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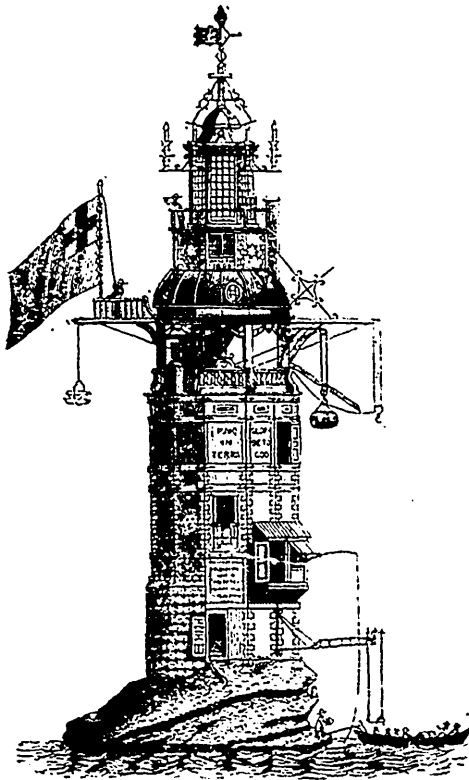
DARK HARBOR

SOME LIGHTHOUSES ON OUR CANADIAN COAST.

Methodist Magazine and Review.

DECEMBER, 1897.

LIFE IN A LIGHTHOUSE.



LIGHTHOUSE OF THE 17TH CENTURY.

After all the progress of civilization there is one sphere in which the power of man seems of little avail. In Byron's magnificent "Address to the Ocean," we read :

"Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
Stops with the shore ;—upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
When for a moment, like a drop of rain,
Vol. XLVI. No. 6.

He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknell'd, uncoffin'd
and unknown."

Every autumn storm brings us records of wrecks all along the rocky coasts of Great Britain and Ireland, and on the Canadian and American seaboard, and on our great lakes. True, much has been done to lessen these evils. On every headland, lighthouses send their friendly gleam on darkest nights far and wide. At every great port, life-saving crews watch the rocket signal of distress, and, when waves are wildest, launch their life-boats to rescue drowning mariners.

The early mariners, says Lieut. Ellicott, were bold and reckless rovers, more than half pirates, who seldom owned a rood of the coasts along which they sailed, and could not have established lights and landmarks on them had they cared to do so. The rude beginning, then, of a system of lighthouses was when the merchants with whom the reckless mariners traded in those dark ages, built beacons near the harbour mouths to guide the ships into port by day, and lighted fires for their guidance at night. As such a harbour-guide had to be a sure landmark in the daytime and a light by night, it soon took on a settled shape,—a tower on which could be built a fire; and such a tower was usually built of stone.

This method of guiding ships into the ports which they sought

was scarcely established before human wickedness used it as a means for their destruction. Bands of robbers, or, as they came to be called, "wreckers," would hide themselves somewhere near the haven sought by a richly laden vessel, and after overpowering the fire-keepers, would extinguish the beacon-fire on the night on which the ship was expected. Then they would light another fire near some treacherous reef. The mariner, sailing boldly toward the false light, would dash his vessel to destruction on the reef, whereupon the robber band would plunder the wreck and make off with the booty. This practice obtained in Cornwall in the last century, and one of the great reforms wrought by Methodism was its extirpation.

sels into the harbour of Alexandria. Open windows were near its top, through which the fire within could be seen for thirty miles by vessels at sea. It was



GIBBS HILL LIGHTHOUSE AND SIGNAL-STAFF, BERMUDA.



A famous lighthouse was built on the little island of Pharos, by Ptolemy Philadelphus, king of Egypt, two hundred and eighty years before Christ, to guide ves-

about 400 feet high, and was destroyed by an earthquake, after having stood for 1,600 years.

As commerce became a source of great revenue to nations, the maintenance of lights and beacons for the protection of vessels became a national care; but this was of so very gradual a growth that it was not until the beginning of the seventeenth century that the building, lighting, and maintaining of lighthouses was looked after with regularity by all governments.

Victor Hugo thus describes a lighthouse two hundred years ago: "In the seventeenth century a lighthouse was a sort of plume of the land on the sea-shore. The



ST. DAVID'S LIGHTHOUSE, BERMUDA.

architecture of a lighthouse tower was magnificent and extravagant. It was covered with balconies, balusters, lodges, alcoves, weather-cocks. Nothing but masks, statues, foliage, volutes, reliefs,

figures, large and small, medallions with inscriptions. Such excessive adornment gave too great a hold to the hurricane; as generals too brilliantly equipped in battle draw the enemy's fire. Besides whimsical designs in stone, they were loaded with whimsical designs in iron, copper, and wood. The iron-work was in relief, the wood-work stood out. On the sides of the lighthouse there jutted out, clinging to the walls among the arabesques, engines of every description, useful and useless, windlasses, tackles, pulleys, counterpoises, ladders, cranes, grapnels. On the pinnacle around the light, delicately-wrought ironwork held great iron chandeliers, in which were placed pieces of rope steeped in resin; wicks which burned doggedly, and which no wind extinguished; and from top to bottom the tower was covered by a complication of sea standards, banderoles, banners, flags, pennons, colours which rose from stage to stage, from story to story, a medley of all hues, all shapes, all heraldic devices, all signals, all confusion, up to the light chamber, making, in the storm, a gay riot



GREAT ISAAC LIGHTHOUSE, AND HEN AND CHICKENS, BAHAMAS.

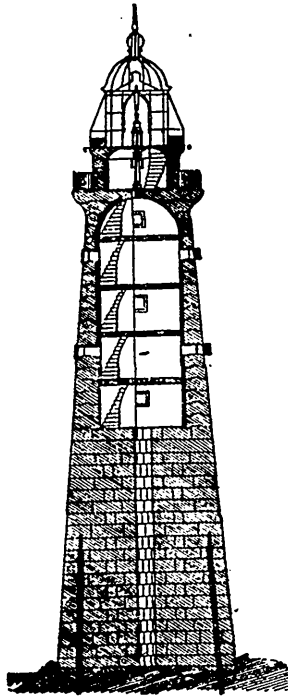
of tatters about the blaze. That insolent light on the brink of the abyss showed like a defiance, and inspired shipwrecked men with a spirit of daring."

The best proof of the slowness of nations to see the necessity of properly lighting their coasts is afforded by Great Britain, as a rule the most advanced commercial nation. During the reign of Queen Elizabeth a religious brotherhood known as "the Brotherhood of the Most Glorious and Undivided Trinity," was directed by an act of Parliament to preserve ancient sea-marks, and to erect beacons and "signs of the sea." For more than a hundred years this brotherhood kept up the ancient sea-marks, but erected nothing new; then they began to purchase and operate lights owned by private individuals or by societies; and still later they commenced to build lighthouses and beacons. Finally, in 1856, Parliament gave Trinity House the entire control of the lighthouses of England.

Cast-iron lighthouses were first erected by Mr. Alexander Gordon, an English civil engineer. Two were constructed in England, and were erected on the islands of Bermuda and Jamaica. From the fact that every part of the structure can be completed at the workshop, cast-iron lighthouses answer admirably for positions at points remote from large centres of manufacture, and are gradually coming into use. They require a lining of brick, the weight of which prevents oscillation or swaying, while its low conducting power of heat hinders the deposition of moisture.

Meantime the means of lighting was being steadily improved. The open fire light gave place to the oil

lamp; then a curved mirror, called a parabolic mirror, was placed behind the lamp to bring the rays together; next, many lamps with mirrors were grouped about a central spindle and some such lights are still in operation. The greatest stride came when an arrangement of lenses, known as the Fresnel lens, in front of a lamp replaced the mirror behind it. This lens was rapidly improved for



SECTION OF THE PRESENT
MINOT'S LEDGE LIGHT.

lighthouse purposes, until now a cylindrical glass house surrounds the lamp-flame. This house has lens-shaped walls which bend all the rays to form a horizontal zone of strong light which pierces the darkness to a great distance.

Since the adoption of Argand lamps in lighthouses, oil has been used as the combustible. In Europe the vegetable oils (olive

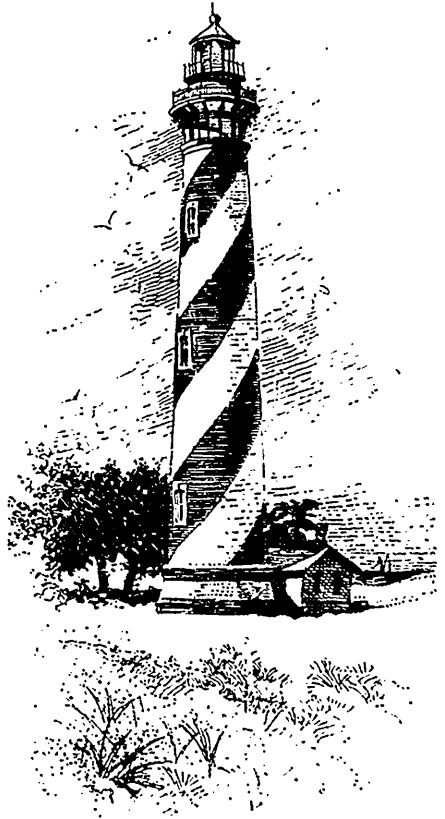
and rape-seed or colza) have been generally used.

Attempts have been made to use gas in lighthouses. Difficulties have been found in getting the proper shape of flame for deviation by the illuminating apparatus; and the uncertainty of the supply where the gas is made at the lighthouse is another objection, and one so serious that a full supply of oil has had to be kept at the station for fear of accidents to the gas apparatus. In a few cases gas has been introduced into lighthouses near towns supplied with it.

The rapid increase in the number of lighthouses has made it necessary to have some means of telling one from another, or, as it is termed, of giving to each light its "characteristic." Colouring the glass made the light dimmer, but as red comes most nearly to white light in brightness, some lights have red lenses. The latest and best plan, however, is to set upright prisms at intervals in a circular framework around the lens, and to revolve this frame by clockwork. Thus the light is made to flash every time a prism passes between it and an observer. By changing the number and places of the prisms, or the speed of the clockwork, the flashes for any one light can be made to occur at intervals of so many seconds for that light. Putting in red prisms gives still other changes. Thus each light has its "characteristic," and this is written down in signs on the charts, and fully stated in the light-lists carried by vessels. Thus, on a chart you may note that the light you want to sight is marked "F. W., v. W. Fl., 10-sec.," which means that it is "fixed white varied by white flashes every ten seconds." When a light is sighted you see if those are its characteristics; and, if so, you have found the right one.

Another scheme is used on the

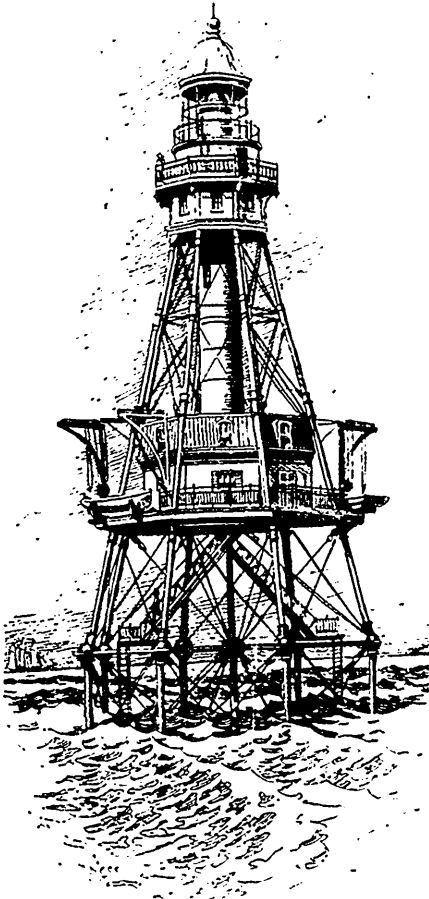
coasts of France, in addition to those mentioned. It is a means for swinging a vertical beam of light across the sky at regular times. Thus the whereabouts of a light can be discovered by the appearance of its beam long before the light itself shows above the horizon.



THE LIGHTHOUSE AT ST. AUGUSTINE,
FLORIDA.

Lighthouse buildings are variously painted, so that they will have a "characteristic" by day. Thus some towers are red, some black, some white and black in horizontal or vertical stripes, some checkerboarded, and some painted in spiral bands like those on a barber's pole, as is shown in the picture above.

One seldom thinks, when he watches the brightly cheering and safely guiding light of a lighthouse, what ceaseless watching and patient heroism it takes to keep the light burning year in and year out through all weathers. Generally there is for each light



A SCREW-PILE OCEAN LIGHTHOUSE ON FOWEY ROCK, FLORIDA.

only a keeper with two assistants, and often the keeper is assisted only by his wife, sons, or daughters. Even the most comfortably situated lighthouses are generally on lonely headlands, with no human dwelling near. Others are on outlying rocks, or islands swept

by the sea, and wholly cut off from the land except in fair weather. There are even a few which, built upon sunken reefs, seem to rise from the very bed of the ocean, and against which storm-driven seas break with shocks which shake them to their foundations. Such are the Eddy-stone Lighthouse, off the coast of England, at the entrance to the English Channel, and Minot's Ledge Light, near the entrance to Boston Harbour. These two are the most isolated and exposed lighthouses in the world. They were built at the utmost peril to human life. Each was swept away by storms after completion, and had to be rebuilt.

The first lighthouse on Minot's Ledge was built in 1848. It was an octagonal tower resting on the tops of eight wrought-iron piles eight inches in diameter and sixty feet high, with their bases sunk five feet in the rock. These piles were braced together in many ways; and, as they offered less surface to the waves than a solid structure, this lighthouse was considered by all authorities upon the subject to be exceptionally strong.

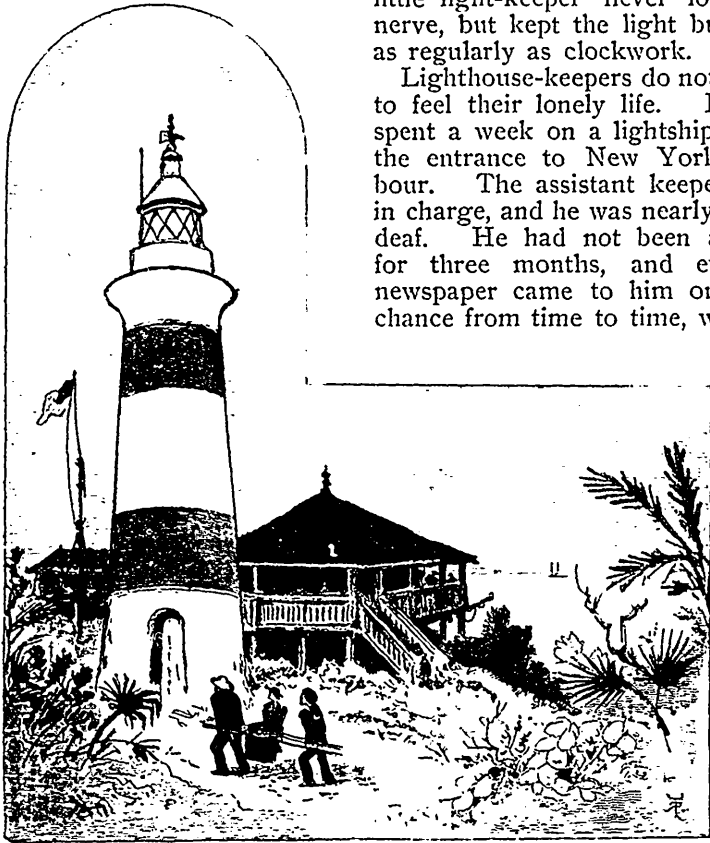
On the 14th of April, 1851, two keepers being in the lighthouse, an easterly gale set in, steadily increasing in force. People on shore, and no doubt the keepers themselves, watched the heavy seas sweep harmlessly through the network of piles beneath the house, and feared no harm.

That night was one of keen anxiety, for the gale still increased; and all through that dreadful driving storm and darkness, the faithful keepers were at their posts, for the light burned brightly. The gale had become a hurricane; and when at times the tower could be seen through the mists and sea-drift, it seemed to bend to the shock of the waves. What agony those two men must have suffered!

How that dreadful abode must have swayed in the irresistible hurricane, and trembled at each crashing sea! At one o'clock in the morning the lighthouse bell was heard by those on shore to give a mournful clang, and the light was extinguished. It was the funeral knell of two patient

ter, a girl of seventeen, was in charge of the light. The roar of the surf and the wind was so great that the poor women could not hear one another's voices. As the storm grew worse, the dwelling had to be abandoned, and all lived in the light-tower for three days and nights, during which the little light-keeper never lost her nerve, but kept the light burning as regularly as clockwork.

Lighthouse-keepers do not seem to feel their lonely life. I once spent a week on a lightship, near the entrance to New York harbour. The assistant keeper was in charge, and he was nearly stone deaf. He had not been ashore for three months, and even a newspaper came to him only by chance from time to time, when a



STIRRUP CAY LIGHT, BAHAMAS.

heroes. Next day there remained on the rock only eight jagged iron stumps.

During this same gale another lighthouse, twenty-five miles out at sea on that New England coast, was sore beset. The keeper had gone away for provisions, leaving an invalid wife and four daughters in the station. The eldest daughter

pilot-boat stopped by on her way out of the harbour. From sunrise until nine o'clock at night he did little else but sit on a hatchway smoking an old pipe and gazing reflectively at the great harbour receiving and dismissing its thousands of vessels. One day he asked me to use my influence to get him transferred to Cape Cod.

I asked him why he wished the change.

"Well," said he, very seriously, "I want a quieter station; it's too lively here; I want to be where there is less going on!"

Light-ships take the place of lighthouses on shoals which are too much exposed, or where sands are too shifting to allow lighthouses to be built on them. These vessels are very securely moored, and newer ones have auxiliary steam-power, so that if they should break adrift in a storm



SCREW
AT END
OF PILE. | SCREW-PILE RIVER LIGHTHOUSE.

they could steam into the nearest port for shelter, or lie to until the gale abated. Their light and lenses surround one or both of their masts, and in the daytime are lowered down into a little house at the foot of the mast. At night the lamps are lighted, and the lights hoisted up again to the mastheads. On some shoals, usually in rivers and bays, where the water is not too deep and the sea is never violent, lighthouses are built on a trestlework sup-

ported by iron piles screwed into the sand.

A beacon is a structure of stone, iron, or wood, placed upon the shore or upon a rock or shoal in the water to designate a danger. Beacons are built at points where lighthouses cannot be built, or which are not of sufficient importance to justify the constant expense of keeping up lighthouses or light-vessels, but which nevertheless require to be pointed out.

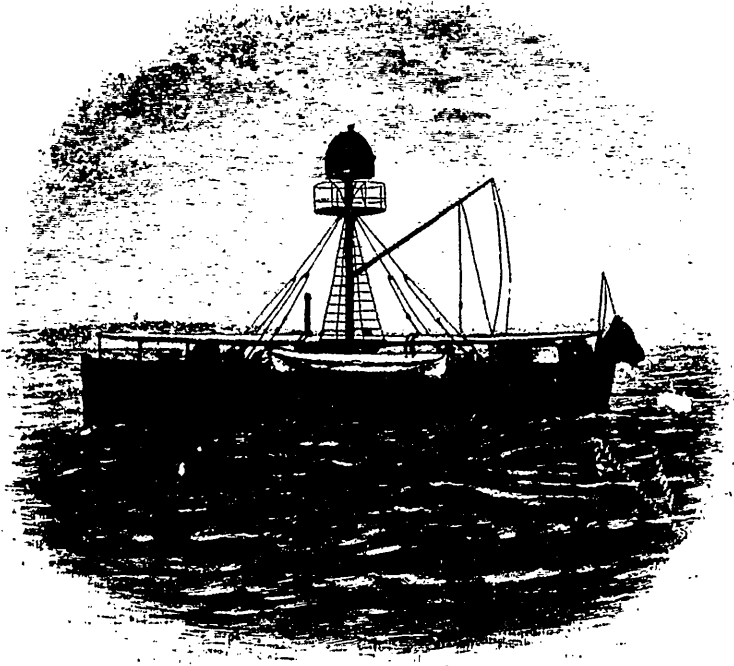
A fog signal is an aid to navigation placed on board a light-vessel or near a lighthouse to give warning to vessels in time of foggy or thick weather. They are of the greatest importance, hardly, if at all, inferior to lighthouses. In fogs no light can be seen far enough to be of use, and a signal by sound is the only one that can give warning of the presence of danger. Bells are the most common signals, and when placed on light-vessels they are very efficient. Whistles, horns, and sirens are also used as fog signals, and are more efficient than bells, because their sounds are heard further. They are sounded by steam or air-engines, and their positions are indicated by the length of and intervals between the blasts. The siren is actuated by steam or compressed air, producing an intense sound of great volume, which is transmitted in the required direction by the horn. Sounds from the siren have been heard at a distance of twenty-five miles. And most doleful and lugubrious sounds they are.

Well-equipped vessels are employed to carry provisions and stores to the lighthouses, planted on headlands or on rocky islands. One can well imagine how welcome must be the arrival of one of these steamers at such lonely spots, bringing letters, newspapers, books and fresh provisions. Yet perhaps the exiles look forward

almost more to a chat with some one, even for a few minutes, from the outside world. There are what are called shore-stations and rock-stations. In the former, two men live at the base of their tower in comfortable, strong-built cottages along with their wives and families; they may be forty miles from a church, and the children may have to tramp many a weary

miles of sea; but at Sule Skerry, forty miles north-east of Cape Wrath, the seabirds and the seals, with an occasional trader, are the only evidences of life that the watchers see between the monthly visits of the relief steamer.

Carrier pigeons communicate with the shore at Ailsa Craig, but at Sule Skerry they have failed to give satisfaction. There are tele-



LIGHT-SHIP, CLAREMONT ISLAND, AUSTRALIA.

mile to school, but still they are within the pale of civilization.

On the rock-stations three men keep watch while the fourth enjoys a fortnight at the cottages ashore. Sometimes an anxious husband can with his telescope make out the faces of his family if they walk up to the top of a hill. At Skerryvore, in Scotland, in clear weather, an "all's well" signal can be read from the shore over twelve

phones in these days that need no wires. There is the simple Morse code, worked manually by a little flag or handkerchief, which an intelligent boy can learn in a week. One can imagine the anxiety with which a keeper would watch his cottage door for the handkerchief that waved him accurate news of his sick wife, or the amusement it might give him to flag home the latest lighthouse jest.

The lighthouse on Sule Skerry is a typical one, and of modern construction. The base of the tower is surrounded by a strong penthouse containing rows of huge oil-cans, whose size and number remind one of Ali Baba's oil-jars in which Morgiana boiled the forty thieves. The lighthouse has naturally many stories. Two store-rooms lead up to a kitchen; a bright little fire makes this a pleasant apartment, and having everything within reach is certainly an advantage. On the wall a violin, a concertina, a carved boat, indicate how the leisure hours are employed. Library books are, of

A very important part of the lighthouse service is the supplying these scattered stations with the necessaries of life and light. To land barrels of oil, with a heavy sea running, takes a lot of care, and is often rough, dangerous work.

No one can make a relief voyage without remembering the hearty handshakes received on landing to visit the lighthousemen; one may be tempted to smile at some of their little grievances magnified into mountains by being brooded over in solitude; to hear that two families have lived next door on a desert island without speaking to



THE MARINER'S WELCOME LIGHT.

course, regularly supplied, so also is a certain amount of periodical literature. Up further, the men's berths occupy a stage, and close to the pillow there is a fiendish device for waking the next man on watch.

This floor has actually two rooms, with tiers of three berths in each. Above this comes the lantern-room, a magnificent place glittering with polished brass-work, machinery and crystal facets. The lamp has six rows of circular wicks, is one of the most powerful in the service, and is surrounded by a revolving dome of glass prisms. There is the time-table, to show lighting-up time for every day in the year, and indicating a 17 1-2 hours night in midwinter.

each other for eighteen months is sad but comic; one wonders why as a rule the wives look happy and the men look sad; and one reflects on the unfairness which covers the service of the scarlet coat with glory, while these devoted men work on, unknown, undecorated and almost forgotten by the country they serve.

Longfellow thus describes in his picturesque manner the associations of a lighthouse :

The rocky ledge runs far into the sea,
And on its outer point, some miles away,
The Lighthouse lifts its massive masonry,
A pillar of fire by night, of cloud by day.

Even at this distance I can see the tides,
Upheaving, break unheard along its base,
A speechless wrath, that rises and subsides
In the white lip and tremor of the face.

And as the evening darkens, lo ! how bright,
Through the deep purple of the twilight
air,
Beams forth the sudden radiance of its light
With strange, unearthly splendour in its
glare !

Not one alone ; from each projecting cape
And perilous reef along the ocean's verge,
Starts into life a dim, gigantic shape,
Holding its lantern o'er the restless
surge.

Like the great giant Christopher it stands
Upon the brink of the tempestuous wave,
Wading far out among the rocks and sands,
The night-overtaken mariner to save.

And the great ships sail outward and return,
Bending and bowing o'er the billowy
swells,
And ever joyful, as they see it burn,
They wave their silent welcomes and fare-
wells.

They come forth from the darkness, and
their sails
Gleam for a moment only in the blaze,
And eager faces, as the light unveils,
Gaze at the tower, and vanish while they
gaze. . . .

Steadfast, serene, immovable, the same
Year after year, though all the silent night
Burns on for evermore that quenchless flame,
Shines on that inextinguishable light !

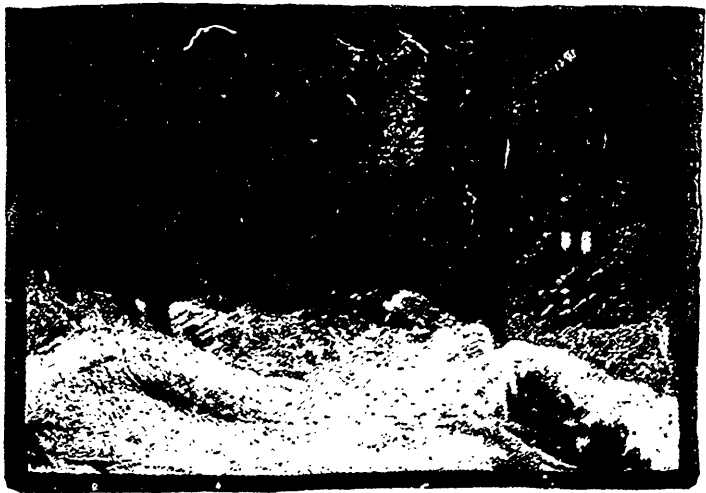
It sees the ocean to its bosom clasp
The rocks and sea-sand with the kiss of
peace ;
It sees the wild winds lift it in their grasp.
And hold it up, and shake it like a fleece.

The startled waves leap over it ; the storm
Smites it with all the scourges of the rain,
And steadily against its solid form
Press the great shoulders of the hurricane.

The sea-bird wheeling round it, with the din
Of wings and winds and solitary cries,
Blinded and maddened by the light within-
Dashes himself against the glare, and dies.

A new Prometheus, chained upon the rock,
Still grasping in his hand the fire of Jove,
It does not hear the cry, nor heed the shock,
But hails the mariner with words of love.

"Sail on !" he says, "sail on, ye stately
ships !
And with your floating bridge the ocean
span ;
Be mine to guard this light from all eclipse.
Be yours to bring man nearer unto man !"



THE DYING YEAR.

Full knee-deep lies the winter snow,
And the winter winds are wearily sighing :
Toll ye the church-bell sad and slow,
And tread softly and speak low,
For the old year lies a-dying.

—Tennyson.

THE BATTLE-GROUND OF EUROPE.

BY HARRIET CORNELIA HAYWARD.



JOSEPH EOTVOIS, HUNGARIAN PATRIOT.

The great Sarmatian Plain, covering the whole of south-eastern Europe, has been from time immemorial the battle-ground of the nations. The Huns, the Tartars, and the Goths, Genghis Khan, Tamerlane, and Iskander, and many another ruthless tribe and conqueror, have swept this vast region with the scythe of destruction.

But in this paper we refer more especially to the great duel be-

tween the Ottoman power and the Christian nations of Europe for the mastery of the entire west. For hundreds of years the tide of battle ebbed and flowed across those fertile plains, of what is now the kingdom of Hungary. Army after army of Crusaders were launched against the Moslems, and army after army of Moslems swept up to the very walls of Vienna. The corsair fleets of the Turks swept the shores of the Mediterranean, and the terrible Janizaries were the scourge of Christendom. The traces of this great conflict are seen in ruined Christian castles and dilapidated Turkish mosques all along the frontiers of this world's debate.

On some of the incidents of that prolonged conflict, and a few of the places which it made memorable, we purpose in a short space to dwell.

For two hundred years the Crusaders passed through Hungary in going to and returning from the Holy Lands. Richard Coeur de Lion, it is said, was captured, and for fifteen years confined in one of the castles on the Danube. Many of the crusading armies were composed of such a motley, lawless host that they would have been a grievously disturbing element in the country, but fortunately for Hungary the kings who reigned during this period were men of firmness of character, and the Crusaders were kept within bounds.

Under their first king, St. Stephen, Buda was founded. For two centuries after the death of St. Stephen, Hungary continued to keep pace with the western world, but then internal feuds arose, and



HUNGARIAN PEASANTS.

so occupied the attention of the people that they did not heed the gradual approach of the Mongols, and before they realized their danger the Mongolian hordes had crossed the Carpathians, and the smoke of the villages they were destroying could be seen from the walls of Pesth, and the army that Hungary was able to raise, although they fought with a bravery unsurpassed, were completely annihilated on the plains of Muhi.

The infidels overran all Hungary, and the Christian altars everywhere were soon a mass of ruins. This state of things existed for some time, but finally the Mongols retired, leaving the whole country in a most desolate condition. "Since the birth of Christ no country has ever been overwhelmed by such misery," says the historian.

But the brave King Bela, the regenerator of Hungary, rose to the emergency, and by his aid, phoenix-like she sprang from her ashes and again started upon the

high road to prosperity. In five years the desolated cities were restored and new ones founded.

For two hundred years Hungary was again torn by internal feuds and wars with other nations, and was in most desperate straits, when, in 1456, John Hunyadi came upon the scene, a full-fledged general, invincible in battle. He was at once dubbed the raven knight, from the fact that there was a raven emblazoned on his shield. He was here and there, and everywhere that the fight raged the fiercest, and wherever he went the enemy either fled or were slain.

The Turks, who had about this time begun their depredations, showed a superstitious fear of him. While this fear kept them from Hungary itself, they preyed upon the vassal states. Hunyadi possessed the most indomitable will and sleepless, untiring energy, and kept the Turks at bay, meeting



FORTIFIED FRONTIER TOLL-HOUSE.

and foiling the marauding expeditions.

The Turks attached such importance to the capture of Hunyadi, dead or alive, that large rewards were promised to the soldiers who should accomplish this. One of Hunyadi's followers, who resembled him, heroically volunteered to personate his leader by donning his uniform and mounting the well-known charger. The brave fellow at almost the outset of the battle was killed. The Turks, thinking that their

brilliant that all Europe rang with the praises of the raven knight.

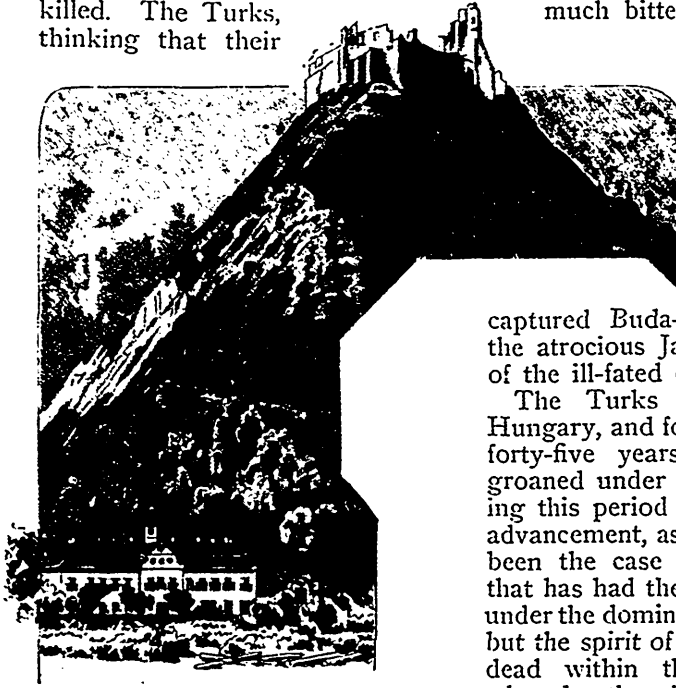
Soon came dark days for Hungary. There were weak, incompetent rulers, and dissatisfied subjects, and in the short space of thirty years she sank as rapidly as she had previously advanced, and seems to have reached a very low ebb at the time of the disastrous battle with their old enemies, the Turks, at Mohacs. Then Belgrade was taken. This startled the Hungarians, but there was so much bitter feeling between

the adherents of the new Lutheran doctrine and the Catholics, they did not heed the danger that menaced them, and dearly they paid the penalty, for the Turks

captured Buda-Pesth and placed the atrocious Janizaries in charge of the ill-fated city.

The Turks soon overran all Hungary, and for one hundred and forty-five years the Hungarians groaned under their yoke. During this period Hungary made no advancement, as history shows has been the case with every nation that has had the misfortune to fall under the domination of the Turks; but the spirit of patriotism was not dead within them, and finally, when by the aid of nearly all of Christendom the abhorred invaders were overpowered and driven out, the news was received with joy by the whole of civilized Europe.

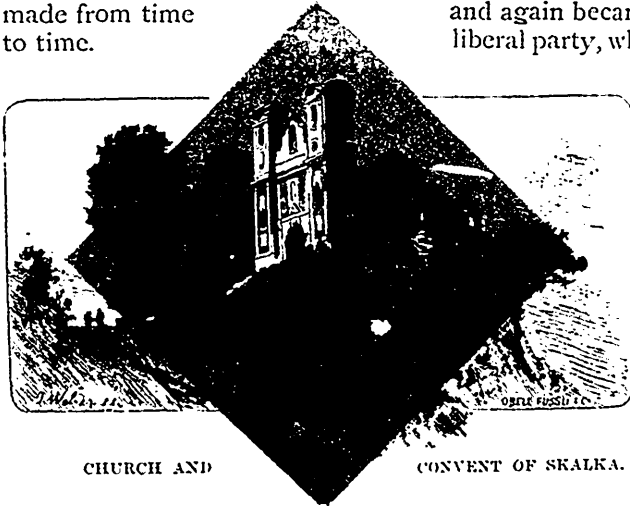
But the Hungarians could not, unaided, protect themselves against the infidels. Austria seemed the one to whom she should most naturally turn for assistance. Austria's promises were fair enough, but were not kept; she took advantage of the opportunity, and Hun-



RUINS OF WAAG-BISZTRICZ CASTLE.

hitherto invincible foe had been conquered at last, were wild with joy, but when suddenly the real Hunyadi appeared among them, the whole Turkish army became panic-stricken and fled, leaving a vast amount of booty. And so it was up to the hour of his death, which took place very suddenly after a signal victory over the Turks at Belgrade—a victory so

gary was soon under the Hapsburg sovereignty. For two hundred years she was, so to speak, between the hammer and the anvil. It would have taken her, even under the most favourable circumstances, many years to recover from the terrible calamity of a Turkish occupation, and the Austrian oppression was almost as hard for a liberty-loving nation to bear. She did not wear the yoke tamely; many attempts to gain her freedom were made from time to time.



CHURCH AND

CONVENT OF SKALKA.

At last, under less oppressive rulers, some of Hungary's demands were acceded to, and on the occasion of her coronation ceremonies the Empress Maria Theresa so won the hearts of the Hungarians that during her reign there was comparative peace between the two countries, and the conquered subjects were able auxiliaries in the wars with other nations.

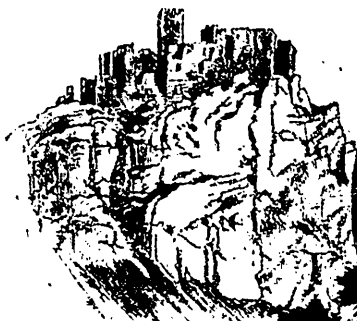
We come at length to the days of Hungary's champion, Louis Kossuth, a nobleman by birth, but proud to be called a child of the people. What he sought for his country was free speech, the free press, and the emancipation of the peasants. But the brave champion

was a martyr to his country's cause, for he was thrown into prison, where he remained for two years. During this period he applied himself so diligently to the study of the English language, chiefly through the study of the English Bible and Shakespeare, and became so proficient in it that on his subsequent visits to England and America he was enabled to charm all hearers by his masterly style of oratory.

In 1840, Kossuth was pardoned and again became the leader of the liberal party, who swore by the God of the Magyars to be slaves no longer. They were gallantly sustained by the Hungarian army, and bravely they struggled for nine years, and it is more than probable that Hungary would have gained her independence at last if Russia had not responded to Austria's earnest

appeal for aid; but this she did to the number of two hundred thousand troops; this, added to the Austrian forces, made a power against which it was worse than useless for the brave patriots to struggle.

Many of the distinguished Hungarians, with Kossuth, sought refuge in Turkey and other countries, and for ten years were exiles from home and country, until they were pardoned at the time of the coronation, in 1868, at Buda-Pesth, of Francis Joseph and his consort as King and Queen of Hungary. Kossuth, however, till ninety years of age resided in Turin, a self-exile, true to his vow never to return to his beloved country so



GRIEL FUSKIA & CO.

SZTRECSENO.



long as it remained under the Hapsburg dynasty.

It was up the Danube and Save that the Turks made their marauding expeditions for hundreds of years, and the junction of these two rivers was the key to the situation. This the fortress of Belgrade commanded, so it will readily be seen why such great importance was attached to securing this position, both on the part of the Mohammedans, who were determined to still farther encroach upon Europe, and on the part of Austria and Hungary, who were equally determined they should go no farther. So poor little Servia's position was anything but an enviable one. Lying, as she did, helplessly between the great powers, she was for hundreds of years simply a bone of contention, and was almost annually devastated by the contending nations.

Many a stately castle and high tower is reflected in the waters of the river Waag, in the northern part of Hungary. The steep and almost inaccessible crags along the course of the river were selected by the robber-knights of the Middle Ages for the sites of their strongholds, the ruins of which still attract the traveller's eye and furnish the inhabitants of the sur-



J. W. H. & CO.

OVAR.

rounding country with material for countless legends. In very early times the valley of the Waag formed one of the chief routes along which passed the caravans of the merchants who were occupied in exchanging the products of the east for those of the west; here, therefore, the predatory nobles found a profitable field for the exercise of their vocation.

At the foot of the hill of Prepastry, close to the Waag, stand the ruins of a church with twin towers, in a mingled Romanesque and Gothic style of architecture, and adjoining are the remains of the ancient Benedictine Abbey of Skalka. See cut on page 497.

On a steep hill of limestone we see the ruins of Waag-Bisztricz castle. Tradition says that the aqueduct, remains of which have recently been discovered, was known only to the owner of the castle, the workmen employed in its construction having been put to death in order to preserve the secret of its position. This stronghold was a nest of robbers.

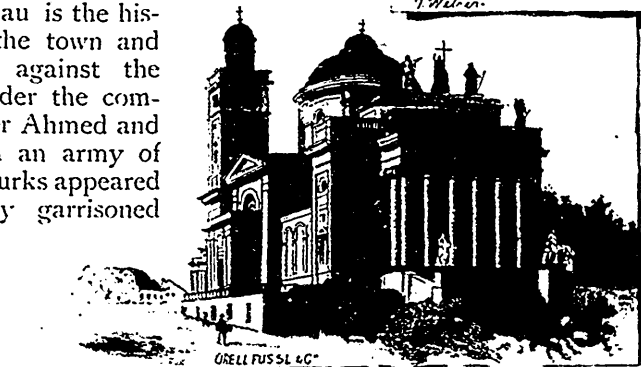
At the entrance to the Sztracsno Pass rises a steep crag, surrounded by beautiful wooded mountains; at the summit of the crag stands the ruins of the Castle of Sztracsno; a lofty watch-tower overtops the ruins.

On the right bank of the Waag, the ruins of Ovar Castle occupy a rocky ridge falling abruptly to the river. No craft could pass this spot without paying toll to the lord of Ovar Castle. It was perhaps with a view to thus levying tribute on the river traffic that this site was chosen for the stronghold.

The most glorious event in the history of Erlau is the historic defence of the town and fortress in 1552 against the Turkish army, under the command of the Vizier Ahmed and Ali Pasha. With an army of 100,000 men the Turks appeared before the weakly garrisoned town. The Turks thrice endeavoured to storm the fortress, but were repulsed on each occasion, losing over a thousand men. Women

and maidens even took their part in the furious conflict, hurling stones and boiling water on the

heads of the assailants. Hundreds of the heroic defenders fell in the desperate fray, but Erlau was saved, and on the night of October



MINARET AND CATHEDRAL OF ERLAU (EGER). WOMAN OF ERLAU.

is the Turks raised the siege. Twelve thousand heavy balls, which had been shot into the

town, were collected, without counting the smaller ones.

The cathedral as shown is supported by twelve Corinthian columns, and the staircase leading to the portico is flanked by statues of the Apostles Peter and Paul and of the canonized Hungarian monarchs, Stephen and Ladislaus.



PARISH CHURCH, FUNFKIRCHEN.

Funfkirchen, or Five Churches, is one of the oldest cities of Hungary. The cathedral is one of the most interesting of mediæval edifices. During the Turkish domination (1543-1686), it served partly as a fortress, partly as a mosque. Interesting, too, are the three Turkish mosques with their slender minarets; they are now employed for civil purposes. The parish church, in the principal place, was once a mosque, as might be guessed from its external appearance.

At Mohacs we reach the blood-drenched plain consecrated by the tears and pangs of generations. It was on August 29, 1526, that the Hungarians, under King Louis II., met the advancing Turkish army. Being unable to oppose more than 30,000 troops to the 200,000 of the invaders, the Hungarians were completely overwhelmed by numbers. The youthful monarch himself lost his life, together with the flower of the nation. Fleeing after the battle with a small band of faithful ad-

herents, in the act of crossing a stream which was at that time swollen by heavy rains, the king, weighed down by his heavy armour, sank and was drowned.

A hundred and sixty-one years after this disastrous day, also in the month of August, the Duke of Lorraine avenged the former defeat by achieving on this same field a signal victory over the Turks, more than 22,000 of whom were slain. This victory put an end to the dominion of the Turks in Hungary.

Sultan Suleiman, who with an army of 220,000 men had for weeks in vain besieged a fortress, which was defended by only 2,500 Hungarians, offered to make its commander, Zrinyi, Governor of Bosnia and Illyria in case he would surrender the place, pointing out that neither the walls nor the garrison were in a condition to withstand a general assault. Zrinyi scornfully rejected this dishonouring proposal, and provisions being already scarce, he re-



STATUE OF JELLACSI, HUNGARIAN PATRIOT.

solved to make a sally at the head of his faithful troops and fall fighting against the enemy.

On September 7th, 1556, he assembled his little company of heroes, whose number was now reduced to 600, made them swear to stand steadfastly by him, and then placed himself at their head in gala

costume, without helmet or armour. The gates were flung open, and Zrinyi rushed out, a second Leonidas, leading his handful of men against a forest of spears and scimitars. Scarcely had the hero got half-way across the bridge, which had been thrown over the moat, when he fell to the ground, pierced by a score of bullets, and his faithful comrades speedily shared his fate. Zrinyi's wife, who was standing on the walls watching the sortie, now rushed into the powder magazine

ing like some dark promontory of the Arctic seas. This is the famous Riegersburg, the grim warder of the Styrian frontier, a steep rock covered with formidable ramparts enclosing an area of more than thirty-five acres, yielding everything necessary for the support of a garrison. Through several strongly fortified gates and across two moats excavated in the solid rock, one of them sixty feet deep and fifty feet wide, the road leads into the Castle of Kronegg. Eight bastions defend the entrance. The



RIEGERSBURG,
FRONTIER FORTRESS.



KRONEGG CASTLE.

with a lighted torch, which she threw into a powder-barrel. The next moment the tower and a large part of the fortifications flew into the air, burying thousands of the enemy under the ruins. This explosion cost the Turks more than 20,000 men, and the Sultan was so afflicted and enraged by the loss that he was seized with an apopleptic fit and soon afterwards died.

On a mass of rock rising from the bottom of the valley, but falling off towards the west and north in perpendicular precipices, rises a huge cone of basaltic tufa, tower-

road, entirely cut in the stone, winds slowly up the steep rocky mount, close by the side of the loopholed wall, each embrasure of which forms the framework of a charming landscape. Above the sixth gate, richly decorated with armorial bearings, is the following inscription in commemoration of the builder of this fortress, Catherine Elizabeth Galler, popularly known as "Schlimme Liesel" — "wicked Eliza" :

Was ich in 16 Jahren hier hab lassen pauen
 Das ist woll Zusechen und anzusehauen.
 Kein heller mich nicht reuen thuet,
 Ich meins dem Vaterland zu guet.
 Auf Gotte's genad und reichen segen
 Steht all' mein hoffnung und all mein lewen.

which doggerel may be thus translated :

What here in sixteen years was built by me
 Is plain to look at and to see.
 I don't regret a penny spent,
 My Fatherland to serve 'twas meant.
 In God's rich mercy and His grace
 My life and all my hopes I place.

features of the Hungarian landscape and the Magyar race; the long low farm-houses, often built of no better material than mud, with their thatched roofs, in strong contrast with the stately seats of the nobles, surrounded by avenues of poplars; vast expanses of heath, with picturesque herds of grazing cattle, fringed by extensive oak-forests; the squalid village inn, with a wreath of oak-leaves fluttering from its gable, and the melan-



HUNGARIAN PEASANTS FORDING A STREAM.

The Castle of Gussing stands on a steep conical hill of volcanic origin, rising to a height of 280 feet above the plain; round the mount is grouped the picturesque village. The old castle is now for the most part merely a magnificent ruin; only the family hall and three rooms in the tower, containing an interesting collection of weapons and armour, and other curiosities, and the chapel, known far and wide as a place of pilgrimage under the designation of our Lady of the Snow, are still kept in repair.

We meet with all the peculiar

choly airs of the wandering gypsy minstrels issuing from its rooms. The men we meet wear wide linen trousers, the women, who, though mostly of short stature, are of pleasing appearance, bright blue or red gowns and head-dresses. Trim vehicles, drawn by splendid little horses, rattle along the high-roads. Everywhere we meet with signs of a vigorously pulsating national life, inspired by an enthusiastic patriotism which manifests itself towards foreign visitors in a chivalrous hospitality. Such are the traits that now constantly accompany the traveller in his wanderings.

The happy Christmas comes once more,
 The heavenly Guest is at the door,
 The blessed words the shepherds thrill,
 The joyous tidings—Peace, good-will !

The belfries of all Christendom
 Now roll along
 The unbroken song
 Of peace on earth, good-will to men !

—*Loujellow*..

GARIBALDI.*

BY REV. JAMES COOKE SEYMOUR.



JOSEPH GARIBALDI.

The mission of some men is like that of the hurricane—and is as necessary and useful. Nations can become stagnant and corrupt as well as nature. The wild storm equally purifies both. Garibaldi was a hurricane.

No nation in Europe stood in sorer need of a political storm, of the right sort, than Italy, and none has had a wilder or more beneficent one than she, in the central years of this century.

Three men—a marvellous trium-

* "Joseph Garibaldi: Patriot and Soldier." By R. Corlett Cowell. London: Charles H. Kelly. Toronto: Wm. Briggs.

virate of greatness—conspired to this, and inspired the mighty Revolution that has made Italy a nation—Mazzini, Cavour, and Garibaldi. Three men as unlike as could be—often utterly diverse in their ideas and plans—and sometimes strongly hostile to each other—but absolutely one, in the supreme object of a free and united Italy. Mazzini was the Prophet of the Revolution, Cavour its Statesman, Garibaldi its Knight-errant Warrior.

Nice was the birthplace of Garibaldi, and the 22nd of July, 1807, his natal day. His father and grandfather were captains of merchant vessels. His mother, Rosa Raguindo, the daughter of a major-domo of a noble house in the neighbourhood, was a singularly gentle, affectionate and pious woman. She was his good genius. He well-nigh worshipped her as the ideal of perfect womanhood. Writing after her death, he said :

"To her pity for the unhappy I owe that profound charity for my country which has procured for me the affection of my unfortunate brethren. I am not superstitious, and yet I will affirm that in the most terrible incidents of my life, when the ocean roared under the keel and against the sides of my ship, and when the bullets were whistling about like hail, I constantly saw her on her knees buried in prayer, bent at the feet of the Most High for me. And that which gave me the courage at which people have been astonished was the confidence I felt that no harm could befall me while so holy a woman was praying for me."

Much to his mother's disappointment—for she had destined him to the priesthood—he became a sailor. In the course of his voyages he came in contact with

some Italian patriots, who awoke in him the first vivid conceptions of his country's sad condition. In Marseilles he met Mazzini. That decided his future career.

Poor Italia !

With a wound in her breast
And a flower in her hand
And a gravestone under her head ;
While every nation at will,
Beside her dared to stand,
And flout her with pity and scorn,
Saying : "She is at rest,
She is fair, she is dead."

All the fire of Mazzini's patriotic spirit was soon ablaze in the breast of Garibaldi. What that spirit meant can be readily seen in Mazzini's famous letter to King Charles Albert of Sardinia :

"I dare to speak the truth to you because I deem you alone are worthy to listen to it, and because none around you venture to utter the whole truth in your ears. Sire, have you never cast a glance on this Italy ; beautified with nature's smile, crowned with twenty centuries of sublime memories, the home of genius, endowed with infinite means, requiring only unity, surrounded by such natural defences, as a strong will and a few brave breasts would ensure to protect her from the foreigner's insult ? Have you never said to yourself, This Italy is created for great destinies ? Have you never contemplated this people who inhabit it, splendid, despite the shadow of servitude which hangs over their heads ; great by the instinct of life, by the light of intellect, by the energy of passions—passions blind and ferocious it may be, since the times are against the development of nobler ones—but are, nevertheless, the elements from which nations are created ; great, indeed, since misfortune has not crushed them nor deprived them of their hope. Has the thought never dawned on you to evolve, as God from chaos, a new world from these dispersed elements ; to re-unite the dissevered members ? Sire, we are determined to become a free and united nation—with you, if you will ; without you, if you will not ; against you, if you oppose our efforts."

The king's reply to this was an order that the foot of Mazzini should never again be allowed to desecrate his kingdom.

Garibaldi's military career opened with the part he took in an invasion of Italy in 1834, planned by Mazzini, and which ended in speedy disaster, chiefly through the treachery of the Polish General Ramorino, who had been entrusted with the leadership. Already he was a marked man. He fled to Marseilles, and on reaching there, he read in the newspaper, *Le Peuple Souverain*, that he was outlawed and condemned to be shot. "This was the first time," he remarked, "that he had had the pleasure of seeing his name in print."

This did not prevent him, after a subsequent voyage to Marseilles, volunteering for service in the common hospital of the city, when the cholera was raging fearfully. Fifty or sixty were dying every day. Half the doctors had fled. The people had shut themselves up in the garrets of their houses, drawing up food and water by ropes, but the brusque sailor-patriot stood to his post, tenderly as a woman nursing the sick, comforting them in pain, closing their eyes in death, and reverently performing the last sacred offices.

But Garibaldi was not yet ready for his great work. In 1836, he sailed for South America. He spent twelve years there. Those were twelve wonderful years. In all the annals of wild adventure, daring exploits, thrilling scenes by flood and field, varied fortunes, hair-breadth escapes, it would be hard to find a more marvellous history than this.

But out of it all Garibaldi had learned some invaluable lessons. He had discovered what Republicanism among the Latin races of South America meant. And there is little doubt that this, and his intense admiration for British constitutional monarchy, saved him from the fierce Republicanism of Mazzini. He had gained a

veteran's experience for the tremendous toils and trials that awaited him. He had found out the secret of his own strength as a soldier. As Cavour afterwards confessed, "Garibaldi is a man by himself. His ways are peculiarly his own. Others would not do what he does; and he could not do what others do. Garibaldi is more than a general—he is a Banner."

He had discovered that he could dispense with scientific militarism, except so far as he chose to use it, and that his most successful exploits could be conducted in defiance of many of its rules. He had learned simply to follow his own genius, and that proved to be a Napoleonic one.

The moral grandeur of the man developed amid the interminable struggles of this period. And he had found a wife—a Brazilian lady—his heroic, his beloved Anita. In the Brazilian wars of 1837, he fought in the cause of the Republic, "winning battles, storming fortresses, standing his ground with a handful of men, against incredible odds, beating strong squadrons with a few small vessels, giving through all proofs of the rarest humanity, disobeying orders to sack and ravage vanquished cities, and exercising that mixture of authority and glamour over his followers which far more than took the place of stern military rule."

In the Argentine Republic, he at one time found himself in the power of the Governor—Leonardo Millan. This man treated him with fiendish cruelty. Garibaldi had his revenge, for some time afterwards this same man fell into his hand, and he treated him with the greatest clemency.

Before leaving South America, the Admiral of the French fleet came on shore at Monte Video, to pay his compliments to Garibaldi

as the Chief of the Italian Legion. The poorest soldier of the Legion could not have had an humbler abode. It was a mere hovel. The door, without fastenings, stood open day and night, and, as our hero said, "particularly to the wind and rain." The admiral's visit was after dark. He entered, stumbling against a chair, exclaiming: "Halloa! is it necessary to risk one's life to see General Garibaldi?"

"Ho, wife," cried Garibaldi, on hearing the sound, "don't you hear some one in the passage. Bring a light!"

"And what am I to light?" answered Anita. "Don't you know there is not a candle in the house, and not a coin in our purse to buy one with?"

"Very true, wife, very true."

The admiral entered, and as it was too dark for mutual recognition, announced his name. "Admiral," said Garibaldi, "I presume you wish to speak with me rather than to see me."

On leaving, the admiral went off to the Minister of War and told him of the incident. He at once dispatched a messenger with twenty pounds to Garibaldi. The hero accepted the gift, but next morning gave it away to the widows and orphan children of his comrades who had fallen in war, keeping enough to buy a pound of candles with, in case Admiral Laine should pay him another visit.

But Garibaldi had not forgotten Italy. The year 1847 had witnessed immense changes in Europe. A Republic had been proclaimed in France. Austria was convulsed with insurrectionary movements. Sicily had risen in open and successful revolt. Above all, a new Pope, Pius IX., had been elected, whose liberal tendencies had excited such high expectations that he had been called

a "Deliverer." Garibaldi heard the good news and made all haste for home.

Sardinia was at war with Austria, and Garibaldi offered his services to Charles Albert, the king who had signed his death warrant years before. The king referred him to his Minister of War, Ricci. The latter sarcastically advised him to go to Venice and ply his trade as a corsair. He went to Milan and offered his services to the Provisional Government, whose noble struggle to free itself from Austrian tyranny was just then attracting the attention of Europe. They gladly accepted his offer. Three thousand volunteers rallied around his standard. A motley host indeed! Bronzed veterans from Monte Video, with their scarlet blouses and hats of every imaginable shape; young nobles, stimulated by ambition; scholars and students from the universities, where liberty had struck a deep root; raw lads, attracted by the gaudy uniform and the ring of the war-clarion; lawless spirits, who sought for license in the confusion of war; here and there a priest who loved his country more than he feared the ban of the papacy, and among them some who afterwards became Methodist preachers.

"The wild, fierce legionaries, with no law
But Garibaldi's, round him reverently
Knelt, for the first time praying, till his
word
Subdued them to some likeness of himself,
And all the camp became a house of God."

Garibaldi had scarcely begun operations when news came of the capitulation of Milan and of an armistice between Sardinia and Austria. The visions of Italian liberty seemed as distant as ever. Pope Pius IX. had proved the bitterest disappointment of all, so much so that he had been obliged to flee from Rome, and a Republic was proclaimed in 1859. Austria,

ever the champion of Italian misrule, crossed the Po, making south in hot haste, the army of the Neapolitan tyrant marched north, making for Rome. Spain joined the alliance to crush the liberals of Italy, and lastly, France sent an immense army under Oudinot.

Oudinot laid siege to Rome. Garibaldi was the soul of the defence. For three months thousands of the noblest champions of Italian freedom lavished their blood like water. The city capitulated, but not Garibaldi. He refused to obey, and marched out of Rome with 5,000 men.

Then began probably the most terrible scenes of suffering in his whole life. He and his men were pursued with relentless fury. It was death to provide any of them with food or fire or water. A free pardon for any crime, no matter what, was offered for his body dead or alive, with the addition of an enormous sum of money. After innumerable escapes and untold hardships, he found himself left with a handful of followers and a dying wife—for Anita had never left him. She could go no further, and in the shelter of a friendly woodman's cottage, she lay down to die.

"I strove to detain her with me," said the distracted man. "I felt her failing pulse, and sought to catch her feeble breathing, but I pressed the hand and kissed the lips of the dead, and wept the tears of despair."

A grave was hastily dug, and they buried her alone within the depths of the pine forest, near the murmuring sea.

The unfortunate woodman who had shown them this merciful hospitality, was afterwards hanged, drawn and quartered, by order of the Austrian general.

Garibaldi was broken-hearted. The light of his life had gone out in a terribly dark night. He

plunged into the forest and made his way with one companion across the whole breadth of Italy. For thirty-seven days he wandered in various guises among the Apennines, hiding in caves and dense jungles, except when some patriot-peasant would risk his head—as indeed many of them did—in obeying God rather than man in furnishing him a shelter.

At last he reached Nice. His venerable mother greeted him with speechless sorrow, and his children—all unknowing of the death of their mother—asked him, "Where is mamma?" He had to hurry away. Sardinia did not dare to offer an asylum to her greatest hero. Tunis refused him at the dictation of France. Even the English Governor of Gibraltar ordered him to move on. A "world-rejected guest," he embarked for America in 1850. He lived three years in New York, working in a candle-factory, or at any manual labour available, whereby he could earn a little money, which was sent to his mother and orphan children.

Tiring of this mode of life, he went again to sea, and in a few years made enough money to purchase his little farm and home at Caprera.

In 1859, under the extraordinary statesmanship of Cavour, Sardinia and France were allied in war against Austria. Cavour could not do without Italy's greatest soldier, so he sent for Garibaldi. Garibaldi promptly responded to the call.

"This time we shall do it," he said. And they did. The battles of Magenta and Solferino were decisive victories for Sardinia—altogether too decisive for Napoleon. The near vision of a strong and united Italy, under Victor Immanuel, was too much for his jealous eye. To the astonishment of Europe, the intense chagrin of

Cavour, the utter disgust and indignation of Garibaldi, the two Emperors—o: Austria and France—patched up the inglorious peace of Villa-franca.

But nothing could stem the rising tide of Italian patriotic aspiration, nor divert Garibaldi from the supreme purpose of his life. In 1860, without asking leave of any one, he made his famous dash on Sicily and Naples.

He swept everything before him. On September 7 fell the abhorred Bourbon Dynasty, which a great English statesman had called "the curse of God."

All Italy shouted for joy. Proclaimed Dictator, Garibaldi hastened to liberate political prisoners, abolished the Order of Jesuits, substituted savings-banks for the lottery, reduced the price of bread, proclaimed the absolute freedom of the press, and other similar reforms. But he held his Dictatorship only until the first opportunity of handing over all his conquests to King Victor Immanuel.

The two kings—the crowned and sceptred Victor Immanuel and the uncrowned king of millions of hearts, who wore the scarlet blouse—rode together into Naples, amid one continuous ovation.

The land sits free,
And happy by the summer sea,
And Bourbon Naples now is Italy.

Oh! joy for all who hear her call
From gray Camaldan's convent-wall
And Elmo's towers, to freedom's carnival.

A new life breathes among her vines
And olives, like the breath of pines
Blown downward from the breezy
Apennines.

Lean, O my friend, to meet that breath.
Rejoice as one that witnesseth
Beauty from ashes rise, and life from
death!

Thy sorrow shall no more be pain
Its tears shall fall in sunlit rain,
Writing the grave with flowers, "Arise
again."



GARIBALDI LANDING AT MARSALA.

Honours and rewards were now showered on Garibaldi. The title of Prince of Calatafimi, the rank of Marshal in the Italian army, the Grand Cross of the Annunciata, and an income of 500,000 francs. But he declined them all. With the sole request that the king would not forget the army of liberators, he went back to his little farm on sea-girt Caprera.

But Garibaldi did not think his work was yet done. United Italy must have Rome as its capital. "Rome or Death," was his motto. Again he is at the head of his warriors. But the battle of Ospromonte proved disastrous. His foes were his own brethren of the Italian army. Garibaldi was severely wounded, his thigh being

pierced, and his ankle broken by bullets. As he was conveyed to Caprera he said, "I have in my heart an Italy, the thought of which hurts me more than the bullet—than the broken bone—oh, patria!"

In 1864 he visited England, and had a reception, the like of which was never given to any foreign potentate. The city of London conferred on him its freedom, with the lavish expression of its admiration. A few sentences from the reply of Garibaldi to the address of the City Chamberlain shows us the profound love of his heart for the British nation.

"Mr. Mayor, I am prouder of this honour than of the first place in war--

the false glare of war—because I consider it is the greatest honour for me to be a freeman of this glorious city—the focus of the civilization of the world. I do not exaggerate in saying that, because I have seen now that this city is the very centre of liberty. Here there are no strangers, because every foreigner is at home in England.”

Garibaldi's attempts to secure Rome for Italy were not after all the disastrous failures which they seemed, but real successes, in the end. He had evoked a spirit which would not die, and which only waited an opportunity to reassert itself more vigorously than ever. That opportunity came in 1870. The fateful battle of Sedan broke the last barrier to Italian unity. As the last French soldier retired from Rome, Victor Emmanuel had the choice of two alternatives, “on to Rome,” or the loss of his throne. It must have given Garibaldi—who was at the time far distant from the scene—inexpressible satisfaction and joy, the news of the king's triumphant entry into the capital of Italy.

With 1870 Garibaldi's military career ends, but not his loving labours for Italy. The solitude of Caprera and the pleasure he derived from his family, gilded the last years of his life with a personal joy which the changeable events of his stormy career had prevented him ever before from tasting. Regard for his family led him at last in 1876 to accept the national gift of a million francs, with an additional life pension of 50,000 francs annually.

In 1875 he revisited Rome. The enthusiasm with which he was welcomed baffles all description. But Garibaldi fixed his eye on substantial improvements for Rome. He was bent on draining the pestilential swamp known as the Agro Romano. Besides this, he proposed to raise the banks of

the Tiber, to prevent its periodic overflow. Acting on the advice of the engineer, Temenza, he settled upon Fiumicino as the spot where the port of Rome should be—the same place that Julius Caesar had selected as the best adapted for that purpose. He sought to promote the commerce of Italy as one of the best things to consolidate the young kingdom. Both in public and in private he did not hesitate to say that he looked on war as merely a means to an end. He advised the Romans to put their sons to some honest handicraft. In one of his addresses to the workingmen of Rome, he said :

“Be as the Romans, your forefathers : steady, undaunted, unflinching, persevering. Imitate the English of modern days, especially in the serious purpose they throw into all they do. In my opinion the English bear a greater resemblance to the ancient Romans than any other modern people. Nothing daunts them. They are never beaten down by misfortune. Follow in their footsteps. This is the advice that I have to give you as your friend and brother.”

On June 2, 1882, Garibaldi peacefully passed away, mourned as few men have ever been.

Now he is dead his martyrdom will reap
Late harvest of the palms it should
have had,
In life. Too late the tardy lands are
sad.
His unclaimed crown in secret they will
keep
For ages, while in chains they vainly weep.
And vainly grope to find the roads he
had
Them take. O glorious soul ! There is
no death
Of worlds. There must be many better
worth
Thy presence and thy leadership than
this.
No doubt, on some great sun to-day, thy
birth
Is, for a race, the dawn of Freedom's
bliss,
Which, but for thee, it might for ages
miss.
Paisley, Ont.

GARIBALDI'S LAST POEM.*

Friendship, pervading spirit of the blest,
 Sublimest bounty of the Infinite,
 Imperishable as the Alpine height
 That stands secure in everlasting rest :

And what were we, if thou wert unpossess
 Midst all the adversities that do us spite :
 What but thy power can shelter the op-
 prest
 And lift this sunken people to the light :

All pass the Styx—love, pride, ambition's
 dream,
 And human greatness flies, a fugitive,
 To vanish, cloud-like, in the Lethic stream ;
 Thou, emanate from God, alone dost live
 The life of the immortal and supreme
 The holy comfort which is thine to give.

On the most commanding of the
 Seven Hills on which the Eternal City
 is built stands what is, we think, the
 most majestic and interesting monument

Translated by Evelyn Martiniengo Cesaresco in
 the Academy.

in Italy, if not in all Europe. It is a splendid equestrian statue of Garibaldi. At its base are four allegorical figures commemorating the fulfilment of the nation's hope, the unification of Italy. The majestic figure looks down upon the great and flourishing city which he did so much to emancipate. Far below lie its streets and squares, its palaces and churches, and far to the left is the Papal quarter, with St. Peter's and the Vatican, for hundreds of years the residence of the Popes, once the arbiters of Europe. There now Leo XIII., shorn of his temporal power, feigns to be a prisoner and beguiles his leisure by writing elegant Latin verse. Seldom has the whirligig of time brought a more striking revenge than the passionate love of the people for the hero of the red shirt, and their hatred for his papal adversary, Pius IX., whose remains were buried almost by stealth at dead of night in an obscure church, and narrowly escaped being hurled into the Tiber through the rage of an angry people.—ED.

CHRIST WITH US.

“For the poor ye have always with you.”

In Bethlehem had we been, when Mary came
 For shelter from the storm, we muse in pity.
 “Our homes had not been shut to her in shame.
 She had not been an outcast from the city.”

“She had not passed, forsaken and forlorn,
 From kindred doors, an exile and a stranger,
 Her babe in royal purple had been born,
 Nor lain among the oxen in the manger.”

“On hended knees had many a worshipper
 On Christ, the King, in royal love attended,
 And subject hands had offered gifts of myrrh
 And frankincense and gold and jewels splendid.”

Nay, nay, for Christ is ever at our door,
 For shelter sweet and kindly pity pleading,
 And we—we only, like the blind of yore,
 Discern Him not, hard-hearted and unheeding.

With beggar hands He asketh us for alms,
 He pines upon the threshold of the palace ;
 We know Him not, but scorn His outstretched palms,
 And while He hungers, drink of plenty's chalice.

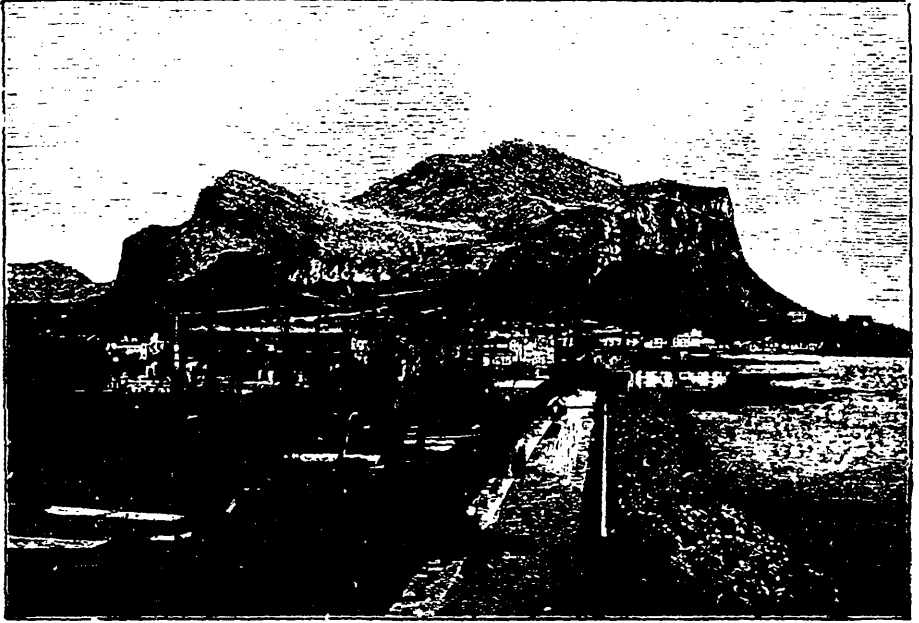
Daily we meet Him seeking mercy sweet
 With tender eyes of orphans, wan and wistful,
 He haunts us in the starveling of the street,
 Among the poor, the tearful, and the tristful.

For still He loves the lowly and the poor,
 And he who scorns in pride his outcast brother,
 Hath turned of old the Saviour from the door,
 And barred his gates against His maiden mother.

But ah! the crust, the cup of water cold,
 For Christ's sweet sake to whoso needeth given,
 Will yield us gain of grace a millionfold,
 With rich requital in the courts of heaven.

PALERMO AND ITS MEMORIES.

BY H. D. TRAILL.



PALERMO FROM THE HARBOUR.

Captured by Garibaldi in 1860.

To the traveller who proposes to enter Sicily by the favourite sea-route from Naples to Messina, the approach to the island presents a scene of singular interest and beauty. A night's voyage from the sunny bay which sleeps at the foot of Vesuvius suffices to bring him within the shadow of Etna.

Very bold and impressive grows the island scenery under the gradually broadening daylight. Tier on tier above him rise the bare, brown hill-slopes, spurs of the great mountain pyramid which he is approaching. These tumbled masses of the mountains, deepening here where the night shadow still lingers into downright black, and reddening there where they "take the morning" to the colour of rusty iron, proclaim

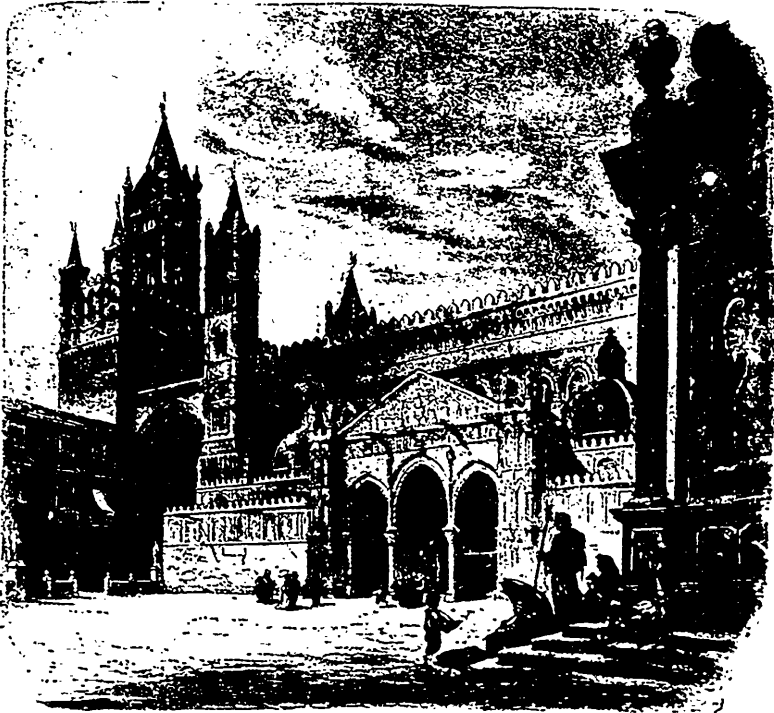
their volcanic character, to all who are familiar with the signs thereof, unmistakably enough.

Palermo, the Sicilian capital, is a city better entered from the sea, to which it owes its beauty, as it does its name. Palermo is "a handsome modern city." In the Sicilian capital, the passion for the monotonous magnificence of the boulevard has been carried to an almost amusing pitch. Palermo may be regarded from this point of view as consisting of two most imposing boulevards of approximately equal length, each bisecting the city with scrupulous equality from east to west, and from north to south, and intersecting each other in its exact centre at the mathematically precise angle of ninety degrees.

The traveller may find enough here and there to remind him that he is living on the "silt" of three, nay, four civilizations, on a four-fold formation to which Greek and Roman, Saracen and Norman, have each contributed its successive layer. It need hardly be said that the latter has left the deepest traces of any.

The Palazzo Reale, the first of

decoration. The stately files of Norman arches up the nave would in any other building arrest the gaze of the spectator, but in the Cappella Palatina one can think of nothing but mosaics. Mosaics are everywhere, from western door to eastern window, and from northern to southern transept wall. A full-length, life-sized saint in mosaic grandeur looks



CATHEDRAL OF PALERMO.

the Palermitan sights to which the traveller is likely to bend his way, will afford the best illustration of this. Saracenic in origin, it has received successive additions from half a dozen Norman princes. It is a gem of decorative art which would alone justify a journey to Sicily to behold.

The purely architectural beauties of the Cathedral are impressive enough, but the eye loses all sense of them among the wealth of their

down upon you from every interval between the arches of the nave, and medallions of saints in mosaic, encircled with endless tracery and arabesque, form the inner face of every arch. Mosaic angels float with outstretched arms above the apse. A colossal Madonna and Bambino, overshadowed by a hovering Pere Eternal, peer dimly forth in mosaic across the altar through the darkness of the chancel. The ground

is golden throughout, and the sombre richness of the effect is indescribable.

The Palazzo Reale may doubtless, too, be remembered, as affording the point of view from which is obtained an idea of the unrivalled situation of Palermo. A noble panorama lies stretched before us. The spectator is standing midway between Amphitrite and the Golden Shell, that she once cast in sport upon the shore. Palermo, however, does not perhaps unveil the full beauty of its situation elsewhere than down at the sea's edge, with the city nestling in the curve behind one, and Pellegrino rising across the waters in front.

Mount Pellegrino, sleeping in the sunshine, and displaying the noble lines of what must surely be one of the most picturesque mountains in the world, is likely enough to lure the traveller to its summit.

The merest loungeur, the most frivolous of promenaders in Palermo, should congratulate himself on having always before his eyes a mountain, the mere sight of which may be almost described as a "liberal education" in poetry and art.

He should haunt the Piazza Marina, however, not merely at the promenading time of day, but then also, nay, than most of all, when the throng has begun to thin, and, as Homer puts it, "All the ways are shadowed," at the hour of sunset. For then the clear Mediterranean air is at its clearest, the fringing foam at its whitest, the rich, warm background of the Conca D'Ore at its mellowest, while the bare, volcanic-looking sides of Monte Pellegrino seem fusing into ruddy molten metal beneath the slanting rays. Gradually, as you watch the colour die out of it, almost as it dies out of a snow-peak at the fading of the "Alpen-Cluth," the shadows begin to creep up the mountain-sides,

forerunners of the night which has already fallen upon the streets of the city, and through which its lights are beginning to peer. A little longer, and the body of the mountain will be a dark, vague mass, with only its cone and graceful upper ridges traced faintly against pale depths of sky.

Thus, and at such an hour, may one see the city, bay, and mountain at what may be called their esthetic or artistic best. But they charm, and with a magic of almost equal potency, at all hours. The fascination remains unabated to the end, and never, perhaps, is it more keenly felt by the traveller, than when Palermo is smiling her God-speed upon the parting guest, and from the deck of the steamer which is to bear him homeward, he waves his last farewell to the receding city lying couched, the loveliest of ocean's nereids, in her shell of gold.

If his hour of departure be in the evening, when the rays of the westerling sun strike athwart the base of Pellegrino, and tip with fire the summits of the low-lying houses of the seaport, and stream over and past them upon the glowing waters of the harbour, the sight is one which will not be soon forgotten. Dimmer and dimmer grows the beautiful city with the increasing distance and the gathering twilight. The warm rose-tints of the noble mountain cool down into purple, and darken at last into a heavy mass of sombre shadows; the sea changes to that spectral silver which overspreads it in the gloaming. It is a race between the flying steamer and the falling night to hide the swiftly-fading coast-line altogether from the view; and so close is the contest that up to the last it leaves us doubtful whether it be darkness or distance that has taken it from us. But in a few more minutes, be it from one cause or from the other, the effacement is complete.

THE PEOPLE'S BIBLES IN THE EARLY CHURCH.

BY THE REV. W. I. SHAW, LL.D.

Principal of Wesleyan Theological College, Montreal.

How the Anglo-Saxon heart is bound up in the English Bible, even in the form of the Authorized Version with all its defects ! The Revised Version, completed in 1884, came with its academic merits and just corrections, rectifying the old by the enlarged apparatus which has been accumulating since 1611. Still the heart of more than ninety millions of English-speaking people is passionately attached to the old book which with magic power has created reforms, inspired literature, furthered education, and elicited from Protestants, sceptics and Romanists alike the most eloquent eulogies. "It was a stupendous work," says Macaulay, "which, if everything else in our language should perish, would alone suffice to show its beauty and power."

Similar is the devotion of the German people to Luther's Bible. The champion of freedom was imprisoned by his friends for his own protection at Wartburg, and there fighting with the devil, at whom he flung his ink-bottle, he prosecuted the task on which he had set his heart, of giving to the German people the Word of God in their own tongue. So enshrined is this Version in Teutonic affection that a needed revision recently made has been as jealously regarded as was the revision of the Authorized Version among Anglo-Saxon people.

There is one instance of a great version which, at least in modern times, has failed to excite such interest, although it is a version which stands first in the extent of the communion which it represents, and which has had more

ecclesiastical and dogmatic importance than any other, viz., the Latin Vulgate, in many respects the greatest and yet arousing the least enthusiasm. This anomaly is the more conspicuous as it alone has carried through all its history the name of the People's Bible, or the Vulgate. Its origin and influence we shall notice later.

Was the early Church, say from the second to the sixth century, thrilled as we are to-day by the possession and use of the Holy Scriptures in the vernacular ? In answering this question, we need to remember the absence of the printing press and the consequent dependence of the people upon the sacred manuscripts prepared by scribes or monks, and used in divine worship and in schools, or perchance occasionally purchased at great expense by the laity. We doubt not the general devotion of the people to the Word of God was as warm and earnest then as now. The substitute for the printed page was the impression made on memory and heart, which impression doubtless many strove to perpetuate in writing.

Renan's view, stated in his "Vie de Jesus," of the genesis of the Gospels, vividly portrays the feelings of early Christians, even though it absolutely fails to account for the origin of the four Gospels. He says, "The poor man who has only one book wants it to contain everything which goes to his heart. These little books were lent by one to another. Each transcribed in the margin of his copy the words, the parables, which he found elsewhere and which touched him. Thus the

finest thing in the world (*La plus belle chose du monde*) issued from a process worked out unobserved and quite unauthoritatively."

What an agony must have been caused to the holy confessors amid the persecutions of Pagan Rome when Imperial officers would simply demand of the Christians the surrender of their sacred books. By yielding these they would save their lives. Some flinched and surrendered, and such are called "traditores," not so much to reproach them as traitors as simply to indicate how they fell by giving up these precious records.

The Canon of Scripture was completed near the close of the fourth century, not so much by ecclesiastical action as by a general consensus, east and west, as to its proper contents. The Divine Spirit, in the fulness of time, like the Divine Son, said, "It is finished." By Alexander's conquests and Hellenic civilization, the Greek language had been most widely diffused, relatively as much then as is the English language today, and so the Holy Scriptures in Greek were within the reach of all educated people from Britain to India, the Old Testament being supplied from the Version of the LXX, which, completed about 285 B.C., was standing ready, first to welcome and bless the Hellenic civilization then being so widely established, and next, to prepare the way of the Lord and hail the widening of the old economy into the catholicity of the new. But in the vastness of the Roman Empire, by whose very conquests, as to-day by Britain's, the way was prepared for the coming of the King of Righteousness, in the immense area it covered the great majority of the people had no knowledge of Greek, though probably many of their pastors had. There were many tribes and nations who desired to read in their

own tongue the wonderful works of God, hence the demand for vernacular versions, as natural and peremptory then as to-day, where it finds now a response in the three hundred versions published by the British and Foreign Bible Society.

The People's Bibles I wish to describe are five. To Biblical scholars they are familiar, but a brief description of them may be of some general interest. They are the Syriac, Latin, Egyptian, Ethiopic and Gothic.

Nearest to the birth-place of Christianity and first to have a place in the list were the Syriac Versions. Syria, including a large part of Asia Minor and Palestine, southward to Arabia and eastward to the Euphrates, represents a type of Semitic language and nationality of great importance in apostolic times. Following Alexander's conquests, three centuries before Christ, on the division of his kingdom, the Seleucidae here established a power of great influence, and stretching from the Aegean Sea to India. In the second century these people had a Bible in their own tongue, called the Peshito, or Pure Version, the New Testament omitting, however, 2 Peter, 2 and 3 John, Jude and the Apocalypse. Fragments of another version in this language, called the Curetonian, have been found, of a date perhaps as early as the second century.

Much interest has recently followed the discovery of another Syriac Version in the Convent of St. Catharines, at Mount Sinai, the very spot where the oldest Greek Testament manuscript was discovered by Tischendorf, in 1859. This was in 1892, by two English ladies, Mrs. Lewis, and her sister, Mrs. Gibson. These ladies were well educated in Syriac, Greek and Arabic, and are well-known for their services in Biblical literature,

and they most successfully improved their opportunity among the monks at Mount Sinai, in transcribing a version which probably is as old as the second century. Indeed, some think the Syriac Version was prepared under the direction of the Apostles. Certain it is that in this language the Saviour often spoke, and from it we still retain some phrases now familiar, Ephphatha, Talitha cumi, Cephaz, Mammon, Raca; Eli, Eli, lama sabachthani.

What a curious fact that at the great Council of Nice in 325, among the 318 bishops seated around the Emperor Constantine, one there was who signed himself as "John, Metropolitan of Persia and of Great India," and behold, when the Portuguese entered India in 1498, they found the successors of the same John using a Syriac liturgy and a Syriac Version of the Holy Scriptures, to which, in spite of Roman Catholic opposition, they have clung to this hour. These Syrian Christians on the Malabar Coast now number 118,000, and dearly prize the People's Bible prepared for them 1,700 years ago.

Syriac in the East and Latin in the West are the natural successors to the original Hebrew and Greek as the vehicles of the oracles of God to the people. It must, however, be borne in mind that in the first two centuries of the Christian era Greek was the language of higher culture in Rome, and many of the western fathers, for example, Irenæus and Hippolytus, wrote in Greek. It was different in North Africa, where the population was less cultured and more practical. Hence the earliest translation of the Bible into Latin appeared in North Africa, where Christianity was earnest and aggressive, and in its warm impulsiveness was more open to schismatical and puritanical movements, like Donatism and

Novatianism. Here was the birth-place in about 200 A.D. of the *Vetus Itala*, whose very name gives us a corrupted form of a Latin adjective.

This version, however, did not meet the demand in the West for a Latin copy of the Holy Scriptures. It was not until 404 that this demand was met. In 384, St. Jerome, or Hieronymus in his Latin name, with the sanction and direction of Damasus, Bishop of Rome, entered upon his work and afterwards shut himself up in the Convent of Bethlehem, in Judea, and gave himself to the task for which, as the greatest scholar in languages among the Fathers, he was eminently qualified, the task of translating the Bible for the people directly from Hebrew and Greek into Latin. Other versions took the Old Testament from the LXX or the Greek Bible, but Jerome's knowledge of Hebrew showed him a better way. But by this very way he encountered prejudice. The Anti-Semitic feeling which has disgraced the Church until this hour was active then, and Jerome's Hebrew lore was not appreciated. So keen was the jealousy against him that in his irritation he was provoked to call his opponents "*bipedes asselli*," two-footed little asses.

In 404, after twenty years' labour, Jerome's translation into Latin was completed, and became known as the *Vulgata*, the People's Bible. Through all the later corruptions of its text it still survived, and in the place it has had in history and the constituency it has represented it must be regarded as the greatest of versions. It is fitting that the very first book to be printed was this same Latin Bible, the *Vulgate*, in 1455. The Council of Trent, 1545-63, pronounced this version the only authoritative copy of the Word of God. It did not occur to the

Tridentine fathers to say which of the divergent texts of the Vulgate they meant, so the edition of Sixtus V., in 1590, was found so defective that his successor, Clement VIII., in 1592, had to issue another, or rather, the composite work goes to this day by the name of the Sixtine-Clementine text, but in neither part is there evidence of that grace of infallibility which a later Council discovered in the Pontificate and which ought to be of infinite value in questions of criticism.

So, in East and West, in the Early Church, Christians had the Bible in their own tongue. But it must also be prepared for Christian peoples in South and North. So, in Egypt, we find in the second century two versions in the Coptic, which word is regarded as a corrupt form of the Greek "Aiguptos." These were the Thebaic and Memphitic, the Upper and Lower Egyptian, so called from the cities of Thebes and Memphis. The latter omits the Apocalypse. With Egypt we are to associate the commencement of monasticism in the third century by St. Anthony, and with the city of Alexandria the most speculative and scholarly type of Christian thought in the early Church. But better than Alexandrine philosophy and better than the Hermits in the Desert, who by hundreds flocked about St. Anthony, was the providential gift of the vernacular version of the Holy Scriptures. Well had it been for the Egyptian Church had it prized this more than the others.

South of Egypt we find the Ethiopic Version, written in a language which scholars still study but which long ago ceased to be a living language. This part of Christendom is best known as the Abyssinian Church. This version, an ecclesiastical mummy, some would call it, as dead as the Ethiopian, still doubtless keeping

alive some measure of truth and grace even amid their un-Christian customs. A sacred ark is the centre of devotion. Circumcision is as necessary as Baptism. The Jewish Sabbath is observed as well as the Christian. Pork and other "unclean" foods are prohibited. Baptism is so respected that there is an annual national lustration on the Feast of the Epiphany, and Pilate is canonized by virtue of the Baptism of his hands. Truth thus imperfectly apprehended has evidently not fully set these Christians free.

Passing away to the North we come, in the fourth century, to the valuable work of Ulphilas in preparing the Gothic Version. How opportune, how providential, that amid the restlessness of the northern tribes soon developing into the mighty movements which spread fan-like over all Western Europe and North Africa, Christianity, though largely in the heretical form of Arianism, was present to modify the evils of the great incursion. Most of these tribes were barbarians, for example, the Angles, Saxons and Jutes, who, in 449, conquered England and drove its Celtic Christians into Cornwall, Wales and Scotland. But many of them were Christians, carrying with them their Gothic Bible and a plainer ritual than Europe has since used. Tregelles says this Gothic Bible "must have been the vernacular version of a large part of Europe." Ecclesiastics and theologians must settle it among themselves as to how it is that from the fourth to the sixth century heretics like Nestorians in the East and Arians in the West were most active in missionary zeal. However, on the settlement of pending theological disputes, the Orthodox faith, the Catholic Church, took its normal place in the Christianizing of heathen peo-

ples, for example, under Augustine in England, in 597. A splendid copy of the Gothic Bible, probably of as early a date as the fifth century, a treasure which money could scarcely buy, is in the University of Upsala in Sweden.

These several versions we have described were all the work of godly men before the year 500. Their labours covered the whole of Christendom at that date, Europe, North Africa, Egypt, Ethiopia, Syria, and even a part of India. So mightily grew the word of the Lord and prevailed! After the year 500, the demand of the people for Bibles in their own tongues continued, but gradually diminished in force amid the ignorance and corruption preceding the Reformation. Still in mediæval times the great Bible-loving British nation had its vernacular Scriptures. In 706, Aldhelm, Bishop of Sherbourne, England, prepared in Saxon the Psalms, and the Venerable Bede, in 735, the Gospel by John, dying on the completion of his precious task. In the tenth century, Aelfric rendered in Saxon large parts of the Old Testament. These translations were made from the Vulgate, as Roman Catholic vernacular versions have been ever since, on the same plan as that of Protestant missionaries to-day, who often translate from the Authorized English Version instead of from the Hebrew and Greek.

The Georgian in the sixth century, the Slavonian in the ninth,

and various portions in Arabic in the ninth, tenth, and eleventh—these are samples of supply of demand in the mediæval ages in the East. In the West the Vulgate almost completely dominated the Church to the exclusion of other versions until the Reformation. It is this domination which in part has limited the attention and labours of Roman Catholic scholars in the department of Biblical exegesis, Hebrew and Greek, and Biblical criticism in general.

Origen of Alexandria (died 254), in his work, "Contra Celsum," Chap. viii., defends the Bible from the charge that it was written in a common style by stating that it was intended for the common people. Well had it been for the Church had this sensible view prevailed in later centuries. The Church in its primitive purity and the Church in its reformed purity has placed the Bible in the hands of the common people. The first formal prohibition of the reading of the Scriptures by the laity was by Innocent III., 1199, a fitting prelude to the three sad centuries which followed. The best gifts of God are for the people, air, light, and salvation. From Him proceedeth also the perfect gift of Holy Scripture, manifestly meant for the world, and so its versions from the earliest times have served the divinely intended purpose, not merely of being text-books for scholars, but especially as the Bibles of the people.

OFFERINGS FOR CHRISTMAS.

We come not with a costly store,
 O Lord! like them of old,
 The masters of the starry lore,
 From Ophir's shore of gold;
 No weepings of the incense-tree
 Are with the gifts we bring;
 No odorous myrrh of Araby
 Blends with our offering.

But faith and love may bring their best,
 A spirit keenly tried
 By fierce affliction's fiery test,
 And seven times purified;
 The fragrant graces of the mind,
 The virtues that delight
 To give their perfume out, will find
 Acceptance in Thy sight.

IN HIS STEPS.

BY CHARLES M. SHELDON.

Author of "The Crucifixion of Philip Strong."

CHAPTER II.

"He that saith he abideth in Him ought himself also to walk even as He walked."

Edward Norman, editor of the Raymond Daily News, sat in his office room Monday morning and faced a new world of action. He had made his pledge in good faith to do everything after asking, "What would Jesus do?" and as he supposed with his eyes open to all the possible results. But as the regular life of the paper started on another week's rush and whirl of activity he confronted it with a degree of hesitation and a feeling nearly akin to fear. He had come down to the office very early and for a few minutes was by himself. He sat at his desk in a growing thoughtfulness that finally became a desire which he knew was as great as it was unusual. He had yet to learn, with all the others in that little company pledged to do the Christlike thing, that the Spirit of Life was moving in power through his own life as never before. He rose and shut his door and then did what he had not done for years. He kneeled down by his desk and prayed for the divine presence and wisdom to direct him.

He rose with the day before him and his promise distinct and clear in his mind. "Now for action," he seemed to say. But he would be led by events as fast as they came on.

He opened his door and began the routine of the office work. The managing editor had just come in and was at his desk in the adjoining room. One of the reporters there was pounding out something on a typewriter.

Edward Norman began an editorial. The Daily News was an evening paper, and Norman usually completed his leading editorial before eight o'clock.

He had been writing about fifteen minutes when the managing editor called out, "Here's this press report of yesterday's prize fight at the Resort. It will make up three columns and a half. I suppose it all goes in?"

Edward Norman was one of those newspaper men who keep an eye on every detail of the paper. The managing editor always consulted his chief in matters of both small and large importance. Sometimes, as in this case, it was merely a nominal inquiry.

"Yes—no. Let me see it."

He took the type-written matter just as it came from the telegraph editor, and ran over it carefully. Then he laid the sheets down on his desk and did some very hard thinking.

"We won't run this in to-day," he said finally.

The managing editor was standing in the doorway between the two rooms. He was astonished at the editor's remark and thought he had perhaps misunderstood him.

"What did you say?"

"Leave it out. We won't use it."

"But—" The managing editor was simply dumbfounded. He stared at Norman as if the editor were out of his mind.

"I think, Clark, that it ought not to be printed, and that's the end of it," said Edward Norman, looking up from his desk.

Clark seldom had any words with the chief. Norman's word

had always been law in the office and he had seldom been known to change his mind. The circumstances now, however, seemed to be so extraordinary that Clark could not help expressing himself.

"Do you mean that the paper is to go to press without a word of the prize fight in it?"

"Yes, that's just what I mean."

"But it's unheard of. All the other papers will print it. What will our subscribers say? Why, it's simply—" Clark paused, unable to find words to say what he thought.

Edward Norman looked at Clark thoughtfully. The managing editor was a member of a church of a different denomination from that of Norman's. The two men had never talked together on religious matters although they had been associated on the paper for several years.

"Come in here a minute, Clark, and shut the door," said Norman.

Clark came in, and the two men faced each other alone. Norman did not speak for a minute. Then he said abruptly,

"Clark, if Christ were editing a daily paper, do you honestly think he would print three columns and a half of prize fight in it?"

Clark gasped in astonishment. Finally he replied—"No, I don't suppose he would."

"Well, that's my only reason for shutting this account out of *The News*. I have decided not to do a thing in connection with the paper for a whole year that I honestly believe Jesus would not do."

Clark could not have looked more amazed if the chief had suddenly gone crazy. In fact, he did think something was wrong, though Mr. Norman was one of the last men in the world, in his judgment, to lose his mind.

"What effect will that have on

the paper?" he finally managed to ask in a faint voice.

"What do you think?" asked Edward Norman, with a keen glance.

"I think it will simply ruin the paper," replied Clark promptly. He was gathering up his bewildered senses and began to remonstrate. "Why, it isn't feasible to run a paper nowadays on any such basis. It's too ideal. The world isn't ready for it. You can't make it pay. Just as sure as you live, if you shut out this prize fight report you will lose hundreds of subscribers. It doesn't take a prophet to say that. The very best people in town are eager to read it. They know it has taken place, and when they get the paper this evening they will expect half a page at least. Surely, you can't afford to disregard the wishes of the public to such an extent. It will be a great mistake if you do, in my opinion."

Edward Norman sat silent a minute. Then he spoke gently, but firmly.

"Clark, what in your honest opinion is the right standard for determining conduct? Is the only right standard for every one the probable action of Jesus? Would you say that the highest, best law for a man to live by was contained in asking the question, 'What would Jesus do?' and then doing it regardless of results? In other words, do you think men everywhere ought to follow Jesus' example as close as they can in their daily lives?"

Clark turned red, and moved uneasily in his chair before he answered the editor's question.

"Why,—yes—. I suppose if you put it on the ground of what they ought to do there is no other standard of conduct. But the question is, what is feasible? Is it possible to make it pay? To

succeed in the newspaper business we have got to conform to the customs and the recognized methods of society. We can't do as we would do in an ideal world."

"Do you mean that we can't run the paper strictly on Christian principles and make it succeed?"

"Yes, that's just what I mean. It can't be done. We'll go bankrupt in thirty days."

Edward Norman did not reply at once. He was very thoughtful.

"We shall have occasion to talk this over again, Clark. Meanwhile, I think we ought to understand each other frankly. I have pledged myself for a year to do everything connected with the paper after answering the question, 'What would Jesus do,' as honestly as possible. I shall continue to do this in the belief that not only can we succeed but that we can succeed better than we ever did."

Clark rose. "Then the report does not go in?"

"It does not. There is plenty of good material to take its place, and you know what it is."

Clark hesitated.

"Are you going to say anything about the absence of the report?"

"No, let the paper go to press as if there had been no such thing as a prize fight yesterday."

Clark walked out of the room to his own desk feeling as if the bottom had dropped out of everything. He was astonished, bewildered, excited, and considerably enraged. His great respect for Norman checked his rising indignation and disgust, but with it all was a feeling of growing wonder at the sudden change of motive which had entered the office of *The Daily News*, and threatened, as he firmly believed, to destroy it.

Before noon every reporter, pressman and employee on *The Daily News* was informed of the

remarkable fact that the paper was going to press without a word in it about the famous prize fight of Sunday. The reporters were simply astonished beyond measure at the announcement of the fact. Every one in the stereotyping and composing rooms had something to say about the unheard-of omission. Two or three times during the day when Mr. Norman had occasion to visit the composing-rooms, the men stopped their work or glanced around their cases looking at him curiously. He knew that he was being observed strangely and said nothing, and did not appear to note it.

There had been several changes in the paper suggested by the editor, but nothing marked. He was waiting, and thinking deeply. He felt as if he needed time and considerable opportunity for the exercise of his best judgment in several matters before he answered his ever present question in the right way. It was not because there were not a great many things in the life of the paper that were contrary to the spirit of Christ that he did not act at once, but because he was yet greatly in doubt concerning what action Jesus would take.

When *The Daily News* came out that evening it carried to its subscribers a distinct sensation. The presence of the report of the prize fight could not have produced anything equal to the effect of its omission. Hundreds of men in the hotels and stores down town, as well as regular subscribers, eagerly opened the paper and searched it through for the account of the great fight. Not finding it, they rushed to the newsstand and bought other papers. Even the newsboys had not all understood the fact of the omission. One of them was calling out, "Daily News! Full 'count great prize fight 't Resort.

A man on the corner of the Avenue close by The News office bought the paper, looked over its front page hurriedly and then angrily called the boy back.

"Here, boy! What's the matter with your paper? There is no prize-fight here! What do you mean by selling old papers?"

"Old papers, nuthin'!" replied the boy indignantly. "Dat's to-day's paper. What's de matter wid you?"

"But there's no account of any prize fight here! Look!"

The man handed back the paper and the boy glanced at it hurriedly. Then he whistled, while a bewildering look crept over his face. Seeing another boy running by with papers he called out, "Say, Sam, lemme see your pile!" A hasty examination revealed the remarkable fact that all the copies of The News were silent on the prize fight.

"Here, give me another paper! One with the prize fight account!" shouted the customer. He received it and walked off, while the two boys remained comparing notes and lost in wonder at the event. "Somp'n slipped a cog in The Newsy, sure," said the first boy. But he couldn't tell why, and rushed over to The News office to find out.

There were several other boys at the delivery-room and they were all excited and disgusted. The amount of slangy remonstrances hurled at the clerk back of the long counter would have driven any one else to despair. He was used to more or less of it all the time and consequently hardened to it.

Mr. Norman was just coming downstairs on his way home and he paused as he went by the door of the delivery-room and looked in.

"What's the matter here, George?" he asked the clerk as he noted the unusual confusion.

"The boys say they can't sell any copies of The News to-night because the prize fight is not in it," replied George, looking curiously at the editor as so many of the employees had done during the day.

Mr. Norman hesitated a moment, then walked into the room and confronted the boys.

"How many papers are there here, boys? Count them out and I'll buy them to-night."

There was a wild stare and a wild counting of papers on the part of the boys.

"Give them their money, George, and if any of the other boys come in with the same complaint buy their unsold copies. Is that fair?" he asked the boys who were smitten into unusual silence by the unheard-of action on the part of the editor.

"Fair! Well, I should— But will you keep dis up? Will dis be a continual performance for de benefit of de fraternity?"

Mr. Norman smiled slightly, but he did not think it was necessary to answer the question. He walked out of the office and went home. On the way he could not avoid that constant query, "Would Jesus have done it?" It was not so much with reference to this last transaction as to the entire motive that had urged him on since he had made the promise. The newsboys were necessarily sufferers through the action he had taken. Why should they lose money by it? They were not to blame. He was a rich man and could afford to put a little brightness into their lives if he chose to do it. He believed as he went on his way home that Jesus would have done either what he did or something similar in order to be free from any possible feeling of injustice. He was not deciding these questions for any one else but for his own conduct. He was

not in a position to dogmatize, and he felt that he could answer only with his own judgment and conscience as to his interpretation of Jesus' probable action. The falling off in sales of the paper he had in a certain measure foreseen. But he was yet to realize the full extent of the loss to the paper if such a policy should be continued.

During the week he was in receipt of numerous letters commenting on the absence from The News of the account of the prize fight. Two or three of these letters may be of interest.

Editor of the "News."

Dear Sir :

I have been deciding for some time to change my paper. I want a journal that is up to the times, progressive and enterprising, supplying the public demand at all points. The recent freak of your paper in refusing to print the account of the famous contest at the Resort has decided me finally to change my paper. Please discontinue it.

Very truly yours,
_____. _____.

(Here followed the name of a business man who had been a subscriber for many years.)

Edward Norman,

Editor of the "Daily News," Raymond.

Dear Ed. :

What is this sensation you have given the people of your burg? Hope you don't intend to try the "Reform Business," through the avenue of the Press. It's dangerous to experiment much along that line. Take my advice and stick to the enterprising modern methods you have made so successful for the "News." The public wants prize fights and such. Give it what it wants and let some one else do the Reforming business.

Yours, _____.

(Here followed the name of one of Norman's old friends, the editor of a daily in an adjoining town.)

My dear Mr. Norman :

I hasten to write you a note of appreciation for the evident carrying out of your promise. It is a splendid beginning and no one feels the value of it better

than I do. I know something of what it will cost you, but not all.

Your Pastor,

Henry Maxwell.

One letter which he opened immediately after reading this from Maxwell revealed to him something of the loss to his business that possibly awaited him.

Mr. Edward Norman,

Editor of the "Daily News."

Dear Sir :

At the expiration of my advertising limit you will do me the favour not to continue as you have done heretofore. I enclose cheque for payment in full and shall consider my account with your paper closed after date.

Very truly yours,
_____. _____.

(Here followed the name of one of the largest dealers in tobacco in the city. He had been in the habit of inserting a column of conspicuous advertising and paying for it a very large price.)

Edward Norman laid this letter down very thoughtfully, and then after a moment he took up a copy of his paper and looked through the advertising columns. There was no connection implied in the tobacco merchant's letter between the omission of the prize fight and the withdrawal of the advertisement. But he could not avoid putting the two together. In point of fact, he afterwards learned that the tobacco dealer withdrew his advertisement because he had heard that the editor of The News was about to enter upon some queer reform policy that would be certain to reduce its subscription list.

But the letter directed Norman's attention to the advertising phase of his paper. He had not considered this before. As he glanced over the columns he could not escape the conviction that Jesus could not permit some of them in his paper. What would Jesus do with that other long ad-

vertisement of liquor? Raymond enjoyed a system of high license, and the saloon and the billiard hall and the beer garden were a part of the city's Christian civilization. He was simply doing what every other business man in Raymond did. And it was one of the best paying sources of revenue. What would the paper do if it cut these out? Could it live? That was the question. But—was that the question after all? "What would Jesus do?" That was the question he was answering, or trying to answer, this week. Would Jesus advertise whiskey and tobacco in his paper?

Edward Norman asked it honestly, and after a prayer for help and wisdom he asked Clark to come into the office.

Clark came in feeling that the paper was at a crisis and prepared for almost anything after his Monday morning experience. This was Thursday.

"Clark," said Norman, speaking slowly and carefully, "I have been looking at our advertising columns and have decided to dispense with some of the matter as soon as the contracts run out. I wish you would notify the advertising agent not to solicit or renew the ads. I have marked here."

He handed the paper with the marked places over to Clark, who took it and looked over the columns with a very serious air.

"This will mean a great loss to The News. How long do you think you can keep this sort of thing up?" Clark was astonished at the editor's action and could not understand it.

"Clark, do you think if Jesus were the editor and proprietor of a daily paper in Raymond He would print advertisements of whiskey and tobacco in it?"

Clark looked at his chief with that same look of astonishment

which had greeted the question before.

"Well—no—I don't suppose He would. But what has that to do with us? We can't do as He would. Newspapers can't be run on any such basis."

"Why not?" asked Edward Norman quietly.

"Why not! Because they will lose more money than they make, that's all." Clark spoke out with an irritation that he really felt. "We shall certainly bankrupt the paper with this sort of business policy."

"Do you think so?" Norman asked the question not as if he expected an answer but simply as if he were talking with himself. After a pause he said,

"You may direct Marks to do as I said. I believe it is what Jesus would do, and as I told you, Clark, that is what I have promised to try to do for a year, regardless of what the results may be to me. I cannot believe that by any kind of reasoning we could reach a conclusion justifying Jesus in the advertisement, in this age, of whiskey and tobacco in a newspaper. There are some other advertisements of a doubtful character I shall study into. Meanwhile I feel a conviction in regard to these that cannot be silenced."

Clark went back to his desk feeling as if he had been in the presence of a very peculiar person. He could not grasp the meaning of it all. He felt enraged and alarmed. He was sure any such policy would ruin the paper as soon as it became generally known that the editor was trying to do everything by such an absurd moral standard. What would become of business if this standard were adopted? It would upset every custom and introduce endless confusion. It was simply foolishness. It was downright

idiocy. So Clark said to himself, and when Marks was informed of the action, he seconded the managing editor with some very forcible ejaculations. What was the matter with the chief? Was he insane? Was he going to bankrupt the whole business?

But Edward Norman had not faced his most serious problem.

When he came down to the office Friday morning he was confronted with the usual programme for the Sunday morning edition. The News was one of the few evening papers to issue a Sunday edition, and it had always been remarkably successful financially. There was an average of one page of literary and religious items to thirty or forty pages of sport, theatre, gossip, fashion, society and political material. This made a very interesting magazine of all sorts of reading matter and had always been welcomed by all the subscribers, church members and all, as a Sunday necessity.

Edward Norman now faced this fact and put to himself the question, "What would Jesus do?" If He were editor of a paper would He deliberately plan to put into the homes of all the church people and Christians of Raymond such a collection of reading matter on the one day of the week which ought to be given up to something better and holier? He was of course familiar with the regular argument for the Sunday paper that the public needed something of the sort, and the workingman, especially, who would not go to church anyway, ought to have something entertaining and instructive on Sunday, his only day of rest. But suppose the Sunday morning paper did not pay? Suppose there was no money in it? How eager would the editor or the proprietor be then to supply this crying need of the workingman? Edward Norman communed hon-

estly with himself over the subject. Taking everything into account, would Jesus probably edit a Sunday morning paper? No matter whether it paid. That was not the question. As a matter of fact the Sunday News paid so well that it would be a direct loss of thousands of dollars to discontinue it. Besides, the regular subscribers had paid for a seven-day paper. Had he any right now to give them anything less than they had supposed they had paid for?

He was honestly perplexed by the question. So much was involved in the discontinuance of the Sunday edition that for the first time he almost declined to be guided by the standard of Jesus' probable action. He was sole proprietor of the paper. It was his to shape as he chose. He had no board of directors to consult as to policy. But as he sat there surrounded by the usual quantity of material for the Sunday edition, he reached some definite conclusions. And among them was the determination to call in the force of the paper and frankly state his motive and purpose.

He sent word for Clark and the other men in the office, including the few reporters who were in the building and the foreman, with what men were in the composing-room, (it was early in the morning and they were not all in) to come into the mailing-room. This was a large room, and the men came in, wondering, and perched around on the tables and counters. It was a very unusual proceeding, but they all agreed that the paper was being run on new principles anyhow, and they all watched Mr. Norman curiously as he spoke.

"I called you in here to let you know my plans for the future of The News. I propose certain changes which I believe are necessary. I understand that some things I have already done are re-

guarded by the men as very strange. I wish to state my motive in doing what I have done." Here he told the men what he had already told Clark, and they stared, as he had done, and looked as painfully conscious.

"Now, in acting on this standard of conduct I have reached a conclusion which will, no doubt, cause some surprise. I have decided that the Sunday morning edition of *The News* shall be discontinued. I shall state in next issue my reasons for discontinuing. In order to make up to the subscribers the amount of reading matter they may suppose themselves entitled to, we can issue a double number on Saturday, as is done by very many evening papers that make no attempt at a Sunday edition. I am convinced that, from a Christian point of view, more harm than good has been done by our Sunday morning paper. I do not believe that Jesus would be responsible for it if He were in my place to-day. It will occasion some trouble to arrange the details caused by this change with the advertisers and subscribers. That is for me to look after. The change itself is one that will take place. So far as I can see, the loss will fall on myself. Neither the reporters nor the press men need make any particular change in their plans."

Clark came in and had a long, serious talk with the chief. He was thoroughly roused and his protest almost reached the point of resigning his place. Norman guarded himself carefully. Every

minute of the interview was painful to him, but he felt more than ever the necessity of doing the Christlike thing. Clark was a very valuable man. 'It would be difficult to fill his place. But he was not able to give any reasons for continuing the Sunday paper that answered the question, "What would Jesus do?" by letting Jesus print that edition.

"It comes to this then," said Clark finally. "You will bankrupt the paper in thirty days. We might as well face that future fact."

"I don't think we shall. Will you stay by *The News* until it is bankrupt?" asked Edward Norman with a strange smile.

"Mr. Norman, I don't understand you. You are not the same man this week that I ever knew."

"I don't know myself, either, Clark. Something remarkable has caught me up and borne me on. But I was never more convinced of final success and power for the paper. You have not answered my question. Will you stay with me?"

Clark hesitated a moment and finally said, "Yes." Norman shook hands with him and turned to his desk. Clark went back into his room stirred by a number of conflicting emotions. He had never before known such an exciting and mentally disturbing week, and he felt now as if he were connected with an enterprise that might at any moment collapse and ruin him and all connected with it.

CHRISTMAS MORNING.

The bells ring clear as bugle-note,
Sweet song is thrilling every throat,
'Tis welcome Christmas morning!
O, never yet was morn so fair,
Such silent music in the air,
'Tis merry Christmas morning!

Dear day of all days in the year,
Dear day of song, goodwill and cheer,
'Tis golden Christmas morning!
The hope, the faith, the love that is,
The peace, the holy promises,
'Tis glorious Christmas morning!
—Joaquin Miller.

THE CHURCH AND LITERATURE.*

BY THE REV. CHARLES J. LITTLE, LL.D.,

President of Garrett Biblical Institute.

What has the disciple of Jesus Christ to do with literature? And to this question I give a double answer; he must create a literature of his own, and he must conquer and transfigure the literature of the world.

Christians must create a literature of their own. They were born to a literary inheritance; but their first great achievement was a splendid addition to these treasures. The little company of disciples that fled to Antioch carried with them Moses and the prophets; wherever the apostles preached they found among their Jewish brethren the Scriptures and the Palestinian literature. They might have trusted to their oral speech, and left posterity without the record of their revelations. How miserably poor we should have been! Imagine a Christianity without Luke and John, without the letter to the Romans or the letter to the Corinthians; a Christianity without the Prodigal Son

and the Good Samaritan, without the many mansions of the Father's house, without the light and the life of the world, without the cry of Abba Father, without the trumpet of the resurrection, without the love that passeth knowledge!

Yes, these men, busy as they were, found time to write; they spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost, and then they made their speech immortal by making of it literature.

The Christian writers of succeeding centuries, like Justin and Origen, were men of philosophic training, and wrought nobly in their own time; but we could easily spare the best of them, rather than lose the narrative of Matthew or the letters of John Zebedee. All the later Christian literature must be judged and compared with these productions of the first disciples. Back to the Gospels! back to the New Testament! is the watchword of every great reform. Develop and apply the

* We have pleasure in presenting herewith the eloquent address delivered by Dr. Little on the anniversary of the Tract Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church of the United States, a society whose object it is to create and diffuse in English, Spanish, Italian, German, and other languages, sound Christian literature. The stirring words of Dr. Little should stir responsive sentiment in all our hearts.

The purpose of this magazine, from its inception twenty-four years ago, has been to meet the very want described by Dr. Little—to create and diffuse a sound Christian literature; to make its readers familiar with the best thoughts of the world's best thinkers; to bring them into more vital touch with the great moral movements of the age, especially with the great missionary movement, the truest type of noblest Christian chivalry; to make the great names of the Church's beardless, the saints and seers and sages, the heroes and martyrs of its

glorious history, an example and inspiration to our daily life; to exhibit the hand of God in history, guiding the nations, as a skilful rider guides his steed, up the heights of progress to the golden age to be; to show that God, by His providence and His grace, is reconciling the world unto Himself.

We are devoutly thankful for the degree of success which has attended these efforts. It is no meagre achievement that over 60,000 volumes of this magazine have found their place in Canadian homes; that over 200,000 monthly numbers have been scattered throughout the length and breadth of our country; that over 20,000,000 printed pages have sought to set forth high Christian ideals and the sound principles of right living.

We thank the ministers by whose help this has been accomplished. We beg to solicit their strenuous co-operation that our connexional monthly shall be crowned with still greater success and blessing than ever.

ethics of the New Testament ! is the mandate of the angel of human progress. Give to us the life of Jesus and the spiritual experience of Saul and John ! is the eager longing of men and women weary of ritual and speculation, weary of subtleties and mysteries, weary of metaphysical disquisitions and of historical puzzles.

"There are only a few books," wrote Mr. Emerson ; "most of them are mere comment." And verily this is true of the books that have gathered about the New Testament. Thousands of them might perish without the slightest loss to human kind; many of them are a darkening of counsel with a multitude of words; many of them are occupied with questions that have no bearing upon human conduct or human happiness. Under these circumstances one might think that the duty of creating a Christian literature had been fulfilled by the first disciples. But we live in a queer world. Men and women are seeking constantly new forms for old facts, new expressions of immutable truth.

An old building, however beautiful, however glorious with inscriptions and traditions, ceases to be an inspiration to those who see it every day. Even the blue sky becomes a weariness to those who seldom see a cloud, or seldom hear the rushing of the rain. So the Bible needs to be wrought into new forms; its precious truths need to be seen in new relations; its blessed experience to be told in new language. When Stanley wrote his "History of the Jewish People," men and women felt that he had restored to them the Old Testament. Theologians might complain of his defects, and scholars might impeach his learning, but Abraham and Moses and David pleaded for him, saying to us : "He has brought us from our graves." When Mr. Browning

wrote his "Saul" and his "Death in the Desert," we might indeed question his accuracy and pause at his philosophy, but we could not but praise him for his recovery of a world that lay so long beneath the dust.

The Bible is so marvellous a book that even the eye-destroying print and unpictured pages of the copies that we give away cannot quite deprive it of its power. But I wonder sometimes what the Bible will become when we cease to regard it as an idol or a fetich, and treat it as a cluster, a glorious cluster of inspired books; and when we bring to each of these books our highest powers, not of criticism, but of illustration. Bede spent his dying breath to turn the Gospel of John into the English of his time. Wycliffe sought to make the whole Bible familiar to his people. Luther laboured hard to make a text through which his Christ might reach the Germans. And in a time when the Bible was an unknown book, men read it eagerly and found it more precious than their blood. But the Bible has ceased to be a book concealed and forbidden; so that men who hear it preached from (and preached away from), almost every Sunday, do not care to read it for themselves. The charm of it in Reformation and in Puritan times no longer holds. The clear blue sky and bright persistent stars begin to weary us.

Hence I, for one, have no great fear of any discussions now prevailing. I welcome any movement that will bring us back with eager, even though anxious, inquiry to the Bible. Yet, I repeat, not criticism, but illustration, illumination, is what we want. Such illustration as Bunyan gave the Bible in his "Pilgrim's Progress;" such illustration as Dante gave the Bible in his divine drama; such illustration as Charles Wesley gave

the Bible in his hymns; such illustration as John Watson gives it in his "Bonnie Brier Bush." As one whose life-work is the study of historical theology, I do not hesitate to say that the literature of Christianity is too critical and too speculative; too thick with controversial dust; too full of metaphysical bewilderingments and perplexities. It is for the few, rather than for the many; for a curious intellectual aristocracy, rather than for the hungry multitude. John Wesley, with those unclouded eyes of his—unclouded, at least, in what concerned humanity—John Wesley saw the need of a different kind of literature, and set himself to furnish it. He published Bunyan's "Pilgrim," Young's "Night Thoughts," and "Herbert's Poems;" he published "Thomas a Kempis," and Milton's "Paradise Lost;" indeed, he published a whole Christian library, hoping to stir his people and his preachers to a broader and richer intelligence.

A life is often determined by a book; so it was with Luther and with Lincoln, with Augustine and with Michael Faraday. So it has been and will be with thousands. But it is harder to prescribe books than it is to prescribe medicine. To tell young people that they must read this, and must not read that, is to arouse within them the spirit of individuality, which lies at the root of Teutonic and American achievement. They go at once by contraries. But possess yourselves of noble literature, live in it, and reveal its uses; talk about it at the breakfast-table, and start the day with inspirations from St. Paul and Tennyson; let it gleam out from your conversation as sunshine flashes out from water breaking over rocks, and those about you begin to learn the meaning and the glory of it.

We Methodists need to recover the spirit of our founders; for the

revival of the eighteenth century was as wonderful in its intellectual impulses as in its ethical influence. Each year of its existence the Wesleys were adding to the literature of England, or diffusing the best that they could find at home or in Germany.

Again, we are undergoing a marked revival of historic study. This is manifest in every magazine and in every library. On the one hand scholars are striving to make of history a science; on the other, literary artists are making of it material for poetry. The Church will doubtless profit by this movement; but it is painful to see how slow, and even stupid, Christian men have been.

But even now the ignorance about the men and women who re-shaped the world is pitiful and almost shameful. For the movement of the Gospel is the miracle of history; its progressive conquest of its environment is the mightiest victory recorded in the annals of mankind. Here are displays of heroism that Alexander might have envied, and Caesar would have listened to amazed. The tenth legion of Jesus Christ, his glorious company of martyrs recruited from all countries and from all ages, marches across the centuries, trampling triumphantly upon the slaveries and barbarisms, the organized unrighteousness and the disorganizing brutality of the ancient and the mediæval world.

Gathering to it all that was valuable in the science and the literature, in the institutions and customs of antiquity, the Gospel saved the world in many senses. The preachers of the glad tidings were the instructors of the European nations. Ulfilas and Beda and Alcuin, with a goodly multitude whose names have perished, preceded Abelard and Anselm, Dante, and Roger Bacon, and Thomas the Angelic Doctor. Yet the splen-

dour and variety of this historic miracle, of this unfolding power of an endless life, is too little known, or scarcely known at all. The splendour of it, and the inspiration of it, both are lost. For in every age the cloud of witnesses that throng the imagination are the authors of our best enthusiasm. Not to know the world of Paul is not to measure the intellectual and moral stature of the man whose energy and faith made of that world mere background for the cross of Jesus Christ. Not to know the world of Wesley is not to know the mental strength and spiritual mastery of the man who swept opinions to the right and left of him, and roused two continents with his cry of "Give me life! I am tired of opinions!"

To create a literature, and to diffuse it when created, is clearly therefore the duty of the followers of Jesus. This literature must keep alive and keep efficient the vital truths of the Scriptures and of Christian experience. This literature must preserve and glorify the story of Christian progress and of Christian triumph; the story of vicissitude and struggle, of conflict, of corruption, of reformation, of revival; in a word, the story of Christ and his disciples in all the centuries.

Now to my other proposition. The disciples of Christ must conquer and transfigure the literature they find at hand. This literature, like that of Paul at Troas, is of two classes—ephemeral and permanent. In our day there is the newspaper, the magazine, the review, the novel, the text-book, the controversial pamphlet, and the campaign document. And then, on the other hand, there are the few immortal books that are not born to die. Now, our duty is to conquer and transfigure both; and this not by opposition, but by the

steady pressure of an inspiration not to be resisted.

I have no quarrel with the modern newspaper; it renders us, at fearful cost, incalculable service. Like Phidippides, the famous runner immortalized by Browning, who lost his life to bring the precious news to Athens, the lives and energies of those who tell the daily story of the world are sacrificed to their tremendous task. They put us in electric touch with the nerve-centres of humanity; they translate for us the vital speech of many nations, and bring to our breakfast-tables the discoveries of science, the inventions of genius, the echoes of the world's music and of the world's misery. When we are sleeping quietly, these indefatigable workers are alert and active to feed our curiosity, to satisfy the exorbitant demands of our business, and to furnish entertainment for our minds. The sleuth-hounds of the editorial sanctum hunt down the villainies of public and of private life, expose the hypocrite to merited and indignant scorn, and often bring to bay the trampers of the oppressed and the tormentors of the unbelieved.

The modern press has all the defects of the society of which it is the organ; it has also the defects of its particular readers and its particular publishers. It is often abused for its shortcomings, and upbraided for its faults. It is seldom praised for its energy, or rewarded by a generous recognition of its public services. If the publisher is too much governed by subscription list and advertisement bureau, the reader is just as often governed by his selfish whims, his apathy, his prejudice, and his ingratitude. But when editors and reporters know that every effort to make an ideal journal will meet a generous response, then virtue and

righteousness will multiply their power, and holiness will be engraved upon the bells of these mighty couriers of our modern life. Wherever Christianity is merely nominal and traditional, a Sunday spectacle or a Sunday pastime, there the modern press—which has the sharpest eyes for the hard realities of life—will treat Christianity as it treats all other forms of entertainment. But let Christianity become a real and present energy, let it become the dominant and predominant power of social and political life, and the modern press will offer itself at once to be the organ of this all-conquering energy. For the modern newspaper lives upon modern intelligence, and directly that intelligence is openly, courageously, and actively Christian, the modern newspaper will be, perforce, a Christian institution.

What is true of the great newspaper is true also of the great magazine. It is there to be used by the Christian genius as well as by the profane, by John Watson with his stories of humble saints and human hearts and heroic daily Christian lives, as well as by Zola with his ugly realities of wickedness, or Du Maurier with his enchanting impossibilities of virtue and sweet womanliness floating above the slime of Parisian nastiness.

In our colleges, I fear, we lack the enthusiasm for literature which gave Longfellow and Hawthorne to Bowdoin, and Holmes and Emerson and Parkman to Harvard. Even our Christian students run to declamation and top-loftiness more than to steady thinking and to literary skill. Hence the incalculable power of the modern periodical is likely to be wielded by men who doubt and disbelieve rather than by men of faith and prayer. Can we imagine a calamity much greater? Wesley

asked with scornful wonder, "Why let the devil have all the good tunes?" Is the devil to have all the good stories of the future, all the witty essays, all the charms of poetry, and all the subtleties of prose? Is the humour that delights our children to be the grinning scepticism of Voltaire, or rich and quaint and divine like that of Bunyan? Are they to urge their way into the future, singing "psalms of life," or splendid stanzas of "eternal hope," or shall they dance away their lives to songs without substance and rhymes that stir the blood but petrify the soul? Are they to face death with the lines of "Morituri salutamus" on their quivering lips, or hurling the chant of "Prospice" in the Archfiend's face; or are they to cover before him with the moaning couplets of a bard without faith, or to shout away his hideous presence with some bacchanalian lay?

Well, this depends upon whether we who believe in the Gospel shall conquer and transform the forces of existing periodical literature. These forces are varied, numerous, powerful, aggressive, fascinating. We must conquer them, or they will conquer us. They share with us already the dominion of our firesides; they are shaping the aspirations, the ambitions, the creeds, the conduct of our children. They are disintegrating subtly the beliefs in which we were reared, as well as the prejudices that we mistook for sacred truth. Hence, I repeat, we must conquer them, or they will conquer us.

And, finally, I urge that the Christian of our times must conquer, for his Master, place and power in the permanent literature of the world. Few are the books that abide; few are the names that were not born to die. Yet Christ has never been without his witness among the immortals "whose sceptres rule us from their urns."

The long roll of English poets opens with Caedmon, who sung the story of creation, and closes for us with him that sung a song of triumph as he "crossed the bar," and him whose soul now builds itself a grander habitation in a diviner world. Dante still holds us by his visions of appalling judgment and of beatific love, while the troubadours have faded to a troop of lipping shadows, the helpless phantoms of their carousing world. Milton thrills us yet with "thoughts that wander through eternity," while Butler and the mockers of the Merry Monarch's court have faded to a speechless pageant.

Bunyan, no longer prisoner in Bedford gaol, but denizen of every pious home, reveals his Pilgrim's miseries and triumphs, and points a multitude of wanderers onward to the gates of light. Not Pope, with all his mastery of verse, speaks for the eighteenth century; but Cowper, bending to kiss his mother's portrait, or rising to the mysteries of God that moves so wonderful behind the clouds that hide his smiling face. All that is best in Burns comes from the prayers that glorified the Cotter's Saturday Nights, or sweetened the lives of men and women that climbed the hill together, and then tottered down hand in hand, to sleep together at the foot until the resurrection morn. Not Voltaire, with all his iridescent genius, but the Wesleys with their songs of Zion, are the mightier influence of the modern world. Which of you can quote a stanza or a line of Voltaire's poetry? But how many thousands have been lifted to the feet of God by the hymns that have conquered two continents and have filled the world with Christian rapture!

Where shall we look for Christian poets now? Tennyson is dead! Who shall strike again his lyre, and set the echoes of his

bugle blowing? Browning is dead! Who shall sound his brazen trumpet, with its clangor of celestial tone, to which the heavens opened, giving him a glimpse of God. Whittier is dead! Who now shall sweep the keys that answered to his firm and gentle touch, and filled the air with melodies of faith and hope and love? We scan the horizon with an anxious look; no sign of poet, no sound of Christian singer anywhere. The reason is partly in the age and partly in the Church. The intellectual movement of our time has been chiefly scientific, and science has been exploited for material triumphs. The Church, while recognizing and dreading this increasing power of science, has failed to comprehend the power of pure literature. She has established a religious press; she has printed sermons and religious books; she has deluged the world with controversy and theological disputes. But what we chiefly need is none of these; no! not even the specifically religious book. We need poetry and history and science filled with God, as nature is full of God. There are no specifically religious stars, but the heavens declare His glory, and the firmament showeth His handiwork. There are no specifically religious flowers, but the lilies of the field, and the roses of Sharon, and the cedars of Lebanon, tell of His tenderness and His perpetual care.

I long for the day, and I sometimes think I see the heralds of its dawning, when literature shall be religious as the sky and the sea are religious, as the snow-capped mountains and the pine-trees of the forest are religious,—a literature full of God, because his presence fills and overflows the minds of men, urging them to perfect expression of His beauty, His justice, and His loving kindness. In that day "the wheel shall come full

cycle," and literature shall end where it began—in inspirations of the Holy Ghost. In that day the lawgivers of nobler commonwealths shall, like ancient Moses, take their mandates from the living God; and poets of a nobler choir shall, like David and Isaiah, touch their lips with coals from off the altar beneath the shadow of the cherubim. In that day annalist

and thinker, seeing with unsealed eyes and speaking with pure lips, shall rebuild for us the worlds that have perished, and transfigure for us the world now perishing by the working of that mighty power whereby the children of men accomplish the miracles of God, the power of the truth that works by love.

BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX.

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

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II.

From his mystic type of piety, from his consuming love of the suffering Saviour, there naturally sprang in Bernard deep humility as to himself, wide tolerance as to others. Throughout his Christian life he consistently repudiated all merit in the sight of God, and even in his intercourse with his fellowmen wrote and spoke of himself in tones of profound humility.

Although men spoke of him as more the pope than was the Roman pontiff, although for many years he was, as Milman describes him, "at once the leading and the governing head of Christendom," yet he persistently rejected all ecclesiastical dignities and honours, content to live and die the abbot of Clairvaux. "The humility of his heart surpassed the majesty of his fame," said one of his early biographers.

His generous and Christlike tolerance of Jews and heretics was of a piece with his loving type of piety, and most wonderful in an age of bigotry and intolerance. The atrocious cruelty of Christians to Jews throughout the Christian ages almost surpasses belief. In

the days of Bernard this temper of hatred to the descendants of those who had slain the Lord was raised to white heat. If men could not go on crusade against the Mohammedans, they turned upon the hapless Jews of their own neighbourhood. A sanguinary monk of Germany preached along the Rhine, in Cologne, Mayence, Worms, Strasburg, the gospel of "death to the Jews," inciting wholesale massacre. It was Bernard and Bernard only who quelled the rage of the frenzied home-crusaders and delivered the poor Hebrews.

Toward even Christian heretics Bernard's spirit was strangely tender for those hard, ruthless times. While he did not plead for unchecked liberty of opinion and recognized extreme penalties as justified in the last resort, he earnestly protested against summary executions. "They are to be overcome," said he, "not with weapons, but with arguments; to be led back to the faith by instruction and persuasion."

With such a humble, loving temper, it is not strange that Bernard loved his quiet monastery, departed from it only with great re-

luctance and at the call of duty, and returned to it after his most renowned appearances upon the stage of European history with eager delight. To preach daily sermons, to read, to write, to meditate, aye, to take his part in preparing dinner and in washing dishes, to look after pigs and poultry, to grease his own boots—this was the humble routine of the life which he loved. To stand before counts and emperors and bishops, shaping the policy of Church and State—this was his strange work.

It is indeed remarkable that out from such a mystic type of piety there should have gone forth such world-wide energy and influence, for mysticism readily passes into a quietism which is content to "sit and sing itself away." But in Bernard there was a rare and most admirable combination of the mystical and the practical. The keynote of his character was indeed love to the suffering Saviour. But this coexisted with, passed over into loyalty to Christ as King.

Bernard was born in a castle; he was a knight in temper; he was penetrated with the spirit of chivalrous devotion to his Lord Jesus Christ. His love was a love which kept the commandments of Him whom he loved. This intensely practical side of his piety saved him from morbid mysticism, while the mystic side saved him from worldliness, and the combination of the two gave him a profundity of spirit and a power in action quite unique in his time and rarely equalled in any age.

Such a man, with the blood of knights in his veins, and the knightly temper of valour, fortitude, and loyalty in his heart, could not fail to take the keenest interest in the affairs of Church and State, could not fail to make his influence widely and profoundly felt wherever he was convinced

that his liege Lord, Christ, demanded his exertions.

The great aim in all Bernard's intervention in public affairs was essentially that of Hildebrand, to make a pure and living Church the uniting centre of the whole life of Europe, probably with a more single eye to the spiritual aspect of this high enterprise than had characterized Hildebrand's ambition. Having the absolute confidence of all men, as entirely sincere and unselfish in his purposes, possessing unflinching courage, indomitable will, a fascinating personality, Bernard, in the midst of his extreme physical infirmity, from his humble cell at Clairvaux, practically ruled the fierce forces of his time.

"Not tasting the difference between wine and oil, he elected popes, and with his delicate hand guided and governed the counsels of monarchs. Secluded in the valley of Clairvaux, which his commanding personality had made the real centre of Christendom, he marked out the policies of priest-hoods and princes; and as nothing can well be imagined more fragile than his frame, or more ethereal than his physical presence, so nothing can be conceived in the Europe of that time more controlling than his genius, more supreme than his fame.

"We must accept him as quite the most eminent and governing man in the Europe of his time; whose temper had in it a remarkable combination of sweetness and tenderness, with practical sagacity, devout consecration, a dauntless courage, and a terrible intensity; whose word carried with it a sovereign stress surpassing that of any other, whose hand most effectively moulded history."

The space allotted to this article would fail me were I to attempt to rehearse the episodes of Bernard's career which justify the above

judgment of Dr. Storrs. The most salient were his decisive effort to seat Innocent II. on the papal throne, and his successful preaching of the Second Crusade. Two popes had been elected by their respective cliques among the cardinals, Anacletus and Innocent. The rift widened throughout the Christian world. The King of France called a national council at Etampes to decide for France which of the rivals should be recognized. Bernard was not yet forty years of age, but such was his reputation for piety, impartiality, and wisdom, that he was specially summoned to the council, and king, bishops, and nobles unanimously referred the solemn decision in the case to his sole arbitrament.

Bernard's decision in favour of Innocent seems to have been made not on technical grounds (for technically Anacletus was the properly elected pope), but with an eye to the spiritual interests involved, for Innocent was vastly superior to his rival in uprightness and piety. The strange spectacle was presented of a whole kingdom welcoming this decision of a humble monk with acclamations as if his voice had been the very voice of God.

Bernard appealed to the King of England and the Emperor of Germany on behalf of Innocent with success. Henry of England expressed conscientious doubt as to the legality of Innocent's election. Bernard silenced his objection and swept away his hesitation by the impetuous appeal: "Are you afraid of incurring sin if you acknowledge Innocent? Answer to God for your other sins yourself. I will answer for this one."

The same persistent and impetuous energy of appeal overcame the hostility of the Emperor Lothaire. After three journeys, he reconciled jarring factions in

Italy itself, and Bernard's benign influence ended the schism of seven years in favour of Pope Innocent. But while all Rome was en fete, triumphing and rejoicing in the settlement which the monk of Clairvaux had effected, that same monk stole quietly away to the humble routine of his beloved monastery.

Equally thrilling is the episode of Bernard's preaching the Second Crusade. It was near the end of his arduous career. But nothing daunted his courage or dampened his enthusiasm. He was a child of his times in his passionate eagerness for the rescue of the fair scenes of sacred story from the grasp of the Mussulman. From place to place he proceeded, rousing men to the great undertaking. At Vezelai a vast assemblage gathered, the king and queen of France were present, barons, knights, soldiers, and peasants. On a platform stood Bernard and the king. Bernard's impetuous eloquence lashed the multitude into a frenzy of enthusiasm for the rescue of the Holy Sepulchre. The cry for crosses rose on every side. The supply was exhausted, and robes and mantles were torn up to make more.

At Chartres, the clamorous multitude insisted that the frail monk should himself lead them on the crusade. But Bernard, while enthusiastic, was not a fanatic; his prudence restrained him from enterprises for which he knew himself unfitted; he recognized the limits of his possibility. Throughout Germany Bernard preached the crusade with the same prodigious success as in France. So many men assumed the crusader's cross that Bernard declared that scarcely one man was left for seven women! So did the frail hand of this one monk launch all France and Germany upon what appeared to the conscience of the

time the holy task of the Second Crusade.

The disastrous failure of the enterprise produced universal rage and grief, and Bernard became the object of the bitterest reproaches. The quietness and meekness with which he patiently endured these reproaches afford the highest proof of his nobility of character. From the rage of men he took refuge under the shadow of God's wings and waited until the calamities should pass over.

In the year 1153 he died, with his weeping monks around him, praying God to spare him to them. He cried to them: "Why do you detain a miserable man? You are the stronger and prevail against me. Spare me! Spare me, I beseech you, and permit me to depart." And when they begged him to consider them and remain among them, he replied that he was in a strait between two, not knowing whether to choose to tarry with them or to go to Christ, and that he left it all to the will of God. And with these words he fell asleep.

The theology of Bernard was in its fundamentals that of universal Christianity, with many traces, indeed, of the special developments of mediæval thought. He was, in fact, the most beautiful and admirable flower of the religion of the Middle Ages. The universal mediæval conception of the higher Christian life was monastic, and Bernard was a monk. But it is noteworthy that he never lowered the ideal of the monastic life. He preached against monastic pride, ostentation, and hypocrisy. He insisted, addressing his monks, that humility in fine clothing was better than pride in the cell, and that the kingdom of God was within them and not an outward thing of clothes and food.

His doctrine of fasting was that it was a discipline to free us from

the tyranny of the world and fit us for heaven.

While devoted to the papacy, he held no doctrine of papal infallibility, but felt himself free to rebuke what he thought wrong in the decisions and evil in the life of the pontiffs. His reverence for the Church was mainly for that ideal Church, spiritual, spotless, and beneficent, to the realization of which he directed all his vast energies.

His view of the sacraments as signs and means of grace to true believers was probably not far removed from that of Protestantism. He certainly prayed to the saints and preached on the saints. But the saints of whom he spoke were of the highest type, and he spoke so nobly of them as to incite his hearers to imitate their Christian virtues, "who through faith and patience inherit the promises."

Bernard protested against the doctrine of the immaculate conception of the Virgin Mary. But in other respects he paid her the honour which the Roman Catholic Church has usually paid her. She was to him the womanly, more accessible, more sympathetic Saviour. Mary, he taught, would be our advocate with the Son, even as the Son with the Father. Such is the teaching of Bernard's sermons in honour of the Virgin. But such teaching does not often obtrude itself upon us in the rest of his sermons, which are to the Christian heart a garden of spices, breathing forth the perfume of the most precious truths of the free grace of God, the love of Jesus Christ, the merits and the saving issues of His sacred and vicarious sufferings.

Bernard thoroughly recognized the profound malignity of sin, the freedom and efficacy of God's grace in Jesus Christ. Salvation by grace he emphasized almost as did the Reformers. In his later years,

after a noble, virtuous, devoted, and most useful life, he always disclaimed all merit and stood only upon the solid rock, Christ Jesus. He said : " So far from being able to answer for my sins, I cannot answer even for my righteousness."

On his death-bed his prayer was : " Dear Lord Jesus, I know that even if I have lived the best of lives, yet I have so lived as to deserve damnation; but my comfort is that Thou hast died for me and hast sprinkled me with Thy blood from Thy sacred wounds. For I have been baptized into Thee, and have heard Thy word, through which Thou hast called me and promised me grace and life and commanded me to believe. Therefore will I depart not in uncertainty and anxious doubt concerning God's judgment for me."

Bernard may not have elaborated a clear-cut doctrine of justification by faith, but certainly the elements of that great truth, as taught by Paul and Luther, are vital parts of his theology. Listen as he cries : " Scarcely for a righteous man will one die; but Thou hast suffered for the unjust, who hast come freely to justify offenders, to make slaves brethren, captives co-heirs, exiles kings. Whosoever now, in penitence for sin, hungers and thirsts after righteousness, let him believe in Thee, who dost justify the ungodly, and being justified by faith alone he shall have peace with God."

He emphasizes the office of faith in the process of salvation. " Christ dwells not in that heart which lacks the courage of faith; the just shall live by his faith." There seems in all this no confusion of objective justification, as the pardon of sin, with the subjective renewal of the soul, the new life in Jesus Christ, such as is common in Roman Catholic theology. But certainly Bernard throws great emphasis on

the subjective aspects of salvation. His thought is not fixed so much on the forensic transaction in which the soul is pardoned, as on the hidden life of God within the soul, Christ living in and through the man, holiness in heart and life, fellowship with God here and now consciously enjoyed and hereafter consummated in the heavenly kingdom. Union with God, perfect union with God—that is to the mystic the goal of all endeavours.

But while Bernard was a mystic, he was not a Pantheist, as so many mystics have been. Personal consciousness, in his thought and hope of the consummation, continues. Man is not to be absorbed and lost in God, but blessedly, consciously, one with God.

To know and to love Jesus, to be in Jesus, to be one with Jesus in thought, feeling, will—this is Bernard's conception of the Christian life. In this living fellowship with God in Jesus Christ Bernard saw the means of sanctification. " Love Jesus," said he, " and with His sweetness drive out the sweetness of the world, as one key pushes out another."

A will out of harmony with God, that, in his view, was sin; and a will restored to harmony with God, that was salvation. " Listen," he said, " ye earth-born, ye sons of men, listen, ye who live in the dust, awake and praise Him who has come as Physician to the sick, as Redeemer to the captive, as Way to the erring, as Life to the dead. He has come who casts all our sins into the depths of the sea." " Jesus—all the food of the soul is dry, if it be not mingled with this oil; is insipid, if it be not seasoned with this salt; if you write, I have no relish, unless I there read of Jesus; if you dispute or confer, I have no relish, unless I there hear the name of Jesus."

His boundless love of Jesus is embalmed in those two tender and

touching hymns, among the most precious in all hymn-books to-day, "O sacred head, once wounded," and, "Jesus, the very thought of thee." These hymns are only less dear to us, if less at all, than the "Jerusalem, the Golden," of that other sweet singer and contemporary, Bernard of Clugny.

It is not wonderful that such a man, with so profound reverence for Holy Scripture and for Holy Church, with such simple trust in God and reliance upon His grace, with such confidence in the long established truths of the Christian faith, should have looked on with pain at the brilliant, tragic career of the great Abelard, and should have been constrained to antagonize his baldly intellectual, if not rationalistic, conception of Christianity. "Proficiency in science was the ideal of one, sainthood of the other." I confidently promise a rare treat to the reader of Dr. Storrs' chapter on Bernard's controversy with Abelard, for in it the whole career of the fascinating Abelard and the unfortunate Heloise, as well as the teaching of Abelard, will be found depicted by a master's hand.

It remains to speak briefly of Bernard as a preacher. The pulpit of the monastery was his throne-room, and the listening monks were the courtiers of his palace. Such a man as Bernard, so gifted, so godly, so enthusiastic, could hardly fail to be a great preacher, noble in form, rich in contents, persuasive in results. His whole heart was in this work more than in any other. His sermons were but the literary expression of those convictions, purposes, and hopes which found yet louder expression in his life. An enemy one day thought to discredit his preaching by praising the good condition of his well-fed horse. Bernard at

once bared his own emaciated neck as the conclusive refutation of the insinuation of luxurious living. The austerity and all the virtues which he preached he practised.

It may be said of Bernard, as of all great preachers, that the personality of the preacher was prominent in his sermons. He impressed upon the consciousness of his hearers not only the Gospel of God, but also himself as one whom the Gospel had saved. He spoke of his own experiences, of the time before his conversion, of his joys and sorrows, of his struggles and victories, of the Saviour as his Saviour, and by thus personally bearing witness to Christ and the Gospel, he made them a living reality to his hearers.

But he was no mere exhorter, no mere narrator of personal experience. The more intellectual side of preaching was not wanting in his sermons. Himself well acquainted with classical and patristic literature, he exhorted his brethren to be diligent in acquiring all available learning for God's service. "There are those," he said, "who strive for knowledge only in order that they may sell it for gold and honour; but there are those who strive for knowledge in order that they may edify with it—and that is love and wisdom." With him the principal knowledge is knowledge of self and God.

He was a very Biblical preacher. His principal preparation was incessant and profound meditation upon Holy Scripture. His sermons are more like Bible readings or expositions than our formal rhetorical discourses. In his interpretation of the Bible he is an allegorist, ever hunting after the hidden mystic sense, often doing violence to the principles of a sound exegesis. But his good sense and his deep spirituality preserved him from the ludicrous ex-

cesses into which the allegorical method leads shallower and less pious men.

He surely was right in holding that while intellectual study may make men learned in the truths of Scripture, nothing short of a right spiritual temper, a docile mind, longing and love toward the truth makes them really wise in spiritual things. And with the instinct of the heart he found Christ and salvation throughout the Bible. It was the intensity of his own convictions, the white heat of his own spiritual feelings, that made his word a fire in the hearts of his hearers. He always spoke with fear and trembling, conscious of the frailty of the vessel which held the heavenly treasure, and yet with assurance and power, conscious of the divine authority and energy of the truth he proclaimed. "I walk in full assurance," he said, "in the faith of the Creator of all nations; and I know that I shall never be confounded."

Living such a life, constantly brooding over Scripture, he was at any moment ready to preach. His preaching was, in the only proper sense, "extempore." His effort was not to construct mellifluous sentences and majestic periods, but only to pour out into the hearts of his hearers the riches of Christian thought, which meditation on Scripture and the ripe results of personal experience had accumulated in his own.

He is free from all homiletical pedantry of form, all painfully logical accuracy of division, all attempt at rhetorical ornament. Yet true oratorical power will show itself and will unconsciously conform to the principles of art. His sermons are among the noblest extant. As they were all delivered in the monastery, either to his own monks or to visitors who tarried for the night, there is lacking in them the spice of variety, they do

not touch human life at many points, they have not the wide, keen sympathy with men and affairs which characterizes the sermons of a Chrysostom or a Beecher. But they are full of life, energy, spiritual power. There is a breadth of view and a nobility of expression, a sense of the profound needs of the soul and of the glory of the grace of God, a consciousness of the nearness of the eternal world, which make his discourses peculiarly impressive. Luther declared him the best of all the doctors in his sermons.

His most famous sermons are those on the song of Solomon, allegorical and spiritual in the highest degree, breathing out the sweetness of a perfect peace with God and man, and representing mediæval piety at its best. Sometimes the natural tenderness of his affections finds unchecked utterance in his discourses. His beloved brother, Gerard, died at the abbey during the course of the series on the Song of Solomon. On the day of Gerard's death, Bernard proceeded with his exposition as if nothing of peculiar interest to him had occurred. Finally, however, he broke short his exposition and exclaimed :

"How long shall I dissemble ! the fire which I conceal within me is consuming my sad heart. Hitherto I have done violence to myself, that my passion should not seem to overcome my faith." Then he announced the death of his brother, and proceeded to preach a most affecting and beautiful funeral sermon, recounting the simple, helpful life of his brother, their mutual love, his own deep sorrow, and closing with the touching cry : "And now that my tears put an end to my words, I pray Thee teach me how to put an end to my tears."

There is not in Bernard the profound originality of Augustine or

of Luther. But he preaches Jesus out from a heart full of the love of Jesus and in harmony with a life of service for Jesus. He is a worthy link between the great fathers of the primitive Christian ages and the heroes of the Reformation. His personality is noble and attractive. His influence was a benediction to his own time and remains an inspiration for all ages. He is the representative of the chivalry, the poetry, the religion of the Middle Ages, yet he speaks in stirring tones to us of the nineteenth century. He speaks to us of the power of faith and prayer, of

the necessity and advantage of meditation, of the duty of public service, of the nobility of unselfishness, of the beauty of holiness, of the energy of love, of the victory of hope.

And now he has long since attained the bliss of which he sang so sweetly :

“ But those who find Thee, find a bliss
Nor tongue nor pen can show ;
The love of Jesus, what it is,
None but His loved ones know.

“ Jesus, our only joy be Thou,
As Thou our prize wilt be ;
Jesus, be Thou our glory now,
And through eternity.”

MERCURY AND VENUS.

BY THOMAS LINDSAY,

Secretary Astronomical and Physical Society of Toronto.

In times so stirring as the present year has brought we could not reasonably expect that scientific men would be quite unmoved by what interests us common folk; in fact, had they asked it, we would have granted them a holiday, demanding no more work from them than might be absolutely necessary. From the astronomer, for instance, we would have asked only that he keep one eye upon the heavenly bodies just to see they did not get away from him altogether: for a few months of vigilance entirely suspended would work more havoc with our systems of time reckoning than, I fancy, most of us have any idea of. But whether it was that he did not wish a holiday, or whether it was that his work was so entrancing as to make his time one long holiday, certain it is that the astronomer has not abated one jot in his constant search after knowledge—and that for its own sake. We are right in the midst of a controversy,

a peaceful one, however, regarding a point in the history of world making, which by no stretch of the imagination can be brought to bear upon our every-day life. I think we are all pretty well agreed that the regular work of our observatories is useful work, an aid to us in our civilization; and when astronomers pass into the fascinating realm of celestial chemistry, their labours in that far-away department may still be shown to have a direct bearing upon the chemistry of the laboratory, therefore useful in our modern life. But, departing from the routine of planetary observation, and the application of the Newtonian philosophy to little irregularities, we find our star-gazing friends agitated over the question as to whether our neighbours, Venus and Mercury, rotate upon their axes in short or long periods. And we have our scientific magazines giving considerable space to the views of this or that authority; and artist-

astronomers on one or other side of the question publishing drawings of what they have seen, each conclusive enough, so thoroughly conclusive, in fact, on both sides, that the amateur is completely at a loss, and knowing that his little telescope will not help him to an independent conclusion, inclined for once to despair.

What is all this for? What does it matter to us whether the planets rotate at all or not? Their revolutions we want to know about; their places in the heavens at a given moment, their distances from the sun, these are brought to the finest perfection, and the great mass of work in this line was done before there was a telescope in existence good enough to deal with the question of a planet's rotation. That marvellous work, the *Nautical Almanac*, with hundreds of pages of figures, the result of the very highest flight of mathematical analysis, has not one word about the time which any planet takes to turn upon its axis. The practical observational work in connection with the compilation of an ephemeris is done with instruments of extreme precision, but not large enough to show the little markings on a planet's disc that might settle the question one way or other (that have already settled it, indeed, both ways!). The observer of steady hand and keen eye, using constantly the transit instrument of some great observatory, will not claim to be an authority on planetary surfaces. Centres he knows something about, and minute fractions of seconds, and contacts of images with spider lines; he will tell us where a planet is, and if we want to know more about it, there are great telescopes, not necessarily of such extreme precision in mounting as the elaborate meridian circle, and there are observers of another class, not necessarily trained in the higher mathematics.

Among these latter the great controversy mildly rages.

In every disputed case there are always some facts that all admit. The few here we can state briefly, and it will be seen what a hopeless case it is so far as a final decision is concerned.

If we look up some of the older works on astronomy and consult the planetary tables there given, we will find that Venus was supposed to have a rotation period about the same as our own, her days and nights corresponding somewhat to ours. Mercury will be generally found with a query mark in the place of the rotation figures. It has always been a matter of difficulty to make anything out of either planet so far as surface markings are concerned, and in every one of the old books we find the statement that "Mercury and Venus are very disappointing objects in the telescope." Nevertheless, as stated, a definite period was assigned to Venus. Then, in later years, the renowned Schiaparelli entered upon planetary work, with a magnificent instrument, and under clear Italian skies. Something or other was certain to be discovered, and, in 1801, all the annual addresses by presidents of astronomical societies contained references to the announcement made by the observer of Milan, that Venus and Mercury did not rotate in short period, but kept one face to the sun, as the moon keeps one face to the earth, and then the controversy began. A celebrated Berlin observer, Leo Brenner, disputed the validity of the Italian's conclusions, for that is the correct way to put it. No one would accuse him of misrepresentation, but it is easy for an observer to deceive himself about such a difficult object as either of the two inner planets. And the controversy has been going on in a more or less vigorous style ever since.

Then here comes an observer from the ranks of enthusiastic laymen, Mr. Percival Lowell. He equips an observatory for the express purpose of studying the planets; he startles the world by his reports of observations of Mars; he lectures and publishes books about the planet of war; he is praised on one hand, abused on the other; takes everything philosophically, has the courage of his own convictions, and keeps right on, determined no doubt to go clean through the solar system. Venus is a fair mark for everybody, and of course comes under Mr. Lowell's searching scrutiny. The result is a series of drawings and several well-written articles, to prove that one side of Venus is so enamoured of the sun that she cannot take her eyes off him, but wheels round in a stately orbit, turning on her axis only once in a revolution. The inhabitants, if there be any, flock to the sunward side, for the outer half of the surface is doomed apparently to eternal cold. Then, to be thorough, Mr. Lowell attacks Mercury, and places him also in the list of bodies without axial rotation in the ordinary sense. The drawings and reports from the great Arizona observatory are reproduced in the most conservative publications, and it soon becomes reported all over the world that Lowell has corroborated Schiaparelli, and that the planets, Venus and Mercury, do not rotate in short period. Then, again, Leo Brenner comes to the front, and Lowell shares the same fate as the great Italian, in the clutches of the German.*

* It is but fair to Mr. Lowell to say that he defends his position very ably. The writer had the pleasure of hearing a short paper by the renowned observer at the meeting of the British Association. Mr. Lowell makes the point, and holds to it manfully, that the atmosphere of Flagstaff, Arizona, is the purest in the world that has yet been

Such has been the controversy, and about what? Is it very important to know the axial period? Well, it is not unimportant, for everything that can be known of the heavens is worth learning. But, as has been said, we could get along very well without troubling ourselves about axial rotation of other planets, we are only concerned with that of our own. There is, however, a question involved which becomes very interesting as it is studied out in all its bearings.

This we may perhaps be able to explain. Let us go back to a nebula, throwing off rings and other masses. Let a ring be supposed to break up and coalesce into one body, a planet revolving about the parent mass. Now think for a moment of its history; it has assumed successive shapes gradually approaching the spherical; it has been made up of pieces, some denser than others; its centre of mass has been continually changing, now somewhere about the centre of figure, and now out far away from it as some unshapely piece of the original ring comes to join its fellows; but the particles composing the whole have been gradually pressing in to the centre of mass, wherever it might be, and under such conditions we would surely expect a planet to fairly tumble about on its changing axis, not to mention regular rotation at all. We would expect this without giving a thought to the theorems that prove it. If we want to imagine a body not rotating we must think of one filling these conditions: "Perfectly spherical and homogeneous, sent

found for astronomical observations. He says, in effect, that if the other great telescopes were mounted in localities as favourable, they would reveal the markings on planetary discs just as he sees them. Flagstaff, it appears, is practically a oasis in a desert, and it is claimed that the atmosphere of an oasis is the ideal for "good seeing."

forward by some omnipotent hand and by an impulse in a line directed to the centre." Such a body would not rotate. If we are asked why not, we reply by another question, How could it? If Newton's Laws of Motion are correct at all, they teach that matter can do nothing of itself, it is inert. How then could the particles composing a globe go whirling round unless some force acted upon them? But—the touch of a child's finger, if we could imagine such a force employed, would set a giant sun rotating. And here we reach the contra proposition with which we are most concerned, a child's finger acting as a brake, could in time stop that same giant's whirling motion.

We can see now that it is useless to deny that Venus and Mercury rotated rapidly enough at one time. If they have slowed down, the brake applied has been the tidal friction. While either was a plastic mass great tides would be set up tending to elongate the diameter in one direction and to keep it so. The earth has exercised this power upon the moon; has the sun been able to exercise the same power upon the inner planets? This sounds like asking a question involving considerable mathematical work. It does indeed, but what are we to do? One astronomer tells us not to waste time in figuring, take a few observations with his telescope, and we can see that whatever Venus may have done in her young days, she dances now only a slow and stately minuet, once around on her axis as she makes her revolution about the sun. And as we are about to look, another astronomer, with a quiet smile, tells us to use his telescope, which is a far better one, and we can see the planet turning rapidly before our eyes. This is "doctors disagreeing" with a vengeance.

And we are not to blame if we try figuring on the problem.

The mathematics of the tidal theory will carry where no amateur need hope to follow, but there is a popular presentation of the problem we have been trying to consider, due to the late Prof. Coakley, of New York University, which is not difficult to grasp. It is something like this: The gravitational influence of the earth upon the inner hemisphere of the moon is greater than upon the centre, and that upon the centre is greater than the force of gravity on the outer hemisphere. Note that the difference is very slight; gravity decreases as the square of the distance increases, but if we set down the distance between the centres of earth and moon, then increase this by 1,100 miles or so, there is not much difference between the squares of the numbers. There is, however, if the tidal theory is correct, enough to cause a pulling away of the inner hemisphere of the moon from the centre; that is, the moon has become a body of the prolate spheroid form, not the oblate. This was done while the moon was still plastic, and as it cooled down it held this shape while the gravitational influence of the earth held it so rigidly that one hemisphere could not turn round upon the other.

Now pass at once to the sun and Venus. The planet's diameter is a mere speck compared with the sixty-six million miles that separate it from the sun, and the difference between the gravity exerted on the inner and the outer hemisphere of the planet by the sun is extremely small, very much smaller than in the earth-moon system. Consequently, it was held by Coakley, and he has many followers, that the sun could not draw out the diameter of Venus and hold it in the rigid manner referred to. Mercury works out in

the same way, and the final conclusion is that these planets rotate in short period, that there is not power enough in the sun to slow them down.

Perhaps some will think all this unsatisfactory. If so, then the case is indeed a bad one, and we are left with a problem as yet unsolved, having no immediate connection with our lives, yet studied for its own sake.

But I said a child's finger might stop a sun; and the very tiny friction of the tides will in time slow down the rotation of the planets—in the unthinkable future, however. Perhaps as the rotation of Mercury and Venus belong to the tidal theory, the astronomer with utter fearlessness would even

look to the very end, and would trace the solar system to the time when the planets will have one by one closed in their orbits, and falling upon the sun, revived that then cold, dark body into a glowing mass of gas—a nebula once more. The theory of tidal action looks even so far ahead as this!

It will be seen, then, that though the question of rotation does not concern us to-day, and never will concern our race, it is yet bound up with the history of our system, with the methods of the Creator. And though, if settled to-morrow, it would not increase our so-called useful knowledge, it would yet increase the sum total of knowledge, and who will dare to draw the line between the useful and the useless?

ONE OF THE TWELVE.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

From the Provençal of Roumanille, after literal translation by
Mrs. Catharine A. Janvier.

“Great stir among the shepherd folk;
To Bethlehem they go,
To worship there a God whose head
On straw is laid full low;
Upon this lovely new-born child
Their gifts will they bestow.

“But I, who am as poor as Job—
A widowed mother I,
Who for my little son's sweet sake
For alms, to all, apply—
Ah, what have I that I can take
The child of love most high?

“Thy cradle and thy pillow too,
My little lamb forlorn,
Thou sorely needest them—no, no,
I cannot leave thee shorn!
I cannot take them to the God
That in the staw was born.”

Oh, miracle! the nursing babe—
The babe e'en as he fed—
Smiled in his tender mother's face,
And, “Go, go quick!” he said;
“To Jesus, to my Saviour, take
My kisses and my bed.”

The mother, all thrilled through and
through.

To heaven her hands did raise;
She gave the babe her breast, then took
The cradle—went her ways, . . .
And now, at Bethlehem arrived,
To Mary mother says:

“O Mary, pearl of Paradise,
That heaven on earth hath shed,
O virgin mother, hear the word
My little babe hath said:
‘To Jesus, to my Saviour, take
My kisses and my bed.’

“Here, Mary, here the cradle is:
Thy need is more than mine;
Receive, and in it lay thy Son,
Me ‘ah all-divine!
And let me kiss, upon my knees,
That darling babe of thine!”

The blessed Virgin, then, at once,
Right glad of heart, bent low,
And in the cradle laid her child,
And kissed him, doing so.
Then with his foot St. Joseph rocked
The cradle to and fro.

“Now, thanks to thee, good woman, thanks,
For this that thou hast done.”—
Thus say they both, with friendly
looks.

“Of thanks I merit none;
Yet, holy mother, pity me,
For sake of thy dear Son.”

Since then a happy soul was hers;
God's blessing on her fell;
One of the twelve her child became,
That with our Lord did dwell.
Thus was this story told to me,
Which I afar would tell.
—*Edith M. Thomas, in "Century."*

RHODA ROBERTS.

A WELSH MINING STORY.

BY HARRY LINDSAY.

Author of "Adam Cartright's Will," etc.

CHAPTER XVII.

TERRIBLE NEWS.

A great surprise awaited Seth Roberts and his daughter on their arrival at home in the form of a letter which had been dropped into their letter-box during their brief absence. The letter was written on black-edged paper, enclosed in a black-bordered envelope, and bore the Trethyn crest on both paper and envelope.

Seth opened it wonderingly, and read its contents with apprehension and misgiving of darkening trouble, for why should the gentlefolk of the Manor write to him ?

"Trethyn Manor, Nov. 18.

"To Mr. Seth Roberts.

"Dear Sir,—A messenger from me has twice been to your house looking for you, without success. Hence this note. Please come to the Manor at once, as we are anxiously waiting to see you.

"M. TRETHYN."

Written in a thin, scrawling hand, that was all the letter contained.

"Lady Trethyn's own handwriting," whispered Rhoda, who had stood looking at the letter over her father's shoulder as he read it out aloud.

"It's something concerning Edward," whispered Rhoda.

"Yes," replied her father slowly and after a few moments' thoughtful deliberation, "something concerning Edward. Lady Trethyn could not possibly desire to see me on other business."

"I hope, father," said Rhoda, "that no evil has befallen him,"

and as she spoke she called her father's attention to the black-edged paper and envelope.

"Indeed, I hope not," answered Seth solemnly.

"You'll go at once, father?" asked Rhoda presently.

He hesitated before he answered.

"What is the time now?" he queried.

"Just ten o'clock," replied Rhoda.

"It's very late," mused Seth, "to go out again to-night, and I've to be in the mine at three to prepare for the men."

(It was his business to go round the mine very early in the morning, before the arrival of the workmen, and test the workings and the mine with a Davy lamp to see if they were sufficiently free from gas to be safe, and, if necessary, to put up the usual signs of warning.)

"It is late," said Rhoda thoughtfully, "but—"

"You think I ought to go?"

"Yes," she answered faintly, "I think so. Lady Trethyn will be expecting you and waiting for you."

"Then I'll go at once," said Seth, reaching down his hat from the peg behind the door on which it hung. "I'll come back again as soon as I can. You won't feel lonely?"

"No; I'll fasten the door when you're gone, and spend the time correcting some exercises which I've brought home from school."

Correct exercises! How could she do that when her mind was filled with the subject of Lady Trethyn's note, and fears as to the

meaning of it? She got out the exercise-books, however, and spread them on the table beside her. But she accomplished little, and what she did was done listlessly.

"He promised to write to me," she mentally observed, "and let me know all. He hasn't once written. Oh! what can have happened to him!"

Meanwhile Seth had reached the Manor, and, as Rhoda had suspected, had found Lady Trethyn awaiting him, and also, to Seth's surprise, though the letter which summoned him to the Manor spoke plurally, Sir Charles Montgomery and Lawyer Jeffries.

"You've come at last," faintly exclaimed Lady Trethyn, as Seth was ushered into the sumptuously furnished drawing-room, and stood hat in hand near the door. "I am glad."

"We were down at poor Tucker's, at a prayer-meeting," explained Seth, "else I might have come earlier."

"His wife's dead?" queried Lawyer Jeffries.

"Yes," replied Seth, simply.

"I've heard queer things about it," said the lawyer, sotto voce, which no one, however, seemed to notice, for Lady Trethyn's face was pitifully directed towards the fireman, and her sad eyes, for the hundredth time that night, suddenly filled with scalding tears.

"I've just been bringing Lady Trethyn bad news, Seth," said Sir Charles Montgomery, his voice shaking with emotion.

"Indeed, sir?" said Seth, raising his brows questioningly. "I'm mortal sorry to hear that, Sir Charles."

"And I, too, have brought evil news," said Lawyer Jeffries; "or, at least, what I believe the people of Trethyn will consider evil news."

"It's nothing but trouble upon

trouble," remarked Sir Charles; "though to Lady Trethyn no news can be worse than mine."

"None," wept Lady Trethyn.

The fireman looked from one to another in amazement.

"Does it concern Mr. Edward?" he asked.

"You were good to Mr. Edward, I'm informed," said Sir Charles presently.

"I don't know what you mean, sir," replied the honest-hearted fireman. "No one could be anything but good to him."

Sir Charles Montgomery shook his head.

"Some have been anything but good to him," he said, adopting the fireman's words, but reversing their meaning, "and have wrought him the greatest injury."

"True," consented Seth, "but they were his enemies."

"Yes," said Sir Charles, vigorously, "enemies. Every man has his enemies, but poor Edward's enemies were fiends."

Again he paused, while all sat silent and still. But in a few moments Sir Charles spoke again.

"Lady Trethyn informs us that you befriended Mr. Edward?"

Seth looked confused, and glanced towards the weeping Lady Trethyn, wondering what she had told.

"My dear fellow," said Lawyer Jeffries, hastening to relieve the fireman's embarrassment, "you needn't fear. Your goodness to him on the night of his escape won't go beyond us, and we're all very grateful to you for it."

So the matter was not public property, but only known to those present, who would keep it secret. Seth felt more satisfied on hearing the assurance, but especially because the lawyer's words plainly showed him that Rhoda's part in the drama was not known, and that he was being thanked merely for

the refuge and hiding-place he had afforded the fugitive.

"And," said Sir Charles Montgomery, "we're anxious to reward you for it."

Seth shook his head vigorously.

"But you deserve it," went on Sir Charles.

Still more vigorously Seth shook his head.

"At all events," said Sir Charles, "you'll henceforth consider me—"

"Us," emphatically supplied Lawyer Jeffries.

"You'll henceforth consider us your friends, Seth Roberts," corrected Sir Charles, "and if ever you're in need of either money or assistance of any kind whatever, you'll perhaps allow us to do some little to repay your great kindness to poor Edward."

The old fireman was completely overwhelmed. Over and over again he protested against all the kind words they said about him, telling them emphatically that he had done nothing to merit them, only having acted the part of common humanity towards Edward; but they would not listen to his self-depreciation, declaring he had acted nobly, heroically, and had laid them under a debt of gratitude to him for ever.

"It is your kindness to Edward," said Lawyer Jeffries, "that has induced Lady Trethyn to send for you to-night."

Lawyer Jeffries paused, and glanced at Sir Charles Montgomery.

"Go on, Jeffries," said Sir Charles, languidly; "tell him."

"Lady Trethyn wants to inform you, Mr. Roberts," pursued the lawyer, "that her poor unfortunate son will never now be able to repay your kindness."

Seth's face suddenly grew white and startled.

"Never in this world," added Sir Charles with forceful meaning.

"What?" gasped Seth, "is Mr. Edward dead?"

"Dead," solemnly repeated the lawyer, "mysteriously dead."

"Read that, my good fellow," said Sir Charles presently, placing a telegram in Seth's hands. "This came early to the Bucklands this morning, and since then I've had corroboration of it in the form of a letter."

Still panting for breath through the great shock given him, Seth glanced quickly at the telegram.

"To Sir Charles Montgomery,
Bucklands Park.

"From Police-Sergeant Tomlinson,
Police Station, Uplands.

"Found drowned in Avon, body of young man with linen marked 'E. T.' in red characters. Recognized as Edward Trethyn, of Trethyn parish."

Upon reading the words Seth broke down utterly. His trembling limbs refused to uphold him, and he sank, faint and feeble, into a chair.

"A glass of wine?" suggested Sir Charles.

Seth shook his head.

"No," he said faintly, "let me be. I shall be better presently. But this is a great shock, a great shock. Better a thousand times over than he had died in prison than this."

"You suspect the truth, then?" asked the lawyer.

The fireman looked his answer.

"It is so," assented the lawyer. "Driven to despair and desperation, poor Edward Trethyn had evidently sought rest from all his troubles in the placid waters of the Avon."

For a few moments complete silence reigned, each one present quietly brooding over the sad circumstances. Presently, however, Lady Trethyn, unable to bear the strain any longer, rose and left the room, burying her flushed and

tear-stained face in her handkerchief as she went out.

"It's a terrible affair," muttered Seth.

"Terrible, terrible," said Sir Charles.

"Poor Lady Trethyn," pitied Seth.

"Yes," said Sir Charles, "it's an awful blow to her. I fear it'll be the death of her."

"Especially," said Lawyer Jeffries, "after the sad and tragic events of the past few months."

"Well," said Sir Charles, after another pause, "now that poor Edward's gone, and the new heir is coming home, I shall resign my position as trustee of the Trethyn estates. I have no further interest in the matter, and the new-comer must act for himself."

The fireman looked up quickly.

"Yes," explained the lawyer, "that's the news I bring here to-night, the news which I suggested would probably be ill-news to the good people of Trethyn. I have a letter from the heir to say that he is coming home, and that he will probably call and see me on Friday morning next between the hours of ten and eleven."

"From whence did the letter come?" queried Sir Charles.

"It has no mention of the heir's whereabouts," answered the lawyer, "but the envelope bears the Lyons postmark."

"South of France?"

"Yes."

"Then the probability is that he is here already," said Sir Charles; "that is, if he be travelling direct, without staying at any town on the route."

Had Sir Charles intuitional knowledge of the fact? for fact indeed it was. Arthur Bourne Trethyn had indeed arrived in England, and at that very moment was within several hundreds of yards from the Manor. A few hours before he had alighted at the

little railway station, and, unknown and unsuspected, had slowly wended his way through the darkness of the dreary night towards the park, when he had observed a light gleaming from the windows of the lodge near the gate, the house in which Stephen Grainger had domiciled since the burning of the larger one he had previously tenanted.

"At last!" muttered Arthur Bourne Trethyn, on observing the light. "Here it is at last. This is the place, I judge, and yon Steve Grainger's house."

He quickened his steps, and very soon was standing before the door, giving a loud resounding knock at the knocker. Almost before he had finished knocking the door was opened by a servant-girl, who was considerably astonished to see the figure of a man, wrapped in a great-coat, from which the rain streamed copiously, step boldly into the hall without one word of comment or inquiry, but who, as he stood on the mat, opening his coat and shaking off from it the rain, muttered some words of fearful malediction at the character of the night.

"Grainger at home?" he demanded from the aghast servant-girl when he had sufficiently shaken the rain from his coat.

"Mr. Grainger is at home," she replied, with emphasis on the little word of courtesy, at which the heir-presumptive set up a coarse laugh, to the great indignation of the servant-girl.

"Mister, is it now!" exclaimed the heir. "Well done, Steve! Ha! ha! ha!" Laughing loudly and ironically, he snatched off his closely fitting cap and swished the rain from it, sending all the wet over the place, while the disgusted maid looked at him like drawn daggers.

"Where is Grainger?" he asked at length.

"Do you wish to see him, sir?" she inquired.

"If I don't, why do you think I ask?" he demanded somewhat angrily.

But there was no need for reply, for at that moment Stephen Grainger himself, attracted by the noise and commotion at the door, came forward from his little office, where he had been sitting, or rather lying, pondering over some papers relating to the estate, to learn the cause of the noise.

"Oh! there you are, Steve Grainger!" called out the heir on seeing him. "Bless me, how refined-looking you've grown, old man!"

"You, Arthur?" cried the agent in manifest surprise.

"Arthur!" humorously repeated that young gentleman with the stubby moustache, low brow, and powerful jawbones. "Come, sir, what do you mean? Your girl here has just been giving me a lesson on politeness, and I think I'll have to read it to you, sir!"

"Indeed!" laughed Stephen Grainger.

"Yes, indeed," quickly replied the heir, with a merry twinkle in his deep-sunken eyes. "She tells me that it's Mister Grainger now, and not plain old Steve. What I say, sir, is this, that other folks will have to insist upon being addressed in a becoming manner;" and as he spoke the agent led him into the little office, leaving the servant-girl looking after them in a stupefied sort of way.

"Yes," said Stephen Grainger, carefully closing the door behind them, and evincing an exuberance of spirits such as he had not felt since he had left poor William Tucker's house earlier in the day, "I suppose it will soon be squire now."

"Squire!" said Arthur Bourne Trethyn in mock majesty, haughtily drawing himself up to his full

dignity, and stalking across the room with a proud, contemptuous air, much to the amusement of Mr. Stephen Grainger. "Yes, sir, squire it is—Squire Trethyn, of Trethyn Manor. What do you think of it all, Steve Grainger?"

"I think," answered that gentleman, "that you're one of the luckiest dogs under the sun. But sit down, Arthur; sit down, and tell me your plans. First of all, have you come to stay?"

"Yes," answered Arthur Bourne.

"That's good," exclaimed Stephen Grainger. "Things will come out all right again if you stay; at present they're in a terrible mess—all sixes and sevens."

"Indeed! How's that?"

"Too many officious people about this estate now," said the agent. "When the old squire lived—"

"God bless him!" piously, or rather impiously, exclaimed the heir, laughing, and in which the agent joined him.

"When the old squire lived," went on Stephen Grainger, "he left the whole management of the estate to me; and I tell you, Arthur, it prospered. There was then no back rents due; everything was paid up promptly, and people were much more respectful and honest. Now, since Sir Charles Montgomery has acted as trustee, he has permitted no end of abuses. Why, there are hundreds and hundreds of pounds now due for rent which are practically lost to the estate through his—"

"Confounded bad management!" exclaimed the heir.

"Yes," agreed the agent. "Nor is that all, for he is now contemplating giving the tenants a ten per cent. reduction on their rents and wiping out over a score of the rents due and yet unpaid."

"Not if I know it," cried the heir, swinging his chair backwards and forwards, and looking for all

the world as if he were about to topple over altogether. "Not if I can prevent it."

"You can prevent it."

"How?"

"By forbidding it," replied Stephen Grainger; "by taking these matters into your own hands and—"

"Oh! I know nothing about such things," he was beginning, when the agent quickly interrupted him.

"What am I here for?"

"Exactly; what are you here for?"

"To serve the best interests of this estate," said Stephen Grainger, "and to protect yours."

"Tell me, Grainger, how did you get into your present position?"

"The merest chance," replied Stephen Grainger carelessly, "the telling of which can be told again."

"Nay," said Arthur Bourne, "but tell me now. Did you use my name?"

Stephen Grainger hesitated.

"Look here, Steve," said the heir; "I have been thinking this matter over, and I can't help believing that you must have forced yourself into this position. What was the lever you used?"

"Would you blame me very much if I told you?" queried the agent, with a meaning tone.

Arthur Bourne Trethyn caught the meaning, and looked into the agent's face in no little anger.

"I suspected it," he said in subdued tones. "I suspected it from the first."

"But you see, Arthur," persisted Stephen Grainger, "it has all turned out for the best. When we were together out yonder—"

"Hush!" whispered the heir, seizing the agent's arm: "for mercy's sake, hush! Don't even breathe it."

Stephen Grainger laughed.

"Very well," he said, "I think we understand each other; and

now to business again. I was remarking that things had come to a terrible pass here—"

"I shall leave you to right them," said the heir, wearily. "I shall never much bother with the management of the estate, but shall leave it to you."

Stephen Grainger was immensely satisfied with this decision, and rubbed his hands in glee.

"That being so," he said, "you'll become a fabulously rich landlord, Arthur, for when I have my way there shall be no thieves allowed to tenant the estate's houses. If they can't or won't pay, out they'll go, to make room for those who can and will. And, bless my soul! the cottages are worth twice the rent we're getting for them. Instead of being reduced ten per cent. they shall be increased twenty."

"Just as you like," said the heir, "only get me some money. I shall require a great deal soon. What can you lend me now? I've not got a red cent; it cost me my last halfpenny to pay my train here. Can you give me twenty pounds?"

"With pleasure," replied Stephen Grainger, opening his desk. "In notes or gold?"

"Half it," said the needy heir.

"You're sure that will be enough?"

"For the present," he answered. "And you can charge it to the estate, you know."

"Well, now," said the agent again, having got that little matter pleasantly over, "what are you going to do?"

"I'm going to call on Jeffries on Friday—"

"You ought to inform him, then, beforehand," said the agent.

"I have done so."

"You have?"

"Yes."

Stephen Grainger gave a low whistle.

"That explains it," he said thoughtfully. "Lawyer Jeffries was up at the Manor to-night, and

Sir Charles Montgomery; they've evidently been considering the question of your arrival. I hope they've not been plotting against you. But you must stand up for your rights. I think you had better let Jeffries know that you've invited me to meet you at his office on Friday. I know the gentleman, and can manipulate him. Shall it be so?"

"Yes, if you think proper. P'raps you'll let him know."

"P'raps it would be better," said the agent. "Very well, I'll let him know."

At that moment the clock in the next room struck the hour of eleven, and with the last strokes came also a rat-tat-tat at the hall door.

"Who's that, I wonder?" queried the agent. "It's a very late hour for visitors."

"P'raps it's Jeffries on his way home from the Manor."

"No," said the agent, shaking his head, "he'll have gone home long ago. It's probably some tramp. Listen!"

The servant-girl had reached the door and opened it.

"I want to see Mr. Grainger a moment."

"Will you come in, sir?"

"No, I'll stay here. I want to get home, and I'll only keep him a moment."

Standing with his hand on the handle of the office door, and holding it ajar, Stephen Grainger heard plainly what was said.

"It is Lawyer Jeffries," he whispered. "You keep quite still, Arthur. He sha'n't come in here."

"You're wanted, sir," cried the girl the next moment.

"Wanted?" exclaimed the agent in well-feigned surprise. "Who wants me at this hour of the night?"

"I think it's Lawyer Jeffries, sir."

"Lawyer Jeffries? Then why ever didn't you ask him in?" cried the agent, going out into the hall.

"Oh! I won't come in, Mr. Grainger," answered the lawyer from the door. "I only want a word with you, and the trap is waiting outside."

"Bless me, what a night!" exclaimed Grainger, going forward to the door and glancing out.

"A wretched night," said the lawyer. "Mr. Grainger, I have bad news for you."

Filled with his own misgivings, he at once thought the plotting at the Manor, as he had been pleased to term it, had been directed towards himself. But he was soon immensely, jubilantly relieved.

"Mr. Grainger, Mr. Edward Trethyn is dead—"

"Dead?"

He had not heard the faintest whisper of the sad event until that moment, and though he was relieved, he was, too, intensely surprised.

"Yes," said the lawyer, "the poor fellow is gone. It is a sad affair. Can you call round at my office on Friday between ten and eleven?"

"Yes."

"Thanks. I can't stay now to explain, but Sir Charles Montgomery is giving up his office of trustee to the Trethyn estates, and it'll have to be put into other hands. Whose I won't mention now, else you would never let me get home to-night, but I would like you present to meet the new trustee. Good-night, Grainger."

Sir Charles Montgomery having resigned his trusteeship, the alien heir took upon himself the full management of the estates, subject, of course, to his crafty agent, and the next Friday all Trethyn learned with amazement and concern that Arthur Bourne Trethyn was practically squire of the parish.

ANSWERS TO PRAYER.

BY HUGH PRICE HUGHES.

I have never had any doubt that Dean Milman was right when he said that personal religion becomes impossible if prayer is not answered. Neither have I ever been able to appreciate the so-called scientific objection to prayer, as we have ample experience in the activity of our own will, to illustrate the fact that invariable laws may be so manipulated and utilized as to produce results totally different from those which would have taken place if some free will had not intervened to use them. We must assume that God, who is the author of all natural laws, can with infinite ease manipulate them so as to produce any desired result, without in the least degree altering their character or interfering with the universal reign of law.

However, what you want is not theory, but actual experience. I will not refer, therefore, to the stupendous proofs that God does answer prayer, presented by Mr. Muller, of Bristol, in his immense orphanages, or to similar unmistakable results in the various philanthropic institutions of Doctor Cullis, of Boston. I will go at once to my own personal experiences, and mention one or two facts which have come under my own observation. There are a great many, but I will simply give a few typical cases.

A good many years ago I was conducting a special mission in the neighbourhood of Chelsea. It is my custom on these occasions to invite members of the congregation to send me in writing special requests for the conversion of unsaved relatives or friends. On the Tuesday night, among many other

requests for prayer, was one from a daughter for the conversion of her father. It was presented in due course with the rest, but no one at that moment knew the special circumstances of the case, except the writer. On the following Friday I received another request from the same woman; but now it was a request for praise, describing the circumstances under which the prayer had been answered, and I read the wonderful story to the congregation. It appeared that this girl's father was an avowed infidel who had not been to any place of worship for many years, and he disliked the subject of religion so intensely that he ultimately forbade his Christian daughter in London to write to him, as she was continually bringing in references to Christ. On the particular Tuesday evening in question, that infidel father was on his way to a theatre in some provincial town more than a hundred miles from London. As he was walking to the theatre, there was a sudden shower of rain which drove him for shelter into the vestibule of a chapel where a week-night service was being held. The preacher in the pulpit was a Boanerges, whose loud voice penetrated into the lobby, and there was something in what he said which attracted the attention of the infidel, and induced him to enter the chapel. He became more and more interested as the sermon proceeded, and before its close he was deeply convinced of sin, and in true penitence sought mercy from Jesus Christ. I need scarcely say to any one who knows anything of the love of God, that this prayer was speedily answered, and he

went home rejoicing in divine forgiveness. The next day he wrote to his daughter in London, telling her that he had set out on the previous evening intending to visit the theatre, but he actually found his way into a chapel, where his sins had been forgiven and his heart changed. He wrote at once to tell her the good news, and he assured her that he would now be only too glad to hear from her as often as she could write to him. These facts were communicated through me to the congregation, and we all gave thanks to God.

Of course, it may be said that the conversion of this man, who had not been into a place of worship for more than a dozen years, was a mere accident, and that its coming at the very time we were praying for him was a mere coincidence. But we need not quarrel about words. All we need to establish is, that such delightful accidents and such blessed coincidences are continually occurring in the experience of all real Christians. I may add generally, that it is our custom to present written requests for prayer and written requests for praise at the devotional meetings of the West London Mission every Friday night. This has now gone on without interruption for more than nine years, and I scarcely remember a prayer-meeting at which we have not had some request for praise on account of prayer answered.

It may be argued, however, that all such cases are purely subjective, and that they take place in the mysterious darkness and silence of the human heart. Let my next illustration, then, be of a much more tangible character. Let it refer to pounds, shillings and pence.

Not long ago the West London Mission was greatly in need of money, as has generally been its experience since it began. It

would seem as though God could not trust us with any margin. Perhaps if we had a considerable balance in the bank, we should put our trust in that, instead of realizing every moment our absolute dependence on God. Like the children of Israel in the wilderness, we have had supplies of manna just sufficient for immediate need. Always in want, always tempted to be anxious, it has always happened at the last moment, when the case seemed absolutely desperate, help has been forthcoming from the most unexpected quarter. But a short time ago the situation appeared to be unusually alarming, and I invited my principal colleagues to meet me near midnight—the only time when we could secure freedom from interruption and rest from our own incessant work.

We spent some time, in the quietness of that late hour, imploring God to send us one thousand pounds for His work by a particular day. In the course of the meeting one of our number burst forth into rapturous expressions of gratitude, as he was irresistibly convinced that our prayer was heard and would be answered. I confess I did not share his absolute confidence, and the absolute confidence of my wife and some others. I believed with trembling. I am afraid I could say nothing more than, "Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief." The appointed day came. I went to the meeting at which the sum total would be announced. It appeared that in a very short time and in very extraordinary ways, nine hundred and ninety pounds had been sent to the West London Mission. I confess that as a theologian I was perplexed. We had asked for a thousand pounds—there was a deficiency of ten. I could not understand it. I went home, trying to explain the dis-

crepancy. As I entered my house, and was engaged in taking off my hat and coat, I noticed a letter lying on the table in the hall. I remembered that it had been lying there when I went out, but I was in a great hurry, and did not stop to open it. I took it up, opened it, and discovered that it contained a cheque for ten pounds for the West London Mission, bringing up the amount needed for that day to the exact sum which we had named in our midnight prayer-meeting. Of course, this also may be described as a mere coincidence, but all we want is coincidences of this sort. The name is nothing, the fact is everything, and there have been many such facts.

Let me make one other in reference to money, as this kind of illustration will, perhaps more than any other, impress those who are disposed to be cynical and to scoff. I was engaged in an effort to build Sunday-schools in the south of London. A benevolent friend promised a hundred pounds if I could get nine hundred pounds more within a week. I did my utmost, and by desperate efforts, with the assistance of friends, did get eight hundred pounds, but not one penny more. We reached Saturday, and the terms of all the promises were that unless we obtained a thousand pounds that week we could not proceed with the building scheme, and the entire enterprise might have been postponed for years, and indeed, never accomplished on the large scale we desired.

On Saturday morning one of my principal church officers called, and said he had come upon an extraordinary business; that a Christian woman in that neighbourhood whom I did not know, of whom I had never heard, who had no connection whatever with my church, had that morning been lying awake in bed, and an extraor-

dinary impression had come to her that she was at once to give me one hundred pounds! She naturally resisted so extraordinary an impression as a caprice or a delusion. But it refused to leave her; it became stronger and stronger, until at last she was deeply convinced that it was the will of God. What made it more extraordinary was the fact that she had never before had, and would in all probability never again have, one hundred pounds at her disposal for any such purpose. But that morning she sent me the money through my friend, who produced it in the form of crisp Bank of England notes. From that day to this I have no idea whatever who she was, as she wished to conceal her name from me. Whether she is alive, or in heaven, I cannot say; but what I do know is that this extraordinary answer to our prayers secured the balance of the money, and led to the erection of one of the finest schools in London, in which there are more than a thousand scholars to-day.

Let me give one other illustration in a different sphere. God has answered our prayers again and again by saving those in whom we are interested, and by sending us money. He has also answered prayer for suitable agents to do His work.

Twelve months ago I was sitting in my study at a very late hour; the other members of the household had gone to bed. I was particularly conscious at that time that I greatly needed a lay agent who could help me in work among the thousands of young men from business houses, who throng St. James' Hall. Several of our staff who could render efficient service in that direction were fully occupied in other parts of the mission. I prayed very earnestly to God, in my loneliness and helplessness;

and while I was praying, an assurance was given me that God had heard my prayer. By the first post on the next morning I received a letter from a man whom I had never met, requesting an interview. I saw him. It turned out that he was a staff-officer in the Salvation Army, and formerly a Methodist; and that for two years he had been longing for a sphere of work among young men. He had been himself in a Manchester business house, and he was extremely anxious for work among young fellows in the great business establishments. For various reasons a development of work in that direction, although it commanded the sympathy of the heads of the Salvation Army, could not be undertaken just then; and while he

London, England.

was praying upon the subject, it seemed to him as though a definite voice said, "Offer yourself to Mr. Hugh Price Hughes." In obedience to that voice he came, and he is with us now. He has already gathered round him a large number of young men; and at our last public reception of new members I received into the mission church forty-two young men of this class, who had been brought to Christ, or to active association with His Church, through the agency of the man whom God so promptly sent me in the hour of my need.

Nothing that I have said will in the least degree surprise earnest Christians and Christian ministers. Such experiences as these are the commonplace of real and active Christianity.

A CAROL.

BY WILLIAM CANTON.

This gospel sang the angels bright ;
 Lord Jhesu shall be born this night ;
 Born not in house nor yet in hall,
 Wrapped not in purple nor in pall,
 Rocked not in silver, neither gold ;
 This word the angels sang of old ;
 Nor christened with white wine nor red ;
 This word of old the angels said
 Of Him which holdeth in His hand
 The strong sea and green land.

This thrice and four times happy night—
 These tidings sang the angels bright—
 Forlorn, betwixen ear and horn,
 A babe shall Jhesu Lord be born,
 A weeping babe in all the cold ;—

This word the angels sang of old—
 And wisps of hay shall be his bed ;
 This word of old the angels said
 Of Him which keepeth in His hand
 The strong sea and green land,

O babe and Lord, Thou Jhesu bright,—
 Let all and some now sing this night—
 Betwixt our sorrow and our sin,
 Be Thou new-born our hearts within ;
 New-born, dear babe and little King,
 So letten some and all men sing—
 To wipe for us our tears away !
 This right so letten all men say
 Of Him which spake, and lo ! they be—
 The green land and strong sea.

THE ANGEL'S CHRISTMAS QUEST.

BY FATHER JOHN B. TABB.

" Where have ye laid my Lord ?
 Behold I find Him not !
 Hath He, in heaven adored,
 His home forgot ?
 Give me, O sons of men,
 My truant God again !

" A voice from sphere to sphere—
 A faltering murmur—ran,
 ' Behold He is not here !

Perchance with man,
 The lowlier made than we,
 He hides His majesty. "

Then, hushed in wondering awe,
 The spirit held his breath,
 And bowed : for, lo, he saw
 Oershadowing Death,
 A Mother's hands above,
 Swathing the limbs of Love.

THE LAST OF THE PALÆOLOGI.

BY FRANK T. VOSPER.

At the present time, when the affairs of Greece are attracting so much attention, a few words on this subject may be interesting to the readers of this magazine. A remote valley hidden among the Cornish hills is not a likely spot in which to look for the resting-place of the last representative of a line of monarchs who for over two centuries controlled the affairs of the Eastern empire. Yet such is the case.

On the banks of Moditonham creek, nestling among hills whose sides are covered with magnificent orchards interspersed with rich meadow land, stands the quaint old village of Landulph. The spot, though secluded, is not without its historical associations. In Moditonham House, a mile or so up the valley, in the winter of 1638, the mayor and aldermen of Plymouth took the oath of allegiance to William and Mary, peacefully delivering up the keys of that staunch old Puritan fortress which had successfully withstood a three months' siege by the Royalist troops, under Prince Maurice, in 1643.

The Anglican church and graveyard, overhung by mighty elms and oaks, the ivy-mantled tower and curiously inscribed headstones, recall forcibly the lines of Gray :—

“Beneath those rugged elms the yew-trees shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.”

And here among “the rude forefathers of the hamlet” and the “squires” on whose lands they toiled, the last of an illustrious house was laid when the seventeenth century was drawing to a close. When Constantine Paleologus fell in his heroic but unsuccessful attempt to defend his capital against the Turks on the fatal

29th of May, 1453, the members of his family became scattered. We have very brief mention of them in subsequent history. Mosheim, *Ecc. Hist.*, Cent. 16, states that one James Paleologus, of Chios, was burned at Rome for Socinianism, in 1585. Another descendant settled in England, where he married a Suffolk lady. Their only son, the subject of this sketch, migrated to Cornwall, and took up his residence at the old manor house of Clifton, overlooking the beautiful valley of the Tamar, where he appears to have spent many years in peaceful retirement until his death, which took place in the last decade of the seventeenth century. Although news travelled slow in those days, he may have heard rumours of the splendid victory gained over the ancient enemies of his race, under the walls of Vienna, by John Sobieski, in September, 1683, which marked the commencement of the decline of the Turkish power in Europe. In the eastern wall of the chancel of Landulph church is a small brass plate with this inscription—I am quoting from memory, it is some years since I saw it—“Here lyeth ye bodye of Theodoro Paleologus, ye last of ye imperyall lyne of ye Greekes.” Then follows his pedigree, tracing his descent from the Constantine Paleologus aforesaid, with the date and place of his death, with a few other particulars relating to his family.

When the Greeks gained their independence, in 1829, some Greek envoys visited the neighbourhood to ascertain if any descendants of their ancient royal family remained to fill the vacant throne. But the search was vain. For more than 130 years “Theodoro Paleologus, ye last of ye imperyall lyne of ye Greekes,” had been peacefully sleeping under the chancel of Landulph parish church, and the race was extinct.

South Vancouver, B.C.

What does it mean this Christmas,
Down from the ages sent?
Out of the lips of a little child,
What is the message meant?

Into one word it is prisoned,
Struck into life and light;
Love is the Christmas-tide message
Of heavenly power and might.
—Margaret Sidney.

"SAYINGS OF OUR LORD."

Professor John H. Bernard, D.D., of Trinity College, Dublin, writes as follows:

No one supposes, of course, that *all* the priceless words of our Lord are recorded in the Gospels; indeed, one of the most familiar—"It is more blessed to give than to receive"—is not found in the Gospels at all, but has been preserved for us by St. Luke in the Acts. And in the scanty remains of the Christian literature of the second century we have casual mention of a few sayings ascribed to Christ which may quite possibly have been spoken by the great Master: "He that is near me is near the fire;" "Show yourselves tried bankers"—(that is, able to discern the false from the true coin); "He that wonders shall be king." These and others like them are tolerably familiar to any one interested in the literature of the Primitive Christian Church. But, on the whole, the number of such sayings unrecorded in the New Testament which have any claim to be counted genuine is surprisingly small. It might have been thought not unlikely that independent and true traditions as to our Lord's words and works should have lingered on for centuries after the Gospels had received unqualified acceptance from the Christian world. But it cannot be said that much of value has been preserved in this way. The legends of what are called the Apocryphal Gospels are for the most part puerile and absurd, and many of the sayings which they attribute to Christ do not seem to us to be even edifying.

Still the fact remains that the Gospels do not profess to record everything that our Lord said, any more than they record anything which He did. St. John gives a good reason for the omission. "There are also many other things which Jesus did, the which, if they should be written every one, I suppose that even the world itself could not contain the books that should be written." And so there is always a possibility that some new discovery in Egypt, that land of surprises, where books last forever in the protecting sand, may tell us something of our Lord's words and deeds which we did not know before. I do not say that it is probable that anything of special value in this way will be found, for, as I have said, the Christian writers of the third century do not seem to have any more knowledge on these points than we have.

The Gospels held the field, as the only

authoritative record of the life of Jesus, by the year A.D. 180 at the latest, and they had then been for many years—perhaps a hundred—in the possession of the Christian world.

But how did it happen that the first three Gospels so largely confine themselves to recording the same incidents and the same discourses, though with slight differences of detail? This is one of the problems which is engaging the attention of most students of the New Testament at the present day, and it is one of very great difficulty. No doubt, the believer in God's overruling providence will not be slow to think that the selection of incidents was divinely ordered and guided. But the influence of the divine Spirit does not exclude the ordinary methods of literary workmanship. St. Luke in the Preface to his Gospel tells us distinctly that his work followed many other works of the same kind. And it is tolerably plain to any one who will carefully compare the first three Gospels that the writers had access to some common source or sources of information. They record events in the same order, without any apparent reason for observing such sequence, they often tell the same thing in exactly the same words, and it is only by their divergences from each other that we know that they are following independent reports in any case.

A favourite theory is that there were at least two documents before the synoptic evangelists (we do not here speak of St. John), and that one of these was in the main a collection of sayings or discourses. From this, for instance, according to the theory, St. Matthew drew much more largely than did St. Mark; the three chapters in which he records the Sermon on the Mount afford an example. I am not now advocating this theory, I am simply stating it in a very crude way.

Now an objection to any such hypothesis, which has carried weight with a good many people, is that there is no trustworthy evidence that there ever was made a collection of the Lord's sayings only, to the exclusion of his works. The only direct evidence for it, indeed, is that one Papias, who was a bishop in the second century, tells us that St. Matthew compiled the Hebrew Logia, that is, "sayings," and he himself is said to have written a book entitled "Exposition of the Lord's Logia." But people have rejected this evidence for the existence of a col-

lection of sayings of Jesus, because it is urged that *logion* does not mean "saying" at all, but "oracle," and that, on the face of it, St. Matthew's Gospel is a narrative which contains more than discourses. Any way, up to a short time ago, as I have said, there was no good proof forthcoming that any collection of the words of Jesus, as distinct from the general narrative of his ministry, was ever current in Christendom.

We have now got the proof, thanks to the sagacity and industry of Mr. Grenfell and Mr. Hunt. The pamphlet in which they have published their discovery has taught us at least this, that, before the year 200, a collection of the sayings of Jesus in book form was going about in Egypt.

RECENT EARLY CHRISTIAN FINDS.

When the world was told that a certain document had been found at Constantinople, called "The Teaching of the Apostles," there was joy unspeakable in many hearts. We hold to the Fourth Gospel with a tighter grip as the production of the man whose name it bears, since Titian's "Diatessaron" was placed

in our hands. Mount Sinai for long concealed the Apology of Aristides, but the day came when it was brought to light. More recently, the tombs in Akhmin, in Upper Egypt, rewarded the excavator, and gave to us among other things, "The Gospel of Peter." And on the surprises come.

In December of last year the authorities of Cambridge University sent Mr. S. Schechter, M.A., on a visit to a Genizah, which may be termed a grave of ancient documents. He went to old Cairo; nor in vain. This Genizah belongs to the synagogue of Cairo, and its contents were placed at the disposal of Mr. Schechter. He obtained some forty thousand fragments, among them being fragments of the original Hebrew of Ecclesiasticus; the two Talmuds (the Talmud of Babylon and the Talmud of Jerusalem); old forms of Synagogue worship (but so far no single prayer for the dead); and many other fragments which remain to be examined. What may we not expect?

Interest at present culminates in the document designated the "Sayings" of our Lord. Numerous documents await examination, and what they will reveal the Lord only knows.

GENERAL BOARD OF MISSIONS.

GENERAL BOARD OF MISSIONS.

The annual meeting was held at Halifax, Nova Scotia, in October. Most of the thirty-six members who constitute the Board were present. The sessions extended over a week, including one Sabbath. The report of the year's operations was an admirable document, full and comprehensive. From several of the Missions, both Foreign and Domestic, gratifying communications had been received.

In respect to finance, notwithstanding the "hard times," there was a substantial increase of income from the ordinary sources, although the quarter of a million is not yet reached. The total income now exceeds \$229,982. The amount received from Sunday-schools and Epworth Leagues is larger than in any former year. The former brought in \$21,805, and the latter \$5,056. As the missionary department of the League is only of recent date we cannot report any increase for the year. The outlook from this source is very encouraging, as some of the missions are entirely supported by League funds. Some of the city Leagues

regard certain missionaries as their own, and no doubt the number of such will be greatly increased in the near future.

There are Home, or Domestic, Missions in all the Conferences; Indian Missions in seven Conferences; Montreal Conference alone has French Missions. There are Chinese and Japan Missions in British Columbia. The Foreign Missions are in China and Japan. The total number of missions is 508, and the number of missionaries and other paid agents amounts to 606, with 48,319 members.

The Domestic Missions are all the while becoming self-sustaining circuits. During the past year, thirteen missions became independent in Manitoba alone, making in all ninety independent circuits in the Prairie Province, which is truly a marvelous progress.

Applications were made for additional labourers in the Foreign Missions, but only a few could be entertained, and to keep the expenditure within the bounds of the probable income, a reduction was made in the allowances both to the foreign missionaries and the officers of the Society.

The Young People's Forward Movement is a very important auxiliary. One young man, Rev. D. Norman, has recently gone to Japan largely through the Young People's Movement. A medical missionary, Rev. R. B. Ewan, M.D., has been accepted and will shortly go to West China. The students in Montreal Theological College will provide either the whole or the greater part of the expense of his mission.

General Superintendent Carman was appointed to visit Japan during the year. A mission will doubtless be commenced in Korea in the near future. A missionary was asked for to labour in the Yukon district, but the appointment is held in abeyance. E. B.

THE WOMAN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

The General Board of this Society met at Whitby, Ont., since our last issue. There were about fifty members present, representing the churches of Methodism, from Nova Scotia to British Columbia.

The meeting was somewhat unique, inasmuch as the Treasurer reported cash in hand of \$36,000, an unusual occurrence in missionary and similar organizations. The ladies deserve to be congratulated on their successful mode of management.

There were several items of interest reported which were gratifying to all present. Miss Jost, daughter of Rev.

Dr. Cranswick Jost, of Sydney, Cape Breton, was accepted and appointed a missionary to Japan. The young lady has been spending some time at the Deaconess Home, Toronto, and is believed to be well qualified for the position. She will proceed to her field of toil at an early date.

Mrs. Gooderham, who has long filled the presidential chair of the Society, has resigned her position. A very appropriate vote of thanks in acknowledgment of her valuable services was presented to her. Mrs. Carman was also thanked for the services she has rendered as vice-president.

The officers for the current year are:—President, Mrs. Ross; Recording Secretary, Mrs. Kerr; Field Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Strachan; Home Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. McKay; Treasurer, Miss Wilkes; Editor of department in *Outlook*, Mrs. Wright; Editor of *Palm Branch*, Miss Smith; Editor of column in *Wesleyan*, Mrs. Whiston; Editor of column in *Christian Guardian*, Miss Cartmell. It was a matter of regret that Mrs. Large had seen fit to sever her connection with the Society.

Rev. Dr. Potts attended the meeting as representative of the General Board of the Missionary Society. The Editor of the *Christian Guardian* was also present and reported the session very fully.

The public meeting in the Tabernacle at Whitby was of a most interesting kind. Several of the ladies addressed the assembly. E. B.

AFTER DARWIN.

BY REV. W. S. BLACKSTOCK, D.D.

This volume ought to be read in connection with the author's exposition of the Darwinian theory. It deals, as will be seen by the title-page, which we quote in full, with the Post-Darwinian questions. When Charles Darwin completed his own life-work, the theory which he propounded, though very generally accepted by the scientific world, was soon found to be beset with more or less formidable difficulties. Questions arose

which, it was perceived by thinkers, must be answered, if this theory was to secure a permanent foothold. And to these this little volume is devoted.

The mere mention of the specific questions with which it deals will show how impossible it is to do more than to make a reference to them in a notice of this kind. The subject of "Isolation" as one of the prime factors in the process of organic evolution, is treated in two chapters. Closely related to this is the doctrine of "Physiological Selection," to which, with the evidences upon which it rests, three chapters are devoted. In the final chapter the author gives us a brief but interesting history of "Isolation as a factor in organic evolution, with a summary of the general conclusions

* "Darwin and After Darwin." An exposition of the Darwinian Theory, and a Discussion of the Post-Darwinian Questions. By the late George John Romanes, M.A., LL.D., F.R.S. III. Post-Darwin Questions, Isolation and Physiological Selection. Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Company, 1897. 12mo, pp. 178.

to which the study of the subject has led him.

Students of Darwinianism will, no doubt hail this as an important contribution to the literature of the subject. They will find in it light upon several points which have hitherto been obscure. And the Christian theologian will be especially interested in the overwhelming evidence which it supplies of the presence and superintendence of the Divine Intelli-

gence throughout the whole of the complex and wonderful processes which it describes. Evolution, as expounded by Mr. Darwin and his followers, if it be true, is but a mode of creation. It is but the working out of a Divine plan; and that too under the superintendence of the All-Comprehending Mind that first conceived the idea, and made provision at the first for every step in the process of its accomplishment.

THE SUPERANNUATION FUND.

In the November MAGAZINE a timely and well-considered letter from W. J. Robertson, M.A., of St. Catherines, deals with several aspects of the above fund from a view-point that it will be well for all our Annual Conferences to carefully consider when the question of receiving young men on probation is before them. The time was when the pressure for more men made it almost imperative to accept all candidates of even fair promise of usefulness, but we are now at a period when we are not under the pressure, and ought to receive only the choicest and most promising candidates; not only with regard to the demands of the times, and the keen competition which is meeting us upon every side, but also that we may avoid the very cause of discount upon the claims of our superannuated preachers to which Mr. Robertson refers.

I cannot agree with your conclusions in this matter, for, as a question of fact, the superannuates of a former period did not receive so liberal an allowance as they do now, even after the discount is made. Nor did the Methodist people raise so large a sum in comparison with the contributions to other funds. We are now quite a distance from the date of the Union, and it is a fact that up to two years' since the full claims on the present liberal scale were paid. Why are they

not paid now? Simply because all the Conferences have admitted so many more men than the work required, that many ministers quite capable of doing efficient work—in not a few cases men who were as capable as they had ever been—have been put upon the Superannuation list to make room for these younger men. Mr. Robertson says that the laity are not responsible for this. But the Stationing Committee have some experience in this matter. The fact is that the invitations extended to young men—and insisted upon—from circuits, for the work of which older men have equal—to say the least—adaptation, forces these older men to the wall. The demands of their families and their own circumstances, forbid, absolutely forbid, their being stationed on remote missions, or upon circuits unable to support families. The only alternative is superannuation with such prospects of earning something to supplement their allowance as their abilities and public life may afford.

I suppose it is too much to ask that the Church which made its most remarkable progress under the recognition of the constitutional functions of the Stationing Committee, shall return to its former practice in this regard; but the whole solution of the Superannuation Fund difficulty is involved in this more than in all other causes. METHODIST.

THE NATIVITY.

“What means this glory round our feet,
The Magi mused, “more bright than
morn?”

And voices chanted clear and sweet,
“To-day the Prince of Peace is born.”

“What means that star,” the shepherds
said,

“That brightens though the rocky glen?”
And angels, answering overhead,
Sang “Peace on earth, good-will to men.”

And they who do their souls no wrong,
But keep at eve the faith of morn,
Shall daily hear the angels' song,
“To-day the Prince of Peace is born.”

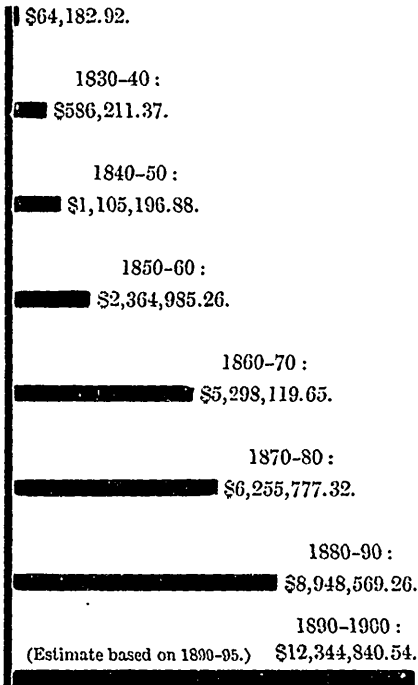
—James Russell Lowell.

MISSIONARY INTEREST NOT DECLINING.

We have heard a good deal for the last year or two of the falling off in missionary givings and consequent accumulation of missionary debt. This may create an apprehension of a decreased interest in the subject of missions. The best corrective to this heresy will be the study of Dr. Dorchester's magnificent work on the "Problem of Religious Progress," or of a series of diagrams which have appeared in the *Outlook* of New York. These diagrams show an enormous increase in missionary givings during recent years, as is evident from the following statement: In the United States from 1860 to 1890 the valuations of property increased as follows:

Farms and farm property	100 per cent.
Church property	296 "
Total wealth	302 "
Manufactured products	397 "
Missionary contributions	460 "

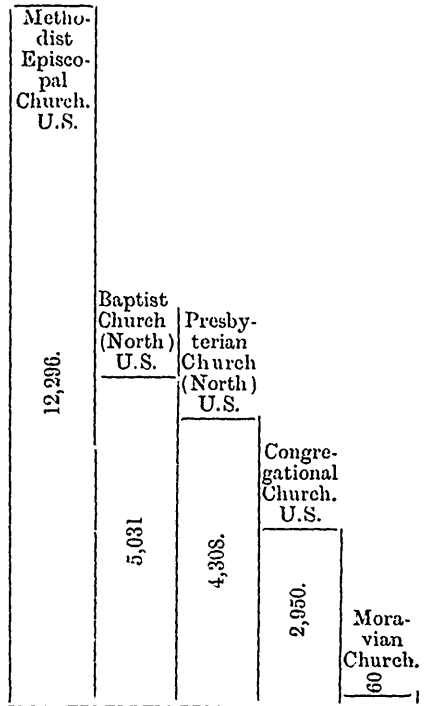
1820-30 :



CONTRIBUTIONS TO METHODIST EPISCOPAL MISSION BOARD BY DECADES.

The preceding diagram shows the increase in the missionary givings of the Methodist Episcopal Church since 1820 :

It will be observed in the table of percentages, given in the first table, that the increase in missionary contributions has been far in excess of any of the other increases indicated. The recent falling off has been the result of extreme commercial depression. With the revival of trade a large increase of missionary giving can be counted on.



NUMBER OF CHURCH MEMBERS TO SUPPORT ONE MISSIONARY.

Notwithstanding the rapid increase in the givings of the Methodist Episcopal Church the relative indifference of even that Church compared with missionary zeal of the Moravians, every sixty of whom support a missionary, is shown by the above diagram.

Faith is the subtle chain
Which binds us to the infinite; the voice

Of a deep life within, that will remain
Until we crowd it thence.

RECENT EXPLORATION ON THE EUPHRATES.*

The spade has often proved the best commentator on Scripture and best interpreter of the dead and buried past. This has seldom been so strikingly illustrated as in the record of the recent explorations in the old historic lands of the Bible, Palestine, Syria and Babylonia. One of the most interesting of these explorations is that conducted under the auspices of the University of Pennsylvania, a record of which is given in this handsome volume.

It is hard to comprehend the difficulties of exploration in these lands whose ancient civilization has been covered by many strata of barbarism, and where the wild Bedouin of the desert still enact the rôle of their father Ishmael—their hand against every man. The corrupt and venal Turkish authorities placed every obstacle in the way of the explorers, in part with the object of extorting backsheesh, and in part from sheer native malice. The Arabs who were employed to make the excavations were as wilful and wanton as children. It was very hard to get them to work, and still harder to keep them at it. Our explorer provided a number of wheel-barrows, but the Arabs lacked intelligence enough to use them, and preferred their rude baskets. Dr. Peters used to beguile them by the use of harmless medicine, or terrify them by fireworks, or cajole them with gifts of Western trinkets. A Waterbury watch was specially effective on account of the endless time it required to wind.

The previous explorations of Laird and Smith revealed the fact that the legends of the flood, the traditions of the creation, the fall, the Garden of Eden, of the Sabbath, of sacred trees, and many others were similar among the Assyrians and the Hebrews.

* "Nippur; or, Explorations and Adventures on the Euphrates." The Narrative of the University of Pennsylvania Expedition to Babylonia in the years 1888-1890. By John Punnett Peters, Ph. D., Sr. D., D. D., Director of the Expedition. With illustrations and maps. Vol. II. Second Campaign. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. x.-420.

Nippur, the site of the principal explorations of Dr. Peters, was an ancient city on the Euphrates, and the religious centre of Lower Babylonia. Dr. Peters states that the earliest dated material found in his exploration were some bricks with the stamp of Sargon, 3,800 years before Christ, but other undated material he considered older still. He gives very elaborate plans and sections of what he deems the oldest temple in the world, that of Bel at Nippur. In this were found many inscribed objects of ivory, glass, agate, malachite, gold and precious stones. Of exhumed articles he sent to Constantinople from eight to ten thousand inscribed tablets, or fragments, among them some of the oldest inscriptions discovered in Babylonia, or in the world.

Dr. Peters made a journey also to Ur, the fatherland of Abraham. This he describes as the great city of the first political importance dominating Southern Babylonia about 4 000 years B. C. It was the seat of a great temple, of whose ruins he gives a photograph, and gives evidence also of being a manufacturing commercial centre. The region known in Babylonian and Assyrian antiquity as the Garden of Eden, or the garden of pleasure, was in ancient times one of the most populous and highly cultivated parts of the world. As late as the times of Herodotus, it raised three crops of wheat yearly. It is now an utter desert. It is traversed by a perfect net-work of lines of mounds, the remains of ancient ship canals, while for miles at a time the ground is literally covered with fragments of pottery and heaps of slag.

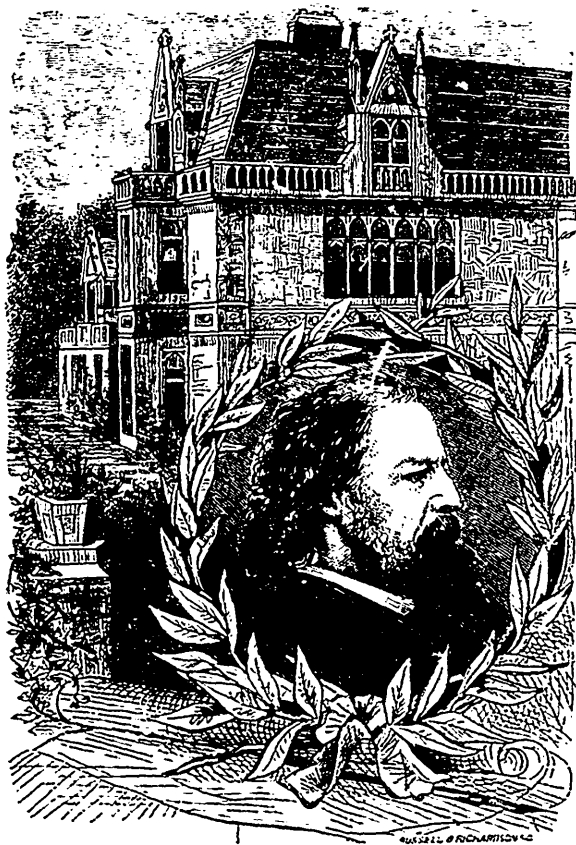
On his return to Constantinople Dr. Peters found a perfect reign of terror prevailing in that city. One man, in high position, told him that within a short time fifty of his intimate friends had disappeared completely from the face of the earth. Great obstruction was placed by the Turkish authorities in the way of the intrepid explorer's obtaining the relics he had exhumed. The work of exploration is by no means completed. He has singly opened the door into a very treasure-chamber, full of the most ancient records in the world.

Thus heavenly hope is all serene,
But earthly hope, how bright so'er,

Still fluctuates o'er this changing scene,
As false and fleeting as 'tis fair.
—Bishop Heber.

LIFE OF TENNYSON.*

BY HIS SON.



ALFRED LORD TENNYSON.—ALDWORTH VILLA.

The most notable book of the month is unquestionably the "Life of Lord Tennyson." To its preparation his son, Hallam Tennyson, has, assisted by Lady Tennyson and the late Prof. Palgrave, devoted four years of labour. He has had access to 40,000 letters and innumerable memoranda illustrating the life of the greatest poet of the nineteenth century. And an ideal life it was.

Like his own Arthur the Good,

"He wore the white flower of a blameless life

Through all this tract of years."

* "Alfred Lord Tennyson: A Memoir." By his Son. New York: The Macmillan Company. 2 vols. Price, \$10.

As his was an ideal life, so this is an ideal biography. It reveals no broken idol, no skeleton in the closet. It brings none of the disenchantment or disillusion like that of Froude's "Life of Carlyle."

At the time this number of the METHODIST MAGAZINE AND REVIEW is passing through the press the Editor is confined to his bed by sickness. He has, therefore, availed himself of the able reviews of this book which have appeared in leading journals, as the readers of this periodical will be eager to have a trustworthy report of this noteworthy memoir.

From the *Review of Reviews* for November we quote as follows:

"Every reader of Tennyson's poetry will turn to these volumes with a keen interest of curiosity not unmingled with a slight sense of fear. To this possibly Mr. Froude, by his life of Carlyle, has somewhat contributed. The feeling which causes some persons never to wish to meet the authors of any book that

has given them great pleasure, fearing the disenchantment of familiarity, will make some hesitate to read this revealing of the intimate life of the poet, who for so many years has been as a high priest in the inner sanctuary of their souls. They may dismiss their fear. There is nothing within these two handsome volumes which will in any way jar upon their highest ideal of their spiritual teacher. His son may be congratulated upon having presented his father to the world, if not as "one entire and perfect chrysolite," nevertheless as an entirely human and altogether admirable personality—a man among men, whose private life and relations to his fellowmen were such as might have been expected from

the work which they bear as their flower and fruit.

"The death of Arthur Hallam darkened his world, but after a time he fought with death, and came out victorious with the stronger faith and hope which he expressed in "In Memoriam." This faith and hope never forsook him through the future years. Up to the end he faced death with the same earnest and unflinching courage that he had always shown, but with an added sense of the awe and mystery of the infinite. That, says his biographer, is 'the reading of the poet's riddle as he gave it to me.'

"I have a great conception of your father," wrote Mr. Gladstone in 1895, 'as a philosopher. The sage of Chelsea, a genius, too, was small in comparison with him.' In like manner wrote the Master of Balliol: 'Your poetry has an element of philosophy more to be considered than any real philosophy in England.' After a conversation with Bishop Lightfoot, Tennyson wrote:

"The life after death, Lightfoot and I agreed, is the cardinal point of Christianity. I believe that God reveals himself in every individual soul; and my idea of heaven is the perpetual ministry of one soul to another."

"His whole hope was anchored on eternity. On this subject there is an extract given from the Queen's private journal which is very interesting:

"He talked with the many friends he had lost, and what it would be if he did not feel and know that there was another world, where there would be no partings; and then he spoke with horror of the unbelievers and philosophers who would make you believe there was no other world, no immortality, who tried to explain all away in a miserable manner."

"He felt he had firm holding ground for his anchor on the other side, and as he wrote to Her Majesty on another occasion:

"As to the sufferings of this momentary life, we can but trust that in some after-state, when we see clearer, we shall thank the supreme power for having made us, through these, higher and greater beings."—Vol. II., p. 444.

"He was a man saturated through and through with faith in the invisible world which encompassed him.

"On the first day he came downstairs after a long illness, having then reached three-score years and ten, he talked with his children about Job, which he thought one of the greatest of books, and asked for St. John, the 'Little children love

one another' passage, and 'The Sermon on the Mount.'" In 'Crossing the Bar,' which his son told him when he wrote it was the crown of his life's work, he said, 'It came in a moment.' A moment, indeed, of sudden inspiration. He explained the Pilot as 'The Divine and Unseen who is always guiding us.'

"There was ever present with him the thought that this life was but a shadow, and but a small part of the great world's life. And again he says:

"Matter is a greater mystery than mind. What such a thing as a spirit is apart from God and man I have never been able to conceive. Spirit seems to me to be the reality of the world."—Vol. II., p. 424.

"In the chapter on 'In Memoriam' his son dwells at some length on his father's religious faith. A week before his death he talked long of the personality and of the love of God. For him the world was but the shadow of God, and the sorrows of nature and the miseries of the world were but preludes, necessary as things are, to the higher good. His faith in the hidden purpose of the Infinite power was to him the breath of life, and never failed him to the very end.

"In the first draft of 'Hands all Round,' the following stanza, referring to the United States, is omitted in the later editions:

"Gigantic daughter of the West,
We drink to thee across the flood.
We know thee most, we love thee best,
For art thou not of British blood?
Should war's mad blast again be blown,
Permit thou not the tyrant powers
To fight thy mother here alone,
But let thy broadsides roar with ours.
Hands all round!
God the tyrant's cause confound!
To our great kinsmen of the West, my
friends,
And the great name of England round
and round.

"In his closing years he continued to indulge the great hope that the United States might enter into a close alliance with the federated British Empire. Few objects were dearer and nearer to the heart of Tennyson than the promotion of Imperial Federation. He believed that such a federation would be the strongest force for good and for freedom that the world had ever known. His son said:

"With the poet's prescience he was a strong believer in the coming unity of the Empire. This is shown by the following extract from his life:

“One of the deepest desires of his life was to help the realization of the ideal of an Empire by the most intimate union of every part of our British Empire. He believed that every different member so united would, with a heightening of individuality to each member, give such strength and greatness and stability to the whole, as would make our Empire a faithful and fearless leader in all that is good throughout all the world.”—Vol. II., p. 223.

“It is interesting to notice that, so long ago as the early seventies, the poet was praying for measures to unite the colonies to the Motherland which have only recently been adopted. He wrote:

“How strange England cannot see her true policy lies in a close union with our colonies.”—Vol. II., p. 101.

“And again:

“A general council for the purposes of defence sounds to us sensible. He advocated intercolonial conferences in England, and was of opinion that the foremost colonial ministers ought to be admitted to the privy council or to some other imperial council, where they could have a voice in Imperial affairs.”—Vol. II., p. 109.

“He ever recognized that ‘it is the authors more than the diplomatists who make nations love one another.’”

“Tennyson was a poet, and the son of a poet. He was born in his father’s rectory on August 6th, 1809, the fourth of twelve children—eight sons and four daughters. Most of them, we are told, were more or less true poets, and all, excepting two, have completed their three-score-and-ten years. Tennyson lived to be eighty-three, but during his infancy he was thrice given up for dead, owing to attacks of convulsions. If ever there was a poet who lisped in numbers, Tennyson was that one. When he was eight years old he covered two of his slates with Tennysonian blank verse; at ten or eleven he wrote hundreds and hundreds of lines in the meter used by Pope in his translation of the *Iliad*; when he was twelve he wrote an epic of 6,000 lines after the fashion of Sir Walter Scott; when fourteen he wrote a drama in blank verse. His father was stern, not to say unkind; liable to fits of gloom which preyed upon Alfred’s nerves. Once he was so upset by his father’s treatment that he went out into the black night and threw himself on a grave in the churchyard, praying to be beneath the sod himself.

“His grandfather gave him half-a-guinea

for a poem on his grandmother’s death. ‘It is the first half-guinea,’ said the old gentleman, ‘that you have ever earned by poetry, and, take my word for it, the last.’ When he was eighteen he and his brother received £20 for the ‘Poems by Two Brothers,’ which were published by Jackson, of Louth. At the time they were written Alfred Tennyson was between fifteen and seventeen. His son publishes ten pages of verses written by his father which he wrote at the age of fourteen and fifteen.

“Notwithstanding his ‘deep, bright eye,’ he could hardly see with one eye, and with the other was so near-sighted that on one occasion when the Empress of Russia paid him some very pretty compliment, when he was in Copenhagen in 1822, he mistook her for a maid of honour, patted her on the shoulder, and said, ‘Thank you, my dear.’

“He was interested in every form of art and craft, and placed around the windows of a cottage at Farringford bricks moulded from a wreath of ivy-leaves, which he had carved in apple-tree wood.”—Vol. II., p. 369.

“Tennyson was a voracious reader who diligently kept himself posted on scientific subjects. His son says:

“His knowledge of astronomy was most remarkable, and the accuracy of his talk about the stars surprised more than one of the great astronomers. Of late, the spectrum analysis of light, and the photographs which reveal starlight in the interstellar spaces, where stars were hitherto undreamt of, and the idea of the all-pervading luminiferous ether, particularly interested him.”—Vol. II., p. 408.

The reviewer in the *Literary Digest* quotes from the book as follows:

Here is Lord Alfred’s description of himself as he recalled his childhood:

“According to the best of my recollection, when I was about eight years old I covered two sides of a slate with Thomsonian blank verse in praise of flowers for my brother Charles, who was yet a year older than I was, Thomson then being the only poet I knew. Before I could read, I was in the habit on a stormy day of spreading my arms to the wind, and crying out, ‘I hear a voice that’s speaking in the wind,’ and the words ‘far, far away’ had always a strange charm to me. About ten or eleven Pope’s ‘Homer’s *Iliad*’ became a favourite of mine and I wrote hundreds and hundreds of lines in the regular Popeian meter, nay, even could improvise them; so could

my two elder brothers, for my father was a poet and could write regular meter very skilfully."

At twelve we find him writing to his aunt a singularly mature analysis of "Samson Agonistes." As a boy, we are told, he could reel off hundreds of impromptu lines such as the following :

"The quick-wing'd gnat doth make a boat
Of his old husk wherewith to float
To a new life ! all low things range
To higher ! but I cannot change."

The criticisms of the press irritated him. At Farringford, he pointed out, he was withdrawn from the world, and on taking up a paper and finding himself misconstrued and abused he suffered keen annoyance. "A flea will annoy me. Just feel my skin," he added, baring his wrist ; a "flea-bite will spread a square inch over its surface. The term thin-skinned is perfectly expressive. I *am* thin-skinned, and I take no pains to hide it."

With all his poetic sensibility, Tennyson had a very practical mind. This perhaps accounts for the fact that Tennyson broke off his engagement for ten years simply because his worldly circumstances would not sooner justify matrimony. The period of waiting was prolonged by the

loss of what little he had in an investment in a machine for wood-carving. So severe a hypochondria followed this loss that his friends despaired of his life (1844). The following year, however, Sir Robert Peel granted him a government pension of £200 annually. This was due largely to Carlyle's and Lord Houghton's efforts. Houghton made Peel read "Ulysses," whereupon the pension was granted. A few years later (1850) Tennyson's publisher promising him a yearly royalty, his engagement was renewed and a quiet wedding followed.

He had a profound respect for sincere religion in every shape, and it was his constantly repeated wish that the followers of all Christian creeds "should sink their differences and pull together for the bettering of mankind. He wished that the Church of England could embrace, as he felt that Christ would have it do, all the great Nonconformist sects that loved the name of Christ."

On the subject of Spiritualism Tennyson had this to say : "I grant you that Spiritualism must not be judged by its quacks ; but I am convinced that God and the ghosts of men would choose something other than mere table-legs through which to speak to the heart of man."

Current Topics.

A MISSIONARY REVIVAL.

One of the most gratifying signs of the times is the increased interest in the Christian Church on the subject of Foreign Missions. The very accumulation of debt of some of the missionary societies is the result of increased missionary zeal in entering open doors and taking up urgent mission work. The Churches are making a strenuous effort to remove the mission debts and, at the same time, maintain their foreign work.

One of the most important features of this revived missionary interest is the important part which the Young People's Societies are taking therein. The dominant note of the Christian Endeavour and Epworth League Societies is their zeal for missions. The Students' Missionary Campaign called forth hundreds of volunteers for the foreign field. The not less important work of the Church at home is to equip and send forth and sustain those conscripts in this holy war, who say, "Here am I ; send me." Our Canadian Leagues nobly responded to this appeal

and are already maintaining a number of missionaries in the foreign field. They have largely increased the missionary income of our Church and give promise of still larger increase in the near future.

THE WOMAN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

No agency, however, has been more successful in creating this new missionary interest than the Woman's Missionary Society. No method has been more successful than its broad, persistent, and systematic diffusion of missionary information. It has sent its scores of agents to the high places of the field. Its local societies maintain a living link with these foreign agents. By means of its vigorous journalism in the *Outlook*, the *Palm Branch*, the *Monthly Letters*, its columns in the *Guardian* and *Onward*, and by its many other unceasing efforts it has created a moral enthusiasm on this subject which should be an inspiration to the whole Church.

While the income of the Woman's Missionary Society has grown by leaps and bounds, that of the parent Society

has also greatly increased, and the missionary sympathies of the entire Church have been quickened and strengthened. Herein has come an inestimable blessing to the women of Methodism themselves.

With the increased leisure, increased culture, and increased wealth of these modern times, has come also a subtle and sinister temptation to self-indulgence, pleasure-seeking, and a refined selfishness. The opportunity for woman's work for their fellow-women in home and foreign missions has furnished an antidote to this bane. The opportunity for Christian service, with its hallowed joys and benedictions a thousandfold compensates for its self-sacrifice and toil.

The records of the past are an inspiration to increased efforts for the future. Much as our Church has accomplished, it has not come up to the standard of a noble band of Moravian Christians, to which Methodism is so much indebted. Though comparatively few in number, and poor in estate, every sixty Moravian Christians maintain a missionary in the foreign field, and often in the most difficult and dangerous portions of that field. They have thus earned a record of which the noblest Church of Christendom with a godly avarice might covet.

HOME WORK.

Nor is it in the foreign field alone that Canadian Methodism has won its most glorious renown. Throughout the length and breadth of this wide Dominion, amid privations and hardships in the backwoods and on frontiers of civilization, it has laid the foundations of empire. In lonely fishing-stations and on stormy sea-coasts it has kindled beacon-fires which have illuminated the moral darkness of the people. It has everywhere laid, broad and deep and stable, the foundations of a Christian commonwealth. It has largely made Canada what it is to-day.

It is ever the foremost in following the pioneer to the outposts. An Evans, a Woolsey, a McDougall and a Crosby have been pioneers among the native races of the great North-West. An Arthur Browning among the miners of Cariboo, and a Ladner at Rossland, have followed the miners in their venturesome quests. And soon, amid the Arctic rigours of the Klondike, the Methodist Church will have its agents preaching the Gospel of the Kingdom, more precious than silver or gold.

A MISSION OF PEACE.

The visit of Premier Laurier and Sir L. H. Davies to Washington gives promise of more cordial relations between the Canadian Dominion and the United States. We believe that the representatives of both countries come together, not in the spirit of huckstering tradesmen, but of broad-minded statesmen. They come bearing the olive branch and in the spirit of peace and brotherhood. This spirit will more surely settle the sealing difficulties, and secure a commercial reciprocity that shall be profitable to both countries, far more readily than the exhibition of mutual jealousy and animosity.

DEMOCRACY ON ITS TRIAL.

The first election of mayor and other officials of the City of Greater New York has been a great disappointment to the lovers of pure popular government. It is an omen of ill augur for municipal institutions of the United States. It has been said that in that country democracy is on its trial. One lesson of the contest is that the forces of reform must unite if they would conquer. The forces of Tammany were a unit; to use a popular phrase, "They said nothing, but saved wood." The speech of acceptance of candidate Van Dyke contained only thirty-two words. They made almost no use of the public press. Indeed, almost the entire press of New York was opposed to Tammany. But although the Tammany leaders were accused by Henry George of fraud, if not of murder, and his avowed purpose was to place them behind prison bars if he were elected, yet they now control the civic destinies of the second greatest city of the world, with enormous chances for corruption and fraud.

THE DEATH OF HENRY GEORGE.

A feature which lent a tragic aspect to this campaign was the sudden death of one of its most noteworthy candidates. Henry George was as truly a martyr to his convictions as any who have perished on the field of battle. His principles fail to carry conviction to many minds, but everyone was convinced of the honour and moral integrity of the man. No self-seeker was he. The same ability and energy devoted to the making of money would have placed him among the millionaires of the nation, but his honest poverty has earned a renown as noble as that of Cato or Aristides.

Science Notes.

THE UMBRELLA-BOAT.



FIG. 1.—UMBRELLA BOAT.

A boat having a sail that looks like a huge umbrella has been successfully experimented with in England. We translate a description by M. F. Ullern in *La Nature*. He says:

“The new kind of sail shown in our illustrations has been tried with success in the waters of Southampton by the inventors, Messrs. Percy S. Pilcher of London and Wilson of Dublin. With the form of sail commonly in use, part of the force of the wind tends to tip the boat, and if this force becomes too great in comparison to the weight of the hull the vessel capsizes.

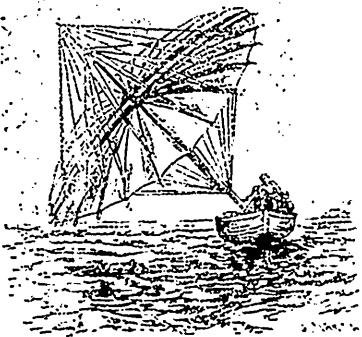


FIG. 2.—THE MAST, SHOWING ITS MOTION ON PIVOT.

“The parasol-sail does away with this difficulty, for with it, on the contrary,

the action of the wind tends to keep the boat upright.

“In fact, the upward force being exerted parallel to the mast, which is fixed in the axis of the boat without being fastened to the sides, the result is that the hull is not tipped at all.

“The mast is mounted on a pivot and can be moved in two guides at right angles (Fig. 2).

“The sail is elliptical in form, the major axis being horizontal. It is fixed on a frame recalling that of an umbrella, and can be folded up along the smaller axis.

“According to the inventors, this sail is destined to render great service on life-boats, for instead of tending to sink the boat it tends continually to cause it to mount on the waves.

A MARVELLOUS DISCOVERY.

It is announced definitely that Guglielmo Marconi, an Italian, aged only twenty-three, has invented electric appliances whereby distant telegraphy is practicable over long distances, and without intervening wires. He has already sent electrical signals from the shore to an ironclad war-vessel twelve miles away at sea, and he is now in London preparing to send signals from the spire of St. Paul's cathedral in that city to the top of the Eiffel tower in Paris. The inventor says that the points between which communication is sought must be high above the earth. His statement is that the distance between practical points is in almost geometrical proportion to the height of the points above the earth. He explains simply that in his processes the air is disturbed by waves of electric energy, as it is by waves of motion whereby men hear distant sounds. The sending instrument generates the waves which strike upon the receiving instrument and are interpreted according to a prearranged code.

While he fears that the iron and steel in the cathedral and in the Eiffel tower may interfere with the work, particularly in the early trials, he yet gathers hope from the fact that his experiments in Italy were not defeated by the iron and steel in the warship, with which he communicated across twelve miles of water. His confidence is perfect so far as the in-

volved principles are concerned, though he speaks very modestly, indeed, about the coming longer test from London to Paris. When someone suggested that the value of that means of communication might be destroyed during war should an enemy learn to read and translate his signals, he replied that the sending and receiving instruments can be so attuned, or contuned, that the adjusted pair of instruments alone can communicate with each other. Furthermore, it is said that the direction of the waves can be determined so that no one not in the line between the instruments can see the signals. When asked the vital question whether anyone within a reasonable distance, other than those for whom a message is designed, may not receive the communication, he answered that all that is controlled by the attuning of the pairs of twin instruments which telegraphers will use.

It is needless to say that this invention is exceedingly significant and revolutionary, as to methods of telegraphy. The wires used at present cost very much money. When the wires are once in place their care requires an army of workmen. The cost of telegraphic service is great, and therefore their absence of wire means wonderful things in the newer methods. Tesla and Edison have been searching for this secret, but in vain. This young Italian says that his success did not follow extended study, but that when he had seen some of his scientific friends using certain instruments for purposes other than telegraphy, he suddenly perceived why they did not succeed at times. When he first tried to telegraph without a metallic circuit he sent intelligible signals through a few feet only. After some improvements, the distance was increased to thirty feet, and finally to twelve miles. Scientists, together with the King and Queen of Italy and the royal ministerial cabinet, witnessed the last experiment, and marvelled at the wonderful results, as well they might. Already an English company has bought the boy's ideas, and is concerned in the London-Paris experiments.—*North-western Christian Advocate*.

A new style of bridge or ferry is to be used for transporting carriages and passengers across the Seine. Two skeleton towers are to be erected, one on either bank, a short distance below the lowest existing bridge at Rouen. Between their tops a narrow iron connecting bridge will be built, 160 feet above the

level of the river piers. Rails will be laid on this bridge for the wheels of the travelling carriage, which will be suspended at the level of the quays. The carriage will be forty feet wide and thirty feet long. The trolley cars running on the quays on both sides of the river will make connection at this point and be carried across, the passengers not changing their seats. Foot passengers, drays, etc., will also be transported. This *pont transbordeur*, as it is called, will probably have the right of way, vessels being compelled to accommodate themselves to the movements of this "ferry in the air."
—*Zion's Herald*.

Some scientific wonders are much more widely known than others because they are capable of popular use. Others are equally remarkable, but are not often heard of. One of the latter class is described in this paragraph:

"Prof. John Milne, who studied earthquakes for many years in Japan, where they are very frequent, now has an "earthquake observatory" on the Isle of Wight. In describing his observations there during the past year, he recently remarked that his instruments enabled him to feel heavy earthquakes at great distances, even right through the earth. For example, on August 31st last a disturbance of the instrument led him to conclude that a violent earthquake had occurred about 6,000 miles away. Afterwards it was learned that there had been an earthquake in Japan at that time, and the distance through the earth between the Isle of Wight and Japan is about 6,000 miles."

A German inventor has discovered that a large window glass may be lightly coated with silver in such a way that it is transparent to the person within a room while at the same time it opaque to the passer-by in the street. The oblique rays are reflected while the direct rays pass through the glass. The effect depends upon the proportion of light before and behind the glass.

"Aluminum is not proving to be of such value for surgical instruments as was expected," says *The Medical Times*. "To be sure, it does not oxidize, but it is deficient in elasticity, and stays bent after pressure. It is also so light that the surgeon does not feel as if he had hold of anything when grasping a knife made of it."

Book Notices.

Shakespeare, Puritan and Recusant. By the REV. T. CARTER, with a Prefatory Note by the REV. PRINCIPAL F. OSWALD DYKES, D.D. Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, 90c.

One of the most remarkable features about the great English dramatist is his impersonal character. He hides himself behind his great creations. It is difficult to glean from his plays any hint of his history or training. The author of this book has made a microscopic study of his works, and comes to the conclusion, based on a careful induction, that he was brought up in a Puritan and Bible-loving home, that his sympathies were with the New Religion as opposed to the old Catholicism, that he was, in fact, the first-fruits of that mental emancipation which gave the world the great Protestant writers, Milton, Bunyan, and Defoe. The argument is very ingenious, and certainly the extraordinary familiarity of Shakespeare with the English Bible, which has been fully treated in this magazine, lends no slight corroboration to this theory.

The Greater Gospel. By JOHN M. BAMFORD. Author of "My Cross and Crown," "Christ in the City," etc. Pp. 159. Price, 50 cents. New York: Eaton & Mains. Toronto: William Briggs.

This is an attractive addition to the apologetic literature of the Church. The author presents his thoughts somewhat in the form of a narrative. A minister of a city church, where a great congregation of all classes assembles every Lord's Day, determines upon a startling innovation. Believing "that a truth in any man's life is a truth in every man's life," and that a doctrine which has expressed itself in human experience is living truth as distinguished from dead dogma, he makes his appeal to the "greater gospel," to verify the lesser gospel. The "greater gospel" is the gospel, "written not with ink, but the Spirit of the living God; not in tables of stone, but in fleshly tables of the heart."

This is done by inviting members of the congregation, who feel competent to do so, to testify to the reality of the Gospel message as verified by personal experience. In other words the minister

turns his church service, on several successive Sundays, into what nearly approaches a Methodist testimony-meeting. Willing witnesses are found to confirm biblical doctrines, concerning pardon, the sufficiency of divine grace and kindred truths. Nor are the objectors to the Word preached refused a hearing. Two of these speak frankly and are answered, not by the argument of the advocate, but by the testimony of the witness.

This common experience of divine truths is the "greater gospel." It is the true apologetic for the preached word. It is likewise the common foundation of service and hope upon which Christian activity may unite. Our author has succeeded in giving us an interesting book, which may be read with advantage and profit.

S. P. R.

Humours of '37. Grave, Gay and Grim. Rebellion Times in the Canadas. By ROBINA and KATHLEEN MACFARLANE-LIZARS. Pp. 369. Methodist Book-Rooms: Toronto, Montreal and Halifax. Price, \$1.25.

The Methodist Publishing House has added another to its long list of Canadian historical literature. The previous volume of the Misses Lizars, "In the Days of the Old Canada Company," has won high praise from the press as a vivid picture of the social and political life of the Huron District in the early part of the century. Of still wider interest is the volume under review. This book is, we judge, the most full and comprehensive volume on that remarkable incident in Canadian history, the rebellion of 1837. It is, probably, more difficult to get authentic information of that event than of the campaigns of Alexander, or of Julius Cæsar. The authors of this book have, with great research, consulted innumerable volumes of history, manuscripts, pamphlets, and contemporary records. This volume, however, is not a mere dry-as-dust history, but a gossipy account full of picturesque detail, of the principal events and humorous character-sketches of persons of that stormy period. One of the most interesting chapters is that on the serio-comic conflict at Gallows Hill near Toronto. In these graphic pages such various characters as Colonel Talbot, William Lyon Mackenzie, Sir Francis Bond Head, and

many another are vividly portrayed. The book is admirably printed and is accompanied by a well-engraved map of the scene of the rebellion.

Poems Now First Collected. By EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, \$1.50.

Mr. Stedman has been for many years before the English-reading public as a poet and poetical critic. This volume is a sort of aftermath of a rich poetical harvest. It is a rich anthology in many measures on many themes. A characteristic of Mr. Stedman's poetry is not its rugged strength but its delicate finish. He has used the file till each line and stanza is polished *ad unguem*. In a noble poem in which the end-of-the-century poet pays his tribute to Chaucer, the father of English song. A fine poem addressed to Helen Keller, so wonderfully gifted with inner vision amid her outer limitations, ends with the lines,

"Not thou, not thou—'tis we
Are deaf, are dumb, are blind."

The poem on the Salem Witchcraft interprets the grim superstitions of the age in the lines,

"Dame Anne, mye hate goe with you flecte
As drifts the bay fogg overhead—
Or over yonder hill-topp, where
There is a tree ripe fruite shall bear
When, neighbour mync, your wicked feet
The stoncs of Gallows Hill shall tread."

The poem on the Carib Sea gives very vivid pictures of the strange beauty of those "Summer isles of Eden lying mid dark purple spheres of sea." The volume presents as delicate a piece of poetical workmanship as we have recently seen.

Select Masterpieces of Biblical Literature. Edited with an Introduction and Notes by RICHARD G. MOULTON, M. A., PH. D. New York: The Macmillan Company. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, 50c.

This is one of the volumes of the Modern Reader's Bible projected by Dr. Moulton. Dr. Moulton has rendered invaluable service to the study of the Bible by his clear method of presentation of its sacred truths. These are often obscured by forgetting that the Bible is not one book, but many books—a whole national literature, indeed—and that the inductive method of focussing light from every source upon the sacred page will reveal new beauties and new truths.

The New York *Outlook* goes so far as to say: "It is not too much to pronounce it [Prof. Moulton's series of Bible Studies] one of the most important spiritual and literary events of the times. It is part of the renaissance of Biblical study; but it may mean, and in our judgment it does mean, the renewal of a fresh and deep impression of the beauty and power of the supreme spiritual writing of the world."

St. Ives: Being the Adventures of a French Prisoner in England. By ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company.

This posthumous gift from the pen of the author of "The Treasure Island," and "The Master of Ballantrae," will be welcomed with eagerness. It is the result of the last years of his life in his island-home of Samoa. It was almost completed at the time of his death, and the course of the remainder was outlined to his stepdaughter and amanuensis, Mrs. Strong. To Mr. Quiller-Couch, who is steeped in the traditions and spirit of Cornish and Devonshire life, was intrusted the delicate task of adding the few short chapters which complete the book. The spell of the master is in these pages. The charm of style, the variety of incident, the manifold interest are admirably sustained.

The Gist of Japan. The Islands, their People and Missions. By the REV. R. B. PEERY, A.M., PH.D., of the Lutheran Mission, Saga, Japan, with Illustrations. New York and Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Company. Price, \$1.25.

The extraordinary manner in which Japan has become one of the great powers of the Orient illustrates the Scripture, "A nation shall be born in a day." Still more remarkable is its religious development. Where a few years ago public placards pronounced death to all disciples of foreign religions, to-day Christianity has not only free toleration but is the accepted religion of some of the leading senators of the empire. This handsome, well-printed volume gives a graphic account of the country, the manners and customs of the people, the history of Protestant missions, methods of work, hindrances and special problems. A chapter on "The Private Life of the Missionary" is one of remarkable interest.

Light from Egypt. By J. N. FRADENBURGH, D.D. Cincinnati: Curts & Jennings. Toronto: William Briggs. 12mo. Cloth. Illustrated. Pp. 400. Price, \$1.25.

No field of remote antiquity has yielded richer reward to the diligent explorer than ancient Egypt. The records of modern exploration in the land of the Nile fill volumes much too voluminous and costly to be available to any but the savants and specialists. But so intimately is Egypt related to sacred history, and so large has been its influence upon classical history and the institutions of modern times even, that the remains of its civilization are of universal interest. Dr. Fradenburgh, long recognized as an authority in the realm of Oriental antiquities, has presented, in plain language, the substance of the results of Egyptian exploration up to date. As might have been expected, he has given us a thoroughly readable and very valuable book.

Irish Methodism. By REV. RANDALL C. PHILLIPS. London: Charles H. Kelly. Toronto: William Briggs.

Many thousands of Irish Methodists, or their sons and daughters, in Canada, cherish an ardent affection to the green isle beyond the sea, from which so much of the best blood of Canada and of Canadian Methodism has been drawn. These will read with much interest this generous tribute to the work of Methodism in the Old Land. It is full of stirring incident and inspiring record, a sort of a continuation of the Acts of the Apostles in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries.

The Mineral Wealth of Canada. A Guide for Students of Economic Geology. By ARTHUR B. WILLMOTT, M.A., B.Sc., Professor of Natural Science, McMaster University, formerly Assistant in Mineralogy, Harvard University. Methodist Book-Rooms, Toronto, Montreal & Halifax.

The attention of the world is being attracted as never before to the mineral resources of this great Dominion. This book is a very timely exhibit of our national inheritance in this respect. Professor Willmott writes from a thorough study of the authorities on this subject and from large personal experience as an explorer. This book gives a timely description of the rocks of Canada and their economic products.

Hugh Wynne, Free Quaker. Sometime Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel on the Staff of His Excellency General Washington. By S. WEIR MITCHELL, M.D., LL.D. Two vols. New York: The Century Company Toronto: William Briggs. Price, \$2.00.

A queer sort of Quaker was Hugh Wynne. A man of strife from his youth, he served actively throughout most of the Revolutionary War, as did also, we learn, a large number of the Quaker colonists. Dr. Mitchell's tale gives a very vivid account of some of the most striking events in that prolonged contest. He describes the old colonial life in Philadelphia, the growing estrangement between the Mother Country and the colonies, and gives a graphic picture of old colonial life. It is rather a disillusion of one's ideas of the staid and grave deportment of the Quaker colony. The amount of drinking, even among the strictest of the Friends, was portentous; while among the world's people, especially among the military classes, the gambling, profanity, roistering and duelling was something that would shock modern sensibilities. Even the Father of his Country, though superior to most of his compeers, and even, in his way, a religious man, could indulge in a strong flagon and a round oath. The account of the capture and execution of Major André is one of intense pathos.

From Dr. Mitchell's careful study one gets a clearer conception of these old colonial times than from any book of history that we know. The story of "Hugh Wynne," with its historic background, is more akin to Thackeray's "Virginians" or "Esmond" than to most of the sensational stories of the day.

A Summary of Methodist Law and Discipline: Being a New Edition of "The Large Minutes." By the REV. JOHN S. SIMON. Prepared by Order of the Wesleyan Methodist Conference. London: Charles H. Kelly. Toronto: William Briggs.

What is known as "The Large Minutes" of Conference is an historic document containing the collection of rules and code of laws for the guidance of "The People Called Methodists." They treat the different aspects of Church life and Church work under the headings of the Society, the Circuit, the Ministers, District Synods, the Conferences. Valuable appendices and a convenient index make this an exceedingly useful volume.

The Pink Fairy Book. Edited by ANDREW LANG. With numerous illustrations by H. J. FORD. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. Toronto: Copp, Clark Company. Price, \$2.00.

Among the earliest literature of all nations is its fairy lore. This was not merely nursery tales, but more often myths and allegories of moral teaching. That accomplished editor, Mr. Andrew Lang, has made a special study of this ancient folk lore, and has published a round dozen of volumes on the subject. In this book he collects forty-one characteristic tales of many lands, Japanese, Chinese, German, French, Italian, Spanish, Danish, Swedish, and Sicilian, including some old favourites of Hans Andersen and the brothers Grimm. "Nothing prevents us from being kind," says Mr. Lang, "and no kind man, woman, beast, or bird, ever comes to anything but good in these oldest fables of the world. So far all the tales are true, and no further." The scores of illustrations by Mr. Ford, some of them very queer, will make this book a favourite holiday present for the young folk.

Week-Day Religion. By J. R. MILLER, D.D. Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, 90 cents.

This is the only sort of religion that is worth anything for this world, or the next either. The object of this book, says the author, is to help young Christians especially to take the religion of Christ out of closet and sanctuary and creed, and get it into their daily lives of toil, temptation and care. Many of us, he adds, think of Christianity as a system of doctrine and worship only, and too little as a life. The aim of this book is to show how doctrine should become life, how promises should be rod and staff in the climber's hand, and how the Sabbath life should pour itself through all the week-days, making every hour bright with the radiance of heaven.

Corleone. A Tale of Sicily. By F. MARION CRAWFORD. Two vols. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company, William Briggs. Price, \$2.00.

Probably no man living is able to describe for the English-speaking world Italian life and character so well as Marion Crawford. He has lived for several years at the classic Sorrento, on the beautiful bay of Naples, and knows

Italy and its people thoroughly. Of this his previous tales, "Saracinesca," "Sant' Ilario" and "Don Orsino," are demonstrations. In "Corleone" he follows the fortunes of these characters, although the story is complete in itself. In addition to pictures of Roman society are graphic sketches of life and adventure in Sicily. Seldom, if ever, have the character of Sicilian brigandage and the strange organization of the "Mafia" been so well described.

The economic wealth of Ontario is gradually becoming known. A very admirable contribution to this knowledge is Mr. Blue's yearly Report of the Bureau of Mines. This Report increases in value every year. The issue for the current year is a well-printed octavo of 289 pages, with folding coloured maps and numerous engravings. It describes the economic materials of Ontario, gives a report of the West Ontario gold region, a history of Silver Islet, and other valuable information on the economic resources of the Province.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Wayfaring Men. By EDNA LYALL. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company, William Briggs. Price, \$1.25.

A Life for a Life, and Other Addresses. By PROF. HENRY DRUMMOND, F.R.S.E., F.G.S. With a Tribute by D. L. MOODY. Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Company, William Briggs. Price, 25 cents.

Daily Thoughts for a Year from the Letters of Samuel Rutherford. Selected by EVA S. SANDEMAN. Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier. Toronto: William Briggs.

Yet Speaking. A Collection of Addresses. By A. J. GORDON, D.D. Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Company, William Briggs.

Cyparissus. A Romance of the Isles of Greece. By ERNST ECKSTEIN. Translated from the German by MARY J. SAFFORD. New York: Geo. Gottsberger Peck. Price, 75 cents.

Ira Kildare. A Matrimonial Problem. By L. B. WALFORD. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company.

Dariel. A Romance of Surrey. By R. D. BLACKMORE. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company, William Briggs. Price, 75 cents.

Religious and Missionary Intelligence.

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

WESLEYAN METHODIST.

The English Methodist Year Book for 1897-98, just issued, gives the following figures as to the position of the denomination: The number of members is 607,090. Of these, 438,960 belong to Great Britain, 27,164, to Ireland, 44,573 to foreign missions, 1,766 to the French Conferences, 47,872, to the South African Conferences, and 46,746 to the West Indies. The number of members on trial is 67,304; the number of ministers, 2,326; on probation, 362; supernumeraries, 384.

The Roko of the district of Nabouwalu, Fiji, has lately erected at his own cost a large Wesleyan church. The size of this building is an indication of the congregations which now gather in once cannibal Fiji. It is 100 feet long by 70 feet wide. About 1,000 people were present at the opening, and the services were prolonged throughout an entire week.

A Fijian native teacher stationed at Kiriwina tells, in a most interesting letter published by the *Methodist*, how the Rev. S. B. Fellows ran in between two hostile tribes of natives armed to fight, and stopped a war in which several men had been killed. They said to him, "If you had not come, many more would have died to-day."

A farewell service of unusual interest was held in Wesley's Chapel, London, in the early part of October. Mrs. Parson, of Jabulpur, India, spoke of the famine, with which she had had much to do. The company included Misses Cornaby, Greenwood, Myers and Rosevear, who were going to India, and Miss Sallie Wilson, to China. The Famine Orphanage in India is named in honour of Mr. Jevons, who gave the money for it. Two of the ladies went out at their own expense.

Rev. Richard Green, a scholarly minister has published a bibliography of the most exhaustive sort, touching the works of John and Charles Wesley, with a list of the early editions, descriptive and illustrative notes, etc., making a volume of 246 pages. From this it appears that the two Wesleys are responsible for 326 prose works, 61 poetic, and 14 musical—401 in

all. But the 50 volumes of the "Christian Library" and the 14 volumes of the "Arminian Magazine" are, in each case, counted as only one work; so that the expanded total would be nearer 500 than 400. John Wesley wrote 233 original works and edited 100, while there are 30 works published by the brothers jointly or whose precise authorship cannot be determined.

A new pipe organ has been constructed for the Wesleyan church in Pretoria, South Africa, by Mr. G. W. Price, of Grahamstown, at a cost of over \$5,000.

A lady has presented a furnished house for the purposes of the Western Mission in London.

The *Methodist Times* says that the "Wesley Guild" is the old wine of Methodism in new bottles, and declares its belief "that more young people have been busy during the past summer working, singing, speaking in the open air, on village green and in country market-places, than at any period since the earliest days of Methodism."

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

St. Paul's Church, New York, was dedicated October 3rd. Bishop Foss preached in the morning and Bishop Foster conducted the dedicatory ceremonies. The cost was \$340,000, and it was dedicated free of debt. It has a seating capacity of 1,200 and a Sunday-school room for 700 scholars.

The Methodist population of the United States is double that of the Catholic. There are nearly 25,000 ministers, with church property valued at \$132,140,179. The capital stock of its two publishing houses, in New York and Cincinnati, amounts to \$3,500,000, and during the last fifty-two years the sales have amounted to more than \$60,000,000. There is an average membership of 164 to every pastor.

The Foochow missionaries state that the abundant wealth of prayer which has ascended from the churches in all parts of the world since the massacre of August 1st, 1896, has been manifestly followed by a widespread general movement towards Christianity among all classes of the

population and in all parts of the province. There are 20,000 adherents to Methodism in this province, where we waited ten years for our first convert. Last summer 180 patients were on the mission premises at one time.

Bishop Fowler writes: "It cost less than \$1,200,000 to Christianize the Sandwich Islands. We now have from \$5,000,000 to \$8,000,000 of commerce, making in net profit about as much as the entire cost of Christianizing them."

A recent letter from Bishop William Taylor, in Africa, says: As I do little writing, and most of my preaching through interpreters, this has not retarded the glorious work in which about 2,000 souls have been saved since my arrival at Edendale, Natal.

The Girls' Institute in Rome, founded in 1888, has passed its eighth year. It gives a thorough education to pupils, but its main object is to train them in New Testament Christian living. The scope of the work is to supply the demand for a Protestant boarding-school, and courses in Bible history, music, French and English have been added to the regular government programme with satisfactory results. Apartments have been rented not far from our church in Rome, and a new school has been opened. Through this agency, no doubt, an influence will be gained in Rome which could not be obtained in any other way. Among the scholars at the school is the daughter of one of the sons of Garibaldi.

Bishop Goodsell relates this incident which occurred in China: "A man wheeled his mother in a wheelbarrow 400 miles that he might hear the Gospel in Peking. I ordained that man an elder in our ministry."

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, SOUTH.

Dr. David Morton, Secretary of the Board of Church Extension, says: "In spite of 'hard times' all the Conferences so far, with a single exception, have reported an increase in the collections for this cause over last year. In fifteen years we have raised over \$1,000,000, and assisted in the erection of 3,500 churches. A new office has recently been built and paid for entirely out of special donations for that purpose."

Rev. Dr. Morrison, Senior Missionary Secretary, writes that the debt on the Missionary Society, \$160,000, is now cancelled, without taking one dollar from the ordinary income.

The corner-stone of the Haygood Me-

morial Hall has been laid at Augusta, Ga. The Hall will be in connection with Paine Institute, an educational institution for the education of the young people in the African Methodist Episcopal Church, in whose behalf the late Bishop Haygood took the deepest interest.

Bishop Keener is quarantined at Ocean Springs, Miss., by the yellow fever, hence Bishop Hendrix will hold the Tennessee Conference, instead of the senior Bishop.

Bishop O. Fitzgerald says there are seventeen governors of States who are members of some Church.

THE METHODIST CHURCH.

Twenty years ago, Winnipeg had a population of 2,000; to-day nearly 40,000. Manitoba had then 20,000, now 200,000. Then the Territories were empty, now they contain 100,000 people. British Columbia had then 40,000, now 100,000.

The report of the Superintendent of Missions for Manitoba and the North-West is an interesting document. Thirteen circuits went off the Mission Fund and became independent last year. There are ninety independent circuits in Manitoba. A good showing for the prosperity and liberality of our people out there.

Take another comparison: In 1858 there were only four missionaries west of Lake Superior. There were only 378 members reported, now there are 21,503. There are, in all, 130 self-supporting circuits, and the people raise for all purposes \$253,000. This is advance indeed.

His Excellency the Governor-General, accompanied by the Countess of Aberdeen and Lady Marjorie, have visited Mount Allison University, at Sackville. The day was observed in a right royal manner. The illustrious guests were well pleased with what they saw in all the departments of the institution, and on leaving expressed themselves as being greatly delighted, and intimated how that they would always rejoice to hear of the prosperity of Mount Allison.

A sad calamity has befallen the Nova Scotia Conference, by the almost entire destruction by fire of the beautiful town of Windsor. The greater part of the town has been wiped out, and five out of six churches, including the Methodist sanctuary. Most of the people have lost all their possessions, which will necessarily affect their contributions to church purposes. There is thus a fine opportunity

to exercise the gift of charity, as thousands of dollars will be required on behalf of the people during the coming winter, to enable them to rebuild their houses and churches.

Victoria College has entered upon another year's course of toil. The Convocation at the commencement was largely attended. Dr. Parkin, of the Upper Canada College, was the principal speaker. His address was one of unusual eloquence and power. Chancellor Burwash presided. The number of students is a little in advance of last year.

A report has been received from Rev. John Scott, D.D., Dean of Theology, Tokyo, Japan. S. Eban, Esq., M.P., is President. The report gives an encouraging account of the college, which has over 240 students, including a class of native candidates for the ministry. The report states that only two foreigners are now on the staff of teachers, the Dean and Professor A. C. Borden, B.D. It would seem that owing to the success of the missionaries and the progress of Christianity, the Methodist Council in Japan were now able to secure a majority of the professors from among converted Japanese Christians, of whom four or five are now members of the college staff. This college is maintained by the Canadian Board so far as its income requires supplementing, the policy being intended, so far as finances are concerned, to save the difference in the outlay by the employment of the native ministers trained there, so far as possible, in place of sending missionaries at the much greater cost from Canada.

METHODIST NEW CONNEXION.

The Evangelistic Union, which met in Manchester, in September, was a season of great spiritual enjoyment. There are about seventy ministers included in the Union, most of them meet annually for purposes of spiritual and mental improvement. There were public services and private gatherings to help one another to develop a larger spiritual life. Essays were read on given topics and a considerable amount of time was spent in exegetical exercises. Those who attended expressed their delight with the privilege which they had enjoyed, and the younger members especially acknowledged that they had received great stimulus by the intercourse with which they had been favoured among their elder brethren.

The Centenary Celebration at Manchester was a grand affair. The celebra-

tion took place during the first Tuesday in October. The Wesleyan Central Hall was granted free of charge for the services. Rev. Hugh Price Hughes, M.A., preached at noon. In the afternoon a public meeting was held with the Rev. J. LeHuray in the chair. The speakers were Revs. G. Packer, A. Colbeck, J. C. Watts, D.D. In the evening the hall was crowded. The President of Conference, Rev. J. Innocent presided. Revs. Dr. Watson, J. Ogden and Hugh Price Hughes were the speakers. The meeting was in every respect of a most successful character. Mr. Hughes prophesied that the Wesleyan Church, the New Connexion Church, and the United Methodist Free Church would never have another centenary, and he doubted whether the Primitives would, but by the early part of the twentieth century they would be united as the largest and most powerful Christian Church in the world.

PRIMITIVE METHODIST.

The Missionary Society is experiencing considerable anxiety relative to the Mission in West Africa, where the climate is so trying to Europeans. Mrs. Pickering, wife of the superintendent of the mission, has died very unexpectedly. She and her husband only left England three years ago. The wife of another missionary has been ordered to England to prevent being interred in a premature grave.

RECENT DEATHS.

Rev. Samuel Wesley, a member of the British Wesleyan Conference, recently died at the age of eighty-one. He was a lineal descendant of the Wesleys, and in appearance greatly resembled Rev. John Wesley. His only daughter performed much valuable labour among the English soldiers. He was emphatically a good man, well read in theological literature, and greatly resembled the old Methodist preacher.

Rev. John Stoughton, D.D., an eminent Congregational minister in London, England, died October 24th. He was the author of several religious works. In early life he met in a Methodist class-meeting with the late Mrs. Jobson. In 1832 he became a Congregational minister in the metropolis. A few years ago he retired, when his congregation presented him \$15,000. He was Chairman of the Congregational Union in 1856. He was over ninety years old.