Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

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

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

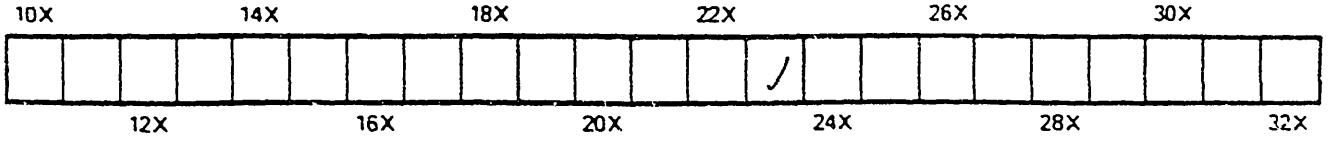
- ☐ Coloured covers/ Couverture de couleur
- ☐ Covers damaged/ Couverture endommagée
- ☐ Covers restored and/or laminated/ Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- ☐ Cover title missing/ Le titre de couverture manque
- ☐ Coloured maps/ Cartes géographiques en couleur
- ☐ Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/ Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- ☐ Coloured plates and/or illustrations/ Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- ☑ Bound with other material/ Relié avec d'autres documents
- ☑ Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/ La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure
- ☐ Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/ Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.

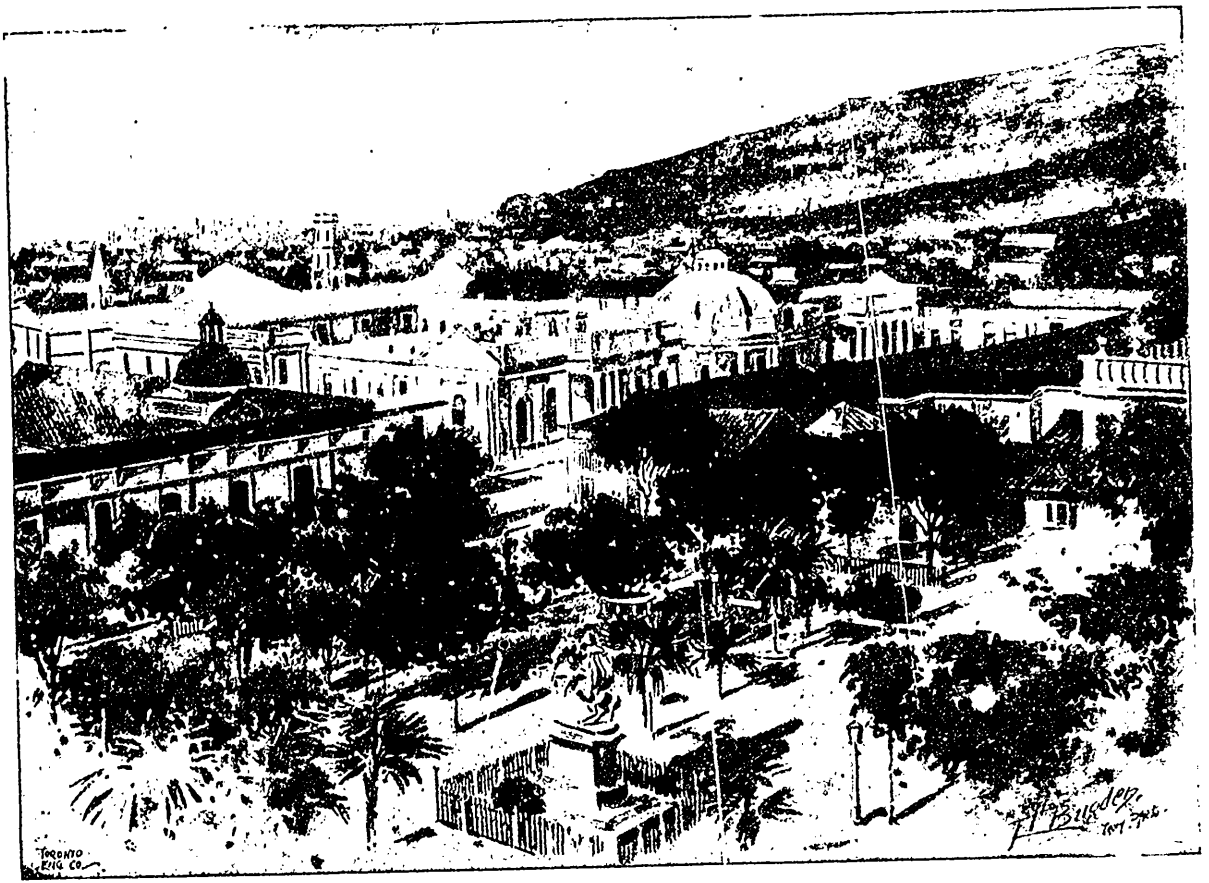
- ☐ Coloured pages/ Pages de couleur
- ☐ Pages damaged/ Pages endommagées
- ☐ Pages restored and/or laminated/ Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- ☑ Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/ Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- ☐ Pages detached/ Pages détachées
- ☑ Showthrough/ Transparence
- ☑ Quality of print varies/ Qualité inégale de l'impression
- ☑ Continuous pagination/ Pagination continue
- ☐ Includes index(es)/ Comprend un (des) index

  Title on header taken from:/ Le titre de l'en-tête provient:
- ☐ Title page of issue/ Page de titre de la livraison
- ☐ Caption of issue/ Titre de départ de la livraison
- ☐ Masthead/ Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

☐ Additional comments:/ Commentaires supplémentaires:

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





CENTRAL SQUARE OF CARACAS, CAPITAL OF VENEZUELA.

Methodist Magazine and Review.

DECEMBER, 1900.

LITTLE VENICE AND ITS PEOPLE.

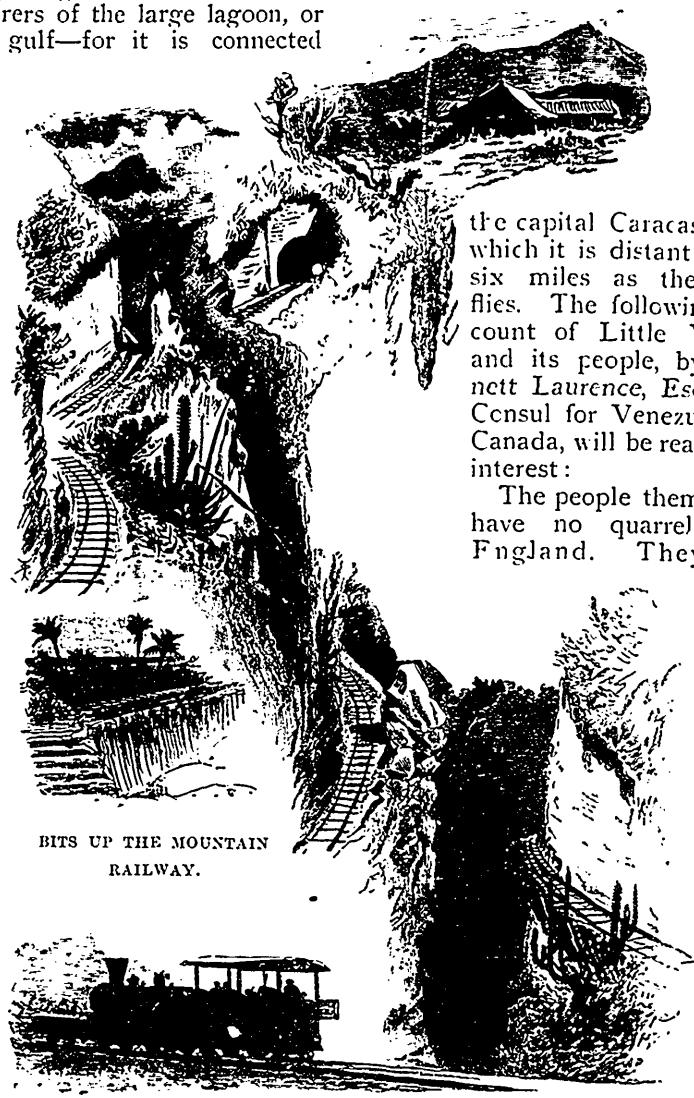
JOAQUIN CRESPO, PRESIDENT OF VENEZUELA.

It is one of the ironies of history that the Venezuelan boundary question which, through the rash and reckless ultimatum of President Cleveland, threatened to precipitate war between the two great English speaking nations of the world, has been settled almost entirely to the advantage of Great Britain. The Arbitration Commission granted her a great deal more than she offered to accept from the Venezuelans. Mr. Cleveland's bid for the vote of the anti-British jingoes caused a fall of American securities in a single day of hundreds of millions of dollars, and failed to secure his election. A picture in Punch at the time fairly represented the attitude of Great Britain. A burly British policeman was convoying to his lodgings a typical Brother Jonathan, who had been dining "not wisely, but too well," with the words, "Let me see you home, my good fellow; you will be all right when you sleep this off." As a result of the wise statesmanship then exhibited, and of the marked friendship shown by Great Britain to the United States when several of the powers of Europe menaced interference in the Philippines, the friendship of these great Anglo-

Saxon people is cemented more firmly than ever before.

The name of Venezuela (or little Venice) originated with the first discoverers of the large lagoon, or rather, gulf—for it is connected with the sea by a narrow channel—of Maracaibo, who noticed that the villages were built on piles in the midst of the water.

Although Venezuela has a seaboard of nearly two thousand miles, it has, unfortunately, very few good harbours. Of these the most important is La Guayra, the port of the capital Caracas, from which it is distant about six miles as the crow flies. The following account of Little Venice and its people, by Burnett Laurence, Esq., late Consul for Venezuela in Canada, will be read with interest:



BITS UP THE MOUNTAIN RAILWAY.

LA GUAYRA AND CARACAS RAILWAY.

The people themselves have no quarrel with England. They like the English people, and the word of an Englishman is the most solemn asseveration you will hear, even among the natives. There is a very large trade between Venezuela and Great Britain, par-

ticularly in hides and coffee, and whilst most of the merchants there are Germans, most of the goods are English. The people of Venezuela themselves would pay little attention to the boundary question were it not for the efforts of President Crespo to create some political advantage for himself out of the situation and to direct attention from local dissentions by intensifying the importance of the international question.

Venezuela has a population of over two million inhabitants, and not more than one hundred families of these are pure-blooded. The rest are a mixture of Spanish, negro and Indian, the proportion of Spanish blood being about one-sixteenth. President Crespo is a full-blooded Indian. The city of Caracas has a population of from 60,000 to 70,000 people. It has its street cars, its electric lights and its palatial hotels, and is almost European in appearance. It was nearly swallowed up by an earthquake in 1812, when 12,000 of its people were destroyed.

The railway which connects the port with the capital is one of the most wonderful pieces of engineering in the world. The road over which it travels is about 26 miles long, and in that distance rises over 3,000 feet, at times climbing on the edges of precipices, around and around the same hill, or crossing by slender bridges chasms of enormous depth. The journey takes two hours and a half. This road, which was built and is run by an English company, pays exceedingly well. The locomotives and cars used were especially designed for this class of travel. They are built exceedingly heavy below and very light above. This is done to prevent any accident in turning round the sharp curves which are very numerous, when the upper parts of the carriages absolutely hang over empty space. It is possible in many places to touch the mountain from the window of the carriage on the one side, while from the other window a stone may be dropped many hundreds of thousands of feet. While the journey presents many attractions to a traveller, it has its disconcerting phases as well, as it is not uncommon to hear falling on the roof of the car, stones and earth

LANDING-PLACE, LA GUAYRA.

disturbed by the vibration of the train, and the danger of heavy landslides is very great during the rainy season. The road, however, is carefully watched by men stationed at intervals in the same way as the C. P. R. is guarded in the Rockies. Before the railway was built it took from twelve to twenty hours to do the same distance as is now done in two and a half hours. The carriage road is now impassable.

There is a great difference between the climates of La Guayra and Caracas, the former not only being very hot but also very humid, while

NEW GUN IN OLD FORT.

ON THE ROAD TO CARACAS.

the air of the latter is dry and the heat tempered by its elevation. In fact, it would be difficult to find a climate more delightful than that of Caracas, with its perpetual summer. Glass windows are rarely met with, even in the finest residences, the heat and rain being kept out by the closing of heavy wooden shutters, and protection is obtained by the use of solid iron bars.

Caracas has a population of between fifty and sixty thousand inhabitants. It is the seat of government, and possesses all the adjuncts and advantages of a first-class capital, even if on a rather small scale. The Government Building and the Opera House are magnificent edifices. The Cathedral, the Church of Alta Gracia, the Pantheon, and the University surprise and delight the visitor. No building is very high, there not being a single two-story private dwelling in the whole city, in fact, the only structures that rise above the ground floor, are the Government Building, the Archiepiscopal Palace, and the two principal hotels, but, on the other hand, even the most insignificant private dwelling occupies a considerable ground area, as not only are all the rooms and offices on the one floor, but there is invariable a large central "patio," which is half courtyard and half garden This "patio" is the favourite sitting-place of the family circle. In the better houses there is a second inner "patio," round which are situated the kitchens, out-houses, and stables.

Amongst the better class, the standard of personal beauty is great, notwithstanding the admixture of blood. The women have symmetrical figures, a most graceful carriage, expressive black eyes and raven hair. In addition, they

THE CATHEDRAL AT VALENCIA.

have absolutely perfect teeth, and their abounding suavity and immense fund of good nature, all combine to make them appear fit inhabitants of a land of perpetual sunshine.

Venezuelans are born orators, and amongst their politicians can be found silver-tongued Lauriers and demosthenic Chapleaus in profuse abundance. The language is the chaste and classic Castilian, and the Spanish of Venezuela is, perhaps, as pure as that of Madrid.

Maracaibo, situated on the gulf of that name, is one of the hottest and most unhealthy cities in the world, it is the home of yellow fever. To the east, nearly opposite to the British Island of Trinidad, is the mouth of the great river, Orinoco, which has a course of 1,500 miles, of which nearly 500 are navigable. It enters into the Atlantic by seventeen mouths.

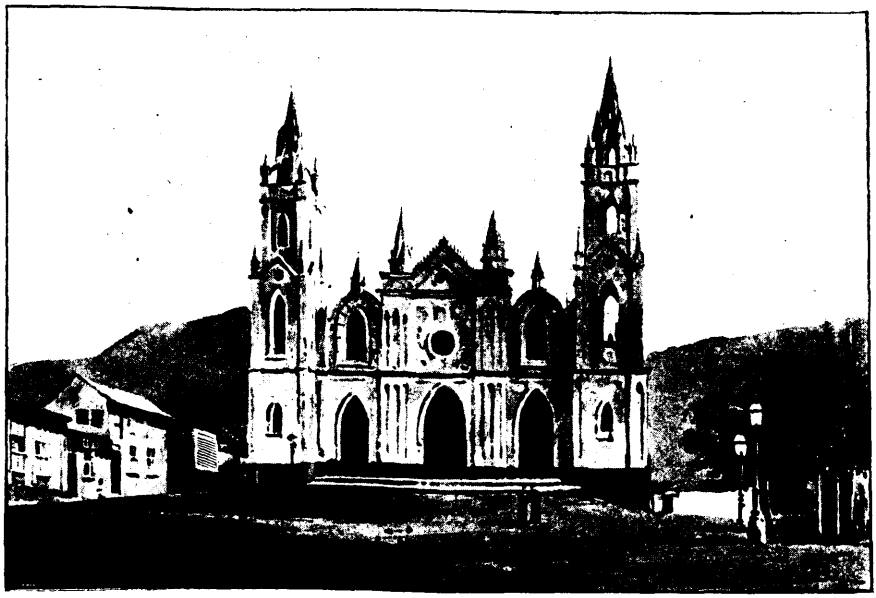
The Orinoco is a wide, sluggish stream, and the principal objects of interest are mud, alligators, and sombre trees that line the banks on both sides. By smaller streams it is connected with the Rio Negro and thence with the Amazon.

One passes through the densest of tropical forests, the foliage of which is so thick and matted that the sun never penetrates. The moist atmosphere absolutely swarms with insects of every description. The forest is one mass of life. The most remarkable things, perhaps, to be seen are the orchids, which seem almost endowed with animal life. They twine and interlace amongst the trees and present most gorgeous colours and remarkable shapes, some resembling birds, butterflies, and other curious forms.

At Callao are situated the gold mines of that name. For a certain length of time it had the distinction of being the best paying mine in the whole world.

The country is extremely subject to earthquakes. Caracas was practically destroyed by one in 1812, and others at various times have caused the partial or complete destruction of many places.

It would be difficult to find in any part of the world a more gentle, suave or hospitable race of people than the educated Venezuelans, or for that matter, the uneducated also. Of course, in the Capital the



THE PANTHEON, CARACAS.

proportion of the educated is large, but the ignorance of the masses in the Republic is somewhat startling, when one considers that 90 per cent. of the people can neither read nor write. But to compensate for this, the honesty of the people is truly remarkable. It is a positive fact that mules laden with merchandise or gold or silver, the products of the mines, are sent from place to place in charge of a single peon, which is the name given to a native peasant.

On the eve of elections, more particularly in the city of Caracas, it is not an unusual thing for ten or twelve candidates to be striving for certain honours, and it is the rule for each aspirant to start a newspaper with an imposing title, advocating his candidature, so that at such times advertising is remarkably cheap, and after the election is over printing presses can be bought at a very great sacrifice.

The women are extremely religious; the educated men are as a rule the exact opposite, being seldom found in a church except to be married or buried. To such an extent is this irreligious movement in vogue that hundreds of Venezuelans of the very best families and who have performed important services to their country, are buried, without the rites of the Church, in the Freemasons' burying-ground, which vies with the consecrated cemetery in having most magnificent vaults and tombs, upon some of which are expended thousands of dollars.

Manufacturing is hardly known in Venezuela. Almost everything, excepting, perhaps, cigars, cigarettes, chocolate, and the peasants' boots and shoes, is imported. As the native Venezuelan is no business man in any form whatever, his life is devoted simply to two things—pleasure and politics. There is throughout the entire Republic hardly a business of importance that is not owned or managed by foreigners. The business houses are mostly German, with a few Italian, French and English, while

the railways, mines and steamship companies are, with very few exceptions, British.

Now, a people possessing no commercial instincts, and having only two such pursuits as politics and pleasure, are bound to get into trouble much more quickly than those of more sober character. One of the consequences of this is that revolutions are frequent, and, after deducting the clergy, the educated Venezuelans can be divided into two classes, viz., the Government and the Revolutionist.

Of the territory of Venezuela, consisting of over 400,000 square miles, not over one per cent. of this enormous area is cultivated, the remainder being inhabited solely by Indians, a remarkably fine race of men, whose pursuits are hunting and raising sufficient products for their own immediate use.

The George Washington of Venezuela, the greatest warrior and statesman that South America has ever produced, Simon Bolivar, a native Venezuelan, educated in Madrid, one of the foremost to start the revolution against Spain in South America, had many enemies during his life, but time has obliterated whatever faults he may have possessed, and he is now regarded as the National Hero. There is hardly a town throughout the Republic but has statues and edifices erected in his honour, and what Washington is to the United States, Bolivar is to South America, and Venezuela in particular.

It is rather unfortunate for the Venezuelans that nearly all the maps published in recent years give the Guiana frontier as claimed by England.

The peons are armed with the machete, which is a short, broad cutlass used in the fields in cutting the sugar cane, plaintains, etc., hewing their way through the jungle, marking a route by chipping the trees in the dense forest, and which serves also as a weapon of defence in time of need.

Those Venezuelans who are educated never devote their energies to business, but take up a profession: arms, medicine, engineering, science or law, and there are more lawyers in Caracas even than in Toronto.

CHRISTMAS.

BY BESSIE HILL.

To every home in Christendom
A Babe is born this day,
For some to worship, some to love,
And some to turn away.

The light His blessed forehead sheds
Is holy, and as bright
As when it lit the manger-stall
At Bethlehem in the night.

"Give Me thy love!" the Child doth plead,
Up-smiling in our face,
And as we answer, so He stills
Our longing with His grace.

Eternal Child, and Lord of all!
Turn not Thy face away;
But bide with us in household joy
This holy Christmas Day.

Oh! we did lose the star, dear Lord,
The precious offerings waste:
For we were prone to loiter, Lord,
Or miss Thee in our haste.

But Thou hast sought for *us!* We kneel
In reverent love to pray
Beside the Babe of Bethlehem,
Who comes on Christmas Day.

GEORGE D. DOWKONNTT; OR, TRUTH STRANGER THAN FICTION.*

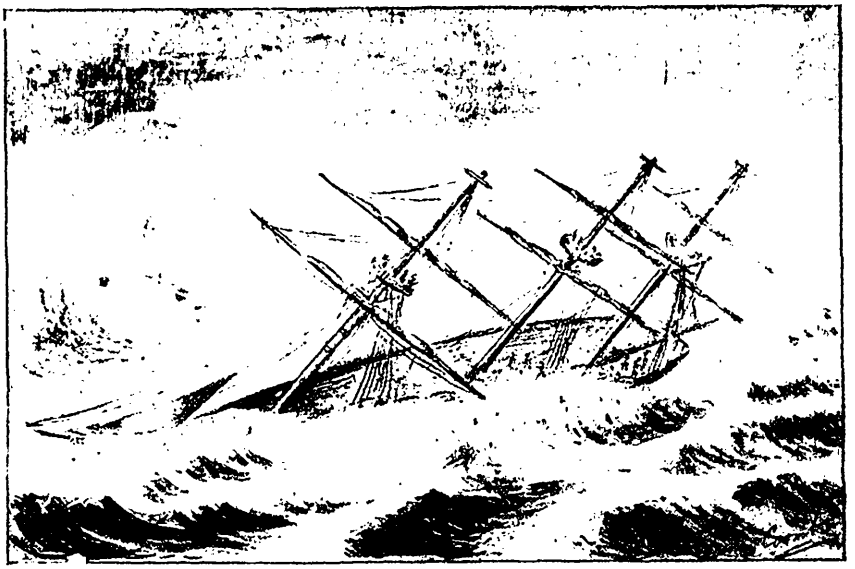
BY THE REV. JAMES COOKE SEYMOUR.

GEORGE D. DOWKONNTT.

As the bells in many cities chimed the hour of seven on the evening of November 30, 1830, the people of Poland made the determined attempt to free themselves from the thraldom of Russia—a deed which history has recorded and applauded with her iron pen. The Poles had selected an hour when the cavalry would be off guard, and attending to their horses for the night; and the military stables were among the first places to be attacked. As the alarm was sounded, the soldiers endeavoured to obey, but were shot down as they sought to leave the stables.

Some few, however, managed to

*The thrilling narrative on which this article is based, entitled "Tell Them; or, the Life Story of a Medical Missionary," may be ordered either direct from the author, Dr. Geo. D. Dowkonntt, 288 Leighton Ave., New York, or from the Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal and Halifax, at 50 cents, postpaid, in cloth, or 25 cents, postpaid, in paper.



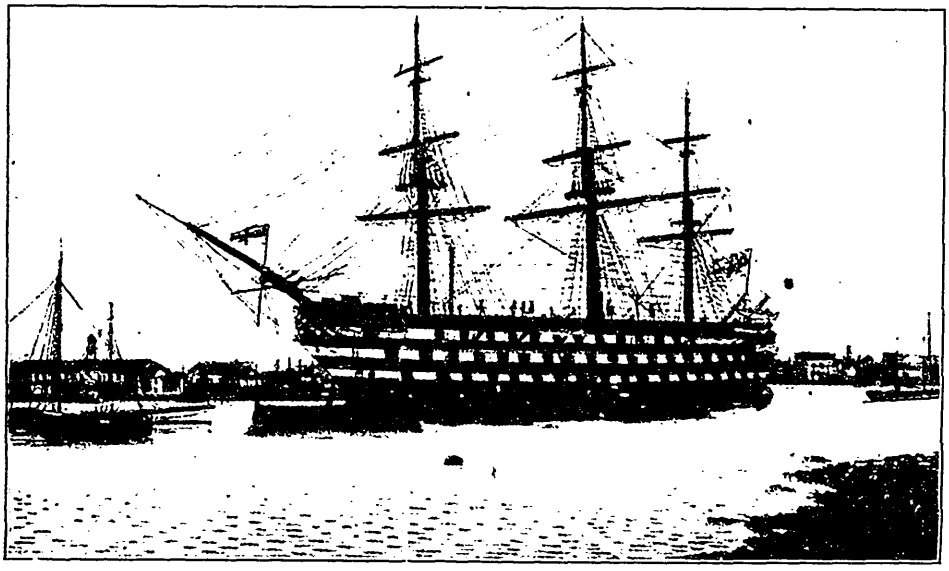
"COMING DOWN FROM THE RIGGING, MY FEET SLIPPED, MY HANDS GAVE WAY, AND I WAS 'GONE.'"

escape, and among them a young Pole of twenty years, who soon decided not to fight against his kith and kin, but to join the patriot-insurgents. He did so, and was appointed to a regiment of Polish lancers.

After a severe battle, in which the Poles were greatly outnumbered, a retreat was made by the revolutionists. Our young lancer —now a sergeant—found himself, with two troopers, close to a party of Cossacks, who were in the act of carrying off some wounded Poles, one of whom was an officer. Realizing that to attempt to escape would mean death, he drew his sword, and dashing forward, roared the word of command, as if a regiment had been behind him. This had the desired effect, for the Cossacks dropped their prisoners and galloped off. Arriving in camp, the commander offered the sergeant his choice between a captaincy and a "Legion of Honour." The latter was accepted, with the remark that "Promotion is more easily obtained than honour."

Not long after this, however, he was taken prisoner, and was being driven to trial and death as a deserter, in a covered military waggon, in charge of a Russian escort. Having to travel several miles, the guard had provided themselves with liquor, of which they partook freely. Watching his opportunity, the prisoner struck the driver a blow with the butt end of a rifle, and as he fell, reined in the horses, quickly sprang out, and unhitching one horse, galloped away into a neighbouring forest. Here he remained until he got a chance to rejoin his comrades-in-arms, who warmly welcomed him to their ranks.

Soon after this his regiment was engaged in a hot combat with some Russian cavalry, when a large body of the enemy was observed hastening to reinforce their comrades. The Polish commander ordered a retreat, but those "in the thick of



A "THREE-DECKER," LYING IN PORTSMOUTH HARBOUR, ENGLAND.

the fight" failed to hear it, and presently discovered that a mere handful of them, including the young lancer, remained in the midst of the Russian forces. With a desperate effort, he succeeded in freeing himself and made a dash for liberty, but a bullet struck his horse to the ground, and at the same instant a Russian officer aimed a blow at him as he stood expecting only to be trampled to death by the oncoming cavalry. As the sabre of the officer came whizzing through the air, he parried the blow with his lance, and dexterously unhorsed his assailant. At the same instant, he grasped the bridle of his horse, and leaping thereon, dashed away into the forest. He remained there for weeks, and, more dead than alive, he came to the edge of the wood and met a man whose countenance seemed to indicate a possible friend. The stranger assured him of his sympathy and willingness to take him to a great friend of the Poles, at which his heart beat with joy. Arriving at a large house, the door was opened, and one glance served to show the work of a traitor. As he saw the uniforms of the Russian soldiery within, his feelings may be better imagined than described.

Being summoned before the officer in command, he was briefly questioned as to his name and place of birth. Doubtless other questions would have followed, but, to the astonishment of both the prisoner and his escort, the general bade the soldiers leave the prisoner with him. The soldiers having departed, the general asked one or two more questions, and falling upon the prisoner's neck, with tears in his eyes, embraced him, exclaiming, "Can it really be that you are the son of my old comrade? I can never betray the son of my dear old friend."

The prisoner was soon after sent away, passport in hand, money in his pocket, and well clothed, to make his way to France, which country he reached, and took up

his abode in Paris for two years. At the end of this time he went to London, and learned to make boots and shoes.

In 1837 he married. The young couple went to work with a will, and soon established themselves in a comfortable home. In 1843 a son was born, and strange as had been the career of his father, a stranger career still was in store for that son—the Christian soldier—George D. Dowkonntt.

After many vicissitudes, we find young George on board a man-of-war before he was quite seventeen. Many and narrow were his escapes from death. He relates as follows:

"On one occasion I was aloft on the 'look-out,' the weather being so intensely cold that the men were on duty only half-time on exposed positions. The man who was to relieve me was fifteen minutes late, and by the time he arrived I was quite benumbed with the cold. The ship was rolling very heavily, and as I was coming down the rigging my feet slipped, and my hands gave way, and I was 'gone,' when as by miracle, a heavy sea striking the vessel on the opposite side, caused her to lurch back again and enabled me to clutch the rigging and hang on for life. Had I gone overboard there was not the slightest chance of my being saved physically, and I fear not spiritually. It would have been a 'lost body' and a 'lost soul.'"

On October 5, 1861, his ship, the "Emerald," set sail from Spithead with a number of Armstrong guns on board, bound for Halifax, Nova Scotia, but she never reached her destination. On the 5th of November she arrived in the harbour of Plymouth—a wreck.

"What we passed through during that month cannot well be told. For sixteen days and nights we fought with gales and hurricanes, scarcely removing any clothing or having proper rest or food. Sails were blown to shreds, boats washed away like bits of stick, masts and yards carried away, pumps choked, engines disabled and rudder sprung. In this condition, at daylight one morning we sighted a large vessel coming towards us. Nearer and nearer we came to each other. Another instant and the two vessels met on the top of a huge sea, and just barely glided by each other. Doubtless many did cry unto the Lord in their distress, and among them the writer, but shame to say it, they forgot the Deliverer after they had been saved from the watery grave which seemed inevitable.

"One day in March, 1860, I was thrown violently on the deck by the ship making an unexpected and unusual plunge—some of my mates ran forward expecting to find me dead. They picked me up and helped me down to the ship's hospital; but fourteen weeks passed before I could resume my duties. One day during this time the three surgeons on board held a consultation as to amputation above or below the knee-joint. I was given twenty-four hours respite, and my limb so improved that I did not suffer that loss."

George's mother was a Christian woman, and her early efforts to lead him to the Saviour were not lost. His conversion is best described in his own words:

"Having returned once more to England, one beautiful Sunday afternoon in June, 1864, with some companions, I visited a small town called Queenboro', and while walking along the main street heard the voices of children singing in the Sunday-school. Attracted thereby, we stood in the middle of the road, and one of my companions said, 'Say, George, bothered if that don't sound good.' 'Yes, it does, Jack, and it reminds me of when I was a boy and went to Sunday-school, for we used to sing that very same hymn there.'

"'Did you? Why, so used we,' joined in Jem. 'Ah, that was when we were good little boys,' and Jem gave emphasis to the word *good* as he spoke. The children went on singing the well-known hymn:

"'I think when I read that sweet story of old,
When Jesus was here among men,
How He called little children as lambs to His fold,
I should like to have been with Him then.'

"We three young men stopped until the hymn was finished and then resumed our ramble; but although the sound of the children's voices soon died on our ears, they still lingered in the heart of at least one of our number.

MISS AGNES E. WESTON.

"'Say, George, old fellow,' said Jack, presently. 'What's the matter with you? Why, you were all alive just now, and now you haven't anything to say.'

"'Well, Jack, I don't know that there is anything particular the matter with me in one way, but those children singing that old hymn have made me think of old times and of those who are gone, and it makes me feel bad to think how I've been carrying on these past few years, and what the end is going to be.'

"'Why, Jem,' cried Jack, 'Here's George going to turn parson. I think we'd better call him "Holy Joe" (a nickname for a ship's chaplain) right off.'

"'Well, Jem, blowed if I wouldn't like to see him with a white choker on. Say, I suppose you'll cut us poor fellows now?' queried Jem.

"'No, mates. I don't mean anything of that sort; but I'll tell you what I'm sure of, it would be better for all of us if we'd keep to the good old Book.'

"'There you are, Jem. Didn't I tell you so? Don't you think he'd make a good parson?'

"'Well, Jack, perhaps it would have been better for us all to stick to the old Book for that matter,' said Jem. 'I know I'd have been a good deal better off now if I had, for I should have my position still which I lost through the drink. But what's the good of crying over spilt milk? Let's go in and get a good glass of Old Jamaica and bury the past.'

"'So say I, Jem,' responded Jack. 'Come on, George. Oh, I forgot, though. I suppose you're too good for us fellows to associate with now?'

"'No, Jack, old fellow, you ought to know me better than that. I'll go in with you, but I'm not going to take anything stronger than lemonade.'

"'Lemonade,' queried Jack. 'Why, you'll get as lantern-jawed as a parson; besides, now, I'll show you a trick on that.'

"'Here, missus, give me a pint of ale, will you, and a bottle of lemonade for this fellow, and let's see, you'll have Old Jamaica, Jem?'

"'Yes, indeed, don't give me any of your watery stuff,' responded Jem.

"'Now, here you are, George. I'll show you where you come out on the lemonade business!' So saying, Jack proceeded to pour out the bottle of lemonade, which only filled one glass, and cost fourpence, while Jack's pint of ale only cost threepence and filled two glasses. The landlady joined Jack and Jem in the hearty laugh which followed.

"'Well,' said she, 'to think of a man-o'-war's-man turning teetotal! I should think you'd better take the young man home to his mother.'

"It was a sore trial and my first, but God helped me to bear it.

"That night I could not sleep. On my knees with many tears, I sought and obtained mercy. What would I have given to have heard the voice or seen the face of my beloved mother—she who died when I was a boy of thirteen. God knows how my loving mother had prayed for me, and now God had answered her prayers.

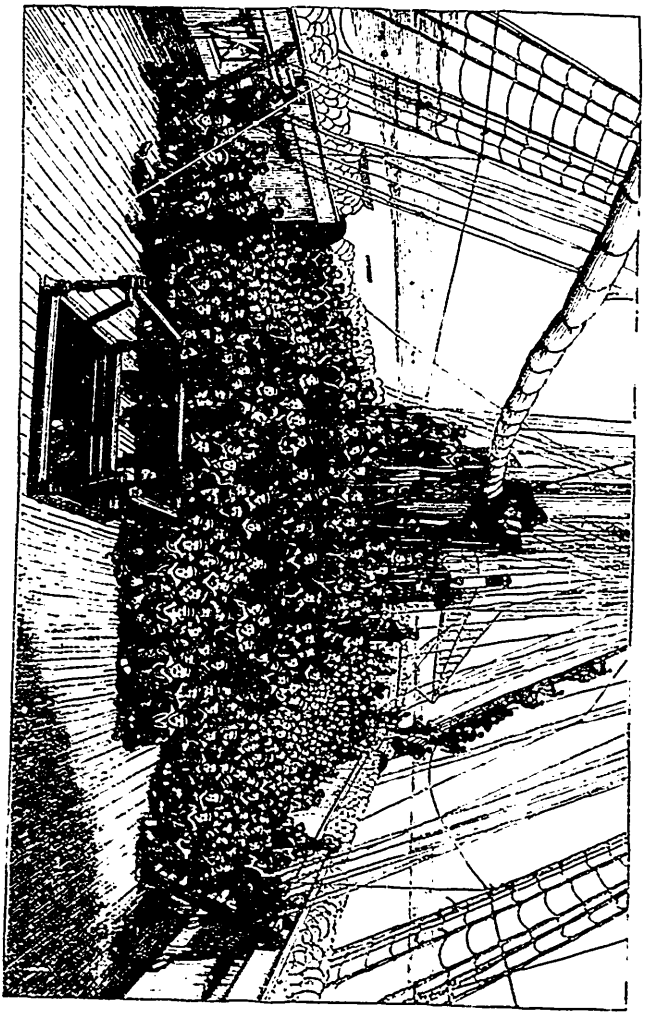
"I had blessed peace within, but I soon found that that means war with sin and Satan. The news of my having turned psalm-singer had preceded my arrival on board on Monday morning, and all my shipmates were on the lookout and

anxious to see how I looked. Arriving on board the jeering began.

'Hello, George, old fellow! Say, they tell us you've been and got converted. Let's look at you. Hold up, old fellow, and give us a bit of a sermon, maybe you'd convert some of us. Try your hand. Only I'm thinking you'd have a tough job on me,' said one.

"The flame of persecution rose higher and higher as the 'great change' became the talk of the one thousand men on board the ship. Often have I had to go down to the store-room in the hold of the vessel to get wisdom and strength from God to stand it all."

An old "chum," a pronounced infidel, tried hard to win the new convert over, but in vain. He then did his best to get George reduced from the position he held in the ship, but failed in that too.



THE CREW OF A BRITISH MAN-OF-WAR ASSEMBLED TO HEAR MISS WESTON.

Some time afterwards this infidel was tried by court-martial for robbery and sentenced to eighteen months imprisonment, and to be dismissed in disgrace from the navy. After sixteen years of service, George repaid the treatment

REV. W. R. SUMMERS, M.D., OF LULUABURG.

he had received from this man, by getting up a subscription among the shipmates, to save his wife and child from starvation.

George could not rest without some effort to save those around him—neither can any other true convert. His first attempt was to circulate good literature. He wrote to the editor of The British Workman, and to the Religious Tract Society, and obtained a monthly supply.

"One day a large package came to the ship, and upon my being called to receive it, the officer asked:

"'What have you got there?'

"'Books and papers, sir.'

"'What are you going to do with them?'

"'Give them away to the fellows on board.'

"'Well, what for—to try and make them religious?'

"'I hope so, sir.'

"'Well, now, who sends them?'

"'Friends in London, sir.'

"'Yes, I know, but who pays for them?'

"'Well, sir, I do, if I must tell you.'

"'And how much do they cost?'

"'A pint of ale and half an ounce of tobacco a day, sir.'

"'Why, that's—let me see—fivepence a day.'

"'Yes, sir, about that.'

"'Well, go ahead, I don't suppose you'll do any harm.'

"'I hope not, sir.'"

But all the officers were not quite so favourable. George found that his efforts to do good were so much appreciated among the men, that he was encouraged to take a further step.

In May, 1868, his vessel, H.M.S. "Crocodile," was lying in the harbour of Alexandria waiting for troops to come on board from Suez on their way home from the Abyssinian war. He writes:

"As I watched their arrival on board I determined to try and do something for their good. The same evening, having sought and obtained help from God, I came on deck, Bible in hand, and asked some of those standing by if they would like to hear something out of the 'Good Book.'

"The question was met by an incredulous look, which seemed to say, 'Well, yes, but what does this mean? We always thought sailors were such drinking, swearing fellows, we can't understand this.'

"I began to read about soldiers and sailors as spoken of in the Gospels. The healing of the Centurion's servant, and the calling of Peter, James and John afforded good proof of the possibility of soldiers and sailors being Christians. Half an hour passed in this manner and the group of twenty had grown to ten times the size.

"When I had finished there was a general expression of approval. 'Bravo, sir, come up again.'

"Each evening there was a similar meeting. On Sunday, while I was speaking on, 'Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian' the master-at-arms came to the edge of the crowd, and beckoning to me, told me that the captain had sent him to stop the meeting at once. When this became known there was a very distinct murmur of disapproval among the men, many of whom were Irishmen, the regiment being a Catholic one.

"One said, 'Well, that's a strange business; a fellow might swear and curse and tell lies all he liked and they wouldn't stop him, and shure the steward was only giving us the Word of God and they stops him.'"

George was ordered on the quarter-deck, and for fifteen minutes the captain did his best to induce him to cease this work, but George held firm. The captain concluded with a threat that he would dismiss him from the service when the ship arrived home.

George was not dismissed, but remained on the "Crocodile," while the captain himself left with two other officers, who had opposed and persecuted him, one of whom afterwards killed himself with drink, and the other committed suicide at sea. Their places were filled by three other officers, who became George's fast friends, and encouraged him to do all the Christian work he pleased.

While still a boy, George had lived for some time with a kind-hearted doctor, and managed to pick up a little knowledge of medicine. This helped him to obtain the position of "sick steward." He filled this office with so much satisfaction to the chief surgeon of the "Crocodile" that the latter recommended him for appointment to a much more responsible position at H.M. dockyard, Portsmouth.

Here some six thousand men were employed, and as the poor fellows came to the surgery to have their injuries attended to, George seldom missed an opportunity to speak a word to them about their souls.

In February, 1871, H.M.S. "Reindeer" came home from the Pacific, and George was rejoiced to find some old shipmates and friends, who were Christian and temperance men, who had formed a little society on board. The thought of so much effort being lost in this and other vessels by these little societies being broken up, suggested to him the idea of forming a Royal Naval Temperance Society, which should embrace all these small societies as branches. His earnestness and perseverance overcame all difficulties. The society was formed with representatives of each branch of the service—navy, marines, and dockyard. Commodore Goodenough, afterward killed in battle in New Zealand, was the first president, one of the bravest of officers, yet most gentle of men—a Christian hero. George held the posi-

tion of secretary until the membership had grown to five thousand, including officers and men of all ranks.

nor indeed scarcely one in all the fleets the world over.

Mr. Moody once said "he would rather set ten men to work

STUDENTS OF THE INTERNATIONAL MEDICAL MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

So rapidly had this society grown, that at the Queen's Jubilee Naval Review at Spithead there was not a ship in her Majesty's service but what carried a branch,

than try to do ten men's work." It was the high privilege of our friend George Dowkonntt to aid in starting some wonderful Christian workers on their career.

SIX MEMBERS OF THE DOWKONNTT FAMILY.

Early in his Christian work on shipboard, a young Christian soldier told him of his intention to send an account of the voyage to a lady friend in England, who had made him promise to do so. "Well," said George, "I am not at all jealous of the army, but while I know of several ladies who write to and work for soldiers, I do not know of one who so works for the navy, and I think we ought to have at least one."

When George arrived home, a letter was awaiting him from the lady in question, Miss Agnes E. Weston, of Bath. In this letter she told of her soldier-friend having related the foregoing conversation, and expressed her willingness to become the "one lady for the navy," if she only could be told what to do, and how to do it. She further explained that she was totally ignorant of shipping, and especially of men-of-war, but she was willing to do what she could.

After thinking and praying over the matter, George made out a list of all the Christian officers and

men he knew in the navy, giving the names of their ships and where they were stationed. Enclosing this in a letter full of rejoicing, he advised Miss Weston to write to all these, telling them of her offer and asking each to send her a similar list to the one he had sent her.

Miss Weston's success was phenomenal. To-day there are four or five large buildings in English seaports where thousands of British and other men-o'-war's-men are welcomed and housed. Hundreds, if not thousands, have been converted to God as the result of this noble woman's efforts. Her monthly letters to the seamen, called "Blue Backs," from the colour of the cover, are sent all over the world. Her temperance magazine, Ashore and Afloat, has met with such a flattering reception among seamen in the United States Navy that the authorities have specially requested her to regularly post the magazine to American warships. For over thirty years her good work has been going on with ever-increasing power and success.

In 1876 George Dowkonntt was offered and accepted the position of assistant to the Liverpool Medical Mission. There were two large dispensaries in connection with this mission, in which about four hundred patients were attended to daily for five days in the week. To assist in ministering to these poor sufferers, and while doing so to preach the Gospel to them individually, was the grand work George set himself to with all his might. Multitudes were led to the Saviour.

Such was the success of our friend in his work in Liverpool, that he was recommended, in 1879, as eminently fitted to assist in the formation of a similar undertaking in Philadelphia. It was a serious matter for a man with a wife and six children to give up a stated salary and assured position and go to a strange land without a guarantee of any sort. But George was convinced that this was his providential course, and he did not hesitate.

Landing in Philadelphia, he soon found himself surrounded wi'' the most formidable difficulties. Few indeed were the friends ready to take much interest in the undertaking, and fewer still to render any financial aid. Without a doctor's degree, George could do little or nothing. Manfully did he go to work.

The Faculty of Jefferson Medical College, recognizing his previous experience in the practice of medicine, granted him his degree after two years' study. At the end of this time, George had one hundred dollars left to provide for his family for the next year and a half.

"Towards the last the pinch became terribly severe, and at times a meal was eaten without any apparent certainty of the next, and yet a meal-time never came but food was there, though humble the fare."

In 1881 George was satisfied that God would have him remove to New York. His first hour in the city was spent in the Fulton Street prayer-meeting. His first experiences in the great work on which his heart was set—the medical missionary work—were, if anything, more dismal and hopeless than ever. The men on whom he had relied to help him to make a start, would have nothing to do with either him or his undertaking.

After an immense amount of the most discouraging labour, he succeeded at last in obtaining the co-operation of some fifteen men, physicians and others. A large store was fitted up and opened as a free dispensary in the Fourth Ward, the wickedest part of the city. In the evening Gospel meetings were

held. One night an Irishman stood up and said, "I've been listening to all you've been saying, and it is all good, but for the life of me I can't tell what persuasion ye are of, and I'd like to know."

George replied, "First, we've been persuaded that we are all lost sinners; second, we've been persuaded that God gave His Son to save us; third, we've been persuaded to trust Him to save us, and, fourth, we're trying to persuade others to do the same. This is our persuasion."

The subsequent history of George Dowkonntt and his work in New York is full of the most extraordinary answers to prayer, instances almost innumerable of the most sublime faith in God and its wonderful effects, victories over sin and sinners as marvellous in character as they were numerous and varied. It is very close in its resemblance to the life and work of another George—George Muller, of Bristol, in England.

From the feeble beginnings of 1881 has grown up the strong "International Medical Missionary Society" of New York, with branches in other places, besides a woman's branch of the same society. For years George has set his heart on the establishment of a "Medical Missionary College," where students of all evangelical denominations may be prepared for medical missionary work in all parts of the world. This great scheme has been vigorously advocated for year in his paper, The Medical Missionary Record, and is being pursued with all the faith and energy of the best years of his life, and there is scarcely a doubt it will be realized.

His latest venture is the formation of the "International Order of the Double Cross," to combine religious effort with medical aid among the members of the Army Hospital Corps. "By adopting the course proposed by the order, there can be provided a large body of people of the kind desired, throughout each country, who will be ready to serve wherever and whenever need may arise for service, locally or nationally."

The order was founded in January of this year, and represented in its membership the United States, Great Britain, Canada, Russia, Germany, Poland, Africa, India, China, Japan, Corea, and the West Indies.

The spirit of this most noble servant of Christ breathes in the beautiful lines of Dr. Brown, in The Christian Advocate, with which he closes his thrilling little book, "Tell Them":

"My soul is not at rest. There comes a strange
And secret whisper to my spirit, like
A dream of night, that tells me I am on
Enchanted ground. Why live I here? The vows
Of God are on me, and I may not stop
To play with shadows, or pluck earthly flowers,
Till I my work have done, and rendered up
Account. The voice of my departed Lord—
'Go teach all nations'—from the Eastern world
Comes on the night air and awakes mine ear.
And I will go. I may no longer doubt
To give up friends, and home, and idle hopes,
And every tender tie that binds my heart
To thee, my country. Why should I regard
Earth's little store of borrowed sweets? I sure
Have had enough of bitter in my cup
To show that never was it His design,
Who placed me here, that I should live in ease,
Or drink at pleasure's fountain. Henceforth, then,
It matters not if storm or sunshine be
My earthly lot, bitter or sweet my cup;
I only pray, God fit me for the work;
God make me holy and my spirit nerve
For the stern hour of strife. Let me but know
There is an Arm unseen that holds me up,
An eye that kindly watches all my path,
Till I my weary pilgrimage have done;
Let me but know I have a Friend that waits
To welcome me to glory, and I joy

To tread the dark and death-fraught wilderness.
And when I come to stretch me for the last,
In unuttered agony, beneath
The cocoa's shade, or lift my dying eyes
From Afric's burning sand, it will be sweet
That I have toiled for other worlds than this.
I know I shall feel happier than to die
On softer bed. And if I should reach heaven—
If one that hath so deeply, darkly sinned,
If one whom ruin and revolt have held
With such a fearful grasp—if one for whom
Satan hath struggled as he has for me—
Should ever reach that blessed shore, oh, how
My heart will glow with gratitude and love,
And through the ages of the eternal years
Thus saved, my spirit never shall repent
That toil and suffering once were mine below."

Our readers will be interested to know that Dr. Dowkonntt's son has arrived from West Central Africa in August after two years' service there. He had a narrow escape of his life, it being difficult to get him on shipboard in June. As he was being taken by carriers to another station to recuperate, a young doctor met him and said: "I am out here through reading 'Murdered Millions.'" This is a remarkable book, written by Dr. Dowkonntt to arouse attention to the cares of others, but God had employed it as a means to provide skilled medical care for his own son for three months in the Dark Continent.

The International Medical Mission has had a good lift in the lease of the large house it now occupies, 288 Lexington Avenue, New York, free of rent for three years. This encourages Dr. Dowkonntt in his ardent hope of organizing an International Medical Missionary College in 1901.

The first student of the Society, the Rev. W. R. Summers, M.D., took his degree in 1884, and went to Africa under Bishop William Taylor, dying at Luluaburg, on the far side of the Congo, in 1888. Nearly one hundred and fifty young men and women have since been aided and trained for similar service, most of whom are still serving, under the various Evangelical Mission Boards, in India, China, Africa, Burma, Siam, Ceylon, Persia, Syria, Alaska, Brazil, and *Micronesia; and twelve students of the* Society have "laid down their lives" in heathen lands, six of them in Africa.

Paisley, Ont.

CHRISTMAS EVE.

BY EDNAH PROCTOR CLARKE.

Not to Jerusalem's palm-welcomed King,
Not to the Man reviled on Calvary's height,
Not to the risen God, my heart doth lift
In wondering awe to-night.

But to the Baby, shut from Bethlehem's Inn,
About whose feet the wise, dumb creatures pressed,—
The downy head, the little nestling hands,
On Mary's breast.

There were so many ways Thou couldst have come,—
Lord of incarnate life and form Thou art,—
That Thou shouldst choose to be a helpless Babe,
Held to a woman's heart,

Doth seem Thy tenderest miracle of love;
For this, more wondrous than Love sacrificed,
All women, till the utmost stars grow dim
Must love Thee, Christ.

"Cease to lament for that thou canst not help,
And study help for that which thou lamentest;
Time is the nurse and breeder of all good."

HOME LIFE IN THE HOLY CITY.

BY THE REV. G. ROBINSON LEES, B.A., F.R.G.S,
Author of "Jerusalem Illustrated."

TURBANED AND VEILED FIGURES IN JERUSALEM.

On account of the seclusion of the women, Europeans have generally formed the idea that men in the East are very different from themselves in their regard for the opposite sex. To a certain extent this is true, as far as the position of a wife is concerned, but in the treatment they receive, the women of Jerusalem are as happily situated as their more highly favoured sisters of the West. There is not that difference shown by education and position that may be noticed in England; the wives and sisters of poor men receive as much kindness as the members of a Pasha's "hareem," nor are there ever cases of brutality such as may be found in the police reports in English newspapers.

A townsman may, and does, look upon his wife as belonging to an inferior grade, imbued with feelings of a different nature to himself, but he never beats her like a dog. And though a wife is, in a way, purchased, there is in this condition of life a redeeming feature, which may be more especially noticed where the husband is too poor to procure another. His possession obtained by the sacrifice of nearly all the wealth he ever had in the world, has a value in his eyes that is not always set on the wife of a man in the same station in life in England. Sometimes a man is

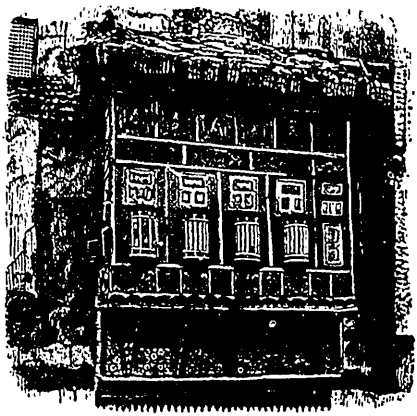
WOMAN'S COSTUME, WITH COINS IN HEADDRESS AND NECKLACE.

little better than a savage, but his regard for his own, even for his animals, is too strong for him to beat them unmercifully. Another man's donkey he might belabour with a stick, or pierce its thick hide with a pin or nail, but not his own. It represents so much capital, and must be preserved from deterioration. And so it is with the wife.

This estimate of woman is not a high one, it does not accord with modern English ideas, and certainly not with the prevailing opinion of a certain class of Englishwomen, but it is at any rate above the notion of a low class Briton. Love before marriage is unknown ; even among the most respectable native Jews, whose women occupy a higher place in man's estimation, it is a sin to love, or speak of love, before the union of a man and woman is legally complete.

A marriage is arranged by the parents, dowry paid, contract signed and ceremony performed, before the bridegroom sees his bride. Of course, his parents, being anxious for the welfare of their son, strive to please him, and knowing his character and disposition, are able to choose as well if not better than himself. If he should happen to be very much dissatisfied, which is most unlikely, for care is taken to prevent disappointment and consequent disaster by cementing the friendship of families already allied by mutual respect and esteem, he can very easily send his wife away. Divorce in the East, outside Christian law and order, has ever been easy of access. Christ had occasion to speak in strong condemnation of the frequency and facility of putting away a wife (Matt. xix.). At the present day amongst the low-class Jews a man may send away his wife for a badly cooked dinner if there is no dowry to be returned ;

VEILED WOMAN OF JERUSALEM.

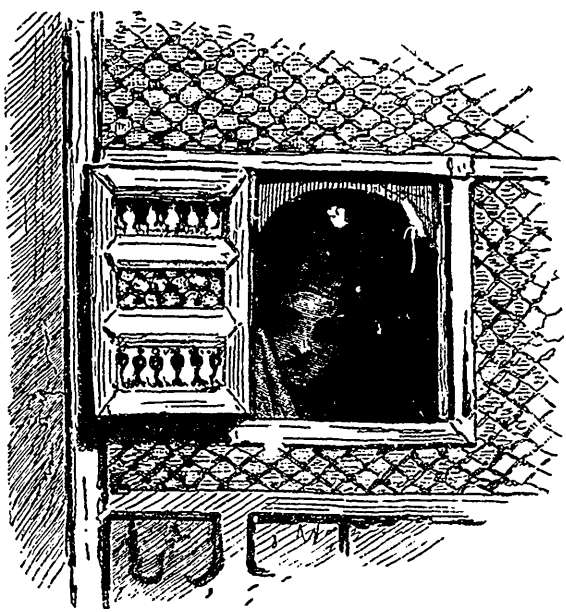


LATTICE WINDOW.

and there is at least one Rabbi in Jerusalem who will give a "Bill of Divorce" at the same time as the "Marriage Contract," and if both are taken together, allow discount for the two.

Moslems are allowed by law to have four wives, and a man is able to divorce any one of them at any time with very few words—"*Bi talak bi thalati*," "I divorce you thrice," being sufficient—though for the credit of the natives of Jerusalem I may say that very few men indeed have more than one wife, and seldom, if ever, avail themselves of their power to divorce. It is considered a breach of etiquette to mention, in conversation with a friend, the members of his "hareem," but I once ventured to ask a man why he had only one wife, as he was saying that nowadays Mohammedans had seldom more, and he replied that one was quite as many as a man could manage.

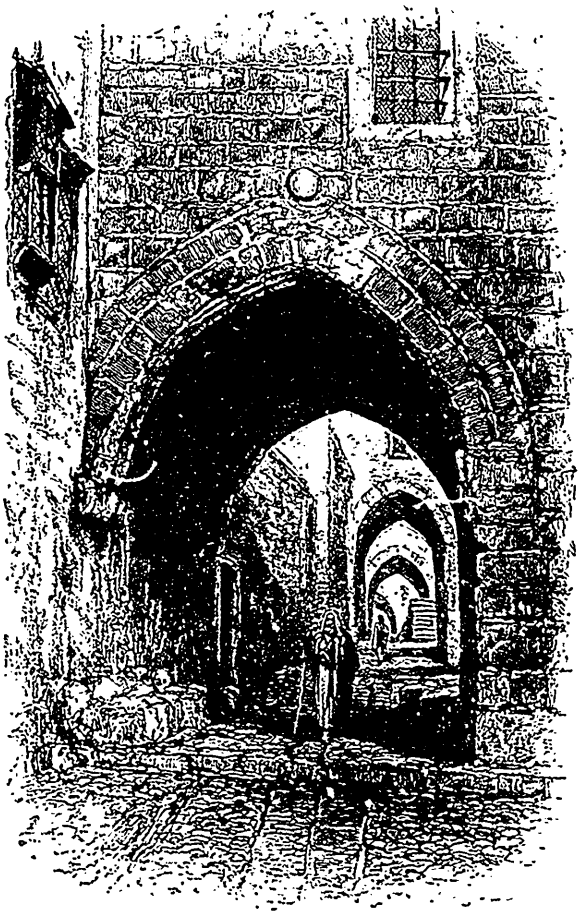
The husband, as a rule, endeavours to keep his wife in a good humour, and very often mutual esteem ripens into affection that is strengthened by the advent of children. Custom has provided for the well-being of the household quite as liberally as the social laws formed for the guidance of husbands and wives in England, and of the two the wife is more particular than her husband in adhering to the usages of the society in which she moves. She allows only her husband and nearest male relatives to see her face. A modest and virtuous woman, according to her way of thinking, belongs solely to her husband, and exists for his pleasure and benefit alone. This belief is carried still further. The native women of Jerusalem wear their best dresses indoors for their husband's edification, covering their garments with a big, white, sheet-like mantle, and their face with a thin gauze veil when they go out into the street. In this they exhibit a trait of character that is rapidly disappearing amongst the poorer



LOOKING OUT OF A LATTICE WINDOW.

class in England, where women are seen in public arrayed in their best clothes, and sometimes, alas, think that any costume will do for the home.

The husband appreciates his wife's devotion, and provides for her pleasure in return, not as an Englishman would do by taking her out for a walk. If by chance the occasion arose for a wife to accompany her lord and master, she must remember his condescension in allowing such a proceeding, however necessary it might be, and meekly walk behind him. Never on any account whatever would the wife be permitted to take her husband's arm or even walk by his side. The treat in store for his partner in the domestic circle, apart from dress and jewels, is a box of sweets, or a new pipe. He implicitly believes in the tradition which tells us that from Eve downwards the members of her sex are by nature inquisitive, and must see and know what is passing around them. Lattices are therefore attached to the windows of the house that overlook the street, through which women may gaze without being seen. (See Judges v. 28: "The mother of Sisera looked out at a window, and cried through the lattice.") Tiles built horizontally in the walls of the house above the roof enable the wives and daughters to peer into the thoroughfares and not be recognized. As the wife's desire is to please her husband by always appearing to advantage in his presence, he seeks his amusement in his own house. There is not a place of public entertainment designed for the purpose of enticing the male inhabitants of the Holy City to wander forth after dark, and this is a strong proof of the power of home. Levantines and certain Europeans have opened grog shops and billiard saloons, but their attraction is insufficient.



A STREET IN JERUSALEM.

At sunset all business is over,

shops close, and a few oil lamps light up some of the dark corners of the streets; even these, though casting little more than a glimmer round a circuit of a few yards, are more than is really necessary, as no one cares to venture out at night, and if compelled, a lantern is carried in accordance with the laws of the city. When the toil of the day is over, every man looks for rest in the bosom of his family. If he has children, he is a proud and happy man, that is, when they are boys; he might rejoice if they are girls, but only in their being better than none at all. Ask the number of his children, and if he has three sons and three daughters, he answers, three; girls don't count. They bring no honour to the house, whereas a boy confers on his parents a new name. The father, after the birth of his first-born son, assumes a position of importance, and the name by which he has hitherto been distinguished is heard amongst his friends no more: he is "Abou Mustapha" (if Mustapha is the name of the boy), "the father of Mustapha," and his wife is "Imm Mustapha," "the mother of Mustapha."

Both father and mother love their children very dearly, and treat them with great kindness. Indulgence for a time spoils them, and they seem disobedient and unruly, but when they are grown up the deference that is paid, and the respect shown to the parents, amply repay them for their care. Family affection is an admirable feature abundantly shown by the natives of Jerusalem. The word "family" does not merely include children and parents, it has a wider significance, and extends to several remote degrees of kinship. Not only may three, and sometimes four generations, be found living together in one house in perfect harmony, but a kindly feeling is shown to every other member of the family. If a wealthy man happened to be walking along the street and spied a poor relation, he would not as if by accident look another way, or gaze very intently into a shop, but greet him as a kinsman.

A neighbour is a next-door relation, and treated accordingly. It would be no strain on friendship to borrow from him food, clothing, and even furniture. Allusion is made by Christ to neighbours (see Luke xi. 5), and in one instance by a parable (Luke x. 30). The parable of the Good Samaritan showed to Jews, as it does now to all Eastern people, a kind of charity unknown to their limited though kindly ideas of a neighbour's duty. The sympathy and assistance rendered freely to one of the same creed is rarely extended to an alien, and here we may notice a sidelight in the native character that is neither pleasant nor agreeable, the spirit of intolerance that is so mani-

TATOOED MOSLEM WOMAN.

fest when a little friction stirs up the hatred that exists in the hearts of the people for what is not of or belonging to themselves. Hence our Lord's desire to inculcate the doctrine of a newer and nobler charity from man to man.

The frequent exchange of visits, the intercourse of neighbours, friends, and relations, and the accompanying gossip, provide for the various members of the family endless amusement and entertainment. Townswomen never go to market. The men, if there is no servant, attend to the victualling of the establishment themselves, and buy, where possible, wholesale. Fuel—roots of trees or charcoal, the latter for cooking purposes and for heating the room in winter as well, if the family is poor—for only the rich use stoves, which are removed from the room at the beginning of summer—olives, cheese, dried fruit and corn are purchased for the year. Rent is paid annually at the beginning of the tenancy, and all houses are taken from the same time, the first day of the Mohammedan year. Removals, like purchases, are extensive, and made at fixed periods. Corn is bought when grain first enters the city from the threshing-floor, from the merchant, whose reputation is almost entirely dependent on that of the professional measurer employed by him. When it is brought to the dwelling the measurer accompanies the vendor; this is a matter of little moment in England, but it is of the utmost importance in Palestine, where the measure is a variable

"GOOD MEASURE, PRESSED DOWN, RUNNING OVER."

"GRINDING AT THE MILL."

quantity and may be much or little according to the ability of the expert who handles the corn. In order to ascertain the contents of each sack, and satisfy the purchaser before the bargain is concluded, the measurer empties the grain into a heap on the floor, and seating himself beside it proceeds to fill his "tabbeh," shaking and turning it to press down the corn. When it is filled to the brim, he heaps up more and more until the grains run over the side, and then the good measure, pressed down, shaken together and running over, passes into the hands of the customer (see Luke vi. 38). Unless the buyer is present to receive his corn, he cannot be sure of the justice of the seller, and even when his eye is fixed on the measure, the man who so deftly wields it may deceive him. There is the same mistrust in all business transactions.

When once there is a supply of corn in the house, there is sure to be bread for the year. Every morning it is ground into flour. Two women grind at the mill, always two, one would be useless on account of the weight of the upper stone. Water only is needed to make the dough, unless leavened bread is required, then a piece of sour dough, kept for the purpose from the last baking, is added—the little leaven that leaveneth the whole. For the convenience of those who never use home-made bread, there are shops, and the cry of the baker's boy is heard in the street. The wife carefully attends to her household duties, and brings up her daughters to do the same, while the husband always considers it necessary to provide liberally for them, and hospitably treat his friends and neighbours.—*Sunday Magazine.*

CARLYLE AND GOETHE NOT SCEPTICS.

BY THE REV. THOMAS VOADEN.

Some of our public speakers are in the habit of referring to writers, like Carlyle and Goethe, as sceptics in regard to the Christian religion, and in this way such speakers give to the infidel world the entire advantage of the prestige of these great names. Carlyle and Goethe did not hold all the views of orthodox Christian people, but to describe them as sceptics is not only very unwise but very untrue, as the following quotations will show.

In the second lecture of his work entitled, "Heroes and Hero Worship," Carlyle speaks thus of the Book of Job:

"I call that, apart from all theories about it, one of the grandest things ever written with pen. One feels, indeed, as if it were not Hebrew; such a noble universality, different from noble patriotism or sectarianism, reigns in it. A noble book! All men's book! It is our first and oldest statement of the never-ending problem, man's destiny, and God's ways with him in this earth, and all in such free flowing outlines; grand in its sincerity, in its simplicity; in its epic melody, and repose of reconcilement. There is the seeing eye, the mildly understanding heart. So true everywhere; true eyesight and vision for all things, material things no less than spiritual. The horse, —'hast thou clothed his neck with thunder?—he laughs at the shaking of the spear.' Such living likenesses were never since drawn. Sublime sorrow, sublime reconciliation; oldest choral melody as of the heart of mankind,—so soft and great; as the summer midnight; as the world with its seas and stars."

In the same lecture he speaks thus of the Psalms:

"David's life and history, as written for us in those Psalms of his, I consider to be the truest emblem ever given of a soul's moral progress and warfare here below. All earnest souls will ever discern in it the faithful struggle of an earnest human soul towards what is good and best. Struggle often baffled, sore baffled, down as into entire wreck; yet a struggle never ended; ever with tears, repentance, true unconquerable purpose, begun anew."

In Sartor Resartus, Carlyle professes to be giving the experience and opinions of Herr Teufelsdrockh. People usually complain of this work that it is difficult reading. It would be easier if they would begin reading at Book II., and remember that Carlyle is here giving his own spiritual history, making Herr Teufelsdrockh speak for him.

In the first chapter of the third book of this work he describes the soul struggles of George Fox, the first Quaker—a shoemaker by trade—and the perplexity and mental distress through which he passed before he got into the light of a clear knowledge of divine realities, in other words, before he received the anointing of the Holy Spirit. In his account of this experience, he refers to the Bible as an "inspired volume." The following is an extract from this account:

"Sitting in his stall; working on tanned hides, amid pincers, paste-horns, rosin, swine-bristles, and a nameless flood of rubbish, this youth had nevertheless a Living Spirit belonging to him; also an antique Inspired Volume, through which, as through a window, it could look upward and discern its celestial Home. The task of a daily pair of shoes, coupled even with some prospect of victuals, and an honourable Mastership in Cordwainery, and perhaps the post of Thirdborough in his Hundred, as the crown of long faithful sewing—was nowise satisfaction enough to such a mind; but ever amid the boring and the hammering came tones from that far country, came Splendours and Terrors; for this poor Cordwainer was a Man, and the Temple of

Immensity, wherein as Man he had been sent to minister, was full of holy mystery to him."

He goes on to state that Fox, in his spiritual darkness and distress, consulted some of the clergy, who advised him to "go into lively company, to dance, to drink beer, to marry," etc., in order to relieve himself from his melancholy, but all to no avail:

"Mountains of encumbrance, higher than Ætna, had been heaped over that Spirit; but it was a Spirit and would not be buried there. Through long days and nights of silent agony it struggled and wrestled with a man's force to be free; how its prison-mountains heaved and swayed tumultuously, as the giant spirit shook them to this hand and that, and emerged into the light of heaven! That Leicester shoe-shop, had men known it, was a holier place than any Vatican or Loretto-shrine. So bandaged and hampered and hemmed in, groaned he, with thousand requisitions, obligations, straps, tatters, tag-rags, I can neither see nor move; not my own am I, but the World's; and Time flies fast, and Heaven is high, and Hell is deep: Man! bethink thee, if thou hast power of thought! Why not? what binds me here? Want, want! Ha, of what? Will all the shoe-wages under the Moon ferry me across into that far Land of Light? Only Meditation can, and devout Prayer to God. I will to the woods: the hollow of a tree will lodge me, wild berries feed me; and for Clothes, cannot I stitch myself one perennial Suit of Leather? . . . Stitch away, thou noble Fox: every prick of that little instrument is pricking into the heart of Slavery and World-worship and the Mammon-god. Thy elbows jerk, as in strong swimmer strokes, and every stroke is bearing thee across the Prison-ditch within which Vanity holds her Workhouse and Rag-fair, into lands of true Liberty; were the work done, there is in broad Europe one Free Man and thou art he!"

The man who could write in such appreciative terms of the great evangelist of the seventeenth century was not a sceptic. Sceptics, if they have any leaning toward Christian teaching at all, usually incline to teachers of the Unitarian type. They have no affinity for a man of the fervid evangelical and spiritual sort.

In the same work, referring to the fact that Jesus Christ used the simple, familiar phraseology of common men, in order to be understood by them, Carlyle says of him:

"He walked in Judæa eighteen hundred years ago; His sphere-melody, flowing in wild native tones, took captive the ravished souls of men; and being of a truth, sphere-melody, still flows and sounds, though now with thousand fold accompaniments and rich symphonies, through all our hearts: and modulates, and *divinely* leads them."

Goethe, who lived from 1749 to 1832, is generally spoken of by the critics as the greatest intellect of Germany. Eminent in the highest degree in poetry, philosophy, and criticism, he is ranked with Homer, Dante, Pascal, and Shakespeare, as one of the master minds of the race. And Talmage, in a sermon preached not long ago, described him as a sceptic. Let us see how this description accords with the facts.

In a work by Eckerman, on Conversations with Goethe, page 359, occurs the following:

"I have been reading in the New Testament and thinking of a picture Goethe showed me, of Christ walking on the water, and Peter coming towards him, at the moment when the apostle begins to sink in consequence of losing faith for a moment. 'This,' says Goethe, 'is a most beautiful history, and one which I love better than any. It expresses the noble doctrine, that man, through faith and animated courage, may come off victor in the most dangerous enterprises, while he may be ruined by a momentary paroxysm of doubt.'"

Thus it was the significant, not the marvellous, feature of our Lord's miracles that Goethe noted and pointed out—in the gospels themselves they are called "signs" more than twice as frequently as

they are called wonders. But he was none the less convinced that the framework of the supernatural, in which the New Testament events were wrought, was not fictitious, but real; and it is something to be able to throw the fact up to a German rationalist, that Goethe, the Shakespeare of his native land, regarded this story from the Gospel, not as a myth or legend, but as a beautiful and significant narrative of fact. Yet Talmage is either entirely ignorant of Goethe's testimony, or else he ignores it and throws the Christian advantage of it deliberately away.

Again, in his great work, entitled, "Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship," Goethe relates how a youth of the artistic temperament and of a high moral purpose, became disappointed and grief-stricken, and, at length, baffled at nearly every turn, and disgusted with what he saw of men. But one day, when his discouragement and self-distrust had become complete, he discovered abruptly that he had not been the football of chance circumstances or of remorseless fate as he had been tempted again and again to fear; but his course, at certain critical points, had been directed, without his knowledge, by agents who held their councils in a certain mysterious castle; and he had been the object of an ever watchful care. The work illustrates the doctrine of an All-Wise Providence over the individual man who really desires to know the truth and to do the right. In this work there is a lengthy chapter on "The Confessions of a Fair Saint," which is one of the truest and most beautiful accounts ever written of the development of Christian experience in an individual life. The following is a brief extract from that account:

"'Now, gracious Father, grant me faith!' So prayed I once in the deepest heaviness of heart. I was leaning on a little table, where I sat; my tear-stained countenance was hidden in my hands. I was now in the condition in which we seldom are, but in which we are required to be, if God is to regard our prayers.

"O, that I could but paint what I felt then! A sudden force drew my soul to the cross where Jesus once expired: it was a sudden force, a pull, I cannot name it otherwise, such as leads our soul to an absent loved one; an approximation, which perhaps is far more real and true than we imagine. So did my soul approach the Son of Man, who died upon the cross; and that instant did I know what faith was.

"'This is faith,' said I, and started up as if half-frightened. I now endeavoured to get certain of my feeling, of my view; and shortly I became convinced that my soul had acquired a power of soaring upwards that was altogether new to it.

"When the first rapture was over, I observed that my present condition of mind had formerly been known to me; only I had never felt it in such strength; I had never held it fast, never made it mine. I believe, indeed, every human soul at intervals feels something of it. Doubtless, it is this which teaches every mortal that there is a God."

The original of this sketch was Fraulein Von Klettenburg, a person who had influenced Goethe much in his early years, and a disciple of the school of Count Zinzendorf, the pious Moravian whom Wesley visited about the time of his conversion. The same kind of experience is referred to in Goethe's poem, "Faust." The following are the words:

"Once Heavenly Love sent down a burning kiss
Upon my brow, in Sabbath silence holy;
And, filled with mystic presage, chimed the church bell slowly,
And prayer dissolved me in a fervent bliss.

"A sweet uncomprehended yearning
Drove forth my feet through woods and meadows free,
And while a thousand tears were burning
I felt a world arise in me."

From other parts of "Wilhelm Meister," it is evident that Goethe's own views were quite in harmony with the experience of the "Fair Saint," whom he admires.

A good deal of "Faust" is, like portions of Shakespeare, not very elevating reading. The evil spirit leads Faust, the main character in the poem, through a course of sensuality, folly, and error, and then into a larger sphere of ambition and political power. This part of the poem, which is the largest part, is naturally gloomy. All the indulgences and ambitions of Faust leave him in a state of unsatisfied longing, and the Christian reader feels that nothing will ever bring final deliverance to him but some experience that will call the highest part of his being into exercise. That experience comes at length, and the poem closes with an outburst of joy over the revelation of—what was to him—a new gospel of faith and hope and love.

Woodstock, Ont.

THE CHRISTMAS BELLS.

BY GEO. LANSING TAYLOR, D.D.

Hark! the bells of Christmas ringing!
All abroad their echoes flinging!
Wider still and wider winging
On the waste of wint'ry air—
On their solemn, swift vibrations,
Rapture, rapture through the nations!
Rapture, till their glad pulsations
Million blissful bosoms share!

Every bell to every hammer
Answers with a joyous clamour—
Answers, till from out the glamour
Of the ages far and dim,
Till from Bethlehem's stable lowly,
Fair as moonrise, opening slowly,
Streams of radiance pure and holy
Down the brightening centuries swim.

Then the bells ring fine and tender;
And from out that far-off splendour,
Veiled in light no dreams could lend her,
Lo, the virgin mother mild,
Pale from guiltless pain unspoken,
Calm in faith's deep trust unbroken,
Bright with heaven's unconscious token,
Bends above her wondrous Child!

Still the bells ring, softly, sweetly,
Mingling all their chimes so meetly,
Trancing all my soul completely,
Till the rosy clouds divide;
And o'er Bethlehem's mountain hoary
Bursts a strange celestial glory,
Swells a sweet, seraphic story,
Trembling o'er the pasture wide!

Glory! Glory! God descending,
Weds with man in bliss unending!
Hark! th' ecstatic choirs attending
Smite their lyres with tempest sound!
Shout! Old Discord's reign is riven!
Peace on earth! good-will is given!
Shout the joy through highest heaven!
Make the crystal spheres resound!

Earth's sad wails of woe and wrangling,
Like wild bells in night-storms jangling,
Now their jarring tones untangling
In some deep, harmonious rhyme,—
Touched by Love's own hand supernal,
Hush their dissonance infernal,
Catch the rhythmic march eternal,
Throbbing through the pulse of time.

Lo, the Babe, where, glad, they found Him,
By the chrismal light that crowned Him!
See the shaggy shepherds round Him,
Round His manger, kneeling low!
See the star-lit Magi speeding,
Priest and scribe the record reading,
Craft and hate each omen bleeding,
Brooding swift the direful blow!

Vain the wrath of kings conspiring;
Vain the malice demons firing;
On the nations, long desiring,
Lo, at last, the Day-star shines!
Earth shall bless the hour that bore Him;
Unborn empires fall before Him,
Unknown climes and tribes adore Him,
In ten thousand tongues and shrines.

Hark! the Christmas bells, resounding,
Earth's old jargon all confounding!
Round the world their tumult, bounding,
Spreads Immanuel's matchless fame!
Million hands their offerings bringing,
Million hearts around Him clinging,
Million tongues hosanna singing
Swell the honours of His name!

Crown Him, monarchs, seers, and sages!
Crown Him, bards, in deathless pages!
Crown Him King of all the ages!
Let the mighty anthem rise!
Hark! the crash of tuneful noises!
Hark! the children's thrilling voices!
Hark! the world in song rejoices,
Till the chorus shakes the skies!

Living Christ, o'er sin victorious,
Dying Lamb, all-meritorious,
Rising God, for ever glorious,
Take our songs and hearts, we pray.
May we, Thee by faith descrying,
On Thy death for life relying,
Rise to rapture never-dying,
Rise with Thee in endless day.

LIFE AND CHARACTER IN THE EARLY CHRISTIAN CENTURIES.

BY THE EDITOR.

It is difficult to form an adequate conception of the state of society fifteen hundred years ago. Comparatively few books of the period are extant, and these are chiefly controversial, historic, or biographical works. In these, little reference is made to the daily life and habits of the people. There was nothing analogous to the current newspaper or novel which so vividly transmit to posterity every aspect of modern life. The most striking and until recently unstudied sources of information are the epitaphs of the dead.

These humble memorials of the despised and persecuted Christians, by their rudeness, their brevity, and often their marks of ignorance and haste, confirm the truth of the Scripture, that "Not many mighty, not many noble, are called." Yet these "short and simple annals of the poor" speak to the heart with a power and pathos compared with which the loftiest classic eloquence seems cold and empty. It is a fascinating task to spell out the sculptured legends of the Catacombs—the vast graveyard of the primitive Church, which seems to give up its dead at our questioning, to bear witness concerning the faith and hope of the golden age of Christianity. As we muse upon these half-effaced inscriptions,

> "Rudely written, but each letter
> Full of hope and yet of heart-break,
> Full of all the tender pathos
> Of the here and the hereafter,"

we are brought face to face with the Church of the early centuries, and are enabled to comprehend its spirit better than by means of any other evidence extant. These simple epitaphs speak no conventional language like the edicts of the emperors, the monuments of the mighty, or even the writings of the Fathers; they utter the cry of the human heart in the hours of its deepest emotion; they bridge the gulf of time, and make us feel ourselves akin with the suffering, sorrowing, yet triumphant Christians of the primitive ages.

"What insight into the familiar feelings and thoughts of the early ages of the Church," remarked the learned and eloquent Dean Stanley, "can be compared with that afforded by the Roman Catacombs! Hardly noticed by Gibbon and Mosheim, they give us a likeness of those early times beyond that derived from any of the written authorities on which Gibbon and Mosheim repose. He who is thoroughly steeped in the imagery of the Catacombs will be nearer to the thought of the early Church than he who has learned by heart the most elaborate treatise even of Tertullian or of Origen."

These early epitaphs give us many interesting indications of the social position, domestic relations, and general character of the primitive Christians, as well as of their religious belief. They lift the veil of ages from the buried past and cause it to live again, lit up with a thousand natural touches which we seek in vain from books. They bridge the gulf of time, and make us in a sense contemporaries of the early Church. They give us an insight into the daily life and occupations of the ancient believers, of which no mention is made in the crowded page of history.

Their humble epitaphs are echoes thrilling with a deep and tender

meaning, too low and gentle to be heard across the strife of intervening years. In their touching pathos we seem to hear the sob of natural sorrow for the loved and lost, "the fall of kisses on unanswering clay," the throbbings of the human heart in the hour of its deepest emotion, when the parting pang unseals the founts of feeling in the soul. We read of the yearnings of an affection that reaches beyond the grave, and hungers for reunion with the dear departed above the skies; the expression of an inextinguishable love that death itself cannot destroy. We see the emblematic palm and crown rudely scratched upon the grave wherein the Christian athlete, having fought the fight and kept the faith, has entered into dreamless rest. We read, too, the records of the worldly rank of the deceased—sometimes exalted, more often lowly and obscure—frequently accompanied by the emblems of their humble toil.

The very names written on these marble slabs are often beautifully and designedly expressive of Christian sentiment or character. Sometimes the correspondence of name and character is indicated, as in the following: "Simplicia, who was also rightly so called;" "Here lies Verus, who ever spoke verity." These names were frequently assumed in adult age, when the convert from paganism laid aside his former designation, often of an idolatrous meaning, in order to adopt one more consistent with the Christian profession. Thus we have such beautifully significant names as "Innocence," "Constancy," "Prudence," "Dignity," "Comeliness," "A Pilgrim," "Faith," "Hope," "Love," "Peace," "Good," "Pious," "Just," "Faithful," "True," "Worthy," "Pure," "Noble," "Amiable," "Sincere," and the like.

Sometimes, too, a pious word or phrase was used as a proper name, as among the ancient Hebrews and the English Puritans. Thus we have such examples as, "What God Wills," "God Gave," "Given by God," "God-given," "Thanks to God," "God-Beloved," "Born Again," "Redeemed," "Very Well Pleasing," "Well-Doer," "Accepted" or "Acceptable," and "Saved." De Rossi thinks that the expressions "Handmaid of God," and "Servant of God," were sometimes proper names.

Often the pet name by which the deceased was familiarly known in life is recorded as "Little Lamb," "Little Hare," "Little Rose," "Merry Little Thing," etc.

These inscriptions frequently give intimations of the social rank and occupations of the deceased. Sometimes the enumeration of titles indicates exalted position and the holding of important offices of trust, as "Junius Bassus, a most distinguished man, who lived forty-two years, two months. Whilst holding the office of Prefect of the city he, a Neophyte (i.e., recently baptized) went to God." "The Emperor (Constantine) came a stranger to the city, whose first friend was this lawyer." "Here rest in peace Prætextatus, an illustrious man, ex-quæster of the Sacred Palace, and his daughter Prætextata, a most distinguished woman." "Julius Felix Valentinianus, a man of the highest distinction and consideration, ex-Silentiary of the Sacred Palace, ex-Count of the Consistory, Count of the Household Troops." (A.D. 519.) "A Senator coming from a long line of ancestors, thou didst dignify thy family by nobility of mind, preserving the authority of the judge by the power of goodness. Thou wast also a soldier, with those subject to thee, and Rome rejoicing was preparing for thee the fasces of the city."

The great body of the Christians, however, were of lowly rank, many

of them probably slaves, as most of the arts of life were carried on by that oppressed class. It was the sneer of Celsus that "wool-workers, leather-dressers, cobblers, the most illiterate of mankind, were zealous preachers of the Gospel;" but Tertullian retorts that every Christian craftsman can teach truths loftier than Plato ever knew.

Very often some phrase expressive of the Christian character, or distinguished virtues of the deceased, is recorded in loving remembrance by his sorrowing friends. These testimonials are calculated to inspire a very high opinion of the purity, blamelessness, and nobility of life of the primitive believers; all the more striking from its contrast with the abominable corruptions of the pagan society by which they were surrounded. With many points of external resemblance to heathen inscriptions there is in these Christian epitaphs a world-wide difference of informing spirit. Instead of the pomp and pride of pagan panegyric, we have the celebration of the modest virtues, of lowliness, gentleness, and ruth. The Christian ideal of excellence, as indicated by the nature of the praises bestowed on the departed, is shown to be utterly foreign to that of heathen sentiment. The following are characteristic examples:

"Of youthful age, of spotless maidenhood, of grave manners, well disciplined in faith and reverence." "Faithful servant of God;" "A holy worshipper of God;" "An amiable and holy person;" "Sweet and innocent soul;" "Friend of all men;" "Friend of all and enemy of none;" "Ever without fault;" "A lover of the poor;" "A good man;" "Zealous;" "To a holy soul;" "A most innocent person;" and the like.

Although some of the pagan epitaphs betray a light and sportive Epicurean vein even in the solemn presence of death, yet others indicate an appreciation of the domestic and civil virtues, as in the following example: "Of wonderful goodness and inimitable piety, of entire modesty; a woman of rare example, of a chaste, virtuous, and pious life in all things." Often they are expressed with admirable brevity, as: "Of so great virtue there is no equal praise;" "She was equally in manners and education an example to other women;" and this noble testimony to a magistrate: "What it was to speak evil he did not even know."

But it is especially in the domestic relations that the tender and pure affections of the Christians are most beautifully exhibited. His heart must be callous, indeed, who can read without emotion these humble records of love and sorrow, which have survived so many of the proudest monuments of antiquity. These rude inscriptions speak to our hearts with a power and pathos all their own. Their mute eloquence sweeps down the centuries, and touches chords in every soul that thrill with keenest sympathy. The far-severed ages are linked together by the tale of death and sorrow—old as humanity yet ever new.

The beauty and tenderness of Christian family life is vividly exhibited, the hallowing influence of religion making earthly love the type of love eternal in the skies. The tie that knits fond hearts together becomes the stronger as death smites at it in vain. The language of affection becomes more fervent as the barrier of the grave is interposed.

The warmest expressions of endearment are lavished on the tombs of little children. Thus we have such tender epithets as, "Sweeter than honey;" "Sweeter than light and life;" "God's little lamb;" "Little dove without gall;" "Little innocent;" "My delight;" "Most sweet, most dear;" "Peace to thee, O Fortuna, our very sweet child;" "A sweet spirit, guileless, wise and

beautiful" (a child aged three years); "A boy of wonderful innocence and intelligence" (aged four years).

The conjugal affections especially have their beautiful and tender commemoration. The mutual love of husband and wife finds in these inscriptions affecting record, which attests the happiness of the marriage relation among the primitive Christians. Frequently the bereaved husband recounts with grateful recollection the fact that his wedded life of forty, and even fifty years, was one of perfect harmony, unmarred by a single jar or discord—*sine ulla querella* (without any quarrel.) The praise of these Christian matrons recalls the inspired portraiture of the virtuous woman of Scripture. The intensity of conjugal grief is shown by the expressions, "The sore-broken husband;" "He bewails with tears and bitter lamentations." Often occurs the phrase, "Incomparable wife." Sometimes we find the tender expression, with such depth of meaning in its simple words, "Who loved me;" also the phrase, "Dear to his friends;" or, inadequately rendered, "To her most dearest husband." "She lived with me for twenty-two years, nine months, five days, during which time it ever went well with me in her society."

In the following a disconsolate husband mourns the wife of his youth, with the pleasing illusion that such love as theirs the world had never known before: "To Domnina, my most guileless and sweet wife, who lived sixteen years and four months, and was married two years, four months, and nine days; with whom I was not able to live, on account of my travelling, more than six months; during this period as I felt and showed my affection no others ever loved."

Similar expressions of affection are applied by bereaved wives to their deceased husbands. In the following a widowed heart dwells with fond complacency on the thought that no rankling recollection of estranged regard embitters her remembrance of the lost: "Agrippina made this to her very sweet husband, with whom she lived, without jarring, three years and ten months." Sometimes the duration of life is given rather vaguely, as so many years, "plus minus—more or less;" but sometimes the duration of married life is given with loving minuteness, as "fourteen years, four months, ten days, two scruples." A scruple was five minutes. They were very scrupulous about it.

Similar language of mingled love and grief occurs in pagan inscriptions, but without the chastening influence of Christian resignation. The domestic life of the Romans especially in the days of their republican simplicity, seems to have been remarkably free from discord or strife. Thus we find frequent record of over half a century passed in marriage, "without contention, without emulation, without dissention, without strife." With ceaseless iteration the virtues of the deceased are lovingly recorded, as in the examples which follow: "My most faithful wife;" "Best and most revered lady;" "To a most pious and sweet wife of rarest excellence;" "Best and most beautiful, a spinner of wool, pious, modest, chaste, home-abiding;" "To a most obedient (or obsequious) wife;" "Titus Flavius Capito, to his most chaste and pious wife, deserving well of him, from whom he received no cause of grief, except that of her most bitter death;" "Tempius Hermeros, to his most dear spouse, on account of his love for whom he swore that he would have no other wife." Once we meet the strange remark by a husband of his wife: "On the day of whose death I gave the greatest

thanks to gods and men." It was probably on account of her release from suffering.

Such examples of conjugal affection recall to mind the immortal love of Alcestis in the Greek myth, dying for her bosom's lord; and of Arria, in Roman story, refusing to survive her husband, and having plunged the dagger in her own breast, with dying smile exclaiming, "It hurts not, my Pætus."

We should do scant justice, however, to the blameless character, simple dignity, and moral purity of the primitive Christians, as indicated in these posthumous remains, if we forgot the thoroughly effete and corrupt society by which they were surrounded. It would seem almost impossible for the Christian graces to grow in such a fetid atmosphere. Like the snow-white lily springing in virgin purity from the muddy oöze, they are more lovely by contrast wth the surrounding pollutions. Like flowers that deck a sepulchre, breathing their fragrance amid scenes of corruption and death, are these holy characters, fragrant with the breath of heaven amid the social rottenness and moral death of their foul environment.

Christianity was to be the new Hercules to cleanse this worse than Augean pollution. The pure mor als and holy lives of the believers were a perpetual testimony against abounding iniquity, and a living proof of the regenerating power and transforming grace of God. For they themselves, as one of their apologists asserts, "Had been reclaimed from ten thousand vices." And St. Paul, describing some of the vilest characters, exclaims: "Such were some of you, but ye are washed, ye are sanctified." They recoiled with the utmost abhorrence from the pollutions of the age, and became indeed "the salt of the earth," the sole moral antiseptic to prevent the total disintegration of society.

Amid pagan usages and unspeakable moral degradation the Christians lived, a holy nation, a peculiar people. "We alone are without crime," says Tertullian; "No Christian suffers but from his religion." "Your prisons are full," says Minutius Felix, "but they contain not one Christian."

These holy lives were an argument which even the heathen could not gainsay. A feeling of common brotherhood knit the hearts of the believers together. To love a slave, to love an enemy! was accounted the impossible among the heathen; yet this incredible virtue they beheld every day among the Christians. "This surprised them beyond measure," says Tertullian, "that one man should die for another." Hence, in the Christian inscription no word of bitterness even toward their persecutors is to be found. Sweet peace, the peace of God that passeth all understanding, breathes on every side.

One of the most striking results of the new spirit of philanthropy, which Christianity introduced, is seen in the copious charity in the primitive Church. Amid the ruins of ancient palaces and temples, theatres and baths, there are none of any house of mercy. Charity among the pagans was at best a fitful and capricious fancy. Among the Christians it was a vast and vigorous organization, and was cultivated with noble enthusiasm. And the great and wicked city of Rome with its fierce oppressions and inhuman wrongs, afforded amplest opportunity for the Christ-like ministrations of love and pity. There were Christian slaves to succour, exposed to unutterable indignities and cruel punishment, even unto crucifixion for conscience' sake. There were often martyrs' pangs to assuage, the aching

wounds inflicted by the rack or by the nameless tortures of the heathen to bind up, and their bruised and broken hearts to cheer with heavenly consolation. There were outcast babes to pluck from death. There were a thousand forms of suffering and sorrow to relieve, and the ever-present thought of Him who came, not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give his life a ransom for many, was an inspiration to heroic sacrifice and self-denial.

And doubtless the religion of love won its way to many a stony pagan heart by the winsome spell of the saintly charities and heavenly benedictions of the persecuted Christians. This sublime principle has since covered the earth with its institutions of mercy, and with a passionate zeal has sought out the woes of man in every land, in order to their relief. In the primitive Church voluntary collections were regularly made for the poor, the aged, the sick, the brethren in bonds, and for the burial of the dead.

"Our charity dispenses more in the streets," says Tertullian to the heathen, "than your religion in all the temples." "How monstrous is it," exclaims the Alexandrian Clement, "to live in luxury while so many are in want." The Church at Antioch, he tells us, maintained three thousand widows and virgins, besides the sick and poor. The Church in Carthage sent a sum equal to four thousand dollars to ransom Christian captives in Numidia. St. Ambrose sold the sacred vessels of the Church of Milan to rescue prisoners from the Goths, esteeming it their truest consecration to the service of God. "Better clothe the living temples of Christ," says Jerome, "than adorn the temples of stone." The Christian traveller was hospitably entertained by the faithful; and before the close of the fourth century asylums were provided for the sick, aged and infirm. In the plague of Alexandria six hundred Christian *Parabolani* perilled their lives to succour the dying and bury their dead. The Emperor Julian urged the pagan priests to imitate the virtues of the lowly Christians.

Out of eleven thousand Christian inscriptions of the first six centuries scarce half a dozen make any reference to a condition of servitude. Yet of pagan epitaphs at least three-fourths are those of slaves or freedmen. The Gospel of liberty smote the gyves at once from the bodies and the souls of men. In Christ Jesus there was neither Jew nor Greek, bond nor free. The wretched slave in the intervals of toil or torture, caught with joy the emancipating message, and sprang up enfranchised by an immortalizing hope. Then "trampled manhood heard and claimed his crown." The victim of human oppression exulted in a new-found liberty in Christ which no wealth could purchase, no chains of slavery fetter, nor even death itself destroy.

In the Christian Church the distinctions of worldly rank were abolished. The highest spiritual dignities were open to the lowest slave. In the ecclesiastical hierarchy were no rights of birth, and no privileges of blood. In the inscriptions of the Catacombs no badges of servitude, no titles of honour appear. The wealthy noble, the lord of many acres, recognized in his lowly servant a fellow-heir of glory. They bowed together at the same table of the Lord, saluted each other with the mutual kiss of charity, and side by side in their narrow graves at length returned to indistinguishable dust. The story of Onesimus may have often been repeated, and the Patrician master have received his returning slave, "not now as a servant, but above a servant—a brother beloved." Nay, he may have bowed to him as his ecclesias-

tical superior, and received from his plebeian hands the emblems of their common Lord. The lowly arenarii and fossors (diggers), the rude Campagnian husbandmen and shepherds, and they of "Cæsar's household," met in common brotherhood, knit together by stronger ties than those of kinship or of worldly rank, as heirs of glory and of everlasting life.

The condition of the slave population of Rome was one of inconceivable wretchedness. Colossal piles built by their blood and sweat attest the bitterness of their bondage. The lash of the taskmaster was heard in the fields, and crosses bearing aloft their quivering victims polluted the public highways. Vidius Pollio fed his lampreys with the bodies of his slaves. A single freedman possessed over four thousand of these human chattels. They had no rights of marriage and no claim to their children. The institution of slavery cast a stigma of disgrace on labour, and prevented the formation of that intelligent middle class which is the true safeguard of liberty. Christianity, on the contrary, dignified, ennobled, and in a sense hallowed labour by the example of its Divine Founder. It consecrated the lowly virtues of humility, gentleness, patience, and long-suffering, which paganism contemned. It did not, indeed, at once subvert the political institution of slavery, but it mitigated its evils, and gradually led to its abolition.

In nothing, however, is the superiority of Christianity over paganism so apparent as in the vast difference in the position and treatment of women in the respective systems. It is difficult to conceive the depths of degradation into which woman had fallen when Christianity came to rescue her from infamy, to clothe her with the domestic virtues, to enshrine her amid the sanctities of home, and to employ her in the gentle ministrations of charity.

It was the age of reckless divorce. In the early days of the commonwealth there had been no divorce in Rome in five hundred and forty years. In the reign of Nero, says Seneca, the women measured their years by their husbands, and not by the consuls. Juvenal speaks of a woman with eight husbands in five years. We must regard as an exaggeration the account given by Jerome of a woman married to her twenty-third husband, being his twenty-first wife.

The rites and benedictions of the Church were early invoked to give sanction to Christian marriage, and doubtless in the dim recesses of the catacombs, and surrounded by the holy dead, youthful hearts must have plighted their troth, and been the more firmly knit together by the common perils and persecutions they must share.

The strong instinct of the female mind to personal adornment was suppressed by religious convictions and ecclesiastical discipline; and Christian women cultivated rather the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit than the meretricious attractions of the heathen. But at length this primitive simplicity gave place to many-coloured and embroidered robes. The hair, often false, was tortured into unnatural forms, and raised in a towering mass on the head, not unlike certain modern fashionable modes, and was frequently artificially dyed. The person was bedizened with jewelry —pendants in the ears, pearls on the neck, bracelets and a profusion of rings on the arms and fingers. St. Jerome inveighs with peculiar vehemence against the attempt to beautify the complexion with pigments. "What business have rouge and paint on a Christian cheek?" he asks. "Who can weep for her sins when her tears wash bare furrows

on her skin? With what trust can faces be lifted to heaven which the Maker cannot recognize as His workmanship?"

Cyprian suggests that the Almighty might not recognize such at the resurrection. They should not dye their hair or clothes, as violating the saying that, "Thou canst not make one hair black or white;' and God had not made sheep scarlet or purple. "Nevertheless," says Clement, "they cannot with their bought and painted beauty avoid wrinkles or evade death." Tertullian denounces their flame-coloured heads, "built up with pads and rolls, the slough perhaps of some guilty wretch now in hell." Clement of Alexandria denounces with indignation the extravagance and vice of the so-called Christian community of that city. The wealth that should have been devoted to the poor was expended in gilded litters and chariots, splendid banquets and baths, in costly jewelry and dresses. "Wealthy ladies, instead of maintaining widows and orphans, wasted their sympathies on monkeys, peacocks, and Maltese dogs."

We have already exceeded our designed limit of space, and other aspects of the early Church are necessarily omitted. We gain from the epitaphs of the early Christians a very striking and positive testimony as to their joyous Christian creed, their earnest faith, their lofty hope, their wide charity, their strong expression of the great cardinal doctrines of the immediate happiness of the dead in Christ, of the resurrection of the body and the life everlasting, of the atonement of the world's Redeemer, and the fellowship and comfort of the Divine Spirit.

We gain, too, a comprehensive view of the ministry, rites and institutions of the primitive Church. It has been said that if all other evidences were destroyed, the polity and worship of that Church might be entirely reconstructed from that evidence. The Roman Catholic doctrines of the celibacy of the clergy, prayers for the dead and invocation of the saints, especially of the Virgin Mary, are strongly contradicted by this early testimony. The rite and mode of baptism, the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, the peculiar institution of the agape, or love-feast, are all illustrated.

The early Christian art and symbolism show the remarkable familiarity with the Scriptures of the early Christians. Indeed, the vaulted crypts of the Catacombs are a great illuminated Bible, in which the whole history of the Old and New Testaments is repeated with great fulness of detail, and profound religious truths are expressed with a beautiful symbolism.

The many articles found in the catacombs as lamps, vases, rings, toilet articles, children's toys, domestic utensils and even instruments of the torture of the martyrs all throw much light on the primitive Christian Church.*

* "The Catacombs of Rome and Their Testimony Relative to Primitive Christianity." By the Rev. W. H. Withrow, D.D. New York: Hunt & Eaton. London: Hodder & Stoughton. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Cr. 8vo, 560 pp., 134 engravings. Price, $2.00. This book has reached its sixth English edition.

"Thank God for failure, shattered hopes, lost aims,
And ungained garlands, for He knoweth best.
'They also serve who only stand and wait';
Perchance they also win who seem to fail;
God's eye sees clearer than our earth-dimmed sight."

HOURS WITH OUR HYMNS.

REV. O. R. LAMBLY, M.A., D.D.

The profit and delight that are obtained and enjoyed by spending many "hours with our hymns" must be my apology for a third article on this most interesting and exhaustless theme. We surely cannot claim that our hymnal is a work of perfection, and I sincerely hope that early in the coming century our Methodism will have a new and improved edition of "our hymns," in which the space now occupied by unused hymns shall be filled with many of those timely and soulful songs for which we search our present hymn book in vain. But there are many precious hymns in our collection, that are so expressive of the soul's needs and desires, that so forth-tell the Saviour's tender pity and helpful grace, that they shall be sung by sinning and sorrowing mortals all along the world's ages. Among these songs of hope and faith, those from the pen of the Rev. Dr. H. Bonar are worthy of special mention.

The late Horatius Bonar was born in Edinburgh, Dec. 19th, 1808, and received his education in the High School and University of his native city. He afterwards studied theology under the instruction of the celebrated Dr. Chalmers. At the time of the disruption he followed his old teacher, and Dr. Guthrie, in the organization of the Free Church. His first charge was at Kelso, near the Tweed. In 1866 he removed to Edinburgh, where he remained until called to the Church above. Our initial cut will give a fair idea of Dr. Bonar's appearance, the special feature of which is the large, soft, dark eye, which was possessed of wonderful magnetic power. The face is not one of great strength. There are no bold rugged lines on brow or cheek, but there is in it a revelation of piety, purity and peace. As we look thereon, we think, "How like his hymns he is"—not great, but tender, sweet and lovable. It is said that his power over his audiences was complete, and no wonder, for he preached to the hearts of his people, and in every sermon his invitations were warm, loving and urgent.

Dr. Bonar was one of the most successful of modern hymn-writers. Since the days of Watts, Wesley, Newton, and Cowper, no other author has given to the Church so many soul-touching lyrics of worship, love, and praise. Our hymnal contains seven hymns from the heart and pen of this sweet singer of Israel. To have left any one of these out of our collection would have made it so much the poorer. But I have no doubt that the two of these most frequently used and most highly prized are those beginning with:

> "I heard the voice of Jesus say
> Come unto Me and rest."

and:

> "I need Thee, precious Jesus!
> For I am full of sin."

In both of these tender and touching lyrics the thought of individual need and personal supply is most effectively presented. The weary, thirsty, needy soul is not lost nor forgotten amid the world's great masses of suffering, sorrowing ones. To each individual the voice of Jesus says: "Come unto Me, I freely give." "I am this dark world's light." With loving invitation that voice divine says, "Lay down, thou weary one, lay down thy head upon my breast." While to the thirsty one He cries, "Stoop down and drink and live." And when the thick shadows of earthly ills fall upon us, and life's pathway is dark and drear, that cheering voice still cries: "Look unto me, thy morn shall rise, and all thy days be bright." What multitudes of mortals, wearied with the burdens of life, thirsting for larger soul-satisfaction, groping in sunless paths, have heard and heeded this gracious voice, and have found in "him a resting-place;" from him peace flowing like a river, and life's pathway flooded with a glorious, guiding light.

In the second hymn which I have cited, we have a graphic portraiture of the soul's utmost needs, and of its utmost longings, and also a faith-filled confession that in our "precious Jesus" these needs and longings will find full and complete satisfaction. Behold this picture! The soul, enshrouded in thick, moral darkness, defiled with sin's polluting touch, robbed of the wealth of divine favour, wandering in the mazes of rough and hurtful ways, burdened with life's multiplied ills and countless cares, comes to Jesus and breathes out its needs and longings in Bonar's matchless plaint:

"I need Thee, blessed Jesus!
I need a friend like Thee;
A friend to soothe and sympathize,
A friend to care for me:
I need the heart of Jesus
To feel each anxious care,
To tell my every trouble,
And all my sorrows share.

To such pleading ones the voice of Jesus says: "Take my yoke upon you and learn of me—and ye shall find rest unto your souls,—for my yoke is easy and my burden is light."

Such hymns as these never grow old. With perennial sweetness and universal adaptation, they will lift the hearts of successive generations to the throne of omnipotent power and of unchangeable love.

At such a time as this (October, 1900), when political contests are being waged on both sides of the sea; when the British Empire is fighting in South Africa for civil and religious liberty, and equal rights for all; when the nations of men are struggling in the far East, for national aggrandizement; when the Methodism of the world is making special effort to overthrow the powers of sin, and win subjects to the Kingdom of God; may we not well turn our thoughts to the soldier-songs of our hymnal? So doing, we shall find that Dr. George Duffield's

"Stand up! stand up for Jesus!"

occupies the front rank of them all. It easily goes for the saying, that this is the most stirring and martial of all the sacred songs sung by the Christian Church of this Western World. And its inspiration was occasioned by a circumstance of a most touching and tragic character. The clarion-call which forms the first line of each verse (and there were six verses in the original hymn) was the dying message of the Rev. Dudley A. Tyng to the Y. M. C A. and the ministers with whom he had been associated in the noon-day prayer-meeting, at the time of the great revival of 1858, in Philadelphia. Mr. Tyng had been leading the hosts of God's people during this marvellous work of grace. On the Sabbath before

his death he preached in an immense hall, to a vast audience of men; and judging from its effect upon the assembled throng, it must have been one of the most successful sermons ever preached in America. For of the five thousand who heard him that day, one thousand decided thenceforth to live the Christian life. On the following Wednesday he went into the barn, where a horse-power machine was being worked by a mule. Stretching forth his hand to pat the animal's neck, the sleeve of his gown was caught in the machinery, and his arm was torn from its socket. He survived the accident but a few hours.

As he was entering "the valley of the shadow of death," his father, also a distinguished minister of the Anglican Church, asked his dying son if he had any message for his brethren in the ministry? His answer was: "Father, stand up for Jesus. Tell them all to stand up for Jesus." On the following Sabbath, Dr. George Duffield preached from Eph. vi. 14: "Stand, therefore, having your loins girt about with truth, and having on the breastplate of righteousness." As a closing exhortation to his sermon, he repeated this hymn, which he had just written for this special purpose, and which alone will make his name immortal.

This soul-stirring hymn has been translated into many languages, and has been sung the wide world over, wherever the hearts of men have been enlisted under the banner of our conquering King. It was a great favorite among Christian soldiers during the War of the Secession. And no doubt this was the hymn that was most frequently sung in the religious services held by the Y. M. C. A. leaders, and the chaplains of the various regiments in South Africa, inciting the Christian "Soldiers of the Queen" to be loyal to their Commander-in-Chief, and "Stand up for Jesus" everywhere.

And now, in this most intensely interesting period in the history of our Church, and of the world, when the most marvellous century of all the ages is passing from us; when the Methodism of this broad Dominion is placing its money and itself upon the altar of consecration to God; what more inspiring and conquering message than this: "Stand up, stand up for Jesus."

The whole membership of Canadian Methodism loyal to Jesus! What an invincible army to wage victorious warfare against the accursed liquor traffic, Sabbath desecration, licentiousness, and every other form of evil. Such a mighty host under such Almighty Leadership, shall surely win vast multitudes to "Christ and the Church."

If we desire to witness such a glorious revival as crowned the labours of the immortal Tyng, and his fellow-workers, forty-two years ago, let all the Methodist people "Stand up for Jesus."

Belleville, October, 1900.

GOD'S WAY.

With camels and offerings came from afar
The three wise men, who had followed the star.

The unlearned shepherds knew not what it meant,
So the Father who loved them, His angels sent.

But to Herod the slayer, and to the proud Pharisee
No sign was given, that the Child they should see.

So the proud and the learned to-day still are blind,
While the wise and the humble the true Saviour find.

—*Bruno.*

WORMS AND THEIR WORK.

It is a happy thought that the earth which fills our lap with beautiful things and things for life is a servant sent of God to dispose of His bounty, that all its gifts are fresh with the glow and warmth of His presence. All things gain singular beauty and joy when the truth of the Good Giver of them all enters into them and us. What charm is it to know that our flowers are as it were roses growing over the walls of Heaven; the lark's trilling rapid song, dizzy with exquisite delight, is but drifted music through the gates of the palace above; the smiles which, rippling up out of the hearts of friends break in the light which never shone on brightest sea or transfigured land, are the caught and mirrored rays of the Uncreated Loveliness? By such truths nature gains here colour and is glorified. We do not doubt that she has beauty apart from all such thoughts. Roses and songs and smiles are ever lovely. But there is one glory of the terrestrial and another glory of the celestial; there is the glory of the earth without the feeling of a beautiful, bountiful God, and without the strong transcendent hope the sight of Him and His fair ways inspire; and there is the glory of the earth with Him and His hope colouring and illuminating it all.

Let us summarize the principal facts given by Mr. Darwin, in his book on "Vegetable Mould and Earth Worms." He tells us that earth worms are found throughout the world. There are but few varieties of them, and these closely resemble one another. The vast majority of them bring up earth to the surface in the form of little spiral castings. These are found in many different stations—on chalk downs, in boggy peat, in country meadows, London parks, and court-yards of houses; but wherever they are found there are invariably a layer of fine earth and moisture, both of which seem necessary to a worm's existence.

Worms are too wise to go where they cannot live. Even where the surface of the ground would meet the conditions of their life in summer, they do not settle unless it would also meet them in the depth of winter. Where suitable soil covers rock into which, of course, they could not burrow to escape the dangers of frost, they are never found.

They carry on their work at night, and seldom entirely leave their holes. They reach out for objects which surround their burrows by stretching the body to its full length, keeping the tail still inserted in the burrow. They live chiefly in the fine mould which they have made and brought to the surface, which varies in thickness from an inch or two at its least to about half a yard at its most. Their burrow runs down into the earth to a much greater depth than this. But their home, their dwelling and resting-place, is the upper story, where they prefer to lie just inside, with their head near the level of the ground. This they do probably for warmth, for which reason, too, they line these quarters with leaves. They do not appear to object to cold, damp earth while at work, but they avoid contact with it when at rest. Except when sick and at pairing time they always pass the day in their burrows. Occasionally by night they leave their burrows "on voyages of discovery," and in these cases they never attempt to return to the home they have left.

The body of a large worm con-

sists of from one hundred to two hundred almost cylindrical rings, which act as a sort of "flexible telescope," and each ring is furnished with minute bristles. By the use of these rings worms can go backward and forward. They have a mouth which serves to swallow food and to lift objects by suction. Behind the mouth is a pharynx; behind that is an æsophagus (or gullet), and in this, dividing it into two parts, are calciferous glands, which Mr. Darwin says are "highly remarkable, for nothing like them is known in any other animal." These organs are followed by a crop which leads into a gizzard, and this, again, is followed by an inner and an outer set of intestines.

Worms have neither jaws nor teeth of any kind. They swallow small stones, by which their food is triturated, as the miller by his larger stones triturates his corn. Some kinds of worms live in mud and water, and though they feed on vegetable matter as earth worms do, they have no duties to discharge toward the soil. These have no gizzards, and do not swallow small stones. The virgin particles of soil swallowed by the earth worm are ground down between the stones, moved about by the tough lining membrane of the gizzard, and mixed with the fertilizing secretions of the worm, they are passed out again.

Worms breathe through their skin. They are blind, and have no kind of eyes. But their mouth-end is sensitive to light. When artificial light is suddenly thrown upon them as they lie in the darkness near the tops of their burrows, they generally retreat down into them. They do not all act alike—some, seeming more timid and nervous than others, "scamper off" at once; some remain a moment, then quietly withdraw; while others raise their heads (if we may be allowed to call the place where some kind of cerebral ganglia exists, a head) from the ground, peer about as if, like startled blind people, they were trying to understand the situation. Though without eyes, they distinguish day and night. There are clear signs, too, that they possess some sort of mind. When busy, their attention is not easily attracted. They are preoccupied, a fact which Mr. Darwin says relates them to "the higher animals." They have no sense of hearing, but they are extremely sensitive to vibration, and are still more sensitive to contact. They shrink from being handled as much as a sensitive person shrinks from handling them. They have a limited sense of smell, which is also very feeble, by which they discover their savoury dishes. They are decidedly possessed of a sense of taste. And when feeding, they prefer the textures which are the most palatable and tender. They are eager for certain kinds of food, and appear to enjoy the pleasure of eating. This point please bear well in mind for use a little further on. They have their social pleasures and family life.

In the winter, when their season is over, they plug up their burrows, plunge deep enough down into the earth to be beyond the reach of frost, have little meetings, roll themselves together into balls, and await the time of spring. More than a passing word must be given on the intelligence of worms. When engaged they neglect impressions to which, when not engaged, they attend, and absorption, says Mr. Darwin, clearly indicates the presence of mind. But worms also exercise judgment. It is their habit to seize leaves and other objects, not to serve as food only, but for plugging up the mouths of their burrows. This action they perform instinctively, that is, all the individuals, including the younger, perform it in the same manner. They seize the leaf with their mouth, drag it a

little way into the burrow, which is cylindrical, by which process it is crumpled and rolled up a little. The first leaf is the centre one, and the next is drawn into its place outside of it, and so on till sufficient leaves have been arranged, when the whole are drawn deeper down into the burrow, and become closely forced and packed together. The submerged end is then covered with moist earth and the burrow is securely plugged against cold and rain. Failing to obtain leaves or sticks for this purpose, they often make a covering of a little pile of stones. The intelligence of the worm is, however, not shown in the ordinary practice of this habit, but in its practice under strange and difficult conditions.

A curious fact incidental to the work of worms is their preservation of ancient relics and buildings. By bringing up soil to the surface of the ground they have slowly covered, and excavating soil from underneath they have slowly sunk down into secret places much which, being discovered, is precious to antiquarians and historians.

The active life of the worm is divided into two distinct parts, its activities when feeding and its activities when working. For though the worm, like most of ourselves, works to live, it also lives to work, and this fact opens up to Christian believers in God all the pleasures of new delight. Side by side with the glorified instincts of prophets of Israel, heathen sages, and Christian poets, the very mould joins to praise the foreknowledge of an Almighty Benevolence.

Here, then, is a summary of Mr. Darwin's facts—for my conclusions from them Mr. Darwin is in no way responsible.

1. The worm, as I have said, works to live. It seeks nourishment; has a hearty relish for certain foods; shows evident signs of pleasure in palatable things.

2. The worm also lives to work. Nourishment is not the end of its existence, but labour. It feeds to get strength, it gets strength to transform useless into useful soil, but instinct compels it at certain times to leave the surface and all that it enjoys there, and plunge, like a collier after his morning meal, down into the bowels of the earth, to dig out and to bring up to the surface what is needed there. It plunges down, therefore, into the raw soil below, bores its way, filling itself with it, sifting the finer from the coarser particles, mingling it with vegetable debris, finely grinding it between stones taken into the gizzard for the purpose, and saturating it with intestinal secretions. Then crawling upward, it casts out upon the surface a little pile of earth transformed into fine vegetable mould. The plant-nourishing matter the worm has left above is, from a cultivator's standpoint, a totally different substance from the raw, chiefly mineral, material out of which it has been made. Thus the worm is a miner to excavate, a miller to grind, a chemist to change the substance.

Mr. Darwin finds that on an average English worm plays these parts to about twenty ounces of matter in the course of one year. He further estimates that each suitable acre of land in England contains from twenty to thirty thousand worms, and that there are thirty-two millions of such acres. Now, at the rate of each worm twenty ounces, each acre annually receives on its surface from below ten tons yearly, which gives three hundred and twenty million tons of worm-soil made in England alone. With these figures before our minds, let us conceive, if we can, the results of worm-labour throughout the world. What would they be for one year?

Now to my point. Here are animals endowed with instincts which

compel them to transform the useless into useful, to grind and mix with secretions peculiarly their own, for the secretion of which they are endowed with glands expressly peculiar to themselves. And this not for their own use. Some authorities have doubted whether the worm derives any nourishment whatever from the raw materials which it thus transforms; but Mr. Darwin is of opinion that it does derive some, but it seems that this is only in the way of accident, as a cook may pick a currant while making her mistress a cake, or as the ox may snap a stray ear of corn while treading the mill-round of the threshing-floor. But when it swallows mere mineral earth, it is not for purposes of nourishment or of the palate. At the surface, nourishing vegetable fare is near at hand; fare which is rich and palatable, for which, be it remembered, it has a relish and evident enjoyment, yet this it deliberately leaves behind, and works for something outside of itself—for the soil, for the fruits of the earth, and for man! The whole of what is known as vegetable mould of the surface of the earth has passed and will repass, Mr. Darwin says, through the bodies of worms every few years through the world's history. Nay, more, long before history, before even man appeared on the earth, says Mr. Darwin, "the land was, in fact, regularly plowed, and still continues to be plowed, by earth-worms. It may be doubted," he continues, "whether there are many other animals which have played so important a part in the history of the world as have these lowly-organized creatures."

What thoughts and feelings should such facts stir! Long before the appearance of man upon the earth, the earth worm was patiently and skilfully preparing the soil in which man's lilies and roses were to bloom, the herbs were to grow for his camel and sheep, and corn and wine, to make glad man's heart. If born of these facts there does not succeed to the first sense of wonder at the forethought and goodness of the great Father a sense of gratitude, overwhelmed by a sad, almost tearful, sense of unworthiness, we must indeed be "past feeling." Whenever we look at the earth worm and the little spiral coil of mould it erects upon the ground, our feeling should be one of reverent love to the Eternal Glory from whom, by these unsuspecting means, such good gifts descend.

WHAT THE SHEPHERDS FOUND.

BY HORATIUS BONAR.

Feeding their sheep, they found the Lamb of God,
The Lamb without a blemish or a stain,
The altar Lamb, the Lamb of sacrifice,
The Lamb from everlasting ages slain.

Feeding their sheep, they found the Shepherd good
Who gave His life a ransom for the sheep;
A Shepherd who in love His scattered flock
Came down from heaven to gather and to keep.

Feeding their sheep, they found the fold of heaven,
Which whoso enters shall go out no more:
The living water there, the pastures green,
The soft, fresh air of the celestial shore.

THE MYSTERIES OF GOD'S PROVIDENCE IN CHINA.*

BY DR. ARTHUR PIERSON.

These are days in which we seem to have but one course open to us: God seems saying: "Be still, and know that I am God." There has been nothing which parallels the recent position of affairs in the Middle Kingdom, since Christ ascended. The Indian mutiny of forty-three years ago was the nearest approach to it, but even that was on no such scale of magnitude. Here were between twenty-five hundred and three thousand Christian missionaries shut up within the empire, many of them six weeks' journey from the coast and the ports, with tens of thousands of poor native Christians, and there was no communication with them by telegraph, post, or other method of contact, and for many of them no human help has been available. Meanwhile organized bands of foes, implacable, merciless, ready for outrage, plunder, torture, and slaughter, hemmed them in on every side.

We could not and dare not attempt to read this riddle of Divine Providence. In this case hindsight will be safer than foresight as an interpreter, and we simply wait and pray, in the calm confidence that the Lord reigneth. When we think how the great Powers stood quietly by, and permitted the Armenian atrocities to go forward without interposition, and see how these very powers have been suffering such suspense over the fate of their own representatives, amid similar Chinese atrocities; when we think of the opium curse, forced upon China by armies and navies, and other forms of injurious trade which have been practically forced on a helpless people by treaties, we cannot but ask, May there not be something retributive in this as a judgment of God?

The western nations have been preparing their own chastiser. Ever since the Japan-Chinese war, China has been openly getting ready for a coming and inevitable conflict. Under skilled European training her young men have been taught the manipulation and use of the most advanced and destructive weapons of modern warfare, and the consequence is that when, in this day of awful suspense, and the massacre of hundreds of Chinese Christians, European nations have undertaken to quell what proves to be a gigantic revolt against foreign interference, China has been found armed to the teeth, and knowing how to use the best rifles and heaviest guns, very nearly as well as the most skilled men from the western military and naval schools. And the allies are taken by surprise to find that the nation that proved as unwieldy as a lame elephant in contest with Japan, and a thousand years behind the age, unable to cope with the little Sunrise Kingdom, is almost a match now for the combined forces of Europe and America. Her awkwardness and antiquated methods have given place in less than a decade of years to alertness, rapidity of movement, and skilful manœuvring; she has been mobilizing her forces with astonishing ease, and revealing strategic skill wholly unexpected. The lame elephant has become a tiger for ferocity, a lion for strength, a panther for swiftness, and a serpent for subtlety. China has shown herself to be the Red Dragon indeed, breathing out fire

* Abridged from the *Missionary Review of the World* for October.

and defying even the sword of "St. George."

One thing which compels us to hesitate to attempt any forecast of the result, is that we really know so little about the real conditions. One thing may certainly be avoided and should be studiously shunned, in the midst of this terrible chaos of events, viz., the depreciation of missionaries and their work. It may suit the political humour of the English premier, to hint that "the army generally follows the missionary," and that "the missionary is not popular at the foreign office;" but it is too late in the history of the world either to sneer at the work of the missionary as a sort of mistaken and fanatical enthusiasm, or to underrate his services to the whole race of man. There is something besides the army that follows the missionary. Witness the common school and the college, the law court and the peaceful home, the industries of labor and the amenities of society. Witness the languages in hundreds of cases first reduced to a written form by these servants of God, who have laid the foundations of all literature, not only translating the Bible into four hundred tongues, but building up literary intelligence from its corner-stone! Go and visit medical missions and hospitals, which have introduced the science and the art of a rational medicine and surgery into many a land where the native system of treatment was but the refinement of barbaric cruelty. Then turn to the zenanas, first penetrated by Christian women with the dawn of hope for woman s education and emancipation.

Does the army follow the missionary? How often has the missionary made the army needless? It was a missionary that in the great crisis of India was called in to be a mediator between contending forces and factions as the only trustworthy party. The army follows rather the tradesman than the evangelist, the money-maker rather than the soul-winner. Enlightened nations send their apostles of greed to foreign shores to turn the ports of heathen lands into marts of commerce. Opium, rum, firearms—anything that will sell, without reference either to the welfare or the wishes of the people, are persistently pushed forward into the market, and often against remonstrance. Then comes systematic land-grabbing with increased proprietary rights and political control; then dissension and contention, then violent outbreak and war, with the oppression of superior numbers and better military equipment. What wonder if at times hatred of foreigners comes to the front, and organized conspiracy and massacre are the result! China, like India and Africa, has suffered great and grievous wrongs at the hands of nations calling themselves enlightened and Christian; and it is no great mystery if at last the great empire of the East, representing nearly a third of the human race, has been roused to assert herself and claim her rights, however wrong the method and spirit.

We subjoin a private letter from a beloved missionary in Chefoo as a specimen of the stamp of men in the very heat of this furnace of trial. Surely these are men of whom the world is not worthy.

My thoughts turn to you to-day, as we are in the thick of rumours, and in the midst of the worst rebellion that has ever overtaken China. We are so disturbed here, not knowing what an hour may bring forth, I can only send you this hurried scrawl.

Tien Tsin, eighteen hours by sea from us, has been practically destroyed, both native and foreign settlements are burned, and the sacrifice of life has been fearful. All the women and children left for Chefoo and Shanghai. How the men are faring we know not. The suspense of wives for husbands, as to their whereabouts and safety, can be more fully imagined than described. We have

heard that Chefoo is to be attacked, forts near here to be opened on us by the Chinese. Missionaries from inland stations are pouring in, some without a dollar for personal use.

Now, all this is a black picture indeed, and it has not been without its lessons. Praise God ! and to God's glory be it said, we are just letting our Father in heaven hold us, moment by moment. It is nice to sing about being safe under Divine protection, but to be in the midst of all this, and not knowing but the people will rise any hour and sweep Chefoo away, is quite another thing, and calls into play how much faith there is actually to trade with.

Some nervous ones have already caught the panic fever. I scarcely pass two hours without having to bid some one look up and really *trust Him*. I thank God for the testing, and if this be a last letter I can say that, owing to His power to keep my dear wife and myself, we have just kept quiet and restful all through. Each night we patrol the large compound in twos, two hours each, from 10.30 p.m. to 6.30 a.m. These are times of cheering each other on, and practically relying on the rich and precious promises. Some fear the two reverses near Pekin may make the soldiers and people intoxicated with excitement, and they may rise locally to burn and loot. Another rumour is that sixteen thousand Chinese troops are *en route* for this place to kill the foreigners. But many of these are groundless, I am sure. Anyway, the situation is sufficiently grave to say we are in great danger.

In our San we have ten children and seventeen adults, so that causes thought, if not anxiety ; but I can say that I never enjoyed more real peace after my patrol. I sleep like a top, and it is not the natural man, but the Divine hand that keeps one steady in this sea of turmoil and strife. It may all end in our having to leave China, but we will not dwell on that, but rather let us think that greater victories than ever will be the outcome of this distress and desolation. All mission property is destroyed in three cities up north, but we cannot hear where our brethren and sisters are.

Pray for us, very hard, will you not? Each night forty or more meet here for prayer at 8.30. Meanwhile, wife and myself are going on with our daily work. We have to cheer the servants, or they might all desert us, and, praise God ! the first man who wanted to go has said, "I can't leave while I see you so calm and brave."

Poor native Christians, alas ! my heart bleeds for them ; they will suffer, indeed they have suffered, terribly. Remember them especially ; rather forget us than them. I cannot write any more, my hands are full. I do not anticipate a massacre, but if so, remember I said *He* is worthy, and if I had ten thousand lives they should all be gladly given for such a precious Master. I fear not, but just *trust* Him to carry out His own wise purposes."

IN THE CITY OF DAVID.

Oh, hush thee ! Oh, hush thee !
  Through the rushes by the stream,
The breath of midnight creepeth,
  On the vale, the hills between,
The quiet moonlight sleepeth
  Like a maid in her first dream.

Oh, hush thee ! Oh, hush thee !
  But now methought there came
A sudden sound of melody—
  A burst of heavenly flame—
That formed before the eyes of me
  The letters of Thy name.

Oh, still thee ! Oh, still thee ;
  A-near the oxen sleep ;
Strange forms within the moonlight rise ;
  I hear the sound of feet,
And throbbing from the starry skies
  Sounds music, piercing sweet.

Oh, wake thee ! Oh, wake thee !
  Say what may mean this thing?
Strange men before Thee bow and kneel ;
  Behold the gifts they bring !
And dost Thou feel the awe I feel
  When they salute Thee king ?

Oh, wake thee ! Oh, wake thee !
  And, hark, the music loud
That ever mounteth higher !
  Low kneel I with the crowd ;
Strange thoughts within me burn like fire ;
  My very soul is bowed !

—*T. P. G.*

THE TRIALS OF AN INVENTOR.*

BY THE EDITOR.

"Probably no man, who has made a discovery at once so great and of such immediate practical benefit to the race," writes Dr. Pierce, the biographer of Goodyear, "ever before passed so quietly out of his place and generation, receiving so slight acknowledgment for the service he has performed. One cannot become acquainted with his remarkable history without being reminded of Bernard Palissy, the sturdy old Huguenot of France. Mr. Goodyear's life was the more suffering and the sublimer of the two. His life-work was a religious mission. With opportunities for securing an immense fortune, he laid them all aside in order to perfect the work he was persuaded God had given him to do."

Charles Goodyear was born in New Haven, "the City of Elms," in the first year of this century. Among his ancestors was Stephen Goodyear, one of the original founders of the colony in 1638. His father was a merchant, engaged in the West India trade, a man of high Christian principle. He was also engaged in the manufacture of agricultural implements, hardware, clocks, buttons, and other "Yankee notions." In his father's factory young Goodyear received his first training in mechanical ingenuity. He was a studious boy, and early became the subject of deep religious impressions. In his sixteenth year he united with the Congregational Church, and had an earnest desire to become a minister of the Gospel. But Providence seemed to hedge up his way, and he was destined to serve God perhaps no less effectively in secular life than he possibly could at the sacred desk.

In his seventeenth year he went to Philadelphia to learn the hardware business. On reaching his majority he returned to Connecticut, and entered into partnership with his father in hardware manufacture. The business rapidly increased, and young Goodyear, now married to the noble woman who, during many long years shared his trials and sustained his hopes, went to Philadelphia to conduct the sales of the factory. In his thirtieth year his health broke down, the business became embarrassed, many debtors failed, and the sick man found himself in prison for debt. For ten years, under the iniquitous laws of the times, this was his frequent experience. He assigned to his creditors the valuable patents of the firm, through which some of them became rich; and the first money earned from his own great discovery he employed to discharge his indebtedness, from which, by limitation of time, he was legally free. Even in prison he maintained his family by his ingenious inventions.

About this time the manufacture of india-rubber began to attract attention. It had been known for a century, but had been used chiefly for rubbing out pencil-marks—hence its name. The Portuguese settlers in South America were the first to manufacture it into waterproof shoes, boots, hats, and garments. But these were thick, clumsy, and ill-made, and the process of manufacture was extremely rude—merely pouring the liquid gum over clay or wooden moulds, and drying it over a smoking fire. In 1820 a pair of shoes thus made

*This sketch is based on the admirable Life of Charles Goodyear, by Bradford K. Pierce, D.D.

reached Boston, and were handed about as a curiosity. Soon a consignment of four hundred pairs arrived. They proved so useful that before long half a million pairs were imported per annum. Yankee ingenuity began to import the crude gum, and manufacture the articles at home. But, unfortunately, though the boots and clothing looked beautiful when new, they became stiff as stone in winter, and in summer softened and became rotten. One firm had returned to them $20,000 worth, which emitted so offensive an odour that it was necessary to have them buried in the earth.

To this material, which bore the uncouth name of Caoutchouc, Goodyear's attention was now directed. He discovered the remarkable possibilities of its use, and endeavoured to overcome the difficulties of its manufacture. His first experiments were made in prison. The material was cheap, and with his fingers, he says, he mixed and worked many hundred pounds of gum, spreading it upon a marble slab with a rolling-pin. For the rest of his life this substance may be said to have been scarcely ever out of his hands or out of his thoughts.

Through the help of a friend he again found a home in New Haven, and, gathering his family around him, began the manufacture of rubber-goods. "It was at this time," says his daughter, "that I remember beginning to see and hear about India-rubber. It began to appear in little patches upon the window-frames and on the dinner-plates. These patches were peeled off when dry. Pieces of printed muslin were covered with the transparent gum. Father took possession of our kitchen for a workshop. He would sit hour after hour working the gum in his hands."

Goodyear dissolved the gum in turpentine, spread it upon flannel, and made shoes. But, although beautiful and warm, the gum decomposed, and the shoes were a failure. He found in the market fifty barrels of crude sap, not yet thickened, and determined to try it. An Irishman in his employ thought he would anticipate him in his experiment. So Jerry dipped his trousers into the barrel of sap, and boasted next morning that the Irishman had beaten the Yankee in the solution of the vexed problem. And certainly the gloss and flexibility of the cloth seemed to warrant his conclusion. "Soon after," writes Dr. Pierce, "Jerry sat down to his work of mixing gum before the fire, and, on attempting to rise again, found himself fastened to the seat, with his legs stuck together. On being drawn from his novel trousers, by the assistance of others, and to their no small amusement he expressed himself satisfied with his experience as an inventor."

His repeated failures discouraged Goodyear's friends, who declined to render him further assistance. To pay his debts, he sold the little furniture he possessed, and even the family linen, woven by the hands of his wife. Domestic bereavement was added to his financial losses. A little son died and another was brought to the verge of the grave. Yet his faith never faltered. His family devotions were regularly maintained, and he believed that God was leading him to certain results.

He now went to New York to continue his experiments. An old friend met him in the street. "He looked worn, his apparel was rusty, he bore the unmistakable marks of poverty." His hands were covered with gum which he could not rub off. He invited his friend to his room, up three flights of stairs, and filled with vessels of gum and various drugs. "Here is something," said the grimy, thread-bare man, "that will pay all my debts and

make us comfortable." "The rubber business is below par," said his friend. "And I am the man," exclaimed the enthusiastic inventor, "who will bring it back."

He now boiled the gum with magnesia, quicklime, and water, and produced many beautiful articles, which attracted much attention, but he found that a drop of acid made them as sticky as ever. He submitted these articles to the test of personal wear. A friend, being asked how one might recognize Mr. Goodyear, replied, "If you meet a man who has on an India-rubber cap, stock, coat, vest, and shoes, with an India-rubber purse *without a cent of money in it*, that is he."

No difficulties daunted him. His eldest daughter joined him in New York. They took attic bedrooms in a small hotel. He used daily to carry his gallon jug of gum on his shoulder three miles through the streets to a mill where he had permission to experiment. He so improved his processes that he manufactured elegant maps, charts, elastic parchment, and bandages for wounds, which commanded the approbation of the Government. He was near being suffocated, however, by experimenting with gas generated in a close room. He escaped death, but was thrown into a violent fever.

So great was the success of the new "acid gas" process, that he had no difficulty in obtaining a partner with capital. A building with steam-power in the city was hired, also a factory on Staten Island and a warehouse in Broadway. The trials of years seemed at an end, and the much-enduring man again gathered his family about him at Staten Island. Alas! for his hopes. The financial crisis of 1837 wrecked all the capital of the firm, and left Goodyear again penniless—with, what was worse, the stigma of being a visionary projector. To earn daily bread he made ladies' aprons and table-covers; and his wife—whose faith and courage never failed—made with her own hands the first rubber globes ever constructed. With the scraps of pasteboard left from her husband's experiments, she made, with true feminine ingenuity, the bonnets she and her daughters wore to church. Another of the family, with his hook and line, "made the adjoining sea contribute to save them from utter destitution."

"Had he not been sustained," says his biographer, "by a confidence in the Divine Providence, amounting almost to inspiration, he would have abandoned a pursuit that yielded him only and constantly disappointment, and had now brought him to the verge of beggary."

Such were the straits of this persistent inventor that he pawned his umbrella to Mr. Vanderbilt, who then owned the ferry, to procure ferry tickets to the city. "He relates," says his biographer, "as an illustration of the kind Providence that he never failed to notice, that one day he had put into his pocket a small article which he greatly valued, and went out for the purpose of obtaining food with it. Before reaching the pawnbroker's shop he met a man to whom he was indebted, and from whom he expected to receive bitter reproaches. But what was his astonishment to be accosted with the question, "What can I do for you?" On his being satisfied that he was not mocking his helplessness, but was sincere in his proffers, he told him that he was in search of food, and that fifteen dollars would greatly oblige him. The money was immediately forthcoming, food was obtained, and the prized article was saved for a more distressing hour. The family were reduced to one set of teacups of the value of fifty cents. These were washed up after

breakfast, and used by the still diligent and hopeful experimenter for the mixing of his gum elastic compounds.

He now removed to Boston, and maintained his household by a new method of making rubber shoes. It was a success, and soon his profits amounted to $5,000 in a single year. But he used the bulk of it in perfecting his invention, and his wife and daughter went to church dressed in calico. As business increased, he brought his aged parents and younger brothers into his family to share his prosperity. The Government gave him an order for a hundred and fifty rubber mail bags, at which he was greatly elated. The bags were much admired, but alas! they soon rotted to pieces. The same fate attended several thousand life preservers which he had made. Instead of realizing a fortune he was again reduced to absolute want. His furniture was sold and his family scattered. He received little sympathy. The public were so exasperated by their losses that they would not *look* at his improvements, and voted India-rubber a delusion and a fraud.

His friends urged him to go back to his hardware business, and many who had helped him refused to do so any longer. But he heard a voice they could not hear. His phantom discovery beckoned him forward. It became the absorbing passion of his life. He only feared that, on account of his impaired health, he might die before he could confer this boon upon the world. But the hopeful wife never murmured. The children cheerfully earned their living at manual labour. Every available article was sold or pawned. The inventor's library had long since disappeared, and, with a keen pang, the children's school-books were sold for the paltry sum of five dollars. The family lived chiefly on potatoes, which they were compelled to dig before they were half grown, and gathered fuel in the fields to feed the inventor's insatiable fires, for he kept up his ceaseless experiments.

One of his great discoveries was made by accident. While sitting by his kitchen fire discussing his projects, by a rapid gesture the piece of gum in his hand came in contact with the hot stove. To his surprise it charred without dissolving. He nailed it on the kitchen door all night, and in the morning he found it still flexible.

"To say that he was astonished at this," writes Mr. Parton, "would but faintly express his ecstasy of amazement. The result was absolutely new to all experience. India-rubber not melting in contact with red-hot iron! A man must have been five years absorbed in the pursuit of an object to comprehend his emotions. He felt as Columbus felt when he saw the land-bird alighting upon his ship, and the driftwood floating by. But, like Columbus, he was surrounded with an unbelieving crew. Eagerly he showed his charred India-rubber to his brother, and to the other bystanders, and dwelt upon the novelty and marvellousness of this fact. They regarded it with complete indifference. The good man had worn them all out. Fifty times before he had run to them, exulting in some new discovery, and they supposed, of course, that this was another of his chimeras."

"I felt myself amply repaid for the past," said the inventor, "and quite indifferent as to the trials of the future." It was well for him that he did, for it was only after two full years, passed in the most distressing circumstances, that he was able to convince *one* person, out of his immediate family circle, that he had made a valuable discovery.

"His experiments," continues Mr. Parton, "could no longer be carried on with a few pounds of India-rubber, a quart of turpentine, a phial of aqua-fortis, and a little lampblack. He wanted the means of producing a high, uniform, and controllable degree of heat, a matter of

much greater difficulty than he anticipated. We see him waiting for his wife to draw the loaves from her oven, that he might put into it a batch of India-rubber to bake, and watching it all the evening, far into the night, to see what effect was produced by one hour's, two hours', three hours', six hours' baking. We see him boiling it in his wife's saucepans, suspending it before the nose of her tea-kettle, and hanging it from the handle of that vessel to within an inch of the boiling water. We see him roasting it in the ashes and in hot sand, toasting it before a slow fire and before a quick fire, cooking it for one hour and for twenty-four hours, changing the proportions of his compound and mixing them in different ways. Then we see him resorting to the shops and factories in the neighbourhood of Woburn, asking the privilege of using an oven after working-hours, or of hanging a piece of India-rubber in the 'man-hole' of the boiler. The foremen testify that he was a great plague to them, and smeared their work with his sticky compound; but though they regarded him as little better than a troublesome lunatic, they all appear to have helped him willingly."

In his extremity, a large house in Paris made him an advantageous offer for the right to use his "acid gas" process in France. With a grand Christian honesty, he informed them that he was developing a discovery that would render the other valueless. At this very time he was in danger of arrest, and soon found himself again in prison for debt. "After all," he pathetically says, "this is perhaps as good a resting-place as any this side of the grave." On his release he walked the streets of Boston all night because he lacked the means to pay for a lodging.

On his return home he found one child dying and his wife seriously ill. He buried his child with bitter grief, for his heart was well-nigh broken. In a wintry storm, sick and feeble himself, and without "an atom of fuel or a morsel of food" in the house, he struggled through the snow to a neighbor's to ask help. "Often," says Parton, "he was ready to faint with fatigue, sickness, and hunger, and would be obliged to sit down on a bank of snow to rest. The eager eloquence of the inventor was seconded by the gaunt and yellow face of the man."

At last success came. After more than ten years of disappointment and discouragement, yet of constant hope and courage, he took out letters patent "for the new and wonderful material which God had enabled him to bestow upon the race." Besides the time and money he had expended, he had incurred debts to the amount of $35,000, all of which he faithfully discharged on the return of prosperity. Besides this sum, a partner had expended between $40,000 and $50,000. So much does it cost to launch a new discovery. In enumerating the benefits thus conferred upon mankind, Mr. Parton writes:

"Goodyear added to the arts not a new material merely, but a new class of materials, applicable to a thousand diverse uses. It was still India-rubber, but its surface would not adhere, nor would it harden at any degree of cold, nor soften at any degree of heat. It was a cloth impervious to water. It was a paper that would not tear. It was parchment that would not crease. It was leather which neither rain nor sun would injure. It was ebony that could be run into a mould. It was ivory that could be worked like wax. It was wood that never cracked, shrunk, nor decayed. It was metal, 'elastic metal,' as Daniel Webster termed it, that could be wound round the finger or tied into a knot, and which preserved its elasticity almost like steel. Trifling variations in the ingredients, in the proportions, and in the heating, made it either as pliable as kid, tougher than ox-hide, as elastic as whalebone, or as rigid as flint. All this is stated in a moment; but each of these variations in the material, as well as every article made from them, cost this indefatigable man days, weeks, months, or years of experiment."

Soon the gum which had been a drug at five cents a pound rose to $1.25 a pound.

Necessity compelled Mr. Goodyear to assign his patents for much

less than their value, and while others grew rich, he continued to his death an embarrassed man. Instead of making money, he seemed anxious only to perfect his great discovery "before the curtain of that night fell down upon him when he could no longer serve his race." When suffering such excruciating pains that he could not bear to have any one approach his bed, he used to have it weighed down with rubber substances on which he was experimenting. Says Mr. Parton:

"There is nothing in the history of invention more remarkable than the devotion of this man to his object. He never went to sleep without having within reach writing materials and the means of making a light, so that if he should have an idea in the night he might be able to secure it. His friends remember him, sick, meagre, and yellow, now coming to them with a walking-stick of India-rubber exulting in the new application of his material, and predicting its general use, while they objected that his stick had cost him fifty dollars; now running about among the comb factories, trying to get reluctant men to try their tools upon hard rubber, and producing at length a set of combs that cost twenty times the price of ivory ones; now shutting himself up for months endeavouring to make a sail of India-rubber fabric, impervious to water, that should never freeze, and to which no sleet or ice should ever cling; now exhibiting a set of cutlery with India-rubber handles, or a picture set in an India-rubber frame, or a book with India-rubber covers, or a watch with an India-rubber case; now experimenting with India-rubber tiles for floors, which he hoped to make as brilliant in colour as those of mineral, as agreeable to the tread as carpet, and as durable as an ancient floor of oak. The door-plate of his office was made of it, his autobiography was written upon it, and his mind by day and by night was surcharged with it."

The applications of rubber to the relief of human suffering were to him an absorbing pursuit, perhaps because he was himself a martyr to pain. The invention of the water-bed has brought comfort to tens of thousands. He seemed to feel that these merciful appliances were not for a few, or for the present, but for millions and for all time. "Somebody will yet thank me for it," he would often say.

While engaged in his unappreciated work Mr. Goodyear's religious life was very sincere, though very humble and utterly devoid of cant. His family prayers were uttered, we are told, in a tone but little above a whisper, but were peculiarly impressive, tender, reverent, and spiritual. Even when overwhelmed with business, the Sabbath was a sacred day, which not even the lax customs of France could induce him to violate. At times his nervous prostration was so great that he was unable to bear even the entrance of a child into his room. But his heroic wife, by her courage and faith, by the hallowed words of Scripture, or when he was too weak for this—by her silent presence, sustained and inspired him. After thirty years of her wifely help, much of which, alas! had been a constant struggle with poverty, her husband experienced in her death the greatest loss of his life.

At the World's Fair of 1857, Mr. Goodyear made his first exhibit of rubber goods in Britain. At an expense of $30,000 he fitted up a suite of rooms with carvings, carpets, furniture, and a vast variety of articles made entirely of rubber. Four years later, at the Paris Exhibition, he expended $50,000 on a still more magnificent display, including valuable hard rubber jewelry, and the like. The Emperor conferred upon the enterprising inventor the Cross of the Legion of Honour; but when it was conveyed to him he was confined in the "Clichy," the debtors' prison of Paris. Several European companies had begun to manufacture under his patent, giving him notes for large amounts as royalty. These notes he endorsed and negotiated. The companies failed, and

he found himself hopelessly in debt in a foreign land. He was arrested in bed, at his hotel on Sunday night and, crippled with gout, was hurried off to a prison cell with a brick floor, a straw bed, a grated window, without fire and without lights. "I have been through nearly every form of trial that human flesh is heir to," he said, "and I find that there is nothing in life to fear but sin"—"a golden sentence," says his biographer, "that it is worth a lifetime of severe discipline to be able to utter."

He was soon released, but never shook off his embarrassment, which at his death amounted to $200,000. While the world was enriched beyond compute by his labours* he was almost the life-long victim of poverty. His health was utterly broken. For nine weeks he could move neither hand nor foot. Yet his mind was intent on perfecting life-saving apparatus. Often he would dictate at night directions for overcoming difficulties in their manufacture. "How can I sleep," he would say, "when so many of my fellow-creatures are passing into eternity every day, and I feel that I am the man that can prevent it." Even his watch and chain were pawned to carry out his experiments.

During the last year of his life he removed to Washington, where he had a large bath fitted up in his house to test his life-saving apparatus. "It was," he said, "the pleasantest time he had ever known."

Of his religious life, this is the record: "During his last winter there was a marked ripening for glory; a growing gentleness and forbearance; an increased spirituality of mind, and a superiority to earthly care and anxiety, which made me often feel how near he was walking to his God." His great life-work had been truly a religious one, and a means of grace to himself. He had said, years before, to his niece and her husband, who went, says Dr. Dutton, "with his approbation and sympathy as missionaries of the Gospel to Asia, that he was God's missionary as truly as they were."

In the spring of 1860 he was summoned to New Haven to see a dying daughter; at New York he learned of her death, and was himself stricken down; gathering his family around his bed at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, he gave them his parting prayers and blessing. When reference was made to his useful works, he said, "What am I? To God be all the glory." Even in his delirium he would frequently say, "God knows all." His last conscious words were a charge to forgive a person from whom he had suffered much. On Sunday morning, July 1st, 1860, as the bells were ringing for divine service, he passed peacefully away to the worship of the upper sanctuary. Mr. Goodyear was one of the greatest benefactors of his race the world has ever known; but his richest legacy to mankind was the example of his Christian life.

---

* Some idea of the value of his discovery may be gathered from the fact that the shoe manufacturers, under his patent, retained Daniel Webster with a fee of $25,000 to prevent an infringement upon their rights.

Before he died he saw his invention applied to five hundred different uses, giving employment to 60,000 persons, producing merchandise in America alone to the value of $8,000,000 a year. For surgical and hospital appliances, and life-saving apparatus his invention is invaluable. It resists any acid, endures heat and cold, is unbreakable and almost indestructible. As a packing for joints of steam engines alone, Mr. Parton asserts that the sale became over $1,000,000 per year, and that a steamer of 2,000 tons could save $10,000 a year by its use. Rubber belting, car springs, tubing, hose, lifeboats, tents, sails, tarpaulins, hammocks, pontoons, water-beds, blankets, waterproofing of every kind, roofing, tanks, and a countless variety of other uses attest its almost universal adaptability. It has multiplied the comforts and enjoyments, and mitigated the pain of unnumbered thousands, and is destined to benefit countless thousands more.

LIFE IN A CONVENT.

BY ANNIE E. KEELING.

II.

On her return home from the Schleswig-Holstein campaign, Sister Augustine found the monotonous round of convent and hospital almost oppressive. She sighed as she remembered her ambulances, her hero-patients, her "dear Schleswig-Holstein," where she had met "such noble creatures."

"It is possible," she said, "that God may again make me exchange my hospital for an ambulance." Did she fear or hope for such a change? She could hardly have said. But her prevision was too soon fulfilled by the outbreak of the war with Austria.

She departed promptly for Bohemia, and was at first almost crushed by the surrounding horrors—the "bloody mud" of the battlefield through which she had to tread as she passed to her charitable toils. But her courage did not fail, nor did the priceless cheerfulness, the serene gaiety, which she always had ready at the service of the suffering.

She despised no smallest womanly office, washing and sewing for the sick and wounded when she found a moment to spare from tending them, which she did with a tenderness, a skill, a smiling courage that inspired the rough soldiers with the same filial affection her girlish cloister-pupils cherished for her.

"When Sister dies—straight to Jesus!" were the last words addressed to her in broken German by a poor Italian soldier, stammering out with dying lips a blessing on his patient nurse. She remembered the simple words on her own deathbed, and trusted that they contained a true prophecy.

Differences of nationality are nothing to a faithful army nurse; but we may justly count it a rare thing that this nun made no account of differences of creed in her ministry to body and soul. She succeeded in finding words of religious consolation acceptable alike to Protestant and Catholic, and even to the Jew who had not yet learnt that his longed-for Messiah was one and the same with her Lord and Saviour.

Some of her fellow-workers found her much too tolerant. So it was with the Catholic almoner who was sharing her toils at Rendsbourg, and who, entering the death-chamber of a Lutheran patient, beheld Sister Augustine standing humbly at the bedside, absorbed in silent devotion, while she rendered the aid of an acolyte to the heretic pastor, who was administering the Sacrament to the no less heretic sufferer. The poor priest remained rooted to the spot in horror, and did not recover the power of speech till the Sister had completed her holy task, unchecked by the rebuke he fain would have uttered, had his bewilderment allowed him to formulate it. But the deed was the natural expression of Sister Augustine's inward life. She had drunk too deeply of Christ's own spirit to wish to silence any worker for the Lord, "because he followeth not with us."

Her value was appreciated fully by the army surgeons, who said "she was much more of a nurse than of a nun," and who, after the great slaughter of Sadowa, placed eighty sufferers under her care. She received them into the deserted castle of Hradek, where she had ample space, lofty and gorgeous

rooms, but nothing better than straw for her patients to lie on. Her fellow-helper at Hradek, Dr. Busch, wrote: "One must know by experience the fatigue of working on one's knees from morning to night, in order to appreciate it. As for the pain caused to a heart like hers by the spectacle of such desolation, set in the gilded framework of a magnificent castle, I will not speak of it to you."

Yet all these cruel scenes did not deprive her of what she herself styled "her blessed lightness of heart." When she passed out of the hospital shadows, and took her way through the green and sunny solitude of the forest, the fountain of joy in her heart leapt up at once, and like a child she danced as she went, and sprang over the heaps of stones by the wayside. Nature and she were bosom friends, and could not quarrel.

She returned to her hospital at the end of the campaign, but she brought with her a fatal and merciless malady, of which the seeds had perhaps been long sown; but her almost superhuman toils had ripened them into cruel activity. The thought of death now occupied her mind unceasingly, the more so as her circle of friends outside the convent walls were being rapidly thinned.

The few remaining years of her life were the saddest and the grandest of her career. She and her friends had watched, with growing dread, the movement which culminated in the Vatican Council and the dogma of the Infallibility. All her powers of free speech, all her sympathy, had been given to the cause of the opposition, to those who, like Dollinger, tried to hinder what they deemed a piece of heaven-defying blasphemy. The outbreak of the Franco-German war saddened her greatly; she saw no hope, no profit in it; but that calamity seemed to her slight and transitory compared with the "leprosy" that was creeping over the body of the Church which she loved only too well.

In 1870 she had become too weak to serve in the ambulances. But fifty military beds were installed in her hospital at Bonn, and there she constantly visited the patients. Her tenderest attentions were bestowed on the French wounded, exiles and prisoners whom some nurses were inclined to neglect. The murderous work of the war agonized her; only one thought consoled her for its ravages. By the French defeat, and the consequent overthrow of the temporal power, "God had written His 'Non placet' in characters of fire on the dogma of Infallibility;" and if the Pope could not read that writing, it must be that he was smitten with judicial blindness.

The weak submission of the bishops, who had at first protested against the new creed, seemed to her "ineffable abjectness." It placed the more humble, more faithful protestors in a grievous strait. But some of them persisted, despite the threatened penalty of excommunication. Of these was Sister Augustine.

She knew well that her obstinacy exposed her to the open hostility of certain persons who had long been secret adversaries, who came to greet her, as she expressed it, "with daggers hidden in the folds of their religious habit;" she knew these daggers would now be unsheathed. But all this did not move her, or avail against her determination to avow her opinion openly, if she were questioned on it. Dumb submission she might give; but to speak or act a lie was impossible to her.

The time of trial came soon. A visitor, possessed of some authority in the Order, appeared at the hospital, and insinuated some import-

ant questions amid his friendly talk to the Superior. She answered them calmly and boldly. "She did not," she said, "disturb herself as to the dogma of Infallibility, which she disbelieved absolutely," which she had always disbelieved, and now, as she stood face to face with death, she was more sure of its falsity than ever. She gave the like testimony as to the dogma of the Immaculate Conception. Both she held for wrongful additions to the faith into which she had been born; she would not accept them.

She saw the visitor depart, possessed of the important information he had come to gain. She knew action would be taken on it; and she awaited her doom in peace, and with a kind of joy.

A few days after, while with much pain she was dressing for the day, the Mothers-General of Treves and Nancy, rushing into her bedroom, and regardless of her evident sickness, imperiously bade her give an account of her belief. She found sufficient breath to answer as on the former occasion.

"We cannot endure a heretic in the house!" cried the Mother-General. She demanded the keys; she pronounced the Superior deposed; she installed another in her place, and forbade visits to the sick-chamber.

"The new Superior," wrote Sister Augustine, "will now direct the house infallibly, while I remain in bed condemned as a very fallible heretic." She requested her correspondent not to answer her, "since my letters are opened or kept. I am infinitely happy," she added, "to suffer my small share of the persecution which has struck so many of the faithful; God be praised! I can hope to die soon."

In darker days her doom might have been cruel indeed. But the Mother-General found it impossible even to remove her prisoner to Nancy, as she had proposed. The relatives of Sister Augustine and her physicians opposed the inhuman project, and invoked the formidable aid of the law against it. The deposed Superior was too popular, too well known, too well supported; and the lady-inquisitor found it advisable to leave Bonn, having gone as far as she dared in chastising the contumacious Sister.

Friends now entreated that Amelie de Lasaulx should leave the convent for the world, and spend her last days among those who loved and sympathized with her. A scruple of conscience withheld her. Her vow had been taken for life; she would not break it; she would not give the Ultramontanes and Jesuits reason to say that the Old Catholics were not true to their duties. She would die a nun, though excommunicated.

But her abode at Bonn had become well-nigh unbearable. The gentle German Sisters, who loved her, who wept over her deposition, who were glad to tend her, had notwithstanding learnt to shudder at her heresy, and fear its contagion. At last she was relegated to an infirmary of her own Order at Vallendar, a little town on the Rhine, between Ehrenbreitstein and Neuwied. Here, with a single Sister as her nurse, she was installed in a lofty chamber, whence her eyes could follow the course of the Rhine, and her ear heard only warble of bird or chime of bells; and here she lay waiting Death the deliverer.

Gloom and darkness fell on her spirit for a season; the sense of abandonment was too bitter and keen. But light rose on her soon. To her own soul she said, "Thou art foolish to be sad; hast thou not Christ, and is He not all?" and He

came at her prayer to console her. Man-forsaken, she found she was not God-forsaken.

She desired to receive once more the sacramental tokens of the Redeemer's dying love; but the priest of the parish, though he secretly shared her views, had not the courage to show this openly by admitting an excommunicated person to the Communion. A younger ecclesiastic was found, who was less timid, and who contrived an opportunity for administering the consecrated elements to her in private, without the knowledge of the Superior of Vallendar, who would have felt bound to prevent it.

This Superior and the nuns she directed were simple, honest, bigoted souls; they besieged their guest with senseless arguments intended to convince her of her error, and only succeeded in wearying her. The grounds of her repugnance to the new decrees were beyond their comprehension. Other zealots, a little less ignorant, spent themselves in efforts to persuade Sister Augustine to "save her soul" by accepting the two dogmas she rejected; nuns, priests, laymen, Jesuits beset her with prayers, arguments, denunciations, with offers of relics, images, miraculous waters, and hallowed medals, that were endowed, they thought, with a mystic power so great as to convert a heretic even against her will. None of her assailants caused her such anguish as her own sister, who, first by letter, and then by repeated visits, strove to convert her truly Christian sister from the error of her ways, but only caused her to shed many tears and pass many nights in sleepless sorrow.

Left to herself a little, Sister Augustine regained her gentle gaiety, and wrote cheerfully to the many distant friends who heaped her with attentions. The gifts they lavished on her pleased her chiefly because, when she should be dead, they would remain to enrich Vallendar, which was only a poor convent, and to console "the good Hedwige," its kindly though bigoted Superior.

Her last trial was a visit from the Abbe Seydel, her spiritual father, who, distressed that his beloved pupil should die excommunicate, came to beseech her to be "reconciled to the Church." A painful scene ensued; but it ended in an unexpected way. Seydel, finding Sister Augustine immovable, suddenly desisted from his arguments, and lifting his aged hands in blessing over her head, bade her farewell, and left her much consoled by this sign of mute sympathy and unconscious approval.

The dying woman was suffering from heart disease, and her bodily agonies, sometimes terrible, had been relieved by the use of morphine; but finding reason to fear that a false submission might be wrung from her while she was under the stupefying power of the drug, she renounced its use, preferring the most excruciating pain to even an unconscious betrayal of a sacred cause and sacred truthfulness.

She had not to bear this cross long. On the 28th of January, 1872, her physician apprised her that she had but an hour to live. "Thanks, thanks!" she cried, pressing his hands with an impulse of joyous surprise; and a moment after, she said, "I rejoice that I shall soon stand before God. He will not judge me so hardly as men."

And as her attendants, kneeling around her bed, repeated the prayers for the dying, she pronounced the responses distinctly. Joy lit up her features while she said, "Lord Jesus, I live in thee: Lord

Jesus, I die in thee;" and repeating often, "Come, Lord Jesus!" she peacefully expired.

Some singular circumstances attended her burial. Wishful to soothe the Superior of Vallendar, Sister Augustine had bidden her take no trouble about the disposal of her remains. "Shut me up in a coffin," she said, "and let the ferryman carry me across the Rhine. Here is the money for my passage. My father, my mother, my brother, are buried on the other side of the river; some one will be found who will see me laid beside them."

And even as she had directed, it was done, incredible as it may seem. Full of superstitious fear, the nuns of Vallendar despatched the coffin across the stream in charge of the ferryman only, and did it with such haste that the mourning friends who had arranged to receive the remains of their lost one and follow them to the grave could not arrive in time, and found the coffin, deserted by its bearers, lying on the river-bank, where some children were curiously inspecting it.

The mourners covered the coffin with flowers, followed it to the cemetery, and having seen it lowered into the grave dug for it, stood reverently listening while a layman repeated the Lord's Prayer and spoke a few heartfelt words of sorrow and thanksgiving. No priest dared officiate; but some women-servants of the hospital had insisted on rendering the last tribute of love to "the Mother," and mingled their tears with those of her personal friends.

It was a life full of love, faith, and beneficent activity which closed so sadly—a life that should by right have been one of cloudless cheerfulness, but that was shadowed darkly by the bigotry and the error of man. Yet we may find in it some cause for rejoicing.

Amelie de Lasaulx, who dared to stand up boldly, Christ's freedwoman, who dared to assert her freedom in face of all the thunderbolts of Rome, did so, nun as she was, with comparative impunity. The tortures that she suffered were of the mind, and these moral tortures even were to a certain extent voluntarily borne, in obedience to a stern sense of honour. She could have escaped many of them by "returning to the world."

Far other had been her doom in those days of Rome's omnipotence, when Conrad, the heretic-hunter, was ravaging Thuringia; and widely differed her intellectual independence from the spiritual serfdom in which that grim zealot held Elizabeth of Hungary, whose passion for doing good, whose Christ-like love for the wretched, were so closely akin to those which animated Sister Augustine, the angel of mercy on the battlefield.

BETHLEHEM'S KING.

I see no weary camel-train
Toil o'er the dreary moor,
And bearing sages from the East
Bow at my lowly door.

But Thou art here, O Saviour King,
To still this troubled breast.
When absent—oh, what weariness!
Thy presence is my rest.

No frankincense or myrrh or gold
Have I to give my King,
And yet this heart one tribute has
That it would gladly bring.

As in the sun a crystal flames,
Although a humble stone,
So in Thy light how glows my heart!
Take that—it is Thine own!

—*Rev. Edward A. Rand.*

INASMUCH.

BY MAUDE PETITT, B.A.

I.

A LONELY LIFE.

It was in the city of Toronto, about the close of one of those short days just before Christmas. The same crowd you see in every city street was surging up and down the avenue, silken-clad and ostrich-plumed, or tattered, jostling one another in the hurrying mass. Frank Hector turned the key in his law office and glided out among them without seeming to notice any one. He had a striking face, a clear, though pale complexion, noble brow, dark hair, and those shadowy grey eyes you so often see in men of much thought. He was a man of fine physique too, but with a slightly stooped air, not as of one conquered in the life-battle, but rather of one who, conquering, is a little disappointed in his conquest.

Such was the man who hurried through the crowd that afternoon. And what a crowd it was! The day was cloudy; but the Christmas light on people's faces prevented it being dull. Bright-eyed girls hurrying home after purchasing presents for mother, brothers or sisters, young matrons laden with little packets "for the children," fathers with bulging coat-pockets.

Frank Hector gazed away from them to the shop windows, the little flower store, the grocery with its foreign fruits, a hair-dresser's, and finally a doll store. He never knew what impulse seized him to stop and gaze at that doll-shop window, he, Frank Hector, bachelor, only boarder at the Misses Burns, the house with the yellow curtains, at the corner of Bloor Street and St. —— Avenue. But stand there he did, watching the man bend over the little girl choosing her doll, while a little ragged one, standing on the edge of the pavement, watched the richly-clad child with wistful eyes.

"Good evening, Hector! Think you'd like a doll to-night?"

The voice of one of his brother lawyers awakened him to the ludicrous side of it, and he hurried on to his boarding-place.

It was really a very comfortable room in which his bachelorship ensconced himself to await the apologetic summons of the tea-bell. For such gentle creatures were Miss Matilda and Miss Priscilla Burns that even the tea-bell partook, in their hands, of the character of an apology for the interruption, while the breakfast bell expressed unlimited intonations of the aforesaid quality.

It was a somewhat monotonous life he led there. His parents had died while he was at college, and left him fairly well provided for. His elder sister had married a Methodist minister several years before, and was settled in a pretty little town in Manitoba. Every summer he varied the routine of life by a fortnight's visit to them, his pocket stuffed with goodies for the little Greysons.

Otherwise, life flowed in pretty much the same channel. There was no interesting tragedy in his life. In fact, many would call it stupidly non-tragical. He had been very successful in his profession without being brilliant. There were a few invitations to parties, to dinners, teas, etc., which he took in the matter-of-fact way of a man of thirty-two. There were a few political squabbles to discuss, and Miss Matilda gave him peppermint tea for his colds, and Miss Priscilla prepared him an unnameable mixture for insomnia.

Once he had wearied of it, and thinking Toronto overstocked with lawyers, he had moved away for a few years to a small town. But it did not pay as well, and he came back to the house with the yellow curtains, and Miss Matilda gave him peppermint tea again for colds, and Miss Priscilla the unnameable mixture when he couldn't sleep. The only other variation was an occasional domestic broil between the two sisters, in which the higher their voices rose the more endearing were the terms used. He heard one arising just now.

"My dear, I did put the cat out last night."

"My dearest, she was in when I went up to the library."

"But, my beloved sister" (in a higher tone), "I saw her go out with my own eyes."

"But, my dearly beloved" (still higher), "she was in at ten o'clock."

"My darling" (in a shrill crescendo), "what makes you so obstinate?"

Then the voices melted into softness again, for they were affectionate, good-hearted souls, and a moment later the tea-bell rang in its usual gentle and apologetic tone.

Tea over, Mr. Hector read for an hour in his own room.

"Come, Frank, my boy, it's time for prayer-meeting," he said to himself at last, by way of rousing from his reveries.

For he was a man of deep religious conviction, a man who had made more than one sacrifice for the cause of Christ, and yet he had not found all the rest that he might have found in his faith, perhaps because he sought it through great sacrifices rather than little ones, and it is, after all, the little things that make up our lives.

A young student was conducting the meeting that night, and Frank Hector little realized the influence that hour was to have on his life. It was probably because he went with a spirit conscious of its need. There was nothing specially abstruse in the discourse that night, but it was warm and alive with the love of the living God. And oh, if the man in the pulpit, instead of wearying us with his own prettily woven philosophies, would give us only the Christ of Bethlehem, only the Christ of Calvary, and nothing less, and nothing more!

Frank Hector walked home through the falling snow that night feeling that there was something he had not got out of life yet. Why should he live a lonely monk-like life, when hundreds of his fellow-beings would be glad of the touch of a human hand, aye, and glad of the help that hand could bestow.

Indiscriminate charity might not always be wise, he told himself on the way to his office next morning, but yet there was something cold about public charities. Surely there were cases where a gift, warm from a brother's hand, could do no harm. There were little children to be made happy, and aged, helpless ones.

He was approaching the doll-store again that he had gazed at so pensively the night before. A little ragged girl was looking in, lost in admiration. He stopped beside her with an awkward air. Here was a chance to make a child happy, but he hardly knew how to begin to talk to her. No lover making his first proposal was ever more awkward, but he got through it, and the upshot was he came out of the store with a big waxen doll in a blue dress. The child looked from the doll to the man, and from the man to the doll.

"Please, did God send you with it?"

"I think He must have."

"*She* told us that if we wanted anything we should ask God and he would send it if it was good. So I asked Him to send me a doll and I'd get the clothes, and the rest, but He's sent clothes an' all."

"Well, you see He sends you better than you expect sometimes."

"Yes, *she* told us that, too."

"And who is *she?*"

"Oh, she's just *she*. She comes to the big stone church on the corner, and teaches us in Sunday-school, an' she's got beautiful, beautiful eyes."

II.

GLEANING FOR THE MASTER.

During the winter days that followed a strange trio went up Spadina Avenue toward the close of the afternoons, viz., one of the city's most dignified lawyers, a ragged little girl, and a big waxen doll. Every afternoon, at the hour he closed his office, Mr. Hector found his little companion waiting to escort him half way home. She entertained him with tales of her doll's behaviour, of the alley off the Avenue, where they lived with an old aunt, and particularly of a wonderful sister that could crow like a rooster and cackle like a hen, and make you laugh or cry just as she chose. Then one day he awakened to the fact that his escort looked decidedly shabby, and having taken her into one of the ready-made clothing establishments he brought forth a "changeling" from head to foot, though still in earthly form.

"There's the place where Sibyl goes to make the men laugh and cry," said the babbler one day, pointing to the bar-room of a cheap hotel they were passing (cheap in more senses than one).

Mr. Hector could get nothing clearer from the tot's talk. But he determined to see this sister of the wonderful powers. That she was only a child he knew, but what could a child be doing in the bar-room of the White Rose Inn? That night Mr. Hector was seen pacing up and down in front of the White Rose, peering in through the shutters.

What he saw was a girl of about twelve years of age, mounted on a potato-box in the corner of the bar-room. A crowd of men filled the place, some leaning on the counter over half-drained glasses, some leaning back smoking their pipes as in a dream, but the eyes of all were fixed upon the child. She was evidently reciting something tragical. He could not hear the words outside, but the expression on her face sufficed. He could see the little

brow contract as with woman's agony, the soulful eyes upraised to God. Now she took a step with head bowed gracefully as a queen's, now drew backward as shrinking with fear. She was well dressed, too, though a trifle too gaudily, perhaps. Where had she received her training, this immature child from Shin-bone Alley?

She seemed to cease speaking; quarters were thrown at her, and smaller silver, which she gathered up with the nimbleness of an ape, then mounted the potato-box again.

Mr. Hector entered this time. It was some obscure selection, probably from a newspaper, she was giving, the quarrel of an Irishman and his wife in dialect; then the bringing home of the little boy injured in the street. The humour and the pathos seemed almost perfect. She threw her whole soul into it, and what a soul it seemed! The proprietor of the White Rose knew how to draw a crowd. But what future would await a girl like this, growing already hardened to the smiles, the jeers, the applause of men such as these? At very best some chance might place her on the stage of a comic theatre. Mr. Hector went up to her when she had finished.

"May I see you alone, Miss Bowers? Will you come with me?"

For a child of twelve she was somewhat wary, however.

"I do not know you, or know where you want to take me."

The accent and English had a more refined tone than he had expected.

"I'm the man your little sister, Trottie, comes to see every day."

"Oh, the one that gave her the doll and the lovely clothes? Yes, I'll go with you!"

But the proprietor was looking at him with red face and growl-dog expression.

"Hold on, here, sir, that girl —er— belongs—we'll see about her gettin' home."

"I think you may trust her to me," said Mr. Hector, politely, handing him his card.

It was a name that people did not play with, and he was permitted to take away his charge unmolested.

"Who has taught you to read like this?"

"No one, except the teachers when I went to St. —— school."

"How long is it since you left school?"

"Only two months; aunt said I was big enough to earn my own bread then. But Mr. Lenns, that's the man at the White Rose, his little boy had heard me recite at school, and he gave me these clothes an' got me to come there an' recite, an' it pays as well as the work."

"Would you like to go to a lovely teacher, who would train you to read?"

"Oh, sir!" and she paused breathless at the thought, "If I only could!"

The next morning Mr. Hector paused with his charge in the entry of the oratorium where Miss Stella Chambers met her classes. The child looked much less brilliant and interesting in the sober light of morning, removed from the glare of the gas-light and from the applauding crowd. He wondered if he were making a fool of himself after all.

Miss Chambers was teaching a small class just now, and had not heard their arrival. He determined to wait there where he could hear, and through the tiny parting of the curtains see something of the famous elocutionist. He had heard of her as a teacher of magnetic power, whose teaching invariably lifted her pupils to a higher plane of living. He had heard her spoken of, too, as a decidedly original woman, somewhat of an enthusiast, perhaps. She was addressing the whole class at present.

"Don't get that affected idea about your manners, girls. I heard a girl exclaim the other day of some one, 'Oh, her manners are just elegant!' and somehow it gave me an uncomfortable feeling as though those manners were stuck on the surface, as little boys pin insects in rows when they are collecting. I don't know, I may be a crank, but I don't like a woman with manners. I like a woman with manner. Have a noble soul within and there will be a noble manner without. Don't be always conscious of the manners you are displaying, but think rather of others' comfort, and you will have the manner of true courtesy."

Now, another woman might have said this, and it would have sounded quite commonplace. It was not what she said, but her way of saying it that sent the truth home every time.

She then called one of the pupils up on the platform and stepped into the background, where he could see her plainly. A slight form, a thin pale face, seen from the side a trifle hard, perhaps, jet black hair, two curls hanging loosely down either side of her forehead.

At first he was just a trifle disappointed. But the pupil on the platform was one of no ordinary talent. She was giving a scene between Wolsey and Cromwell, from Henry VIII., in a manner that would have thrilled any concert hall.

He looked again at the teacher. Lo! her face was changed. Nothing cold in it now. He could feel her dark eyes burning across the long oratorium. Her face was slightly lifted, as in rapture, her hands folded, as she stood there between the busts of Raphael and of Angelo, with the massive curtain falling in crimson folds behind her. He could see now the power that magnetized her pupils and won their love.

"Yes, Margaret, you have put the soul in it," she said. "There is just one point to make it perfect, that fall—it wasn't far enough. Think what Wolsey had been; Wolsey, in a palace richer than the king's! Wolsey with his retinues, his garments, his libraries, his jewels! And he loses all! Everything! Pause just a minute, Margaret, and think."

Silence in the oratorium, then the voice of the pupil, as if inspired.

"That is better. Now, we'll hear Beatrice." It was a violent reaction, a soulless, lifeless piece of work by the next girl. He watched the face of the elocutionist. Her brow contracted as if in pain, a worn look came into her eyes. He almost expected her to be passionately angry. He felt angry with the girl himself. But only a patient reproof fell from the lips of the long-suffering teacher.

Others followed, good, bad and indifferent, till the last girl crowned the work with a power not surpassed by the first.

The face in the background was all aglow again.

"Yes, Agnes, there is just one word, that word 'God.' 'Had I but served my God.' Think for one moment of His majesty. Oh, girls, if there is anything in your minds, it is going to come out here on this platform. Oratory is but the breathing out of your soul. Your culture, your conception of art and of life, yes, and your conception of God, it is all to be revealed when you stand here. If you would have a high-souled art, look oftener into the face of the Father of all arts. Look oftener and look longer into that great calm. 'The world is too much with us late and early.'"

She talked on sweetly as he had never heard woman talk since his mother died. The class closed, the girls poured out, looking surprised at the stranger waiting in the entry with his little protégée seated beside him; but he lingered yet a moment watching the slender woman standing among the white busts on the platform.

She pushed her handkerchief over her brow with a weary air—an air of one who has spent herself, her last strength, and spent it almost vainly. What thoughts lay behind those sad eyes? Was she satisfied? Had those girls she laboured for come up to her ideal?

> Did ever on painter's canvas live
> The soul of his fancy's dream?
> Did ever poet's pen achieve
> Fruition of his theme?

Mr. Hector, breaking in on her reveries, was greeted first by a half-startled look as an intruder, then by a smile—a smile more winning than the glow of rapture had been, for it was more womanly, more human. He stated his case quickly, Sibyl standing in the background.

"You will charge everything to me," he said. "Spare nothing in books or anything else. I will leave my address with you. Corner of Bloor and St.—— Streets."

"Oh, I have called there frequently. The Misses Burns—they were friends of my mother's."

"Yes, I have heard of you often. I am glad of the pleasure of meeting you."

Sibyl was then called forward.

"Why, have I not seen you before, child?"

"Yes, ma'am; you're Trottie's Sunday-school teacher."

This was, then, the wonderful "she" the little one had spoken of the day he gave her the doll—the woman with the beautiful, beautiful eyes."

Sibyl was interviewed, and favoured them with a short selection. Mr. Hector trembled for the verdict. Miss Chambers was gravely silent for a moment.

"You are right," she said at length, "the girl is a genius, but she needs training sadly, and a better education."

"Mr. Hector then left the child with the talented woman before him. He looked back at them for one moment, teacher and pupil standing together in the deserted oratorium, the morning sunshine streaming in upon the busts of the great, and the rich oil-colours of other climes upon the walls. He had at least done something in his life. He had lifted a child from a potato-box in the White Rose bar-room to a scene like this.

As he walked toward his office his heart was filled with prayers for those two children he had tried to bless, and for the noble woman who was helping bear the burden. He was not very rich. But there are many of us who could

afford to educate one poor down-trodden child if we *but put forth* a hand in the Master's name, as Frank Hector had resolved to do in prayer-meeting that winter night.

III.

THE BRIGHTENING PATHWAY.

But the transformation was not to be instantaneously wrought. Sibyl had zealously drilled herself into wrong methods, and had to be just as zealously drilled out of them. Then, too, the allurements of the White Rose bar-room drew her back several times. The warmth of applause had grown fascinating, but just as often as the restless bird lighted among the beer-kegs, just so often did the talented Miss Chambers put down her lavender-gloved hand and lift her up. She had grown interested in Mr. Hector's labour of love, and there was no pupil with whom she took more care.

The Misses Burns also took an interest in the matter, and asked Miss Chambers to bring her to tea. So the child of Shin-bone Alley sat in the beautiful home, silent and enraptured with everything around her. Oh, that first introduction to comfort and comparative wealth, how much it means to the children of the poor! The carpets, the curtains, the cushions, the big soft chairs, the pictures on the walls—what a fairyland it all is to them!

Sibyl saw that night that there was another life than that of the White Rose bar-room, though its counters did shine and some of its occupants wear diamonds on their fingers. She had her restless moods, though, and Mr. Hector determined to let her see more of the great world in which he hoped she would some day take her place. It seemed natural for Miss Chambers to share the project, and so they both appeared with their charge at musical and elocution concerts, etc., and Sibyl's little hands were unconsciously tightening the bond that nought but death was to sever.

Mr. Hector had sought a wider life by following the footsteps of his Master. He had found it more abundantly than he had hoped.

To be sure Miss Chambers and he differed in their views of things sometimes, differed stubbornly, too, as a woman of twenty-eight and a man of thirty-two are apt to do, and to be sure they were neither of them conscious of the growing tie as yet. Nor was it to take a fever bringing one of them to the verge of death, nor an overturned canoe, from which he was to rescue her, or the fourteenth story of a burning building, or any other so romantic thing. They awakened to it gradually and naturally.

They were talking of ideals one day; he described his ideal of womanhood, a quiet spirit who reigned at home, was little seen, and talked of, with round, fair features, pretty ways and unselfish thoughts.

"I don't think I have an ideal of manhood," said she. "I think it is a good thing they were not all made alike. We should have a narrow range for oratory if all men were alike."

"Do you never think of anything else but oratory?" he asked, almost angry without knowing why.

"No. I have just one ideal, that is oratory."

"One *idea*, you mean."

She looked surprised, there was something so bitter in his tone.

"Why don't you call me a monomaniac, then?" she asked, laughingly.

"A unicorn with regard to ideas would be a milder way of putting it," said he.

Then he went home and told himself he was a crank and she was a crank. She was a crank, anyway. He said she was masculine in her devotion to art. But he knew he had never seen a more lovely woman in white muslin and blue ribbons. He said she was narrow; that was just as false, he knew. He said she was cold-hearted, but he would have told any one else who said so they had no insight whatever into human nature.

She had asked him to come to the oratorium next day and see the progress Sibyl had made. He told himself he could hear Sibyl privately. In fact he acted like a bear for an hour or two after they parted; then he suddenly came to his senses and saw that, ideal or no ideal, there was one woman who was something to him no one had ever been before. But that woman was Miss Stella Chambers, of the W—— Oratorium, known far and wide as a woman of genius—a woman whose whole soul was wrapped in her art. How was he to transform her into Mrs. Frank Hector, with a quiet house to manage and a dinner to order? He was dense, as men usually are, about a change of that kind.

Next morning, however, he went into the oratorium on his way to the office. He went early and had to wait in the entry till Stella had finished a little lecture on art she was giving the girls. This was what he heard:

"Girls, I would have you remember that woman's place is in the home. Woman is not creative. There are exceptions, to be sure, such as George Eliot; but as a rule, woman is not creative. But she can prop up man's work. Many artists would have made a failure without their wives. That does not mean, of course, that a woman of genius should not use the gifts given her. There is a great deal said about woman's *rights* and very little, if anything, said about her *likes*. I wonder why? I think you will find, as a rule, woman's *likes* are for the home-life, while her rights may in certain cases extend outside."

Then Mr. Hector went on to his office, hummed "Home, Sweet Home," and scribbled an article for the press on "Woman's Likes *versus* Woman's Rights," which he immediately threw into the waste-basket.

It was the following Easter Sunday Sibyl was to be baptized. She had come, where all of Stella Chambers' pupils eventually came, to the feet of the Master. Mr. Hector had sent little Trottie to a respectable kindergarten, and Brother Hector's family was a well-understood fact among his *confrères*. He sat beside Miss Chambers in church that glorious Easter, and watched her slender hands remove Sibyl's hat before her baptism. Tears came to the eyes of both as the girl went up and knelt among the Easter lilies at the communion rail, in the silence of the great church.

Stella took dinner at the Misses Burns' that day, which was becoming quite a common thing since they were friends of her mother's and her own dear home was far away in Manitoba.

Then they went down to the old church on the corner, where she had induced him to glean with her among the little ones of the Master's vineyard.

The afternoon sunshine changed to all the purple and crimson glories of an Easter sunset as they lingered together along the sweeping blue of the lake front an hour later. Such clouds, such waves, such lingering lights and shadows!

"Isn't it all glorious!" said she.

"Glorious!" he said, as in a dream. "You have opened my eyes to the glory of the world and of life as they were never open before."

"Have I truly? I'm so glad!"

"Stella—do you not understand? I love you—I love you. Do you care? Is it anything to you?"

She was silent. One trembling hand stole out to his.

"Do you care enough to leave your work—to make with me a home—I mean our ideal home with Jesus?"

Her eyes met his for one long moment. And Frank Hector walked homeward at her side an almost more than happy man.

A light laugh broke from her lips as they stood alone by the drawing-room grate after tea.

"What's the matter?"

"I was just wondering why you wanted to marry a woman of one idea."

"I wanted to teach her a new idea."

"You have taught me," she said, softly, and the sweet, grave look came back to her eyes.

. . . . . .

A pretty new home reared itself in the western suburbs of the city, and a lovely spirit directed it so sweetly that Frank Hector was forced to confess she had learned the new idea well. Other faces and other voices filled the oratorium and one day Miss Sibyl Bowers, graduate of the College of Oratory, took charge of it, and with the earnings of her own brave hands raised her family from Shin-bone Alley to comfort and respectability.

In a private room of Frank Hector's home there is a soiled wax doll in a glass case. The little hands that once fondled it are folded in the great cemetery near the hurrying city. On the wall above it are the words, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these." When his children ask about it he tells them the story of how he came to know their mother.

"Do it immediately, do it with prayer,
Do it reliantly, casting all care;
Do it with reverence, tracing His hand
Who hath placed it before thee, with earnest command.
Stayed on Omnipotence, safe 'neath His wing,
Leave all resultings—'Doe ye nexte thynge.'"

ROMANCE OF A COUNTRY TOWN.

BY ANNETTE L. NOBLE,

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

CHAPTER I.

One clear, warm afternoon in April Miss Hannah Goddard sauntered along under the oak and maple-trees which bordered either side of an exceedingly broad road. Before the day of railroads this had been the natural highway between two cities about seventy miles apart. Roomy inns had been scattered along its course, and crowded stage-coaches stopped every day with hungry and thirsty travellers. Now the ancient inns were changed into "stores," saloons, temperance halls, and picturesque if inconvenient farmhouses. The road was still good just in the middle of the highway, all grass-grown elsewhere, and, according to the season, pretty with dandelions, asters, marigolds and golden-rod. To the south one could look over miles of forest and fertile field; to the north into a wide valley, dotted with white spires, cosy homes, ample barns and yellow haystacks. Beyond the valley was a broad band of intense blue, a turquoise belt which would perhaps change colour, and in an hour be emerald or opalescent, for it was a great lake.

Hannah had taken this walk almost every day for years, but never before with the same enjoyment. She was a slim, elastic woman, about thirty-two, with a fine, earnest face, beautiful brown-black hair and gray eyes that some people found remarkable. It was because they shone occasionally with a soft, flashing light under the very dark lashes, grew black if she were angry, and dulled if she were cross. Not far away she could see a rustic bridge which crossed a wilful stream, whose wanderings through the valley were traced now by its gleam, now by the line of willow on its banks.

Just this side the "creek" (as everybody called the water), was a hillside grave-yard, and beyond that began the nearest woods. Hannah stopped a few rods this side of the bridge, gazing contentedly at a rambling one-story house, evidently unoccupied. It had quaint windows in unexpected places, and its sides were plastered with rough mortar which time or mellowing paint had toned into the colour of a Quakeress' gown.

"You look for all the world like a benignant old grandmother. When I first saw you, years and years ago, it was a case of love at sight, and now to think you are mine!"

There was no gate; she liked the omission; it looked hospitable, like a latch-string always out; so Hannah went up the cobble-stone walk. This she did not like, as it hurt her feet; but being near the lake shore the early builders found ready-made material economical, and used it freely. She put up her hand and lovingly caressed the brass knocker screwed on half a century before, but seeming to her far older as she remembered failing to reach it, once coming here as a little girl in a white sunbonnet. There was no hall, but a small square room.

"On the whole, I am glad," she said to herself, "for a hall might have been narrow and dark. Here will be the staying place for everybody not wanted in my parlour beyond. I will make this cool for summer with straw-matting, a bamboo chair and flower jugs. In the winter I will have a red portiere, and a wood fire in that old fireplace, then with a portrait or two that I don't like, but cannot throw away, and a cushion here and there, I can receive the coming caller. But here is the cosiest parlour! Two windows for the lake and the valley, and one for the length of the village street. What enticing little bedrooms! A kitchen light, airy and papered with blue cabbages. Well, Hannah Goddard, I congratulate you! It was a long lane, but at the turning you find this liberty with a clean conscience and some government bonds. You ought to be good all your life. Now for new floors, new doors, paper taken off and everything neat, comfortable, but not glaringly new. A grandmother is absurd in finery."

Some one rapped with the cherished knocker, thereby annoying Hannah, who wanted just then to be free from neighbourly curiosity; but

her eyes brightened when she saw her caller—a man in a working garb, with a clear-cut, pleasant face.

"I have been ploughing, and am not dressed for a call, but perhaps I look as well as your house," he remarked.

"Don't dare to disparage my house! I am a part of it already!" Then, as he stepped into her "reception" room, Hannah exclaimed, "John Ferris, I am glad that you were the first person to cross my threshold after I took possession. I am doing that in spirit, in spite of the absence of chairs and tables. If I were superstitious, I would call it a good omen, for yours is the foot of a friend."

He thanked her like one not given to overmuch talk, and asked:

"How comes it that you do this? I thought your uncle willed you the old homestead?"

"He did, but it is an ugly house where I have very often felt imprisoned. His nephew coveted it, I did not care for it, so we quickly came to terms. Now I am free and happy. I can say plainly to you that those were not very joyous years that I spent at Uncle James', and after Aunt Sarah died it was even harder. You know their dispositions."

"Yes, I understood always."

"I have means now to live as I like. I have bought this place, and let the farm to Jake Mather."

"Are you going to get married?"

They both laughed.

"I am going to be free, Mr. Ferris, as I just told you."

"What are you going to do?"

"I am going to take a few days to think, maybe to think aimlessly. I have had so much gruel to make, so much fretting to hear, so many tasks in the last few years, that I want—well to go and sit among the daisies in the church-yard, to follow the creek a mile or two, to go for spring wild flowers in the woods beyond the creek, to read Walter Scott, whom I once adored. This looks to you like idleness?"

"Not idle for Hannah Goddard. What then?"

"Then I want to be ready."

"For what?"

"There is a couplet about God sending the flax for the one who gets her spindle and distaff ready. I fancy I shall have the benefit of my fellow-creatures' advice, however, for since morning I have been counselled to go abroad, to adopt an orphan, to learn china decorating, to marry."

"You don't say whom," he added with a twinkle in his eye.

'O, anybody I like, of course. Have you come with a suggestion?"

"No, but being here I can offer one. After you have wandered by the creek and through the woods and thought—come back stronger and more hopeful than the rest of us who are ploughing rough ground—come back and do for Cairnes."

"A new carpet for the church perhaps?"

She knew it was not.

"No, the old one will last half a century, unless more feet turn in there than tread it now. The world is too busy now with church carpets. Are you going to live here all alone?"

"For awhile, at any rate."

"Well, I am hindering you. I saw you come in here, and I just stopped to say—no, I did not plan to say it, but I am glad that you are free." He turned to go out by the kitchen door, and said, the twinkle reappearing in his eyes, "I could not help thinking of the day my brother urged me to plead with you to leave your uncle and to marry him. If you had consented, you would have escaped much that has been hard."

"Harder than you can realize, but it was right to refuse to escape it, being my duty as I saw it then and now. I owed allegiance to those unlovely old people. Your brother can say, too, that it was 'blessed' to him," she went on, laughing gaily, "for I often hear what a remarkable wife he has."

"Yes, but so he would have had in case he had carried his point. Goodnight. Be sure of your roof; this old one leaks."

"No, indeed!" murmured Hannah, standing in her kitchen door. If ever I wanted to marry William Ferris, it was when I was senselessly young; I saw him a year ago, and found him a pompous, commonplace egotist. I believe I will have all this battered, painted pine replaced with oak. I was never in a hammock in my life, just as I never have read 'Robinson Crusoe.' I think I will hang one between those apple-trees and pick up that loop I dropped in the lore of my childhood."

She lingered around the house until she saw the farmers leaving their work in the fields, then she departed to find some of her carpenters. Knowing the habits of her townsmen, she took her way directly to the

Bogert House. It was a big yellow wooden tavern, with an upper and lower white balcony in front, and a pump and watering trough on the grassless space opposite the main entrance. Travellers were unknown and boarders a tradition. The long, low ball-room was often let for a country dance or a political meeting, and the rest of the tavern used for the post-office, saddler's shop, dry goods store, Sons of Temperance Hall, auction rooms, and the home of Bill Bogert and family. Over and above all this it was to the social life of Cairnes citizens what the Baths of Caracalla were to the men of ancient Rome : the place where they discussed politics, horses, religion, and other people's affairs.

As Miss Goddard expected, the evening mail had come from Kent, and here she found her carpenter, paperhanger and man of all work, Jake Mather ; each and all watching the dispersion of fifteen cards, ten letters and a few score papers. Mechanics thereabout were seldom driven with work, so she left the post-office with a reasonable hope of getting into her house by June. That was soon enough. She had plenty to do in the meantime. What could be more charming than to go unhurried to the nearest city, and from a tolerably well-lined purse buy a "sleepy hollow" chair for future dreams by her future fireside, to give favourite pictures fitting settings, to select bits of bright drapery, soft, dull-tinted rugs (sure to be disapproved by the neighbours) and books ?

Oh, books ! There came the keenest thrills of rapture when she might bring into her own home all that goodly company of choice spirits with which she had only occasionally held communion.

Hannah was not pre-eminently housewifely, yet all the instincts were there, and a mild glow of satisfaction played over the surface of her deeper joy while she selected thistle-patterned table-cloths and napkins, indulged in a Havilland tea set, and saw her contented face in the bottom of a brass kettle.

Yes, June would be soon enough to enter the house, for there was work going on out-doors which, if it did not need her supervision, she needed to supervise.

Then again, after her bondage to other people's wills, Hannah wanted a little time to do what George Eliot said could be well done under new conditions : "to take herself up by the ears and inspect herself." She had been so busy doing, that the being had to take care of itself. But when one's doing is just along God's marked-out line of living and loving, He never lets a soul suffer for lack of self-consciousness. Hannah was sound, sweet and intelligent in heart and brain, though she had constructed no theory for so making herself.

The tenth day of June her house was ready. When furnished, her rooms made one want to linger—everything was comfortable, shape and colour pleased the eye. In winter they would surely be full of rosy light and warmth ; in summer cool, with shaded, enticing corners.

The first evening that Hannah Goddard sat alone in her porch and saw the moon come up, heard the sleepy twitter of birds in her tree-tops, and smelled the perfume from red clover fields, she murmured, "Yes, thank the Lord ! I am not William Ferris' wife. Eugh ! his stupid self-complacency !"

Jake Mather passing, stopped to ask about her supply of potatoes, and then went down the road musing, "There's a queer creeter sittin' all alone listening to the bull-frogs for company, when she might go to Kent, keep boarders, and save even the interest on her money—yes, or marry old Hyde, he'd have her in a minute, and them five big girls o' hisen 'ud keep lots o' fun agoin'. I'll bet she is poetic and poeticky. Wimmin are like doughy bread, soft in a wrong fashion. Howsomever, she didn't get cheated much on them eaves-troughs Fuller was tryin' to palm off on her. Wall, I give her up ; maybe she knows enough. I shall find out before I git done with her, most likely."

When Hannah had kept house three weeks, she began to be mildly discontented, and even conscience smitten. There was more work than she cared to do, if she lived as she wished to live : thoroughly well and hospitably. To hire a foreign servant girl from Kent, would be to bring an unendurably vulgar element into her little house. To follow the Cairnes rule and take a poor farmer's daughter was even worse, for such a person would be entirely familiar in intercourse. Hannah wanted a servant. Here came in her scruples.

Perhaps she ought to take in somebody whom she could benefit. Hannah's conscience came over in the Mayflower, and its vitality was such that whenever life became very pleasant, it suggested to her moral conundrums. Was her new paradise orthodox lacking a serpent! Ought he not to be there, if only to give her temptations to resist?

She thought about self-indulgence, missionary efforts on home heathen, the unpleasantness of mopping her own kitchen floor, and at last she resolved to consult Mrs. Ostrander.

The very next morning that lady ran in to make her a friendly call and to see the new house. She was very black-haired, bright-eyed and stout, but without any of the rusticity peculiar to most of the Cairnes people, and inasmuch as she is worthy of it, she shall be described in detail.

No, Mrs. Ostrander was not a product of Cairnes, but Cairnes could not have been what it was without her. When Amos Ostrander brought her, a bride, from Kent, she was a slight, pretty creature, dressing better than any lady in town. From the day of her arrival she opened up astonishingly. She was an insatiable worker. On a fifteen-foot step-ladder she would weekly explore the parlour cornice for dust, and always kept clean the cracks in the kitchen floor with a knitting-needle. The mattresses on her beds curled themselves over to be beaten when they heard her coming upstairs. Did she stay at housework? Far from it! Maria Ostrander was possessed by a sense of the work there was to be done in the world, without any idea that the limit of her capacity was the limit of her duty. How was anybody to know how much she could do until she tried? So Maria went ahead. She was on every committee for church and town activity. She overflowed in deeds of private charity. She embraced all creation in her prayers, with a positive interest in Jew, Gentile and savage. She did fancy work, was taking the "Chautauqua Course," and meant sometime to go to Egypt.

Still Maria's career was not one march from victory unto victory. Growing stout, yet taking no time to heed the fact, but rushing about with all the elan of her youth, she was rather top-heavy on her little feet, and pitched through doorways or shot unexpectedly down basement stairs into church prayer-meetings. If her softly-cushioned bones never broke, their coverings was usually "black and blue" to an extravagant extent. Again, no one can do such an unconscionable amount of everything as she did without talk; and being by nature social, she was forced (if she said all she must and all she wanted to say) to talk fast. Sometimes in excitement her mental activity was like her physical agility, and then her ideas arrived heels over head. She aided language by the gestures which her French grandmother had used many years before Maria was born.

Now add to these traits a keen sense of other people's worth, great tact, boundless kindness, sound common-sense and (in view of everything that everybody had accomplished since creation, and which she had not as yet caught up with) a childlike humility, one easily sees why Mrs. Ostrander was a universal favourite—a veritable village St. Christopher, carrying the helpless over all kinds of floods. Naturally she had a hard time of it, and envied people who lived a "restful life." It was the deep-seated conviction of her soul that but for "circumstances" she would lead a calm, reflective existence, serenely pious, persistingly intellectual and eternally at leisure. Her "circumstances" were a big brick house, and a good-natured husband, who sometimes regarded her with the expectancy which a small boy entertains toward a galvanic battery.

Still, when she truthfully insisted that she was "almost tired to death," he never could understand why she did not stop and rest. That was the one thing that made Maria Ostrander mad. The stupidity of people in general not to see why she could not—"With all there was to be done."

When the two women had discussed the new-old house and all its conveniences, they sat down for a chat, and Hannah stated her case.

"I understand," said Maria quickly. "You would go crazy, shut up here with a common girl. Can't you have some women come in for a few hours every day?"

"Who, for instance?"

"There you have me! There is no one but Polly Huggins, and you can't have her. Did I tell you I have got her sister at last into the city hospital for proper treatment? I went to Langbury Saturday—did errands for ever so many people, got such a

bargain in silk, and attended a missionary meeting. Hannah, how we do neglect the heathen! It is atrocious! My blood fairly froze as I listened to the speeches. We must get up an interest here in Cairnes. I brought home pamphlets for circulation. The speaker said—" Maria gave a vivid outline of the best speech, and then continued, " After the meeting, I went all over the Orphan Asylum. There is a little girl there I wanted to be sure was contented. Well, now I wonder!"

Mrs. Ostrander struck out her hands palms upward, reflecting at least a second—

" Take an orphan, Hannah!"

" What for?"

" Mutual help. The matron there showed me a little negro just as bright as he could be. She said nobody would adopt him, and they never bind out children, but if she knew of a family where this boy could be fed, clothed and sent to school in return for light work, she would gladly let him go. She went on to tell me how quick, neat and obliging he was, and how eager to get into the kitchen and help the servants. His mother was a cook, and he seemed to inherit her tastes. Now why not take such a boy?"

" I had thought of a Chinese, but not of an Ethiopian," laughed Hannah. " Nevertheless, I am tempted. I would be teaching him, giving him a good home, while he could run errands, do odds and ends of work, and take to the woods when I wanted solitude."

" Certainly," agreed Maria, with enthusiasm, and ten minutes later the two women had planned it in detail: how the dusky orphan could come, and what he would do after his arrival.

Hannah having found the desired combination of a servant to work, and a subject to be humanely worked upon, was satisfied again to enjoy life fully.

She leaned back smiling in her bamboo chair, and waited serenely for Maria to introduce a new topic, which the good lady did forthwith:

" Hannah, don't you think Mr. Hopkins needs a rest? He looks pale and tired. Only think what a monotonous life the poor man has led preaching ten years to us without a vacation. Mrs. Hopkins was telling me how he longed to visit his native town, somewhere in New England. So last night I talked with Mr. Ferris, and he thought the money could be raised to send him for the summer."

" The summer! Who would preach for us and take care of his family?"

" Oh, Mr. Ferris said we ought to give at least half-salary over and above his expenses, and then the supply would board at his house—at the Hopkins'."

" What supply?" asked Hannah vaguely.

" Oh, I proposed that we have a young minister, one just fledged. He might like the experience before he placed himself permanently, and we might find him interesting."

" Very likely. When I was seventeen we had one of that sort here for two months. The first month we read 'Festus' together in a damp spot down by the creek, and he repeatedly called me 'My dear child.' (He was twenty-one.) Then we got to talking over our spiritual condition, and I was really grieved later because he began to make an herbarium with Sarah Bascom. I know how much he seemed to me like St. Paul mixed up with the hero of a story in 'Godey's Ladies' Book.'"

" I presume so. I knew one who gave seventeen girls a cornelian ring each, but they have changed all that. Ours will read Herbert Spencer and play lawn tennis."

" It is all the same to me, only I like to see in young people these pretty indications of their 'salad days.' So far from making me feel sere and melancholy, I am as mellow in mood as a tipsy fellow I passed one evening last October. He gazed upward with a grin and murmured, 'I don't—care—if—the—leaves doos—fall!' Yes, Maria, Mr. Hopkins ought to have a change. I will help to get him started."

" I knew you would, and John Ferris is going right about the matter. By the way, how sober John looks lately. I asked my husband if he were in any business trouble, but he said the Ferris farm was the best in the country. Did you ever see his wife, Hannah?"

" Yes, I have seen her a great many times."

" Tell me about her; she went away the spring before I came to Cairnes."

" Well, she was sickly, rather pretty, and older than John when she came to visit a neighbour about sixteen years ago. He was a quiet fellow of

twenty, and people said that she, being an orphan and poor, made up her mind to marry him. She succeeded, at any rate; but from the first she was morose, jealous and so rude that she offended all his friends before they began to see that she must be irresponsible. John would not believe that she was insane until she tried to kill herself. She has been in an asylum nine years."

"What a pity! He is no common sort of a man, though he is so still that common people think he is just one of themselves."

"Yes, until some difference of a principle comes up, and then they gape to see a man who does not think second-hand thoughts about his rights and duties."

"Goodness me!" suddenly ejaculated Mrs. Ostrander. "How consistent such conduct does seem, and what a satisfactory life results from it! Now my life is precisely like a skein of yarn with half a dozen ends cut—each end being wound and pulled until the whole is one everlasting tangle, forever getting straightened by great effort, then again over and above the work and worry is the wickedness of myself and other folks. And how ever, Hannah Goddard, can I improve my mind when there is canned fruit following close after house-cleaning, and dressmaking chasing church work, with butter-packing and housework running along every blessed day, and I getting away, away behind the others of our scientific club in gravitation, electricity, steam, wind and vital forces, protective tariff and lots of other interesting what-you-may-call-thems put down to be read last month?"

Stopping for one long breath, she cried:

"You don't know anything about it, Hannah! You, with plenty of time! Why, last Monday night I would willingly have gone to heaven, I was so tired, if I could conscientiously have left behind me such a power of work that ought to be done. Oh, that reminds me! Mr. Hopkins' clothes are rusty and his shirts all worn out. Eight hundred is a small salary. I do believe if I ever reach the heavenly mansions, I will sit right down on the front step and rest for a year or two. I suppose you won't go in all out of breath; you take everything so easy!"

Hannah smiled at the little lady's fluttering hands (conversation always turned her into a sort of windmill), and then following out her whimsical fancy, she returned:

"I think sometimes that the first years of my heavenly childhood will be spent as are the first years of children here—in asking 'Why?' Only it will be the why of things past, not present. Why this music-loving girl must sew from daylight until dark, and that rich girl hate the grand piano that stands idle in her home until it rusts? Why John Ferris' crazy wife was sent to Cairnes only to keep him miserable through the best years of his manhood? Why healthy, happy souls are snatched out of life and canker-eaten ones stay for half-centuries? There must be a best of reasons for every 'Why?' but if we could this very minute waylay a stray angel and tease for an answer, we should probably be told, 'You are too little now to understand. When you are bigger you shall be told all about it.'"

There was a short silence while Maria's thoughts went by rapid transit from abodes celestial to Parson Hopkins, straight through his warm wardrobe and out into space again in this shape:

"I would like to travel myself. I long to go to Switzerland. Why, when I hear folks talk about seeing the Alps and Mont Blanc, the thrills run through and through me until I feel as if I were actually there, leaping like a chamois from crag to crag." So saying Maria gave a hundred and sixty pound sigh, which was, after all, quite pathetic to Hannah, who knew the sigher's propensity for promiscuous bumping about on a dead level. Soon, however, the care-oppressed lady sprang up with new alacrity, remembering some duty yet undone, and with many kindly words went home.

"Think truly, and thy thoughts shall the world's famine feed;
Speak truly, and each word of thine shall be a fruitful seed;
Live truly, and thy life shall be a great and noble creed."

A CHRISTMAS SONG.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

THE VIRGIN MOTHER AND CHILD.

A light in our darkness, a song for our cheer,
A Child in our arms to be precious and dear.
Our hearts for His manger, our homes for His throne,
And Jesus our Saviour, received by His own!

Refrain:

At Christmas we gather, and joyfully bring
Our love and our praise to Jesus our King.

Low laying before Him our incense and myrrh,
And deep in the shadow of pine and of fir,
With tapers that twinkle and flowers that twine,
We offer our homage and bend at His shrine.

With Mary His mother we find Him at rest,
Is the shade of the Cross on that innocent breast?
'Tis for our Redemption this Saviour is born,
And Calvary's night is in each Christmas morn.

Our gems and our gold we would give Him this day,
Ourselves as a tribute before Him would lay.
For Light of the nations and Joy of the earth
This Child of the Virgin brings Peace at His birth.

A Star in our midnight, a Song in our woe,
All heaven brought down till its glory we know.
And angels to herald, this dear Christmas morn
The Saviour of Sinners in Bethlehem born.

TWO CHRISTMAS EVES.

BY LOTTIE M'ALISTER,

Author of "Clipped Wings."

It was Christmas eve. All day the snow had been falling in great lazy flakes, suggestive, to the susceptible mind, of abandonment to leisurely enjoyment. This fragile child of nature's chilling mood, seemed to be vying with the green of summer for the palm of beauty, and had succeeded, not only in dazzling the eye of the beholder by its brilliancy and whiteness, but in transforming every unsightly object into a mysterious fairy form, clothed in prismatic colours. It may have been in honour of the birthday of the Child Christ, that nature was dressing the old earth in robes like those of a first-born babe in a home of luxury. In one such home the Christmas preparations of weeks had received their finishing touches. Burnished brass candle-sticks and candelabras reflected the lights they held. Blazing hospitable flames, kindling the memory, stirring the imagination, fascinating the eye, converted the wide fire-places into wonderland, where magic, whimsically, transformed fantastic castles into waving forests, but to become regiments of marching soldiers. On a dining table of noble proportions, covered with a damask cloth of veined and sheeny whiteness, a meal was spread. Delicate china, polished silver, glittering cut-glass, and low-spoken servants moving noiselessly, bespoke the refinements of gentle blood and wealth.

A family group, gathered in the great drawing-room, were strangely silent for such a festal occasion. The father, bent with venerable age, leaned forward in his luxurious chair, on his staff, and gazed into the fire. The mother, seated in a tall, straight-backed chair, still held her years erect. At a deep window, half-hidden by the heavy curtains, stood a woman, slight and fair, whose eye and ear were strained in expectancy for some longed-for sight or sound. A little boy, with eyes like the sky of Italy, and hair, in which the firelight found a golden treasure, was clinging to her hand. The painful silence was not lost on his sympathetic little soul. His infantile delight at the brilliantly illuminated Christmas-tree standing in an alcove, died on his lips. The sound of a limb breaking with its weight of snow just outside the window, interrupted the agonizing suspense. On discovering the cause of the noise, the group were settling back into their former positions of expectancy, when the old grandfather arose and said:

"We have much whereof we should be glad. Do not let this disappointment entirely spoil our Christmas joy and the little one's pleasure. There might have been more than one missing."

As he spoke, his trembling hand gently closed on his wife's faded one, and he led the way to the dining hall. The mother in the window raised her child in her arms, and hid her face in his curls.

While they surround the Christmas board, feigning some lightness of heart, and are beguiled into genuine smiles by the artless chatter of the boy, whose excitement over the promised speedy arrival of Santa to dispense the treasures of the Christmas-tree, stimulates the flagging spirits of his elders, a few words of history may be written.

An idolized son, a trusted husband, betrays the love of wife, and the confidence of parents. Desperation! Flight! An outraged father, a heart-broken mother, a deceived wife, had written letters full of love and urgency to return. Even the almost baby hand had been guided to write, "Papa, come home in time for Santa." No answer was received, but Immortal Hope buoyed up the expectation that the home-coming would be by the way of a surprise. Either the message did not reach the wanderer, or he did not care to return. Evening approached, the hour grew late, the candles spluttered in their sockets, the fires died on the hearth. He did not come!

The years have buried in merciful oblivion the hopes and despair of that long-ago Christmas eve. They have buried, too, the members of that group who gathered in the old homestead at Christmastide. As an-

other year grew old and white with the snows of winter, it heaped those snows on their graves, and tenderly tucked in the little grave with a fleecy coverlet.

Some weeks before the twenty-fifth of December, a gray-haired man, followed by foreign-looking servants, shivering with the cold, moved up the old walk, and turned a great key in the rusty lock. Immediately preparations for a right royal Christmas festival were begun. The expedition with which the preparations were executed indicated that they were the outcome of careful planning.

Again it was Christmas eve. The feverish haste of the past weeks was over. The lights and the fire burned brightly, as they did a score of years before. The table glittered and sparkled with its costly old-fashioned service. The number for which it was spread was identical with that of the long ago. A solitary figure sat in the firelight. His eye and ear were strained with an intensity of expectation. A sound without of a twig breaking with its weight of snow brought him to his feet. He stood just within the heavy curtains. The servants trembled with suppressed excitement. Although on the alert their quick ears caught not the sound of the huge iron knocker, but there was confusion in the hall. Cautiously peeking they saw their master standing on the doorstep, regardless of the biting blast that tossed his gray hair rudely. Closing the door, and dropping on one knee, their master sees and pleads with the invisible. He kissed ghostly hands, and murmured, "Forgive! Forgive!" To the listeners the oft-repeated word would have been meaningless but for the notes of entreaty it contained. Shadowy lips kiss the brow and lips of the penitent. Springing to his feet with boyish grace he shows by his attitude the deference of youth to age. Creeping nearer, glittering dark eyes saw the master wheel the luxurious chair and the high, straight-backed chair into the glowing circle of warmth.

At last the terrified servants are ordered to conduct his parents to the apartments prepared for them, that they may remove the stains of travel. The master stands again within the heavy curtains. He is listening, listening. Soon he throws open the door again, and now his arms held in close embrace the visitants. Passionate kisses, sobs and pleadings for forgiveness resounded through the hall. These are exchanged for shouts of delight, as an imaginary boy was lifted to his shoulder and carried up and down in triumph. Presently the child is borne up the wide stairway, while the master's eyes beam love upon the wife clinging to his arm. He leads the way to apartments adorned by every luxury love could devise.

As the evening wears on, he assembles his strange guests around the old board. The servants, obeying his behests through habit and terror, brought on the courses, and heaped the plates with tempting viands, while they poured old red wine into crystal cups. Ah, that was a weirdly gay night! The old rooms rang with gay laughter, and the boy romped merrily. The candles, gleaming fitfully on the Christmas-tree, showed the names on the gifts to be the same as those carved into the cold marble in the graveyard within sight.

Now the master tenderly touches the keys of the piano, the gift to his beloved, and sang the love songs of his youth. Then he strips the tree of its toys, murmuring, "The little lad came home in time for Santa."

When the candles spluttered in their sockets and went out, and the fire threw up its last flickering blue flame and was extinguished, a man with gray hair sat in a luxurious chair; on his face was a strange hue that belongs to neither sea nor shore, but only to the face of the dead. Over his heart was a package of Christmas letters, yellow with age. To-night the snow is drifting high over a new-made grave.

A psychological treatment of dreams connects them so nearly with other forms of illusion, that the line dividing the hallucinations of waking life from the imaginations of dreamland may be defined in geometric language as a line having length without breadth. However, personal experience proves there is a coherent class of dreams. Dreams which work themselves out to a conclusion; dreams of persons, with whom are associated appropriate actions and relations; dreams of objects, which have also their natural associations of position, space, and magnitude.

Let the oneirocritic interpret it as he may, let the physiologist, the psychologist, or the metaphysician,

account for it according to his particular theory, what we have just related was a dream of Philip Haldane's, one night, as he was lying convalescing in a hospital, far from home. Those scenes passing before his imagination, with all the exaggerated intensity of dream fancies, did not pass away with the mists of the night, but left an impression as deep and lasting as memory itself. How it came in this dream drama that only the consistent factors were allowed to enter, can only be explained by the theory that there is a rejection of conflicting ideas, and an acceptance of those that harmonize with the state of emotion in the mind. This drama was dominated by the emotion of sorrow.

Philip Haldane did not ask himself the unanswerable, and, therefore, useless question, how he came to step so completely out of his own identity, as to be able to be an agonizing spectator of his exit out of life. What he did ask was :

"Nurse, how soon will I be able to travel ?"

The nurse answered by taking his temperature and feeling his pulse. When she had satisfied herself that her hitherto taciturn patient's sudden interest in his recovery was not the result of a rising temperature, she replied :

"In three weeks, if no complications arise."

"How far off is Christmas ?" he further inquired.

His glance at a picture on the wall, in which a fireplace, with a piece of holly in a jar on the mantel, formed a background for a family gathering, was followed by the nurse's eye. Aristotle refers dreaming to the action of objects of outward sense, which leave behind impressions on the soul and bodily frame.

"Six weeks from to-night will be Christmas eve," the nurse said promptly, as if the exact date were a familiar one.

It was Christmas eve ! The snow was falling lazily. At a quiet station a man steps from a train. As he looks down the snowy road he shivers, and buttons his great-coat. Repeatedly he passes his hand across his brow, as a man might do who imagines that he dreams. As he walks he turns suddenly, as if to make sure there are not stealthy steps following him. As he comes within sight of a familiar cemetery his knees tremble, and he would have fallen had he not nerved himself to proceed.

"Which home-coming is it ?" he muttered, in a hoarse whisper, as he staggered onward. The sight of a home blazing with Christmas fires and lights quickens his pulses, and gives him temporary strength. Keeping within the shadow of a snow-laden hedge he noiselessly approaches the house. He sees a wide, deep window, draped with warm curtains. Dimly, at first, but as his eye becomes accustomed to the light and shadow, he sees more clearly the figure of a woman standing within the curtain. A golden-haired boy is clinging to her hand. Within the circle of firelight are two figures, one bent with age, the other in a high, straight-backed chair sits erect in spite of her years. Both are in an attitude of expectancy. Presently the old man slowly rises and approaches the straight-backed chair. The woman in the window raises the child in her arms, and buries her face in his curls. The watcher outside mutters to himself, in the voice of a lost fiend :

"I am raving mad. If I raise the knocker the ghostly scene will be on the stage."

He turns to speed away in the darkness, but turns again to take a parting look. The light is falling full on the face of his child. He is hungry for love. He is hungry for forgiveness. The huge knocker is in his hand. It rises, it falls. Even then he turns to fly, but the borrowed strength is expended, and he would have fallen on the cold stone steps had not a pair of arms—not ghostly ones—but warm arms of flesh and blood, encircled him.

"My darling husband !"

"My precious son !" were the words sounding in his ears as he fought against a sickening faintness. The redemptive power of love is great ; so great, in fact, that before the candles spluttered in their sockets and went out, the old rooms rang with gay laughter, and the boy romped right merrily. From the wall, enwreathed with holly, the Child Christ in the Madonna's arms looked on with a loving smile.

THE CENTRAL THOUGHT OF CHRISTMAS.

The sweetest thought of Christmas is that of the human mother and the Divine Child—the lowly Mary of Nazareth and the Holy Babe of Bethlehem. It is the central conception of religious art. Over and over again in endless iteration is the tender theme repeated on altar-piece and painted window, in carving and Mosaic often rude and inartistic, but instinct with sacred feeling. Upon these, too, the wealth of genius has been lavished. No pictures in the world have such a value. For Raphael's *Madonna in* the National Gallery the British Government paid the large sum of $350,000. His Sistine Madonna at Dresden is worth even more, and many others are nearly of equal value.

THE MAID OF NAZARETH, THE BABE OF BETHLEHEM.

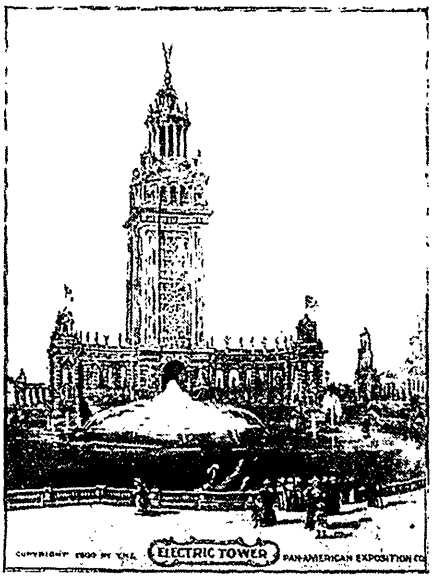
The influence of this ideal of purity and tenderness in an age of violence and unruth can never be measured. The words of Prince Henry in "The Golden Legend" have a world-wide application at the holy Christmastide.

"This is indeed the blessed Mary's land,
Virgin and Mother of our dear Redeemer!
All hearts are touched and softened at her name;
Alike the bandit, with the bloody hand,
The priest, the prince, the scholar, and the peasant,
The man of deeds, the visionary dreamer,
Pay homage to her as one ever present!

"And if our Faith had given us nothing more
Than this example of all womanhood,
So mild, so merciful, so strong, so good,
So patient, peaceful, loyal, loving, pure,
This were enough to prove it higher and truer
Than all the creeds the world had known before."

And in this hour of victory, this blessed time of peace,
All praise to One, who gives the power, and maketh wars to cease,
With prayer to Him who loveth all, and comforts every woe.
For the widow and the orphan, and our brave though fallen foe.

THE PAN-AMERICAN EXHIBITION.



The Paris Exposition has been a great success in point of numbers attending—over fifty million, or twice the number attending the Exposition of 1889. Yet comparatively few Canadians were able to take advantage of the education which such a fair furnishes. During the coming year such a course in the liberal arts and sciences will be brought almost to our doors. We quote from the Announcement of the Pan-American the following statement: This exhibition, which will be held at Buffalo from May 1st to November 1st, 1901, is expected to exceed in splendour and financial success anything that has gone before. It is being prepared by a company with $5,000,000 of resources, and has received grants of $500,000 from the United States Government, and $300,000 from the State of New York. Almost all the countries in the western hemisphere are expected to exhibit.

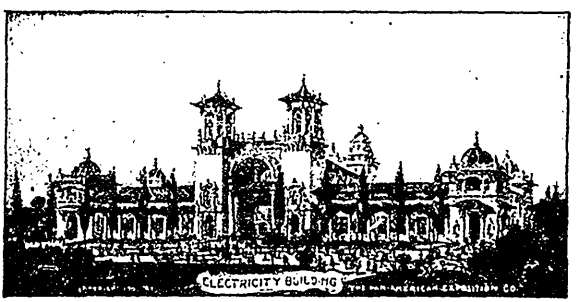
The principal advantages of the city of Buffalo for such a project are its position, with forty million people within a day's ride by rail, and the nearness of Niagara Falls, which are a great attraction to visitors, and also supply power in almost infinite quantity for the running of lights and fountains, which will be the strong points of this exhibition. The site selected is about a mile long, by half a mile wide, and contains about 350 acres, 133 of which are beautiful park land, with large and small lakes.

The centrepiece of the exhibition will be the "Court of the Fountains," with the electric tower facing on it. The court is a thousand feet long, and five hundred wide; in the centre is a large basin containing numerous fountains and other water effects. At night these will be lit up by white and coloured electric lights underneath. All the surrounding buildings will be outlined with electric lights, more than a hundred thousand lamps being used to produce these displays. At the north end of the court will stand the Electric Tower, surmounted by a statue of Electricity. This tower will be 348 feet high, and will stand in another large basin; a series of cascades will fall into the basin from a niche in the tower.

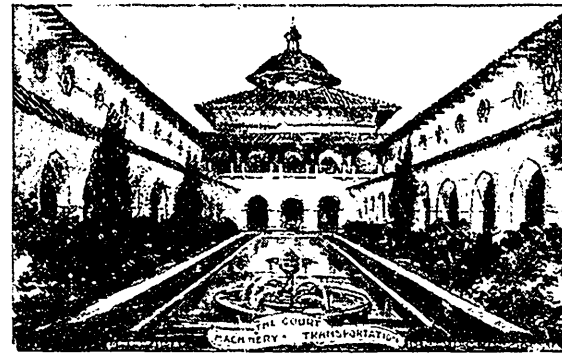
On either side of the Electric Tower are the buildings devoted to Electricity and Agriculture. These are long, low structures, five hundred by a hundred feet. The Electricity Building will contain exhibits showing all the thousands of uses to which electricity can be put, from cooking food and lighting houses to wireless telegraphy and locating bullets in the human anatomy. There will also be complete exhibits of electrical machinery and appliances.

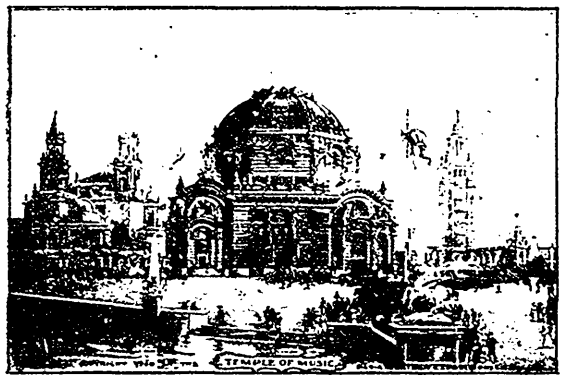
AGRICULTURE.

In the agricultural building will be shown samples of everything that is grown on this side of the world, whether for food for man or beast, for clothing,



or for any other purpose. There will also be all sorts of animal products; glue, stearine, wax, bone and horn products, etc. There will also be an exhibit of agricultural systems, showing the nature and use of fertilizers, crop rotation, etc., with statistics and samples of crop raised by the use of particular fertilizers. Agricultural colleges will be well represented by an exhibit of the work done in them. There will be no competition for prizes among the exhibitors in the agricultural division, as it would be impossible to make just awards among such a large number of exhibits.





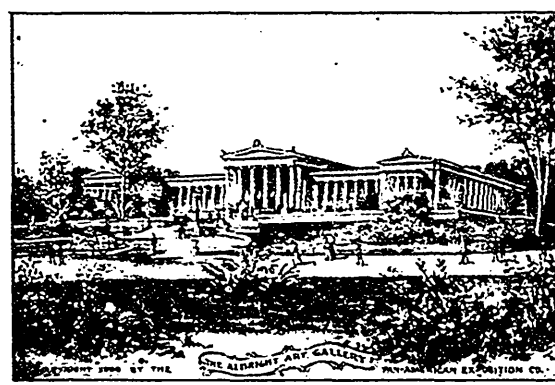
Facing the electricity and agriculture buildings are those devoted to machinery and transportation, and to manufactures and liberal arts. Each of these buildings covers over four acres of land, the dimensions being 500 feet by 350 feet, with large courts in the centres. The liberal arts include education, engineering, public works, constructive architecture, music and the drama.

There are two other large buildings, or rather groups of buildings; these are devoted respectively to the exhibits of the United States Government, and to horticulture, mining, and the graphic arts.

In the Temple of Music, some 2,500 people can listen to concerts, while the music gardens will hold an immense number. The programme will be varied, including the latest in concert hall airs, as well as the symphony and the oratorio. There will be a magnificent organ, which will cost $10,000.

The Stadium will be larger than the Colosseum of Rome. The seating capacity is estimated for twenty-five thousand spectators. The space beneath the seats will be used for exhibition purposes, being the equivalent of a very large building.

Near the main southern entrance of the Exhibition will be the Albright Art Gallery, built of white marble, and costing $350,000. This is the gift of a citizen of Buffalo, Mr. J. J. Albright, and will be a permanent fireproof building, to be used as a public art gallery.



A GOOD MAN GONE WRONG.

Mr. W. T. Stead in his sane moments is a man of noble and generous instincts. He flung himself into the conflict with organized vice in London with a reckless audacity, and took joyfully his three months in prison for what was technically considered as a crime, but was really a great-hearted virtue. To him we owe the noble phrase, "the union of all who love in the service of all who suffer." It is a pity he could not keep some of his sympathy for the women and children of the British towns of Mafeking, Ladysmith, and Kimberley, who were stormed at with shot and shell, condemned to famine and fever, and done to death by hordes of Boers wantonly invading British territory. He keeps it all for the enemies of his country and has only words of violence and vituperation for the victims of their craft and guile and cruelty. He continues to reproduce the ravings of the ribald press of the Continent, and rake up the scandalous and scurrilous caricature cartoons of the vulgar *Journal pour Rire*, and similar vile sheets. In the frontispiece of a recent number of the *Review of Reviews*, entitled "Bethlehem stormed and captured in the year of Our Lord 1900," the British Lion is shown trampling on the broken cross, while from the centre of the British flag the thorn-crowned head of Christ looks down with infinite pity and reproach upon the scene carnage. Some share at least of this bitter condemnation should be reserved for Kruger, Reitz, Steyn and Cronje, who wantonly began this wicked war.

Mr. Stead omits to reprint one cartoon which we deem justly sets forth the situation. The figure of Britannia is being crowded to the very end of the continent by the truculent Kruger, while Mr. Labouchere and a chorus of Pro-Boers are saying: "If she won't let you sit on her, jump on her, kick her off the continent; you have our moral support." The revelations of the captured archives and correspondence prove that the kicking of Britain off the continent was the deliberate purpose of the Boers.

Mr. Stead has been visiting the Ober-Ammergau Passion Play, and finds in the crucifixion of the Prince of Peace by the Jews a striking parallelism with the conflict with Kruger of the British nation. "Mary's Son became to me," he says, "but a symbol of the Dutch nationality in South Africa. The Jews triumphed at Calvary, just as their counterparts have triumphed at Pretoria. . . Pilate, as the representative of the Roman Empire, stands for the concert of the Powers. It was his duty, it was his right, to have saved Jesus. He meant to do well, and his wife, who may in the present case represent the various peace and pro-Boer organizations in Holland, Germany, France and America, urged him strongly to have nothing to do with the death of that just man.

"Pilate made a much better struggle for Christ's life than the European Concert made for the life of the South African Republic. But in the end they adopted Pilate's course, and handed the doomed one over to the executioners. Caiaphas of course is Chamberlain. Annas resembles, both in countenance and in counsel, the aged Prime Minister. Nathanael the Pharisee reminded me much of Mr. Hugh Price Hughes. Mr. Morley seemed to speak with the tongue of Nicodemus, and Mr. Courtney was Joseph of Arimathaea. When behind the curtain we heard the dreadful hammer strokes which nailed the victim to the Cross, they seemed to me, each of them, as a bulletin of victory despatched by General Roberts, complacently recording the progress he was making in his deadly task. . . Once more 'Crucify Him! Crucify Him!' is the popular cry. 'Not this man, but Barabbas!' sums up the verdict of the General Election."

With characteristic modesty Mr. Stead denounces as "Candidates of Cain" those who oppose his pro-Boer cant, and describes in the following intemperate language a campaign forced upon Great Britain by the Boer plot and ultimatum: "Hell is let loose in South Africa, and millions of moral, religious and Christian Englishmen are warming their hands at the flames—really believing that they are therefore fulfilling the law of love and promoting the establishment of the Kingdom of the Prince of Peace." He adds, "The curse of Cain will rest upon every elector who by voice or vote consents to share in the responsibility for the crime of Cain."

Cromwell used to say, "Believe it possible, beloved, that you may be mistaken." But no such qualms visit Mr. Stead. He complains that the churches, most of the ministers, and the great majority of the nation are against him; that he only, like

the prophet in Nineveh, is left to declare the just judgments of God. If it be his familiar spirit, Julia, who he declares gives him such reliable forecasts of the future, that inspires these dreadful vaticinations, we respectfully suggest that he discharge his mentor and secure a more reliable one.

Mr. Stead's plan for the solution of the South African problem is "the re-establishment of the independence of the republics under conditions which the Boers would loyally accept." One of these conditions which he recommends is that De Wet, the irreconcilable guerilla campaigner, shall be restored to a place of authority and influence. Mr. Gladstone tried the effect of magnanimity on the Boers after the battle of Majuba Hill. They were incapable of appreciating his generosity, and the verdict of the nation is, that never again may the treacherous and truculent Boers have a chance to make war upon their suzerain and wantonly massacre British subjects.

The best friends of the Boers are not those who, like Mr. Stead, have encouraged them to keep up their futile resistance; but the generous-hearted statesmen who offer them, under a constitutional government like that of the Dominion of Canada, larger liberty, happiness and prosperity than they ever had before.

WARS AND RUMOURS OF WARS.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

Wars and rumours of wars, smoke, and riot, and flame,
But our God is high in the heavens, and the Prince of Peace is His Name.

Wars and rumours of wars: the nations like wolves at bay,
Growling, and prowling, and snarling, till their battles are set in array.

The heathen swarm to the conflict; they storm with fire and sword,
And hurl their grim defiance, bitter and brave, at the Lord.

Alas, for the heathen peoples who know not what they do,
Who must eat the bread of abasement, and drink of the cup they brew!

Woe for the homes uncounted where sorrow and squalor meet,
Where the women wait and listen for unreturning feet!

Gog and Magog are loose; rapine is in their track;
But the Lord who holds them in leash, can call their cohorts back.

His saints are safe in the terror, whatever the stress shall be,
Our Lord for His own is mighty; they are safe on land and sea.

The great world navies hasten, the great world armies rise,
But One is serene above them, the Lord of the earth and skies.

Out of the fury and tempest, out of the whirl and the rush,
A still small voice shall issue; there shall follow a brooding hush.

And God shall bring His purpose to blossom and fruit in time;
His purpose that marches onward to His hour of grace sublime.

Wars and rumours of wars, till the Master bid them cease,
For our God is King in the Heavens, and His Name is the Prince of Peace.

—*Independent.*

GOOD-NIGHT.

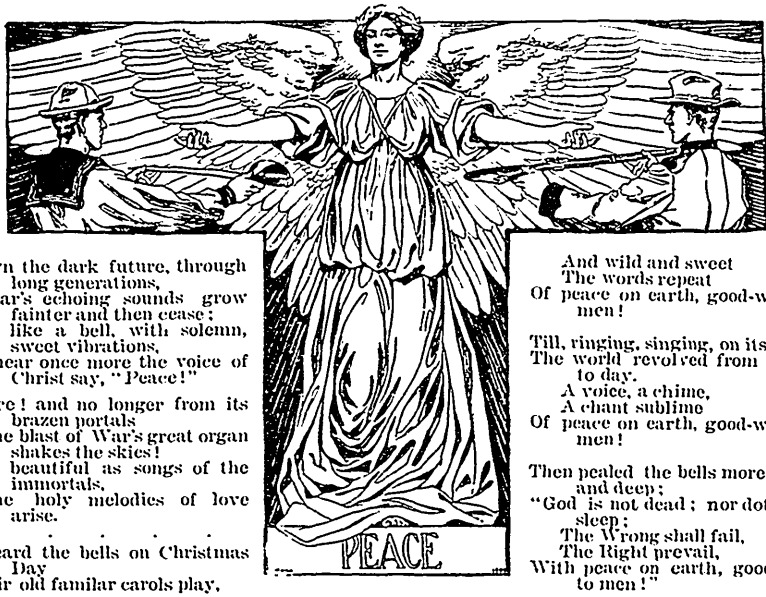
Good-night! Now dwindle wan and low
The embers of the afterglow,
And slowly over leaf and lawn
Is twilight's dewy curtain drawn.
The slouching vixen leaves her lair,
And, prowling, sniffs the tell-tale air.
And frogs croak louder in the dyke,
And all the trees seem dark alike;
The bee is drowsing in the comb,
The sharded beetle hath gone home:
Good-night!

Good night! The hawk is in his nest,
And the last rook hath dropped to rest.
There is no hum, no chirp, no bleat,
No rustle in the meadow-sweet.
The woodbine, somewhere out of sight,
Sweetens the loneliness of night.
The Sister Stars, that once were seven,
Mourn for their missing mate in Heaven.
The poppy's fair frail petals close,
And dewy-dreamy droops the rose:
Good-night!

—*Alfred Austin.*

The World's Progress.

PEACE.



Down the dark future, through long generations,
War's echoing sounds grow fainter and then cease;
And like a bell, with solemn, sweet vibrations,
I hear once more the voice of Christ say, "Peace!"

Peace! and no longer from its brazen portals
The blast of War's great organ shakes the skies!
But beautiful as songs of the immortals,
The holy melodies of love arise.

. . . . . .

I heard the bells on Christmas Day
Their old familiar carols play,
And wild and sweet
The words repeat
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

Till, ringing, singing, on its way,
The world revolved from night to day,
A voice, a chime,
A chant sublime
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

Then pealed the bells more loud and deep:
"God is not dead; nor doth He sleep;
The Wrong shall fail,
The Right prevail,
With peace on earth, good-will to men!"

PEACE.

Longfellow's noble poems, from which we select this prophecy of peace, express the hope of Christendom. This last Christmas of the world's best century sees many millions of men trained in the art of war, and many millions of money expended on its deadly enginery and want and waste.

"Were half the power that keeps the world in terror,
Were half the money spent on camps and courts,
Given to relieve the human mind from error,
There were no need for arsenals and forts."

The words of Sears' noble Christmas hymn still appeal to our hearts with pathetic power:

"Yet with the woes of sin and strife,
The world has suffered long;
Beneath the angel-strain have rolled
Two thousand years of wrong;
And man, at war with man, hears not
The love-song which they bring;
O hush the noise, ye men of strife,
And hear the angels sing!"

But it must be said that a wanton and wicked war of aggression, like that of Napoleon at the beginning of the century, would be intolerable at its end. The wars which have been waged in its closing year in the Philippines, in the Transvaal, in China, are for the maintenance of law and order, and the larger liberty of mankind. The armies of Christendom are rather a police force for preventive and punitive purposes than for aggression and conquest. Let us hope that early in the twentieth century some more rational method of rule shall be found than that of brute force.

Let our prayers be for the coming of the mild reign of the Prince of Peace, when men shall beat their swords into ploughshares and their spears into pruning-hooks, and the nations shall learn war no more; when throughout the wide world the spirit of peace and brotherhood shall everywhere prevail.

As Ambassador Choate recently remarked, the rivalry of the future will be an industrial and not a military one, and the nation that handicaps itself with military burdens will surely fail in this race.

After the Election.

It is a remarkable coincidence that on three successive days general elections should take place on this side of the sea —in the United States, Canada and Newfoundland. In each case the Government was sustained by a large majority. It is a fortunate thing that the day after the stress and strain of a contested election the people settle down to business, forget the hot words that have been said, shake hands and are friends.

In the United States especially the campaign was one of unprecedented vigour. Both parties conducted a most energetic political propaganda. Over a hundred million copies of over three hundred documents were issued in eleven languages. Besides this, eight thousand papers received "war material" from the different parties. Over six hundred Republican speakers, and probably as many Democratic orators, employing eight languages, took part in the campaign. It is estimated that in the weeks immediately preceding the election fourteen thousand speeches, colloquially called "spell-binding," were made every night. The champion "spell-binders" were Mr. Bryan and Governor Roosevelt, who each travelled about twenty thousand miles, and made several hundred speeches. The cost of this propaganda was probably a million dollars for each party, but the disorganization of business caused by the election cost many times more than this amount.

In Canada, compared with this, the political campaign was very mild. The leaders on both sides exhibited great energy, and probably for a single day's record, in which he made fourteen addresses, Sir Wilfrid Laurier equalled the activity of either Bryan or Roosevelt.

Retirement of Sir Charles Tupper.

One result of the Canadian election is the retirement into the well-earned repose of private life of the veteran leader of her Majesty's Opposition, Sir Charles Tupper. Sir Charles is one of the most remarkable examples of political activity the world has seen. For a gentleman in his eightieth year to travel thousands of miles and address large audiences, often at great length, night after night, with all the energy of youth, is a remarkable tribute to the health-sustaining character of our Canadian climate. Another evidence of his energy is shown in the fact of his recently journeying from Winnipeg to London and back in mid-winter in the space of three weeks, a very remarkable feat for a man of any age.

All Canadians, without distinction of party, will unite in wishing this veteran statesman the enjoyment of long years of leisured quiet after half a century of public service. Sir Charles has earned the thanks of his country, especially for the great part which he bore, in conjunction with statesmen of the Liberal party, in securing the confederation of the several provinces of Canada into one great Dominion.

We have twice had the pleasure of crossing the ocean with Sir Charles Tupper, and found him the very soul of courtesy and genial affability. On one of these occasions he beguiled the tedium of the ocean voyage by taking up the study of Spanish. On both occasions he presided with grace and dignity at Dominion Day celebration on shipboard. As an after-dinner speaker he has few equals.

The retiring words of Sir Charles Tupper have a deep significance for all who love their country: "God forbid that there should be anything but peace and good-will throughout the Dominion. As I leave the arena my heart goes out to all Canada in the hope that peace and prosperity, righteous laws and fair play to all creeds and nationalities may abound."

This, too, is the message of the Premier of the Dominion to the people of Canada. This is absolutely essential to Canada's safety and prosperity. He is no friend of his country who by word or deed does aught to stir up strife between its peoples of diverse race and creed. We in the Providence of God dwell together beneath the protecting folds of the same broad banner of freedom. Be it ours to set the other nations of the world, and especially the Boers and blacks and Britons in South Africa, an example of peace, concord and happiness. French-Canadian and British blood has been shed upon the brown veldt of Africa; sons of each race have rushed side by side to victory or sleep side by side in honoured graves. Their devotion and valour and death must not be in vain, but must be the cement of a united Canada and a united Empire.

Home Again.

Never has the heart of the country been so stirred as when the surviving veterans of the contingent that went forth full of faith and hope a year ago, returned bronzed with an African sun, and some of them weakened with fever or suffering from wounds. No welcome could

be too warm, no enthusiasm too great, no decorations and illuminations too lavish and beautiful to express the love and loyalty and gratitude of the Canadian people as their boys came home again. Every province was represented in the conflict on the South African veldt, and every province, we believe, has its consecrated mound in that far country, commemorating a brave Canadian who laid down his life for Queen and country.

There was a note of deep pathos amid the rejoicings of the home-coming of our soldier boys. It was impossible not to think of the "unreturning brave,"—of the lonely graves in the Transvaal and not to sigh "for the touch of a vanished hand, and the sound of a voice that is still." There were eyes that could not see the illuminations for their dimming tears, there were ears on which the joy-bells jarred, jangling out of tune, for that they seemed to ring the knell of departed hopes.

The most significant note of the whole, we think, was the new outburst of patriotism which rang through the land. We are a free nation, who have given of our best for the defence of a mighty Empire, which the blood of our fallen heroes has cemented into one. This was the real meaning of the lavish decorations that adorned our cities, from the palaces of trade to the humble homes of the returning soldiers, of the myriads of flags that greeted the glad sunlight, and of the many-coloured pictures of fire which turned night into day.

We should in the hour of victory avoid feelings of vindictive triumph over the misguided Boers. The mission of Britain has been that of doing police duty in the waste places of the earth, maintaining law and order, the rights and liberties of all men wherever her benign sway extends. It is only by sternest necessity and indefeasible justice that the righteousness of any war is vindicated. Let us, therefore, not glorify the warrior's trade as such, but as a temporary necessity in a world where justice does not yet prevail. In the hour of national gladness and rejoicing, let us cultivate the spirit of Kipling's solemn Recessional:

"God of our fathers, known of old—
Lord of our far-flung battle-line—
Beneath whose awful hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

"For heathen heart that puts her trust
In reeking tube and iron shard—
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
And, guarding, calls not thee to guard,
For frantic boast and foolish word,
Thy mercy on thy people, Lord!
Amen."

The accompanying cartoon very cleverly sets forth the new Anglo-German agreement on the Chinese problem. The integrity of China is to be preserved. The "open door" is to be maintained, and the other powers receive a broad hint that making use of the complication to obtain territorial advantages cannot be permitted.

JAM FOR WILLIE.

"Yes, Willie, you stay with Grandma, and you shall have lots of preserves."
—*Detroit News.*

The engraving shows the effect of the Anglo-German agreement of October 16th, the principles of which the other Cabinets have declared themselves in agreement with.

The United Empire.

The new imperialism of the times is strikingly set forth in the cartoon, p. 568. Though the head of the Empire may be the British Isles, the real body and bulk is in its great Indian and colonial dependencies. These felt the thrill of a new life throbbing through their veins. They

THE UNITED EMPIRE.

have revealed a new and undreamed of strength of love and loyalty, and resources, that would render futile any combination against the motherland. In the words of Mr. Smiley's song, "If you meddle with the Mother, you must reckon with the Sons."

Oom Paul and his Dupes.

The French are preparing a noisy reception of the unheroic refugee, Paul Kruger. Not venturing to render military honours to the fugitive ex-President, with a truly French inconsistency and lack of the sense of humour, they assume the fiction that he is travelling *incognito*. So three million persons, it is estimated, will gather at Marseilles to maintain, we suppose, the *incognito*. While Oom Paul is being *feted* and feasted, his dupes, the foreign mercenaries, the lawless adventurers from almost every nation in Europe, including Turkish Bashi-Bazouks and other desperadoes, are being conveyed by Cook & Son in British steamers from Delagoa Bay to Trieste.

Of another consignment in the French steamers the correspondent of the *Daily Mail* says . "Such a ruffianly crew I question if any convict prison could turn out for inspection. Every pair of irons on board was occupied by prisoners. We had riots, stabbings, a mutiny, and robberies innumerable. The French captain, who had been twenty-seven years at sea, said that never had he seen so blackguardly a shipload."

Relief of Kumassie.

The achievements of the British troops in the Ashantee campaign have been overshadowed by the larger movements in the Transvaal, but they have maintained the heroic traditions of British valour with undiminished lustre. A little garrison of a hundred men were left to hold Kumassie against a host of savages. The relief column of twelve hundred soldiers, and as many carriers, with seven guns, had to march for many days, in single file, through an almost impenetrable forest. The fierce Ashantees were scattered, the garrison relieved, and the Pax Britannica now prevails throughout the wide region of British West Africa.

NATIVITY.

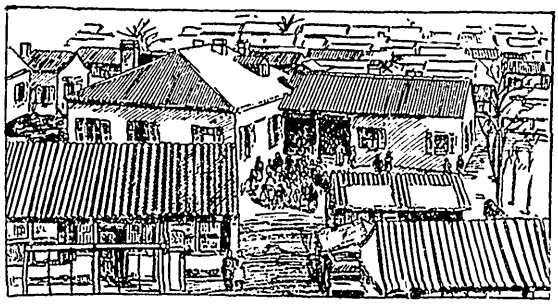
BY MARIAN ALDEN.

How near it seems, that night of long ago,
When Mary waited patient through the slow
And wondrous hours that heralded the day!
How must her yearning soul have reached afar
To draw new courage from the shining star
That hung on high in golden prophecy!
Unconscious millions waited for the thrill
Of one frail baby voice designed to fill,
To guide the world through all eternity.
God sends his strength for bliss, as strength for pain:
Thus when her Lord, her child, was safely lain
Within His manger cradle, ah, we guess
How Mary needed God, to bear the stress
Of utter joy that marked maternity.

Religious Intelligence.

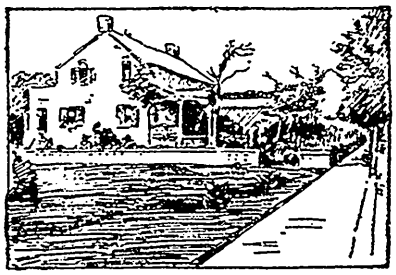
War and Missions.

War may sometimes be God's ploughshare to break up the fallow ground and prepare the way for religious growth in the future, but it at the same time uproots many herbs of grace, and often destroys the fair result of years of diligent culture. This is especially true in the case of the Boer and Chinese wars. Methodist missionaries and their families have been driven from their homes in the late Orange Free State and the Transvaal. The massacre of the Boxers and connivance of the Chinese rulers have well-nigh wiped out missions in the great empire of China. But it is no time, having put our hand to the Gospel plough, to turn back. Even though the work must largely be begun *de novo*, not one Missionary Board, not one missionary, has suggested that it be abandoned.



THE METHODIST UNIVERSITY, PEKIN.

We are glad, too, to note that Mission Boards ask no payment or punishment for the lives of missionaries lost. Again shall be verified the ancient saying, "The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church." In dying they will win a hundredfold more converts than by their lives. The civil power may justly punish the murder of its agents and demand guarantees for the future, but the moral effect on paganism of the Christly example of the missionaries and native converts, cannot fail to thrill the hearts that would be only hardened by the pains and penalties of war.



METHODIST MISSIONARY HEADQUARTERS AT TIEN TSIN, CHINA.
Recently bombarded by Chinese.

As the result of these seeming disasters, new doors of opportunity will open. "In Africa the Boer tyranny over the natives," remarks the *Methodist Times*, "which was the greatest hindrance of Livingstone, Moffat, and of the pioneers of Christianity, is now at an end for ever." At Kumassie the Wesleyan missions have been destroyed, but the invincible power of love and Christian zeal will establish them again. In China for every missionary who has fallen, a score or a hundred are ready to step into the place. Thus the holy war begun when our Saviour gave His last command, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature," shall go on with still wider sweep and more glorious results.

Missionaries Under Fire.

The relief of the Legations at Pekin lacked no element of the dramatic. Having withstood for fifty-four long days the determined assaults with shot and shell of the hordes of Boxers, the relief came in the very nick of time—in another day it would have been too late. As the British officer with his little handful of Sikhs, who were the first to break the cordon, appeared, the transports of the besieged garrison of the Legation knew no bounds.

The missionaries and the native converts, instead of being a useless burden to the Legation, proved its very salvation. The missionaries refused to enter the compound unless the native Christians were allowed to share its shelter. An American Methodist missionary proved the very soul of the defence in designing trenches

THE BRITISH ENTERING PEKIN.

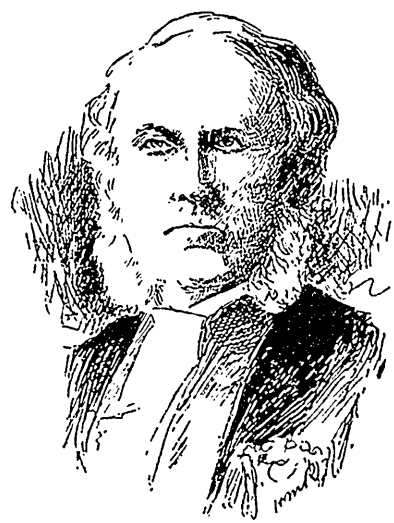
and defences, while the Chinese converts toiled unstintedly in the arduous task of their construction.

The brave-souled women refused to take shelter in the bomb-proofs, but instead made thousands of sand-bags, fought the fires kindled by the Boxers, unflinchingly aided the defence, and did hospital duty. Day by day the refugees gathered in the chapel where, sheltered from the flying bullets, they sang and repeated Bible verses and psalms, and every day two or three verses were posted on the church door. "To-day," writes a lady missionary, "one of the verses was 'I shall not die, but live, and declare the work of the Lord.'" These delicately nurtured women lived for weeks on horse-flesh, all the milk and delicacies being saved for the sick.

The defence of Delhi was not more heroic nor its relief more dramatic than that of the Legation at Pekin. One of the most tremendous ironies of history was the occupation by the allied forces of the sacred "Forbidden City," which no profane foot of foreign devil was permitted to enter. Foreign cavalry were stabled in the emperor's palace, his treasure-house was looted, and the traditions of a thousand years trampled under foot. In our next number we shall print an illustrated account of this most dramatic event, one of the most striking in modern history.

Presbyterian Union.

We referred in our last issue to the union of the Presbyterian Churches in Scotland, which took place on October 30th. Of this event the *Independent* remarks: "The formal union was accomplished with a ceremony that was imposing notwithstanding the rain. About 3,000 ministers took part; the two processions marched from their respective halls to the Royal Institution and then to Waverley Market, when the General Assembly of the United Free Church was constituted. There were present, besides the ministers of the two bodies, the Earl of Aberdeen, Dr. Joseph Parker, Dr.



REV. PRINCIPAL ROBERT RAINY, D.D.,
First Moderator of the United Free Church of Scotland.

John Watson, and delegates from a number of countries. The Moderator of the new Assembly is Dr. Robert Rainy, to whose initiative and energy the union is so largely due. During the last few weeks there has developed not a little opposition, and a small minority met at the same time in a separate hall and constituted a Free Church Assembly.

There remain in Scotland three other Presbyterian Churches, the Established Church of the kingdom, with 1,560 ministers, 1,374 parishes and 648,478 communicants, larger thus than these two churches that have combined, viz., 1,786 ministers, 1,706 churches, and 495,178 communicants. There are also the Synod of United Original Seceders, a small body with 3,769 communicants, and the Reformed Presbyterian Church of Scotland, still smaller, with 1,040 communicants. There has been some anticipation of a withdrawal from the new united body of some into the Established Church, and also there have been suggestions that the Established Church might join hands with the Episcopal Church, but of this there appears to be little immediate prospect.

Principal Maggs.

The inaugural address of Principal Maggs, of Wesleyan Theological College, Montreal, on "Some Movements in Religious Thought during the Nineteenth Century," was the most masterly, just, discriminative and eloquent analysis and characterization of the religious life of the century that we have seen for a long time. With rare skill the new Principal discussed the two great movements of the times, especially the Oxford Revival, which followed, by just a hundred years, the Wesleyan Revival of the eighteenth century. But unlike the latter it was in large degree a reactionary movement towards the past instead of a great spiritual advance of religious thought and aggressive mission work. From the survey of the century Principal Maggs reaches the assuring conclusion thus eloquently expressed:

"I cannot end my task to-night without affirming my deepened conviction that God rules amid all these veerings of the winds of opinion and blustering of the storms of controversy; that in His hand lie all these interlacing threads of life, thought, and work, held at different tensions, crossing at different angles, shot at different speeds, but so controlled that at the end of the day there shall come from the looms of time the finished and beautiful product of the hand and mind of the Eternal."

Max Muller.

The Right Honourable Frederick Max Muller, Professor of Comparative Philology in Oxford University, was one of the most thorough scholars of oriental literature, especially of Sanscrit, of this century. Probably no literary man ever received, for his scholarship, so many degrees from the leading universities of the world, or so many foreign orders. He may be said to have almost created the science of comparative philology. Yet he was able to make even abstruse subjects of fascinating interest. Of this his several volumes of "Chips from a German Workshop" are striking examples.

MAX MULLER.

"Without doubt," says the Brooklyn *Eagle*, "Max Muller knew more about oriental languages and oriental philosophy than any other man, either in the Orient or in the Occident. Buddhist priests went from Japan to Oxford to study Sanskrit under him, that they might learn to read the original documents of their religion. In such high esteem was he held in his adopted country that he was made a privy

councillor, an honour to which professional scholars seldom attain. He had so many degrees that it was difficult for him to keep track of them all, and he had been decorated by the French, German, Italian, and Russian governments."

A Loss to Literature.

During the month two great writers of strikingly different character, have passed away. Charles Dudley Warner, the genial American humourist, was a man of much more delicate fancy than his only compeer, Mark Twain. The latter strikes us as sometimes farcical and in his exaggeration absurd; but Warner never overpassed the line of refined and elegant badinage. His books of travel are amongst the most instructive we have read, while his essays possess a grace and literary charm unsurpassed. It is a note of the higher moral tone of the close of the century that neither of these professional humourists has written a line which "dying, they would wish to blot." How different from the coarseness of Fielding and Smollett, and even of ecclesiastics like Swift or Rabelais.

As this year commemorates the hundreth anniversary of the birth of Charles Goodyear, whose life and work have been such a benediction to mankind, we thought it appropriate to give a *résumé* of his remarkable story. As both this article and the one on "Early Christian Life and Character" were announced for the current volume, the editor felt under obligation to include them in its last number, although it may give a disproportionate amount of contribution from his own pen.

Gambling in Canada.

It is alleged that in many of our Canadian cities the return of prosperity has caused an increase of the vice of gambling, that the pool-room, bucket shops, and other gambling devices are more in evidence than ever. In Montreal a scarcely veiled lottery exists. In Vancouver the Rev. E. D. McLaren makes a strong appeal before the Police Committee for interference with the gambling evil which threatens its welfare. The ministers' meetings of our cities might well appoint committees to investigate the condition of this and other forms of evil, and seek to arouse the energies and to strengthen the hands of those in authority for their suppression.

Items.

The Jewish population of Palestine numbers 100,000, and is constantly increasing.

The British and Foreign Bible Society reports that the work of translation is in progress in not less than 120 languages, a number great beyond precedent. Its 724 colporteurs sold last year more than 1,500,000 copies of the Scriptures.

In Beirut, forty-two years ago, there was one little day-school for girls and another for boys, and a few Mohammedan schools in the mosques for teaching the boys the Koran. Now there are not less than 15,000 children in the schools out of a population of something more than 100,000, and Mohammedans are sending not only their boys, but many of their little girls to school, thus changing their customs and ideas.

CHRISTMAS.

This is the month, and this the happy morn,
Wherein the Son of Heaven's eternal King,
Of wedded Maid and Virgin Mother born,
Our great redemption from above did bring;
For so the holy sages once did sing,
That He our deadly forfeit should release,
And with His Father work us a perpetual peace.

That glorious form, that light insufferable,
And that far-beaming blaze of majesty,
Wherewith He wont at Heaven's high council-table
To sit the midst of Trinal Unity,
He laid aside; and here with us to be,
Forsook the courts of everlasting day,
And chose with us a darksome house of mortal clay.

—*Milton.*

Book Notices.

The Dutch and Quaker Colonies in America. By JOHN FISKE. Two volumes. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. xvi-29; xvi-400. Price, $4.00.

We have had the pleasure of reviewing in these pages, we think, the whole of Professor Fiske's volumes on the colonization period in the history of North America. This is a subject in which Canadians are no less interested than the citizens of the United States. It is the history of our forefathers as well as of theirs. The descendants of the faithful and valiant men who peopled New England, New Netherlands, and Old Virginia, were also the Pilgrim fathers and founders of our commonweal.

Professor Fiske's histories are constructed on the scientific and inductive method. They are not framed to support a theory, but to record and interpret facts, and to trace results back to their causes. It is a remarkably picturesque period which Dr. Fiske has to describe, and he describes it in a picturesque manner. In lucid and luminous style he traces back to Holland and Britain the beginnings of the Dutch and Quaker immigration. He notes Dutch influence upon Britain, the rivalry of the two nations by sea and land, and their success in colonization.

The story of Henry Hudson, discoverer of the Canadian Mediterranean, is one of tragic interest. Well-nigh three hundred years ago, in his persistent and eager quest for a north-west passage to the coast of Asia, his crew mutinied and turned the veteran navigator, his son, and seven sick men, adrift in an open boat in James' Bay. This is the last that was known of the intrepid Englishman who gave his name to a great river, a great strait, a great sea, and a great territory covering well-nigh half of this continent. The legend of Norumbega, that mysterious city celebrated in prose and verse, is fully discussed and reduced to its residuum of fact. The romantic beginnings of the early history of Manhattan, the site of one of the greatest cities of the world, purchased from the Indians for about $120, is minutely recorded. A happy augury was the early provision for the support of a parson and schoolmaster, "that thus the service of God and zeal for religion might not grow cold and be neglected among them." The tale of Walter Van Twiller, Irving's "Walter, the Doubter," and of sturdy William Kieft, the King Log and King Stork of the Dutch colony, with the subsequent history of the Knickerbocker community, are duly recorded.

One of the most instructive episodes in history is that of William Penn's "Holy Experiment," in planting a Quaker colony on the shores of the Delaware. When the other colonies were harried by Indian raids the Quakers dwelt in peace and security. The growth of the great State of Pennsylvania, its thrift, prosperity and morality, are largely due to the probity and wisdom of William Penn.

A supplementary chapter describes the migration of Jews, Huguenots, Waldenses, Palatines, and other religious sects to the virgin soil of this new continent.

These volumes are indispensable for the study of the important period and interesting subjects which they treat. Their value is enhanced by a number of early maps, plans and diagrams.

Soldiering in Canada. Recollections and Experiences. By LIEUT.-COL. GEORGE T. DENISON. Late Commanding the Governor-General's Body Guard. Author of "Modern Cavalry," "A History of Cavalry," etc. Toronto: George N. Morang & Company (Limited). 8vo, pp. xi-364. Illustrated. Price, $2.00.

By the issue of this volume Colonel Denison has added another to the many important services he has rendered his country. It is not a second-hand history, but the narration of a leading actor in the scenes described. Of the stirring incidents here recorded the writer may truthfully say *Magna pars fui*. Yet nothing could be further from egotism than the modest narrative of Colonel Denison. He gives high praise to his comrades-in-arms, to the regiment which he commanded, and to the Canadian Militia, but speaks of the important part played by himself in a very unassuming manner.

The Denison family have been intimately associated with the history of Canada for over a hundred years. His paternal grandfather was an ensign in the York Volunteers, in the War of 1812, and commanded a troop of cavalry in the Rebellion of 1837. His father and uncle

also served in the same campaign. From that time, with very few exceptions, we think, each male member of the family, to the number of twenty-six, has rendered important military service either at home or abroad. One derives a clearer conception of the events of the Fenian Raid of 1866, and the North-West Rebellion of 1885, from these pages than from any history that we know.

One of the most interesting episodes is Colonel Denison's modest account of his winning the prize of five thousand roubles offered by the late Czar of Russia for the best History of Cavalry. It is something of which Canada should be proud that one of her citizen-soldiers should win this high distinction in a competition open to the whole world. The indomitable pluck, energy and enterprise shown on the tented field was exhibited in this literary exploit as well as in his writing his now classic work on "Modern Cavalry." It is a notable tribute to his military insight, not to say genius, that the reforms recommended in this work have been adopted in the cavalry tactics of, we believe, every European army.

Colonel Denison's book is very racily written, abounds in capital stories, has some very frank criticism, and is marked throughout by the genial *bonhomie* of its author. It is not in the least stilted, but written "just in the style in which a man would tell his recollections to an old friend while smoking a pipe in front of a fire,"—although the Colonel adds that he does not smoke.

We purpose making this important work the subject of a special article in the near future.

The Story of My Life and Work. By BOOKER T. WASHINGTON, Principal of Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute. With an Introduction by Dr. J. L. M. Curry. Copiously illustrated with photo-engravings, original pen drawings, by Frank Beard. Chicago: J. L. Nichols & Co. Toronto: D. E. Hughes, Manager. 8vo., pp. 423. Price, $1.50, by subscription only.

This is one of those true stories which are stranger than fiction. Booker T. Washington is the most striking personality his race has produced in America. He was born a slave, he does not know when nor where, "but suspects," he says, that "he must have been born some time or some where." He knows nothing of his father, except that he was a white man. To the love and tenderness of his mother he pays most filial tribute. The war brought the emancipation of the slaves, and a chance to young Booker—which was all the name he had, he chose Washington himself—to go to school. To do this, the boy worked from four o'clock in the morning till nine, and after school hours. He early learned that most important lesson, faithful, honest toil. He made his way to Hampton school for negroes, and literally worked his way through that institution. He then taught day and night school among his own people, became teacher at Hampton, and afterwards teacher and principal of the new Normal School at Tuskegee, Alabama.

This is the monument of his life. It has grown under his inspiration to be a great industrial institution, with eighty officers and teachers, nearly twelve hundred students, and property worth $300,000. For its maintenance its principal has secured a million dollars, and is now seeking an endowment of half a million more. It is one of the industrial ideals of the true solution of the negro problem of the South.

At the opening of the Atlanta Exposition, five years ago, Booker T. Washington gave an address, which made him famous throughout the nation, and procured him offers of $20,000 for a hundred lectures, but he declined the offer in order to devote his energies to his school. He subsequently received from Harvard University the honorary degree of M. A., for the first time conferred upon a coloured man. He became the champion of his race before most cultured audiences of New York, Boston, Washington, Chicago, and other great centres, and became the honoured guest of philanthropists in Great Britain and Paris. His work is more practical and telling in its results than even that of the brilliant negro orator, Frederic Douglass. So important do we deem this narrative that we hope to make it the subject of a special article.

The Complete Poetical Works of Elizabeth Barrett Browning. Cambridge Edition. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price, $2.00. Octavo, pp. xviii-530.

The Houghton, Mifflin Company confer a great benefit upon lovers of high-class poetry by their uniform edition of the poems of Tennyson, the Brownings, Scott, Burns, and other great singers of our century. It is a distinct advantage to have in one handy volume the entire works of this "Milton's sister, Shakespeare's daughter." It has a considerable

number of poems which are not included in the three-volume edition in our possession, and these the fruit of the author's ripest genius and richest power and pathos. It contains her poems of passionate patriotism for her adopted country, entitled, "Summing up in Italy," "King Victor Emanuel entering Florence," "Garibaldi," and the pathetic poems "De Profundis," "My Heart and I," and "Bianca among the Nightingales."

In the fragile form of Elizabeth Barrett Browning was enshrined a soul of tenderest sympathies and loftiest poetical powers. Not even Milton was more sublime in his conception than Mrs. Browning in her "Seraphim" and "Drama of Exile"; and they possess a human tenderness which Milton's great epic does not.

No plummet has sounded the depths of a woman's heart as Mrs. Browning has in her "Catarina to Camoens," and "Bertha in the Lane." The latter was a special favourite of the late Dr. Punshon, who used to read it with tear-compelling pathos.

A brief biography of the poet, with biographical notes and comments on the poems, add greatly to the value of this volume. A beautiful vignette of the Florentine home of the poet, and an exquisitely etched portrait, embellish the volume. Small wonder the Italian people almost worshipped the poet of Casa Guidi, and that they placed upon its walls a noble tribute of their affection.

The Infidel. A Romance. By M. E. Braddon. New York and London: Harper & Brothers. Toronto: Geo. N. Morang & Co. Pp. 544. Price, $1.50.

We wonder what John Wesley would think of himself as a character in romance. He had not the horror of imaginative literature which some of his followers have exhibited. It is well known that he edited an edition of Brooke's "The Fool of Quality," as well as wrote a commentary on Shakespeare, both of which his less large-minded executors suppressed.

It is significant of the more strenuous thought of the period that some of the most successful tales of the times have had distinctively religious subjects, as, "The Christian," "The Master-Christian," and now Miss Braddon's "Infidel." The heroine of this story, the daughter of a London renegade clergyman and hack-writer, was brought up steeped in the free-thought of Voltaire and the Encyclopædists. By a romantic event she becomes the wife and widow of an Irish lord. She flaunts it amid the gayest devotees of fashion. But she comes under the power of Methodism, and especially under the personal spell of John Wesley. The potent example of Methodist zeal in saving the bodies, as well as the souls of men, breaks down her prejudice and leads to her acceptance of the evangelical religion. A vivid picture of the times is given, of the torchlight preaching of Whitefield, the sordid wretchedness of the poor, and heartless frivolity of the rich. The transforming power of Methodist teaching and practice are strikingly set forth in this remarkable tale.

Committed to His Charge. A Canadian Chronicle. By R. & K. M. Lizars. Toronto: Geo. N. Morang & Co. Pp. 312. Price, $1.00.

Books by Canadian writers and on Canadian themes are, happily, becoming much more common than heretofore. The latest addition to this national literature is the clever volume by the accomplished ladies who have already given us the "Story of the Canada Company." The book gives a vivid picture of Canadian life in an Anglican Church community. A strong vein of humour runs through the story. The authors, like Bunyan and Dickens - singular combination—indulge in names of marked significance. The scene of their story, for instance, is in Slowford - on - the - Sluggard; its leading character is Dulcissima Sweeting, a lady who needs only flat hat and clerical garb to become a curate herself. The rivalries of the High and Low Church factions are very amusingly told. Of the conservative section we read, "their strength is in sitting still." The new clergyman who introduced service on Saint's day created much antagonism. "I don't hold by week-day religion," said the warden. The book is not only a good tale, but it is well told, and abounds in wise and witty sayings.

The Doctrines and Discipline of the Methodist Episcopal Church, 1900, with an Appendix. Edited by Bishop Andrews. Cincinnati: Jennings & Pye. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, 30 cents, postpaid.

Our friends of the Methodist Episcopal Church are prompt in getting out the new edition of their Discipline so soon after the General Conference. It is a compact volume of 464 pages, and will be of special interest to our ministers and others as

compared with the more concise Discipline of our own Church. It is a marvellous record of what God has wrought in a little over a hundred years in the growth throughout the world of this largest of the Protestant Churches of Christendom.

The Life of the Rev. Charles Wesley, M.A., Sometime Student of Christ Church, Oxford. By JOHN TELFORD, B.A., author of "Life of John Wesley," etc. London: Wesleyan Methodist Book Room. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. xiv-324.

It is rather remarkable that while so many lives have been written of John Wesley, so few have been written of his scarce less illustrious brother, the fellow-founder of Methodism, and sweetest singer of the eighteenth century. This lack has been at length supplied by the issue of this new life of the great Christian poet. It was a singularly beautiful life, no less heroic than that of his more distinguished brother, and well-nigh as full of toil and travail for the kingdom of God. It was in its domestic relations as ideally perfect as that of his brother was disastrous. Interesting chapters are devoted to "The Poet of the Evangelical Revival," to his itinerant life and labours, to his personal characteristics, his wit and humour, and other very human aspects of his life. This is a book of such importance that we shall find space for a fuller review.

Mr. Telford has also prepared a popular life of Wesley at one penny, or seven shillings per hundred, which should, in this thanksgiving year, be placed in the hands of every scholar in our Sunday-schools.

Tommy and Grizel. By J. M. BARRIE. Toronto: Copp, Clark Company. Pp. vi-509. Price, $1.50.

The innumerable readers of "Sentimental Tommy" will be eager to know how that precocious young egotist "found his way" when he reached man's estate. In this book Mr. Barrie tells the story. It is an extraordinary psychological study. He shows us the very springs of action in his character, like the works of a watch under a glass case. Tommy is by no means an ideal hero, but his very weaknesses and egotisms have an attractiveness of their own, that, to a great extent disarm our criticism. His faithful love of his sister Elspeth, and his devotion to his young wife, and his many generous characteristics give him a permanent place in our regard. But we must protest against the method of his taking off. It violates all our sense of poetic justice, and is too much like that of the ruffian, Bill Sykes, in "Oliver Twist."

Our Programme for 1901

We beg to call the attention of our readers to the splendid programme for the first year of the new century, which is announced in part in our advertising pages. We are making arrangements for more sumptuous illustration of this MAGAZINE than it has ever had before, and in addition to the articles already announced, for many others of great interest and importance. We hope to retain every one of our present subscribers and to greatly increase the number. We specially solicit our friends, tried and true, many of whom have been subscribers from the first number of this MAGAZINE, issued six-and-twenty years ago, to aid in extending its circulation and influence. Speak of it to your friends; ask them to help you and us in building up a native Canadian and Methodist literature, a literature that shall be loyal to the loftiest ideals of life, and conduct, and character. We all aim at developing in our beloved Dominion a nationality that shall be true to the traditions of British liberty, of British institutions, of religious principle, of denominational loyalty, of broad-minded Canadian patriotism. Let us have an increase of, at least, a thousand subscribers, and we will surprise our friends with the marked advances that shall be made in this MAGAZINE AND REVIEW. We shall endeavour to make it still more worthy of Canada and of Canadian Methodism.