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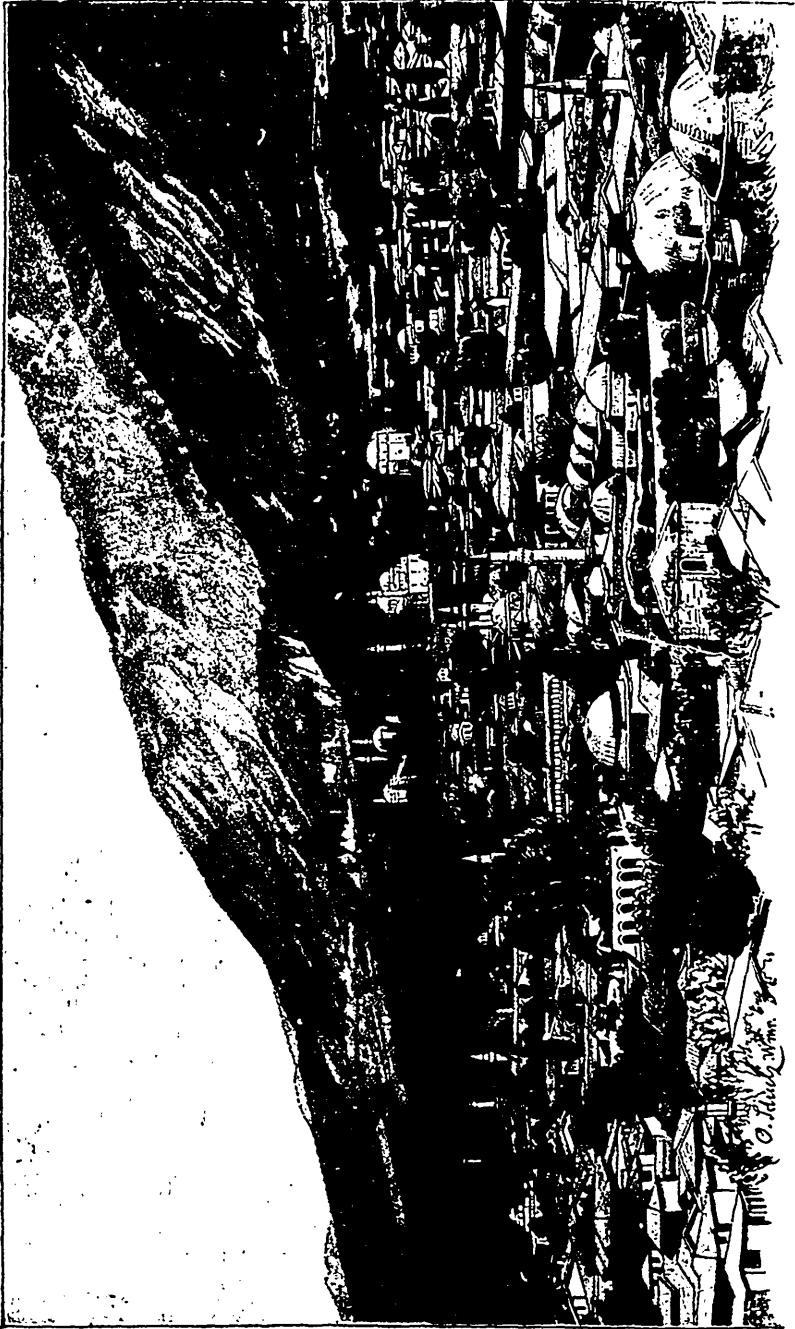
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VIEW OF BROUSSA FROM CITADEL.

O. H. ...
1874

THE METHODIST MAGAZINE.

AUGUST, 1895.

IN THE LEVANT.

BY THE EDITOR.

SMYRNA TO CONSTANTINOPLE.



SMYRNA AND MOUNT PAGUS.

EARLY on Saturday morning our good ship glided into the magnificent harbour of Smyrna, the largest and most important city of Asia Minor. It occupies a most magnificent position, backed by an amphitheatre of mountains, its fertile plain covered with richest foliage. Its crowded shipping and splendid quay give the city quite a European character; but as we penetrate its interior and visit its suburbs, it becomes strikingly Oriental. Not at either Cairo or Constantinople is such a variety

of tongues spoken; no less than seventeen different languages are in use. I saw signs in Turkish, Armenian, Hebrew, French, Italian and English. The commerce of Smyrna is very extensive, chiefly cotton, figs and other fruit, silk, opium, liquors, sponges, Turkey carpets and rugs, leeches and attar of roses.

We visited the quaint Cathedral of St. Photinus, and the Armenian church, where the strange service of that ancient sect was in progress. The spacious church was situated in

a great court surrounded by ancient sculptured monuments, one of which was an English tomb, of date 1636, with the inscription, "Here lyeth interred the body of Christian Moyer." I noticed the names of "Polycarp" and "Homeros" Streets. The crowded thoroughfares presented a very remarkable pageant; heavily burdened camels, kowasses in gorgeous jackets with baggy trousers, and great red girdles,

esque garb of the many races whom we saw. Some of the Turkish women were arrayed in most brilliant colours — salmon-coloured or pink silk, with pink parasols and white yashmaks. One of my travelling companions said that they dressed so "loudly" that he could not hear the steam whistle of the ship!

I called to see the Rev. Mr. McLachlan, of Toronto, who went out a few years ago as a missionary to

Sardis. He had recently come to Smyrna, and had charge of a very admirable mission school. He was assisted by a very bright, intelligent lady, Miss Blakeley, a native of Smyrna, though of Boston parentage.

Throughout the East generally the windows are closely barred with iron, but here in the Armenian cemetery even the graves were similarly covered. Many of the houses, though bare and bald on the exterior, with few windows, and those closely barred, had

lovely courts, where grew in richest profusion sub-tropical plants and flowers. In the evening the handsome Smyrniote ladies may be seen in full dress standing at the doors.

We visited a large Greek hospital surrounding an open square, whose many rooms looked neat and clean, although the air was laden with that peculiar odour which seems inseparable from such institutions. Among the patients was a sick Canadian. Adjacent to the hospital excavations were being made of the



SMYRNIOTE LADIES.

in which were a perfect arsenal of weapons. The principal industry of a large number of the people seemed to be begging. They would pause with outstretched hands, without a word, when the porters stationed at the great stores would bestow a microscopic coin, or one of microscopic value, on each.

I was impressed with the handsome Levantine men, and the fine, clear-cut and classic features of the women, as well as with the pictur-

foundations of a very ancient structure, supposed to be the Temple of Jupiter. This hospital was crowded with many British soldiers during the Crimean War, and the adjacent cemetery has many British graves. We crossed the ancient and pictur-

feet high, to see the old Genoese Castle, a vast and ruined structure, built of solid masonry.

On our way to the Acropolis we passed a remarkable "kitchen midden," consisting of several layers of oyster-shells, etc., which is supposed



STREET IN SMYRNA BY MOONLIGHT.

esque Caravan Bridge across the river. Over this bridge for hundreds of years has come, on the backs of camels, nearly all the produce of Asia Minor which is shipped from Smyrna. We climbed Mount Pagus, a hill five hundred

to mark the spot of a very ancient population. The walls of the Acropolis on the summit of Mount Pagus, which are very impressive, seen from below, are still more so when one climbs. Their cliff-like ruins are very extensive. They consist chiefly

of works of the Byzantine emperors, with restorations by the Genoese. On one side are traces of Cyclopean walls, the great work of Lysimachus, remaining in good order and well preserved.

Within the area of the Acropolis are the walls of a ruined mosque, formerly a church in which Polycarp preached, and, below, the vaulted arches of a reservoir. The so-called "Seven Churches" is a

a green turban. The tomb is covered with Turkish colours, and overshadowed by a melancholy cypress and surrounded by a low wall, where a Turkish custodian takes toll from Christian visitors. The view from the Acropolis, of the curving bay, the crowded town, the cypress groves, cemeteries, the engirdling hills, the plain and the ancient aqueduct, is exceedingly impressive.



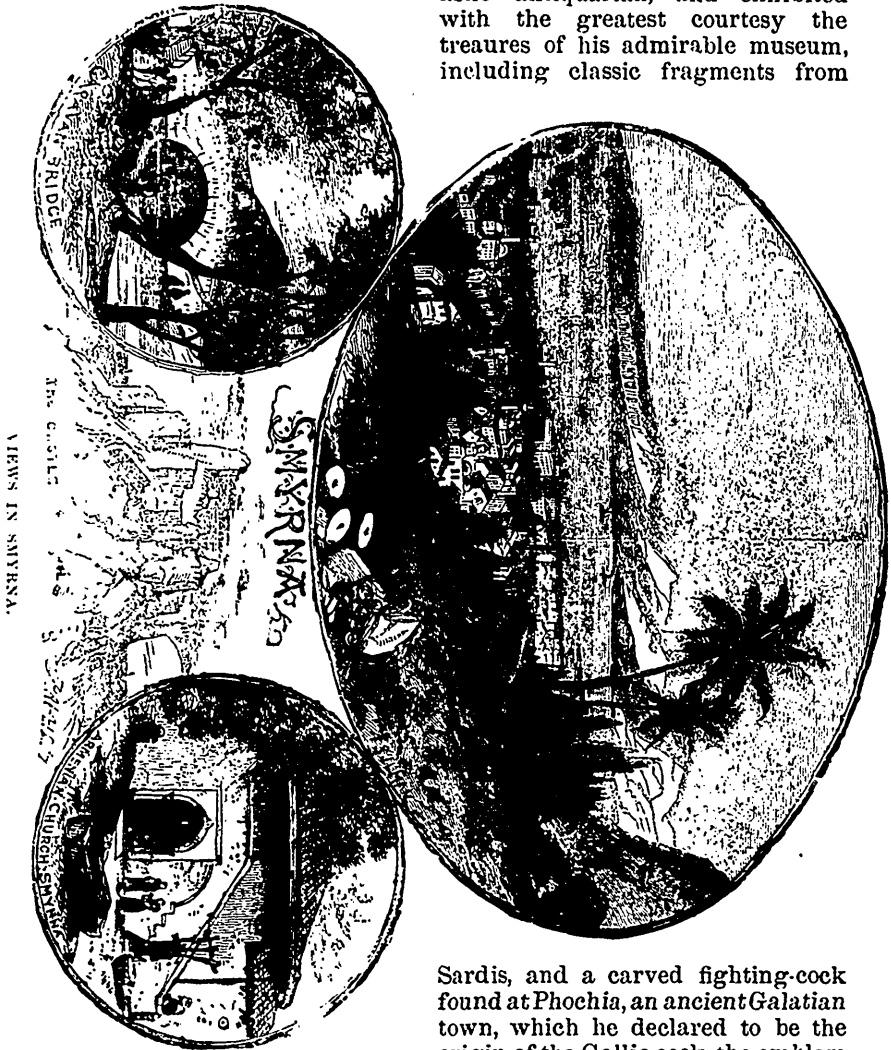
STREET SCENE IN SMYRNA.

structure some distance from the walls, alleged to be the ancient church of which St. Polycarp was the "angel," one of the seven churches of Asia. In the amphitheatre of Smyrna the venerable bishop was martyred at the stake. On the slope of a hill is shown what is alleged to be his tomb. It is evidently that of a Moslem saint, built of brick, plastered (eight feet by ten), with a Turkish headstone, bearing

On our way back to the ship we passed through the crowded and squalid Jewish quarter. Being Saturday—the Jewish Sabbath—everybody was in holiday dress: the men in white; the handsome Jewish women in bright colours, with a profusion of gold ear-rings and ornaments in strange contrast to the squalor of their surroundings. The Turkish quarter was, if possible, still more crowded. The bazaars

were all exceedingly interesting, filled with curious Oriental wares, rugs, carpets, silks, embroideries, jewellery, and Oriental weapons and curios; among the latter a variety of terra-cotta heads and figures of

was a school, over which was the appropriate inscription, "The fear of the Lord,"—or, as the genial Greek librarian translated it, "The horror of God"—"is the beginning of wisdom." This same librarian was an enthusiastic antiquarian, and exhibited with the greatest courtesy the treasures of his admirable museum, including classic fragments from



supposed classic origin, of which I bought a small head of Juno, and also some brilliant Smyrniote *cuffies* or silk kerchiefs.

We paid an interesting visit to the library and museum. Near this

Sardis, and a carved fighting-cock found at Phochia, an ancient Galatian town, which he declared to be the origin of the Gallic cock, the emblem of France to-day. He showed with special pleasure an ancient manuscript of the tenth century, containing the first eight books of the Old Testament, with some very quaint miniature illuminations.

As I had to make a choice between foregoing the sights of Smyrna and the ruins of Ephesus—fifty miles off by rail—I preferred the former. My party of friends from Berlin University went out by rail to the ancient city, and described the ruins, especially of the great Temple of Diana, as especially interesting, although scarcely one stone was left upon another. "If the glory of Ephesus was great," says a recent writer, "its ruin is remarkable. What remains attests its vastness, but of that magnificence naught but

343 feet, but the great Temple of the Sun, which we saw at Baalbec, was almost as large, and its columns were even larger. Seven of the latter, with their entablature rising seventy-five feet, still remain, while at Ephesus not a fragment stands erect. What gives the latter its special interest is its association with sacred history from the persecutions of St. Paul, who fought with beasts and beast-like men at Ephesus. The story of his visits is told in Acts xviii, xix. and xx. From his prison cell in Rome he



TOMB OF POLYCARP, SMYRNA.

fragments exist. It has a character of desolation of its own. The population has passed away from the site, and of the monuments of marble scarcely enough remains above ground to mark their sites." Many of its smaller columns were carried off to embellish Constantinople, Rome, Pisa, and other cities. What became of the many statues that adorned its temples we cannot tell, unless they were burned for lime or buried beneath the soil.

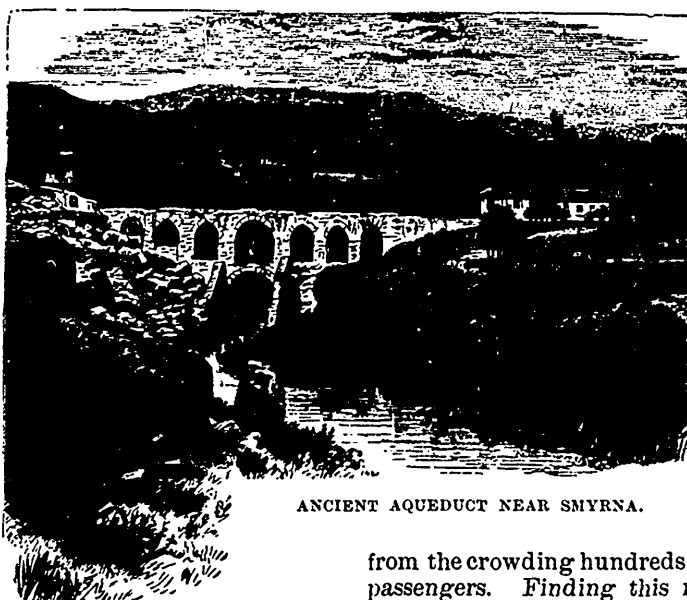
The great Temple of Diana was one of the largest and most famous in the world. It measured 164 by

subsequently wrote the Epistle to the Ephesians.

Here, also, St. John is believed to have retired after his return from his banishment to Patmos. Here, too, according to tradition, the Virgin Mary went to live with the beloved disciple, and here she died and was buried. Here was held the famous Council of Ephesus, and here is said to be the tomb of Mary Magdalene. The Grotto of the Seven Sleepers is a place of interest to Mohammedans as well as Christians. Tradition reports that during the persecution of the Christians in the

reign of Diocletian, A.D. 283, seven men and a dog went here for refuge, and, falling asleep, did not wake for two hundred years. When they awoke and entered the city they did not recognize the people, the money nor the language; everything was changed and the city had all become Christian. This tradition was received by Mahomet and embodied in the Koran, and the Mohammedans have great veneration for the dog Ketmehr and allow him a place in Paradise. The

blue waves of the Mediterranean. It was a most refreshing experience. In the glorious afternoon light our ship warped slowly out of the harbour. The townsfolk came down by hundreds to the quay, which looked like the stage of some great amphitheatre surrounded by its background of mountains. Among our new passengers was a lady in a cinnamon-coloured dress. Although deck passengers, this lady and her servant took refuge at first on the flat roof of a small structure isolated



ANCIENT AQUEDUCT NEAR SMYRNA.

names of the Seven Sleepers, engraved in gold or precious stones, are supposed to act as a powerful charm to avert evil, and may be purchased in the talisman bazaar in Smyrna.

Smyrna was in ancient times a great school for rhetoricians and philosophy. It was called the Forest of Philosophy and the Asylum of the Muses and Graces. Before re-embarking on the steamer for Constantinople I joined my Berlin University friends and rowed to the breakwater for a final dip in the

from the crowding hundreds of other passengers. Finding this rather a bleak spot to sleep on in the open air she transferred her rugs, her parrot cage and her other belongings to the bridge connecting the fore and after decks, where she improvised a sort of tent by spreading a rug over the railing and effectually obstructing all passage through the gangway. Another of our passengers was a Jewess, who wore a most sumptuous dress embroidered with most beautiful lace. As we glided from the shore the golden sunset faded into olive green and ashen grey, and the red light on the mountains deepened from ruddy crimson

to deep purple and at last to spectral white.

Lesbos, or Mytelene, has attracted the attention of the civilized world within a few months, from the fact of a few British red-coats having landed for gun practice. For days the Bourses of Vienna, Berlin, Paris, and the great money markets of the world were convulsed: it was thought that Great Britain had seized the island as a base of operation against the Dardanelles and Constantinople—so sensitive is the barometer of commerce to political agitation. As we sailed by the island on a lovely Sunday morning, the old mediæval castle, with its huge embattlements, walls and towers, and curious old Byzantine church, presented a striking feature. The Lesbian isle is the birthplace of the famous poets Alcæus, Sappho, and Arion, and of the philosopher Theophrastus.

In an opening to the left, between the islands of Lero and Lepso, we caught a glimpse of the lonely isle of Patmos, a name familiar to uncounted millions through its sacred associations. It is a tiny island only ten miles long and five miles wide. It is scarcely mentioned in history. It is a bleak, barren mass of rock, and was used by the Romans as a place of banishment for criminals, hence it was the place of exile to which St. John was condemned by the emperor. Here, according to undisputed tradition, he had his glorious vision of the open heavens and the great white throne and the New Jerusalem, and wrote the last book of the canon of Holy Scripture. On the rocky ridge is a small town, and still higher the famous Monastery of St. John the Divine, presenting the appearance of a fortress of the Middle Ages. In a grotto in the rocks is shown a cavern, covered with a chapel, upon whose walls are depicted apocalyptic scenes. Here St. John is said to have written his Revelation. The

monks even point out some fissures in the roof where the last of the prophets heard the sound of a voice from heaven like the sound of a trumpet.

It was with keen interest that we skirted the low coast of the ancient Troas and passed the site of Troy and Hisarlik, where Schliemann made such wonderful finds. We thought of the wondrous siege sung by Homer, the earliest and probably the best-known siege in history. The excavations of Schliemann have shown that this was not merely the creation of a poetic imagination, but a historic fact. He found the remains of six different towns, one beneath the other, and in the treasure-house of Priam all sorts of gold vessels and ornaments, some of which weighed four pounds. These I have myself seen in the South Kensington Museum, London. Here, too, is the place where St. Paul in his vision saw the man of Macedonia crying, "Come over and help us," and with a courage greater than that of Ulysses or Achilles entered on his sacred "Odyssey" for the evangelization of Europe.

It is somewhat odd to remember that our English word "meander" comes from a very tortuous stream of that name which wanders at its own sweet will through the plains of Troy.

To the right we passed the Island of Tenedos, where the Greek fleets retired while the faithless wooden horse, with its perilous freight, was dragged into Troy. Amid this striking environment we held our Sunday service. The Rev. Mr. Steel, son of Dr. Daniel Steel, read the account of Paul at Troas and Ephesus.

On Sunday afternoon we sailed up the famous Dardanelles or Hellespont. The European and Asiatic shores are full of interest, not for their scenic attractions, for they have few, but from the profound historic interest which they present. This strait is seventy miles long and in

many places not more than a mile wide. Grim, gray castles are built at prominent points on either side. The Sygian promontory behind which the Grecian fleet was drawn ashore during the Grecian war is now covered with wind-mills. The Castle of Europe and Castle of Asia, as they are called, are prominent forts in tolerably good repair. Their real strength, however, consists in the grass-covered earth-works whose green, sun-kissed slopes looked very innocent.

At Abydos the contour of the

the grim castle. A town of two thousand houses, supported by strong forts armed with heavy Krupp guns, some of them forty tons in weight, guards the approach to the Sea of Marmora. Low, green slopes, great yellow barracks; grim, gray forts, with an occasional white minaret, make an odd and not unpleasing scene. Here are great porcelain factories. Many of our pilgrims went ashore and returned laden with enormous quantities of the bizarre and grotesque pottery. The scenery is picturesque rather than beautiful



CONSTANTINOPLE AND THE BOSPHORUS.

land seems to indicate the exact spot where the bridge of Xerxes must have been, and also where the army of Alexander crossed from Europe into Asia. Here, too, the crescent was first planted in Europe by Soleiman in 630 A.D. This is the scene of the tragical tale of Leander, who used to swim across the Hellespont to visit Hero, the priestess of Aphrodite. Lord Byron swam across this current in an hour and ten minutes.

At the Castle of the Dardanelles, farther up, our ship had to come to anchor to receive permission to pass

or grand. On either side are fertile fields of grain, mixed with vineyards and frequent villages. Gallipoli, the ancient Calolypolis, at the mouth of the Sea of Marmora, is a fortified Oriental-looking town of 20,000 inhabitants, with a mediæval castle.

While passing through the historic strait I was requested by the tourists on the ship, among whom were several ministers of the United States, to give them a talk on the Catacombs, as an appropriate employment of the hours of Sunday afternoon. This I had pleasure in

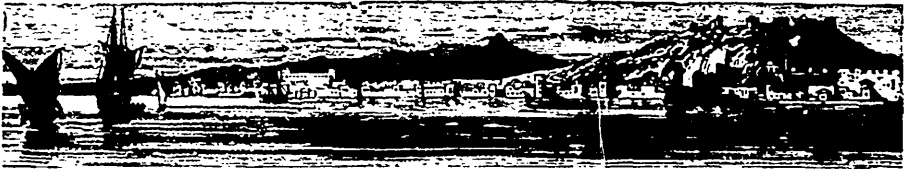
doing at a greater length than I had intended. "Can it be possible," I said, when I got through, "that I have talked an hour and fifteen minutes?" "Why," said my friend, the Rev. Mr. Brown, of Berlin University, "it did not seem more than ten minutes." This I took to be a very high compliment till I found that he had been sound asleep most of the time. We passed by night through the Sea of Marmora, which takes its name from the splendid marble quarries on an island of the same name, and with the early morning approached the famous city of Constantinople.

BROUSSA—(See *frontispiece*).

Broussa is a large Turkish city in Asia Minor, a few hours' journey from Constantinople. A recent traveller says, "Broussa is, without exception, the most beautiful place I have ever seen. It covers an immense area on a sloping plateau about five hundred feet above the level of the sea, at the foot of Mount Olympus. It contains fifty-two mosques, with their bubble-like domes and white minarets, and other fine buildings, interspersed with mulberry orchards and luxuriant gardens. Mount Olympus has well-marked zones of vegetation, first chestnuts, then oaks and hazels,

beech and pines, and junipers, and then the snowy summit. An instance of Turkish misgovernment is seen in the railway stretching from Broussa to the Sea of Marmora. The earthwork was so miserably planned and executed that the whole line had to be completely remodelled. When the rolling stock arrived it would not fit the rails, and the pier at Moudania is already toppling over."

The cultivation of the mulberry and feeding of silkworms is one of the principal industries. The long trains of camels are picturesque objects. But the general cultivation is poor in the extreme, not half of the land being under tillage, and there is that appearance of thriftlessness which is so general in Turkey. Its population is about seventy-five thousand, of whom eleven thousand are Armenians and six thousand Greeks, the rest being Mohammedans. Its mosques number two hundred. Some of these are very fine. The "Green Mosque" is lined with exquisite enamelled tiles and arabesque carving of the most beautiful description. It is built of marble and has a cupola of emerald green; hence its name. The whole country bubbles with hot springs, which are supposed to be of medicinal value.



SMYRNA.

How many times, since o'er Judea's plains
The angels' anthem sounded full and clear,
The voice of song and music's sweetest strains
Have told the story to our hearts so dear.

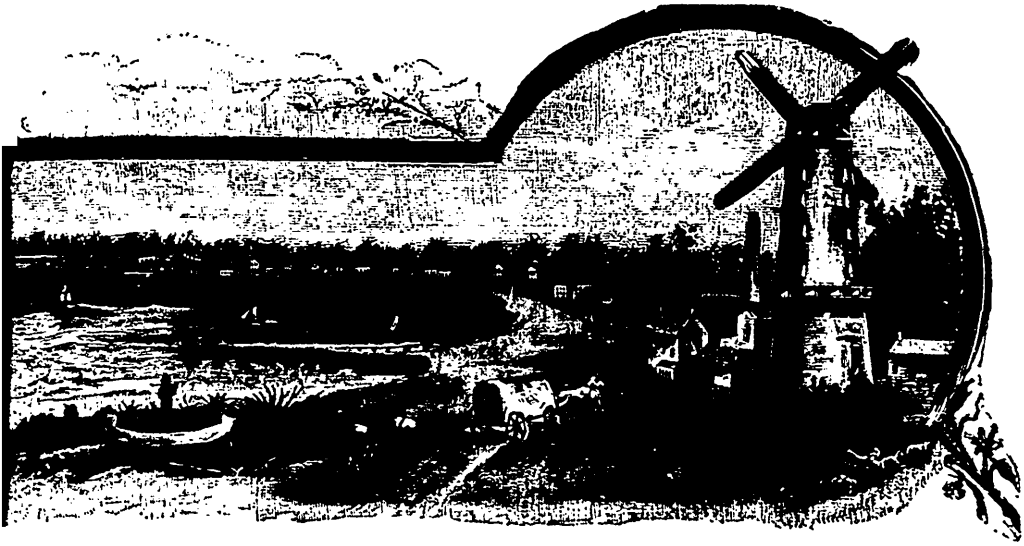
Yet may not one more voice, though weak and small,
Join in the chorus grand sent up to heaven;
Telling again the glad good news for all,
How God unto the world His Son hath given.

—Amy Parkinson.

OUR OWN COUNTRY.

TORONTO AND ITS VICINITY.

II.



TORONTO IN 1831.

THE Rev. Dr. Scadding, in his interesting account of "Toronto's First Germ," says: "By a popular misuse of terms the word 'Toronto' came to be applied to the small trading-post or 'fort,' established in 1749, on the north shore of Lake Ontario, not far from the mouth of the Humber. The proper and official name of this erection was Fort Rouillé, so called in compliment to Antoine Louis Rouillé, the Colonial Minister of the day. But traders and *coureurs du bois* preferred to speak of Fort Rouillé as Fort Toronto, because it stood at the landing-place of the southern terminus of the trail which conducted up to the well-known 'Toronto,' the place of concourse, the great Huron rendezvous sixty miles to the north; and popular phraseology ultimately prevailed.

"Fort Rouillé or Toronto was noth-

ing more than a stockaded storehouse, with quarters for a keeper and a few soldiers, after the fashion of a small Hudson's Bay trading-post. A large portion of the site which, fifty years ago, used commonly to be visited as that of the 'Old French Fort,' is now fallen into the lake; but depressions, marking the situation of cellars and portions of some ancient foundations connected with out-buildings are still discernible, as also indications of the line of the stockade on the north side. Formerly there were conspicuous remains of flagged flooring and the basement of chimneys.

"The site of the trading establishment which was thus destined to be the initial germ of the present city of Toronto is now enclosed within the bounds of the park appertaining to the Exhibition Build-

ings of the city, overlooking the lake. Here a cairn or mound, commemorative of the fact, has been erected by the Corporation (1878). On its top rests a massive granite boulder, bearing the following inscription: 'This cairn marks the exact site of Fort Rouillé, commonly known as Fort Toronto, an Indian Trading-post and Stockade, established A.D. 1749, by order of the Government of Louis XV., in accordance with the recommendations of the Count de la Galissonnière, Administrator of New France 1747-1749. Erected by the Corporation of the City of Toronto, A.D. 1878.' The boulder which bears



VICTORIA PARK.

the inscription has been allowed to retain its natural features. It was dredged up out of the navigable channel which leads into the adjoining harbour."

In the year 1795, Governor Simcoe removed from Newark (Niagara), the first capital of Upper Canada, to York, which he had selected as the seat of government before a single house was erected in the latter place. He lodged temporarily in a canvas tent or pavilion, pitched on the plateau overlooking the western end of the bay. It is a matter of historic interest that this tent had been originally constructed for the distinguished navigator, Captain James

Cook, and was by him used in his explorations. In 1797 the Provincial Legislature of Upper Canada was opened in a wooden building near the river Don, whose site is still commemorated by the name of Parliament Street.

Within the lifetime of men still living, Toronto has grown from an unimportant hamlet to a noble and beautiful city. In commercial enterprise, in stately architecture, and in admirable institutions, it is surpassed by no city in the Dominion. Situated on an excellent harbour, it has communication by water with all the ports of the great lakes and

the St. Lawrence, and its commercial prosperity is fostered by the rich agricultural country by which it is surrounded, by several railroads and by the great highways by which the remoter settlements are made tributary to its growth.

Few cities of its size will compare with Toronto for the number and beauty of its churches. Some of these are conspicuous for their size and grandeur. The Metropolitan Church is a monument of the residence in Canada of the Rev. W. Morley Punshon, LL.D., to whose faith in the future of Methodism in this country, and zeal for its prosperity, it largely owes its existence. It is both externally and internally one of the most elegant and commodious Methodist churches in the world, and is unequalled by any of which we are aware in the spacious and beautiful grounds by which it is surrounded.

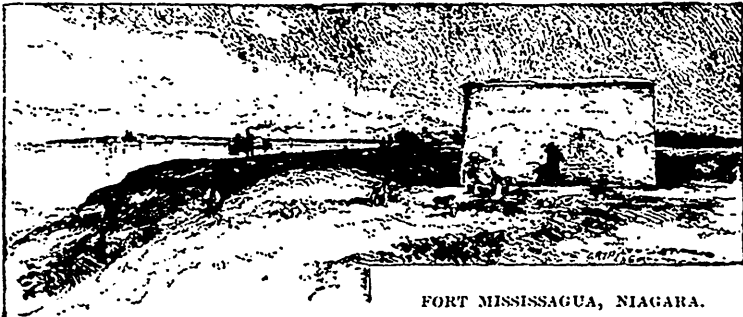
St. James' Cathedral, may, in like manner, be said to be a memorial of the energy and religious zeal of the Rev. Dr. Strachan, the first and most indefatigable bishop whom the An-

glican Church in Canada has ever possessed. It is one of the finest specimens of perpendicular Gothic architecture in America. The spire, rising to the height of 306 feet, is gracefully proportioned, and the most lofty on the continent, exceeding that of Trinity Church, New York by twenty-one feet. The tower contains a chime of bells and the celebrated clock manufactured by Benson, of London, and which obtained the highest prize at the Vienna Exhibition.

"Toronto," says an able writer, "commenced business as a city sixty years ago with a population of less than 10,000. To-day that population aggregates some 200,000. Should the

will be easily seen, too, from the position of Toronto that she must continue to extend her borders, reaching out within a comparatively short time to embrace all the present suburbs.

"In the matter of architecture, Toronto is in advance of any city of equal size in the Western Hemisphere, and the arts and sciences are cultivated and encouraged in a most praiseworthy manner, while in every department of industry, commerce and trade, the activity prevailing hereabouts is especially worthy of note. But above and beyond all other features of progress, Toronto is a city of homes, numbering amongst its citizens more actual



FORT MISSISSAGUA, NIAGARA.

rate of increase not diminish, another few decades will see in the site of the present Toronto a city of upwards of 500,000, prevailing conditions now enabling Toronto to take rank with the cities of the second class as to population throughout the British Empire. There are only forty-seven larger cities in the British dominions, and England herself can only boast of eighteen which have a greater population.

"Toronto is larger than Aberdeen, Cork, Derby, Greenock, Halifax, Huddersfield, Northampton, Norwich, Plymouth, Preston, Southampton or Stockport. There are only seven larger cities in Germany; nineteen in the United States; seven in France, and seven in Russia. It

householders and more prospective owners than any community of the same area and population in the entire country; and to this highly gratifying fact, the people—for the workers, the men of energy and enterprise, *are* the people here—point with pardonable pride and pleasure.

"Working people in Toronto, as a rule own their own homes, and are interested in the preservation of order and property rights. People so situated are not prone to precipitate unnecessary strikes and disturbances. Workingmen, who in other places would be compelled to crowd their families into unhealthy tenements, here own their homes and feel that they are citizens in every sense of the word.

"Great cities are never the result of accident, but invariably the outgrowth of natural and artificial conditions, clearly defined and unquestionable in their existence and influences. The most important natural

world. In all of these things Toronto has been and is peculiarly blessed. Her location, indeed, from a commercial point of view, is a source of constant self-congratulation on the part of those who are so for-



GUNS IN LINE, NIAGARA CAMP.

conditions are salubrity of climate, convenient geographical location, fertility of soil in the adjacent agricultural region, and above all accessibility to navigable waters—for all history bears witness that no rich,

tunate as to live and do business here. As an agricultural province, again, Ontario is one of the most productive; grain and other cereals, wool and fruits being an abundant yield. Her lakes furnish fish of the



FIELD BATTERY IN QUARTER COLUMN.

populous and prosperous community has ever flourished and grown powerful without commerce, and hitherto, at least, commerce has always been dependent upon riparian communication with the outside

best quality in most generous supply, and upon their banks are located pleasure resorts which are annually growing in the favour and patronage of seekers of health and recreation from all parts of the Dominion

of Canada and the United States. While Toronto herself can hardly lay claim to the striking picturesque features of the old historic cities of Canada, such as Quebec, Montreal or even Halifax, nevertheless the approach by steamer is singularly fine, as is the view from the island, with the colour and the movement of the myriad craft that ply between.

The following fine sonnet by Mr. W. D. Lighthall, of Montreal, expresses the genial sentiment that we believe animates the people of that sister city towards Toronto:

Queen City! Sister-queen of ours,
 On thy clear brow shine bright the crown!
 Broad be thy sway and fair thy towers,
 And, honoured, keep thou evil down.
 Sublimely thy straightforward eyes
 Are looking to the great ideals:
 Lead on, lead on! be free, be wise;
 And surge thou o'er with noble zeals.
 Contest with us the race of Good:
 Grow mightier, if thou mayest, than we:
 In sisterhood and brotherhood
 There is no room for jealousy.
 Extend thy quays and halls and bowers,
 And long be sister-queen of ours!

In the vicinity of Toronto are many interesting summer resorts. A little to the east is Victoria Park, and to the west the noble High Park, whose lovely scenery makes it a charming place of summer sojourn.

Across the lake is the ancient capital, Niagara, practically a summer suburb. Toronto is reached by large steamers, which make no less than twelve trips a day. At the entrance to the river is the old Fort Mississauga, whose crumbling walls and dismantled bastions speak of the reign of peace instead of that of war. On the adjacent plain, once the scene of a fierce battle, the volunteer militia play at mimic war. The rows of snowy tents, the march of squadrons, and the rumble of artillery, recall the days when in deadly earnest this fierce enginery was employed in mowing down its living harvest. But the friendly fraternizing of the Canadian red-coats with the blue-coats of the American

fort is a pledge, let us hope, that none but a friendly strife in the arts of peace and civilization shall ever take place between these neighbouring and kindred people.

The Muskoka region, occupying the "Highlands of Ontario," is a natural health resort—a paradise for



A QUIET NOOK, LAKE JOSEPH.

the eager seeker after rest, health, pleasure or sport. It consists of an elevated plateau, containing over 800 lakes, varying in size from thirty miles in extent to mere miniature lily ponds connected with the larger lakes by rivers or rivulets. The waters of most of these lakes is dark and soft, and teeming with the gamiest of fresh-water fish—maskinonge, salmon-trout, black bass, pick-



Illustration of Cable Ferry.

1877-24-1-1888-10

BITS IN MUSKOKA.

erel and perch. The larger lakes are studded with rocky isles, varying in size from hundreds of acres in extent to small moss-grown rocky islets with one or more stunted specimens of pine. The darksome shores, densely wooded and fringed to the water's edge with pine, cedar and other evergreen, are still the haunt of deer, hare, grouse, porcupine, foxes and fur-bearing animals, while even yet, in the more solitary wilds, the lordly moose, the wolf and the black bear are still to be found.

Islands and points can be secured and summer cottages erected at small cost. The mean daily temperature for five years was about 66 degrees, while the thermometer seldom rises above 90 degrees or falls below 45 degrees.

The elevation of this region is about 1,000 feet above the sea, and this, combined with the rocky nature of the soil and the proximity of so many pine forests renders the climate remarkably healthful. There is no better place for neurasthenic patients and persons suffering from physical and mental overwork, or other debilitating influences. Consumptives do well under proper

medical management, many being entirely cured, while others meet with considerable improvement.

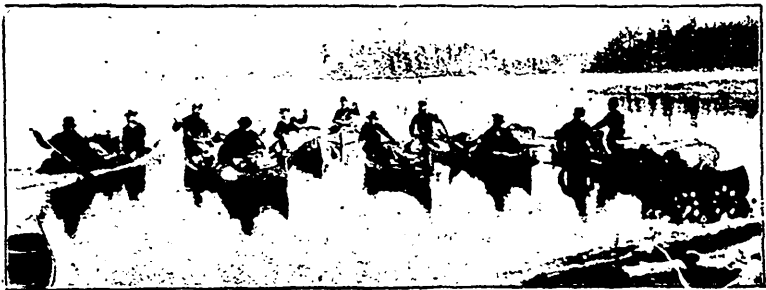
Leaving the Grand Trunk train



SHADOW RIVER, MUSKOKA.

on its arrival at Muskoka Wharf, the traveller is at once conveyed by one of the fine steamers to any required point on the lakes. The first stopping-place of importance is Beaumauris, about fourteen miles from Gravenhurst. For years past this has been a very attractive place, not only for Canadians but for visitors from the United States, and especially for Pennsylvanians.

Mortimer's Point is about equidistant from Beaumauris and Bala, and between this point and Bala there is probably the best bass and pickerel fishing on the three larger lakes. There are a large number of



RETURN FROM A DEER HUNT, MUSKOKA.

summer cottages in this locality, most of which are owned by citizens of Toronto.

Passing through the Narrows we enter Bala Bay, and after a two-hours' sail reach the pretty village of Bala, which is situated at the junction of Muskoka Lake and the Muskosh river.

Port Carling is a picturesque little hamlet situated on the Government locks between Lake Rosseau and the Indian River. The Port has a free public library and reading-room with about four hundred volumes of standard works, and the leading Toronto dailies, as well as *Harper's*, *Century* and other magazines and papers.

As the steamer leaving Port Carling emerges from the Indian River into Rosseau Lake, a glimpse of Windermere may be seen across the four-mile intervening stretch of water. About two miles away is the summer residence of Senator W. E. Sanford. The *Naiad*, the private steam yacht owned by Senator Sanford, cost \$10,000, and is one of the fastest boats on the lakes.

The lower part of Lake Rosseau is gemmed with numerous beautiful islets and has been appropriately called Venetia, as the only mode of travel by the many cottagers on these isles is by water. Ferndale here nestles in a deep sheltered bay. From the summer cottages on the high cliffs very extended and pleasing vistas are to be seen.

Chief among the beauties of Rosseau, and reached by a few strokes of the paddle is the romantic Shadow River, where every leaf and twig is reproduced with such startling fidelity as to induce the curious to dip paddle or oar below the surface to distinguish the substance from the shadow. While the colour of Lakes Muskoka and Rosseau is dark, that of Lake Joseph is a beautiful clear

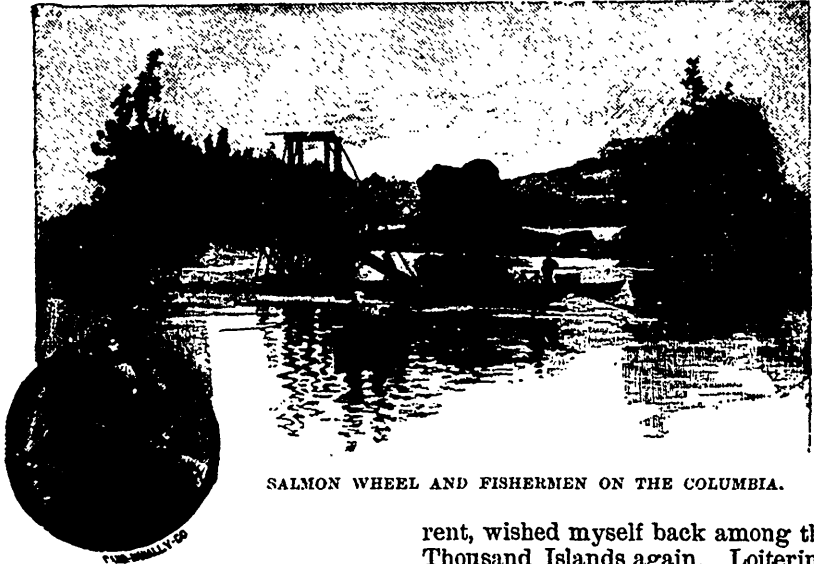
blue, at once refreshing for bathing and of the best drinking quality.

It is a characteristic of the Anglo-Saxon race, when travelling, either for adventure or mere pleasure, to penetrate as deep as possible into the forest, or to reach the source of river or head of lake, in order to see what is at the other end, or in the hope of reaching some spot, fairer or containing even wilder beauty than the scene just passed. So, as we look around the spacious deck of our staunch craft, as the whistle sounds, and casting off from the wharf the prow again heads northward, we find that a large party of eager and mirthful travellers still remains on board. Our curiosity is soon gratified, for as we swing into mid-stream, or mid-lake, we soon descry in the gathering gloom of evening "a house set upon a hill," the well-known Summit House, of Port Cockburn, on a bold promontory, half hidden by grand monarch pines and beautiful shade trees.

One of the most noticeable features of Muskoka life is the "shopping." You do not go to the store in Muskoka, but as in the case of Mahomet's Mountain, the store comes to you, and never was any village general store so stocked with the delicacies and necessaries of life as are those of the welcome and well-known "supply boats," of which there are two plying on the lakes and calling on all the hotels, cottages and camps, delivering goods and taking orders as your butcher and grocer does in town. The stores are shipped at Rosseau and Port Carling, and distributed thence over the lakes. The daily "supply trips" are often availed of by parties desiring a pleasant sail on the lakes, the boats calling at many islands and passing through channels and scenes of beauty, rarely, if ever, reached by the larger boats.

CANOEING ON THE COLUMBIA.*

BY PROF. A. P. COLEMAN, PH.D.



SALMON WHEEL AND FISHERMEN ON THE COLUMBIA.

FROM the St. Lawrence to the Columbia is more than two thousand miles, but in these days when the earth is shrinking so fast, that is only a trifle; so that not long after making up my mind to visit the Big Bend gold region I found myself at Farwell on the Columbia, the nearest point by rail. But here commenced my troubles. Laporte, the gateway to the mines, was only fifty miles up the river. From the mountains opposite, one could almost see it far away in the long valley; but it seemed as hard to reach as the sources of the Nile.

Heartily tired of the ugly and wicked little place, with its log saloons and gambling hells crowded with navvies of all nations eager to spend their hard earnings as fast and as viciously as possible, I wandered one hot morning along the river, and, watching its muddy cur-

rent, wished myself back among the Thousand Islands again. Loitering past the much-needed, but little used, "City Bathhouse" floating on its platform of logs, all at once the yellow of fresh-hewn pine struck my eyes, and before me lay a log canoe. Beside it stood three men in their shirt-sleeves, deep in consultation and broiling in the sun. They had just come to the "city" for supplies. In five minutes they were persuaded to go up to Laporte; and in consideration of the sum of \$12.50 I became a fourth partner in the dug-out, with the understanding that I should provision myself and do my share of the navigation.

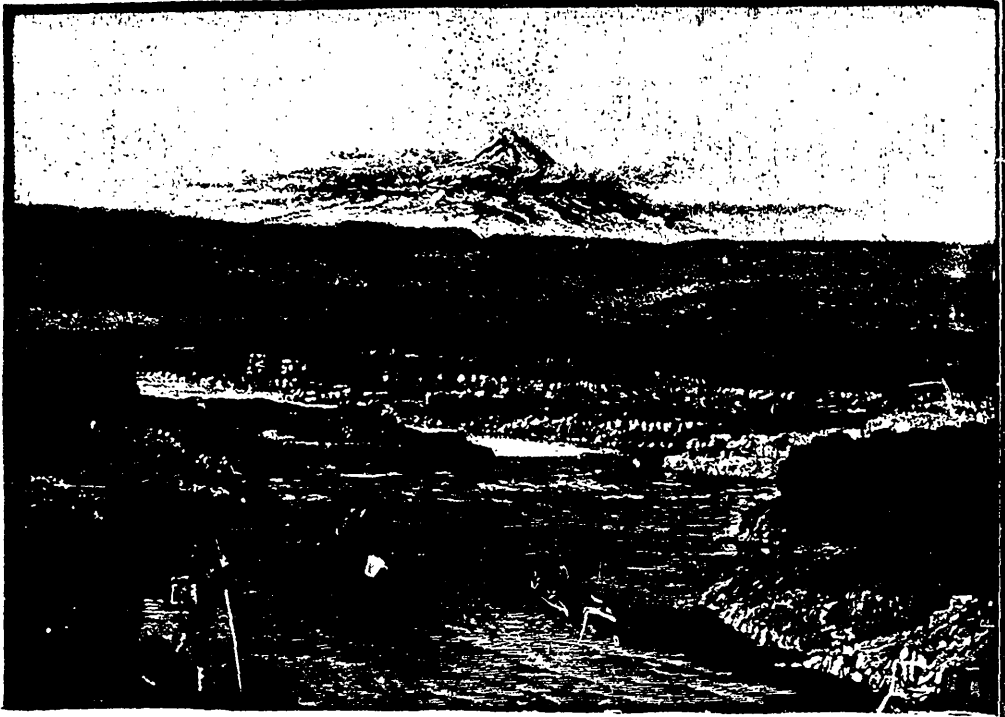
When Farwell learned our intentions it took a sudden interest in us. All the loafers and railway men, and they made up nine-tenths of the city, proceeded to give us advice, often emphasized with profanity. "They were going up to the Big Bend too, when the river went down; but to attempt it now, with the river

* Reprinted from the *Chautauquan*.

in flood—no, they were not fools enough for that." Some recommended us to have a look at the Dalles, five miles up, before we started; while others darkly hinted that within a week an empty dug-out would drift past Farwell and four more names would be added to the list of missing prospectors. Pulling the canoe half a mile above

stepped into the bow, and off we swung into the current. At last, good-bye, Farwell!

Splash went oars and paddles, and we pulled with all our strength, but to our dismay, the canoe went steadily down stream, stern foremost. The current was too much for us, and in a minute we should be drifting past the town to the delight of the kind



THE LOWER COLUMBIA AND MOUNT HOOD, 11,225 FEET HIGH.

the town to avoid curiosity, we made ready to start. The flour and beans and pork, the tent and rolls of blankets, and "dunnage bags" with our few personal effects were stowed in the canoe as she tugged at the rope. The French-Canadian raftsman, whom we had chosen captain, took his place at the stern; an ex-army sergeant and I laid our clumsy oars in the row-locks; the fourth man, letting go the line,

friends who had offered such good advice. There was no help for it but to land, and when we stood on shore again, surely four more disconsolate men were not to be found in all British Columbia. But we were not to be beaten in this ridiculous way. Slowly we uncoiled the eighty feet of tow-rope, and throwing the end over our shoulders, the sergeant and I trudged off, dragging the dug-out, with the other two men as

crew, against the stiff current. When I had been told the day before that taking passage by canoe meant walking along the shore and pulling the canoe after me, I had laughed at the idea. But even this was not the worst. The strip of muddy beach failed before long and we had to scramble along the top of the high bank, passing the line around projecting bushes and overhanging trees. At one point the crumbling bank gave way under my feet and I found myself up to the hips in the water. Our respect for the Columbia had very much heightened when toward the close of the second day we camped at the foot of the Dalles, only five miles from Farwell. The spot was wonderfully beautiful. The great Columbia valley had steadily narrowed as we advanced, till here the mountains of the Gold Range to the west crowded close against the rugged Selkirks to the east, jostling the angry river into a narrow canyon.

A sharp bend hid the rapids from view, but the hoarse roar and the rags of white foam that came to us, foretold what was ahead. In the eddy where we landed there was a strange and ominous fluctuation of the water, at one moment sweeping in toward shore, then withdrawing till the canoe was stranded in the mud. It seemed like the frightened breathing of a creature just escaped from danger.

Next morning came the first ordeal. Our canoe, too heavy to lift, must be dragged up the rapids. We paddled through the slack water of the eddy and round the rocky point; and there lay our work before us, a mile of rapids foaming like the sea in a storm, chafing against black projecting rocks, whirling past steep parts of the canyon wall, now rushing in with fury, then smooth and glassy with strange upboilings from below. We had to speak loud to make our voices rise above the din and

shoutings of the waters. We did not stop long to admire, but landed, two of us taking the rope and picking our way along the rocks till we reached a good foothold. Then, bracing ourselves, we hauled the canoe up, hand over hand, while the other two kept her in the right course with poles and breast-line. Point after point was slowly gained, till at last in the turmoil of a heavier fall than usual the breast-line broke and the canoe swung out into the breakers and filled with water. The sergeant and I could no longer hold her. We were dragged over the rocks and were on the point of letting go when fortunately she dropped into an eddy and was once more under control. The oars and paddles were washed away, revolved a minute in the whirling eddy, and then went down stream. We got our breath again, bailed out, and watching till the current slackened a little, triumphantly dragged the canoe past the point, into smoother water above. And so the struggle went on till about noon, when the worst was passed; and pulling our battered craft into a little side canyon we gave a wild hurrah for our victory.

A tramp through the woods brought us once more to the camp at the foot of the rapids, where we dined more sumptuously than usual, on a porcupine which had been so unlucky as to come within range of the Frenchman's rifle. We felt ourselves heroes and imagined ourselves already at Laporte, able to laugh at the prophets of evil in Farwell. The afternoon's work of portaging our effects, which weighed about six hundred pounds, somewhat damped our ardour however. Heavily loaded, we toiled up the steep hillside, following the course of a long overgrown portage path. The last trip was over just as evening came on, and my sympathy for hod-men and pack-mules was never more profound than at that moment.

Hewing out new oars and paddles we made a fresh start next day, and at first got along famously; but alas for the confidence of man! We presently came to a promontory so

landed and held a council of war. I urged that we should cross the river and try the other side. There was of course the risk of drifting down into the more violent part of



WIRE ROPE FERRY ON THE COLUMBIA

smooth that nothing without wings could make its way along the steep, rocky wall; while our rope would not reach around. Its base was swept by a fierce current against which our oars were useless. We

the rapids half a mile below, in which case none of us might have come through alive. My plan carried and we made ready for the venture. A moment's hesitation and then off! We had little time to

watch the dreadful speed with which we were slipping toward the breakers; for every muscle was strained to make our point. A great surge broke over the edge of the canoe, half drenching us, but doing no further damage, and a moment after we swept into an eddy, safe, though the rapids roared just below.

Our canal-horse work began once more, though much hindered by the rising river. A succession of sunny days had melted layer after layer from the thousands of square miles of snow-field and glacier on the mountains through which the great river flows, and every valley brought down its tribute of ice water. But now the weather changed and a thunderstorm ushered in a rainy season in which the unreasonable Columbia swelled still more rapidly. We landed hastily to get our provisions under cover, and very soon the little tent was up and a camp-fire burning in spite of the rain.

My bed that night was not of the downiest, nor was my roof of the tightest. Notwithstanding a waterproof and my felt hat pulled over my ears, the driving rain would every now and then find me out under the spruce where I had taken shelter, and break my troubled sleep. The night seemed long, and the voices around, the rushing of the river, the patter of drops, the groanings of some tree, tormented by the storm, had all a note of melancholy. The coming of daylight brought no relief. The river had risen till it swept the bushes on the bank and made tracking impossible. So we huddled together in the little tent with a despondent feeling that things were against us. If five days of toil had brought us only fifteen miles on our way, how many days would it take to cover the thirty miles yet between us and Laporte? All at once a strange event occurred. A rustling and crashing among the bushes

startled us and made the Frenchman snatch his rifle; but looking out we saw a man striding toward us, an athletic fellow with wonderfully arched chest and bold, restless eyes. Flinging his pack under a corner of the tent, he straightway made himself at home, drying his soaked clothing by the fire while he told us his errand. He was a prospector on his way to the Big Bend to examine a claim for the company that employed him. He carried ten days' supplies in his sack and proposed to make his way over the mountains to French Creek and back within that time. From his stories, it was evident that the greatest prospector or the greatest boaster in British Columbia stood before us; however, his high spirits were contagious and our prospects suddenly looked brighter.

When Haskins, our guest, set out next morning, I left my slow-paced partners and went with him. It would take too long to relate our adventures at length. The forest-clad slopes of the Selkirks form a purgatory for the traveller, even in fine weather, and rain adds fivefold to the misery. We ploughed through the wet underbrush head foremost, like animated battering-rams; zig-zagged across labyrinths of huge fallen cedars, tormented by the thorny "devil's clubs" that grew among them; we splashed through marshes and lagoons, waded small streams, and bridged torrents with logs. Soon after we set out, Haskins cut his right hand to the bone with the axe he carried, so that it was useless the rest of the journey, and all the work of camping fell upon me. I bound up the wound with his only handkerchief, and advised him to turn back; but he pushed on the faster, urged by a sort of fury.

After all our hardships we were stopped just this side of Laporte by a swollen torrent, too deep to ford, too violent to swim, and too wide to be spanned by any tree on

its banks. Our provisions ran low, and we turned back disheartened, Haskins loading the forest gloom with endless imprecations. Meantime, the canoe had been slowly advancing, so that we met the party before our flour was quite run out. The dingy little tent and the brown faces of my partners were very welcome after the privation and wretchedness of our foot journey.

Once more on with the dug-out, Haskins, who was a skilful if reckless canoe-man, taking command. The river was falling, and slippery stretches of wet, mossy boulders, or sandbars, where the print of the lifted foot was quickly filled with water, afforded tracking ground. In other places the water was shallow enough for poling; and once or twice, as a blessed change, a great eddy bore us gently half a mile on our course, while the main stream rushed on its way a few rods off. The scenery grew even bolder than before. One towering summit, with a glacier gleaming blue and white on its flank, looked down on us more than half the way to Laporte. It seemed impossible to escape its silent presence, the embodiment of changeless dignity, compared with the fuming, muddy Columbia which naggged at its foot. At last, rounding a curve, Laporte was before us,—a ruined log-house or two, a shabby tent on the low, grassy beach, and that was all. I

confess to having been disappointed. However, it was truly "The Port," for navigation stops a mile or two above at the Dalles de Mort, where years ago sixteen miners met their end, giving the spot its ominous name of "Death Rapids."

A tramp of twenty miles over a fairly good trail brought us to the gold region, where a quarter of a century ago thousands of miners were at work, though now bushes and saplings have begun to hide the scars left on the landscape by their labours; and the lonely valleys are silent except for the sound of rain-swollen creeks. Eight million dollars in dust and nuggets are said to have found their way, in two or three summers, from this wild region into the great gold-loving world outside.

My holidays were nearly over, and after a few days of geological work, I made my way back to Laporte. Haskins was before me, however, and had coolly taken our canoe and slipped down to the Dalles on his way to Farwell. Fortunately for me the trail was nearly finished, and parties were beginning to come in with horses; so that in two or three days a dilapidated professor, with a heavy bag of specimens, rode a still more dilapidated pony safely into Farwell. Then good-bye to the Columbia, and whiz and rush across the continent to meet my classes in the East!

PILGRIM SONG.*

RENDERED INTO ENGLISH BY ROBERT WINTON.

ME receptet Zion illa
 Zion David, urbs tranquilla :
 Cujus fabricator lucis,
 Cujus portæ lignum crucis,
 Cujus claves lingua Petri.
 Cujus cives semper læti,
 Cujus muri lapis vivus,
 Cujus custos Rex festivus.

FAIR Zion reached, our wand'rings cease
 In David's home of tranquil peace,
 Whose builder is the Lord of light;
 Whose gates are wood from Calvary's height;
 Whose keys are turned at Peter's word;
 Whose people's hymns of praise are heard;
 Whose walls are built of living stones;
 Whose Keeper is the Lord alone.

* From page 236 (March number, 1894). THE METHODIST MAGAZINE.

THE STORY OF ASHANTI.*

BY LUCY WARDEN BROOKING.



TYPICAL HEAD OF WEST AFRICAN.

In the eightieth report of the Wesleyan Methodist Missionary Society for 1894, we find the following:

“Our work in Western Africa is the oldest in which we are engaged, older than the Society itself! Its history is a long and pathetic record of sacrifices, the latest of which is the death, two months ago, of our young brother Johann Franz Mühlleder. But those sacrifices have been part of the price paid for great results. Tens of thousands have been rescued from idolatry, superstition and sin, and the moral and social fruits of the Gospel have ripened in regions long cursed with heathenish influences. In the districts of Sierra Leone and Gambia, Gold Coast (including Ashanti) and Lagos, there is now a membership of 15,554 souls, with 2,003 on trial. The native ministers number forty-six, and 14,953 children are receiving instruction in our day and Sunday-schools.”

We Canadian Methodists should have a twofold interest in this distant field as the veteran mission of our beloved parent Church, and, also, because our own land was in the circle through which the light first travelled to reach West Africa!

After the American War of Inde-

pendence many of those negroes who forsook their masters and served in the British forces, were carried to Nova Scotia with the U. E. Loyalists and there declared free. Others went with the British regiments to England, and were finally conveyed to Africa and formed the colony of Sierra Leone. During this time Mr. Wesley's missionaries were working in Nova Scotia; many of the negroes were converted to God, and when, in 1792, a fleet sailed from Nova Scotia to Sierra Leone, containing eleven or twelve hundred blacks, “they carried the savour of divine grace with them; and being attached to our doctrine and discipline they established the worship of God among themselves, according to the plan of the Methodists. Two or three officiated as local preachers and others as class-leaders. As their lives were exemplary others soon joined them, and in process of time a preaching-house was erected! In the Minutes of Conference for 1792, we find, under the head of ‘What numbers are in the societies?’ the answer is, ‘Sierra Leone, coloured people, 223.’ This is the first official record of Methodism on the continent of Africa.”

The work did not extend to the Gold Coast for some years. Indeed, our earliest connection with the coast of Guinea was anything but creditable—the consent of Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth being given (though reluctantly) for the continuation of the slave trade by the Royal African Company of England. We sigh and say, “How very inconsistent!” when we read that these

* This admirable record of missionary heroism possesses an added interest to us in Canada from the fact that Mr. Brooking, one of the pioneers of the Ashanti mission under the burning sun of Africa, was also one of the pioneers of the Methodist missions in our own remote North-Land. It has been a work of filial affection for his daughter, Miss Brooking, to prepare this beautiful tribute to her beloved father.—Ed.

very slave-traders habitually carried with them chaplains, presumably to pray for divine blessing upon their work. But in what respect are we superior to these praying freebooters when in the full light of to-day from a Christian country sails a ship for Africa, with missionaries in her cabin and rum in her hold!

"Ye thought evil unto me, but God meant it unto good." In 1751 a clergyman of the Church of England, having worked in America under the direction of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, obtained permission from the directors of that society to proceed to the Gold Coast in order to "make a trial with the natives, and

tian lives, and formed themselves into a "Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge."

They had their share of persecution, being accused of dangerous political designs, and one of their number, William de Graft—afterwards one of the chief native assistants in mission work—was imprisoned, the others fined. In their distress they sent the Governor of Cape Coast a Bible, given by himself to one of them, courteously asking him to point out in his own gift his authority for inflicting punishment and fine for reading the book! On further inquiry they were released and secured the influence and friendship of the Gov-



NATIVE HUTS, CENTRAL AFRICA.

see what hopes there would be of introducing among them the Christian religion." He went out as one of these very chaplains, and his official position gave him opportunities for carrying on the work. After four years of toil he was obliged by failing health to leave Africa, and a young native, educated in England, occupied the post of chaplain for over fifty years. "To all appearance the work of three-quarters of a century was unproductive, but the faithful labourers had sown the seed of which the harvest is being reaped to-day."

In the government school at Cape Coast the boys had learned to read the Bible, determined to live Chris-

ian. As years passed they became scattered and ran short of Bibles, when, through one Captain Potter, they sent a request to England for more copies of God's Word. Captain Potter was a Wesleyan Methodist, and offered to ask for a missionary as well as Bibles. So the old Macedonian cry, "Come over and help us," re-echoed from Africa to England! The result was that Rev. Joseph Dunwell sailed with Captain Potter in 1834. Some of the natives at points along the coast touched at spread the news of the coming of this first missionary, "The God-man come to talk great palaver."

The greatest enemies to the spread of the Gospel were the Fetishmen,

who ridiculed, threatened and persecuted the people, saying, "What, you turn white? You know not that God gave the Bible to white man, and fetish to black man! How dare you forsake the religion of your forefathers?"

Still Mr. Dunwell's work prospered. One woman publicly burned her household gods in the presence of her heathen neighbours. But in the very beginning of his work Mr. Dunwell fell a victim to the dreaded African fever. The next four missionaries, Mr. and Mrs. Wrigley and Mr. and Mrs. Harrop, gave their lives for Africa in less than one year!

About this time Thomas Birch Freeman, an able and devoted young man, through whose veins there flowed African blood, and whose early life had specially prepared him for this work, became stirred by the story of darkness and oppression and offered himself as a missionary to the Wesleyan Society. He passed a satisfactory examination in London and was immediately appointed to the Gold Coast, where he landed in January, 1838, to find himself face to face with the entire responsibility of the mission. The last missionary had died seven weeks before!

With undaunted courage Mr. Freeman took up the work and the suffering. In a few weeks he was attacked by the inevitable seasoning fever, fatal to so many. His wife was taken ill and died in a few hours. So six precious lives were sacrificed before the work was well begun, and in the twelve succeeding years no less than sixty noble men and women laid down their lives for the cause of Christ in Western Africa. As more missionaries joined Mr. Freeman the work extended to other places. Churches were built and schools established at Anamabu, Winnebah, Domonasi, Accra, Dix Cove and many smaller places. Mr. Freeman was indefatigable in his

labours and his successes were great. But he had to endure much opposition from the native priesthood, who feared the decline of their power.

The idea of a supreme being called "Yankumpon" or "Very Great Friend," lies at the very foundation of their system. The "fetish" (from the Portugese word for witchcraft) are subordinate deities. They also firmly believe in a satanic being always near at hand to perpetrate mischief. A great "custom" is held every August at Cape Coast, to drive him away, when the people gather from all parts armed with sticks and weapons of every description. They rush into each house with the wildest of shouts, beating out the most obscure corners and washing and purifying their household utensils. They then rush out of the town in a body, pursuing the invisible enemy for several miles, with torches, shouts, beating of drums and volleys of musketry, until they suppose him to be completely routed. They have a great many periods called "bad days," when no trade may be carried on, council held, or national concern undertaken. In Ashanti the good or lucky days only number about 150 in the year. This superstition often causes great loss of time in mission work, journeys, etc. The amount of time spent in the daily worship of their household divinities, and with the idea of fortifying themselves against evil, is incredible.

It is in honour of the fetish, and the shades of departed kings and heroes, that most of the terrible human sacrifices are offered in Ashanti. The funeral customs, especially for persons of distinction, are scenes of the most horrible barbarity. When the king's brother died, in 1824, over four thousand human beings were sacrificed during the funeral rites. Dr. Beecham says, "When the king dies, Ashanti is one vast Aceldama!" The fetish-

men and women, priests and priestesses of this strange religion constitute a numerous order. They are supported by the liberality of the people, and by means of secret agencies through the country, they acquire such an amount of information on all subjects and about all people, as to strengthen the belief in their supernatural powers and enable them to terrorize their dupes.

But light was dawning on Darkest Africa, and some of the people doubted, and finally discovered and exposed many of the priestly tricks. This destroyed the power of their "spells" and opened the way for the spread of Christianity.

A call for help came from Ashanti. One of the members of the first little band of native Christians at Cape Coast had gone to live in Coomassie, as the king's secretary. He had conversed and prayed with some of the princes, and even held worship in the palace. Mr. Freeman's "heart had been set on winning Ashanti for Christ," from his arrival in Africa. "The tales of horror, wretchedness and cruelty which I had often heard respecting the Ashantis wrought in my mind," he writes, "the deepest commiseration, and a constant restlessness to commence missionary operations among them."

Mr. Freeman was expecting the Rev. Robert Brooking as his assistant on the coast. Leaving Mr. de Graft, another member of the first band of Fanti Christians, in charge till the new missionary should arrive, Mr. Freeman commenced his journey to Coomassie, the "City of Blood." Innumerable difficulties, dangers and delays had so retarded his progress that he was more than two months in covering the 170 miles from the coast.

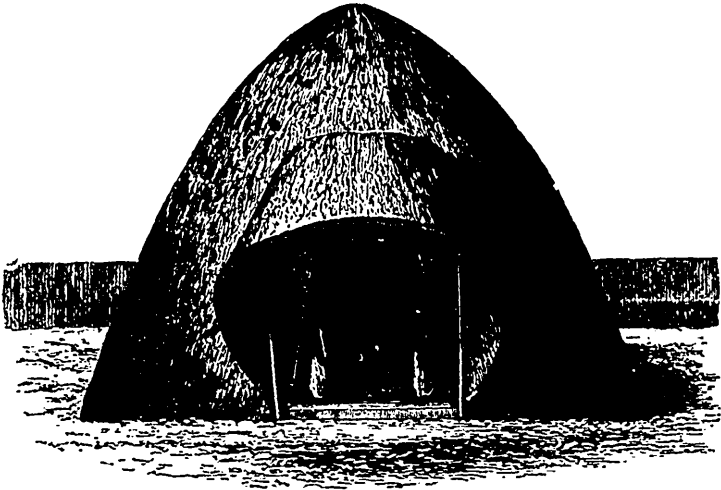
The king of Coomassie sent a messenger on a tour of inspection, and on his return asked the man if he had seen the new fetishman, and had he plenty of drums? On

learning that Mr. Freeman had no drums, and what his errand really was, he was sorely puzzled and exclaimed, "Never, since the world began, has there been an English missionary in Ashanti! What can he want?"

At last came the summons to the presence of the king. A band of music and officers with gold-hilted swords and enormous umbrellas were deputed to conduct the stranger to court. As they entered the city they passed between two new heaps of earth, which Mr. Freeman afterwards learned contained two human victims buried alive, as a fetish to avert any evil that might result from the visit of a missionary! When they reached the marketplace there sat the king in all his barbarous splendour, surrounded by officers of state, captains, soldiers, and vast throngs of people—certainly not less than forty thousand! Each chief in the party was followed by a crowd of slaves and retainers. Most of the slavery in Ashanti is due to this great love of show, each chief desiring to have a more imposing retinue than his neighbour!

Upon several occasions Mr. Freeman held quite lengthy conversations with the king and his chief linguist, a person of great influence. He gave them all possible information as to the object of his visit, but found much difficulty in making them understand his motives. A very lengthy "custom" for one of the king's relations, during which there was horrible human sacrifice, caused much delay and much suffering. Many times during these days the missionary heard the sound of the dreaded death-drum. His interpreter remarked, "Do you hear the drum? A sacrifice has just been made and the drum says, 'King, I have killed him!'"

Of Coomassie itself Mr. Freeman writes that the streets are large, clean and uniform, in some instances quite thirty yards broad, and shaded



AUDIENCE CHAMBER OF A ROYAL PALACE, CENTRAL AFRICA.

by rows of splendid banyan trees, though full of dangerous holes washed out by the heavy rains. On each side are the houses of the chief inhabitants, with unique, open fronts beautifully carved and polished. Behind these were numerous small sheds, the private apartments of the people. On one side of the large market-place the bodies of victims and slaves were cast, from which there arose an intolerable stench.

Mr. Freeman made a good impression on the king, and finally asked permission to return and bring a resident missionary. After a very polite and kindly farewell, in the course of which, according to Ashanti custom, the king presented his guest with a slave, Mr. Freeman commenced his homeward journey well satisfied with the result of the expedition, and hoping much from the influence of two young Ashanti princes who had been accepted as hostages in the recent war, and been taken to England for education.

A little later the king sent a request for a missionary and school, when it was thought best for Mr.

Freeman to visit England in the interests of the new mission, leaving the Coast missions in charge of Mr. Brooking, lately arrived. Great enthusiasm was aroused in the mother land, and six new missionaries returned with Mr. Freeman.

In a short time four of the new recruits and a native teacher died of the dread African fever. In spite of all these troubles, Messrs. Freeman and Brooking prepared to start for Ashanti with the two native princes, who were returning home. Mr. Brooking writes:

“We are now ready for our journey to Coomassie—nearly four hundred in all, including the carriers for the princes. I am looking forward with great anxiety to this important mission, seeing I shall have to remain there *alone* for several months at least. I see the great importance of the work before me, and am ready to exclaim, ‘Who is sufficient for these things?’ But I am blessed with the consideration that I am not called to wage a warfare at my own charge. He who stood by His servants in former ages will, I am sure, be with me. I shall cast myself into His gracious hands and leave the event to Him. Hitherto He has helped me!”

In thirty-seven days our mission-

aries reached Coomassie, and were greeted with all barbaric splendour.

The labour of conveying the carriage, a present which it was deemed advisable for the Missionary Society to send to the king, in accordance with Ashanti custom, was almost incredible. "It had to be borne bodily on men's shoulders, through forest and over river and hill."

The king examined the carriage very carefully, and said, "Never, since the world began, was a thing of this sort seen here!" Mr. Brooking writes:

"We received our summons from the king, and were escorted into the town. In the market square there must have been thirty thousand persons in the king's retinue, exclusive of those who lined the streets. The moment we entered the area bursts of their wild music sounded forth, and a universal buzz, which I can only compare to the roar of a heavy sea on a rock-bound shore. . . . The numerous splendid umbrellas, the great number of gold and silver trinkets and utensils, the grotesque appearance of some of the attendants, all united to give the grand effect which so delights this barbarous people. After having passed around the immense semicircle and paid our respects to every chief in succession, we were directed to a place where we had to sit and receive their salutations in turn. So the whole procession passed before us, in the course of which were carried one hundred and twenty-five large umbrellas, from twelve to twenty feet in diameter, and made of different materials according to the rank of the chief. The king himself had *four* carried over his person, all made of silk and velvet, different colors patched together. Those belonging to officers of the king's household were surmounted with the emblem of office—that of the steward with a small gilt box, the cook's with an arm and hand grasping a ladle, the chief musician a trumpet, the executioner a knife. There was a very great display of gold, indeed it would be impossible to estimate its value.

"It was nearly dark before all this show was over, and we were heartily glad to return to our quarters. Surely such honour was never paid to Christian missionaries before."

The next day the king granted a private reception, when the carriage

was formally presented in the name of the Missionary Society. He accepted the present very graciously. "When he heard that Her Majesty the Queen of England had seen it, he was much pleased, and said, 'The Queen of England is queen of queens of the white people, and I am king of kings of the black people; now we have carriages alike: this is very good!'"

Mr. Freeman writes again:

"This morning I conducted divine service under a large shed. Many Ashantis were present. The service was conversational, and many interesting and vital questions were asked by the people. They said at the close that it was a 'good palaver,' and that if all men would obey God and keep His commandments we should have a happy world.

"Christmas day, at eleven a.m., we held divine service. I read prayers, and Mr. B. preached on the nativity of Christ. This is, I presume, the first Christmas day on which the Gospel has ever been preached in Ashanti."

At the close of one very interesting conversation with the king, in the course of which they mentioned their wish, as missionaries, to introduce Christianity into his dominions, the king said, "I will protect you, and supply you with land on which to build a house." A little later Mr. Freeman visited Dwabin, an important town about twenty-one miles from Coomassie, in order to prescribe for a royal lady, aunt of the king, who was suffering from a peculiar nervous disease. Mr. Brooking also visited Dwabin, remaining for two weeks, and conducting services between the old lady's demands on his medical skill. The work commenced under such strange circumstances is still carried on with success.

In January Mr. Freeman returned to the coast, "leaving Mr. Brooking in charge of one of the most important undertakings of modern days."

Of this time the lonely worker writes:

"I took my leave of Bro. Freeman

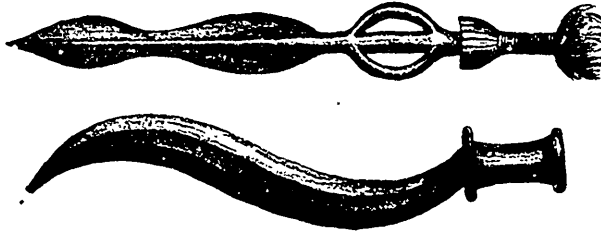
with feelings of a peculiar nature. Here I am alone, two hundred miles from an European settlement, amongst a barbarous people. If I should be taken ill, no one to give me so much as a dose of medicine or a drink of water! But these feelings soon passed, and I was enabled to cast my burden upon the Lord, knowing that I was engaged in His work and that He would not suffer me to need."

In addition to visits, conversations, services, and the immense amount of toil undertaken in visiting outlying towns to unfurl the Banner of the Cross, Mr. Brooking was busily engaged in building a new mission-house. Prejudice on the part of the Ashantis seemed to pass away "as the morning cloud and the early dew." Of this same little mission-house Sir William Win-

home of all missionaries and teachers ever since, and sheltered the captive German missionaries during the Ashanti war of 1874.

But all days were not days of encouragement in Coomassie. The horrors of the terrible customs, which were constantly recurring, may not be described in this brief sketch. One short extract from Mr. Brooking's journal will give some slight idea of what life was to the lonely young missionary:

"A 'custom' has been making, and several human sacrifices have been offered. On returning from a walk I saw lying in the street five headless bodies and six heads. Scarcely a week or even a day passes without such scenes being witnessed. One can scarcely go out without



ASHANTI WEAPONS.

niett, governor of the Gold Coast, who visited Ashantee in 1850, writes:

"Greatly as I had been interested with the manner in which the king received me, and the many strange sights, I was equally interested and excited at the appearance of the Wesleyan mission-house, a neat cottage built chiefly with the teak-wood of the country. . . . As I sat down in the airy, spacious hall, in the cool of the evening, after all the toils and excitement of the day, and contemplated this little European establishment planted in the midst of barbarism, two hundred miles into the interior of Africa, exhibiting to thousands of untutored pagans the comforts of civilized life and the worship of the true God, I could not but think deeply and feelingly on the great triumph thus achieved by Christianity and civilization."

This "neat little cottage" in the heart of heathendom has been the

seeing headless bodies lying in the street or being dragged along to the place where sacrifices are deposited. On coming in from a ride the other day, I saw the body of a man, scarcely cold, lying in the street through which I had to pass, with the vultures feasting thereon. Nearly ninety human sacrifices have been made to-day in the city, besides numbers in the crooms or villages adjoining. Four small crooms have been quite depopulated! I asked for what reason such a number of persons were put to death, when a man of note dies, and all the answer was, "To let the people know that they have a strong master!"

Turning to a more cheerful picture, we find some very bright accounts of the royal old lady of Dwabin, whom Mr. Brooking had visited. He had taken a diagnosis of her case to the Coast surgeon, and the course of treatment suggested by him was

now to be put in operation by Mr. Brooking. The royal patient asked innumerable questions about England, such as whether the sky and earth did not touch there; if she had been informed correctly that the stars often fell there and that the English picked them up; if English silks were not blown together by the wind? When told that the machinery by which silk was made was put in motion by the steam produced by boiling water, she came to the conclusion that truth was indeed stranger than fiction, and remarked, "Wonderful people!—they make everything minister to them!"

Upon seeing Mr. Brooking's watch, hearing it tick, and observing its movement, she was almost petrified, sat back in silent amaze for some minutes, and then inquired whether it was the work of a human being or a spirit! When offering refreshment, she proceeded to pour out a libation to the fetish. Mr. Brooking requested her not to do so for him. She replied with dignity, "Who are we that we should dare to keep back part from God?"

As the treatment eased her suffering, she became more charmed with English skill than ever, and explained that they (the English) were recognized as peculiar favourites of the Almighty. For, in the beginning, God created two kinds of people, white and black. He then placed before them a box and a book. The blacks had the first choice, and took the box, which contained gold, but the whites took the book, which brought them all sorts of good knowledge!

During the summer Mr. Brooking was called to meet Mr. Freeman at the river Prah, where he was bringing Mr. Rowland, a noble and consecrated young man who was to work in Ashanti. So they met in the heart of the bush, and spent three days in strengthening fellowship, after which these two young men started north again to Coomassie.

But only two weeks after their arrival we find this entry in Mr. Brooking's diary: "This has been to me a day of sorrow. This morning Brother Rowland exchanged time for eternity. . . . He was a noble young man, deeply pious, and died in full hope of an eternity of bliss."

That same afternoon we find the young missionary alone once more, making some of the beautiful tropical wood into a coffin for his fallen comrade. One of the princesses passing by exclaimed, "Oh, if I were sure of being buried in such a beautiful box, I would consent to die to-morrow!"

To quote from the journal again: "In the cool of the evening we buried him, in a part of the mission premises. Here his remains will rest in peace until the resurrection morning, when the 'trump of God' shall sound even in Coomassie."

Still the work went on: a slow and often discouraging warfare against the superstitious fears and degrading habits of heathenism. In about a year and a half Mr. Brooking was obliged to return to England for a rest, leaving a tiny Church "in the desert," and many persons of influence gradually losing confidence in the national superstitions. Just before leaving Mr. Brooking writes:

"When Christianity shall have 'leavened the whole' of this people there will not be a nobler race under the heavens, for notwithstanding the awful state they are now in and the degrading nature of their superstitions, there are many fine traits in their character. Not long since Osai Kudjo showed me a gilt crucifix, given to some of his ancestors by a Portuguese, and asked me what it meant. I shall never forget the intensity of his feelings when I told him the story of this world's redemption!"

In 1844 the resident missionary writes: "Osai Kudjo has begun to meet in class."

Mr. Chapman gives an interesting account of the sincerity of one young

native Christian, shown by the destruction of his household fetish. "His companions were assembled; two or three large drums were brought out, and as the god hung suspended over the waiting flames, one of the party, in imitation of the signal given by the death-drum, struck his drum to the well-known sound, 'Cut him down!' The flames instantly received the long-ador'd image. So perish all the false gods of Ashanti!"

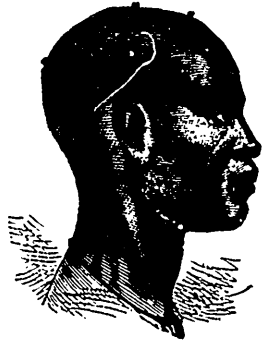
Mr. Wharton, a young man of colour from the West Indies, and one or two others, followed Mr. Chapman. In 1850, Prince John Ansah was placed in charge of the mission as regularly-appointed Christian teacher. An extract of a letter from this prince to Mr. Freeman shows how truly the kingdom of God had come to his heart:

"I feel my helplessness and unworthiness. I look for help from Him whose promise is, 'As thy day so shall thy strength be.' I assure you, my dear father in Christ, all my mind is that my life may be spent in the service of Christ. The general aspect of the work is encouraging. The people attentively hear the Word of God. I preach in the public street every Sabbath day, and they crowd to hear the way of salvation. I think good days are beginning to come upon the Ashantis. May the Lord hasten them soon, that these poor souls here may know the true and living God, and Jesus, Christ, His Son, our Lord!"

And still the work is going on. In 1883 an Ashanti prince from Dwabin was converted and has since become an unpaid evangelist. In 1885 we find him, with native missionaries from every part of Western Africa, at the Cape Coast Missionary Synod. In the same year glorious jubilee services were held at Cape Coast, in which old Father Freeman took part, having a heavenly foretaste of the joy of bringing in the sheaves.

"As early as three o'clock in the morning the spacious church was full of earnest pleaders with God, and the prayer-meet-

ing continued until day-dawn. At seven o'clock a native minister preached. The first English service was conducted by Father Freeman at half-past ten. The old father preaching the jubilee sermon was as complete a finish to the marvellous record of fifty years as any historian could wish. The two following days were devoted to public thanksgiving meetings. Two or three at a time were on their feet to speak of God's love and mercy, and to



A NATIVE OF UHHA, CENTRAL AFRICA.

subscribe their amounts. One old lady said she was with those who first invited Captain Potter to bring them a missionary. She alone was left of those who joined to welcome Mr. Dunwell. Then the work was very poor and hard, and she marvelled to see it spread as it is doing now. Another said, 'Fetish men and women live in our house, but I find no Saviour in them, so I give myself to Jesus, and send my present of thirty shillings.'

"Cast thy bread upon the waters and thou shalt find it after many days."

Beside me as I write lies a small, plain, strongly-bound Bible, yellow and stained by sea-water and African rains, containing the following inscription: "This Holy Bible was presented to the Rev. Robert Brooking on his solemn designation to the office of a Wesleyan missionary, at Wilderness Row Chapel, November 10, 1839.

"JABEZ BUNTING,
"JOHN BEECHAM,
"R. A. DER,
"ELIJAH HOOLE, } Secretaries."

This little Bible went with the young missionary to his work in Western Africa, the "White Man's Grave;" to Coomassie, the "City of Blood;" to our own North-West Territory, indeed a Great Lone Land, in the early fifties; then through many years of missionary work among the Indians of Ontario. In his journal I read, Dec. 24th, 1839: "Christmas Eve. To-day we passed to the westward quite close to the Canaries (on our way to Western Africa), and at night we saw the churches illuminated." On Christmas Eve, 1893, we laid the old and worn-out frame to rest under Canadian skies, and I love to think of the dear, dim eyes growing bright and COBOURG, Ont.

young again, when they sighted the lights of the Heavenly City!

Only the little Bible and heavy old journal remain as visible links to that noble band of men who lived and worked, and many of whom died, for West African missions.

As we read this simple story of quiet heroism, unutterable suffering patiently endured, and noble lives laid down without a murmur, let us rouse ourselves to truer faith and nobler courage. God is over all, and His heroes are not dead yet!

"He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him."

MEXICO IN TRANSITION.*

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

Professor in Victoria University.

By his long, arduous, and eminently successful missionary labours in the land of Montezuma and Cortez. Juarez and Maximilian, Dr. Butler (so well known by his earlier missionary work in India) fairly earned the right to be heard on the interesting subject which he has chosen, namely, the long, slow process by which the land of the Aztecs has been set free from the blighting despotism of Spanish governors and inquisitors, and provided with free and stable institutions of her own.

Readers who cling tenaciously to popular misapprehensions, and are unwilling to revise their judgment of men and things, had better let this book alone, for the indisputable evidence here offered forever shatters those idols of popular admiration

and sympathy, Hernando Cortez and the "Emperor" Maximilian.

In the year 1494 Pope Alexander VI. assumed authority to assign to Spain every island, continent and sea on which her troops should plant her flag in the Western hemisphere. Thus, inspired by mingled motives of adventure, avarice, and religion, Cortez and his hardy companions advanced to the conquest of the land of the Aztecs.

From the brilliant pages of Prescott we have gained a somewhat exaggerated estimate of the heroism of the conquerors. Even Spanish writers are disposed to discount some of the extravagant stories which Cortez sent home. We are only beginning to look at the whole history from the Aztec side, and to

* "Mexico in Transition from the Power of Political Romanism to Civil and Religious Liberty." By William Butler, D.D. New York: Hunt & Eaton. Toronto: William Briggs.

consider the horrid cruelty of the Spaniards in their treatment of individuals and their savage ruthlessness in the destruction of an ancient and advanced civilization.

In the place of the old form of government was established a foreign tyranny so abominable that when Mexico became free the very ashes of Cortez were secretly removed to a safer resting-place, lest the indignant populace should cast them out. In the place of the old heathenism was established a Christianity so corrupt and unscrupulous that it can hardly be considered an advance upon that which it supplanted.

But have we not been horrified at the atrocious cruelties of the Aztec religion in its human sacrifices? Hear the words of a Jesuit writer, Clavigero; "The victors, in one year of merciless massacre, sacrificed more human victims to avarice and ambition than the Indians, during the existence of their empire, devoted in chaste worship to their native gods."

In all these excesses the Spaniards were encouraged by their ecclesiastics. The populace were "converted" wholesale. Conversion meant merely baptism. Single priests baptized thousands in one day. In a few years as many as four millions were thus introduced into the Church. The result was necessarily not that Mexico was Christianized, but that the Church was paganized. Old Indian superstitions and ceremonies were oddly mixed up with Christian dogmas and rites. The Church seemed devoted to the acquisition of wealth and political power, and to be indifferent to spiritual ends. In 1850 the Church in the city of Mexico was practically owner of half the real estate, either directly or indirectly through loans on mortgages. The Church has been until recently the principal banking institution of the country. The altars of the Church, and especially the vest-

ments of the images of the Virgin, flamed with precious stones. The image of the "Virgin de los Remedios" hid its ugliness in petticoats worth \$3,000,000.

To what purpose was this enormous wealth employed? To feed the hungry, clothe the naked, teach the ignorant? Nay, but to consolidate Church authority and extend Church influence, to crush all liberal aspirations and uphold all ancient abuses, political as well as ecclesiastical.

But even the ignorant and long-oppressed natives of Mexico, so long deprived of all voice in the government of their own country, so long held down by Spanish force and by the yet more awful terrors of the Roman Catholic Church, felt the refreshing breath of Liberty consequent upon the French Revolution. From 1810 to 1821 there was incessant struggle for independence. The party of liberty steadily grew larger, wiser, stronger. A good priest named Hidalgo, goaded to desperation by the brutal cruelty of the Spanish authorities to the poor people for whom he toiled, in September, 1810, unfurled the flag of independence. The valour of his undisciplined followers proved finally unequal to the task before them. He was taken, deposed from the priesthood, and shot as a traitor. But his cause did not die with him. He is now beloved and honoured by the Mexicans as "the Liberator of Mexico."

On his death, José Maria Morelos became leader of the popular cause. The war was one of hope, of courage, of mercy on the one side; of hatred, cruelty and revenge on the other. The Spanish governors and generals waged war upon the patriots as upon wild beasts, with the avowed purpose of exterminating them. But though in 1814 Morelos was captured and executed, the struggle went on. At last, on the 24th February, 1821, the Spanish flag, which had floated for well-nigh three hundred years

in Mexico, was hauled down, and Mexico became independent.

But the difficulties of the patriots were by no means at an end. The great leader, Iturbide, in about a year succeeded in securing for himself the title and authority of emperor. His attempt at imperialism ignominiously failed, and in 1824 the Republic was proclaimed. Spanish influence remained only as a disturbing element, ever ready to intrigue with all reactionary parties in favour of monarchy. Santa Anna was for over thirty years the frequent disturber of the peace in Mexico, inspired partly by personal ambition and partly by clericalism. It was only gradually that the liberal party were taught by bitter experience that established liberty was an impossibility until all alliance between the Republic and the Church was ended. In 1857 the absolute *freedom of religion* was proclaimed, and also the nationalization of \$200,000,000 of property held by the Church and used to thwart the progress of the people toward an honourable position among the free nations of the world.

Through several years the issue between the liberals and the clericals was fought out. But in January, 1861, the government of the great liberal leader, Benito Juarez, was peacefully established.

Juarez is the greatest figure of Mexican history. Of purely native descent, he is dear to Mexicans as "our little Indian." Well educated, a lawyer by profession, inspired by high ideals of virtue and patriotism, he gave for many years all his energies to the best interests of his native land. His was the hard lot to represent the cause of Mexican independence during the sad years of the rascally French "intervention" and the usurpation of Maximilian.

The ostensible causes of Louis Napoleon's intervention were so frivolous, that as soon as they came to be understood both England and

Spain indignantly withdrew from the enterprise into which the French emperor had enticed them. Napoleon was ambitious to emulate his great predecessor's career as a king-maker; to intervene in a brilliant and striking fashion in one of the greatest countries of America was a prospect which dazzled his mean soul; a firm position in Mexico might make him formidable even to the United States; in his own words, "My object is to assure the preponderance of France over the Latin races, and to augment the influence of those races in America." Almonte, the ambassador of the clerical party in Mexico, misled Napoleon by his false assurances that Mexico was "monarchical to the core," and that the Republic was maintained only by needy and unscrupulous adventurers.

The intervention was for the moment a brilliant success. The arms of France bore down all opposition. That poor fool Maximilian of Austria became a puppet emperor, dependent upon French bayonets and clerical favour. The Church welcomed the usurpation as the occasion of resuming all her lost prerogatives and abolishing all religious freedom. But even Maximilian hesitated to go to the lengths of tyranny to which the Church, from the Pope downward, urged him. At last, deserted by the French bayonets, mistrusted by the clericals whom he had in a measure disappointed, hated by the liberals as a foreign usurper, unable to escape, he succumbed to his fate.

His death and the insanity of his unfortunate wife have elicited a world-wide sympathy which was largely undeserved. In his latest days of tyranny he had been cruel in the extreme. The "black decree" of October, 1865, had doomed all the patriot leaders, soldiers, and sympathizers to death as outlawed brigands. Many prisoners—men of honourable rank, stainless name,

and heroic patriotism—were basely shot down in cold blood by the direct orders of Maximilian. Is it matter of surprise or of reproach against the people of Mexico that a prince who had lent himself as a facile instrument of most unjustifiable French aggression, who had usurped authority over the lives and property of the people of Mexico, and who had wantonly denied to the soldiers of the Republic the ordinary rights of belligerents and shot prisoners down like dogs, should pay the full penalty at last of such crimes against humanity? Not the people of Mexico are to be blamed, but that imperial pretender, Louis Napoleon, who, having used Maximilian as his poor tool, then deserted him to his miserable fate. The history of Mexico reassures us that there is a power above us making for righteousness, that right is might, that usurpations, frauds and shams, political and ecclesiastical, must perish.

All honour to brave President Juarez, who never despaired of the Republic, who maintained defiance of the usurpation to the end, and who at last, amid the rejoicings of a triumphant people, re-established constitutional republicanism by his return to the capital on the 15th July, 1867. Well might Victor Hugo address to him these glowing words: "America has two heroes, Lincoln and thee—Lincoln, by whom slavery has died, and thee by whom

liberty has lived. Mexico has been saved by a principle, by a man—thou art that man!"

In the hour of victory the Republic was generous to the defeated party. Only Maximilian and his two infamous tools, Miramon and Mejia, were executed. A few prominent leaders were banished. And in 1871 an amnesty was proclaimed to all. Since then, Mexico, free in Church and State, has made rapid strides forward. Its resources are vast, its climate is varied and delightful, its scenery is charming. It is rapidly becoming a favourite resort of tourists and of invalids. Education is extending, and Protestant missions are providing a refuge for those who cannot longer abide the superstitions of the Roman Catholic Church and yet desire to remain Christians.

The brief sketch of Methodist mission work in the land of Montezuma with which Dr. Butler concludes his readable volume is full of interest. A Methodist church in a chapel of the Inquisition! Surely the world moves. Awful revelations did that old edifice yield of the abominations of a not distant past—human skeletons built up in little cells in the walls.

"Face loved of little children long ago!
Head hated of the priests and rulers then!
Say, was not this thy passion, to foreknow
In thy death's hour the works of Christian men?"

HOME.

Stay, stay at home, my heart, and rest;
Home-keeping hearts are happiest,
For those that wander they know not
where,
Are full of trouble and full of care;
To stay at home is best.

Weary and homesick and distressed,
They wander East, they wander West,

And are baffled and beaten and blown about
By the winds of the wilderness of doubt;
To stay at home is best.

Then stay at home, my heart, and rest;
The bird is safest in its nest.
O'er all that flutter their wings and fly
A hawk is hovering in the sky;
To stay at home is best.

— Longfellow.

THE ENTHUSIASM OF GOD'S KINGDOM.

THE ANNUAL SERMON OF THE WESLEYAN MISSIONARY SOCIETY, 1845.

BY "IAN MACLAREN" (REV. JOHN WATSON), OF LIVERPOOL,

Author of "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush."

"The multitude cometh together again, so that they could not so much as eat bread. And when Jesus' kinsmen heard of it, they went out to lay hold on him, for they said: He is beside himself."—Mark iii. 20, 21.

SOME twenty-five years ago a book was published entitled "Modern Christianity a Civilized Heathenism." It is the kind of book which every easy-going Christian should have handy on his book-shelf. It is an extreme book if you like, but the author fairly makes his point, that the difference between Christ and many Christians is that our Master was in deadly earnest, and that we are not in the same earnest, and that it would be a good thing that Christians should be baptized with the Spirit of the Lord. He points out with great force that the reason that modern Christianity does not suffer more at the hands of the world is because it is so soft and inoffensive a thing, and that if it carried itself after the fashion of Jesus it would be cast out from society. His most bitter passage is a comparison between a clergyman—the illustration happened to be from the Church of England, but we could replace it from any of our Churches—who is concerned regarding his dinner and the innocent pleasures of his life, and another who has given up his everything for Christ, and has spent long nights in prayer, and died at last from some fever caught in the discharge of his duty. Mad, says the author, coming to his climax—which simply means different from other people; and if Jesus lived in our day modern Christians would be so astonished at his conduct that they would put Him in an asylum.

I erhaps you will remember that

the point has been made by two free-lance skirmishers on the outside of Christianity, Lawrence Oliphant in his "Piccadilly," and Mrs. Lynn Lynton in "Joshua Davidson." I wish you to remember that the point has been made long ago and is contained in the Gospels. This incident of Jesus' life throws it into relief and creates a permanent situation. Jesus was accustomed to contradiction and to abuse. He was not very much hurt when the Pharisees would say, "Thou hast a devil."

It was altogether a different matter for Jesus when His mother, as it appears from another passage, and His brethren came down to put Him under restraint. For His own mother and brethren to break in at the moment of His great popular influence, one of the few moments of His life when the people were entirely with Him, and explain on every hand that they knew Him, and that He was not in His senses, was a stroke of almost Satanic cruelty and ingenuity. What lent bitterness to the incident was this—they did not object to His work, that would have been an intelligent opposition on the part of an opponent, but it was the spirit in which He did His work! It was that He worked double tides, that He was not careful about eating and drinking, that He laboured without any ordinary prudence or consideration for Himself. It was not the work He did, but the spirit in which He did it. They would have wished Him to do God's will, but cautiously. They were annoyed,

anxious, dismayed, because He did God's will intensely.

Jesus was counted mad simply and solely because He was enthusiastic, and the incident remains typical. Jesus in that inaugurates the spirit which has its ebb and flow, but which at its height has no regard of ease or honour or life itself in the service of God and man. And the world, realizing as by an instinct the intensity of this spirit, took up an attitude of ridicule and criticism, and began there and then to pour cold water on religious enthusiasm, and has been pouring cold water unto this day. Two states of mind were flung into intense contrast—the spirit rapt, inspired, and self-forgetful, and the spirit cautious, critical, self-regarding—the spirit of Christ and the spirit of the world.

When I say that, I do not mean that this spirit has always been seen in its glorious glow in the Church of Christ, or that if a man comes in from the outside world, where the temperature may be below zero, he will be struck by the thermometer standing at blood-heat in the Christian Church. There have been times in every Church when the spirit of the Church has been as cold as ice. There are congregations of people so exceedingly composed and self-contained that they are for all the world like an aquarium, a collection of cold-blooded animals. There are individuals who have no more self-forgetfulness, no more danger of getting enthusiastic, than a marble statue. Thousands and thousands of Christians are never likely to be accused of madness on the ground of their devotion to Christ and religion. They may be right or wrong, but I am not going to turn aside to discuss that. I want with facts to point out that, whether right or wrong in this cold-blooded criticism, the kingdom of God would never have existed on that line, and if the

spirit of enthusiasm died out from the kingdom of God to-morrow its end would be at hand.

Every moment of the epochs in the history of the Christian Church which we remember, and for the return of which we pray, has been like a great spring-time, when the sap stirred in the brown and withered tree, and the branches were covered with tender fresh green. They have been great tides of emotion that swept everything before them and raised men whom we scarcely thought capable of such things to the highest spiritual level. Every such enthusiasm was a lift to the kingdom, every such enthusiasm has been condemned regularly and consistently as madness by the world. It was a very tolerant and fair world before which Paul stood when he was tried by Festus—a world that could appreciate heroism and manliness. Festus declared that the man had done nothing worthy of death, and was full of respect for Paul's strength. But the moment Paul introduced his religion, the moment he came to the secret of the whole thing, then Festus spoke with another voice. He did not say the religion was dangerous, but it was a thing he could not understand. It was a thing of another order of circumstances—the supernatural—and it was not a matter he could examine at all—"Much learning doth make thee mad."

Long centuries passed, and there came a day to the Christian Church when the forgiveness of sins was sold for money, and when great ecclesiastics declared that the New Testament was a book full of snakes. The Roman Court, when the pressure of the spirit of Jesus relaxed for a time, reverted to type. Then arose Luther, and implored the head of the Church to make clean her court. But the Festus of the time was not angry with the Paul of that century; he was amused—"This brother Luther is a fine genius: as

for Christianity, it is a fable, but a very profitable one to us." On the one side the enthusiasm of the new spirit, on the other the extremely irrational and profitable relation to the kingdom of God.

It was a great day in England last century when the Spirit of God stirred in the dry bones of our land, when great ladies offered themselves to the service of Jesus, and the faces of colliers were washed white by tears of penitence. We know what the world said about that—the respectable and religious world. "Low follies," "a man out of Bedlam"; you catch the word "lunatic," "fool," "madman." When I see these words I say there must have been a great revival here. The kingdom of God is alive again, as it was in the old days when they said, "He is beside himself."

Do not, however, run away with the idea that in criticising enthusiasm the world is deliberately criticising Christianity. The attitude of the world to all religion, the classical attitude of the world to the spirit of all religion, is one of considerable toleration and a certain amount of sympathy. Religion, says the world, is really an instinct, and it must be fulfilled just as much as a man must eat and drink, just as much as he must have a house and pay taxes. Let him get a religion. When he has got a religion that will suit him, let him hold his tongue. It is a disagreeable necessity, and if you have found any kind of God with whom you can live on good terms, live with Him and be thankful. "I am a Catholic"; "I am a Protestant"; "I am a Methodist"; "I am a Theosophist"—and the world yawns. What do I care what he is? Let him be thankful that he is well suited. More than that: I think it is fair to say that the world has a kindly feeling to organized Christianity. It likes an æsthetic Church, and beauty has been enshrined in Jesus' teaching and worship. It

has no objection to a Christian minister if he be a cultured man. It will say the Apostle's Creed on occasion; especially will a man say it with his wife provided you do not attach any close meaning to a number of clauses. And the world has a distinct preference for a religious burial service for its friends; it is the most decent way of closing a man's life. The world does not object to the average Christian, and would not think of calling him mad. The difficulty about the man is whether Christ calls him a Christian at all: he will have no difficulty in coming to terms with the world; he may have some difficulty in meeting the eye of Christ.

Supposing a man gets so possessed with the Spirit of Jesus that he insists on carrying Christianity through his thinking, through his acting, in his home, in his business, in politics, and in the city, with consequences in all directions, then you have quite a different state of affairs. They will not say he is beside himself; they will say, "Do you hear what so-and-so is doing? How imprudent for a man with six children!" They will lift their eyebrows. Perhaps they may be driven to take him aside as a friend and speak to him quietly some night. Perhaps they will say he is rude and offensive. Had St. Paul been satisfied with conducting a technical discussion in Jerusalem regarding Jesus Christ, I suppose he would have been left in peace and we should never have heard his name. But when he became the very type of Christian, then even the tolerant, self-restrained Roman world was obliged to do him to death. Had Luther written polite notes to His Holiness saying that he hoped he would consider these matters in his leisure moments, then he had got a letter from His Holiness' secretary saying he was glad he had called his attention to these matters. But when he nailed his challenge to the

church door, there remained nothing now but war to the death. The kingdom of God stands and must stand in that enthusiasm, and in the last it is justified of all her children.

There are two unanswerable pleas to make for religious enthusiasm. I am not going to put in any safe-guards—there are plenty of people who will do that. We may safely throw fuel on the fire and leave people to throw on the water. When I am foolish you can be at hand with the water. First, its utter reasonableness. A man may be enthusiastic, and ought to be enthusiastic, about many things in life; of all things in the world ought he not to be enthusiastic about his religion? We encourage young men to risk their limbs in the most famous of outdoor sports. There is indulgence for the men who breed cattle, grow orchards, and collect stamps and old china. There is no fad, from book-collecting down to stamp-collecting, which people do not follow, and to which we do not give at the time a passing benediction. Why should all this tolerance for a man's hobby that we cannot understand turn into persecution when you come to a man whose mania is Christ Jesus and the kingdom of God? Why should a gladiator be thought to be sane and St. Paul thought to be mad? It is not very difficult to find out.

After all, what is eccentricity? Motion from a different centre. There is the centre of things that are unseen and eternal, and the centre of things that are seen and temporal; and the lives living at these two centres cannot be reconciled. Suppose twenty-five years ago a scientific man told some rustic that very soon we should be able to speak to people in Paris through a wire, the rustic would quit his company in dismay, and say at home that it would not be well to have the children go into the road

for a day or two. Who was the fool? The scientific man was simply a little ahead of his day. I declare the most optimistic Christian that hopes for the cleansing of our country, and the making of a new London, or any other great and noble dream that has come from God, is only a little ahead of the time that is coming.

You take a dozen shrewd hard-headed men, and you put them on some street where my friends of the Salvation Army are holding a meeting—I mean where the Army is really hot, not where it is respectable. They hear the shouts and listen to the frenzied appeals, and the men say they are mad. They are right in their system of argument. You take a half-dozen Salvation soldiers to the little gallery that overlooks the Bourse of Paris; you put them there, and allow them to look down. They see a crowd swaying to and fro on every side, grey-haired men rushing about, smiting their foreheads, and they say these men ought to be put under restraint; this must be a French Bedlam, but it is the Stock Exchange of Paris. If it be true as you and I believe, but do not believe with the strength we ought to do, that the kingdom of God has permanent standing in the will of God, and that the person and work of Jesus Christ will remain when the whole of this world passes away as a shadow, then the man is right who flings away his life and all he has for the advancement of that kingdom.

My second plea is the success of enthusiasm. Suppose we take the most extreme enthusiasm—I will give myself away if you like—a man who has not always been cool and wise, whose plans you could always criticise. Suppose I go this length and take a man who does not seem to have had much tangible success. There are things more important than material results and

elaborate statistics that can be stated in reports. There is the spirit which must go behind all deeds in the kingdom of God, lest in the end you will have no reports or statistics to collect. You must have an enthusiasm stirred on a high watershed, where the wind of God is blowing, and nothing is heard but the cry of the birds of God. You must have it stirred so, or you will never drink the humblest water which is in the valley below. Think of the Six Hundred. "It is magnificent," said a French officer, "but it is not war." It was magnificent, and perhaps it was war. Those men will never be forgotten in English literature and in the annals of the English race. We think of them as we think of those that fell at Thermopylae. As long as the English flag is lifted over a regiment, the Charge of the Six Hundred will stimulate English bravery. Think of Gordon's death. Was it waste? No. We would not have had to-day the example of Christian character for the young officers of our army; we would not have had the illustration of Christian manliness to put before the young men of our congregation, and we would not have had Gordon institutions all over the land had not this man died in his chivalry. When a man dies in his steel armour it does not seem to me a question as to whether he lost or won. And every man who saw him die leaves the lists less a slug-gard and more a man.

Boards are most necessary things in churches, but no resolution can create a prophet. No resolution can create a martyr. He comes from God and does his work in his own way, not getting much encouragement often, and he goes back to get his encouragement from God. Hannington died at Uganda, and in the Baptist mission they die one after another on the Congo. Waste? Failure? I say it is high failure. Is it madness? It is very telling

madness. It is a madness that would turn the world upside down. You can always get at prudent people. What is prudence? The world is filled with the proverbs of a base prudence which adorns the rule of three, which never subscribes, which never gives, which seldom lends, and only asks one question, Will it bake bread?

That is a good quotation; let me give you another. "Give me one hundred preachers who fear nothing but sin and desire nothing but God, and I care not a straw whether they be clergymen or laymen, such men will shake the gates of hell and set up the kingdom of God upon earth." Were this infection of madness to spread over the Church, we should see the kingdom of God coming with leaps and bounds.

You cannot do anything without enthusiasm. You could not conduct a burial club, and that is the coldest concern one can imagine. Of all enterprises on the face of the earth there is none that in its nature demands such enthusiasm as the kingdom of God. All the great captains of the kingdom have been enthusiasts. We had in the sixteenth century a most accomplished scholar, but it was not that great humanist, but the rough John Knox that made Scotland. The finest scholar in that century was Erasmus, but it was not he, so accomplished in his Greek and timid in his heart, but rough Martin Luther, that made Germany and the new continent of Europe.

Has God baptized any man or woman here with this spirit? Then I congratulate you. Be thankful in an age of carelessness and indifference, when enthusiasm has gone out of letters and politics, that the old fire has come into your heart. Give it full play. Do not be disturbed too much by the criticism of clever and thoughtful people. I suppose the meanest thing a man can do when someone has plunged into the water to save a drowning

man is to stand on the bank and criticise the stroke of the man who is bringing his burden to the shore. If we cannot take off our coats and go in ourselves, surely we can find a bit of cheer in our hearts to give to the man. There is more than one crowd on the bank. There is a crowd standing higher up; a great crowd of witnesses; they are bending over him, they understand it all. Martyrs that were burnt in their day; they say, Well done! And if he does not hear it on account of the babble he will hear it in the good time coming, even though he did not succeed through the strength of the tide, though he flung an empty

hand to heaven, that hand shall be caught in the hand of Christ.

Has God denied you this enthusiasm, which may be partly constitutional and which may not be given to every man? I do beseech you never to argue with the man next you who is baptized with this spirit, nor to hinder him in any way that would not be helpful. Rather thank God that the man next you has got the passion that has come unto great men from age to age, under which they have never been disobedient, and that he has received the fire that burns in the heart of Jesus and burns ever in the heart of the Church.

“THERE IS BUT ONE BOOK.”

(From the last words of Sir Walter Scott.)

Fetch me the buke, dear Lockhart,
An' gie me ane sweet ward.
What buke? There is nae ither—
The Life o' th' Incarnate Lord:
I fee' the shadows creepin',
My licht's nae burnin' lang,
Sae read frae the blessit Gospels
A bit, chiel, ere I gang;
Fin' whaur He holpit the neely,
His pity wi' His nicht!—
Oh, my soul's fair hungry, Lockhart,
For the Livin' Bread, the nicht;

I think o' the dear disciples
Sae tassis on the sea,
An' the wards He spak' tae Simon,—
I ken they'd comfort me;
Tell o' the chitterin' sparrows,—
“Nae man o' them can fa'”;
Tell hoo He callit the bairnies,—
The dearest thocht o' a';
Read owre hoo the ravin' tempest
Seekit silence i' the deep;
Sae the surges i' my bosom
Are croomin' a' tae sleep;

You maun catch the roll o' Jordan
I' His wards to the Pharisee,
But ye'll hear Him prayin', dearie,
I' the sough o' Galilee;
Dinna fash 'bout Judas' kisses;
Nae greet i' the garden dim,

But joy hoo the dyin' beggar
Foun' paradise wi' Him;
Nae hent o' Thamas dootin',
Nae ward hoo Peter fell;
It grie's me sair—their weakness,
Wha kenned oor Lord sae weel;

Read o' the walk to Emmaus
That long and tearfu' day,
An' let oor hearts burn, Lockhart,
As we gang the countrie way.
Pluck me ane lily, Lockhart,
A siller-dew't and sweet;
I speer the rose of Sharon,
An' smell the growin' wheat;
Lat's join the throngin', dearie,
An' wait wi' the wee bit ships
For the wards, like beads o' honey,
That fa' frae His haly lips;

Hoo sad the Gospels, Lockhart,
Wi' His wanderin', lameless life;
But there's ane grief fetches comfort,
Ane rest that comes o' strife;
Noo tak' me, kin', guid Lockhart,—
Aye tenner-true tae me!—
Oot wi' the dear disciples,
“As far's tae Bethany”;
I sair need rest, beloved,
An' the licht's a-wearin' dim;
But Heaven's nae far frae Bethany,
An' sune I'll be with Him.

—New York Observer.

CHRISTIANITY AND THE POOR.

BY THE REV. MARK GUY PEARSE.

ONCE more let us follow these men and women filled with the Holy Ghost as they go amongst the poor, the outcast and enslaved. There were plenty of these in the days of the early Christians. These great masses of the poor and destitute are not the creation of modern life. It is said that Cæsar found scarcely less than three-quarters of the citizens of Rome dependent on public succour—the peril and perplexity of the city.

It is the question that every Christian should ask himself—Has Christianity any message, any remedy for the social ills of our time? If it have such a message, what is it? There is a perilous seething and ferment in our midst. It is as if our great cities were built over slumbering volcanoes, and ominous disturbances now and then remind us that the internal fires may easily break forth and overwhelm us. And yet the Christianity of to-day seems for the most part to go on its way wrapt in its self-complacency, and not greatly concerned about anything beyond trying to make its fortune and then to find its own way to heaven. Vereschagin, the Russian painter, soldier and traveller, whose pictures have lately made a sensation in London, and whose observation and experience give weight to his words, makes this statement in his autobiography: "We shall search in vain for Christian states or communities where the precepts of Christ are really carried out. In this respect the impression which is produced upon me by England—which stands at the head of the civilized world, which assuredly owes a great deal to Christianity, but is hampered with a narrow, official conception of Christ's teaching—is a somewhat gloomy one. Who does

not know the deep contempt for poverty which reigns in England, though poverty is placed by the Gospel so high above wealth?"

And if he had an opportunity of seeing it, as many have, would he not add that the scorn is well repaid—as scorn is likely to be—by the curse of the poor, a curse none the less deep or bitter because it has so little opportunity of making itself heard?

What, then, of the early Christians filled with the Holy Ghost in relation to the poor?

Well, they did not wait until they had some particular remedy, defined and approved, for this particular ill. They did not go forth proclaiming any patent political cure—socialism, communism; much less was there any hint of violence. Most of them did not proclaim anything at all. They never dreamed that they were going to introduce a revolution. It seemed of all things the most unlikely,—revolutions are begotten of firebrands, riot, bloodshed, tears. They had two things—the only two things that Christianity requires—they had the example of Jesus Christ, and they had power to follow in His steps. And that wrought the revolution, just as when God turns the dead world of winter into the beauty of the spring, by the warmth of a new life, a life of love.

Well has it been said: "Socialism's creed is this—All thine is mine; Christianity's creed is this—All mine is thine." But the Christian's creed is of all mockeries the dreariest unless it is lived. Irritating, aggravating, sickening are such sentiments when they are but pious utterances only and not grand realities. And they of old went forth as their Master did—to live it.

Let us, too, carefully look at the example and teaching of Jesus Christ in relation to the poor.

By his very coming Christ made poverty no more a degradation. Of all men who ever lived Jesus Christ alone had any choice in the circumstances of His birth, and He chose the poorest lot and the hardest fare that ever befell any man.

Henceforth poverty was no part of Divine disfavour. He who became poor was the well-beloved Son in whom the Father was ever well pleased. What wicked folly we utter when we talk as if the "providential path" was always one where men make their fortunes, and as if we could measure God's goodness by the income!

Jesus Christ took away the reproach of poverty. No more should any follower of Christ think poverty is dull, ignorant, unconscious, and incapable of any higher development, shut out from the wisdom and grace and the sublimer aspect of things. But, alas, the great Example does not affect men's estimate of poverty to-day. The dull money-grubber of whom Tennyson tells utters many a man's feelings towards the poor:

"Tis'n them as 'as mummy as breaks into
'ouses an' steals,
Them as 'as coäts to their backs, an' taäkes
their regular meals.
Noa, but it's thim as niver knaws wheer a
meal's to be 'ad.
Tuake my word for it, Sammy, the poor
in a loomp is bad.
Them or thir feythurs, tha sees, mun 'a
beäin a laäzy lot,
For work mun 'a gone to the gittin' whin-
iver mummy was got."

Jesus Christ lowered the greatness of wealth by passing it by, and uplifted and hallowed the life of poverty by deliberately accepting it.

But more than this—much more. The one supreme idea which Jesus Christ lived out to the full was this—true brotherliness. For the first time in all the ages Jesus Christ

brought into the world a reverence for humanity. Everything in the life of the Lord Jesus Christ lights up His brotherly kindness. His deeds, His words, His manner, His look, His death all grew out of it; His gracious familiarity, His simplicity, His perfect approachableness and homeliness all proclaimed it. If so varied and many-sided a life can be put into a single word, this is the summary of its earthward aspect—it was perfect brotherly-kindness. This inspired His teaching and His actions, and His fiercest indignation was kindled by all that made light of this great law of love. His parables, alike in their sweetest tenderness and in their most lurid terror, set it forth again and again. His revelation of the Father established a new relationship amongst men—of old time neighbours only, now all were brought nearer to one another, and now they are brothers. The very word humanity and the idea which it expresses came in with Christ; never before had the oneness of the human race been thought of. It is this sacredness of human nature—its greatness, its dignity—which is declared and secured by the mystery of the incarnation—that God should dwell in man; by the crucifixion—that for man He should lay down His life; by the resurrection—that man should be exalted above all principalities and powers, and should sit upon the throne of heaven beside the majesty on high. This reverence for humanity constantly meets us in the utterances of Jesus Christ. "What shall it profit a man," He asks, "if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" As if He set up the balances, and on the one side he put the round world and all that therein is—wealth, dominion, glory, honour, all things—and the man outweighs them all. Though the man be stamped and branded with vice, though he be too bad for earth and fit only to be nailed to the cross, yet is he so dear to Christ

that such a one is reckoned worth dying for!

And now His followers go forth into a world redeemed not with silver and gold but with the precious blood of Christ. Now was there an awful sanctity and preciousness investing every man and woman and child. No man was any more a mere beast of burden—he was made in the image of God. No woman, whatever her position, was a toy for the passing whim of lust—the great love of God held her dear, and thus endeared her to all His children. Every little child was sacred by the childhood of their dear Lord and Master, hallowed by that hand which blessed the children, bound to the heart of His disciples by the love that had called them His little ones. Of theories, theologies, definitions, these disciples knew perhaps very little; but love is truest knowledge, and with them love to everybody was supreme. What a great outburst of brotherly love fills these early chapters of the Acts! Before Peter had seen his vision, a great revival has set Samaria, above all places, in a blaze, and burned up old feuds and melted all into a blessed brotherhood. Need and poverty thrust no man down into suspicion or neglect; but as with the Master so with the disciples, in the very need they found their opportunity for service. He who was rich and for their sakes became poor, was their Example, as well as their Saviour; and they could be Christians only as they had the mind which was in Christ.

O for a breath of this Christ-like Christianity! O for a gale of it, like the mighty rushing wind of old! Where is it? We ask what a man is worth, and count the answer by his income. We reverence not the man, but the accidents of his position, titles, liveries, circumstance. The only Christianity which Jesus Christ acknowledges is that which treats every man as brother. The

man's worth is himself, not his gifts. How are we rent and torn asunder for want of this one thing—true brotherliness, reverence for humanity! We hear of the sacredness of property—and it has its sanctities, for that, too, is of God; but we want to hear infinitely more of the sacredness of humanity. And this must reach upward as well as downward. It is not Christianity which blames or hates a man for being rich. The poor man has to love the rich as well as the rich man love the poor. It seems a hopeless thing that men should ever come to believe it, yet it is most true, that all men are bound by the love of God and the brotherhood of Christ into a closer union than any ties of social position can ever bind men. All sorts and conditions of men need this great brotherliness. We are marked off from all other creatures not only by our need of God, but by our need of one another. It is the wild beast only that is independent. The highest are as often shut off from other people by their height as the poorest are shut off by their poverty. There are as many sad hearts and burdened lives in the West End as in the East. And there is an awful mockery in weariness and want amidst such abundance. To have so much and yet to find so little in it! The rich need sympathy, and they get envy—that cruellest regard. The poor, too, need sympathy, and they get it from one another, which the rich do not; but, alas, how often are they dreaded and scorned and suspected! The great middle class, certainly the happiest of the three, is exposed to the envy of those below them, and the scorn of those above them; whilst genius too often sits mocking the wretchedness of all.

Now, for every man and woman who calls Christ Master, the great question is this—What can we do amidst such a state of things—scattered individuals without any great influence?

Well, do not wait until things are set right for us—these early disciples certainly did not do that. They believed that they served One who was come, not coming, to set things right, who was manifested already to destroy the works of the devil. Do not wait until we can find some definite plan that commends itself to everybody's judgment. What we have to do is to give ourselves up to Christ for the fulfilment of His great purposes in us and through us. We have in His strength and for His sake to live the life of a Christ-like brotherliness. Do not begin to think of such a life as a lofty ideal too high for commonplace and busy people—that, too, is what these disciples did not do. "Ye shall receive power, after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you," is a promise to us. Let us boldly ask for the glorious portion of good that is ours, and then, having the power, we too can follow in the Master's footsteps.

Let us consider the poor. Think about them tenderly, resolve to help them as wisely and well as you can. Here, too, does the proverb hold good, that necessity is the mother of invention, and the necessities of love alone have omnipotence for their designs. God is love; and it is good as it is true to think that as every sun-ray that touches the earth has the sun at the other end of it, so every bit of love upon God's earth has God at the other end of it. Love, true love, is the only law. When love, true love, says it, it must be; everything in God's universe waits to carry out the bidding. Loving, Christlike, tender considerateness is mainly needed in the world. Here is an extract from a statement by one who knows of what he writes:

"The poor herd together as best they may without even the scanty decency which the artisan, with a single room for a home, manages to secure. Intermixed with the working-class population, in the same street, next door, not infrequently

in the same house, is the vicious population. From the daily sight and hearing of hideous, loud-tongued vice, the women and children cannot escape. A decent workingman from the quiet country (there are nearly a million and a half of country-born people living in London) must put up with a room. He is amazed at the scenes around him. He cannot escape from them. Alas! he quickly gets used to them and falls into London ways."

"That is very sad," you say; "but what can we do?" How have other great evils been removed but by the great brotherliness that has taken the matter to heart, and thought and prayed and talked until the people indignantly demanded a remedy at any cost? For this, too, which lies at the source of the misery and vice and drunkenness of London, there is a remedy, if only love were widespread and strong enough to compel it.

One result that would follow immediately from such considerateness is that every church and chapel would have some place open every night—warmed, cheerful and attractive, as easily got at as the public-house, as comfortable as the bar-parlour, where men and women and young people could sit and read without being either lectured or patronized—but welcomed simply as brothers.

I believe schoolrooms, too, would soon be opened as workshops, warmed, and to which girls could bring their work. One good man in the East End of London has set the example, and, by getting the work-girls thus together, has got rid of the terrible middleman. It would be a simple matter to have such a "church parlour" in connection with every place of worship. "The streets, the music-hall, and the public-house stand to these people in the relation of much that is called home in the country. They have no other resort from the one room, the heat of summer, the fog

and cold of winter. The churches, chapels and schools are generally closed, except for purposes in which the mass of people feel no interest. It is a terrible thing to say, but to many it is no wonder that these men bless the public-house which curses them, and bitterly oppose those who would shut it up."

In an article in the *Nineteenth Century* of February, 1887, the writer, an authority on the subject, says: "They (the artisans) see the churches well built and nearly always shut up; they see the public-houses, towering above their own small houses, blazing at every turn, and always open; they see their own small rooms, often badly built, always too small for even the little furniture and often large families."

Some time ago I was going down a main thoroughfare of the city in which I then resided, when I saw about thirty men who were at work in some way about the road, laying drains or something of that sort. It was dinner-hour, and there in the pelting rain they sat eating their provision—about as dreary and cheerless a set as one could see. In that road, within a mile, there were no less than five places of worship. But the very nearest was that of which I was then the minister. I at once got the schoolroom opened, and bade the men welcome; promised it should be at their service so long as they were anywhere near; and had a fire at which they could warm their coffee and themselves. I told them that they were at perfect liberty to smoke after dinner, but the whole time not a man touched a pipe within the walls. It was the instinct of a true gentleman, awakened by a little act of kindness. When their work lay further down the road another place was similarly opened to receive them. Now comes the interesting part of the story. On the Sunday some of those men walked a long way and endured the infliction of a sermon, because, as one

explained, "You see one good turn deserves another." I certainly much appreciated the kindness of that good turn. Of this be sure, though it was so little a matter—a cost of half-a-crown for extra cleaning covering the whole outlay—those men will henceforth carry a more kindly feeling toward the religion of Jesus Christ.

Let us pray earnestly for the Christlike brotherliness toward men, and opportunities of service will not be lacking.

Another thing which assuredly should be seen to, and that very speedily, is the neglect of the godly poor by the churches. Surely Christ our Master is alike astonished and indignant at the extent to which we lavish money upon the fabric in which we worship Him, and leave the poor members of His Church—by their very religion refined and sensitive—to the miseries of pauperism. It takes a vast advocacy, which is but slightly successful, to rouse the Church to think about consecrating one-tenth of the income to all religious uses. The Jews gave three-tenths, and one-tenth was wholly for the poor. The only direction in the New Testament about "laying by" is in relation to the poor. The three religious organizations that wholly support their poor are the Jews, who are a great deal nearer to the religion of Jesus Christ than are most Christians in this respect, at any rate; the Friends, and the Plymouth Brethren; the three that spend the least upon luxurious worship. May we not insist upon this as a mark of a true Church, since Jesus Christ has made it again and again the test of our religion? How immediately this Christlike care for the poor followed upon the baptism of power! Turn to the fourth chapter of the Acts of the Apostles, the thirty-third and thirty-fourth verses: "And with great power gave the apostles witness of the resurrection of the Lord Jesus;

and great grace was upon them all. Neither was there any among them that lacked; for as many as were possessors of lands or houses sold them, and brought the prices of the things that were sold and laid them down at the apostles' feet; and distribution was made unto every man according as he had need."

The first appointment of officers in the Christian Church was to this care of the poor; and the seven deacons were appointed "to serve the tables."

How significant is the contrast in St. Mark's record of how, whilst the disciples were marvelling at the manner of the stones, Jesus was far more interested in a certain poor widow who came bringing her gift to the treasury! The fabric, however costly and beautiful, has little charm for Jesus beside a living, loving heart.*

Well may we ask, startled and

*Any religious community which does not provide for its own poor—that is, for those who, in happier times, have consistently maintained a religious confession in communion with it—stands self-condemned. The relief of such is the special business of the pastor and officers of the church; and if

alarmed, Is it the Church of to-day which shall stand at the closed door, vainly crying, "Open unto us, Lord, Lord, have we not prophesied in thy name? and in thy name have cast out devils? and in thy name done many wonderful works?" Is it to these that He will say, "Depart from me. . . . I was an hungered, and ye gave me no meat; I was thirsty, and ye gave me no drink; I was a stranger, and ye took me not in. . . . Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to me."

When once, and only once, Christ lifted the veil of the world beyond, it was to reveal one tormented in the "white heat of God's indignation," whose offence was not that he was rich—Abraham was as rich as Dives, perhaps richer—his sin was in this, that he found life's good in his goods, and not in doing good; and that he left his poor brother at his gate, unpitied, unrelieved.

any poor member is suffered by them to fall into such want as to be compelled to apply for extraneous alms or parish relief, the church is convicted of want of brotherly love, has denied the Christian faith, and is worse than infidel.—"Social Wreckage," by F. Peck.

SERVICE.

BY AMY PARKINSON.

Thy holy will be done, most gracious Lord;
Thou knowest well that this is all my wish.
Not what my human heart might weakly
choose,

Without Divine direction, do I ask,—
But just whatever Thou dost deem it best
To send me; though my earthly life thus hold
More grief than gladness; and although,
instead

Of strength that finds its joy in active work,
There comes to me the weakness that must
wait

With folded hands. Only, O Master dear,
Even in feebleness let me be used
For Thy blest purposes. Wielded by Thee
The frailest instrument becomes a power;
If Thou inspire, infants can utter praise;
The lowliest and weakest of Thy children,
Ordnained of Thee, may speak Thy messages:

TORONTO.

Dear Lord, give me a share, if such Thy will,
In *this* sweet service; whisper to my soul
Thy cheering words, and let them minister
Through me to other hearts. But if, instead,
Thou choose to lay Thy finger on my lips—
So they be closed for Thee I am content;
For Thou canst make their very voicelessness
To honour Thee, the while I wait Thy will,
E'en here and now.

And when, some happy day,
Thou call'st me to the land where sorrow
yields

Its place to joy unmixed; weakness is lost
In perfect strength; and still submissiveness
Changes to eager action—I shall rise,
Sound forth Thy praise, and gladsome serve
Thee with
Unwearying powers.

CHRISTIANITY AND WOMAN.

BY REV. HUGH PRICE HUGHES, M.A.

CHRISTIANITY has done so much for woman that it is difficult for us to realize how much. When Christianity came into this world, woman was the slave—it would often be literally correct to say the chattel—first of her father, then of her husband. Even in the most civilized countries she had practically no personal rights at all. Such rights as she did possess were hers, not for her own sake, but for the benefit of her father, her husband, or her son. She was practically treated as the toy or the drudge of the particular man who happened to have legal possession of her. Jesus Christ was distinguished from all other great leaders of thought and religion by the marked courtesy and reverence with which He treated woman. From Him she invariably received nothing but respect and kindness; and it is an interesting and delightful fact that, so far as we know, no woman ever persecuted Him, or did Him any injury, or deserted Him after becoming His disciple. His relation to the other sex was one of unbroken peace and good-will. Woman had no share in the wrongs and cruelties which ultimately broke His heart. He alone of all great Oriental teachers denounced and abolished forever polygamy, which under all circumstances must be the degradation of woman. He introduced into marriage its tenderness and its sacredness, and, in so doing, created for the first time in human history a true home. It is only so far as the influence of Christ extends that woman receives, either from her husband or from her children, the respect and reverence, and therefore the real affection, to which she is entitled.

What a contrast all this is to the

most conspicuous facts in the lives and teaching of other leaders of mankind! Buddha began his remarkable career by the cowardly and disgraceful abandonment of his wife and child. The relation of Socrates to his wife is the darkest blot on his memory; even at the solemn close of his life, when his wife and children were weeping over him, what harshness he displayed in his references to them, and in his command that they should be removed from his presence! Of the infamous teaching of Mohammed with respect to woman, I need say nothing. No one, until Christ came, recognized and proclaimed the true sphere and mission of woman; and, indeed, Christ's teaching with respect to woman was so unheard-of and so revolutionary that it is only at the close of the nineteenth century of the Christian era that Christians themselves are beginning to act upon it. All through the Christian centuries until now, the teaching of the Christian Church with respect to woman has been largely heathen, in the very teeth of the doctrine and the example both of Christ and His apostles.

One of the most curious delusions respecting woman current in the Christian Church is a total misapprehension of the teaching of St. Paul on this subject. He has been supposed to advocate a subjection on the part of woman which the enlightened conscience of our own time resents and denies. But this interpretation of certain sentences used by St. Paul is wholly erroneous. There is nothing in the Scriptures itself more exalted than the true doctrine of St. Paul with respect to woman. He asserts, indeed, that as Christ is the Head of the Church, so

is man the head of woman; but what does that mean? Christ is not the head of the Church to lord it over the Church, or to take advantage of the Church, or to use the Church for His own personal advantage; but in order that He may give all that He has to the Church, and to exalt the Church to share His own throne and His own joy. In like manner, argues St. Paul, the highest mission of man is to lift up woman to the full enjoyment of all the authority and all the happiness of which he himself is capable. There is no reflection upon woman in stating that it is the duty of man so to lift her up, because, as a matter of fact, in all heathen lands, and in all so-called Christian lands where the teaching of Christ is not yet accepted, woman is degraded. The selfishness of man has taken advantage of her physical weakness, and also of the way in which beautiful and sacred maternal duties handicap her in the mere struggle of existence, to degrade her and to wrong her. Now, the essential duty of the Christian man is to do the exact opposite, and ultimately to create a social order in which no degraded savage of the male sex will be able to take advantage in any way of the physical weakness of woman.

Every man's true position in the scale of real greatness is determined by his attitude and relation to woman. Any man who despises woman, or disparages woman, or takes any advantage of woman, may boast much of his honour, and of his wisdom, and of his greatness; but he is really a degraded and contemptible savage. All moral progress for man depends upon the extent to which he accepts and imitates our Lord's treatment of woman. And the true position of all communities in the scale of civilization is determined by the legal position which they concede to woman. In our own day the teaching of Christ

has suddenly taken possession of the best men in all communities. During the last thirty years the Christian movement in relation to woman has made greater progress than during the preceding seventeen centuries. We are rapidly realizing the truth of St. Paul's teaching; and the most characteristic as well as the most revolutionary fact in the modern life of civilized communities is the way in which the personal rights of woman are being recognized in all directions.

There is not sufficient space at my disposal to enumerate all the astonishing ways in which, for the first time in history, woman is being emancipated from the servitude to which heathenism had doomed her. Neither is it necessary to enumerate them, they are so patent, so well known. Indeed, we are so familiar with them that we scarcely realize the change that has taken place in the lifetime of the present generation. Let anyone try to realize the advance which has been made in the direction of educating the minds of women. Now, for the first time in human history, woman is being educated. In the primary schools of England no heathen sex distinction is now made. The girl is treated exactly like the boy. In secondary schools this is also the case. Even in our universities the barbarous distinction of the sexes is rapidly disappearing.

Then, again, with respect to the various occupations, poor women have always been obliged to work for their livelihood; but, after a fierce resistance from reactionaries of all sorts, the learned professions themselves are now opening to women. I need not dwell on the extraordinary and increasing degree in which women participate in Church and public life. The Society of Friends and the Salvation Army have the immortal honour of being the first communities of Christians to accept the teaching of the New

Testament, that in Christ Jesus there is neither male nor female. In the activities of civic life woman is now for the first time taking active and beneficent part. You find her on Boards of Guardians and School Boards; she will soon be found in Town Councils and Parliaments.

All this is the direct and inevitable result of the teaching of Jesus Christ, who abolished all distinctions between the sexes except those that are natural and inevitable and blessed. Selfish and degraded men have tried to establish some mental superiority for their own sex; there is no evidence of this in reason, in Scripture, or in history. So far as any evidence does exist, it is the miserable result of the selfishness of men in heathen countries, where they have taken full advantage of their physical superiority.

A very curious indication of the effect of Christianity upon woman was brought to light by the late Professor Rolleston. He made, in the museum of Oxford, one of the largest and most remarkable collections of human skulls that has ever been brought together. A friend of his informed me that when the Professor instituted minute investigations with respect to the capacity of skulls before the advent of Christ and since, he discovered the striking fact that the difference in size between the male skull and the female skull is much less in the Christian era than in any previous period of history. Here, then, we have imbedded in the very physical frame of woman a striking indication of the way in which Christianity has already enlarged her intellectual sphere; and this is but a prophecy of the immense and limitless services which Christianity will render to woman in the holier ages before us.

Much as Christianity has already done for woman, there is still a great deal to achieve. The laws of England do not yet fully recognize

the claims of womanhood as such, notwithstanding the enormous advance of recent years. The right of woman to her own property, to her own body, and to her own children, is now fully recognized and established by great legal decisions; and no words can describe the priceless value of each of these acts of justice, or the miseries which they will avert in millions of cases. Not a few excellent persons are still so misled by utterly un-Christian customs and traditions which have come to us from heathen, generally from Oriental, sources, that they are alarmed at the way in which many of the old disabilities of womanhood are now being removed. But there is not the least occasion for this alarm. To talk about woman being under any conceivable circumstances "unsexed," is to talk utter nonsense. Sex is a fact too patent, too vital, too essential, to be altered by any law or custom. There can be no doubt, however, that every purely artificial and conventional distinction between man and woman is on the point of being abolished. When that is achieved, it will be found that the necessary and inevitable sex distinctions will suffice, and will achieve, much more directly and thoroughly than any vain inventions of man, the purpose of the Eternal when He said, "It is not good for man to be alone." No doubt, in the daring attempt which is now being made to act on the teaching of Christ, there will be mistakes and blunders for which some must suffer; but it will end in an immeasurable enrichment and elevation of human life.

I am very much afraid that even now I have given readers who have not specially studied this subject, a quite inadequate conception of what women owe to Christianity; but if they will try to realize the existing condition of women in Africa and in Asia, they will be able to form some idea of the immense moral and

spiritual revolution initiated by our Lord Jesus Christ, which is slowly reconstructing human society.

I will only add that, as Christianity has done so much for woman, it is natural to expect that woman would befriend Christianity. This she has done in all ages. Women were last at the cross and first at the grave of Jesus Christ; and from that time until now they have rendered the Christian faith unspeakable service. Ignorant and degraded men have sometimes sneered at the marked devotion of women to Christianity; they could not in any way more conspicuously exhibit their own imbecility. There could be no higher tribute to the Christian faith than the reverence and affection with which pure women cling to it. There is no better test of any par-

ticular religious, social, or political movement than its probable effect upon the condition of woman; and the most hopeful sign of the future, as we now stand on the threshold of the twentieth century, is the ever-increasing interest which woman takes in every department of human life. Until now she has been unduly confined to the kitchen and the nursery; she has been prevented from taking her legitimate part in all spheres of human life. Now, however, she is realizing her many-sided mission, and those who would fain prevent her from fulfilling it are growing weaker every day. This is the brightest of all omens, and indicates that the twentieth century will probably be the best and the happiest in the history of mankind. —*The Independent.*

THE CHURCH OF THE FUTURE.*

BY REV. J. M. BUCKLEY, D.D., LL.D.

CONCERNING the *immediate* future, it would seem that the Church has entered upon a period of outward prosperity, accompanied by the overthrow of false religions, with which the general progress of civilization and the conquest and colonization by Christian governments of large parts of Asia and Africa have much to do, and the missionary efforts of the Churches still more; a period also of superficial unity, growing out of a comparative indifference to convictions; and that in this seeming prosperity and unity a decline of spiritual and moral power may take place.

Judging by the past, material prosperity will continue until worldliness, with its attendant vices and resulting heresies, shall so cut the branch from the true Vine as to diminish its fruit-bearing power; alarming the remnant until they

shall offer the prayer of Habakkuk with an earnestness not now felt: "O Lord, revive Thy work in the midst of the years; in the midst of the years make known; in wrath remember mercy."

Should this be a correct forecast, the rise of new denominations, seeking after spiritual piety, may be expected. As formerly, some of these will wander into excess of distortion, and others consolidate into permanent and powerful religious organizations.

In all the Protestant Churches which have not rejected the supreme deity of Christ and the need of supernatural regeneration by the Holy Ghost, there is the potency of renewal, and tidal-waves of divine power may restore them by the spirit of burning or melting, as the Infinite Mind may deem necessary. Reaction from prevalent tendencies

* Extracts from a paper read before the Methodist Ecumenical Conference.

which are in excess is sure to follow to the opposite extreme. But as the ages come and go the violence must cease, the oscillation will cover less distance, until the variation from the mean of truth will be only that which the mind at its best will always require.

No union of Protestantism and Romanism is possible. Their fundamental principles are absolutely irreconcilable, those of Protestantism being the all-sufficiency of the Word, and the right of private judgment in its interpretation; while Romanism demands absolute subjection of the individual mind to the visible fabric of which the pope is the head.

Turning from the immediate to the *ultimate* future of the Church, we may at once dismiss all fear; for is it not written of Jesus, "He shall see of the travail of His soul, and be satisfied?" And does not St. Peter, speaking of the time of His second coming, expressly declare: "The Lord is not slack concerning his promise, as some men count slackness; but is long-suffering to usward, not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance?" This is the place of refuge for the genuine Christian optimist. Whether the coming of Christ be delayed or hastened, the motive on the part of Him who sent His Son into the world, not to condemn the world, but that the world through Him might be saved, is to increase the number of the saved; and the same words declare that it is through the Church of Jesus Christ that this is to be done. Whatever, therefore, the changes which may take place, whether one denomination flourish or decline, the work of salvation must and does go forward.

The ultimate Church upon the earth will fulfil all the prophecies concerning it. Its standard of truth will be God's Word. It will enforce no theory of inspiration, but all its members will believe that its fundamental principles came by inspira-

tion of God; and that miraculous displays of His infinite attributes attended the revelation. The Church will then have a simple yet comprehensive creed. Christian views of creation, sin, spiritual renewal, of Christ, of human responsibility, duty, privilege, destiny, will be so stated as to reveal the essentials of salvation. Metaphysical distinctions will be left to those who love them and can trace them.

The rules of the ultimate Church will be few. The mania for making new laws for God's people upon points upon which inspiration has not spoken will give place to the Christian liberty exhibited by St. James, and endorsed and illustrated by St. Paul. In it all believers will be equal, not intellectually, commercially, or socially, but in privilege and in spirit; caste and the tyranny of worldly aristocracy will be unknown. Cant will disappear. Believers will be as careful to use words in their true meaning upon religion as they are in making business contracts. The standard of living will be midway between asceticism and luxury, and all will joyfully conform to it. The servants of God will give as he hath prospered them, needing only instruction as to the best modes of serving Him with their substance. Stratagem and appeals to carnal motives will no longer be needed. Reason and enthusiasm will modify each other, so that knowledge will not be found without zeal, or zeal that is not according to knowledge; for God will have put His laws into their mind, and written them in their hearts. The immoral will not seek place in the Church. Discipline will be helpful to the penitent, but not tolerant to the incorrigible. Revivals will not be needed in the Church, but will arise from the united efforts of true believers to save sinners. The normal condition of the ultimate Church will be that of devotion; but while sinners remain upon the earth it will, from

time to time, according to the indications of God's providence and the movements of His Spirit, gird itself to aggressive movements.

Science and religion will walk hand in hand; though till the last there may be irreligious scientists, and some Christians so ignorant or timid as to fear that the increase of knowledge in the sphere of nature necessarily implies the destruction of faith in the realm of religion. Social questions as such, which in the interval must receive more attention than heretofore, will then have disappeared, Christians being governed wholly by the principles of the Gospel; the evils which vex and oppress society, so far as they are the result of un-Christian principle or spirit, will have faded away. The area of sin and of selfish competition will have diminished until the rich and the poor shall dwell together in unity, the brother of low degree rejoicing in that he is exalted, and the rich in that he is made low. In that happy time all true believers will be joined in heart, gladly emphasizing points of agreement, and true to their convictions where differing in judgment, maintaining the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace.

How shall this glorious result be achieved? The Church of to-morrow depends in large measure upon our living to-day: and all our powers should be applied to discover the mind of God. The ideal of abstract purity, reverence, zeal, co-operation, catholicity, supremacy, universality, and spirituality which we find in the Word should always be held before us as our model, and displayed by us for the guidance of others. Whatever we see in the Church of to-day distorted we should endeavour to mould into harmony with the spirit of Christ, or eliminate; a correct that which is defective.

Ever should we be comparing the principles of the Gospel with the age in which we live. Especially does

it devolve upon us to beware of the delusive theory that the Church of Jesus Christ is to be the creature or servant of the age. Alliance with the world has ever been the precursor of wickedness. We are to sow in the hearts of this generation undoubting faith in God's Word, unselfish devotion to His law. According to our teaching and living will future standard-bearers be strong towers or reeds shaken by every wind of doctrine; seekers after the unsearchable riches of Christ, ambitious only to hear his voice saying, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord;" or covetous only of the dross which perisheth, and thirsting for the applause of men.

Neither mournfully recalling the past, nor gazing feebly upon a conflicting present, nor paralyzed by an unworthy fear of the future, we should concentrate every energy of heart and mind upon the perfecting of our individual characters and the perfecting and strengthening of the Church of the present. Thus human providence will labour together with God's providence to make the Church of the future a glorious Church, "not having spot or wrinkle, or any such thing, holy and without blemish."

"How wrought I yesterday?" Small moment, now,
To question with vain tears, or bitter moan,
Since every word you wrote upon the sands
Of yesterday hath hardened into stone.

"How work to-morrow?" 'Tis a day unborn,
To scan whose formless features is not granted;
Ere the new morning dawns, soul, thou mayest wing
Thy flight beyond to-morrow, disenchanted.

"How shall I work to-day?" O, soul of mine!
To-day stands on her threshold, girt to lead
Thy feet to life immortal; strive with fear;
Deep pitfalls strew the way; take heed, take heed!

THE RETURN OF THE TIDE.

BY JOHN A. FREEMAN, B.A.

THE mackerel had come, and every boat from Cromley village, on the east coast of England, had been equipped and sent out to make the most of their short harvest. Their crews had grown up on the sea, and loved their floating home as much as their safer one upon the land.

Born seamen every one, but of them all none better than Tom Walters, and no vessel stouter than his boat, the *Jane*. On shore, too, he was as much envied, for no home was snugger, no wife trimmer, no children fairer than were his.

For three days they had been busy with the catch, the smaller boats going out in the morning and returning at night. But the larger vessels went further out and remained away for days. Then the men made the boards their bed, and slept to the rocking and lullaby of the ocean.

On this afternoon they had been particularly busy until, suddenly, the fish had deserted them. Then, having time to look around them, they noticed the threatening appearance of the sky, and at once made for home, with the exception of Tom only. At that time he had been standing further out, and was in the midst of a hungry school. The fish rushed at the bait. The lines were drawn, the fish flipped into the barrels, the lines replaced and redrawn until arms and back ached with the exertion, and the perspiration ran in streams down their faces and necks. Then, in a moment, the fish vanished as they had from the other boats, and, in the pause, Tom and his crew, too, noticed the storm ready to burst upon them, and it filled them all with fear.

From west to north trailed a huge, inky cloud upon the horizon. Beneath, it seemed caught back and

clinging to the earth and sea; above, it bulged out into one vast, motionless fold. Above this, though there was but little movement, there were signs of fearful force. The clouds rolled uneasily, swelled out, and were sucked back, while from within them were beginning to come low growls and moans of thunder.

Higher still, more terrible currents were contending. Masses of clouds, swirling into spirals, writhed and twisted like huge serpents. Still above this the lighter, grayish clouds came and went, passed and repassed in contrary currents, while some hung motionless, as if held in poise, or uncertain what impulse to obey. Skirting all, in mid-heaven, were blown out ragged, ghostly shapes, that ever changed within themselves, and seemed to point before with wicked glee and to marshal onward the awful force of the storm; while all around was that portentous, dead silence, that strains the nerves like the blanching pause before the battle.

Not a moment was wasted on board the boat. The sails were run up, every rope looked to, every brace examined, for the crew knew too well their danger—knew, too, that in a few moments it was to be a fight for life.

Up to that time the wind had been coming from the south and south-west, in warm, fitful breaths that scarcely kept the sails full; but in a moment it veered from south to west and to north-west. It smote the contending clouds, and with one blow it crushed their mutiny, and rolled them forward in a solid mass. The men saw it swoop upon the blackening sea and toss it into foaming billows. They saw it rush toward them in a wall of darkness, crested with gleams of white. Now the ves-

sel's sails filled to bursting, and she raced the madcap waves. Now the fury of the wind was all but on her. Down came the sails, but not a moment too soon. The sea shivered around the trembling boat; the storm struck her, and turned her half about; then she righted, and flew on, under bare masts, fast as the wind-driven foam. Above them stretched a low, hopeless, black-gray sky; about them one dim, wild commingling of mist and wave and wind.

A considerable time before this the remainder of the little fleet had reached the shore and safely secured their boats. All the women and children of the village had crowded around eager to learn of the success of the catch. At first all was shouting and laughter, and no one had an anxious thought about the absent ones. But presently they noticed the rapid changes, and the laughter was suddenly hushed. Few words were spoken now, and all watched with awful intensity that little white spot that soon would have to battle with sea and air.

"She'll blow a stunner soon, mate," said one, through clenched teeth, to his neighbour, and his answer was one brief "Ay," that came with a groan, for it was a father who spoke, and his son was on the *Jane*.

Then they, too, saw the wind and wave advance upon the little craft, and heard the far-off, sullen sweep rise into a fierce roar. Then it seemed as if a hand stretched out and drew a pall of darkness over all the ocean, and they could no longer make out the boat or see whether she still survived. They were standing on a height overlooking the sea. From either side extended a semi-circular arm of land, that projected for a considerable distance, until right before them the two nearly met. Through this narrow opening was the entrance to the harbour. To make it was to be safe from the strongest gale that could

blow; to miss it was to be crushed like an egg-shell upon the jagged rocks outside.

Presently, either through the darkness lifting, or their eyes becoming accustomed to it, they saw far out the little wraith-like vessel swaying and tossing, still holding bravely on. The crew had been standing to the north-east of the harbour, and as the wind was from the north and north-west, they would have to beat up against it somewhat to make the entrance. They had gained as much as they could at first, knowing well that under the full force of the storm it would probably be impossible to control the boat at all. But now the question was soon to be settled whether she would ever gain the entrance or had made her last run to Cromley harbour. Nearer and nearer they were swept, and still they could not tell whether they would reach it. Now a fresh gust seemed to carry them too far down; again, a lull seemed to make them gain.

Brave seamanship, that! Grand calculation miles away, that brought them so near to that few yards of opening. Closer and closer, and still it was in doubt. The gazers on the shore could see them now upon the deck, and watch their movements. Every man was in his place, from Captain Tom to widow Wilson's only son, the last of her family to survive the sea, for every one of them—and there was not a coward among them all—had perished in its depths. Not more than ten seconds remained to settle the question of life and death. Those on shore watched them with eager eyes, and strong men braced themselves as though the shock was to be theirs, and strained until they could hear in their ears their heart beat above the storm. Still at the very entrance, the lurching of the vessel seemed sufficient to save or shatter. Just at this point, even while some had half drawn that

relaxing breath of relief, a roaring gust caught the stout craft, swung her over, and crashed her on the rocks. The brave boat gave one lurch, and sank. A brief struggle was seen here and there, a hand or two rose for a moment out of the water, a few barrels and planks floated off, and all was over.

On shore one heavy, universal groan had been succeeded by every demonstration of grief. Some women sobbed and shrieked, while others sank helpless to the ground. One man poured forth oaths and imprecations; another hung his head in dumb sorrow. Among these varied expressions of distress and sympathy they were startled by a cry that drew them, in haste, to the water's edge. There, entangled in a mass of boards and cordage that had drifted in, was seen an arm and a pale face.

Quickly they drew the man out, and discovered that it was Tom Walters. There were still signs of life; but all knew, after that fearful dashing, and with that cruel wound upon his head, that he could not recover, and that their sea-mate had made his last run to the harbour. Oh, how it cut them to the heart to see his wife, kneeling beside him, wipe away the trickling blood, and press her lips to his, as though she would breathe life into them again, pitifully calling him by name, and entreating him only to look at her and their poor frightened children. But no answering word or look came to her piteous appeal, and, stricken with fear, she swooned by his side. Friendly hands, kind if rough, bore them gently to the little home, and placed him carefully upon the bed, while others restored her to consciousness and grief.

For a considerable time the numbing effects of the blow kept him motionless; then his limbs began to strain, and a delirium came upon him. Again he seemed to live over the violence of the storm. All that night, and far into the next day,

lasted the fight of the unconscious sufferer to reach his wife and loved ones. Brave fight, but hopeless, for every effort only left him farther from them.

The next day was calm and bright. Everywhere over land and sea rested the peaceful sunshine. Scarcely a breath of wind ruffled the smooth surface of the ocean; only at long intervals came the groundswell, like the worn-out sobbing of a child. With the peace of nature came rest to the throbbing brain and weary limbs of the unconscious sufferer, and, in the afternoon, he fell into a quiet sleep that lasted until the sun was drawing near to the west. Its rays rested about the pale, drawn face like a benediction, and, caressingly, seemed to kiss him from his sleep.

Slowly his eyes unclosed and looked about with consciousness. They all came to his side, and Mary brought their children—sturdy little Tom, his father's miniature, and fair wee Kathie, their hearts' love. He motioned her to place them on the bed beside him; and with one hand resting on her curls, and an arm about his shoulders, with his last look into their faces, he told them, oh, so lovingly, how they were always to be good and thoughtful; how Tom was to be brave and manly, and help his mother, and shield his little sister when he was gone. Then he drew them close to him, and pressed repeated kisses on their lips, until they bore them, wondering, away.

Then his old sea-mates came, his life companions, and, clasping his hand, promised, unasked, to care and protect his loved ones, then turned away to hide from one another the manly tears they could not check. And last came the nearest of all, his wife, poor Mary. Into her eyes he gazed, as though he would bear their light with him, even within the grave. Oh, the pang of that last, never-forgotten look, till,

through softening time, it becomes the one most cherished memory of her being! Then, with his last farewell, his eyes closed, and his head turned wearily upon the pillow.

For several moments he lay in silence, then his lips moved, and, bending down, his wife caught, with surprise, the whispered words, "The tide is coming in!" and they could not understand, but thought he wandered. But again the lips uttered faintly, "The tide is coming in—coming in, Eva."

Eva! Their long dead child! Ah, now they knew. Yes, the tide was coming in to Tom. To them it was going out—out from the now darkening cliffs of old England. The tide that had borne him forth long years ago, that had carried him far and wide, had rocked him to

WATERDOWN, Ont.

sleep on its heaving bosom, and tossed him in sport on its foaming billows; the tide he had known and loved in storm and sunshine. And it was going out again, to Mary, to little Tom and Kathie, and to his old sea-mates; but to him it was coming in. It was lifting him gently, lovingly, without a fear, without a pang. Nearer and nearer it bore him, till he saw the shining walls, and the faces of the waiting ones bathed in the morning sunlight. Now it was bearing him, with full flood, into the harbour of God's city; and now it was creeping up, and up, and up the golden sands of the eternal shore. A smile lit up his face, his hands were outstretched. Father and child were reunited. The arms dropped back, the features relaxed—the tide was in.

PULPIT AND PRESS.*

THE preacher and journalist have much in common. The preacher, if a true shepherd and not a hireling, is anxious to promote in individual hearts the reign of the higher law, and in the State the righteousness that exalteth a nation. The journalist who takes the right view desires the same things. I have heard an occasional journalist speak of the function of publisher or editor as simply that of purveyor, with no option but to serve up whatever a majority might be likely to relish, irrespective of moral quality; and this on the ground that if he did not do so, someone else would. Such doctrine is the doctrine of a scoundrel. Even the making of a pair of boots cannot be divorced from moral obligation.

The pulpit is an august institution. Previous to the introduction of printing, it did much of the thinking for the people. It does so still. I cannot say whether the golden age of the pulpit is some age of the past, or whether its influence and its glory are to find their climax in some day yet distant. I do not say

that the influence of the pulpit has declined. I only say that the influence of the newspaper, whether for good or for evil, has advanced, and is advancing. The newspaper is read everywhere. It reaches those who listen to preachers; it reaches also those who do not. The pulpit finds its special opportunity one day in the week; the daily newspaper six days out of seven. It has been estimated that the annual issue of United States and Canadian newspapers and publications, other than books, would be equal to over one thousand square miles of white paper surface every year. But, you inquire, one thousand square miles of what sort of matter? I reply unhesitatingly, the larger portion of the matter printed is wholesome. Take an ordinary issue of the average newspaper of England, the United States or Canada; take an average issue of the *Toronto Globe* and judge for yourself how much is wholesome, how much stimulative in right directions, how much restful and recreative, how little really objectionable. No doubt, were a destruc-

* Extracts from an address given by Mr. John Cameron, founder and manager of the *London Advertiser*, before the London Ministerial Association.

tive critic to go over the six issues of the best daily newspaper ever issued, he could cut out this bit and that bit as something that "never would be missed." But let the destructive critic apply the same process to the preacher's two sermons a week. Would there be no diminution in bulk in that quarter also?

When one considers the pressure under which the daily newspaper is necessarily produced, it is surprising how few the mistakes of fact, how great the average accuracy. I venture this assertion, that in every well-conducted newspaper the average of inaccuracies, as compared with that which is accurate, would be small indeed. I must admit that reporters are not always fortunate in condensations of sermons. Many of the phrases employed are theologically technical, in some cases outworn. St. Augustine himself might find his work cut out for him in presenting in two or three inches of space a discourse which, if reported verbatim, would fill a newspaper page. If I were a preacher I should always be glad to furnish the reporter a suitable brief condensation of my sermon.

Not long since I heard a sermon to young men, from a minister who is incapable of being intentionally unjust; and yet, as I listened, I would have given something for ten minutes in which to answer. Nothing about the modern newspaper seemed to suit my friend. He advised young men to confine their newspaper reading to ten minutes, and that ten minutes chiefly to the headings. I do not know whether he meant that young men and others should devote their spare time solely to books like Bacon's *Essays*, Gibbons' *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, or Motley's *Rise of the Dutch Republic*. I have nothing to say against the reading of strong books; but let me ask my clerical friend if he or his clerical brethren adopt any such rules for the filling up of their own leisure hours? They must, of course, leave out of the comparison any reading which is done as a part of their professional work, as against those whose day's work is of a different nature. Without the evening paper the evening fireside of many would be rather lonesome. The young man who did not read his newspaper would soon find himself out of touch with the movement of the world.

Mr. Moody, at Toronto, took a line different from that of my clerical friend. He said truly that newspapers reached a hundred persons where the speaker's voice reached one. "God bless the newspapers!" he exclaimed. Different

also was the view of the able American divine who recently said of the daily newspaper: "Malign it, criticise it, tear it to pieces as you may, it is a Gibraltar of power. Into its columns comes the artist, scientist, author, artisan, statesman, and minister of the Gospel. Such combined intelligence and knowledge would move the world if properly utilized."

The newspaper is important as the principal bond of democratic unity in the community. Nothing unites a community like a common public opinion, a common fund of information. The newspaper is read in common by rich and poor, Jew and Gentile, learned and unlearned, the preacher in the pulpit and the sinner on the street. The importance of this common bond of democratic unity may appear more clearly as years go by. For good or ill, the democracy proposes ere long to have the governmental machine run to suit its views. It is rather important to have it suited with what is right and what is wise. Mr. Kidd, in his recent book on the subject of social evolution, points out that no democracy of the antique world can be brought into recognizable comparison with the democracies of the modern English-speaking world. The latter, with the political equality of the franchise in their hands, are now pressing forward to betterment of their condition along the line of social equality—i.e., a fairer distribution of necessaries and of leisure. Modern democracy has the advantage of being well informed of everything that is going on throughout the world, and that this is so it owes to the modern newspaper.

The pulpit often brings charges against the press of political partisanship, with laments over the difficulty, amid the strife of contending voices, of arriving at the truth. Well, the restless activity of the Atlantic is better than the calm of the Dead Sea. Active-minded people need an occasional outlet for their feelings, and these outlets are afforded by election contests and political discussions. Journalists espouse the side to which they lean, but do not divide any more than the people as a whole.

If I sometimes criticise the pulpit, I am no unfriendly critic. Deeply important and worthy to be upheld must be the work of those who have to do with character-building and its consequences. Without the Bible, the Sabbath, the pulpit, society would soon sink into license, recklessness and insecurity, as is shown by the practical heathenism into which new mining and other settlements fall when without these influences. The

collateral value of Sabbath services is great. Apart from the effect in sharpening once more the edge of spiritual life, blunted through the week, many must have noticed the effect of the changed point of view, in a certain fertilization of mind, which makes things intellectually clearer and easier on Monday than they were on Saturday.

Now, it is no part of my purpose to attempt to give many suggestions to those who fill our pulpits. I would here like to give my tribute to the high character of our Canadian ministers, and to recognize the important services they render to society in many unacknowledged ways. I shall not add to the controversy as to the length of sermons or services, except to say they should err on the side of brevity. I once experimented, in a particular service, by asking twenty reliable persons whether they had followed, without wandering, the "long prayer." Eighteen confessed they had not.

As an optimist, I would like the pulpit to be more generally optimistic in tone. Optimism is of God. Pessimism is of the devil. Optimism is hope, and hope is healing.

"God's in His heaven ;
All's right with the world."

I would advise the young minister to resolve, no matter how old his body may grow, to keep mind and heart always young. I sometimes think the young

preacher comes too easily, for his full development, into his position of a certain authority and consideration—more easily, for example, than beginners in other professions. Emerson, you remember, for the would-be orator prescribed a course of mobs.

Public opinion will probably demand that in future more emphasis shall be placed by the pulpit on one concrete question, namely, that relating to the material well-being of the masses. An increasing number of people are no longer content to be told that the only treasure to which they have a right to aspire to a share is treasure in heaven. These looming social questions should be studied and discussed by the pulpit from the standpoint of sympathy and justice. Widespread is the belief of multitudes that the distribution of the necessaries, the luxuries, the leisures of life, is not only unequal, as all can see, but unjust. In exaggerated cases we readily see that this is so. It is impossible that one man can rightfully possess \$500,000,000 on any principle that would not allow him rightfully to possess also the whole continent of America, or the whole world. What is the pulpit doing to settle this pressing world problem?

To conclude: In what ways can pulpit and press best co-operate to advance the highest interests of society in our day and generation? A beginning of co-operation might be found in recognition by each of what is best in the other.

UNCHANGING.

BY ANNIE CLARKE.

"I CHANGE not!" Words of love and truth, combining
To cheer our faith and make our weakness strong ;
The darkness flies before their radiant shining,
And all our sorrowing is turned to song.

We grasp the promise in its strength and sweetness,
Smiling to think that fear had made us weep ;
And, lulled to silence by its blest completeness,
Fear folds her sable wings, and falls asleep.

"I change not!" Lord, we need no other token
That Thou to us wilt ever faithful be ;
If but one word of love had e'er been spoken,
That word had proved Thy love's eternity.

VICTORIA, B.C.

AIRLIE'S MISSION.

BY ANNIE S. SWAN,

Author of "Aldersyde," "Mailland of Laurieston," etc., etc.

CHAPTER III.

"WHAT are you making, Cousin Janet?"

"An antimacassar for the bazaar next month. I have so much to do for bazaars I never have any time to sew for myself," said Janet Keith, a trifle impatiently. "You ought to lend a hand, Airlie, seeing it is for the zenana missions?"

"Is it? What zenanas?"

"Oh, I don't know. I do work and ask no questions. I believe it is somewhere in India. I think it is to provide medically trained nurses for the zenanas, to try and convert the women in them. I don't see much good in it myself. They must be quite used to their way of life, and I believe will be happier as they are. There are many things in missions I don't approve of, Airlie. I think all this education for the masses at home and abroad only tends to make them discontented with their station and circumstances in which it has pleased God to place them."

Janet Keith delivered her statement with a kind of quiet triumph, and looked at her cousin as she spoke as if desirous to see what effect it would have on her. They were alone together in the drawing-room at Errol Lodge one gray March afternoon, Airlie lying on a couch midway between the fire and the oriel window, from which she could see the green slopes of the Braid Hills, and the still snow-capped peaks of the Pentlands standing out clearly against a dark and lowering sky.

"Do you think so, Cousin Janet?" was all Airlie said just then, and Janet saw from the expression of her face that she was thinking of something else. It was a sweet, true, winning face in its repose, pathetic

a little in its paleness and wornness, for Airlie Keith was not yet making much progress towards health.

"If I were able, Janet, I would argue the question with you," she said at length. "I think I could prove that you are mistaken. If you had any idea of what the women of India suffer in the zenanas, you would not speak so heartlessly. I only wish I had health."

"What would you do?"

"Go through the necessary training for zenana work. Perhaps, if I had my choice, I would prefer work like my father's, but a woman single-handed would be of no use in Tahai. It requires a man of decision and force of character to deal with the natives there. They need someone whom they can stand in awe of as well as love."

"Would you really rather do that than live here, Airlie? If you were only well, we would show you how very pleasant we in Edinburgh can make life."

"I don't doubt that, Cousin Janet. I am very happy here with you all, but if I were well I should not dare to sit still in pleasant idleness when there is so much to do and so few to do it."

"If these are your views, what must you think of us—me, for instance?" asked Janet, dryly.

A painful flush rose to Airlie's pale cheek. "That is hardly fair, Cousin Janet."

"All is fair in war, and we are opposed at present," said Janet, with a laugh. "Were I ever so willing, I could not leave home just now. You know how necessary I am to mamma. What do you suppose would become of the housekeeping of Errol Lodge if I were to rush off seeking work in mission fields? Is

there not a charity which begins at home, Airlie?"

"Cousin Janet, have I ever hinted that I thought you failed in any duty?"

"No, but you make me feel often as if I were a hardened, idle sin-

collect for church purposes, and work for charity bazaars, and I know not what else."

"Janet, Janet, hush! you hurt me!" said Airlie, quickly, and her lip quivered, for her cousin's tone cut her to the heart.



JANET SITTING BY AIRLIE'S COUCH.

ner," answered Janet, speaking with warmth, for she felt on the subject. "I am sure I do my duty. Few girls of my age do so much. You know what charge I have here, and all I have to do for these boys. Then I teach in the Sunday-school, and

"I don't mean to, Airlie," said Janet, quietly, and then there was a little painful silence.

"There is Errol's step on the gravel, Janet," said Airlie, suddenly.

"Is it? Then I must go and see what Susan is after in the kitchen,"

said Janet, folding up her work. "What a sharp ear you have, child! I have lived beside the boys all my life, and I could not distinguish Errol's step from Jack's yet."

Airlie smiled, for Janet's voice was kind and pleasant again; her fair face smooth and tranquil as was its wont.

"Airlie, dear, I did not mean to speak unkindly. Can't you see that you, in your sweet unselfishness, are shaming us out of selfish ease?" said Janet quickly, and stooping down, she pressed her lips to her cousin's cheek, and hastily left the room.

Before Airlie had recovered from her astonishment, Errol was at her side. Whatever room in the house held Airlie was a magnet to the boys. "Where's Airlie?" was their first question when they came in, so had the cousin from over the seas wound herself about all their hearts. Yet none could have told what her charm was, only it was felt in no small degree.

"Well, Airlie, how are you to-day?"

"Better, thank you, Errol," the girl answered, with her sweet, bright smile. Even in her keenest pain, and she *did* suffer sometimes, no word of complaint or murmuring had ever been heard to pass the lips of Airlie Keith. She did not talk much about her religion, but lived it, which is a much rarer and more potent influence than any talk, however eloquent.

"I thought you looked very sober when I came in. Have you and Janet been falling out, eh? I met her on the stairs with a very red face."

"Not exactly; but we've been having some words on a certain subject," answered Airlie, soberly.

"Won't you tell me about it, Airlie?"

"Yes, it was about mission work—the need for medical nurses for the zenanas; that was all. I think Janet is coming round, Errol."

"We're all coming round, Airlie," answered Errol, abruptly. "You have opened our eyes to a good many things since you came." Airlie was silent, and her face wore a very curious expression.

"How are the studies getting on, Errol?" was all she asked.

"Very well; I think I should get through in July."

"And then?"

"Oh, then to work, I suppose. In what way I have not yet decided on. I believe I could get the best part of my father's practice yet, if I were so minded."

"That would be a good thing," said Airlie. "And what about Jack?"

"That's what bothers, Airlie. If I step into father's shoes, Jack will need to 'find for himself,' as Susan would say. As I am the elder, I should turn my face to the weather and leave the Edinburgh opening for Jack. Don't you think so?"

"Yes."

Airlie spoke quite quietly, and without the slightest hesitation, as if there could be no doubt about the course to be pursued.

Errol Keith bit his lips. It had cost him something to bring himself to say such a thing, and the calm matter-of-fact way in which his cousin received it was rather provoking. Sometimes Airlie was intensely aggravating, and yet it was impossible to be vexed with her longer than a moment.

"You seem to think it a very small matter, Airlie," he said quickly. "I assure you I do not think it so unimportant."

"I did not say I thought it small, Errol. I think you misunderstand me often."

"What do you mean by that brief, curt monosyllable, then, and the indifferent look which accompanied it?"

"Do you know what I was thinking, Errol?"

"No."

"What a blessed thing it must be

to know one's duty, and to be willing to do it," said Airlie, almost passionately. "Oh, Errol, if you only knew what it is to me to lie here doing nothing, when all my being cries out for action. If I am never to be strong again, I could almost pray that I might not be spared very long."

"Airlie, though you may not have been very active, you have done a great, good work in this house," said Errol, quickly, and his strong hand touched for a moment his cousin's dark curls. "Why, what meaning had duty for me before you came? I had neither aim nor object in life except to make the time pass pleasantly."

"How can I have done so much, Errol? I have not preached, have I? Don't you remember Jack warning me of the consequences if I attempted such a thing?"

"You haven't preached in words, perhaps, but then you are a living sermon," said Errol, with flushed cheek and kindling eye.

Airlie's head bent lower on her breast till her face was hidden, perhaps to hide the glad light in her eyes, or the motion of her lips in silent thanksgiving.

"I think I am stronger than I was, Errol," she said, after a little. "I can come upstairs alone now, and that is a great thing. Do you think I shall ever be well?"

She looked up wistfully into the kind, dark face; that look went straight to Errol's heart.

"I don't know, Airlie; I hope so. If you would let me bring Laurence, or some of them to see you, perhaps there might be something done. I have feared to speak of it, Airlie, but I am afraid sometimes of your back when I see you walking. Won't you let me get some advice other than old Chisholm's? It is of great moment to me, Airlie."

"If you care so much, Errol, do whatever seems best to you. Perhaps you are right. I ought not to have been so obstinate before."

"It is only where yourself is concerned you are careless, Airlie. You have such constant thought for others, you forget yourself; that is the explanation of what you are pleased to call your obstinacy, supposing you were to grow strong, Airlie, what would you do?"

Airlie lifted her head, and fixed her eyes full on his face.

"Can you ask, Errol? All I love is bordered by the green hills of Tahai. I would ask no greater joy than to be permitted to live and die among those who loved and tended me from my birth?"

"All you love, Airlie? Then we are only strangers to you still?"

"Oh, no; I spoke without thinking. Strangers! after all your love and care. Oh, Errol Keith! you know I did not mean that. Here comes Jack in his usual hurricane fashion."

"Hulloa, Airlie, old girl!" called out the irrepressible in his usual boisterous way, "Not up yet, eh? I'm afraid it's a poor lookout for that waltz you promised me on Christmas eve. I'll have something under the mistletoe instead!"

"All right, Jack; anything to please you," laughed Airlie, looking with real pleasure on Jack's ruddy, smiling face. "Any prospect of skating yet?"

"Isn't there just? Why, it's perfectly freezing outside. But it's a jolly waste of time, I tell you; and I honestly mean to grind hard till Christmas. But when there's good ice, and all the jolliest people you know on it, I tell you, Airlie, it's hard enough lines to stick in the house. Needs courage, you bet; as much as to march up to the cannon's mouth. Oh, Airlie Keith, if you'd only rise for one little hour, and let me take you to Duddingston when the ice is good, I'd die happy. It beats those Tahai lakes, I tell you, all to sticks, in spite of the alligators and other interesting reptiles to be studied there."

"I only wish I could, Jack. I'm as willing to go as you are to take me, I assure you."

"But you are getting well, aren't you, Airlie?"

"I am not very sure. I hope so, Jack," said Airlie, quietly, and Errol suddenly walked away out of the room.

"Because if you aren't, you know, it's a shame. You're such a jolly little girl."

"Not too religious?" laughed Airlie.

"Oh, well, sometimes; only you don't push it down a fellow's throat, if you'll excuse my plain speech," said Jack, bluntly. "And you're always here when I want you, and you know everything, which few girls do. And so, you know, we can't do without you, Airlie."

"I am very glad I am so much to you, Jack. It almost reconciles me to lying still."

"And you've made me turn over a new leaf, I can tell you, though perhaps you don't think it. I never drink now, Airlie, and I used to often, you know, for company's sake, more than was good for me; and I'm honestly trying to stick in and get through soon. It's a shame the way we've idled our time and lived off our good-natured mother. But we're going to be better boys now. Errol's grinding no end. So that's what you've done, old girl. Don't call it nothing. There's the bell, and I'm off, for I tell you I'm as hungry as a hawk."

So saying, with a nod and a smile, Jack waltzed out of the room.

Left alone, Airlie lay still for a long time with her eyes closed, her face wearing a look of exquisite peace. She had had her reward for her year's patient bearing of her cross of pain, and she found it passing sweet.

THE HOUSE ON THE BEACH.

BY JULIA M'NAIR WRIGHT.

LETTY said no more. She put on her hat and went trudging along the dune, the nearest way toward the boathouse. She could not persuade Faith; she would go and see what was to be done with father.

Faith, something resentful of Letty's efforts at ruling her actions, and very indignant toward her father, stood leaning against the doorway, her hands lightly clasped before her, her eyes on Letty's vanishing figure. Poor, dear little Letty! Tears welled into Faith's eyes as she watched her. How heroically Letty bore her burdens! How she tried to care for both of them! Even if she had whims, why not indulge them? It was a pity to make the weight on that

honest little heart heavier than it need be. Why not, to satisfy Letty, give up the last and only pleasant thing that was left to her? Perhaps in her way she was just as selfish and self-indulgent as father. Was she like her father? She hoped not. Impulsively she ran to the glass hanging on the wall and looked earnestly at her reflection. Were there lines there like father's? Had she his expression? However, down on the beach lay her work, and there was Kenneth. Before long two figures might appear on the crest of the dune—one dogged or reluctant, the other patient, persistent; oh, poor little Letty!

Faith ran into her father's room and removed the basin and pitcher.

the chair—all that they usually took away when father was locked up; she closed the heavy outside shutter of the window, and made all ready for the prisoner. Then, back toward the beach again. But now the charm of the beach had departed. To her there seemed now no beauty in the gray, hazy sky, the ships slowly tacking to catch the fugitive breeze; the tawny sands, the whispering grasses, the lapping wavelets had lost their beguilement. Kenneth Julian could say nothing that would entertain her; she wished he would go home! Lace-work was an enormous drudgery, bonbons were detestable, that volume of Jean Ingelow from which Kenneth had been reading "Divided"—what a weariness it was!

She went back and took up her work, saying nothing.

"Has your sister gone to town?" said Kenneth, to say something.

"She never goes there. She cannot walk so far. She has gone to the boathouse."

"Did she want you to go with her?"

"If she had, I should have gone."

"What is the matter, Miss Faith?" said Julian gently. "Just now we seemed to be getting on very well and enjoying ourselves, and now what troubles you?"

"Everything is wrong!" cried Faith. "Nothing is ever right for me. My life got crooked long ago, and it will keep crooked to the end of it. No, don't pick up the book; don't read any more. I don't want to be read to; I am wretched. I want to be alone. I wish you would go home to the hotel, Mr. Julian. You belong where there are happy and reasonable people."

"If you are in trouble," said Kenneth Julian, "why not let me help you? I am sure I am willing. That is what friends are for, isn't it? Your brother is not here; let me do something for you."

"You can't; there is nothing to

be done. Letty and I have to help ourselves. All you can do is"—and she swept an anxious look toward the dune—"to go." She was now past asking him to move around the point of rocks and continue reading and conversation, as she had suggested to Letty.

Kenneth rose from the sand, not offended, but calmly taking his dismissal as a matter of course.

"Good-morning, Miss Faith."

After he had gone a few rods he turned. Faith's face was bowed upon her knees; she was crying. At first he wanted to go back and comfort her, then he realized that she preferred to be left alone, and so he presently disappeared around a wide curve in the beach.

It seemed to Kenneth as he pursued his way that it was very unjust that he, a strong young man, should be care-free and in the possession of all the good things of this life, and that that fair young girl should be left to bear so heavy a burden. Could nothing be done for Faith? He had privately asked Kiah Kibble if Letty and Faith were in any personal danger from their father, and Kiah had said that he thought not; they seemed to know how to manage him, and he was not abusive; Letty always locked him up in time. But then, who could trust the vagaries of a drunken man? Sometimes it had crossed Kenneth's mind that this was quite the most charming girl he had ever seen, and that it would be a happy lot to have her share his life and build up with him the gracious pattern of a home that should be a type of heaven. But could or would Faith leave Letty, or would both the sisters leave their father? Could a home ever be built including father—that impossible element in home-making, a drunkard? That would be unjust to Patty and Uncle Doctor; and how could Kenneth say "As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord," with father to

account for? Besides, had he any reason to suppose that Faith would care for him, even if all were well? No; Faith had never given him any reason to think that; not half as much reason as some other girls had for whom he did not care at all. This question had too many difficulties; he could not settle it. He had reached the hotel. There his aunt met him.

"Oh, you are back? I'm glad of it. We want you to make up a party. You spend a deal of time up the beach, Kenneth; I would not, if I were you. It is not well—believe me."

Kenneth more than suspected that Letty shared that opinion.

Faith, meantime, had ceased weeping and was working with vigour, and Letty appeared along the dune urging her father homeward. It gave Letty some comfort to see Faith sitting there alone. Faith had taken her advice after all! How good of Faith! Faith heard from behind her father's voice, complaining, remonstrating, protesting. She did not look around. Letty was the only one who could govern her father at that stage. Step by step she led him, and at last into his room.

"Now lie down, dear, and rest."

"I tell you I'm thirsty. I am burning up."

"Lie down, dear; I'll get you some water."

"I say I won't have it!"

Letty was gently pressing him toward his pillow.

"Just rest there one minute, dear, till we think of it;" and then with a quick dart she was outside the door and had drawn the bolts. As for water, Faith had provided a two-quart tin pail of it near the bed; but father would never touch it at this stage.

Letty drew a long breath. She wanted love, sympathy, to be near someone who understood it all and knew how hard it was. She went

slowly down to Faith, sat by her, and slipped her hand into hers: Faith held it fast. They were silent for a while, then Faith said:

"See here, I'm going to have my way now. We can't help father, and we are going to stay in my grotto the rest of the day."

She led the tired Letty there with gentle force, spread, as she had for Richard, a couch of dry weeds, then went up to the house for more work materials and a basket of luncheon and a pillow. She made Letty rest while she prepared their dinner, and then while they ate together she resolutely led conversation away from father and other unsafe and distressful channels. After that the two returned to their work as they sat there in the sheltered nook, and the wheat and poppies grew under Letty's fingers and Faith's lace collar advanced toward completion, as the hours of the afternoon wore on.

"What a dear, good girl you are to me, my Faith!" said Letty.

CHAPTER XIII.

KIAH KIBBLE, CHAMPION.

The house on the beach belonged to Kiah Kibble, and he often told the sisters that it was not needful for them to pay him any rent.

"Why should I care to accumulate money?" said Kiah; "I have enough for what little I want in my old age. My children are comfortably off. If I left money to my grandchildren, it might just make fools of them. I can't carry money out of the world with me, and it would be looked upon in the next world as very poor trash if I could. If the New Age dawns before I die, then I shall not want money, for then all shall have enough and none too much, and no one shall lack and none shall defraud his brother. I tell you, Miss Letty, that one of the most terrible diseases of old age is avarice, and the way to escape it

is by constant giving, just as people used to escape apoplexy by constant blood-letting."

"That is hard on us, Mr. Kibble," said Faith, "for Letty and I never have anything to give. We can't more than make two ends meet, and that by very hard pulling."

"Don't you mind, Miss Faith, how the apostle said to the lame man, 'Silver and gold have I none; but such as I have give I thee'? Money-giving is not the only giving; and to my mind you and Miss Letty are daily giving the most and best that can be, to your father, for love's sake and the Lord's sake. I think I heard you might both be living an easy life with a rich uncle if you'd have deserted him."

"We couldn't do that, you know: it would not be right. But we are not too poor to pay your rent, and we mean to pay it. It is only twenty-four dollars a year, and at Christmas our brother sent us nearly half a year's rent. The Kemps have not gone so low that they must take a charity of house rent. If you don't want the money, give it away. There is plenty of call for money for missions; there are orphans and sick people, and the temperance cause needs help. If I were rich, I could find ways enough to use all the money I have to give."

"Oh, ay, so you could. I only thought I might as well begin by giving you the house rent."

"Well, thanks; but we won't take it."

"At all events no offence intended, Miss Faith."

"That is all right, Kiah; you are a good friend to us, and we know it."

Kiah had heard about father's fresh outbreak, and he had come up to see about it the morning after. He always felt uneasy concerning the girls when their father was misbehaving.

"I'll go down to the rocks with you, Faith, if you like," said Letty when Kiah was gone. "You look

real lost and forlorn, someway, sitting here in the house with your work."

"If you mean that offer because you think Mr. Julian will be there," said Faith, "you need not disturb yourself, for he won't. He has gone back to the city. He is in business now and he cannot take a whole summer as he did last year. He will be up once in a while for a few days or a week, and that is all."

Letty felt greatly relieved, but also she was sorry for Faith; this cheerful acquaintance had been such a pleasure and recreation in the dullness of her life. And how little the summer offered her to enjoy!

"There comes our Richard?" cried Faith, "and I must take him down to the rocks right away. I would not have him hear poor father going on for anything; and he may wake up and begin any minute!"

Up dashed Richard. "I'm so hot and so tired! I hurried so! I've brought some nice things for luncheon, and I'm to stay all day. The hotel folks are off on a sail and a clambake, but I'd rather be here with you, Miss Mermaid. Ken has gone off, and here's a book he told me to bring you—'A Daughter of Fife.' He told mother she was just like you—the Fife one, I mean."

"You run on to the rocks, Richard," said Faith, "and I'll bring some more lunch and we'll have a fine day together."

"Goody," cried Richard. "I'm awful glad that Ken's gone, so he won't be bothering round; aren't you, Miss Mermaid?"

"Delighted! Travel along and get the grotto in order," said Faith. "There!" as she watched the sturdy little figure travelling toward the rocks, "all is safe; he heard nothing. Are you coming, Letty?"

"No, dear. I should not be easy there, and besides, I'm tired. I went over to the boathouse pretty fast yesterday, and this—always tires me."

"This" meant father's outbreak.

"You poor little darling, you do look worn out. Now you shall not work a stitch for two hours. Lean back here and let me make you comfortable. And here is half a box of chocolates that I had yesterday. You eat away at them now, and you read this book that Richard brought up. You'll enjoy it, and I have this collar to finish and I can't read while the little fellow is with me, it disappoints him so."

Faith tucked up Letty's feet on a chair, took away her work, gave her book and candy, and made ready a neat little luncheon on a side table and covered it with a napkin. Then she put her own noonday meal in a little basket and prepared a small jug of water, ginger, and molasses, a drink which Richard greatly affected.

"Good-bye," she said, kissing Letty; "mind you read your story-book and don't worry yourself. It may cheer you up to find how well the story ends after all the bad troubles are over, as good stories always do."

"I know the evil will all end in good—some time," said Letty.

Faith was hardly out of hearing, and Letty, putting a caramel in her mouth, was reading the second page of her book, when she heard a sound in the next room—a shout, a groan, a rattle of half-articulate speech; father was awake. Then father began his usual Scripture quotations, than which nothing seemed to Letty more distressing, so much the letter of the Word differed from father's spirit and practice:

"Who hath woe? who hath sorrow? who hath contentions? who hath babbling? who hath wounds without cause? who hath redness of eyes? They that tarry long at the wine; they that go to seek mixed wine. Look not thou on the wine when it is red, when it giveth his colour in the cup, when it moveth itself aright. At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder. They have stricken me,

. . . and I was not sick; they have beaten me, and I felt it not: when shall I awake? I will seek it yet again!' Open this door and let me out! I will seek it yet again! That is according to Scripture! Sin is the cure of sin: like cures like—*similia similibus curantur*. If I could have made you two stupid girls good Latinists, you would know how to treat a gentleman and a scholar. Open this door! If the whole sea were brandy, I could drink it up to quench this burning thirst!" and then followed a battery of kicks and blows.

Small chance for poor Letty now. The chocolate caramels lost their sweetness, the book failed to charm. She leaned back in her chair and tears rushed from under her closed eyelids. Then father was suddenly still, and in the pause of his exhaustion, sweet and clear as if some angel had stood by her side to utter them, sounded these words through Letty's shaken soul: "His place of defence shall be the munitions of rocks: bread shall be given to him; his water shall be sure. . . . Thine eyes shall see Jerusalem a quiet habitation, a tabernacle that shall not be taken down; not one of the stakes thereof shall ever be removed, neither shall any of the cords thereof be broken. But there the glorious Lord will be unto us a place of broad rivers and streams, wherein shall go no galley with oars, neither shall gallant ship pass thereby. For the Lord is our judge; the Lord is our lawgiver, the Lord is our king; he will save us. . . . And the inhabitant shall not say, I am sick: the people that dwell therein shall be forgiven their iniquity." "And the ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads: they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away." Thus the tossed spirit of the girl was tranquilized and she was lulled into rest.

Still the silence in the next room—still the hum of bees, the rustle of long grasses, and the gentle lapping of the sea—and so she slept.

It was past noon when she awoke, aroused now by her father's voice, quiet and self-reproachful: "As snow in summer, and as rain in harvest, so honour is not seemly for a fool." I am a fool. "As the bird by wandering, as the swallow by flying, so the curse causeless shall not come." Letty!"

"Yes, father."

"I am once more in my right mind. The prodigal said, 'I will arise and go to my father, and will say unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven, and before thee.' You need not fear me any more now, Letty."

Letty rose, unlocked the door, carried father a pail of water, laid out fresh clothes. "Now, father, dress yourself while I make some strong coffee for you, and we will have dinner together. Then you can sit by me or read to me while I work, and when it is sunset we will walk on the beach."

"Where is Faith?"

"Down by the rocks."

"Ah! she can leave me, but you never do, my true-hearted Letty! Some time Faith will go her own ways, but you will not; you and I will still be left together, Letty."

"She will not leave us," said Letty with a sigh. "I know my Faith. But some day, father, you and I, whose fate is bound together, may go away and leave Faith—free."

Little Richard had gone home, and Faith, standing on the beach, was struggling between the duty of going back to solace Letty and the horror of hearing father's ravings, when she saw the two coming quietly toward her—father clean, well-shaven, and neatly dressed, holding Letty by the hand as if she were a child. They sat down upon the sands.

"I am really sorry, Faith," said

Mr. Kemp, "that I forgot myself so seriously. I hope I have not done you any particular damage by it."

"Not any more to me, father, than to Letty; you always harm Letty most by your drinking. I fly, but she keeps by you."

"Has Mr. Julian been hereto-day?"

"No, father. He has gone back to the city and is going to stay there—and I'm glad of it. A girl in my circumstances finds friends too dangerous. I don't want any."

Faith looked at her father intently. The man was undergoing a change of some kind.

"Letty," she said that night, when her father was safely asleep below, and she and Letty had gone to bed, "there is a change coming over father. He recovers from his drunkenness much more quickly and fully than formerly, and, on the other hand, he returns to it much more quickly. Until now, drink has made him, in its first stage, timid, self-distrustful, dogged, but capable of doing what we told him. Then came outbreaks of fury with long sleeps or stupors between; then recovery, with humiliation, silence, and self-reproach, and perhaps a long period of abstinence. Now all that is changing. He comes out of his intoxication soon, self-asserting, unashamed, and goes back to it speedily. He is on the way to being drunk all the time. I tell you, Letty, if he becomes unmanageable and dangerous to you, I shall see to it that he is taken care of and that you are too."

"How? What do you mean? What could you do?"

"We might leave father entirely and go to Uncle Wharton; but I think I could not do that."

"I could not," said Letty decidedly; "I must care for father."

"The only way would be, as soon as Hugh is twenty-one and free to do as he pleases, to ask him to put father in an asylum and pay his expenses there. That would be Hugh's

fair part, now we have done our share. And you and I could live together here or near Hugh and take care of ourselves."

"It would be so hard to have to do that with father: hard for Hugh, hard for father," sighed Letty.

"All there is about it is hard," said Faith; "but we should not wish to relieve Hugh of his due share of responsibility. He would be the better man for taking up duty, hard or easy. And you, Letty, have suffered enough; you shall not be further endangered by father."

"The way I manage it," said Letty quietly, "is to make the very best I can of every little quiet, easy time that comes. Then I get up courage and strength for the hard times. Now father will be good for awhile, and I shall keep my mind as easy as possible."

In fact, father kept the peace for nearly three weeks, and Kenneth Julian did not reappear, so Letty felt as if she had come indeed to a lull in life, a very truce of God.

Then troubles came up again, swift as a summer thunderstorm. Since the time when father sold his clothes, Faith had kept the clothes locked up when the well-known danger signals were flying. It was now late in July, and Kenneth Julian was coming back for a week. Richard had brought the news.

"Fore he went he told me when I heard mother say he was coming back to come up here and tell you, Miss Mermaid, and if I did it right, he'd bring me one pound of sugared almonds and nine packs of firecrackers. You'll tell him I did it right, won't you? I'm going to give you half the almonds, after I give mamma some, but I don't guess you care much for the firecrackers—girls don't 'most always."

Thus the new Mercury carried messages between the gods.

The next day Kenneth would arrive, and Faith felt pretty sure he would be up the beach speedily.

Perhaps she was glad of it. Faith was always the one to get the breakfast. She made Letty stay in bed until the meal was nearly ready.

"I ought to get it; I am the eldest, you know," said Letty.

"Being the eldest, with a Faith and Hugh younger but quite grown up, you have reached such venerable age that you must lie in bed in the mornings and rest."

And this morning when Faith came downstairs, lo! the door of father's room was open, and father gone! His bed had not been slept in; and from the wall of the front room those three engravings, "The Angelus," "The Return of the Mayflower," and "Cupid in Vacation," had vanished—gone with father, gone to buy drink! And Kenneth was coming, and he always called at the little house on the beach to shake hands with Letty and to bring her a bunch of flowers, a book of patterns, or a box of candy or a basket of fruit. He would see the vacant places on the wall; he would know what had happened!

At first Faith dropped into Letty's chair and cried heartily. Then she wiped her eyes and told herself that Letty must have a hot breakfast and so must she, and then she would have those pictures back.

She made great despatch about breakfast. When Letty came down she gave a moan at hearing that father was gone, but, absorbed in him, she never noticed the loss of the pictures. Faith did not call her attention to it.

"I am going for Kiah Kibble," said Faith, "and we will go to the town and hunt up father and bring him back. We must find out where he gets his liquor and put a stop to it. It will be fourteen months yet before Hugh can take care of father. Keep quiet here, Letty, and don't worry. Kiah and I will see to the rest."

That Kiah should give up a day's

work and devote himself to searching for his tenant seemed to him a matter of course. In Kiah's opinion, time could not be better employed than in helping one's neighbour. "I may not be so fortunate," said Kiah, "as to live until that beautiful day when all the kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdoms of our Lord and of His Christ. I have always thought I should be so happy if I could be here on the earth until the Lord's return, and be one of those caught up to meet Him in the air. I fear that can't be; but if I am not to live until that good time, there is no reason why I should not have as far as possible the manners of that time, and I make sure that then every man will live for the good of his neighbour. Keep up courage, Miss Faith. Along these ways that you and I now walk in trouble some day angels will walk, communing with men able to see such holy creatures; and then there will be no more tired feet carrying heavy hearts, but only the ransomed of the Lord going on their errands with joy and singing."

Faith could not that sad morning take the comfort that Kiah did in these prognostications. She was younger, and her present trouble was heavy.

"Where are we to go, and what are we to do?" she asked Kiah.

"You'll go and sit in the railroad

station, and I will go to the three saloons and find out pretty soon if your father has been there, and I'll find out if there is any person that they suspect of illegal liquor-selling. It is a crying injustice, Miss Faith, that any liquor-selling should be legal. The law ought to be for the betterment of the citizens, and not work out their destruction. As I take it, God is the only true fountain of law and of the authority of men over men, and the holy Bible is the pattern law book or statute book; but I tell you, the race of men has got to be mightily perverted! That is one thing that gives me courage. I think the measure of iniquity must be just about even full."

"And I think it has been heaped up and running over ever and ever so long!" cried Faith.

"Now, Kiah, I'll go over to the station to wait for you; but mind, I am not going home until I find my father and get back my pictures; and I have some money with me, so that as soon as we do get father and the pictures we can take a carriage and drive back as far as your boathouse. If there is money needed, spend it; I have some."

"Go thy ways, child," said Kiah kindly. "I too have brought money, and this much good I can get out of my earnings, that they shall be used to cure sorrow and rescue my neighbour."

THE WHITE STONE.

SOME time I shall behold it !
 What will the wonder be
 From hands that now enfold it,
 To read the name for me?
 Unknown to any other,
 Designed for me alone,
 When my dear Elder Brother
 Shall make the gift my own.

O stone of beauty waiting !
 With polishment most rare ;
 The King Himself translating
 The words engraven there ;

Yes, I shall understand it,
 My Saviour's thought alone,
 When He to me shall hand it,
 My name upon the stone.

'Twill only be His story
 In the jewelled phrase,
 And His shall be the glory,
 And mine to speak his praise ;
 Then shall I know the measure
 Of all His love to me ;
 The sum of all my treasure
 Safe in my hand shall be.

Religious and Missionary Intelligence.

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

THE METHODIST CHURCH.

General Superintendent.—The annual Conferences in Ontario, Quebec and British Columbia have all been held. The General Superintendent could only be present at Toronto, Hamilton, and London Conferences, and only for a few days at each. Before going to the Conferences in the Maritime Provinces, he made a hasty trip to Nashville, Tenn., where he preached the baccalaureate sermon at Vanderbilt University. The Southerners were pleased with him and regretted that his stay was so short. The addresses by Dr. Carman at the opening of the Conferences which he attended were, as usual, comprehensive and powerful, and the ordination sermons which he preached at Hamilton and London Conferences were appropriate and full of Gospel truth. The several Conferences were held at Toronto, Hamilton, Strathroy, Picton, Smith's Falls and Victoria respectively.

Presidents and Secretaries.—The following brethren were elected to the offices of president and secretary in their respective Conferences. Toronto—Revs. M. L. Pearson and G. K. Adams. Hamilton—Revs. W. Kettlewell and S. Selery. London—Revs. W. Williams, D.D., and R. J. Treleven. Bay of Quinte—Revs. F. B. Stratton and T. J. Edmison, B.A., B.D. Montreal—Revs. J. Armstrong and F. G. Lett. British Columbia—Revs. S. Cleaver and J. B. Bowell.

Jubilee Sermon.—An incident occurred at the Montreal Conference which was of more than ordinary interest, the venerable Richard Whiting preaching a jubilee sermon. He had borne an honoured name among his brethren all these years, and had filled various important positions, such as chairman of district and president of Conference, and now he told of the way God had led him all these years, and exhibited the first ticket which he received when he joined "the people called Methodists."

Deaths.—There was a large mortality reported among the ministers. Not less

than thirteen had been called from labour to rest, some, like Fathers Shaler and Graham, had long been venerable with age; others, such as J. C. Slater, W. Lund, T. Cleworth, J. Fairchilds, S. Blanchard and J. H. Andrews, had been retired a few years. W. Hall, J. W. Annis, D. G. Sutherland, E. D. Lewis and W. Torrance were in the active work, and might be said to have died at their post. They were blameless in life, calm and peaceful in death. Their comrades in arms bore testimony to their fidelity in preaching the glorious Gospel.

Ministerial Character.—Happily there were few cases which required disciplinary action. One brother in the Montreal Conference was deposed from the ministry for refusing to go to the station assigned him in 1894, and for acting very irregularly in holding evangelistic services in various places without the consent of the ministers in charge, thus creating divisions in the churches and doing much injury. A few probationers, having acted irregularly, were dropped in silence; and one, found guilty of immorality, was expelled.

Statistics.—It is not an easy task to obtain correct statistics, but as far as we have been able to examine the returns there have been received into full connection and ordained not less than seventy-five probationers; and 130 candidates received on probation. So large was the supply that all vacancies in the ministry through superannuation and removal by death, were filled. There is no scarcity of labourers, but there is great lack of means for their support. In one Conference where there are 150 ministers and probationers, the total deficiency of salary reported was \$3,999.

Governor-General.—As usual there were several welcome visitors to the various Conferences. At Hamilton the Earl of Aberdeen was among the number; and his Excellency, on being invited to the platform by the president, kindly acceded to the request, and spoke a few kind words to the Conference. He was ac-

accompanied by Hon. W. E. Sanford, senator.

Holiness.—London Conference had secured the services of the Rev. Dr. Keen, a distinguished revivalist from the United States, who held several pentecostal services which were seasons of great spiritual power. At all the Conferences special services for the promotion of holiness were held.

Funds.—Owing to the almost universal depression of every kind of business the various connexional funds were not sustained as they should have been. At the time of writing these notes the returns to the Missionary Fund are not completed; but, so far as reported, there is a considerable deficiency. This is the more to be regretted as not only can there be no extension of the work into the "regions beyond," but there must necessarily be considerable reduction in the scale of allowance to those who are now labouring in poor fields. In Toronto Conference the amount paid to the ministers exceeded \$129,000, but a deficiency of more than \$7,000 was reported. Several married ministers received less than \$500.

Young People's Societies.—The reports from the Sunday-schools and Epworth Leagues contained many interesting incidents. Hundreds of conversions were reported among the scholars, and several thousands have signed the total-abstinence pledge. The appointment of the Rev. A. C. Crews to the position of Secretary for the Sunday-schools and Young People's Societies, has given universal satisfaction. Great hopes are entertained that his visits to various connexional centres will be the means of largely augmenting the number of the members of those societies, and also increasing their efficiency.

Debts.—A few of the Conferences are greatly encumbered with church debts. This is a matter greatly to be deplored, as much time must necessarily be occupied in contriving ways and means which could be better spent in spiritual labours. A lay member in Toronto Conference expressed the hope that in future greater care would be observed in church erections so as not to increase the burdens which in some places have become almost intolerable.

Education.—The reports from the educational institutions were of a most encouraging character. Victoria never had such a large attendance as during the past year. Of those in attendance more than 150 have made the choice of the

ministry as their life work. . . . The Wesleyan Theological College in Montreal has not been retarded in its prosperity by the death of its late eloquent and gifted principal, Dr. Douglas. Principal Shaw is to be congratulated on the successful year with which he and the members of the faculty have been favoured. . . . Manitoba College reports a successful term. The liberality which has been called forth among both ministers and people in supporting the institution is worthy of the highest praise. . . . The Columbian Methodist College in British Columbia has struggled manfully to carry forward the work of higher education. More than forty pupils, male and female, have been in attendance, and a still larger number is expected next year. Valuable property has been secured in New Westminster as the future home of the college. Mr. H. A. Massey has greatly aided in this enterprise, and the friends are hoping that the time for them to build will soon come. . . . The Friends of Albert College, in Belleville, have fought hard against the most adverse circumstances to bring their institution to its present state of prosperity. They must of necessity increase their accommodation. Mr. Massey promised \$10,000 if the friends would raise an equal amount. They have actually raised \$15,000. . . . The ladies' colleges are being vigorously maintained. The institution at Whitby cannot make further progress without enlarging its borders. Here again Mr. Massey has acted a most generous part by donating a large amount, providing a reasonable response is given by the friends of the college. The corner-stone of the new wing has been laid by a daughter of the generous donor whose name has just been mentioned. Dr. Potts delivered the oration. The commencement, and the corner-stone laying made a grand red-letter day. . . . Alma College, St. Thomas, reported 150 pupils enrolled. Principal Austin was full of gratitude for the past and of hope for the future. The debt was being reduced. The young ladies were doing a good deal of real missionary work; indeed, this is a feature in all the colleges. The zeal which is being displayed in Christian missions augurs well for the future. . . . Hamilton Ladies' College, which is the oldest of its kind in Canada, has, we learn on the authority of its principal, enjoyed a most prosperous year. He claimed that four hundred young ladies have graduated within its walls since its inception. Several of these are filling important positions both in our own and other lands.

The Book-Room.—Great interest is always felt in the report which Dr. Briggs presents from year to year at all the Conferences. However dry figures may be the genial Book-Steward so presents his bill-of-fare that it suits even the most fastidious of his hearers. He stated that about \$430,000 of cash was turned over in the year. Notwithstanding the hard times he claimed that the House had enjoyed a prosperous term, as a proof of which \$7,500 had been donated to the Superannuation Fund—the largest amount ever donated. The Book-Steward, however, startled some of his hearers when he told of the debts owing to the Book-Room by certain ministers, some of whom were not at all courteous in the replies which they sent him to letters asking for payment. With great regret he stated that unless there was a diminution of these obligations severe means would have to be adopted.

Sabbath Observance.—Ontario reveres the Sabbath, and probably Toronto excels all other cities in its efforts to keep the Sabbath day holy. There is an increasing effort on the part of many to break down the sacredness of the day of rest. All the Conferences spoke in strong terms in favour of maintaining the sanctity of the Lord's day. Sir Charles H. Tupper's efforts to secure an amendment to the Lord's Day Act, which would prevent the publication and sale of all newspapers on the Lord's day, were highly commended; while the praiseworthy and zealous manner in which John Charlton, Esq., M.P., has contended for parliamentary enactments to further promote the sanctity of the Lord's day received like recognition from the various Conferences. The members of our churches were urged to avoid travelling by all kinds of public conveyances on this day, to avoid late shopping on Saturdays, to support all those efforts which were being made to secure a better observance of this holy day, and wherever possible to secure a half-holiday during the week. Works of necessity and mercy alone should be performed on the Lord's day.

Temperance.—Of course, all Methodist Conferences favour temperance. When the subject was not so popular as it is at present our ministers and people were among its most zealous advocates, and such they have remained to the present time. A temperance meeting is held at every Conference.

Deaconess Movement.—A delegation from the Deaconess' Home visited To-

ronto Conference and greatly interested the members with an account of what the sisters are doing on behalf of the sick and suffering. As the deaconess work becomes better known it will be better appreciated. It is a work of mercy such as we feel sure the Lord will bless.

Rev. W. S. Griffin, D.D.—This esteemed minister is treasurer of the Superannuation Fund. He looks well after the interests of the fund committed to his care, and his annual visits to the Conferences, and his labours on circuits, both in the pulpit and at conventions, are a great inspiration.

Manitoba School Question.—It was not possible to avoid expressions of opinion on this vexed question. Some were afraid of politics, and cried aloud "hands off," but for good or for evil the Conferences voiced their sentiments. The consensus of opinion seemed to be that the people of Manitoba should be allowed to settle the matter as they think best. In this opinion no member of Conference desired to injure their Roman Catholic fellow-subjects a single iota.

The Outlook.—No doubt some are disappointed. But taken as a whole we trust that the various Conferences have entered upon a successful year. If the religious services that were held, more particularly the devotional meetings at the opening, with the love-feast, reception and ordination services, are an indication, we may anticipate that showers of blessing will descend upon all the Conferences during the present year. God grant that our expectations may be realized!

OTHER CANADIAN CHURCHES.

The Presbyterian Assembly met in London. More than five hundred commissioners were appointed, but not more than three hundred were in attendance at any single session. The retiring moderator was the apostolic Mackay, the founder of the mission in Formosa. His sermon and addresses were of the most arousing kind. The new moderator, Dr. Robertson, has long been known by his indefatigable labours as General Superintendent of Missions in Manitoba. He richly merits the honour thus conferred. Some of the aged Presbyterian veterans, such as the venerable Dr. Reid and Dr. Gregg, were compelled to retire, but they will be succeeded by other efficient men. The missions at home and abroad were reported prosperous, though for obvious reasons those in China and Formosa ex-

cited the greatest interest. The band of workers have returned to China, and Dr. Mackay will soon return to Formosa and spend most of his time in raising up a native ministry. The support given to the ministry reflects the highest honour upon the Church. The Augmentation Fund is a great boon to poor churches. The more wealthy churches and several of the ministers subscribe munificently to it. Methodists might learn a lesson here and treat their Sustentation Fund more liberally. Presbyterians in Canada claim 100,000 families, or 500,000 souls, and 174,000 communicants.

Congregational Union.—This annual gathering took place at Hamilton and was attended by delegates from different Provinces. The Colonial Missionary Society had offered \$1,250 to the support of missions in Canada, but the offer was refused, so that our friends possess a large share of independence. We love the principle of self-reliance. Lack of funds greatly retards the progress of the Union.

Baptist Convention.—The Baptist Church has made great strides in Canada during the last few years. The recent convention held in Toronto was numerously attended. Several members were appointed to attend the Pan-American Congress. Much time was occupied with the reports of the colleges, which were satisfactory in every respect, though there was a small monetary deficiency in some of the funds. The home missions were regarded as particularly prosperous. The average salary of the missionaries is \$557.30. The late Senator McMaster, whose gifts to the Church were so great, did not forget aged ministers. His legacy has brought in \$31,035. His example might be observed by the wealthy of all Churches.

The Anglican Church.—The Synod of Toronto met in St. James' school-house. Bishop Sweatman delivered a lengthy address. There was a loss of ten clergymen, but not less than twenty had been received, which now makes 150 engaged in parochial work, besides others, including ten supernuantes. His lordship reported 552 communicants by confirmation. He quoted numerous statistics which clearly proved the advancement made both in Canada and other parts of the world. A new officer called Canon Missioner had been instituted. A new diocese is contemplated which will reduce that of Toronto, and the Bishop of Algoma is likely to be made principal of the university in London. The change will be

made on the ground that the climate of Algoma is too severe for the health of the bishop. The Anglican Church would favour the establishment of parochial schools.

ITEMS.

Archbishop Whately said, "If our religion is not true, we are bound to change it; if it is true, we are bound to propagate it.

Washington Square church, New York, has been sold for \$250,000. The amount is to be used solely for evangelistic work in the lower part of the city.

The Governor of Chin-Kiang, China, some time ago visited the Methodist girls' school in the city and gave each of the principals \$50 in appreciation of their work.

Three women have lately been ordained by as many Conferences of the Methodist Protestant Church. Another Conference refused to ordain a young lady, even though she had graduated at a theological seminary.

In the British navy there are not less than 5,680 enrolled Wesleyans. In the ships of the Mediterranean and Red seas there are 736 Wesleyans, and 252 in those at the Cape and West Coast of Africa, while others are in China, West Indies, Australia, etc.

November 21st, 1894, was the birthday of the Queen of Madagascar. The first pocket-edition of the revised Malagasy Bible was then issued. This pocket-Bible is a great boon, and when the consignment reached Antanarivo, there was a rush to secure copies. In a few days every copy was sold, and the people were crying out for more.

The Wesleyan Missionary Society is recovering from its discouragements of the past few years. The proposal to establish a society somewhat akin to the Epworth League has been received with great favour. Methodists are very conspicuous in the ranks of temperance and social purity workers. The Local Option Bill of the Government received special favour.

A granddaughter of Charles Wesley recently died in London, aged seventy-seven. Like her ancestor, she was a lover of music, and could compose music as well as perform the duties of organist. Her funeral was conducted in Wesley's chapel, City Road. Her surviving brother is organist in that famous Methodist cathedral and has done much to raise the standard of the service.

Book Notices.

An Introduction to the Study of Society. By ALBION W. SMALL, PH.D., Head Professor of Sociology in the University of Chicago, and GEORGE E. VINCENT, Vice-Chancellor of the Chautauqua System of Education. New York: American Book Company. Toronto: William Briggs.

Long ago Pope said, "The proper study of mankind is man." With a larger meaning than that of the poet is this being realized every day. The great problem of the age is, not the scientific problem, nor even the religious nor the economic problem, but the social problem. This is being more and more discussed in the pulpit, on the platform and in the press. The *Sunday-school Times* even has a department for the sociological study of the Sunday-school lessons. Bishop Vincent has given it special prominence at Chautauqua and in the Itinerant Clubs of Methodist preachers. Most of the colleges have departments of sociology on their curricula. But the volume before us is the first text-book on the study of society that we know.

And a very admirably constructed text-book it is. The position of its authors, Prof. Small and Dr. Vincent, as instructors in this new science gives an authoritative value to the volume. The first book treats of the origin and scope of sociology, its relation to special social science and social reforms. The second book illustrates the evolution of organized society from its simplest elements, a single family on a farm, through the rural and village group to the fully developed town and city. This is illustrated with maps and diagrams and a chart showing the distribution of functions with their many bifurcations and ramifications in complex modern life.

By a stroke of genius, as we think, the three remaining books discuss the social anatomy, social physiology and pathology and social psychology of modern civilization. The book on social physiology and pathology is largely a discussion of morbid pathology, the characteristics of social disease, while the last book is on what may be called social therapeutics, the reconstruction of society in accordance with morality and law—on the eternal basis of the Ten Commandments and the Golden Rule.

The book is of fascinating interest and will be exceedingly helpful to this important study.

The Catholic Church in the Niagara Peninsula, 1686-1895. By DEAN HARRIS. Illustrated. Toronto: William Briggs. Octavo. Pp. 352. Price, \$2.00.

It is an evidence of the growing popularity of the Methodist Publishing House and of the growing liberality of our Roman Catholic friends that a distinguished Catholic priest should choose for his publisher an uncompromisingly Protestant institution. This is as it should be. We are fellow-citizens of a common country. It is part of true loyalty and true Christianity to recognize one another as allies in the war against intemperance, infidelity and vice. It is wiser to promote peace and good-will than to foment strife and ill-will.

Dean Harris' ably-written volume is the most valuable contribution that we know upon the early history of the Niagara peninsula. He describes the heroic achievements of the French and English pioneers, the explorers and path-finders of empire, who laid broad and deep the foundations of the Canadian commonwealth. He records the stirring adventures and severe privations of the early settlers.

"The true history of Canada," says Goldwin Smith, "is written on the grave-stones of the pilgrim fathers of the country." To them the accomplished Dean renders a due meed of praise. Of course, he gives special prominence to the labours of the clergy of his own Church from the time of the pioneer missionary fathers to the present. The book is exceedingly well manufactured, is illustrated with excellent cuts of Indian relics, with copies of rare old engravings and with some handsome full-page plates.

The Innuits of our Arctic Coast. By HIS HONOUR J. C. SCHULTZ, LL.D., F.R.S.C., M.D., Lieut.-Governor of Manitoba.

In this admirable paper, read before the Royal Society of Canada, Lieutenant-Governor Schultz gives an exceedingly interesting account of the little-known denizens of Canada, the Eskimo of our Arctic coast. These diminutive but hardy people have many admirable moral qualities, much physical courage, and show great ingenuity and skill in the construction of their dwellings, preparation of their clothing, and the capture of their food supplies. The monograph is of exceeding interest. Bishop Bompas, of Moosimee, has done much for the evangelization and religious training of the Canadian Innuits.