung slowly, but surely, round, taking the whole river to turn her enormous length, and silently was made fast to the quay.

The skilful turning of the boat, the quiet departure of the passengers, and the movements of the deck-hands getting ready for the up-river trip the next day, filled me with a desire to take it. For the boat which had just come down from Lyons with the tide—I really do not know how far it is—in one day, would start at the earliest hour in the morning, and travelling all day until late evening, take two days to get back again. And it was on this part of the Rhone, too, that an ingenious magazine editor once suggested to Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson and myself that we should go canoeing. The trip certainly would have been delightful and interesting and excit-

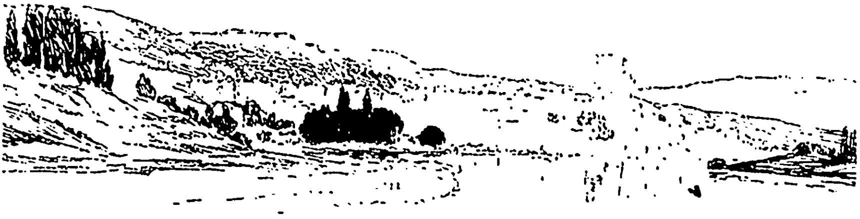






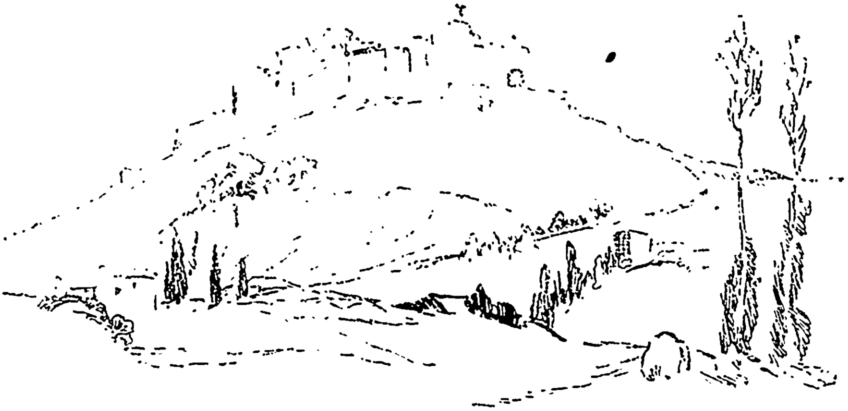
ing, and there would have been a tremendous *denouement.* As Mr. Stevenson remarked, the only question was the exact spot at which we should be drowned. There is no necessity to add that this Inland Voyage was never made.

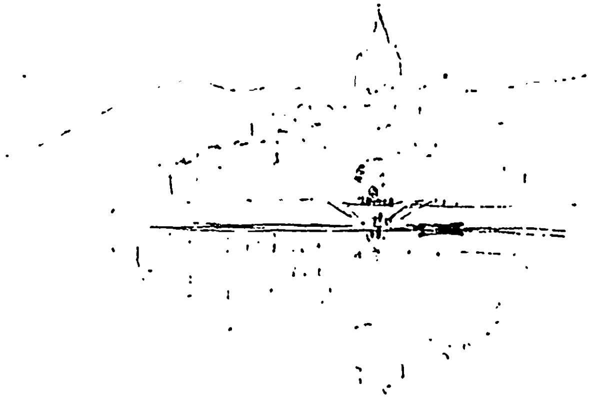
I was called at about half-past three, wandered down through the black, cool streets, peopled with



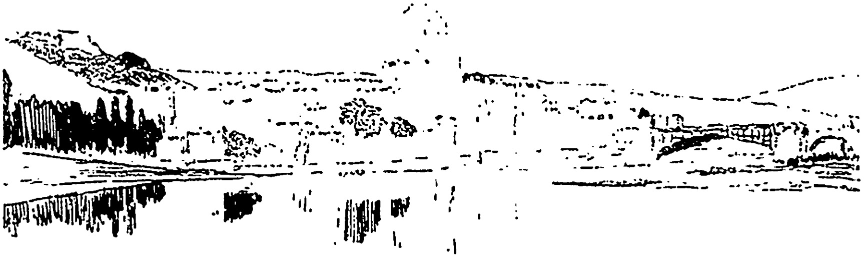
cloaked figures, hearing only the loud reverberations of footsteps in the darkness. A city gate to which I came was closed—that is, a padlocked bar was across the empty arch; I crawled under it, and in a few minutes was alongside of the boat. While she was taking on her final baskets of beautiful fruit, the engineer and I had some coffee and a chunk of bread in a *café*, a dirty little hole apparently only used by the crew. But if they had to pay as much as I did, it must have consumed all their earnings for the day. We, however, soon started, and there was a complete absence of all that silence which had so fascinated me in the evening. The captain, the steersman, and the engineers yelled and ordered, the engines throbbed, and the boat rolled as it began to make headway against the furious current, to return against which takes twice as long as to come down.

As the light began to grow and the mist to rise, the land came out of its shroud, and various black bundles developed into passengers. Beautiful groupings of trees, pic-



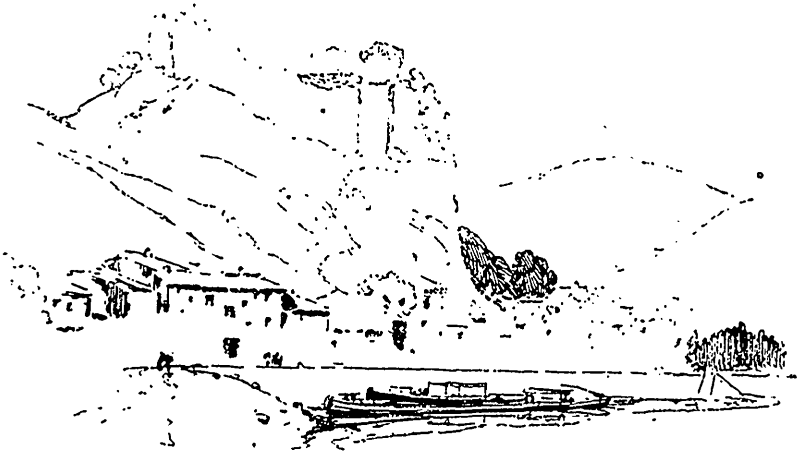


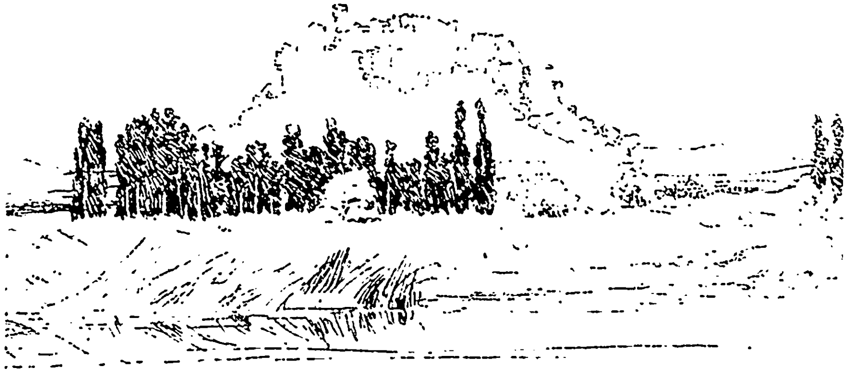
turesque rope-worked ferry boats appeared, and were passed, and now a town perched high on its hill-side, crowned with a statue of the Virgin, just touched by the rising sun.



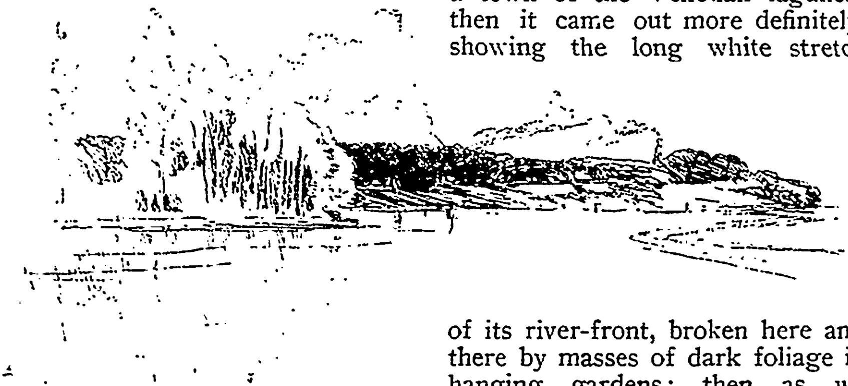
I put my hand in my pocket for my guide-book—I had forgotten it. But what of it? What did I care really what happened in this town, or what its name was, or anything else about it, save that from the river it was most picturesque? Why shouldn't I try to describe in my own art what really did interest me in this endless succession of pictures?

The sun rose behind Mont Ventoux, and then a great long, low country farmhouse, just showed light-grey against the dark trees as we swung round another curve. Then followed the beautiful and

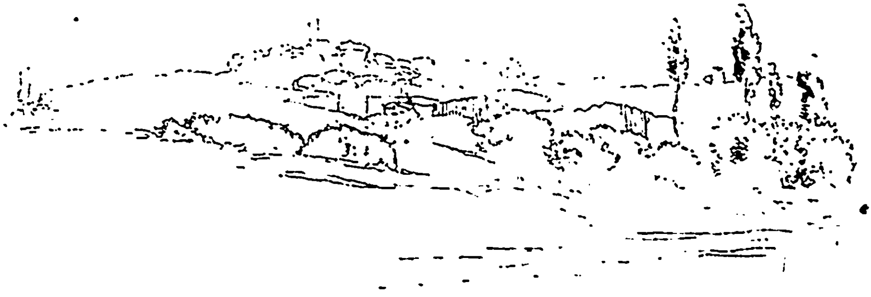




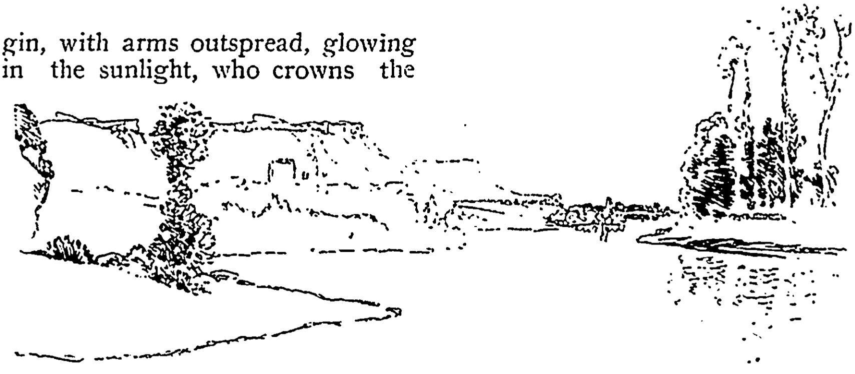
never-ending variety of the grouping of the tall, thin, white-trunked poplars, and stretching from them were the great black lines of cypresses planted to protect the cultivated fields against the *mistral;* and coming out from behind, and towering even above them would be a little city apparently set on a hill, which, as the boat rounded the next point, would prove to be built right on the water's edge.

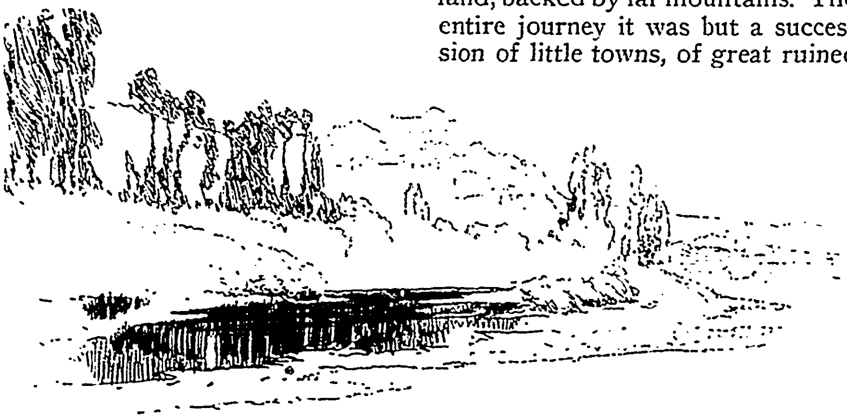


One of the most interesting effects was to note the way in which these towns grew: First there was a mere light mass in the distance, seemingly poised above the water, like a town of the Venetian lagunes; then it came out more definitely, showing the long white stretch of its river-front, broken here and there by masses of dark foliage in hanging gardens; then as we stopped there was an entire and utter change; new towers, before hidden, now appeared, and then it all gradually faded away again into the white shimmering distance. The most characteristic feature of each of these towns is the gilt Vir-

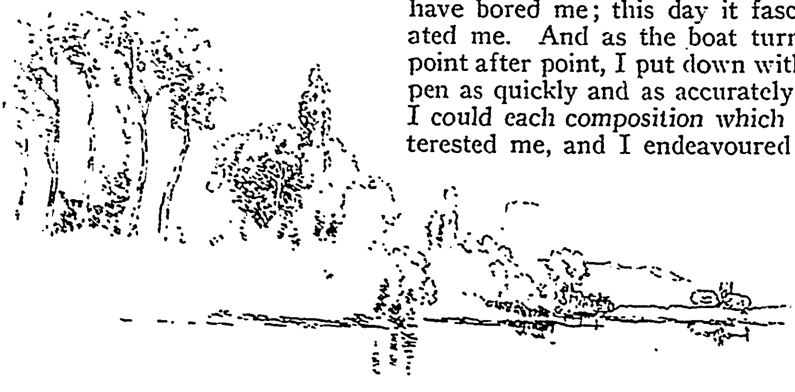


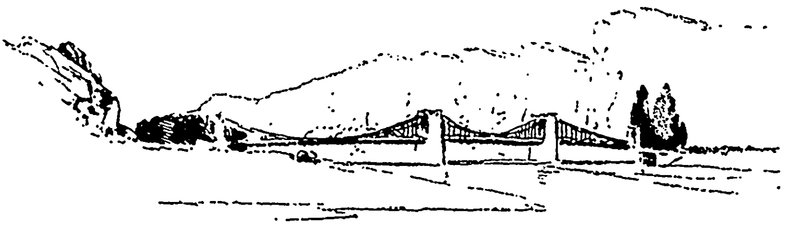
gin, with arms outspread, glowing in the sunlight, who crowns the highest building, but who, if the hill just behind is loftier, is placed on its summit, a beacon for the country round. But I never knew before how well an ordinarily unpicturesque new suspension bridge would come in. There is only one old bridge, I think, on this part of the river, and even this is partially broken.





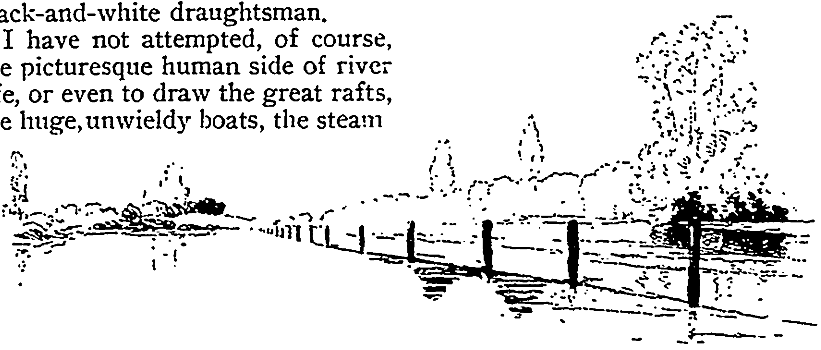
Later in the day, instead of the towns only being on little hills, the whole country rose and took on a new character, and then again we came into a region of low-lying land, backed by far mountains. The entire journey it was but a succession of little towns, of great ruined *chateaux*, of beautiful groupings of trees, of distant bridges that became hard and repelling and mechanical as we passed under them. Some days this beautiful monotony would have bored me; this day it fascinated me. And as the boat turned point after point, I put down with a pen as quickly and as accurately as I could each *composition* which interested me, and I endeavoured to



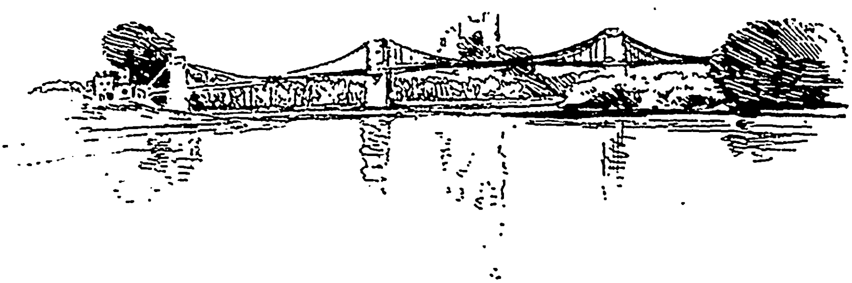


give the general appearance of the country, the aspect of the whole day which pleased me—in fact, just those things which strike an artist—I beg your pardon, merely a black-and-white draughtsman.

I have not attempted, of course, the picturesque human side of river life, or even to draw the great rafts, the huge, unwieldy boats, the steam boats themselves. For these, like the people, cannot be sketched in a few minutes; I should have to study them for hours together to get anything. These are the notes which fill these pages. What the places are I know not, and I care not. If they explain themselves as picturesque combinations which affected me, this is all I tried for. All I have to say is, why should not one's artistic sensations be quite as well worth recording as literary emotions? At any rate, these drawings were done entirely on the spot; save the headpiece, they are untouched since I made them. If any one does not believe that sketches of this kind can be done on a moving steamboat, I have only to say that they can, and that these are my record of a lovely autumn day on the Rhone.



Towards evening I got off opposite Montelimart, and returned by train to Avignon, conscious that I had well amused myself.



# EPITAPHS.

### BY THE REV. T. E. HOLLING, B.A.

THE beautiful article by Dr. Withrow in a recent issue of this magazine on the Epitaphs of the Catacombs, deals with a phase of literature which has a peculiar charm for the antiquarian. The epitaphs of the dead are often found to be "sermons in stones" as well as tributes of affection; in many other cases, however, the wise and melancholy jester in both old and new England has dictated to the stonecutter rhymes of quaint truth and odd humour.

Like every other good thing, graveyard literature has been abused, not only by the coarse witticisms of the village rhymester, but by the fulsome flatteries of the personal friends of the dead, and there is considerable truth in the dialogue of Smith and Jones: Smith—"Death is a sure cure for lying." Jones—"Not always; I've known it to break out again on a tombstone."

Graveyard literature is quite as ancient as any other; from time immemorial the records of the past contain references to the custom of both graving on the tomb and reading at the obsequies certain elegiac stanzas in praise, though sometimes in censure, of the deceased.

Most of the Egyptian sarcophagi contain epitaphs, none of which are of special interest. The valorous deeds of the heroes of Thermopylæ have been engraved on columns erected to their memory. The Spartan inscription thrills even the cold western heart to-day "Stranger, go tell the Lacedæmonians that we lie here obedient to their command." Greek epitaphs abound, and are full of absorbing interest. The stone which marks the spot where Plato's dust lies, says:

"Plato's dead form this earthly shroud invests;
His soul among the godlike heroes rests."

Roman epitaphs are no less numerous. "Ossa Tassi" is the brief inscription on Tasso's tomb.

It is in England, however, that we find epitaphs of the greatest interest, and one of the pleasures of a recent visit to the British Isles consisted in walking through some of the old churchyards and examining the quaint epitaphs which are there to be found. The Peak district of Derbyshire is renowned for this particular form of literature. It would, however, almost seem as if the eccentric characters who lived in Derbyshire for the past few hundred years had some premonition that curious tourists of later days would be in search of something odd, and by way of rebuke, I suppose, one Micah Hall, who lived and died near Peveril Castle—well known to readers of Scott's "Peveril of the Peak"—gave instructions that the tablet erected to his memory should bear the following lines:

"What I was you know not,
What I am you know not,
Whither I am gone you know not,
Go about your business."

After reading this curious inscription, I took the good man's advice and went.

Passing on to the ancient town of Bakewell, the capital of the Peak, I found a churchyard two thousand years old. Haddon Hall, an old baronial mansion, pleasantly situated on the Wye, is close by. The Vernons and the Manners of that noble house lie in Bakewell church. A monument in memory of Sir George Manner and his wife, and their nine children, has this inscription: "Ye day of a man's death is better than ye day of his birth." Examining some of the tombstones I found the following curious inscription. After recording the interment here of John Dale, barber-surgeon of Bakewell, and his two wives, Elizabeth, daughter of Godfrey Foljambe, and Sarah Bloodworth, it reads:

"This thing in life might raise some jealousy,
Here all three lie together lovingly;
But from embraces here no pleasure flows,
Alike are here all human joys and woes;
Here Sarah's chiding, John no longer hears,
And old John's rambling, Sarah no more fears,
A period's come to all their toilsome lives,
The good man's quiet—still are both his wives."

The epitaphs of these old churchyards are not all in a humorous vein; pearls of wisdom are often found alongside these quaint conceits of olden times, and as Gray sweetly sings:

"Many a holy text around she strews
That teach the rustic moralist to die."

No doubt that in many cases the awakening of conscience has followed the reading of admonitory sentences engraved on tombstone and tablet. An inscription written by Charles Wesley cannot be read without suggesting solemn thoughts.

"Beneath a sleeping infant lies,
To earth whose body lent,
More glorious shall hereafter rise
And still more innocent;
When the archangel's trump shall blow
And souls to bodies join,
Thousands shall wish their lives below
Had been as short as thine."

Full often the epitaph seems to have been dictated by the ardent devotion of a broken heart; there is deep pathos and genuine poetry in the couplet found on the tombstone of a sainted minister who lived and died at Long Branch, N.J.

"Our eyes the radiant saint pursue,
Through liquid telescopes of tears."

No less beautiful is the epitaph on an old slate slab in a New England graveyard, which commemorates the virtues of one Mary Ann Pratt:

"Think what a good woman should be;
She was that"—

which is certainly in much better taste than the wail of a desolate husband, who had inscribed on his wife's tombstone:

"Tears cannot bring thee back, therefore I weep."

The famous sentence to Sir Christopher Wren's memory, which is carved on St. Paul's Cathedral, has been chiselled on a doctor's tombstone, and cannot be regarded as a compliment to his medical skill: "If you would see his monument, look around." The following specimen of churchyard literature could hardly be expected to be composed outside Ireland; it is accordingly to be found on a tombstone in that country:

"Here lies the body of John Mound,
Lost at sea and never found."

Much more to the point, and aptly illustrating the Wise Man's words, "He that ruleth his spirit is better than he that taketh a city," is the inscription on the tombstone of a soldier:

"Here lies a soldier whom all must applaud,
Who fought many battles at home and abroad;
But the hottest engagement he ever was in
Was the conquest of self in the battle of sin."

The valour of some of our brave military men is only exceeded by their unswerving devotion to God and His Kingdom. Cromwell's Ironsides have their successors in modern military circles. Sir Arthur Blackwood, whose recently published biography is one of great interest, was a noble specimen of a soldier of the cross, as well as a servant of the Queen, and the tablet in Exeter Cathedral to his memory fitly expresses his unswerving fidelity to God amid arduous duties discharged to his country:

" This man put his hand to the plough and never looked back."

Lord Lawrence's epitaph in Westminster Abbey also reveals the secret of true strength and valour on the field of battle:

" He feared man so little because he feared God so much."

These bright examples of saintliness in the upper circles of society are in pleasing contrast to another section of the same circle, where fashion is a goddess and pleasure a king, and from which section Browning brings one of his characters, who

" above all epitaphs
Aspires to have his tomb describe
Himself as sole among the tribe
Of snuff-box fanciers, who possessed
A gregnon with the Regent's crest."

There are a number of ingenious epitaphs, in which a comparison between a man's life and his avocation is drawn. Two of this class shall serve our purpose. The following is to be seen in a Lancashire churchyard, hard by the village smithy:

" My anvil and my hammer are declined,
My bellows, too, have lost their wind,
My fire extinct, my forge decayed,
And in the dust my vice is laid,
My coal is spent, my iron gone,
My last nail's driven, and my work is done."

The curious inscription that appears on the tomb of Benjamin Franklin was written many years before his death by the great philanthropist himself:

" The body of
B. Franklin,
Printer,
Like the cover of an old book,
Its contents torn out,
And stripped of its lettering and gilding,
lies here, food for worms,
But the work shall not be wholly lost;
for it will, as he believed, appear once more
in a new and more perfect edition,
corrected and amended
by the Author."

The epitaphs of the illustrious in both the literary and religious world make an interesting study. Not only in the " storied urn and animated bust " of Westminster, but in many another abbey or churchyard, the inscription marks the resting-place of those who have peopled the past with words and deeds of greatness and power. Shakespeare's epitaph is, perhaps, as familiar as any:

" Good friend, for Jesus' sake forbeare
To dig the dust enclosed here;
Blest be the man that spares these stones,
And curst be he that moves my bones."

The Poets' Corner in Westminster Abbey would furnish us with all we require, but we must be content just now with one, inscribed to the memory of Thomas Gray, author of the famous Elegy:

" No more the Grecian Muse unrivalled reigns,
To Britain let the nations homage pay;
She felt a Homer's fire in Milton's strains,
A Pindar's rapture in the lyre of Gray."

The great Dr. Johnson's memory has been kept green by Boswell, his biographer, and the world is familiar with the brilliancy as well as the eccentricity of the famous dictionary compiler. Soame Jenyns has compressed into an epitaph the features of Johnson's character, which are more elaborately depicted by Boswell:

" Here lies poor Johnson; reader, have a care,

Tread lightly lest you rouse a sleeping bear;
Religious, moral, generous and humane
He was; but self-sufficient, rude and vain,
Ill-bred and overbearing in dispute;
A scholar and a Christian and a brute.
Would you know all his wisdom and his folly,
His actions, sayings, mirth and melancholy?
Boswell and Thrale, retailers of his wit,
Will tell you how he wrote, and talked, and coughed, and spit."

Had the epitaph that was originally to have appeared upon the tomb of Sir Isaac Newton been placed there, it would have been singularly appropriate:

"Nature and Nature's law lay hid in night.
God said, 'Let Newton be,' and all was light."

Pope, however, wrote another, a Latin Elegy, a translation of which is as follows:

"This marble acknowledges Isaac Newton mortal, whom time, nature, and heaven prove immortal."

David Hume, the historian, has the following singular *jeu d'esprit* written upon his tomb in the Calton Hill, Edinburgh:

"Within this circular idea,
Call'd vulgarly a tomb,
The ideas and impressions lie
That constituted Hume."

The tombstone seems a strange place for the perpetration of a pun, but quaint Tom Fuller, the old Puritan divine, manifested his wit even when in the grasp of the last enemy, for the words, "Here lies Fuller's Earth," were dictated by him just before his dissolution. Of the same quality is the startling pun that Dr. Potter, Archbishop of Canterbury, who died in 1736, has upon his sarcophagus:

"Alack and well-a-day,
Potter himself has turned to clay."

Archbishop Whateley's elegy on Dr. Buckland perpetuates the memory of that eminent geologist in appropriate and humorous terms:

"Where shall we our great Professor inter,
That in peace may rest his bones?
If we hew him a rocky sepulchre
He'll rise and break the stones,
And examine each stratum that lies around
For he's quite in his element underground.

"If with mattock and spade his body we lay
In the common alluvial soil,
He'll start up and snatch these tools away
Of his own geological toil;
In a stratum so young the Professor disdains
That imbedded should lie his organic remains."

It is said that after an evening party, which included the late Douglas Jerrold and Charles Knight, between whom a close friendship had subsisted for many years, they walked homewards together. In the course of the evening the conversation had turned on epitaphs, and Knight, half in jest, half in earnest, had asked the great wit to write his epitaph for him. The incident had escaped Knight's recollection, but arriving at the point where they were to part each for his own house, it was recalled to his memory by Jerrold himself. "I've got the epitaph for you," said he. "Well, what is it?" "Good Knight." And with that they parted.

In Cheswick churchyard is to be seen Hogarth's epitaph, written by David Garrick, the actor. It is the tribute of one man of genius to another:

"Farewell, great painter of mankind,
Who reached the noblest point of art;
Whose pictured morals charm the mind,
And through the eye, correct the heart,
If genius fire thee, reader, stay;
If nature touch thee, drop a tear
If neither move thee, turn away,
For Hogarth's honoured dust lies here.

If Hogarth was renowned as a painter, William Wordsworth was equally so as a poet, and although Westminster Abbey does not contain his dust, this high priest of nature is honoured with a tablet and inscription in the holy of holies of the English people.

"William Wordsworth.

'Blessings be with them—and eternal praise
Who gave us nobler lives and nobler cares,
The poets—who on earth have made us heirs
Of truth and pure delight, by heavenly lays.'

Born April 7, 1770. Died April 23, 1850,
Buried in Grasmere Churchyard."

A tablet in Westminster Abbey also tells of the poetry and preaching, the work and the worth, of John and Charles Wesley. But we must make a pilgrimage to the Cathedral of Methodism in City Road if we would see our illustrious founder's grave. Standing by Wesley's monument, behind the chapel, I thought of "the crowded hours of glorious life" which were so many links in the chain uniting Epworth Rectory to City Road Chapel, and lest I should lose myself in admiration of the man, and forget to thank God, the stone spoke and said: "Reader, if thou art constrained to bless the instrument, give God the glory."

Across the street from Wesley's Chapel is Bunhill Fields Cemetery, and here I saw the tombstones of Susannah Wesley, Isaac Watts, John Bunyan, Daniel Defoe, Richard Cromwell and many others rich in the literature of which this article treats.

It is a long distance from London to the native Christian burial-ground at Serampore, but let us travel it in loving imagination, for there we find a tall square block, supported by pillars at each corner and domed. We are standing at the grave of William Carey, the father of modern missions, who shortly before he died remarked to Mr. Duff, the young Scotch missionary: "Mr. Duff, you have been speaking about Dr. Carey. When I am gone, say nothing about Dr. Carey. Speak about Dr. Carey's Saviour." The simple inscription dictated by himself is in a beautiful harmony with his dying words:

"William Carey,
Born August 17, 1761;
Died June 9, 1834;
'A wretched, poor, and helpless worm,
On thy kind arms I fall.'"

A tablet to Judson's memory preserves the record of a man no less apostolic than Carey:

"Adoniram Judson,
Born August 9, 1788;
Died April 1, 1850;
Malden, Mass., his birthplace.
The ocean his sepulchre.
Converted Burmans
and
The Burman Bible
His monument.
His record is on high."

It is a thought full of encouragement that while time effaces the chiselled chronicle, and even crumbles the slab itself, "a book of remembrance is written before the Lord. The costly marble may not tell the story of our trial and triumph, but enough for us that our 'record is on high.'"

Manitou, Man.

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## BY THIS CONQUER.

Exalt the Cross! Its awful shape
Athwart the blood-red sky,
Shall draw the nations of the earth
To Him of Calvary.

Exalt the Cross! Its outstretched arms
To all the world proclaim
The passion of the Saviour's love,
The meekness of His name.

Exalt the Cross! Its mystery,
Beyond all human ken,
Shall melt the hearts, wash white the souls
Of multitudes of men.

Exalt the Cross! Its feebleness,
Transfigurèd, divine,
Shall shake the whole great teeming earth;
Christ conquers by this sign!

—*J. M. Bronson.*

# ROMANCE OF A COUNTRY TOWN.

BY ANNETTE L. NOBLE,

*Author of "Dave Marquand," "How Billy Went Up in the World," etc., etc.*

## CHAPTER X.

THESE were hard days for John Ferris. The spiritless, sullen women who tried his patience in every conceivable way was a burden on his conscience. Mary would sit for hours in a sort of stupor, not the dreamy languor induced by the drug which she had once been able to obtain—then she had been amiable—but this was a mood of ugly aversion to any employment or amusement. John had tried every argument, every temptation, to arouse in her some interest in life. She would not travel. She would not see more people. Polly Huggins told him as plainly as she dared that a little of this apathy was assumed, for, in his absence, as she declared, Mrs. Ferris "livened up often and talked."

But such talk! She questioned the all-too-loquacious Polly on the past history, and the present affairs of almost everybody in the community. She often sat by her window watching the passers-by. She conceived an absolute hatred for the two young girls, Kate and Hope; it seemed to her a personal grievance that they should be merry and attractive, should go laughing past her gate on sunny mornings and at rare sweet sunset hours. At times an intense desire possessed her to work mischief in the community—aimless malice, but malice all the same. Just as much as she dared, she indulged this propensity. Polly Huggins was always at hand, and Polly would any time promise "never to tell who told her" if the thing told was sufficiently interesting. Exactly as a writer might work out the plot of a story, Mary Ferris would artfully mingle innocent facts with ingenious falsehoods, and impart them to Polly on various occasions. A sewing woman sometimes came to the house; to her Mary dropped hints about this one and that, her stories always plausible and of a sort to go if once started.

Since the night when by mistake she had taken too much morphine, she had made no effort to obtain more of the drug, knowing that she was closely watched. She had one other way of supplying herself, after time enough had elapsed and John had become less suspicious. A certain peddler, who carried tinware and bargained for rags, had made a private agreement, for a consideration, to furnish her with what she craved. John began to trust her with very little money, but in anticipation of this state of affairs, she had treasured up a sum sufficient to last her for months to come.

There were times when John Ferris longed for human sympathy, for wise womanly counsel about his life at home, and then he most earnestly wished for a mother or sister. He never talked to Hannah Goddard nowadays on any matter remotely concerning his present troubles. If he greatly needed advice in any practical manner, he sometimes consulted with the Ostranders, but a wise and loyal instinct prompted him to keep absolute silence about the wife who was so miserably weak compared to the one woman who seemed to John Ferris stronger and better than almost any others whom he knew.

Polly Huggins was right in suspecting that Mrs. Ferris' neuralgia was feigned rather than real. Mary fancied that her husband would make urgent appeals to her in regard to attending the society at Mrs. Ostrander's, and so he did, but all in vain. Had old Mathewson, the peddler, brought her the drug for which she was watching with an impatience almost amounting to frenzy, she would perhaps have consented. But day after day had passed, and Mary had received only the constantly decreasing amount of morphine reluctantly portioned out to her by John, in accordance with the doctor's orders. It was nothing to the amount she craved, and mornings when Polly was busy in the kitchen and the men were in the fields, Mary would wander about the house as if possessed by an evil spirit. Again she would take her stand at an upper window, and watch every man appearing on the highway.

Doctor Sumners had given John many hints about her probable conduct, and before long Mary's new alertness was manifest, because it was in marked contrast to her moody abstraction. The gate never clicked but she started ; the sound of a man's voice or a step on the gravel walk would arouse her to a sort of stealthy watchfulness, which John reported to the old doctor.

"Depend upon it, John, she is either eager to send some message for what she wants or expecting some one who will aid her in deceiving us. Polly must know who comes and goes when you are from home."

The day of the meeting of the society it seemed to the poor woman that she should go frantic if she could not have something to quiet her. The doctor could have helped her, if she had not been too angry to consult him ; as it was, she was almost beside herself. When Polly had gone to Mrs. Ostrander's, Mary began a tireless search among the woman's possessions for the laudanum bottle that she was not to find. At one time in her life, Polly's oracle, "old Doctor Bumpus," had supplied her with big, little, and middle-sized flasks, bottles and vials containing mixtures without number. Among all these Mary was carefully looking, when John Ferris saw old Mathewson plodding up the lane from the great gate ; nearing the house, he veered in his course, and, contrary to his custom, steered for the front door. When John appeared on the threshold, the peddler looked uneasily into the hall behind the master of the house ; then, sinking down on the top step of the piazza, wiped his forehead, muttering something about dog-day weather before he said, "I fetched your wife over some cards of jet buttons to show her ; she said she didn't like none she could find around here."

"If I fire now at random, he'll never guess why I did it, if he is innocent," was John's quick impulse, as he said, looking straight into Mathewson's mean little eyes and wizened face, "I will call her ; but first let me know if you have got any morphine among your duds ?"

The shot told ; the peddler was crafty, but not cunning. He reddened, then giggled, as he answered, "Did ye ever know me to peddle drugs ?"

"No, and that is why I mean to prevent your doing it ; you can't succeed," and not at all sure but he must pretend he was only in jest, John coolly held out his hand, saying, "Deliver up."

"Will ye pay what she agreed to, John ? It costs like the mischief, and I had a lot of fuss to get it, anyway."

"This time I will, you scamp, and if you ever try the trick again, you will find your business played out in Cairnes, I can tell you," said John, sternly, receiving and pocketing the package meant for his wife. He was counting out the money when Mary came down the stairs from the chambers, and stopped midway at sight of the two men. The peddler knew she was there, but pretended to be busy stowing away his pay, and Mary understood the whole when John said, "Hereafter we can buy our buttons and our drugs without your help."

Mathewson, not sorry to be well out of an affair that he had not been greatly inclined to go into, shouldered his pack and went down the lane, regretting that he had not confined himself to selling Polly Huggins pins and calico, as of yore.

"Am I never to be able to trust you, Mary ? How could you take that drunken old peddler into your confidence ?"

"I hate you so, John Ferris, I wish I could kill you !" she hissed through her teeth, as she glared down on him, her eyes gleaming, her face pale with rage, then turning she ran up the stairs into a near room, slamming the door and locking it. He entered the room just below, and waited, not knowing what he expected ; only the fear sometimes oppressed him that she would try to kill not him but herself. A long time passed, and he heard her walking about. Polly Huggins returned, and clattered noisily around the kitchen.

There was no urgent work outdoors that John must do, and so, opening his desk, he resolved to busy himself there until his wife should come where he could try once again the old wearisome task of appealing to her conscience and her womanly instincts. There was very little writing done, and Polly Huggins, who several times surprised John sitting absorbed in melancholy reflections, thus expressed herself to Joel : "What can ail a woman to be so senselessly contrary and selfish ? There she is moping upstairs when right across the road is a houseful of jolly, sociable, kind-hearted folks. If she would go over there and sew for the missionaries, and think about somebody else, how she might enjoy herself! Think of all them good clothes hanging in her closet doin' nobody any good. I reckon if I stood in her shoes I could find something better to do than to sulk seven days in the week. She says Cairnes folks are——"

"See here, Polly, I want my supper. Don't harp on that string any longer," and Joel began to warble about "the gum-tree canoe," until his supper was ready.

"What is Mrs. Ferris stayin' upstairs for? Ain't she going to eat nothin'?" asked Mrs. Huggins of John, somewhat later.

"You had better go up and see; perhaps she——" but he never finished the sentence, for the door opened and Mary entered. She was very handsomely arrayed in the finest of what Polly had described as her "good clothes," and her manner was as matter-of-fact as possible.

"Give me a cup of tea in here, Polly. I don't want anything else. My neuralgia is gone, and if you will get ready, John, we will go over to the Ostranders' for the evening."

Polly retired to bring the tea, and then express her emotions to her spouse, while Mary remarked, when the door shut behind Mrs. Huggins, "I can't always control myself. I don't wish to kill you, and I don't hate you—only don't speak of that. Go dress yourself."

"I am very glad you are going over there. You will not be sorry that you made the effort."

"I doubt it," was her grim response.

He hurried with all his might, lest she change her mind, and just about the time Mrs. Ostrander's parlours looked their brightest, the Ferrises arrived. Everybody was very cordial. Hannah, who had not seen Mary since that unfortunate evening, came to talk with her as if they had been the friendliest of neighbours. Miss Pixley joined them, then Mr. Willard and Mrs. Hopkins, all by a common impulse desirous of showing Mary that she was welcome, for both the minister and Mrs. Hopkins had received from Mrs. Ostrander a hint of how matters stood. Now, had no one paid any attention to Mary, she would have been angry, but, perversely enough, she was almost as much incensed that people should suppose she needed to be patronized and talked to as if she was deformed or different from other folks. So short were her answers to all attempts to engage her in conversation that after a while the little knot of friends talked together, all about her rather than with her. Nothing they said interested her; she longed to get away again. An uncontrollable restlessness had brought here there, and the same impulse urged her to get up and wander about the room—to rush away home. How could Hannah sit in that easy, reposeful attitude, and talk about English politics to Mr. Willard? And John was listening. Oh, if it were again that day of the picnic, and she were afloat on the water, dreaming of everything peaceful, body and soul soothed under the same blissful spell!

"I wonder if John really believes that coming among other women is going to make me like them? I am not like them, and never can be. I detest the things they all enjoy. I wish I had never been born."

"Mrs. Ferris," said Hannah Goddard, slipping into the chair next to Mary's, "have you ever been to the Edgerton Falls?"

"No; they are near here, are they not?"

"Only four miles away, in a wonderfully pretty glen; the Edgerton River runs into the creek just about there. It is a tiny stream, but the falls are not to be despised. I have an errand beyond the falls to-morrow afternoon. Will you go with me? Kate has an engagement with Hope."

Mary's reply was scarcely an acceptance of the invitation, but Hannah chose to consider it as such.

"She does not ask me because she enjoys having me with her," mused Mary. "She does it to show me that she is so good she is trying to overlook what she knows of me—of that evening when Polly ran after her. Perhaps she pities me—if she really is good as John is good, she may guess how hard it is for me to live when my living has no pleasure or interest; when it is only made endurable by one thing, and that a forbidden thing. How can all these women be so bright and friendly with one another!"

Then poor Mary's thoughts drifted away in the old channel. Morphine she must have, and now that her last scheme had failed, what new plan could she contrive? There was one thing in which she could find a degree of consolation, and it could be procured with much less difficulty than she could obtain the drug she craved. Brandy was a stimulant to the effects of which she was by no means a stranger. She could take a large quantity without losing self-control. Miss Goddard saw Mrs. Ferris' face suddenly brighten, and she arose to go about the room, talking with various persons. She did not notice Mary when, a half-hour later, she slipped from the parlour as quietly as Mr. Alle had done, and, like him, she hurried away in the darkness. Entering her own home, she put on a plainer dress, then, going out again, hastened to the Bogert House. The public room was deserted. Bill Bogert was absent, and in his place was a dull-looking fellow, whom he had left in charge of the bar. Mary startled him from a nap which he was taking in his chair tilted against the wall, and requested a bottle of brandy for "medicinal purposes." She was promptly waited on, paid the price, and departed while the sleepy youth was trying to remember where he had seen her. He failed, because he had seen her only once, at church, when he was, if possible, sleepier than this night. Mary had but just re-entered her house, and put off her bonnet when John returned. She amiably remarked that she had been too tired to stay at the Ostranders' longer, and came out quietly, that he might remain as long as he liked.

By noon the next day Bill Bogert had asked John who was sick at his house, and reported the purchase of the brandy. John managed to say that his wife had complained of severe neuralgia in the face, and probably wished it for that. When he came home and asked Mary about it, she laughed in his face, showed him the bottle empty, and coolly declared she could have taken twice the amount and been herself.

"And now, John Ferris, if you will not provide me with morphine that I can take at home, I will provide myself with liquor, and all the community must know that your wife is a drunkard."

They stood a moment in silence; the man stern and pale, full of anger, of wounded pride and disgust, the woman with bloodshot eyes—pale, too, but repulsive with the fumes of the brandy; then, without a word, John shut himself away in solitude. He had exhausted words.

At three o'clock that afternoon Miss Goddard sent Andy into the Ferris' house to say that she was at the gate and ready to start for the falls. Mary came out almost immediately, and was more animated than usual. They drove along the broad road, and talked of the purple asters and goldenrod just coming into bloom, saying how soon after this the first autumn tints would appear, and the summer hasten to its end. They turned off on a straggling road, where pretty vines were tangled into the stone walls, where rude bridges spanned little brawling streams, and here and there some old homestead nestled in a circle of great trees or among overgrown clumps of lilac bushes. Hannah talked of the people who lived in these homes or those who had gone out from them. Mary listened, asking a question now and then. They reached the falls about four o'clock. The little glen was extremely picturesque. Below the shelving rocks over which the stream leaped and bounded in a succession of separate falls, was a shadowy gorge, where the river was much deeper and the current strong.

"Let us stop here a while, for the light is more beautiful than it will be later," said Hannah, "and my errand will not take me long afterwards."

They tied the horse to a tree, and made their way down below the falls, where the air was full of refreshing coolness. Hannah found a broad stone, and they seated themselves. Suddenly Mary exclaimed.

"You saw me the other night. I never took so much morphine at one time before; I never wish to do it again; but I cannot live without it."

Trying to speak as simply as if they were talking of dress or housekeeping, Hannah replied, "When you are longing for it most intensely, I know it must seem so to you, but if you will persist in going without it, your life will be worth a great deal more to you; you will be a happier, stronger woman."

"How can I resist?"

"Will to do it with all your might, and pray that your will may be kept firm."

"I have no will at all, or none to resist—only a will to have what I want, no matter how, and this is the truth."

"Pious talk is cheap, Mary, but I know what I tell you is true. Your Saviour and mine says in the Bible to you and me and every struggling soul everywhere, 'My grace is sufficient for thee, for my strength is made perfect in weakness.' "

"Well, that might avail for me, perhaps, if I wanted help to resist half as much as I wanted morphine, but I do not."

In that one sentence Mary laid bare the secret of her life, and Hannah felt a sickening powerlessness to arouse the woman out of her spiritual apathy. She comprehended what John Ferris had been trying to accomplish and how he had failed. Before she could speak, Mary resumed :

"You can show me no help—don't think you must try. What a solitary spot it is here, not a farm-house in sight !"

There was a little dwelling-house only a few rods away, behind the pine-trees, but Hannah was too stirred to talk of trifles. Could she not help this woman, who, after all, must be amenable to some influence ?

"Let us follow the stream down," said Mary, rising.

She had to pick her way along stones, and boulders, while Hannah, delaying a little, was surprised to see her go on so rapidly.

"Take care, or you will make a misstep and land in the mud," she cried, but Mary called back, "I am going out where the water is clearer and deep. She reached a boulder midway of the stream, looked back, waved her hand to Hannah, as if ordering her to come no farther, then leaped out and fell into the current.

"She could save herself, but she means to drown !" was Hannah's first thought, as she rushed forward, seeing rocks and logs to which Mary might cling, seeing, too, in that first second that Mary made not the faintest effort to save herself. In the next Hannah was in the water and had seized the sinking woman, who fought to free herself. Hannah had known how to swim since her childhood, but it was a terrible struggle to keep Mary from dragging her down with her to death. Both were too desperately in earnest to utter a cry. Mary ceased to struggle first,, and it was with a mighty effort that Hannah succeeded in reaching a log to which she could cling and help her hold on to her almost unconscious burden. The sound of an axe recalled to her mind the near house, and she cried for help as loudly as her exhaustion allowed. The steady blows of the axe went on; her burden began to weigh tons. She could not drag it out of the water, and she could cling to it but a moment more. She heard a woman's shrill voice, then a man's ; the axe ceased to fall, and there came a rushing sound of feet breaking the dry twigs. A man and a woman plunged through the mud, and she knew nothing more until she opened her eyes and saw the blue sky between the pine-trees.

"I knowed you would come to all right in a minute, but she must have swallowed lots of water. Jim knows just how to fetch her to, though, if it can be done.'

"Then help him," insisted Hannah, trying to rise. "I shall be all right in a minute. Don't mind me."

"How in the world did both of you tumble in ?" persisted the woman, helping her husband work over Mary.

"I sprang in to help her. I can swim."

"Oh, I see ! Wall now, marm, don't you stand shivering out here in them dripping clothes ; hurry right over to the house, and my eldest girl is there. She didn't hear ye screamin' no more'n Jim did, till I made him stop chopping ; she'll give ye a change. Hurry now, for this one is a-coming out all right, ain't she, Jim ?"

"She is, you can depend on it," replied Jim, but Hannah remained until the fact was evident to her own perceptions.

When Mary opened her eyes and stupidly studied the two strange faces so near her own, Hannah waited no longer, but made her way to the little house and greatly astonished a neat damsel who was sitting serenely sewing on a pink calico frock. Once clad in dry apparel, she hurried out and found her rescuers half-carrying Mary towards the house. This done, Hannah asked the man to go for John Ferris, telling him what had happened.

"Do not tell any one else ; for if you do, all the town will believe we are both drowned."

She would have gone herself, but she feared to leave Mary, lest she might again attempt self-destruction, and Mary was not yet able to return with her. Mrs. Knowles, her good-natured hostess, did not rest until her troublesome guests had taken hot tea and Mary was apparently asleep. Just as the sun was low enough to flood the little room with sunset light, Jim returned, bringing John Ferris.

Meanwhile Hannah, who had been putting on a bonnet and shawl lent her by Mrs. Knowles, said to the little group, "I must go home, or somebody will get alarmed about me."

"Well, if ye must, ye must; but don't worry about yer wet clothes. I'll dry 'em in just as good shape as I know how."

"I will go and untie your horse," said John, speaking for the first time. When they were away from the house, among the pine-trees, he stood still, asking, "Did she fall into that water, or jump in, Hannah?"

"It was all done in a second," she answered slowly; "but I—she jumped in with a great leap."

"I thought so; she meant to drown herself."

"Assure her that I will never tell any one that it was not an accident. No one need know much about it, anyway."

"What will the end be! Is it not horrible?" he exclaimed, vehemently, then glancing at the sombre, ill-fitting attire that made Hannah look so unfamiliar, he added, "And you saved her life!"

"No, I only held her until help came. If it had not come just as it did, I must have let go my hold on her. I wish I could really help her."

"God bless you, and send us help, both Mary and me. Are you well enough to drive home? You are deathly pale."

"Quite well enough," and a little later Hannah was eagerly watching for each familiar landmark on the home road.

Once there, she seemed so weary that Kate did not like to make her talk overmuch, although it puzzled her to understand "how two grown people could tumble off the rocks into that little bit of an Edgerton River."

The next day Miss Goddard was so unstrung that Kate, insisting on treating her as an invalid, prevailed on her to rest in a hammock under the garden trees. In the warm air she fell asleep and did not awake until noon. When she opened her eyes, it was to see Andy, with an arm-chair on his woolly head, trotting along at the heels of Doctor Sumners. Coming near the hammock, he reversed the chair, and the old man seated himself with a grunt and the remark, "Well, Sister Goddard, ain't you a little advanced in years to go frogging, and getting your playmate into trouble, too?"

"Have you seen Mrs. Ferris to-day, doctor, and how is she?"

"She has taken a bad cold. I think she will have pneumonia."

When Hannah was silent the old man continued, "John told me how it was. The river is pretty deep there; I wonder she did not pull you under."

"What is going to help her, Doctor Sumners?"

"I don't know. John is trying watchfulness and prayer; I am giving her double chloride of gold as an experiment; but I don't know, I don't know," reported the old man, shaking his head. "Her brain is diseased. There is what doctors call an isomeric change in the nerve tissue, produced by opium."

"It seems a more hopeless form of intemperance than the use of liquors."

"It is bad enough, and the use of morphine or opium is increasing alarmingly; there are, it is estimated, not less than three million persons in the United States who are slaves to this habit."

Hannah was about to ask some other question in regard to Mary, when Hope and Kate came down the garden walk.

"Oh, Doctor Sumners," cried Kate, "I am so glad you called to see this giddy-headed aunt of mine! Won't you order her to obey me for the next few days? She ran away yesterday, tumbled into the river, and behold the wreck!"

"She will come out all right; I know her constitution; I brought her through the measles, whooping-cough, and chicken-pox, let me see, about—about——"

"Oh, I am thirty-two years old, doctor, if that is the arithmetical calculation you are after," laughed Hannah.

"Well, you don't look a day over twenty-five, if you look that. You don't scold nor worry, that is the reason. Every time a woman scowls, she draws her skin into a new wrinkle. See, here, you foolish girls, you! what have you let that young Aller kill himself for—keeping him out damp evenings until you brought on his fever? Why, I found him yesterday worse than he was when I first took hold of him?"

"Is he really ill?" asked Hannah, not noticing the girls' silence.

"Yes; he went over to Kent and had a hard chill. He goes from there home, when he is well enough. I like that chap; there is a downright sincerity about him. He makes me think of the boy I lost," sighed the old doctor. "Aller isn't exactly the crony you would have picked out for the parson, but Willard says he never had a more loyal friend or one with more generous qualities. Howsomever, I am glad he is going. We haven't any girls to spare, and he was a dangerous party to let loose—altogether too taking a way with him."

"He does not seem to have taken anything but a fever," said Kate, with a whimsical smile, adding, "I am sorry for him. He has been very genial and pleasant."

"What do you hear from your father, Hope?" asked Hannah, more surprised at Mr. Aller's sudden departure than she thought it wise to make apparent.

"He will be home in a week," replied Hope, beginning an animated account of all that her father had lately written and done.

"It is dinner time," exclaimed Kate, looking at her watch; "and you need not hesitate, Cousin Hannah, to make the doctor stay. That is, I thought it a good time to wrestle with the cook book."

"I won't stay," said the doctor. "I would rather have corned beef."

"Oh, but, doctor, we have corned beef, too, and I will make you a grand cup of coffee."

"I came, saw, was conquered. Will you be at the banquet, too, Miss Hope?" asked the old fellow, feeling in his alpaca coat pocket for something; but Hope declined to stay.

"I am going to give you a powder, Hannah. It may keep you from feeling worse, and it will pay for my dinner. By the way, Hope, you tell little Marjory she dealt me a blow last Sunday," he remarked, unfolding a long white paper, taken from a leather wallet.

"What has Marjory done?" asked Hannah, as Hope began to laugh.

"She did this," said Doctor Sumners. "You know Mrs. Ostrander has a juvenile Missionary Society. Each child puts into an earthen jug little sums earned by self-denial; then she chooses a text, and nobody knows it but herself. Last Sunday evening they had a missionary concert. You were not out, but the church was filled. Those jugs were smashed, the texts read, and the net result of the savings reported. Think what burst on me! The secretary smashed a little jug, took out of it a paper, and read, 'Marjory Hopkins, seventy-nine cents; mostly earned by taking Doctor Sumners' awful medicine,' and everybody in that church 'tee-hee-ed' right out. Tell her she brought my gray hairs down to the portico in shame."

"Marjory always refreshes me, and that laugh has done me good," said Hannah. "I will go in to dinner on the strength of it."

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It was a dismal, rainy afternoon, just a week from the day Mary Ferris plunged into the Edgerton River. The results of that shock to her system had been immediate, and it was soon evident were to be fatal. This dreary day Doctor Sumners had not left the house. He was now sitting by the bedside, from time to time feeling Mary's pulse. Her husband and Mrs. Ostrander were holding her in various positions, trying in vain to find one where she could breathe with ease. In the kitchen, Mrs. Huggins, having removed every sign of ordinary work, was sitting in lugubrious state. At times she rose and glided into the sick-room, to return with surmises about "the poor creature's" being able to last the "night out," and the probability of her "going hard at the last—strangling and choking, most likely."

"Polly," said Doctor Sumners, appearing in the kitchen, "if you understand how to open the window in there, come and do it. We need more air."

Polly followed him back to the bedroom. Mary was sitting almost upright. When the window was opened a bird alighted on a dripping bush just outside, and twittered; all the clouds in the west seemed lifting, and Polly murmured, "The storm is over, I reckon."

Mary opened her dull eyes as if she heard her and understood. Panting for breath between her words, she said, "I trust to—His mercy. I could not—begin all over—here—but there—perhaps."

John could not speak, but the clumsy old doctor said, soothingly, "When God forgives us, Mary, He makes us new creatures. He knows all about you, and you can trust to the last."

There was a moment of troubled breathing, a little gasp, and to God "the just Judge, strong and patient," was left the answer of the question what could be done for Mary Ferris.

(To be continued.)

# THE MINISTER'S SELF-ABNEGATION.

BY DOUGLAS HEMMEON.

THE house of Stephen Benton, before whom and for whose sake the minister humbled himself, stood the farthest out on the point that took its name from his own ancestors, who were the first settlers on its rocky shores.

The Point itself runs out into the North Atlantic from the sourthern coast of Nova Scotia. It is a spot where nature holds almost supreme sway, the efforts of man not availing to alter her handiwork, for she has wrought there mostly in stone.

The only attraction the place possesses is the sea, and in the summer months, when the waves murmur dreamily around the rocks or tell their whispered tales of far-away sunny climes to the listening shore, it is pleasant to live there. But in the winter, when gale after gale sweeps relentlessly up from mid-Atlantic, hurling spume and spray and driftwood high among the rocks, poisoning man and beast and tree into stunted growth, sifting into the houses and drawing the vitality from patient wives and fair-haired children, and sending many small but pathetic funerals, where every follower is a true mourner, to the tiny grave-yard near by; when nature puts her cruellest mood upon her, and goes forth to kill and to destroy; then, indeed, Benton's Point is a forbidding place.

Up on the promenade decks of the great steamships that go grandly swinging by, visions of splendour to the children of the Point, ladies, wrapped in rugs and furs, secure against the cold, bending toward each other, say, "What a forbidding place! What must it be to live there?" and forget Benton's Point forthwith to think of Italian skies and the vine-clad hills of Southern France, whither they hasten for the winter months.

But hearts are as human on Benton's Point as in Genoa; and as in the one place, so in the other, man constructs his own world, and his world is found within him. It may be that hearts beat quicker over seas, where the sunlight smiles into the blood, but I think the smiles are sweeter on Benton's Point, and the hearts, if less often thrilled with passing joys, know moments of such deep and significant content as many people, rich and fair, are strangers to.

Stephen Benton and his minister proved this once in years gone by, and this is how it came about.

Benton's Point was the most remote settlement on the minister's field, which was a hard one to travel, including over a dozen communities that demanded pastoral care. As a consequence, months would sometimes pass without seeing him.

Stephen's young wife was a frail though beautiful woman, and they were passionately attached to each other. One spring, despite all that could be done, an hereditary disease reached its climax; and on a wild night, when the wind hurled the white foam through the dark and screaming sea-fowl thrashed in vain against its force, the soul of the sick woman passed from storm to calm. When the grey dawn crept up over the grey sea and looked, like a sullen thief, through the salt-stained windows, a lone man, young in years but old in trouble, sat wearily by the fireless grate and gathered to his broken heart three motherless children, the eldest but five years, the youngest scarce as many months.

Now, it chanced that the minister had not visited Stephen's wife since the disease turned for the worse. He had much work to do, and his own wife had been dangerously ill. He had known of the sudden serious change for the worse in Mrs. Benton, and had purposed visiting her before she died. But when all this has been told, the fact remains that it had not been absolutely impossible for him to see her, and each may judge for himself whether the minister was in fault or not.

Further than this, it fell out concerning the burial of the dead mother after the following fashion:

Stephen's nearest neighbour, Joel Brainard, drove to the parsonage to inform the minister that Stephen wished his wife buried the next Sunday at ten o'clock in the morning. When Joel stopped his horse in the parsonage yard, the minister was looking at his rhubarb plants that were beginning to burst the ground for the spring's growth, thus early in the year.

"Good morning, sir," said Joel.

"Good morning, Joel," replied the minister. "Did you wish to see me?"

"Mrs. Benton is dead, sir. Died in the night, poor thing, and Stephen wants you to bury her at ten o'clock, Sunday morning," said Joel.

"Ah, I'm very sorry—poor fellow," said the minister, as he thought gratefully of the spared life of his own dear wife. "Why, yes, I can bury her then. But, stop!"—as a new thought came to him. "Won't Sunday afternoon do? I have a service here at ten o'clock in the morning and the service at the Point is in the afternoon."

Now, there was a time-honoured custom in that section of the country whereby all other services gave way to a funeral service, but the minister did not know of it, and, looking perplexedly at the ground, he did not see the expression of acute displeasure on Joel's face, for the old man was angered at this seeming neglect of his neighbour. So, in ignorance of his companion's displeasure, he continued:

"I'm sorry, Joel—very sorry, but you will have to ask Stephen if Sunday afternoon won't do, for the regular service here is of some importance, and I do not feel free to give it up."

There was no answer, and when he looked up, the old man was driving off. He was in no wise surprised that he had not answered, for he supposed him to be cast down and subdued on account of his friend's sad blow, so he called out, "Good morning!" and went in the house.

Now, sadly enough, it further happened that at the very hour in which these two men were talking, a man from Benton's Point, in drawing his lobster-pots, carefully enough, for the wind was high, fell overboard, striking his head, and was taken from the water dead; and it will not be known till the sea tells its myriad secrets whether he was drowned or whether he was killed by the blow.

So, that same afternoon two men drove into the parsonage yard, one of whom, being shown to the minister's study, cap in hand, requested his attendance at another funeral at Benton's Point on the afternoon of the coming Sunday.

The minister, after expressing a genuine sorrow for such a sad event, asked the man to arrange for a double funeral in the afternoon, never doubting the possibility of such an arrangement.

But the proposal was met by decided objections. The parties had refused to consent to one funeral. The friends of the two families had come long distances, and wished separate services. The minister was quite displeased, and said he would consider the matter.

As soon as the men drove off he sought the advice of a trusted counsellor, and laid the case before him. His friend advised him to give up the other services, and have two funerals, so he consented.

Meanwhile, old Joel Brainard had driven home and told Stephen Benton of the minister's apparent unwillingness to carry out Stephen's wishes in the matter of a morning funeral.

In the end, however, the matter was settled. The minister, it was reported, had yielded; and two funeral services would be held in their church. Two sermons would be preached; one in the morning, the other in the afternoon, and other appointments for the day would be cancelled; all of which turned out to be the case.

The Sunday came and went. The friends of the bereaved families assembled twice in the little church, listened to two funeral sermons, followed two coffins to the little grave-yard by the sea, and departed to their homes.

On the following Sunday the regular service in the church in Benton's Point was held in the evening. As the minister rose to announce the text, he noticed with satisfaction that Stephen Benton was in his accustomed place.

Then he read his text, arranged his notes, assumed his favourite attitude, and was about to begin his discourse, when suddenly a child's tiny treble voice spoke up shrilly from the congregation: "I want my dear papa, and I will go to him!" and, in spite of anxious protestations in a woman's voice, continued to prattle on in entire unconsciousness of the place and the circumstances.

As in all country churches, the people turned toward the new source of interest by a common impulse, and the minister, finding himself without hearers, broke off in his introductory remarks and leaning over the pulpit, suggested, in a kind voice, that they quietly take the little one to a house near by.

The suggestion was immediately carried out. The service was resumed and brought to a close, the minister remaining in entire ignorance of the fact that the child was one of Stephen Benton's little girls.

The next day the minister drove down to Benton's Point to see Stephen. "Poor fellow, he must be so lonely," said he to his wife.

Now, the only way of approach for a horse and carriage to Stephen's house was by a long road so rough as to make progress very slow, thus giving ample time for the inmates of the house to see who the visitor might be.

As the minister drew near, he observed that the large gate that swung across the road near the house, instead of standing wide open for the stranger, as was usually the case, was closed; so he hitched his horse outside and entered the smaller one near by.

The day was one of early April's sweetest messengers. The sea slept calm and bright from horizon to horizon, breathing deeply at intervals along the shore. Sails of passing vessels trembled through the air like phantom ships. Overhead the great, grey gulls wheeled, and poised, and balanced, on stationary wings, basking in the very face of the mid-day sun. Under foot the tiny grass-spears and the fragrant mayflowers smiled a naive welcome to the passer-by, as though he and not they had slept all winter under the sheltering snow. It was one of those days in early spring when the soul of man breaks its tether and goes far out beyond its regular confines, a veritable vagabond, to wander whither it will.

The minister had paused just inside the gate to pick a mayflower blossom for his wife, who loved the tiny bloom, and when he looked up Stephen Benton was standing near by.

"Good morning, Stephen."

"Good morning, sir," responded Stephen.

"Well, Stephen," began the minister, and paused, clearing his throat. To tell the truth he hardly knew what to say. Nothing is harder than to speak to another man after that man has sustained a grievous loss, especially when custom and a sense of duty demand it.

He fell back, awkwardly enough, upon the commonplace.

"I'm very sorry for you, Stephen," he said.

The other did not answer at once. He seemed to be turning something over in his mind. Moved by a sudden impulse, the minister looked sharply at him and saw in his face the signs of a personal grievance; and was about to ask what the matter was, when Stephen began to speak.

Now, Stephen Benton was a man of few words and of upright and Christian life, and his neighbours respected him, as they had respected his father before him. Moreover, he was a man slow to anger, and of reasonable mind, and if, in his dealings with his pastor, he betrayed any hardness, let it be remembered that he had recently been called to walk in the shadow of a grave.

"I want to tell you, sir, how I feel toward you. I feel that you have slighted and neglected me and my family, and have insulted me publicly."

The minister was taken completely by surprise, but he recovered himself and, though his face was a trifle paler than before, he leaned against the fence and thought quickly for a moment. He thought more in that moment than he often thought in an hour. Many things flashed through his mind. First his profession as a Christian man and a servant of the Church came to him. Then the fact that he had not visited Stephen's wife. Then his liking for Stephen. Then the harm a quarrel would do. All these thoughts and many others, the last of which was a desire to know Stephen's mind. Influenced by them all, he acted immediately on the last.

"Stephen," he said, "tell me all you have against me."

"Well, sir," said Stephen, "in the first place, you never called on my wife when you knew she was sick and could not live."

The minister explained that just at that time his own wife was seriously ill, feeling at the same time that he could have called had he done his utmost, and that many faithful, self-sacrificing men would have left their own sick ones to minister to the sick of others.

He was interrupted in his thoughts by Stephen's voice.

"And then you objected to burying my wife on Sunday morning when I sent to ask you. You must have meant to show me a slight."

The minister tried to explain. He felt that in this matter he was not to blame and his indignation began to rise.

"Was that what you referred to when you said I 'insulted you publicly?'" he asked.

"No, sir. You did that last Sunday night. My little girl, Frances,"—the father was speaking now and the hard voice softened—"called to me in church and you asked to have her taken out. Coming after the other slights, it shows that you intended to insult me publicly. Even if you are a minister I think you have no religion. I have been thinking it over and I feel very hard. I will never come to the church again while you are here, for I think you are not a Christian."

While Stephen was speaking the minister's heart had grown angry within him. He had not consciously given Stephen any cause for anger. He felt himself to be misjudged and injured, and by the time Stephen had finished speaking, he had instinctively passed through the gate and shut it after him, so that it was between them. Now he remained leaning upon the gate seemingly lost in thought.

What course should he pursue? He had tried to justify himself and Stephen would accept no explanation. If the surly man chose to leave the church it was his own fault. So spoke the minister's reason.

But if the man left the church without every right effort being put forth on his part to hold him, was he not in a measure responsible for it? So spoke the minister's conscience.

For a long time he stood on one side of the gate and Stephen on the other. For a long time the struggle went on in the minister's heart. Should he stand on his rights or should he give them up?

And so they stood. The one thinking in bitterness of soul and sickness of heart of a loved and loving wife who had gone from him for ever, nor did he seem to care whether the minister stayed or went.

The other at last lifted a perplexed face and glanced at his carriage, as though intending to drive away. The little mayflower he had picked from the roadside and placed on the carriage seat smiled at him sweetly. At once the loving face of her for whom he was keeping it came before him pale and wan with sickness as he had seen her last. Then quickly appeared another face before his mind's eye—the face of his mother. He remembered suddenly the words of her last letter that rustled even now in his pocket

"My boy, be slow to anger and forgetful of self." Then behind and above these pictures, another face appeared, glory-crowned, tender, patient, the face of his Lord and Master whose he was and whom he served.

And then, with all that was divine in him uppermost and all that was earthly and brutal tramped down, he turned and looked across the gate with eyes that, in his own memory, had flashed vindictive hatred and sudden flaming passion at his fellow-men, but from which there now shone a boundless pity and a great and patient love for the sullen, lonely man opposite; and his voice was calm and even.

"Stephen, if I have hurt your feelings in any way I am very, very sorry. And Stephen,"—reaching over and laying his hand lightly on his companion's arm—"I want you to answer me by coming to church next Sunday morning."

They were the first words spoken for a long while.

The tiny white lambs, feeding beside their mothers, lifted their gentle eyes and seemed to look approval. Far above, specks of dazzling white on the blue deep of heaven, the gulls called down the commendation. A wave from the sea's immensity fell softly along the sand like the sound of a great "Amen."

The peace of God was in the minister's heart and on the minister's world as he drove homeward in the gathering dusk.

And many wondered at the catch in their pastor's voice when rising to announce the opening hymn next Sunday morning, he saw Stephen Benton's bowed form in its accustomed place.

Hebron, Nova Scotia.

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## THE PRESENT CRISIS.

BY BISHOP COX.

We are living, we are dwelling, in a grand and awful time,
In an age on ages telling, To be living is sublime.
Hark! the waking up of nations, Gog and Magog to the fray.
Hark! what soundeth? 'Tis creation groaning for its latter day.

Will ye play, then, will ye dally, with your music and your wine?
Up, it is Jehovah's rally, God's own arm hath need of thine;
Hark! the onset, will ye fold your faith-clad arms in lazy lock?
Up, O up, thou drowsy soldier! Worlds are charging to the shock.

Worlds are charging—heaven beholding: thou hast but an hour to fight;
Now the blazoned cross unfolding, on, right onward for the right!
On! let all the soul within you for the truth's sake go abroad!
Strike! let every nerve and sinew tell on ages, tell for God!

# AN UNPROFITABLE SERVANT.*

BY L. G. MOBERLY.

WE never thought much of him when we were all fellow-students together at St. Chads' Hospital. "Poor old Parkes," he was generally called, and, by those who knew him best, "poor old Tom." He was such a funny, original sort of fellow—a queer mingling of the casual and the hardworking. His figure was familiar to more than one set of St. Chads' students, for he spent an abnormal time in getting through his exams., and, as he used to say, ruefully:

"I'm such a fool of a fellow, things seem to go in at one of my ears and out at the other. I can't, for the life of me, remember the names of them."

An examination drove every scrap of knowledge he possessed straight out of his head. It paralyzed him, and he was the despair of his teachers and examiners. Indeed, it was several times more than hinted to him that he might be wiser in adopting some other than the medical profession; but he always shook his head over such a proposition.

"No, no! I can't give it up. It's the finest profession in the world, and I'm going to stick to it."

When I left the hospital, he was still plodding on patiently and hopefully. He came sometimes to my rooms in the days before I left, and poured out his aims and ideals to me. I don't exactly know why he chose me for his confidant, except that I had tried to be friendly now and then to the poor fellow. It seemed hard lines that he should be so universally looked down upon and laughed at.

He had some awfully lofty notions about a doctor's work. I can see him now, as he stood on my hearthrug, talking fast and eagerly about the moral influence a doctor ought to have over his patients, and I couldn't help wondering what sort of influence poor old Tom would have over his patients (if he ever got any).

He did not look a very impressive object in those days. He was always rather an untidy sort of chap. His clothes hung upon his loose, shambling figure, a little as if he were a clothes-prop; his hair—it was red—had a way of falling loosely over his forehead, which gave him a habit of tossing back his head to shake a straying lock from his eyes. He had no beauty to recommend him. His eyes were green, and they were not handsome, though their prevailing expression was one of good temper and kindliness. His smile was wide and kindly, but somehow his whole countenance bordered closely on the grotesque, and the more he talked of ideals and lofty aspirations, the more acutely did he tickle one's inward sense of humour.

Tom's talk and his personality did not fit well!

I left him behind me at St. Chads', as I say, when my hospital days were over. I carried away with me a vivid recollection of the grip of his big red hand, as he said:

"Good-bye, Marlow. I say, I wish you weren't going, you know. You've—you've been jolly good to me." There was a queer look of wistfulness in his eyes. It reminded me of the look in the eyes of my Irish terrier when I left him behind me.

"Poor old Tom," I said to myself; "I'll come back and look him up now and then. He's such a lonely sort of chap."

I am sorry now that I didn't stick to my resolution, but other interests soon filled my life, and I forgot to look Tom Parkes up, or even to ask him to come and see me. Then I left town, and shortly afterwards England, and for eight years or so I did not set foot in London.

Shortly after my return I went down to St. Chads', and, as I strolled round the old hospital, feeling a terrible Rip Van Winkle among all the "new men, new faces, other minds," I all at once bethought me of old Parkes. A stab of remorse smote me. What a beast I had been, never to think of the poor chap in all these years. Was he, perhaps, still at St. Chads', toiling at exams. which he never passed? Later on I called upon the Dean of the medical school, and asked him if he could give me any news of Parkes.

"Poor old Parkes," Dr. Thursby

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* This pathetic sketch, which we reprint from *Temple Bar*, is a noble tribute to the medical profession, unsurpassed, we think, even by Ian Maclaren's "Weelum MacLure."—ED.

said, smiling. "Oh, yes; I can tell you where he is. He has a sort of surgery in Paradise Street, in the Borough. He is not making his fortune, I gather."

He gave me the address of a street about half an hour's walk from St. Chads', and thither I repaired on the following evening, with a laudable determination to find Tom Parkes and cheer him up a bit.

"For it must be precious dull living in these God-forsaken slums," I thought, as I walked down a forlorn little street, the fac-simile of others of its type, which all present an appearance of having been forgotten when the dustman went his rounds. Bits of things of all kinds littered not only the gutters, but even the roadway and pavement. The dwellers in Paradise Street evidently used the road as their dustbin, paper basket and general rubbish heap. It was unsavoury as well as unsightly. It belied its name. It bore no resemblance to any paradise. Each house exactly resembled its neighbours in grayness and dreariness, but over one door was a red lamp, and upon the same door a small brass plate, bearing the words, "Tom Parkes, surgeon."

Poor old Tom! There flashed before my mind his wistful ideals of a possible house in Harley Street in some dim future. This depressing street in the Borough must have choked his ideals considerably. As I knocked at the door I noticed how the paint was peeling off it, how dilapidated was the bell-pull, how rickety the knocker. It was plain that times were not good for the dwellers in Paradise Street.

The door was opened almost at once, and Tom himself stood before me. In the dim light I thought he looked much the same Tom as I had last seen eight years before, except that his face seemed to be older and thinner and whiter. He flushed when he caught sight of me, and his eyes grew bright.

"Why, Marlow," he exclaimed, grasping my hand; "I say, I'm jolly glad to see you. It's awfully good of you to come down here, and—and—" I saw his eyes running over my clothes, which were perfectly ordinary; but—well, the poor chap was so woefully shabby himself, it made my heart ache.

"I say," he went on, hesitatingly, still holding the door wide open, "I've got poor sort of diggings. Do you mind coming in? My landlady is out to-day, and we're in a bit of a muddle."

"Mind? My dear chap, of course not. I want to have a chat, if you can spare time?"

"I'm free just this minute," he said; "but I expect some patients will drop in presently, and I may be sent for, too. I'm rather busy just now, that's the truth. There's such a lot of influenza and typhoid about."

"Making your fortune, eh, Parkes?" I asked, as I followed him down a grimy passage into a small dingy room.

He smiled, but the look in his eyes gave me a queer lump in my throat.

"Not much," he said; "you see, you can't—well, you can't take fees much from people who—well, who are starving themselves."

I glanced sharply at him. In the better light I could see that his own face was terribly thin, and his eyes had a curious sunken look. How thin the man was altogether! His chest seemed to have sunk in, and he had acquired a stoop which I could not associate with the red-faced, hearty student of eight years before.

The room into which he ushered me was bare of everything but the merest necessities, and those of the cheapest and commonest kind.

"This is my consulting-room," he said, with a little smile; "the patients wait next door," and he pointed through half-open folding doors into a second and even barer room, that was furnished only with a few chairs.

He pushed me into the only armchair his room possessed—an uncompromising and ancient horsehair chair, stuffed, judging by the sensation it produced, with stones!

He seemed pleased to see me, but he talked very little; it was hard to think that he could be the same being who had stood beside my fireplace in the old days, talking so volubly of all his hopes and plans. I had not been with him more than a quarter of an hour when a knock came at the outer door. Tom answered it in person, and returned, accompanied by an old woman.

"That's another doctor, Grannie," he said, nodding towards me; "you don't mind him, do you?"

The old lady, having signified that she had no objection to my presence, proceeded to give a lengthy and graphic account of her various ailments.

Parkes listened to it all with a patient interest, which I could not but admire. Something in his tone, as he spoke to the old woman, struck me particularly—an indescribable ring of sympathy, of gentleness, which I cannot put into words. Having taken up a good half-hour and more of his time, the old lady rose to depart, drawing her miserable shawl round her.

"Oh, doctor dear," she whispered, as he told her to send up in the morning for some fresh medicine, "and I ain't got nothin' to give yer, for yer kindness. Will yer let it go till next time? Jem 'e've 'eard of a job, and if 'e was to get it——"

A faint smile showed in Tom's eyes.

"All right, Grannie," he said, gently; "times are hard just now, aren't they?"

"So they be, doctor, so they be. What with the cold, and the strikes, and the influenzy, there ain't much doin' for pore folks."

He opened the door for her as if she had been a duchess, and, before admitting the next patient (several had arrived in the waiting-room by this time), he said to me wistfully, almost apologetically:

"They're awfully poor just now. One can't make them pay. I know philanthropic people call it pauperizing, and all that, but——" He broke off lamely.

"Why don't you send them up as out-patients to St. Chads'?" I asked.

"It's a long way from here, isn't it? A good half-hour's walk; and then it means a lot of waiting about, and losing work, perhaps. It doesn't seem fair to send them so far, and we've no hospital nearer here."

He said no more, and I stayed on, fascinated, in spite of myself.

The same thing happened over and over again that evening. Half-starved-looking men and women shamefacedly asked to be let off any payment, and the same answer met them all in a cheery voice, which somehow did not seem at all to go with Tom's thin, bent form.

"Oh, that'll be all right. We'll settle up when times are better, won't we?"

When the last patient had gone he turned to me, his face flushing.

"I say, Marlow," he said, "I'm awfully sorry I can't offer you supper; but the truth is my landlady is out,and—and so I sha'n't have my supper at home." He tried to speak jocosely, but my own impression was that he did not expect to have any supper anywhere.

"Look here, old fellow," I said, "I'm going to have something somewhere. Come with me for auld lang syne."

I could hardly bear to see the look that came into his eyes. It reminded me of a starved dog I had once fed.

"Thanks, awfully," he answered; "but my old working clothes aren't decent to go in, and—and—"

Oh, I could guess well enough where his other clothes were! But, of course, I only laughed, and replied:

"Nonsense, old fellow, never mind the working clothes; I'm certainly too hungry to wait whilst you make yourself smart. Let's go to a quiet restaurant. I shall be offended if you don't come."

"I'd like to come," he said, and the eagerness in his tones made my heart ache again. "I've got a lot of patients to go and see later—influenza and so on, and I'd be glad of a snack of something first." He tried to speak carelessly, but it was a failure.

I felt ashamed, downright ashamed of myself, for being well nourished and well clad as I sat opposite poor old Parkes in that restaurant. It made me choky over and over again, I can tell you, to see the man put away that meal.

Before we parted I tried to persuade him to let me lend him a little spare cash. I put it as nicely as I could, saying that I knew that doctoring in a poor neighbourhood was very uphill work. But he shook his head.

"It's awfully good of you," he said; "but I haven't ever borrowed, and I don't know when I could pay back. I shouldn't like a debt."

And I could not move his resolution.

"You'll look me up again some day?" he asked.

"Rather; as soon as possible."

But a summons to a distant part of England on important family business kept me out of town for three weeks, and when I went next to the house in Paradise Street, poor old Parkes did not open the door to me.

A frowsy landlady confronted me.

"The Doctor, sir? 'E's awfully bad, but 'e would get up. I told him not to, with such a cough. But 'e says, 'I must see to my patients,' and so 'e's a-sittin' in 'is room as ought to be in bed. 'E was took on Saturday, as to-day is Wednesday," she ended.

I pushed past her into the consulting-room, and there sat Tom in the arm-chair beside an apology for a fire, coughing and gasping for breath. A wonderful relief came into his face as he saw me.

"I'm—I'm awfully glad to see you," he whispered; "got—a touch of the flue—I think."

He spoke gaspingly, as though speech were painful.

"I'll tackle this patient for you, old man," I said, glancing at an old woman who sat before him. "Look here, let me help you on to the couch.'

He could hardly stand, and I almost lifted him on to the horsehair sofa of unprepossessing appearance, and, after getting rid of the old patient, turned all my attention to making Tom comfortable.

"It's nothing much," he gasped. "I've just got—a touch—of—influ—such a lot—about," he muttered, wearily; "such—bad nights--so many sick—and dying—and dying——"

He rambled on whilst the landlady and I brought his bed into the consulting-room, and I lifted him upon it, and undressed him. It was pitiful to see his thinness.

"Pore gentleman!" the landlady exclaimed, "'e's bin and starved 'isself, that's what it is; and many's the time I've 'a brought 'im in a bite of somethin' we've bin 'avin', and 'e says always so cheery, 'Now, that's kind of you, Mrs. Jones,' and never missed payin' the rent neither, though Lord knows 'ow 'e got it. 'E've 'a put away most everythin'," she whispered, whilst I stood looking down at the flushed face and bright, unseeing eyes, and listening to his rambling, disconnected talk.

We did our best for him, poor fellow. I fetched one of the leading physicians of the day, but he only shook his head significantly.

"Absolutely hopeless," he said, "absolutely hopeless, poor fellow."

"And 'im always a-slavin'," sobbed Mrs. Jones. "'E was always out day and night in these streets, and in 'is thin coat, and starvin' 'isself; t'ain't no wonder 'e got the pneumony, or whatever they calls it; 'e never thought of 'isself, never once."

I sat by him that same night. Towards morning his restlessness ceased, and he turned clear eyes upon me, and whispered:

"I've made a poor thing of it, and —I—meant—to—do—big—things."

I don't know what I said, but he went on:

"I say—what's that—about—about—an—unprofitable servant? That's —me—an—unprofitable—servant. I—meant to do—a lot. I've—done—an—unprofitable servant? That's nothing—nothing—an — unprofitable—servant."

I'm not a very religious sort of chap, but somehow when he said those words some others came into my head, and I whispered:

"Not unprofitable, old fellow; there's something else in the same Book, isn't there, about a 'good and faithful servant'? That's nearer the mark for you."

A queer smile crept over his face, a curious light stole into his eyes.

"Unprofitable—or faithful? Which?" he murmured.

They were the last words I heard from poor old Parkes' lips.

I was obliged to be out of town again for the three days after his death, but made all arrangements that the funeral should be a decent one, and I determined to be present at it myself, for I couldn't bear to think of the poor old chap going lonely to his last long home.

There was a gleam of wintry sun upon London as I walked quickly through the Boro' on the morning of Tom's funeral, a bunch of white flowers in my hand. I didn't like to think that no one would put a flower on his coffin, and I knew he had no relations.

As I entered the thoroughfare out of which Paradise Street opens, I was surprised to find myself upon the outskirts of a dense crowd of people. The traffic was at a standstill; the few policemen visible were absolutely powerless to do anything with the mass of human beings that stretched as far down the street as I could see, and blocked every corner. In fact, the police had given up attempting to do anything but keep order, which was not difficult, for a more silent, well-behaved crowd I never saw. I looked in vain for its cause. My first thought was that there must be a fire, but no signs of such a thing were visible.

I touched a policeman's arm.

"What is it all about?" I asked. "Can I get through?"

"Don't look much like it, sir; 'tis a funeral."

"A funeral? But I never saw such a crowd even at the funerals of very distinguished people. Who in the world is grand enough in these parts to have a following like this?"

"'Tis a——" he began, then turned hastily to cry, "Pass on there, pass on, please"—a sheer impossibility, by the way, for no one could move an inch.

"What does it all mean?" I said to a man beside me, a rough costermonger, who, like myself, held a bunch of flowers in his hand.

"'Tis the Doctor's funeral," he replied.

"What Doctor?" I asked, mystified. "Why, I'm going to a Doctor's funeral, too, but my poor friend wasn't well known; he won't have crowds to follow him. He lived in Paradise Street, poor chap."

"So did our Doctor," the man answered, and he drew his grimy hand across his eyes; "maybe 'tis the same. 'Tis Dr. Parkes as we've come to see laid in 'is grave. 'E was good to us, and 'tis the last thing we will ever do for 'im."

"Do you mean to tell me that this enormous crowd——" I stammered.

"'Tis the followin' for Dr. Parkes, yes, sir; 'tis a sight you don't see but once in a lifetime, neither. Most of us chaps 'as 'ad to give up a day's work to come; but, bless you, we don't grudge it to he; no, that we don't," and the man gave a little gulp.

This was Tom Parkes' following? And I thought that I should be his only follower. I was but one among hundreds!

When they knew I was the dead man's friend, they at once somehow made a way through the crowd, which grew denser and denser as I walked down Paradise Street—a strange, reverent, silent crowd.

Just as I reached the door they were carrying the coffin out; it was one mass of flowers, and I, poor fool, had thought, pityingly, that my insignificant bunch would be the only ones upon it! They told me, afterwards, that men and women had spent their hard-won earnings to buy these wreaths for the Doctor they loved—men and women who could with difficulty spare their money, who were having a hand-to-hand struggle themselves for existence.

I have never seen such a sight as that funeral, never in my life. All the way to the far-off cemetery those thousands of men and women—aye, and even children, followed their doctor, and it seemed as though the great, silent crowd would never cease filing past his grave afterwards, when all was over.

"'E said as 'ow 'e 'ad failed, sir," his landlady sobbed that evening, when I went round to see after poor old Tom's few little things; "'e said 'is life was all a mistake, but it don't look much like a mistake, sir. Why the good 'e 've 'a done, and the influence 'e 've 'ad in these courts, no one wouldn't believe as hadn't seen 'is funeral. 'Twas a wonderful buryin', sir."

Truly a wonderful burying!

I wrote to a lot of his fellow-students to try and raise enougn money to put a stone over the poor old fellow. But we were forestalled in this by the people amongst whom he had worked—for whom he had died. They collected the money—those folk in the back streets of the Boro'—in farthings and halfpence, and pence, and they put a white cross over the grave, and upon the cross they engraved his name and these words:

"The Beloved Physician."

"'Greater love hath no man that this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.'"

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## PERFECT THROUGH SUFFERING.

God never would send you the darkness,
If He thought you could bear the light;
For you would not cling to His guiding hand
If the way were always bright;
And you would not care to walk by faith
Could you always walk by sight.

'Tis true He has many an anguish
For your sorrowful heart to bear,
And many a cruel thorn-crown
For your tired head to wear;
He knows how few would keep close to Him,
If pain did not guide them there.

So He sends you the blinding darkness
And the furnace of sevenfold heat;
'Tis the only way, believe me,
To keep you close to His feet;
For 'tis always so easy to wander
When our lives are glad and sweet.

Then nestle your hand in your Father's
And sing, if you can, as you go;
Your song may cheer some one behind you
Whose courage is sinking low;
And, well, if your lips do quiver,
God will love you better so.

# NOT WITHOUT AVAIL.

BY NORMAN W. CRAGG.

*A PASSAGE IN THE LIFE OF REV. WESLEY FLETCHER, OF WELDON.*

THE Rev. Wesley Fletcher paced slowly up and down his little study. Even the old, familiar books on the shelves were impotent to dispel the shadows from the pale face. He was only twenty-four, and so was just beginning to square his shoulders to the burdens of life. Later, they accommodate themselves to their load. But it galls sorely at first.

He had been ordained for a year and a half, and for that time had ministered to the spiritual necessities of Weldon Circuit. He was very lonely, and keenly missed the agreeable friends of his college days. But he worked manfully for his God and his church. There were no holidays. But sometimes he dreamt of the day when he could return to the village of his boyhood, and come back—not alone.

Weldon Circuit was poor and struggling. That was why he was sent there. The land was sterile and rocky, the cattle and horses poor and scraggy, even the children appeared ill-fed and unhappy. Life was not found altogether a pleasant thing by the preacher or the school-teacher.

Not that the people meant to be unkind. They were simply a reproduction of the character of the country. Their livelihood was obtained by their triumph over nature in a hand-to-hand struggle. They and the young minister were of different worlds. They could not conceive a man being wounded by a word. Bad land does not foster the sensibilities. To praise him would have been thought inexcusable. He was but a young man, and it was best that he should know his faults, and be kept humble. So, when the members of his Quarterly Board were not exchanging civilities among themselves, they were expressing their fears that the church was "going down," and instituting comparisons between him and his predecessor. None but the young man and his Maker ever knew how every word pierced his sensitive soul like a dagger.

But never before had his spirit utterly failed him. He had been conducting revival meetings in Weldon for three weeks, beating in vain against the ramparts of the sin he saw about him. He had preached and pleaded and prayed, but without avail. The nervous strain was intense. It was an uphill struggle, every step. There was an indefinable something that hung as a dead weight upon the meetings.

The church members were critical, the others careless. Only when he looked toward the bench where sat Betty Hadley—old, decrepit, rheumatism-stricken—did his heart warm. Often he saw her lips moving. He knew that she was praying for him, and it did him good.

That night her pew was unoccupied, and it had strangely lowered his spirits. The boys in the back seats had been noisy, and the singing lifeless. He was glad when the service was over. If he were only a girl, he thought, he might go home and cry himself to sleep. . . .

At the door he was joined by Bro. Henderson, and the heart within him sank, as he resigned himself to the tender mercies of his local preacher.

They trudged on together through the fresh snow.

"Mr. Fletcher," began the old man, "how long do you mean to keep up the meetings?"

"I hardly know," replied the minister. "There is certainly a wide field for work in Weldon."

"That's so, but my experience with revivals is that if you don't reach 'em at the start, you won't reach 'em at all. They get harder an' harder after the start. Now, the boys to-night were dreadful — 'specially during prayer."

The young man was tempted to tell him he did not consider ten-minute prayers judicious, but he remembered in time that he was a preacher.

"Then, too," continued Bro. Henderson, "I never knew meetings so dead, or oil and wood so dear. It seems a pity to waste them for nothing."

They had reached the parsonage by this time. Bro. Henderson would not go in, but kept the minister shivering at the gate while he told him of the blessed awakening the church had experienced, two years before, under Mr. Ryerson.

"He was a fine man, and so popular. Old Harry Bacon said, just this night, that we didn't know what he was till he was gone. . . . I told him as how you were doing the best you knowed how. . . . But Mr. Ryerson seemed to know just how to reach the people. . . . Good-night, Mr. Fletcher. It feels like a storm. I shouldn't be surprised if there weren't many out to-morrow night."

. . . . .

So the young man paced his room, and drank of the bitter cup of failure. For an hour he was like that Hebrew prophet, who, under the juniper-tree in the wilderness, bemoaned the unbelief of his people, and cared not if he lived or died.

He thought of the chorus they had been singing a few minutes before :

"Must I go, and empty-handed?
Must I meet my Saviour so?"

Must he leave Weldon empty-handed ! If his Lord had entrusted him with a talent, he had not, at least, kept it back through cowardice. He had brought it forth into the market-place to fulfil his Lord's bidding. It had yielded nothing, and through his failure his Lord was lightly esteemed! His own discomfiture was nothing to that. He could not bear to think that the great King's mandate should be disregarded because of the weakness of the ambassador.

His mind reverted to that day, eighteen months before, when he was ordained, with three others, a minister of the Methodist Church. Howard had gone to China ; Wilson and Hardy were still farther north than Weldon. . . . Again he saw the crowded church ; again he heard the earnest voice of the preacher of the day as he implored them, above all else, to hold up the Christ ; the tender admonition of the superintendent, who addressed them as a man would the son of his love, adjuring them not to forget to how weighty an office—to be messengers, watchmen, and stewards of the Lord—they were called ; the solemn ordination prayer; and again felt the hands laid upon his head. . . .

He had been meekly proud ; diffident and uncertain of his own powers, but proud of the splendid church that stood his sponsor, of the noble traditions of his office, and tenfold proud of the great Evangel he was consecrated to proclaim. And so he had told them when it came his turn to speak.

In the days of chivalry, when a squire had received his spurs, his heart burned for an opportunity to establish his worthiness of the knighthood conferred upon him. With like spirit, Wesley Fletcher had welcomed his location at Weldon. He longed to carry the standard where the blows fell thickest.

And now he had proved recreant to his trust, recreant to his calling as a Christian minister. Neither his Master nor his own conscience had condemned him, yet he had suffered his heart to fail and faith to dim beneath the lash of pitiless tongues. He thought of Carey and the years of dispiriting toil for his first convert in India ; of Paul, whose hearers found the cross foolishness and a stumbling-block ; of the Christ, whose appeals so often fell on deaf ears, and he prayed long and fervently that he might be forgiven the sins of doubt and anger. As he prayed, peace came to him, and a great love rested in his heart for these people. If they were worth his Lord's death, they were worth his life.

The next day passed as a dream. He saw no one. Old Harry Bacon called to report the disappointment of the church regarding the revival. Mrs. Harrison had a bad cold—had had it for two whole days—and was complaining that the minister hadn't called. Old Harry meant to report that, too.

So, solemn with importance, he asked for the minister.

"Yes, he's at home," said Mrs. Allison, the housekeeper. "But it's my belief that he's going to be ill. Hardly a bite has he taken this day. And he's as quiet and gentle as can be. Hour after hour he just walks up and down his study. Listen ! You can hear him now. This morning, when I was sweeping upstairs, I could hear him praying as he walked, and all about his own unworthiness. His unworthiness, indeed ! Poor, lonely boy ! It would make his mother shiver to hear him. It's my rooted opinion that some as ought to be his friends are doing their best to drive him crazy."

Old Harry arose, and said that

since the minister was busy he wouldn't disturb him. He would call again, perhaps later in the afternoon.

"Heaven forbid!" fervidly ejaculated Mrs. Allison, as she closed the door.

. . . . . . . . .

It was a glorious night. The moonlight lay, soft as God's kiss, upon the sleeping earth; the snow sparkled like a myriad diamonds. Through it the young minister walked to his church, with the illumined face of one who, in a vision sublime, had seen that which is past the veil.

The church was well filled. Betty Hadley was there, to whose face pain was daily adding fresh sweetness. Brother Henderson was there, in the front seat, making with his hand a funnel of his best ear. The boys were there, and during the opening exercises a general cracking of peanuts could be heard. But soon that annoyance ceased. Yet none could have exactly explained why it ceased.

The sermon was on the old story of the Prodigal Son, that parable redolent of home, and pardon, and peace. The preacher spoke of the infinite patience of God, the home-longing in all wandering hearts, the devouring hunger for the better life that remains, unquenched, in every human soul. It was no stranger calling them to a strange house, but the Father inviting them home; it was discarding the rags for the kiss, the ring, the robe, the feast!

A profound stillness hung upon the audience. The pale young man was forgotten in the message; even the most hardened could not but feel this treasury of love and compassion of a soul greater than their own. They were impressed, but there was no response when those willing to return to the Father's house were urged to stand.

After a few kindly words to some of the young men, Mr. Fletcher walked slowly home. He could scarcely believe that he was only twenty-four hours removed from the struggle of the preceding night. He still regretted his lack of success, but now only to determine that truer work should crown the future. He could not force fruit to form, but he could, and would, work in the vineyard to the day's end.

He was hanging his overcoat in the hall when he heard a faltering knock at the door. Opening it, he discovered Ned Chapman, the village carpenter, and acknowledged leader among the wilder of the young men. His face was paler than usual, and ennobled by the strength of a pure resolve.

"Mr. Fletcher," he said, quietly. "I can't stand it any longer. I have laughed at you and your preaching. But I need your Christ. Can you help me?" . . .

As they came out of the parlour together, half an hour later, they found Brother Henderson with Mrs. Allison.

"Yes," said the minister, answering his look, "Ned has returned to his Father."

"Then let him hear my confession. I have come, Mr. Fletcher, to say that I mean to stand by you and help, instead of looking on and finding fault. It came to me to-night, as you were preaching of hope and love and patience, and looking so anxious and weary, how that you are different from us who live here. God forgive me, I haven't tried to give you reason to remember us kindly. I am getting old, and it is hard for an old man to feel for a younger. Can you forgive me? I will try to help."

The tears stood in the young man's eyes as he grasped the hands of the old farmer.

"Let us say nothing about it, brother. I, too, am asking God's pardon for my doubt and anger. I thought all my work had been thrown away."

"Remember," said the older man, "that it was said only of the seed that fell where there was no deepness of earth, that it sprang up forthwith."

"Your work has never been without its effect," said Ned Chapman. "Wait a few days more, and you will see wonders in Weldon."

And they did.

Greenbank, Ont.

## "GOD SHALL SUPPLY ALL YOUR NEED."

Compassèd by Omnipresence,
Lonely—thou art not alone;
On Infinitude relying,
Portionless—thou all dost own.

By Omnipotence upholden,
Weak—thou canst unshaken stand.
Sightless—still thou safe shalt journey
Clinging to Omniscience' hand.

Trustfully, O, then, press forward,—
Pilgrim, toward thy bourne of bliss—
Faltering never, fearless ever,
Since thy God thy Guardian is.

—*Amy Parkinson.*

# THE LADY OF THE WHITE HOUSE.

MRS. M'KINLEY.

One of the most beautiful aspects of President McKinley's character is his tender and lover-like solicitude for his invalid wife. He is never too absorbed in the business of state or in the excitement of a political campaign to be as watchful over her as in the days of their courtship. Her serious illness in San Francisco, which for a time threatened her very life, called forth the warmest sympathy, not only of the American people, but of the whole English-speaking world. The message of condolence from the King and the royal family of England emphasized their appreciation of the profound sympathy of the President, and the nation which he represents, in the recent bereavement of the whole British Empire, on the death of its beloved Sovereign. We have pleasure in condensing, from various sources, the following brief sketch of Mrs. McKinley, and of her home-life :

Mrs. McKinley has been one of those wives of whom it may be truly said that they have been their husband's helpmate and the cause of much of his success. Their marriage was a love match. She made no concealment of her pride in her distinguished husband. She was not in the least surprised at any of the greatness that came to him ; she knew he had it in him when she married him.

After graduating from a seminary, Miss Ida Saxton, now Mrs. McKinley, with her sister, and a goodly company of friends, made a long and interesting visit to Europe.

Although a man of large means, Mr. Saxton believed in making women independent of the changes of fortune; therefore his daughter was taught the banking business, and soon her finely shaped head, like a framed picture, appeared at the cashier's window of her father's bank. Mr. Saxton thought he had locked out Cupid, but he only contrived to more certainly shut him in. It is the old sweet story, and if to the life romance of Major and Mrs. McKinley there was added a little early opposition, the necessity for some few innocent manoeuvres to secure a coveted interview, surely the world is more interested in the story. Mr. Saxton, after a time, gracefully yielded to the fates, and consented to the union of his daughter Ida with the brave and favoured Major McKinley.

The greatest sorrow of Mrs. McKinley's life came to her in the death of her mother. So great a shock caused a long and severe illness, and a resultant prostration of health and strength, from which Mrs. McKinley has never entirely recovered. Her two children also died in infancy. Their personal sorrows cast about the bereaved parents a halo of mutual

PRESIDENT M'KINLEY.

devotion, and broadened their comprehension and sympathies, till every one who met them acknowledged that even grief so great might have its compensations, at least in part. Mr. McKinley's devotion to his wife should pass into history even before his triumphs as a statesman. Constantly, everywhere, on all occasions, and amid all possible surroundings, he showered upon her, not ostentatiously, but unaffectedly, and as a matter of course, all those delicate attentions which the cynic declares men offer women only during courtship, or at most, till the brief honeymoon wanes.

For many years Mrs. McKinley has been a marked personality in Washington. For over a quarter of a century she has been an invalid, but her cheerfulness and friendships brought her, during that time, into contact with most interesting phases of life. She travelled with the President whenever possible. She never allowed her illness to close the doors of the White House for social life, and kept the receiving days, and sat at all the formal dinners, and received on New Year's with as great punctuality and untiring manner to the people as the healthiest hostess of the Executive Mansion.

She kept young people with her constantly, and allowed them the same joyous entertaining they would do at home. The White House was constantly open to their friends. Mrs. McKinley has not even the face of a sick woman ; it is refined and delicate, but not ill-looking, except, infrequently, after days of pain. Her physician is constantly with her, goes wherever she does, and she has the greatest confidence in his treatment.

She detests what is artificial in women, and dislikes that which is unrefined. She cares for children more than women or men, and the poorest woman, with the prettiest baby, is sure of receiving more attention from the Lady of the White House than is given to a diplomat.

Every child in Canton was taken to see Mrs. McKinley as soon as the President's town house opened. Mrs. McKinley said there was once a time when she knew every child in the city. That was before Mr. McKinley was Governor, and she kept in closer touch with the newcomers. She once confessed, with a sigh, that she did not know the children by name in Canton now, and this was a grievous disappointment to her.

"I dislike so to hurt their feelings," she said, "by asking their names."

Mrs. McKinley might be found every evening, between eight and ten, always in a great mahogany arm-chair, with her embroidered foot-stool, and the knitting needles in her hand. The President sat here with her, reading his papers or talking to Cabinet members or Senators who dropped in for a friendly chat. Mrs. McKinley was never excluded from these talks, no matter how much they dealt with momentous questions, for the President has made a confidant of her from the beginning.

She talks little, rarely enters into the conversation, and is a good listener. She makes an interesting picture, sitting in the great chair, always knitting, with a constantly changing group of great men around her.

When she wishes to retire, which is always early, the President gives her his arm, and assists her to her room, where her maid is waiting for her. Never has she allowed the state of her health to deter him from any public duty, nor to keep her long away from him. Mr. McKinley never spends away from the side of his wife an hour that is not required for the actual performance of his public duties.

Although Mrs. McKinley received an advanced education, and had a father who put into practice his decidedly advanced theories about the "sphere" of woman, she is, notwithstanding, in tastes and manner, altogether feminine.

The mistress of the White House has had unusual opportunities for the manifestation of those little acts of thoughtfulness which cost so little in money, yet yield so heavy a dividend in happiness bestowed, and no woman in public or private life ever took advantage of them more eagerly. It may be a cluster of bright-hued flowers sent from that wonderful treasure-house, the White House conservatory, to some sick child in the hospital, or it may be a dainty luncheon to her old school friends, but always it is prompted by the same generous-hearted regard for the comfort and pleasure of others.

The great diversion in the home-life of the wife of the President is found in fancy-work, and particularly in the crocheting of dainty little slippers, which she has given away literally by thousands. Mrs. McKinley estimates that she has knitted fully four thousand pairs of these little foot-warmers. Numbers have been given to personal friends, and quite a few have been donated to charity bazaars and church fairs.

If the first lady of the land is denied the companionship of books, she may at least enjoy the other joys in the supreme category—music, children, and flowers. It would be somewhat difficult to say of which of the latter she is more fond. Boxes of the choicest blossoms are sent at regular intervals to be placed on the two little graves in the cemetery at Canton, and very many of the juvenile visitors to the Executive Mansion go away with "posies" tightly clasped in tiny hands.

Of music Mrs. McKinley is very fond, and the talents of her nieces in this direction seem to leave an especial void when none of them is a guest at the White House. Mrs. McKinley frequently accompanies her husband in the carriage to church, but it is considered rather too much of a strain upon her strength for her to remain throughout the period of devotion.

Formerly it was the custom at the diplomatic dinners for the mistress of the Executive Mansion to occupy the seat opposite the President, she being taken in to dinner by the British Ambassador, who is next in rank to the President in the Diplomatic Corps. President McKinley, however, with unfailing solicitude, makes it a rule to keep his wife continually by his side.

## DER LETZTE DICHTER—THE LAST POET.

(*From the German of Anastatius Grün*).

TRANSLATION BY THE REV. NATHANIEL L. FROTHINGHAM.

When will your bards be weary
  Of rhyming on? How long
Ere it is sung and ended
  The old eternal song?

Is it not long since empty,
  The horn of full supply;
And all the posies gathered,
  And all the fountains dry?

As long as the sun's chariot
  Yet keeps its azure track,
And but one human visage
  Gives answering glances back:

As long as skies shall nourish
  The thunderbolt and gale,
And, frightened at their fury,
  One throbbing heart shall quail;

As long as after tempests
  Shall spring one showery bow,
One breast with peaceful promise
  And reconcilement glow;

As long as night the concave
  Sows with its starry seed,
And but one man those letters
  Of golden writ can read.

Long as a moonbeam glimmers,
  Or bosom sighs a vow:
Long as the wood leaves rustle
  To cool a weary brow;

As long as cypress shadows
  The graves more mournful make,
Or one cheek's wet with weeping,
  Or one poor heart can break;

So long on earth shall wander
  The goddess poesy,
And with her, one exulting
  Her votarist to be;

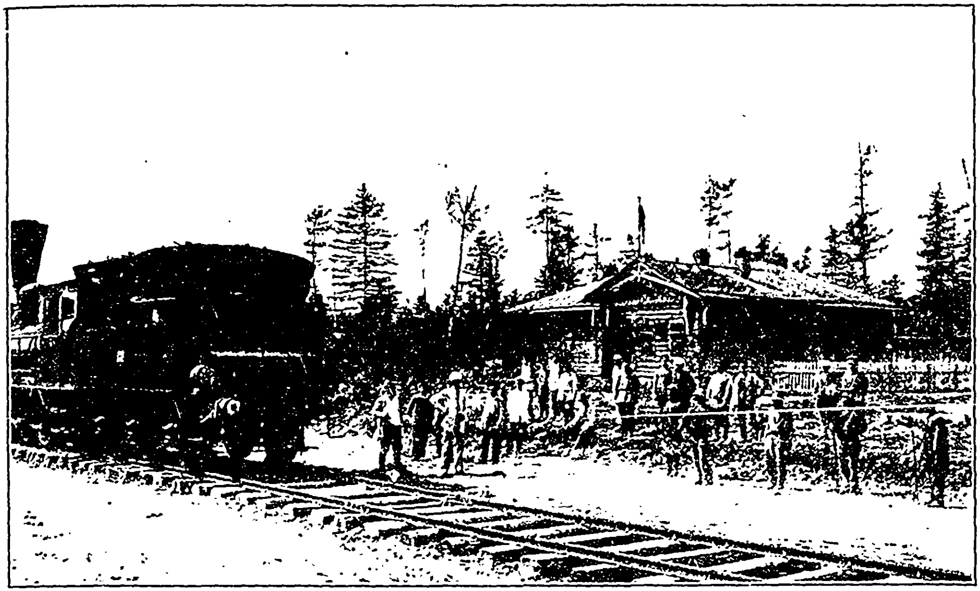
And singing on, triumphing
  The old earth-mansion through,
Out marches the last poet;
  He is the last man, too.

The Lord holds the creation
  Forth in his hand meanwhile,
Like a fresh flower just opened,
  And views it with a smile.

When once this Flower Giant
  Begins to show decay,
And earths and suns are flying
  Like blossom-dust away;

Then ask, if of the question
  Not weary yet, —"How long
Ere it is sung and ended,
  The old, eternal song?"

# THROUGH SIBERIA.*



From "A New Way Around an Old World." Copyright, 1901, by Harper & Brothers

STATION OF KORFOVSKIA, EASTERN SIBERIA, SHOWING AMERICAN LOCOMOTIVE.

Dr. and Mrs. Clark and their twelve-year-old son were among the first party of foreigners to go around the world by the new trans-Siberian all-steam route. They left Pekin only a few days before the dreadful Boxer revolt of last year, and this book is the outcome of that tour. It is written in Dr. Clark's lucid and luminous style, abounds in interest, and gives us the most recent view of this new highway around the old world.

A great deal has yet to be done to bring the trans-Siberian road up to the standard of our Canadian Pacific, which comes next to it in length under one management. We quote freely from Dr. Clark's interesting narrative :

"It is the custom of the few travellers who have crossed this line, or any part of it, to poke fun at the Trans-Baikal Railway. And, indeed, it is not hard to do so. With its crawling trains, its inordinately long stops, its primitive rolling-stock, it does not inspire much respect. It reminds one of the railway in the United States called a 'tri-weekly road,' which was explained by its president to mean that a train went up one week, and tried to come down the next.

"All the ancient and hoary railway jokes," says Dr. Clark, "like the one about the boy who started on a half-fare ticket, and was so old before he reached the end of his journey that he had to pay full fare for the last part, are cracked and appreciated by the passengers on this line. Yet it must be remembered that the last spike in this road was driven less than six months before I passed over it ; that it was not even then accepted by the Government, or formally open for traffic ; that it is largely built for military exigencies, and that no one is asked to travel over it, but rather discouraged by Russian officials ; then the jokes lose their best points.

"Still, it must be confessed that the road seems to tithe the mint anise, and cummin, and omit the weightier matters of railway construction. For instance, the water-

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* "A New Way Around an Old World." By Rev. Francis E. Clark, D.D. New York and London: Harper & Brothers. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. xv-213. Price, $1.50.

From "A New Way around an Old World." Copyright, 1901, by Harper & Brothers

RUSSIAN TYPES.

towers are beautiful, stately structures, and the stations are very creditable even for an old railway, but the rails are light and constantly breaking and giving way, and delaying traffic for days at a time. 'Two streaks of rust across Siberia,' is the exaggeration of a friend, which has an element of truth in it.

"Many parts of the embankment have been carefully sodded, the sods being pegged down with great care, but the road is very imperfectly ballasted, and is rough almost beyond belief. The culverts and small bridges are buttressed with cut stone, carefully dressed; the cars, as I have said, are exceedingly poor and filthy.

"Still the road is evidently built for the future, and all these defects will, in time, be remedied, and the Trans-Baikal section will take its place as an important link in the greatest railway of the world."

Dr. Clark writes thus of its mid-continent section: "The accommodation even in the 'car de luxe,' was none too good. The fifth-class were simply box-cars, with no seats, and marked on the outside, 'to carry twelve horses, or forty-three men.' Into these cars there crowded, helter-skelter, pell-mell, higgledy-piggledy, Russians and Siberians, Moujiks and Chinamen, Tartars, Buriats, and Englishmen, Frenchmen, Germans, and Americans.

"If there were fifth-class cars, there were plenty of sixth and seventh-class people—some in rags, and many in tags, but few in velvet gowns. Old Moujiks, with half a dozen half-naked children, filthy with a grime that has accumulated since their birth, and alive with unmentionable parasites, crowded every car, or, rather, human pigpen, as each car soon becomes. Odours, indescribably offensive, made the air thick and almost murky. The stench, the dirt, the vermin, grew worse the longer the car was inhabited, and one simply resigned himself to the inevitable, and lived through each wearisome hour as best he could.

"We never get away from the prisoners in Siberia, and two cars, immediately in front of ours, were filled with these poor wretches. Before these cars, at every station, marched four soldiers with set bayonets. The heads of the prisoners, shaved on one side only, would have betrayed them even had they escaped for a little."

"I must record that, in the midst of the filth and discomfort and unutterable odours of this hard journey, we met with many courtesies and kindnesses from the most unpromising of our fellow-travellers. Some of the peasants were ladies and gentlemen at heart, who would incommode themselves to promote our comfort, and were never too preoccupied to lend a helping hand, or to supplement our exceedingly limited Russian. We discovered a 'fourth-class guardian angel,' who took us under his special protection, and was never weary of offering little kindnesses. He even wished to share with us his black bread and some curds, which we found it difficult to refuse without hurting his feelings."

In six days our tourists travelled less than 800 miles, or less than six miles an hour. They had exasperating stops to transfer luggage.

"The devout character of the Russians was shown by the fact that every third-class waiting-room had its shrine, with beautifully-framed pictures of Christ and the Madonna, and some of the eastern saints. Before these icons often burned ceremonial candles, and smaller candles were to be had by devotees for two or three kopeks apiece. Rapt travellers, with uplifted eyes, were often to be seen crossing themselves before these icons."

Our tourists were thirty-eight days coming from Vladivostock to Moscow. The genial traveller was profoundly touched with the physical and religious needs of the interesting people of the great northern empire. They were kind, courteous, and humane, and under wise rule are capable of developing rich and generous character. The book is very handsomely illustrated, as a few specimen pages, which we present, will indicate.

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# DEACONESSES ANCIENT AND MODERN.

BY THE EDITOR.

In the Catacombs of Rome are found touching memorials of the "ancillae Dei," "the handmaids of God" of the early Church.* The primitive Church early availed itself of the services of saintly women, a sort of female diaconate, for the administration of charity, the care of the sick, the instruction of the young, and of their own sex, and for carrying the light and consolations of the Gospel into the most private and delicate relations of life. It thus blessed these gentle ministrants, possessed of facilities denied to the other sex.

They are frequently mentioned in the writings of the Fathers, under the names of "diakonoi," deaconesses, "viduae," widows, or "ancillae Dei." In apostolic times they were required to be of the mature age of sixty years; but widows, and even the unmarried, were subsequently admitted into this class as early as forty, or even twenty years of age. Olympias, a Christian matron of Constantinople, of noble rank, widowed at eighteen, became a deaconess, and devoted her immense fortune to charity. She was long the devoted patroness of the persecuted Chrysostom.

The unmarried deaconesses, however, assumed no vow of perpetual celibacy, nor of conventual life, but lived privately in their own homes, employed in offices of piety and mercy. How different the practice of Rome in binding young girls, in the first outburst of religious enthusiasm, or the first bitterness of disappointed hope, by irrevocable vows to a death-in-life, and indissolubly riveting those bonds, no matter how the chafed soul may repudiate the rash vow and writhe beneath the galling yoke. The consecrated virgin of the early Church, instead of the ghastly robings, like the cerements of the grave, in which the youthful nun is swathed, the symbol of her social death, wore a "sacrum velamen," or veil, differing but little from that of Christian matrons, and a fillet of gold around her hair. The custom, now part of the Romish ritual, of despoiling the head of its natural adorning, was especially denounced by some of the ancient councils. We are but returning to-day to the institutions of primitive times in employing the services of these saintly women in the service of the Church of God.

That old Roman world, with its fierce oppressions and inhuman wrongs, afforded amplest opportunity for the Christ-like ministrations of love and pity. There were Christian slaves to succour, exposed to unutterable indignities and cruel punishment, even unto crucifixion, for conscience' sake. There were often martyrs' pangs to assuage, the aching wounds inflicted by the rack or by the nameless tortures of the heathen, to bind up, and their bruised and broken hearts to cheer with heavenly consolation. There were outcast babes to pluck from death. There were a thousand forms of suffering and sorrow to relieve, and the ever-present thought of Him who came, not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give His life a ransom for many, was an inspiration to heroic sacrifice and self-denial. And, doubtless, the religion of love won its way to many a stony pagan heart by the winsome spell of the saintly charities and heavenly benedictions of the persecuted Christians. This sublime principle has since covered the earth with its institutions of mercy, and with a passionate zeal has sought out the woes of man in every land, in order to their relief.

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* The Christian "ancillæ quæ ministræ dicebantur," whom Pliny tortured, were probably of this class.

We have described elsewhere the revival of the order of deaconesses of the primitive Church, by Pastor Fliedner, at Kaiserswerth, in Rhenish Westphalia. We have also, in our July number, set forth some of the advantages of the organization. We have space here to refer to only one or two others.

The adoption of a modest and inconspicuous uniform by these devoted women who work among the poor has been found greatly advantageous in many difficulties under which they labour. It is often a protection from insult or injury. Their simple, modest garb enables them to go, like a beam of sunlight, amid the most noisome purlieus of vice, carrying light and purity and healing amid scenes of defilement. The roughest toughs in the lanes and alleys will often become the champions and defenders of the deaconess. Where the burly policeman will not dare to venture alone, this sister of the poor walks unharmed.

> "A thousand liveried angels lackey her,
> Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt."

Her distinctive garb is also a passport to the confidence and love of the forlorn and desolate. Often a grimy little hand will be placed in hers, and a child voice will seek her help in its child sorrows. Often a fallen sister, weary of the burden of sin, will cast herself upon her sympathy, and implore her aid for deliverance from its bondage.

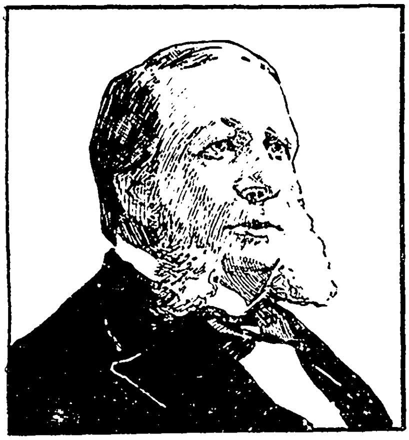
It is, moreover, a means of economy—no small consideration with these good women, who give their lives for the succour of the poor. They receive no salary they accept no payment for services rendered, they have but a modest allowance for personal needs. Their quiet uniform is uniform, it does not change with the seasons. Its neatness, its unobtrusive quietness and harmony are the very essence of good taste, and stamp them with a grace and dignity that the gayest fashion cannot reach. In this it is as far removed as possible from the conventual garb of the Roman Catholic nuns, which are often like the cerements of the grave, and from the somewhat bizarre and discordant garb which used to be worn by the devoted and well-meaning "hallelujah lasses."

It is also a bond of sisterhood, and promotes the "esprit de corps," the unity and solidarity of the organization. And there is need of this. Without domestic ties, without that sweetest idyl in this world, a true home-life, their woman soul feels the need of a social organization, and this they find in the cheerful and happy relations of this life of service.

We have seen the wise use made of the deaconess organization by the early Church. We beg to call the sympathetic attention of the women of Canadian Methodism to Miss Horton's beautiful presentation of its adaptability to the multifarious needs of modern society. There are still "lonely hearts to cherish, while the days are going by." There are still bruised and burdened souls to succour and to save. There are still "eyes which fail with wakefulness and tears, and ache for the dark house and the long sleep." There are still those who suffer unutterable wrong and wretchedness. Therefore, to the sympathy and co-operation of all who seek the uplifting of the fallen, the solace of the sorrowful and the sinning, the restoration of the lost, and succour of the suffering in the words of St. Paul, we "commend unto you Phoebe, our sister, which is a servant of the church, that ye receive her in the Lord, as becometh saints, and that ye assist her in whatsoever business she hath need of you: for she hath been a succourer of many."

# A LOVE TRIBUTE TO DR. STORRS.

### BY THEODORE L. CUYLER, D.D.*



DR. STORRS.

It was in the summer of 1845 that I was strolling with my friend Littell (the founder of the *Living Age*) through the leafy lanes of Brookline, and we came to a tasteful church. "That," said Mr. Littell, "is the Harvard Congregational meeting-house. They have lately called a brilliant young Mr. Storrs, who was once a law student with Rufus Choate; he is a man of bright promise." Two years afterward I saw and heard that brilliant young minister in the pulpit of the newly organized Church of the Pilgrims in Brooklyn. He had already found his place, and his throne. He made that pulpit visible over the continent. That church will be "Dr. Storrs' church" for many a year to come.

Had that superbly gifted law student of Choate gone to the bar he would inevitably have won a great distinction, and might have charmed the United States Senate by his splendid eloquence. Perhaps he learned from Choate some lessons in rhetoric and how to construct those long melodious sentences that rolled like a "Hallelujah chorus" over his delighted audiences. But young Storrs chose the better part, and no temptation of fame or pelf allured him from the higher work of preaching Jesus Christ to his fellow-men. He was—like Chalmers and Bushnell and Spurgeon—a *born preacher*. Great as he was on the platform, or on various ceremonial occasions, he was never so thoroughly "at home" as in his own pulpit; his great heart never so kindled as when unfolding the glorious gospel of redeeming love. The consecration of his splendid powers to the work of the ministry helped to ennoble the ministry in the popular eye, and led young men of brains to feel that they could covet no higher calling.

One of the remarkable things in the career of Doctor Storrs was that by far the grandest portion of that career was after he had passed the age of fifty! Instead of that age being, as to many others, a "dead-line," it was to him an intellectual *birth-line*. He returned from Europe—after a year of entire rest—and then, like "a giant refreshed by sleep," began to produce his most masterly discourses and orations. His first striking performance was that wonderful address at the twenty-fifth anniversary of Henry Ward Beecher's pastorate in Plymouth Church, at the close of which Mr. Beecher gave him a grateful kiss before the applauding audience. Not long after that Dr. Storrs delivered those two wonderful lectures on the "Muscovite and the Ottoman." The Academy of Music was packed to listen to them; and for two hours the great orator poured out a flood of history and gorgeous description without a scrap of manuscript before him! He recalled names and dates without a moment's hesitation! Like Lord Macaulay, Dr. Storrs had a marvellous memory; and at the close of those two orations I said to myself, "How Macaulay would have enjoyed all this!" His extraordinary memory was an immense source of power to Dr. Storrs; and, although he had a rare gift of fluency, yet I have no doubt that some of his fine efforts, which were supposed to be extemporaneous, were really prepared beforehand and lodged in his tenacious memory.

In this short article I have not space to dwell on many of the public efforts in which my departed friend wrought some of his most magnificent oratorical triumphs. Dean Stanley, on the day before he returned to England, said to me, "The man who has impressed me most is your Dr. Storrs." When I urged the pastor of the "Pilgrims" to go over to the great International Council of Congregationalists in London and show the English people a specimen of the American preaching, his characteristic reply was, "Oh, I am tired of these *show-occasions.*" But he never grew tired of preaching Jesus Christ and Him crucified. The Bible his old father loved was the Book of books that he loved, and no blasts of revolutionary biblical criticism ever ruffled a feather on the strong wing with which he soared heavenward. A more orthodox minister has not maintained the faith once delivered to the saints in our time than this champion of the cross of Christ.

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* From the New York *Independent*.

All the world knew that Richard S. Storrs possessed wonderful brain-power, culture and scholarship; but only those who were closest to him knew what a big loving heart he had. Some of the sweetest and tenderest private letters that I ever received came from his ready pen. I was looking over some of them lately; they are still as fragrant as if preserved in lavender. His heart was a very pure fountain of noble thought, and of sweet, unselfish affection.

And now that great loving heart has ceased its beatings, and the veteran has fallen asleep in Jesus. He died at the right time; his great work was complete; he did not linger on to outlive himself. The beloved wife of his home on earth had gone on before; he felt lonesome without her, and grew homesick for heaven. His loving flock had crowned him with their grateful benedictions; he waited only for the good-night kiss of the Master he served, and he awoke from a transient slumber to behold the ineffable glory. On the previous day his illustrious Andover instructor, Professor Edwards A. Park, had departed; it was fitting that Andover's most illustrious graduate should follow him; now they are both in the presence of the infinite light, and they both behold the King in His beauty!

Dr. Storrs was descended from a long and illustrious line of New England clergymen. His father, Richard S. Storrs, was for sixty-two years pastor of the First Congregational Church of Braintree, Mass.; his grandfather, who also bore the name of Richard Salter Storrs, was pastor of a Congregational church at Long Meadow, Mass., for thirty-three years, and his great-grandfather was a chaplain in the patriot army during the American Revolution.

The Brooklyn *Daily Eagle* says of him: "He could not have been more self-contained, more self-poised, and more self-centred had he been alone in space. Yet his delights, like his duties, were with the sons of men, and his definition of minister was servant unto men, in the name of Him who came not to be ministered unto but to minister. Words must be inadequate and can only be suggestive that seek to denote him as a personality. The classical simplicity of the antique world, whose qualities were elemental, whose art was immortal, and whose characters were gods, united in him with the alert and the alive intelligence of the modern time of revelation, in which he believed, of learning, in which he was profound, and of altruism, of which he was the very incarnation."

## HAVE THE BIRDS COME?

BY PASTOR FELIX.

Ye hills of home! Ye bonnie native woods
  Of mine own land! Are ye now musical,
  As when I loved beneath your shade to dwell?
Are ye still haunted by soft, singing broods?
Does the woodpecker wake your solitudes
  With his loud-tapping bill—the golden-wing'd
  And the familiar? Are the lyres still string'd
Of your sweet breathing pines, whose interludes,
Between the whispering leaves, so drew mine ear?
  Or comes to you the blue-bird's carol still?
  Does Robin April's evening silence fill
With the old cheery sounds so sweet to hear?
Comes, too, that blithe associate, Chickadee?
  Hear you the sparrow, where to green unfurl
  The reddening maples, and the tiny pearl
Of the loved Mayflower scents the forest lea?
  So many friends have flown, it soothes my pain
  To think thy singing birds are coming back again.

# Religious Intelligence.

### THE ECUMENICAL CONFERENCE.

The Canadian delegates to this august body are as follows: Rev. William Briggs, D.D., Rev. John Potts, D.D., and Chancellor N. Burwash, D.D., Toronto; Rev. J. V. Smith, D.D., London; Dr. J. C. Antliff and Professor W. I. Shaw, D.D., LL.D., Montreal; Rev. J. Hazlewood, Dundas; Rev. W. F. Wilson, Hamilton; Rev. W. J. Crothers, D.D., Belleville; Rev. S. P. Rose, D.D., Ottawa; Rev. W. N. Heartz, D.D., Halifax, N.S.; Prof. Charles Stewart, D.D., Sackville, N.B.

Laymen.—Mr. N. W. Rowell, Toronto; Mr. N. L. Lovering, Coldwater; Mr. W. J. Ferguson, Stratford; Mr. Joseph Gibson, Ingersoll; Mr. William Johnson, Belleville; Mr. W. N. Lambly, Inverness; the Hon. S. A. Chesley, Lunenburg, N.S.; Mr. J. R. Inch, LL.D., Frederickton, N.B.

The opening sermon will be preached by Bishop C. B. Galloway, D.D., of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. At the first conference the preacher was the late lamented Bishop Simpson. Rev. John Potts, D.D., will reply for Canada to the address of welcome, and Wm. Johnson, Esq., of Belleville, will give an address on "The Present Position of Methodism in the Western Section."

International Peace and Interdenominational Fellowship come in for consideration on Friday, September 6, and the Bible and Modern Scholarship on the following Saturday. Sir Henry Fowler will preside at an evening meeting that will discuss the question of the responsibility that rests upon the Methodist Church to do all in her power to promote peaceful relations between the two great sections of the English-speaking world.

Dr. Stewart, of Sackville, discusses "The Principles of Protestantism vs. Modern Sacerdotalism," and the Rev. W. I. Shaw, LL.D., gives an essay on "Modern Indifferentism." Rev. William Briggs, D.D., is a member of the Business Committee. No doubt our men and others from America will take part in the large public meetings in the evenings, and in the provincial meetings, which are to be arranged outside of the present programme.

We notice that "Practical Methods of Dealing with the Liquor Traffic," and "The Perils of Increasing Wealth and Luxury," are down for discussion. "Is Methodism Retaining its Spirituality?" and "The Neglect of Family Religion and Worship" are the subjects for Thursday, September 12, and on Monday, the 16th, the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes is to discuss "How to Mobilize the Whole Church." Addresses are to be given ten minutes, and essays twenty minutes.

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The religious anniversaries at London were very successful. Price Hughes, restored to health again, was at his best at the London Mission anniversary. Dr. Percival, the Bishop of Hereford, made an admirable address; Mark Guy Pearse, alluding to the Bishop's presence, "hoped the time would come when our grand and venerable mother-in-law, the Anglican Church, should become our mother in love," and Lady Aberdeen addressed the sisterhood meeting with her usual eloquence and grace. Dr. Robertson Nichol, editor of The British Weekly, preached the missionary anniversary sermon in Great Queen Street. It was an address of marvellous power.

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Miss Isabella Bird, the well-known traveller, whose prejudice against foreign missions was overcome by personal acquaintance with the fruits of mission work, has offered herself to the Anglican bishop of Calcutta for mission work in India.

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The increase in the membership of the Wesleyan Methodist Church in England, Scotland, and Wales during the past year is 2,511. These are fully-accredited church members. The increase in the number on trial for church membership is 8,391. The total accredited membership in the Wesleyan Methodist Church of Great Britain is now 455,012; on trial for church membership, 36,951; meeting in junior society classes, 81,180. This gives a total number of members of all grades meeting in class of 573,143—an increase on the previous year of 12,940.

Our Primitive Methodist friends in England report the largest increase in membership for seventeen years, the net increase being 2,218, total membership close upon 200,000.

"'Resident bishop of Europe' is a title that knocks all monarchical claims into fits," remarks the Roman Catholic Standard and Times. "So extensive a diocese must surely need a coadjutor, yet the individual who fills the post makes no demand, but, like Atlas, bears the whole load himself. Bishop Vincent, of the Methodist Episcopal denomination, is the all-sufficient incumbent. We were under the belief that his habitat was in the United States somewhere, but from a card of his inviting us to hear him preach in the Methodist Episcopal conventicle in Rome we perceive our mistake. He holds vesper service in the parlours of Dr. Burt, he further kindly intimates; and perhaps (although it is not stated on the card) there is a distribution of soup and old clothes to pretended 'verts subsequently." "The Standard and Times has just learned the alphabet of knowledge as to the world-wide influence of the Methodist Episcopal Church," says The Northwestern. "We commend to its notice the statement of the London Pilot, an Anglican paper, that 'the future of American Methodism is probably of more importance and interest to the human race than the future of either the Roman Catholic or the Anglican or the Lutheran Church.'"

### WOMAN'S WORK FOR WOMEN.

Only in the last half-century, says The Missionary Review of the World, has she begun, as woman, to organize independent mission work. And the growth of distinctively woman's work has, since David Abeel made his famous appeal to the Christian sisterhood of Britain, been almost unparalleled. Women's mission societies and boards have sprung up, until every denomination has its auxiliary, and almost every local church its women's society. These godly women have invented a method of scattering information in the briefest and cheapest form—the mission leaflet; they have taught us how to organize little gifts into great rivers of beneficence; they have magnified prayer as the first of all handmaids of missions; they have trained up godly children for a holy self-offering, and thus prepared the way for the great young people's crusade; they have multiplied small gatherings for feeding the fires of missionary zeal, and called greater conventions for the consideration of the major issues connected with the work; they have studied and worked, and prayed and given, and written and spoken, until they have come to be authorities in the Church and before the world upon all the mission movements of the day. Not only so, but, not content to go as wives of devoted men of God, and mothers of coming missionaries, they have given themselves to the work as teachers, translators, Bible readers, evangelists, and most conspicuously of late as thoroughly trained medical missionaries, finding their way, not as women, but as physicians and surgeons, into communities and royal families, where no man ever had recognition as a foreign doctor.

### THE ITALIAN WALDENSES.

While the publication of Signor di Amicis' "Alle Porte d'Italia" in 1884 brought home anew to the lovers of Italian literature the importance of the Waldenses, Americans in particular are at present feeling that importance by reason of the presentation of Waldensian work and needs in the addresses now being made by Mrs. Angelini in various churches and cities. The Waldenses are the direct descendants of the early Christians who, escaping from Rome, went northward into the Alpine fastnesses. Mrs. Angelini and other Waldensians claim that their faith, essentially Protestant, as opposed to papal pretensions, has been kept in its pristine purity. She points to the fact that, when the Reformation occurred, the Waldenses did not take the title of Reformers, though they sympathized with the efforts of Luther and Zwingli; for they feel a just pride in never having adopted the errors against which the German and Swiss Reformation protested. The Waldenses thus form a link between Apostolic times and the Reformed Churches of to-day. As is appropriate from this historical background, we find the Waldensian Church doing the most important evangelical work of any Protestant body in Italy; in its communion there are about nineteen thousand communicants, and it shows a constant growth. There are about fifty ordained Waldensian pastors in the kingdom, but to them must be added nearly a hundred evangelists, teachers, and colporteurs. Of course, the Church is strongest in its native Piedmont in North Italy, but its most remarkable progress in recent years has been in the capital itself. From the liberal attitude of the young King and his new Premier, an unprecedented opportunity is now presented for evangelistic work. As will be readily understood, this is not merely a work for Italy, but, being done in the homeland of the papacy, is a world-work.—Independent.

### ROMAN CATHOLIC MISSIONS.

The Roman Catholic Mission in Darkest Africa reports thus: Our resources, alas, did not increase equally fast with our necessities, and for six years we were obliged to impose the severest privations upon ourselves in order to obtain the boat which was absolutely indispensable to us; some generous benefactors also came to our aid, and we were able to order a steamer with a stern wheel, of twenty-four tons burden, and engines of fifty horse-power.

It was during the terrible epoch of caravan travel, and it was then impossible to bring the large pieces by railway, as is done to-day. All the parts of the boat, hull, boiler, and engines, were cut in sections of thirty kilograms in weight, and each piece was carried over the mountains on the heads of blacks for 580 kilometers. It was then necessary to adjust this vast puzzle, composed of 2,000 pieces, a large number of which had been injured by handling, and several lost during the long journey in the mountains.

To perform this important and difficult work we had neither engineers nor mechanics, but we had willing hearts, and with God's help went courageously to work. Complete success crowned our efforts, and the missionaries had the pleasure of seeing majestically afloat their boat, "Leo XIII.," whose putting together was truly a great credit to the mission. Of course, we hammered our fingers more than once, and received more than one burn from the boilers, but it is by hammering that one becomes a blacksmith, and our sorrows were forgotten when our boat floated proudly on the river.

For two years the "Leo XIII." has made innumerable voyages on the Congo and its tributaries; it has come very often to the assistance of the merchants and the French Government itself; it had the good fortune to refloat by its own powers a boat which had been wrecked; but, above all, the missionaries have had the joy of carrying the cross into the midst of these barbarous hordes, and of rescuing a large number of poor slaves from the teeth of ferocious cannibals.

### METHODIST MISSIONS IN ITALY.

In the number of this magazine for April, 1898, we described the splendid work of the Wesleyan Missionary Society in Naples, Southern Italy and Sicily. That society had then in Italy 49 chapels and other preaching places, 61 missionaries and paid teachers, 87 Sunday-school teachers and local preachers, 1,627 members, and 28,074 attendants on public worship.

Rev. T. W. S. Jones, who has been Superintendent of the Mission in Southern Italy for forty years, issues a report of progress up to date. In Naples and its immediate vicinity is a population of one million persons, among whom a great work is being done by this Methodist mission. Its Italian agents have also planted missions in Alexandria and Cairo, where there is an Italian population. They are, curiously enough, the only representatives of Methodism in these two great cities of what is practically a British suzerain state.

There were more Wesleyan sailors mustered on the British warships in the harbour of Naples than there were Roman Catholics in the same ships, but the latter were welcomed with honour to the great Roman Catholic Cathedral of Naples, while for the Wesleyans no adequate provision was made. Mr. Jones makes a stirring appeal on behalf of a forward movement in Italy at the end of the century. He writes, if the Australian colonies would give each one young man or one little school, Canada would not be behind. Roman Catholicism in Italy, he says, is only held up by the pence and pounds and dollars of the world. He strongly urges co-operation on the part of the Methodism of this Dominion in this good work.

# Book Notices.

"Pundita Ramabai." The story of her life. By Helen S. Dyer. New York, Chicago, Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Company. Pp. 170. Price, $1.25.

The help that India needs is largely self-help. The handful of missionaries cannot themselves evangelize its many millions. It is only by raising up among the people teachers and preachers that this great work can be done. Pundita Ramabai is one of the most successful illustrations of what can thus be accomplished. Herself one of that despised class, an Indian widow, she has devoted herself to the salvation and education of that most hapless, helpless class of women in the world. This book contains the record of her marvellous success. She has herself been led into larger religious experience, great institutions have been built up, many widows and children have been rescued from degradation and trained in useful Christian life. In 1897 alone, three hundred girls were saved from starvation, and nearly seven hundred and fifty girls are now trained under over a hundred faithful teachers, all but sixteen of whom render their services, as Spenser says, "All for love and nothing for reward." To the great work of Pundita Ramabai we purpose devoting a special article in the near future.

"The Sign of the Cross in Madagascar; or, From Darkness to Light." By J. J. Kilpin Fletcher. New York, Chicago, Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Company. Pp. 309. Price, $1.00.

The story of Madagascar presents one of the most striking records in the annals of missions of the triumphs of the cross. Nowhere have more bitter persecutions been endured, nowhere have more glorious results been achieved. We have told, in previous numbers of this magazine, the stirring story of early missions in Madagascar. The special value of this book is that it recites more recent events, especially the disasters which have befallen Madagascar since the conquest of their country by the French. Its capital was bombarded, the French troops were quartered in the Protestant Mission churches, the queen dethroned, and the territory confiscated.

Many of the Malagasy martyrs exhibited a fidelity even unto death not surpassed in the most heroic ages of the Church. As a group of them were burned at the stake, the last words that reached their murderers from out the consuming flames were like those of the martyr Stephen, "Lord Jesus, receive our spirits." "Lord, lay not this sin to their charge."

The French are very fierce in their denunciations of the British for maintaining their rightful suzerainty over the Boers who invaded British territory, stormed with shot and shell, and doomed to death by famine and fever non-combatant women and children, and plotted by a deep-laid conspiracy to drive the British into the sea. Yet only five years ago the French, after a cruel and destructive war of two years, which cost 6,000 French lives, overthrew the independence of Madagascar, and by an act of highway robbery annexed the island. The capture and ill-treatment of a British missionary by a French admiral caused the British Government to demand an apology from France, and indemnity for the action of their admiral. "Probably," says our author, whose own words we largely quote, "it was only the yielding of the French Government that prevented a fierce and bloody war."

"By the rule of the French," he continues, "the door was thrown wide open for the intrigue and intolerance of the Jesuits; and, in 1896, the queen was banished because she was a Protestant, and refused to become a Roman Catholic. When the question was raised in the French Senate, and the Colonial Minister declared that religious liberty was guaranteed by the French flag, he was met by roars of laughter from the Senators. Such was the course of the French nation in the conquest and subjugation of Madagascar; such was the passing from her high position of a Christian queen, who had ruled her people in the fear of God, banished by a powerful nation—which could not justify its acts of conquest on any moral grounds—not for crime, intrigue, or rebellion, but for loyalty to conscience and God.

"The missionaries in their reports bear witness to the increased demoralization of the people through their coming into contact with a new and largely irreligious civilization. Irreligion and immorality—the licentious habits of the Continent—are making themselves felt even among those who seemed to have been lifted out of the licentiousness of heathenism.

"Another of the sorest curses is the spread of drunkenness. In these ways the French conquest has proved, and must prove yet more and more, an injury to the people, a blight on the life of the land, and a terrible obstacle in the way of the spread of pure religion over the country.

"Before the French conquest, when the war was in progress, the Jesuit Fathers at Antananarivo were saved from murder by the friendly action of Protestant missionaries. Their return for such kindness was, so soon as French rule was established, to seek the destruction of those who had saved their lives, and to destroy their work.

"In many localities the Romanists threatened they would arrest and confine in chains every Protestant pastor, teacher, and evangelist. Many did actually suffer death ; and in the moment of fiery trial proved themselves worthy successors of those who, thirty years before, had counted not their lives dear to them for the sake of Christ. Murdered at times by hired brigands, and at others by the hand of the law, on trumped-up charges, they were truly the victims of religious persecution.

"One of those so slain, Raindriamampedry, was publicly executed in the presence of some 50,000 spectators. He was an officer in the Malagasy army, having sixteen honours, and so ranking next to the Prime Minister; therefore he was shot. We are told that as he fell, pierced by eleven bullets, his face shone like that of an angel ; while the multitude of Malagasy wept at the sight. The secret of his murder was revealed when, as a Jesuit approached and offered to baptize him in order to save his soul, the officer calmly and clearly answered, "No ! I will die in the simple faith in which I have lived." Possibly some will be almost incredulous as to such things being done in the last decade of the nineteenth century, and in a country under French rule; but the evidence is to be found in the devastated mission stations, in the scarred and broken Protestant teachers and evangelists of Madagascar, and in the testimony of British missionaries, whose word is beyond doubt ; while some of the most damaging evidence is furnished by Frenchmen themselves, and the reparation which the French authorities have had to make."

Thank God that, with all its faults, British rule stands for law and order, liberty of conscience, and the rights of man to worship God according to the convictions of his soul. French Protestant missionaries are now being sent to Madagascar. In 1899 eighteen were so sent who are working in harmony with the other Protestant missions. The Christian Endeavour movement has taken a firm hold on the young people in the churches of Madagascar, "and possibly," says our author, "some of the most earnest and faithful Endeavourers to be found in any part of the world are to be found there." Of a population of three and a half million, about half a million are Christian. It is still true that the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church. After its sad record of persecution a brighter day will yet dawn upon this island appendage to Darkest Africa.

"The Cobra's Den : and Other Stories of Missionary Work Among the Telugus of India." By Rev. Jacob Chamberlain, M.D., D.D. New York, Chicago, Toronto : Fleming H. Revell Company. Pp. 270. Price, $1.00.

The readers of Dr. Chamberlain's stirring book of missionary adventure, "In the Tiger Jungle," will be eager to procure this sequel, descriptive of missionary trials and triumphs in the land of the deadly cobra. "Our Hindu cousins," this devoted missionary writes, "are probably the most interesting, and those most rewarding study, of any of the people of Asia." He has devoted the best years of his life to their moral uplift and physical and social betterment as a medical missionary. His story stirs the blood like the peal of a clarion. As he stands before an angry mob which has shut the city gates, determined to make an end of the missionaries, and gathers around him armed with stones, he says, "My whole soul is wrapped up in the thought, 'How shall I get my Master's offer of salvation before these people?'" He begins to chant one of their own hymns, then, as he told the "story of stories, the story of redeeming love," he sees tears coursing down their faces, and dropping on to the pavements, that they had torn up to stone him. We quote as follows:

"Now," said I, folding my arms, and standing before them, "I have finished my story. You may stone me now. I will make no resistance."

"No, no," said they, "we don't want to stone you now. We did not know whose messenger you were, nor what you had come to tell us. Do those books that you have tell more about this wonderful Redeemer?"

"Yes," said I, "this is the history of His life on earth." And they purchased all the gospels and tracts he had, and escorted him to the camp, begging forgiveness for their insults, for they knew not whose messenger he was.

"Verily the story of the cross has not lost its power. It still reaches the ear and touches the heart of men of every tongue, in every clime. Happy we, if we have a part in making known, here and in all the world, that story of the cross."

In 250,000 of the 1,000,000 towns and villages of India, through the agency of the surgeon's knife, the physician's prescription, the voice of the wandering preacher, the Gospel has been made known, though accepted by comparatively few. In 750,000 other towns and villages no such work is done. A school-house can be built for fifty dollars, the Gospel planted in a village for a hundred. Canadian Methodism ought to have a share in this good work. We commend this book to our readers, as one of the most virile and stirring appeals we ever read.

"Protection of Native Races Against Intoxicants and Opium. Based on Testimony of One Hundred Missionaries and Travellers." By Dr. and Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts, and Misses Mary and Margaret W. Leitch. Chicago, New York, Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Company. Pp. 289. Price, cloth, 75 cents; paper, 35 cents.

This book, like the prophets' scroll, is full of lamentation and weeping and great woe. It describes the awful ravages of drink among the pagan races of the world, the rum tragedies in Africa and the sunny islands of the sea, "where every prospect pleases, and only man is vile."

"Wherever in heathen lands Christian nations have not 'made ten drunkards to one Christian,' it is usually due to the fact that we have encountered a total abstinence religion. Mohammedans say, on seeing one of their number drunk, 'He has left Mohammed and gone to Jesus.' In Morocco, from a Mohammedan point of view, 'Drunkenness is considered a Christian sin.' 'All the grog-shops are kept by Christians.' 'There is no license system, because the Sultan cannot derive a profit from sin.' This 'Christian habit' is the chief obstacle, say the missionaries, to the conversion of Mohammedans, in Africa and Asia alike."

Thank God, the nations are awaking, and none more so than the two foremost Christian nations of the world, Great Britain and the United States. "Britain, the most experienced of colonizing powers," says our author, "is beginning to recognize that commerce, no less than conscience, calls for the abolition, not alone of slavery, but also of the kindred traffics in liquor and opium."

Sixteen leading nations in 1892 united in a league for the suppression of the traffics in liquor, firearms, and slaves, in the Congo region.

"Great Britain, without waiting for the concurrence of other powers, is adopting prohibition, in the name of conscience and commerce, as to opium in Burma, as to intoxicants in many parts of Africa and the South Sea Islands."

"Mohammedan prohibition protects native races in the parts of Africa north of portion covered by Treaty of 1899, and British prohibition protects most of the natives in the regions south of it."

As long ago as 1879, under the Royal Arms of Queen Victoria, appeared a prohibition for the sale of liquor by any British subject in Tonga, Fiji, and other islands of the South Seas, since extended, we believe, to all the South Sea islands under her control. Would that the same protection could be extended to her children at home.

Among the many portraits in this book we note that of our Canadian Methodist missionary in Japan, Miss E. A. Preston, and of many other notable workers for the uplift and salvation of mankind.