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METHODIST MAGAZINE AND REVIEW.

DEVOTED TO

Religion, Literature and Social Progress.

W. H. WITHROW, M.A., D.D., F.R.S.C.,
EDITOR.

VOL. XLIX.

JANUARY TO JUNE, 1899.

TORONTO:
WILLIAM BRIGGS, METHODIST PUBLISHING HOUSE.

HALIFAX:
S. F. HUESTIS, METHODIST BOOK ROOM.

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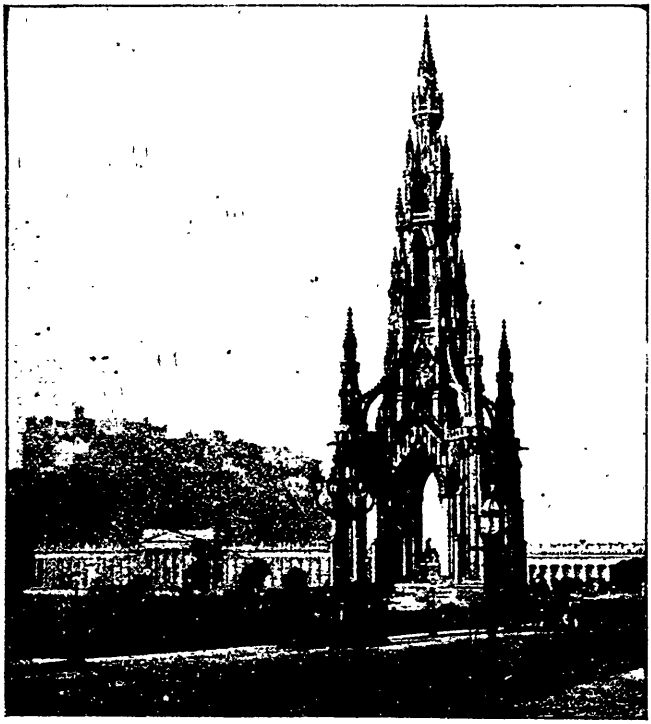
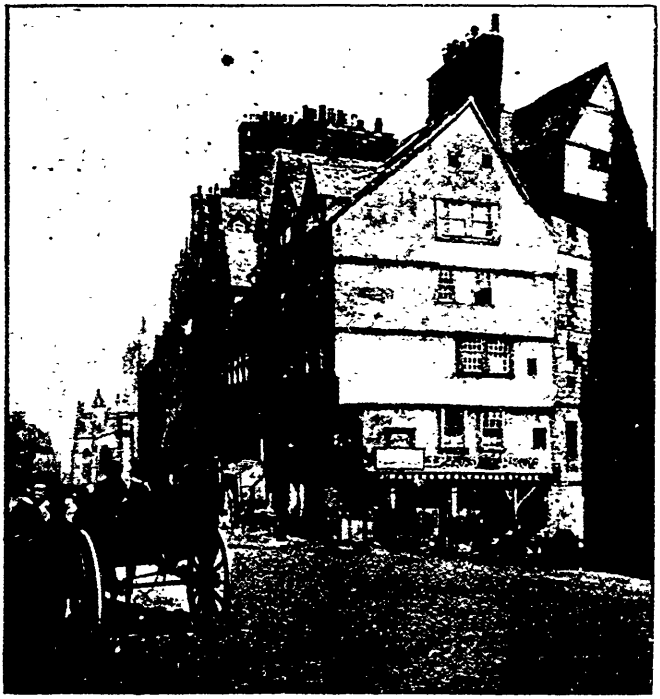


SIR WALTER SCOTT'S MONUMENT.



CORNER OF WEST BOW, EDINBURGH.

Methodist Magazine and Review.

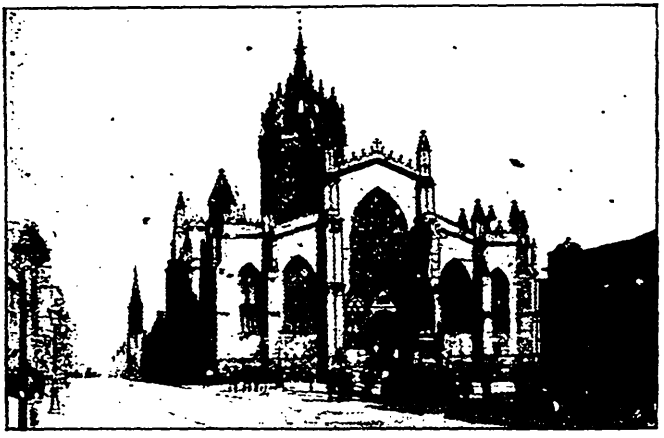
JANUARY, 1899.

AULD REEKIE.

BY THE EDITOR.

Even thus, methinks, a city reared should be,
Yea, an imperial city that might hold
Five times a hundred noble towns in fee,
And either with their might of Babel old,
Or the rich Roman pomp of empery,
Might stand compare, highest in arts enrolled,
Highest in arms, brave tenement for the free,
Who never crouch to thrones, or sin for gold.
Thus should her towers be raised; with vicinage
Of clear, bold hills, that curve her very streets,
As if to vindicate, 'mid choicest seats
Of Art, abiding Nature's majesty,—
And the broad sea beyond, in calm or rage,
Chainless alike, and teaching liberty.

—*A. H. Hallam.*



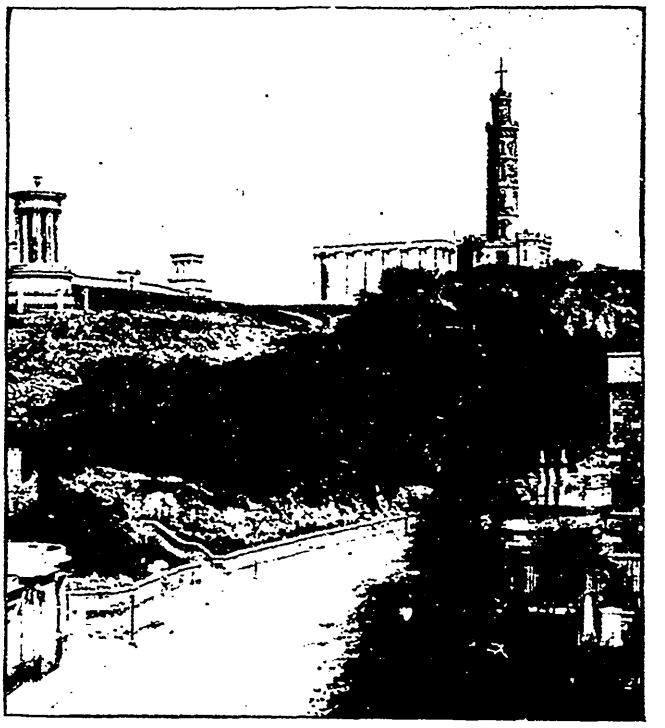
ST. GILES' CHURCH, EDINBURGH.

No city in Europe occupies a grander site, and few cities in the world are invested with more heroic or romantic associations, than Edinburgh. Poets and artists have alike joined in the praise of its beauty. Sir David Wilkie, whose cultured taste was familiar with the noblest scenery that the Old World had to offer, thus writes of fair Dun-Edin: "What the tour of Europe was necessary to see elsewhere, I now find congregated in this one city. Here are alike the beauties of Prague and of Salzburg; here are the romantic sites of Orvieto and Tivoli, of Genoa and Naples; here, indeed,

to the poet's fancy, may be found realized the Roman Capitol and the Greek Acropolis."

The history of the old fortress city may be said to be a history of Scotland, and, in large part, of England as well. The story of its battles and sieges, its tumults and strifes, its marriage pageants and funeral pomps, brings the dead past very vividly before us. Of city! Arthur's Seat! how like a lion! The magnificent range of Salisbury Crags, on which a battery might be built to blow the whole inhabitation to atoms! The Calton with his mural crown! The Castle on his cliff! gloriously hung round with national histories along all his battlements! Do they not embosom him in a style of grandeur worthy, if such it be, of a 'City of Palaces'!

" 'Ay, proudly fling thy white arms to the sea,
Queen of the unconquered North?'



CALTON HILL.

Edinburgh, as of another Old World city, may it be said:

Quaint old town of toil and traffic;
Quaint old town of art and song;
Memories haunt thy pointed gables,
Like the rooks that round them throng.

Good Christopher North thus rhapsodizes over the beauties of Auld Reekie:

"Weigh all its defects, designed and undesigned, and is not Edinburgh a noble

"How near the Firth! Gloriously does it supply the want of a river. It is a river, though seeming, and sweeping into, the sea, but a river that man may never bridge; and though still now as the sky, we wish you saw it in its magnificent madness, when, brought on the roarings of the stormful tide,

" 'Breaks the long wave that at the Pole began.'

"Two separate cities, not twins—but one of ancient and one of modern birth—how harmoniously, in spite of form and

features characteristically different, do they coalesce into one capital! This miracle, methinks, is wrought by the spirit of Nature on the world of Art. Those eternal heights hold the double city together in amity that breathes over both the same national look, the impression of the same national soul. In the olden time the city gathered herself almost under the very wing of the Castle; for in her heroic heart she ever heard, unalarmed but watchful, the alarums of war, and that cliff, under Heaven, was on earth the rock of her salvation.

My own first visit was to the noble Scott monument, where I had a bird's-eye view of scenes over which he has cast an undying spell. Beneath the arch is a marble statue of the great enchanter, and filling the many niches are the figures that he called from the realm of fancy, and enbreathed with life forever. The deep ravine of the North

EDINBURGH, FROM CALTON HILL.

While antiquity breathes over that wilderness of antique structure picturesquely huddled along the blue line of sky—as Wilkie once finely said—'like the spine of some enormous animal,' yet all along this side of that unrivered and mound-divided dell now shines a new world of radiant dwellings, declaring, by their regular but not monotonous magnificence, that the same people whose 'perfervid genius' preserved them by war unhumbled among the nations in days of darkness, have now drawn a strength as invincible from the beautiful arts which have been cultivated by peace in the days of light."

Loch, now a charming public garden, crossed by lofty traffic-crowded bridges, separates the picturesque and historic old town from the handsome new city. The lofty, narrow, crow-stepped buildings of the former, rising tier above tier, especially when lit up at night, have a strangely picturesque appearance. It was like a dream, or like a chapter from the "Heart of Midlothian," to walk up the Canongate, the High Street,

the Lawnmarket, between the lofty and grim-featured houses. My garrulous guide pointed out the Tron Church clock, which he said "was aye keepit twa minutes fast, that the warkmen might na be late;" and the old St. Giles Church, where Jenny Geddes flung her stool at the prelatic hireling, "wha would say a mass in her lug."

Here are buried the Regent

marked in the stones of the causeway.

All the history of Edinburgh is more or less intimately connected with the Castle. A fort is supposed to have covered its dark, massive ridge even in days anterior to the Christian era. A village afterwards grew up around the Castle, and as early as 854 seems to have been in a flourishing condition. In 1296 it was captured

PRINCESS STREET AND ROYAL INSTITUTION.

Murray and the great Earl of Montrose, and without, beneath the stone pavement of the highway, once part of the churchyard, lies the body of John Knox. A metal plate with the letters, "I. K., 1572," conjecturally marks his grave—the exact position is not known—and all day long the carts and carriages rattle over the bones of the great Scottish Reformer. Near by, the site of the old Tolbooth is shown by a large heart

by Edward I., and was held alternately by the Scots and English for many a year.

The Castle, though still maintained under the provisions of the Act of Union, has long ceased to possess any importance as a fortress, and now mainly serves as a barrack, and certain purposes of State pageantry. The visitor crosses a drawbridge, which spans a dry moat, and passing batteries on either side, proceeds along a

narrow causeway to a long vaulted archway. The structure surmounting it was a State prison, where the great Marquis of Argyll was at one time confined. In a little chamber of the Castle, about eight feet square, James VI., only son of Mary Stuart, and future King of England, was born.

St. Margaret's Chapel, the oldest ecclesiastical building in Edinburgh, and said to be the smallest in Scotland, was the private oratory of Margaret, Queen of Canmore, who died in 1093. It has the mouldings and the ornamental capitals characteristic of the Norman architecture. It has been admirably restored by our distinguished townsman, the late Sir Daniel Wilson.

From the Castle to the Palace of Holyrood stretches the long and narrow street—the most picturesque in Europe—which bears successively the names of the Lawnmarket, High Street, and Canongate.

In the following graphic descriptive passage the accomplished author of "Edwin of Deira" gives proof of not less brilliant powers in prose than in verse :

"In that street the houses preserve their ancient appearance ; they climb up heavenward, story upon story, with outside stairs and wooden panellings, all strangely peaked and gabled. With the exception of the inhabitants, who exist amidst squalor and filth undeniably modern, everything in this long street breathes of the antique world. If you penetrate the narrow wynds that run at right angles from it, you see traces of ancient gardens. Occasionally the original names are retained, and they touch the visitor pathetically, like the scent of long-withered flowers. Old armorial carvings may yet be traced above the doorways. Two centuries ago fair eyes looked down from yonder window, now in the possession of a drunken Irishwoman. If we but knew it, every crazy tenement has its tragic story ; every crumbling wall could its tale unfold. The Canongate is Scottish history fossilized. What ghosts of kings and queens walk there! What strifes of steel-clad nobles! What wretches borne along, in the sight of peopled windows, to the grim embrace of the 'maiden.' What hurrying of burgesses to man the city walls at the approach of the Southron! What lamentations over disastrous battle days.

"James rode up this street on his way to Flodden. Montrose was dragged up hither on a hurdle, a. l smote, with disdainful glance, his foes gathered together on the balcony. Jenny Geddes flung her stool at the priest in the church yonder. John Knox came up here to his house after his interview with Mary at Holyrood—grim and stern, and unmelted by the tears of a queen. In later days the Pretender rode down the Canongate, his eyes dazzled by the glitter of his father's crown ; while bagpipes skirled around, and Jacobite ladies, with white knots in their bosoms, looked down from lofty windows, admiring the beauty of the 'Young Ascanius,' and his long yellow hair.

"Down here of an evening rode Dr. Johnson and Boswell, and turned into the White Horse. David Hume had his dwelling in this street. One day a burly ploughman from Ayrshire, with swarthy features and wonderful black eyes, came down here and turned into yonder churchyard to stand, with cloudy lids and forehead reverently bared, beside the grave of poor Fergusson. Down the street, too, often limped a little boy, Walter Scott by name, destined in after years to write its 'Chronicles.' The Canongate once seen is never to be forgotten.

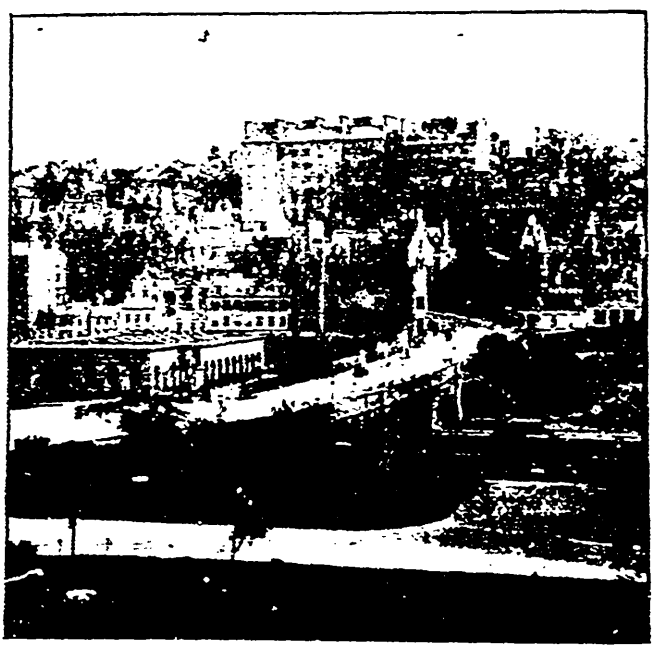
"It is avoided by respectable people, and yet it has many visitors. The tourist is anxious to make acquaintance with it. Gentlemen of obtuse olfactory nerve, and of an antiquarian turn of mind, go down its closes and climb its spiral stairs. Deep down these wynds the artist pitches his stool, and spends the day sketching some picturesque gable or doorway. The fever van comes frequently here to convey some poor sufferer to the hospital. Hither comes the detective in plain clothes on the scent of a burglar. This is the kind of life the Canongate presents today—a contrast with the time when the tall buildings enclosed the high birth and beauty of a kingdom, and when the street beneath rang to the horse-hoofs of a king."

The approach to Holyrood Palace and Abbey traverses the area of what was once a royal garden—Queen Mary's Garden—and the

site in her time of a lion's den. Holyrood Abbey was founded by David I. in 1128. In the history of the Palace the principal events are those connected with Mary Queen of Scots, with their memories of guilt and gloom. Here is the chamber in which Knox wrung the Queen's proud heart by his upbraidings; the supper room—very small—in which Mary was dining with Rizzio and her Maids of Honour, when Darnley and his fellow-assassins climbed the winding stair, and murdered the unhappy wretch clinging to his royal mistress' skirts, and then dragged his body into the Queen's bedchamber, where the blood stains are still shown upon the floor. The Queen's bed with its faded tapestries, her private altar, the stone on which she knelt, her meagre mirror, her tiny dressing room, and the embroidered picture of Jacob's Dream, wrought with her own fair fingers, make very vivid and real the sad story of the unhappy sovereign, who realized to the full the words,

> "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown."

The picturesque old Palace has often been occupied by the sovereign in whose veins still runs the blood of the Stuarts, but whose many virtues, as woman, wife and Queen, will preserve of her a happier memory than that of the beautiful and unfortunate Queen of Scots.

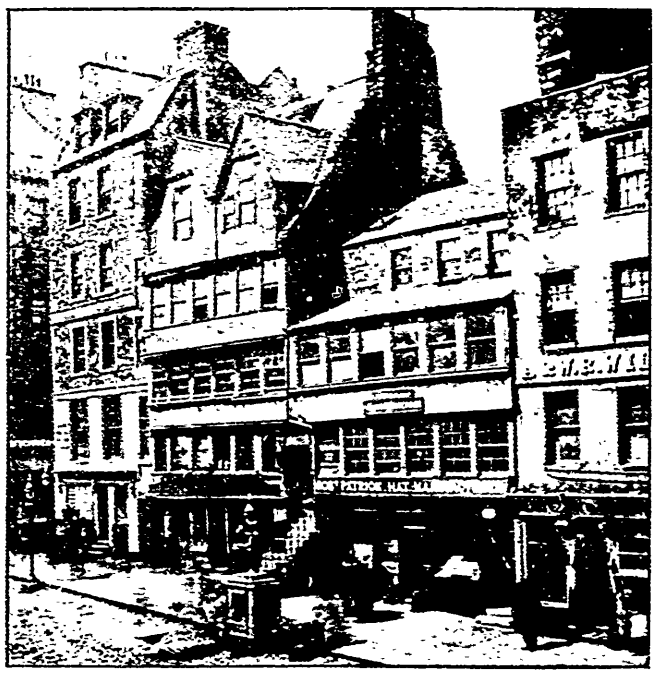


EDINBURGH (OLD TOWN) AND WAVERLY BRIDGE.

The wynds and closes of the ancient town, once the abodes of the Scottish nobility, are now the squalid lairs of misery and vice. Once high-born dames and knightly men banqueted in carved chambers now the degraded purlieus of poverty and crime. Some of these have still interesting historic associations, as the houses

of the Duke of Gordon, of Earl Moray, of Hume, Boswell, Walter Scott, and others of distinguished name and fame. I penetrated some of the grim closes, which surpassed aught I ever saw of squalidness, and was glad to find myself safely out again.

In the High Street, Edinburgh, is Knox's house, a quaint old place, with a steep outer stair. It was with feelings of reverence that I



ALLAN RAMSAY'S BOOK-SHOP, HIGH STREET.

stood in the room in which Knox died, and in the little study—very small and narrow—only about four feet by seven, in which he wrote the "History of the Scottish Reformation." I sat in his chair at his desk, and I stood at the window from which he used to preach to the multitude in the High Street—now a squalid and disreputable spot. The motto on the house front reads,

"LVFE. GOD. ABVFE. AL. AND. YE. NYCHTBOVR. AS. YE. SELF." There are on old houses in Edinburgh many such pious mottoes, as: "MY HOIP. IS. CHRIST;" "WHAT. EVER. ME. BEFALL. I. THANK. THE. LORD. OF. ALL;" "LAVS. VBIQVE. DEO;" "NISI. DOMINVS. FRVSTRA;" "PAX. ENTRANTIBVS. SALVS. EXEVNTIBVS."

A garrulous Scotch wife, with a charming accent, showed a number of relics of the great Reformer, including his portrait and that of the fair, false Queen, whose guilty conscience he probed to the quick, and those of the beautiful Four Maries of her court. In the Museum I saw Knox's old pulpit, where, says Melville, "he was sae active that he was lyk to ding it in blads and flee out of it."

The churchyard of old Greyfriars is an epitome of Scottish history. On the broad flat stone,

now removed, the Solemn League and Covenant was signed, 1638, and on Martyrs' Monument one reads, "From May 27th, 1661, that the most noble Marquis of Argyll was beheaded, until February 18th, 1668, there was executed in Edinburgh about one hundred noblemen, gentlemen, ministers and others, the most of whom lie here." Nourished by such costly libations, the tree of liberty took root and flourished strong and fair.

EDINBURGH CASTLE AND NATIONAL GALLERY, FROM PRINCESS STREET.

Around the blue banner of the Scottish Covenant gather memories as heroic as ever thrilled the heart of man. As we read to-day its story, two hundred years after the last covenanting martyr went to God, our souls are touched to tenderness and tears. Like a waft of mountain air, fragrant with the bloom of the gorse and heather, comes the inspiration of the noble lives and nobler deaths of those brave confessors of the faith and witnesses for God. No single name looms up so conspicuously as that of Knox at an earlier period; but the heroes of the Covenant were a grand army of brave men, battling and dying for the truth.

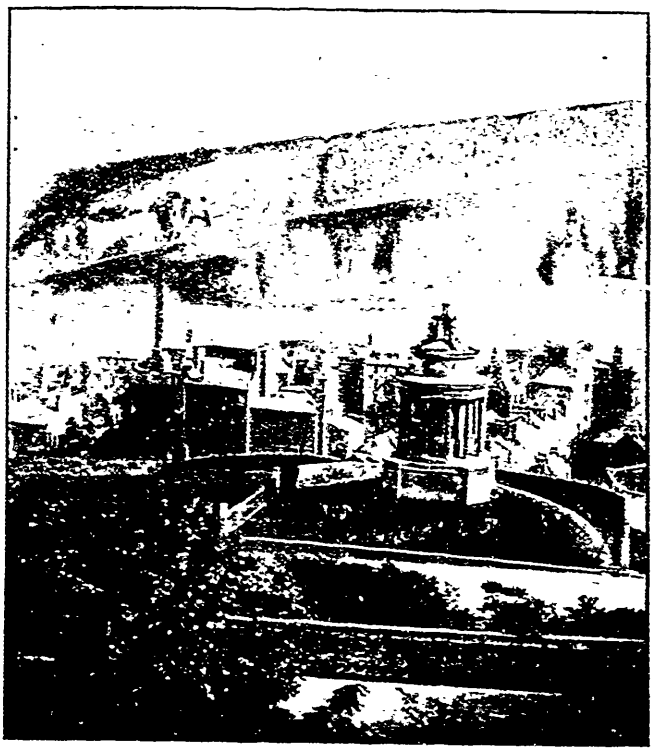
The "old leaven" of Popery was still working in the land when James VI., paltering with the Popish lords, was reminded by the bold Andrew Melville that "there were two Kings in the realm, one King James and the other King Jesus, whose subject King James was."

On the 1st of March, 1638, after a sermon in the old Greyfriars' Church, a great parchment was spread upon a broad, flat tomb-

stone in the churchyard, and was subscribed by such numbers that space failed, so that many could affix only their initials; and many of the signatures were written in blood. Never did nation before make more solemn and awful engagement to God than this. It was received as a sacred oath and was defended with the heart's blood of Scotland's bravest sons. The Covenanting host rallied round the blue and crimson flag, then first flung to the winds, emblazoned with the words, "For Christ's Crown and Covenant."

The Earl of Montrose, originally a Covenanter, changed sides and raised the white flag for the King. He blazed like a meteor through the Highlands, winning brilliant victories, carrying terror and bloodshed into many a peaceful vale. He was at length defeated and exiled; but returning in arms, was apprehended, beheaded, and quartered, with the utmost indignities of that stern age, at Edinburgh.

After the Restoration the Covenants were torn by the hands of the common hangman, and burned with drunken mockery. Rather than submit to the "black prelacy" four hundred ministers resigned their livings and were driven out in the depth of winter upon the snowy wolds. Their places were filled by a mob of illiterate hirelings, so that it was said, "the cows were in jeopardy because the herd boys were all made parsons."



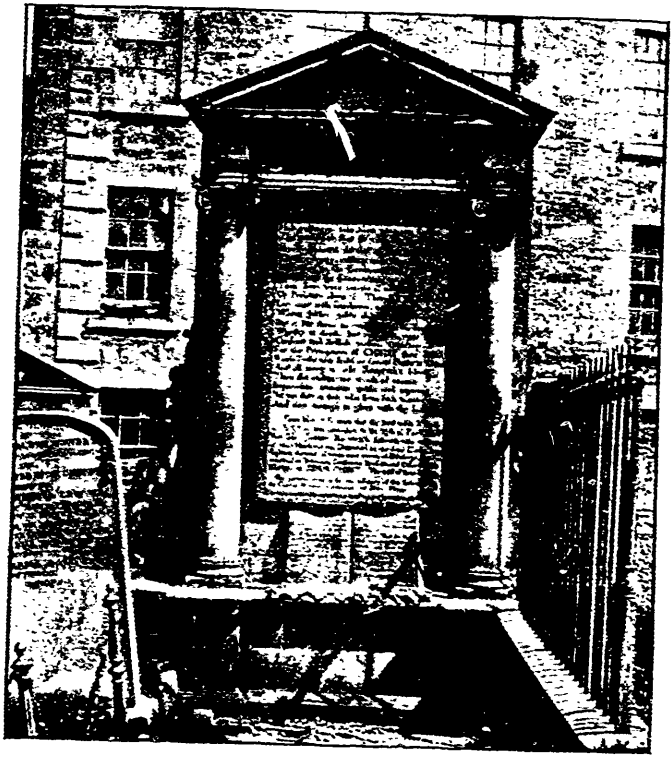
BURNS' MONUMENT AND SALISBURY CRAGS.

Men and women were driven at the point of the sabre and under the penalty of a fine to a service which they abhorred; and to give "meat, drink, house, harbour, or succour" to an ejected minister was a crime.

The Covenanting Church, driven from its altars, betook itself to the wilderness—to lonely straths and

think of the best of a nation worshipping God for years together in the open air, the Druids of the Christian faith."

Claverhouse swept through the country like a destroying angel. Twelve hundred prisoners were dragged to Edinburgh and huddled together for four long months in Greyfriars' Churchyard, where the



THE MARTYRS' MONUMENT.

distant vales, where the scream of the eagle and the thunder of the cataract blended with the singing of the psalm and the utterance of the prayer, while armed sentinels kept watch on the neighbouring hills. At the rippling burn infants were baptized, and at those mountain altars, youthful hearts plighted their marriage vows. "It is something," says Gilfillan, "to

Covenant had been signed, with no covering but the sky, no couch but the cold earth. The Covenanters, banned like wild beasts, withdrew with their Bibles and their swords to dark glens, wild heaths, rugged mountains, and rocky caves. The preachers, stern eremites, gaunt and haggard, proclaimed, like a new Elijah, the threatenings of God's wrath

against His foes. As such live in history and tradition the names of Cargill, Cameron, and Renwick, and such has Sir Walter Scott portrayed in his marvellous creations —Ephraim MacBriar and Habakkuk Mucklewrath.

Wild superstitions were mingled with lofty faith. Some claimed the gift of second sight, and uttered dark prophesies of the future. They believed in magic and Satanic agency. Claverhouse was in league with the arch-fiend, and lead could not harm him, nor water drown. Only to the cold steel of the Highland skean or the keen edge of the claymore was his body vulnerable; and in the violent and bloody deaths of many of their persecutors they beheld the avenging hand of God.

The moral heroism of these brave men has never been surpassed. Take the fate of Richard Cameron and David Hackstoun as examples. When Cameron was ordained, the minister who laid his hand upon his head predicted "that that head should be lost for Christ's sake, and be set up before sun and moon in the sight of the world." But the prophecy daunted not his daring. He was the most powerful of the Covenanting preachers, and his voice stirred the souls of the people like the peal of a clarion. His home was the wild muir, his bed the heather, his pillow a stone, his canopy the sky.

At Aairsmoss, he, with Hackstoun and about sixty companions, were attacked by the royal troops. "This is the day I have prayed for," he exclaimed with prophetic soul; "to-day I gain the crown." He fell pierced with wounds. His head and his hands were hacked off and borne on a halberd through the High Street of Edinburgh, the fingers uplifted as in prayer. "These," said Murray, as he delivered them to the officials of the Privy Council, "are the head and hands of a man who lived praying and preaching, and died praying and fighting." With shocking barbarity they were presented to Cameron's father, in the Tolbooth in Edinburgh, with the unfeeling and mocking inquiry if he knew to whom they belonged? "Oh, yes," said the poor old man, taking them and kissing them, "they are my son's, my own dear son's. Good is the will of the Lord, who cannot wrong me nor mine, but has made goodness and mercy to follow us all our days."

As the saintly Peden sat on Cameron's grave he lifted his streaming eyes to heaven and pronounced his noblest eulogy in the prayer: "Oh! to be with Ritchie." "Bury me beside Ritchie," he asked on his death-bed, "that I may have rest in my grave, for I have had little in my life." But his prayer was not to be answered, for forty days after his own burial, the ruffian soldiery disinterred his body and hanged it on a gibbet.

And the Cameronian rank and file, humble pedlars and weavers and weak women, were no less heroic than their leaders. A martyr spirit seemed to animate every frame.* "Will you pray

* The story of John Brown, the Ayrshire carrier, has been often told, but will never lose its power to touch the heart. His only crime was the worship of God according to the dictates of his conscience. Surprised by troopers, he walked at their head, "rather like a leader than a captive," to his own door. "To your knees," said Claverhouse, "for you must die." John prayed with such feeling that the dragoons were moved to tears. He tenderly kissed his wife and babes, and prayed, "may all purchased and promised blessings be multipiied unto you" "No more of this," roared the brutal Claverhouse, and he ordered the dragoons to fire. Seeing them waver, he snatched a pistol, and, with his own hand, shot the good man through the brain. As he fell the brave wife caught her husband's shattered head in her lap. "What think you of your husband now?" demanded the titled ruffian. "I aye thocht muckle o' him, sir," was the brave response, "but never sae muckle as I do this day." "I would think little to lay thee

for the King?" queried Major Balfour of three Glasgow labourers. "We will pray for all within the election of grace," was their reply. "Do you question the King's election?" he asked. "Sometimes we question our own," they answered. Such contumacy was unpardonable, and within an hour the dogs lapped their blood. "Though every hair on my head were a man," said another dying martyr, "I would die all these deaths for Christ and His cause." "Will you renounce the Covenant?" demanded the soldiers of a peasant whom they found sleeping on the muir with a Bible by his side. "I would as soon renounce my baptism," he replied, and in an instant dyed the heather with his blood.

In moss hags, in hollow trees, in secret caves, in badgers' holes, in churchyards, and other haunted spots—even in burial lots; in haystacks, in meal chests, in chimneys, in cellars, in garrets, in all manner of strange and loathsome places, the fugitives for conscience, from the sword or the gallows, sought shelter, and marvellous were their hairbreadth escapes from the fury of their persecutors. In hunger, and peril, and penury, and nakedness, these "true-hearted Covenanters wrestled, or prayed, or suffered, or wandered, or died." Many of Scotland's grandest or loveliest scenes are ennobled by the martyr memories of those stormy times; by the brave deaths of those heroes of the Covenant, and by their blood that stained the sod—

> "On the muirland of mist where the martyrs lay;
> Where Cameron's sword and Bible were seen
> Engraved on the stone where the heather grows green."

For eight-and-twenty years the flail of persecution had scourged the land. Nearly twenty thousand, it is estimated, had perished by fire, or sword, or water, or the scaffold, or had been banished from the realm, and many, many more had perished of cold and hunger in the moss hags and morasses. The fines imposed in eleven counties amounted to £180,000—an enormous sum in that day for a poor and soldier-harried country like Scotland.

beside Him," he answered. "If you were permitted, I doubt na ye would," said the God-fearing woman; "but how are you to answer for this morning's work?" "To men I can be answerable, and as for God," was the blasphemous answer, "I will take Him into my own hands," and the brutal soldier struck spurs to his horse and galloped away. "Meekly and calmly," continues the record of this martyrdom, "did this heroic woman tie up her husband's head in a napkin, compose his body, and cover it with her plaid—and not till these duties were performed did she permit the pent-up current of her mighty grief to burst forth, as she sat down beside the corpse and wept bitterly."

A NEW YEAR.

BY FRANK WALCOTT HUTT.

Over the snow-covered hills hear ye the bells of the morn,
Speeding the shade of the past, hailing the Babe that is born.
Who for the old and the lost droppeth a sorrowful tear?
Who, with a shiver and sigh, welcomes the birth of the year?

Glad is the singer whose song praiseth the tried and the true;
Sweet is the soul that with smiles lighteth the way of the new.
White are the pathways of earth, white for thy coming, O Year!
Angels and holy ones, pray, pray for the watchers that fear!

AN EXPERIMENT IN ALTRUISM.

BY JAMES L. HUGHES.

Superintendent of Public Schools, Toronto.

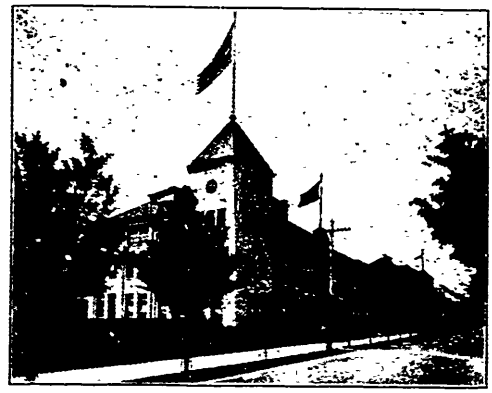
MR. J. H. PATTERSON.

"Oh, yes! Plenty of them call themselves Christians, but I don't believe there is a Christian manufacturer in the world."

This was the conclusion of a conversation I overheard between two commercial travellers at an hotel table. I had recently visited the manufactory of the National Cash Register Co., in Dayton, Ohio, to study the methods of treating the employees from an educational and sociological standpoint, so I ventured to say to the gentlemen who had been carrying on the conversation: "May I describe some of the plans for recognizing the interests of employees, and for developing the true spirit of community, which I saw a few weeks ago?"

"Certainly," replied the last speaker.

Mr. John H. Patterson is at the head of the National Cash Register Co., of Dayton, Ohio. The manufactory consists of several large and attractive buildings on the outskirts of the city. The buildings occupy the centre of a beautiful park-garden, laid out with trees, shrubs, and flowers, and kept as carefully as Central Park, New York, or Lincoln Park, Chicago. Vines climb the walls and overhang the passages between buildings. Mr. Patterson provides flowers, vines, shrubs, and trees, not only for the ornamentation of his own grounds, but for the gardens, lawns, and houses on the streets facing his park, in order that the whole may be in harmony with the plans of his landscape gardener. He gives prizes annually for the best kept and most artistically ornamented grounds, for the best squares, and to the boys who have the cleanest and most orderly back-yards.



ONE OF THE BUILDINGS.

The beauty of the exterior is a preparation for the order, neatness, and attractiveness of the interior of the buildings. The ceilings

are high, and the ventilation unusually perfect. Every room is bright and cheerful. Palms stand in the windows or in niches around the rooms. Pictures hang on the walls, and flags are draped over the heads of the men and

ONE OF THE WOMEN'S BATH-ROOMS.

women while they work. The woodwork, and the hundreds of heavy machines used in the construction of the marvellous registers, are painted a soft yellow, an easy colour for the eye, and one that has a beneficent tonic influence on the nervous system.

Everywhere are found evidences of an intelligent interest in the physical development and health of the employees, both men and women. There are splendid bath-rooms in the different buildings, which are used by all the employees of the institution as often as they wish to enjoy the luxury of a bath. The accommodation is of a superior kind, and the soap and towels are much finer than those provided in most city bathing houses. No charge is made for soap, towels, service, or water. Every man and woman of the more than fifteen hundred employed in the institution is allowed twenty minutes each week from their regular working hours to take a bath. They are paid for the twenty minutes occupied in taking this bath at the same rate as when working. Each employee is therefore paid for taking one bath each week, and has the privilege of taking as many additional free baths as he wishes. The women are supplied with fresh cuffs and aprons twice each week.

Many of the women have to sit on high chairs while at work, and in order that they may obtain rest by changing their position when they desire to do so, they are provided with two foot-rests for each chair, one in front of the chair, and another suspended directly under the chair. There are convenient little rooms to which the women may retire and lie down on comfortable cots in case of illness, or when very tired.

All the female employees stop work for fifteen minutes each fore-

WOMEN'S REST ROOM.

noon and each afternoon. For ten minutes of each recess they are trained by an expert in physical culture, in order to improve

their health, exercise the muscles that are not called into activity by their work, and give rest to those muscles that have been under strain. They are paid for the half-hour spent in rest and exercise at the same rate as when working. There is a beautiful parlour in which the women may rest after

WOMEN'S DINING-ROOM.

luncheon, or at any time when they are tired. It is furnished with comfortable chairs and sofas, fine rugs are on the floor, and pictures adorn the walls.

The women commence working an hour later than the men in the morning and get away a quarter of an hour earlier at noon and in the evening, in order that they may not be overcrowded on the street cars, or on the streets, if they ride bicycles. They are credited with this hour and a half each day exactly as if they had been working. Each woman is allowed one day in each month, and Saturday afternoons. The men have Saturday afternoon during summer. Separate buildings are provided for the bicycles of the men and women.

Both men and women are paid for ten hours' work each day, although the men work only nine and a half hours, and the women only eight hours per day. Mr. Patterson reports that as much work is now done under the short hours as formerly under the ten hour system. He hopes gradually to reduce the time of the men to eight hours per day without lowering their wages.

Those women who prefer to remain for dinner are furnished each day with a free three-course meal in a bright, cheerful dining-room, tastefully decorated, in which they sit in small groups at tables covered with the finest linen, and supplied with excellent cutlery and china of a very superior character, both in quality and design. The cooking is superintended by a professional teacher of cooking, who conducts the cooking-school in connection with the factory. The women do their own waiting. The bill of fare for the week is posted in the dining-room, and varies each day.

Mr. Patterson, the executive committee, the factory committee, the officers, and the departmental heads dine together each day in a small building, specially designed for this purpose. The table is a circle with the centre cut out. In the centre is a garden of growing flowers. At this round table the

KNIGHTS OF THE ROUND TABLE.

news of the day, and the most advanced educational, social and industrial questions are informally discussed in a free, conversational manner. This meeting is typical of the unity of feeling and interest

manifested in all departments of the institution.

A thousand dollars are given each year, five hundred every six months, for the best suggestions for the improvement of the institution. These suggestions may relate to any department, or to the minutest details of management in industrial, educational, or social work. They may be made regarding the lighting and ventilation of buildings, the arrangement of the machinery, the ornamentation of the grounds, or anything calculated to economize time, increase productive power, reduce fatigue, or improve conditions. In convenient places throughout the buildings tablets and pencils are ready for use in making these suggestions, or in making complaints. When a suggestion is made and signed the turn of a crank passes it into the receiver and leaves a blank sheet for the next suggestion. Last year more than six hundred employees made suggestions, and their suggestions amounted in all to nearly four thousand. Of these, eleven hundred and eight were adopted by the committee. Think of the result of improving an institution in eleven hundred and eight ways in a single year! Think, too, of the influence of this simple, sensible plan on the men and women who make the suggestions, in developing their characters, strengthening their self-faith and self-respect, increasing their interest in their work, and evolving higher and truer ideals of community.

A very interesting experiment is being tried for the boys in the neighbourhood of the factory. Mr. Patterson manures and thoroughly cultivates a field, divides it into fifty plots and assigns a plot to each of the first fifty boys who agree to plant and take care of it. The boys make their own garden beds, sow the seeds supplied by Mr. Patterson, and do their own gardening throughout the season. Each boy has the same amount of space allotted to him, and each is supplied with the same kind of seed. Fifty dollars are awarded in prizes for the best gardens, and each boy uses the

COOKING SCHOOL.

vegetables from his own garden for his own family. There were more than a hundred applicants for gardens this year.

Froebel made gardening an important part of the education of children. The English Government recognized its value two years ago, and authorized school boards in cities and towns to rent fields for the use of pupils in gardening, to be done as part of their educational training. Mr. Patterson is the first, so far as I know, to introduce it in America. It is highly developing, physically, intellectually, spiritually, and socially.

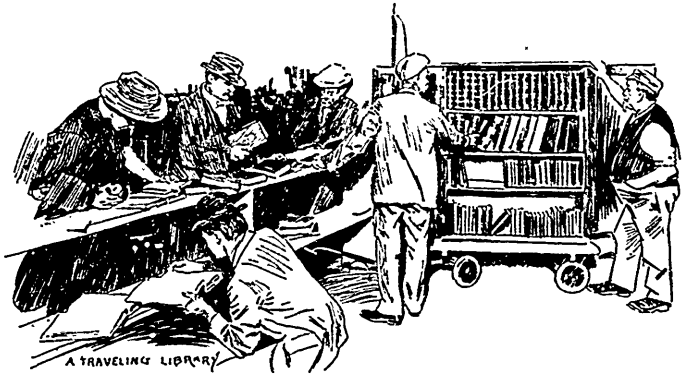
There are altogether twenty-nine organizations and institutions among the employees connected with the factory for the industrial, mental, and moral development of the employees and their families.

A well equipped kindergarten provides free training for the little ones. Mr. Patterson provides

everything, kindergartners, building, furniture, and supplies. A special building has been erected for the cooking school, which is in charge of a well trained teacher.

The girls receive lessons in sewing, dress-making, and millinery from an expert. I saw a class of girls, from ten to fifteen years of age, trimming their own summer hats under the direction of an expert milliner. They chose their own colours in ribbons and flowers, and adapted them in arrangement to the form and colour of their hats and to their own dresses and complexions with the advice of their teacher. The economic ess. She lives in the building, and is employed by Mr. Patterson to attend to the special needs of the boys, girls and women of the neighbourhood. She is a happy combination of teacher, mother and confidential friend for her very large family.

The boys have a "Boys' Brigade," and three companies of "cadets." They are organized and officered by the boys themselves. Mr. Patterson provides uniform caps for them, and light canes instead of guns or swords. Two boys, about fourteen years of age, were in consultation in one of the room of the N. C. R. House,



THE TRAVELLING LIBRARY.

and educational advantages of this work are manifest.

There are one hundred and thirty boys in the "Boys' Club," and one hundred and ten girls in the "Girls' Club." These clubs hold regular meetings, conducted by their own officers, for the personal improvement of their members, in literary work, in the method of conducting public meetings, and in moral and physical culture.

All the meetings of Boys' and Girls' Clubs are held in the National Cash Register House, under the general supervision and comforting counsel of Miss Harvie, who is known as the Deacon- when I visited it. One of them had just finished a letter. Finding that it was addressed to Mr. Patterson, I requested permission to read it, and found that the boys had organized a new company of cadets, and were notifying Mr. Patterson and making application for the necessary caps and canes.

There is a library and reading-room in the N. C. R. House. Eight hundred volumes belong to the special factory library, and additional books are supplied from the library of the city of Dayton, the N. C. R. being a sub-station of the city library. From fifty to one hundred books are taken in daily to the machine shops to be

read during the noon hour by the men who carry their dinners with them. A library on wheels is used for this purpose.

The library, and all the clubs organized by the men are under the general supervision of a graduate of an English University employed by Mr. Patterson to aid in the general culture of the people of his institution, and those residing in the neighbourhood.

The names of many of the clubs and organizations indicate their nature. Among them are: The Pleasant Home Club; The Women's Century Club; The Mothers' Guild; The Mothers' Meeting, under the charge of the Kindergarten Directress; The Century Girls' Club, with a special library, and whose motto is, "Read good books"; The Advance Club; The Progress Club; The South Park Improvement Association; The Oakwood Improvement Association; The Girls' Literary Society; The Autoharp Club, a young ladies' club with instruments furnished by Mr. Patterson; The Band and Orchestra; The Janitors' Glee Club; The Bicycle Club; The Relief Association, a voluntary association for providing relief in times of sickness or death; The South Park Sunday-school Association; The Anti-Cigarette Club; The National Penny Bank Club; The School of Mechanics, and The Thursday Evening Music Course.

There is a large lecture hall, seated with opera chairs, in the main factory building, in which lectures are given by university extension lecturers, by special lecturers, and by Mr. Patterson himself. Mr. Patterson has collected over six thousand of the most beautiful stereopticon slides that he could find in the world to illustrate lectures on travel, biography, science, art, mechanics, history and literature. He has built a special house for a photographic studio in which an expert photographer and a special colour artist prepare slides for special lectures. Many of Mr. Patterson's lectures deals with the economic problems connected with the National Cash Register business, and related interests, so that the entire staff of workmen and women may have an intelligent grasp of the business in which they are engaged. This is an effective way of preventing work from degenerating into drudgery, and service from becoming slavery. There are no foremen in the shops. The work

GIRLS' CLUB AND DEACONESS.

of the institution is supervised by daily meetings of the officers and factory committee; and by a weekly meeting of the "Advance Club," consisting of the officers, the committees, and representatives of all

MUSIC ROOM.

the departments. The men are paid for the hour and a half spent each Friday at the meeting of the Advance Club at the same rate as when working.

The lecture hall is occupied on Sunday afternoons by the Sunday-school. A large school of four hundred and ninety meets under the superintendency of "The Deaconess," and one of the many special features of the school is an address with stereopticon illustrations by Mr. Patterson. The stereopticon stands always in readiness in the hall for use by day or night. Mr. Patterson selects from his six thousand slides a few by which he can best illustrate the lesson of the day, and has lesson plans, hymns, mottoes, texts, etc., prepared on slides by his special photographer so that they can be thrown on the screen and sung or repeated or studied by the whole school.

Another practice introduced by Mr. Patterson of worthy of note. Every child is supplied with a card on which to record the best quotation heard or read during the week. These extracts are read by the pupils in their classes on Sunday afternoon, and the one chosen by vote of each class as the best is entered by the class secretary in the class book of quotations, and memorized by the class.

On the Sunday preceding "review Sunday," the twelve quotations of the quarter are read over and the best one chosen by vote to be recited on "review Sunday"

DINING-ROOM.

by the pupil who selected it originally, or by the class representative. The recitation of these selections forms a very interesting and profitable part of the proceedings at the review, especially as it is expected that each pupil will tell why he or she chose the selection. It is hard to conceive of a more widely stimulative, co-operative exercise.

"The Pleasant Sunday Afternoons" are becoming a distinctive feature of the community in South Park.

The moving spirit in this great institution is a practical man, whose heart is filled with consideration for his fellowmen. He is keen to appreciate new ideals, especially those that relate to the moral and intellectual advancement of individuals as a qualification for their duties as elements in the community. He is not a dreamer, but a practical philosopher who reveals his faith by his works.

CHILDREN'S PLAY LAWN.

"What do you think of him?" I asked of the forceful commercial traveller next to me, "Is he a Christian?"

"No, sir!" he replied with emphasis. "He is too good a man to be a Christian."

What a pity that Christ's followers so often fail to represent His principles more truly and reveal His ideals more fully in their lives! These men agreed that Christ was right, and that Mr. Patterson was endeavouring to carry out Christ's teaching more fully than any other manufacturer they had heard of; but they had in some way been unfortunate enough to learn to regard the term "Christian" as a doubtful compliment, not good enough at any rate for Mr. Patterson.

Mr. Patterson is too wise and too modest to assume that he has solved all the problems connected with the management of a large manufactory, or settled all the difficulties between capital and labour. He is, however, making an earnest effort to recognize the highest rights of those whom he employs, and to make them more intelligent, more happy, more hopeful, and more progressive.

The appearance, bearing, and spirit of his many employees, official and mechanical, proves that he is succeeding. Mr. Patterson claims that it pays even from a financial standpoint to invest the eight thousand dollars which he spends annually in the ways I have indicated. Men and women do more and better work, when they are happy, and hopeful, and interested because their manhood and womanhood receive fair recognition. One of the heads of departments said to me: "A man does better work after he has had a good comfortable bath."

At the last annual meeting of the employees it was resolved: "That we thank the Company for the many concessions in our

favour made by them, prominent among which is the further reduction of fifteen minutes in our working time, giving us ten hours' pay for nine and one-half hours' work; and that we pledge our best efforts to make their action a source of profit to them. Resolved, That in these resolutions is expressed the real spirit of the entire force of the N. C. R. employees."

Similar resolutions have been passed by the Trades and Labour Assembly of Dayton.

The spirit of community prevails everywhere. The young lady who is assistant in the kindergarten, and who kindly acted as my guide to the factory, told me in a perfectly natural way that, "Our factory turns out more than a hundred machines each day, and we sell them at an average price of one hundred and seventy-five dollars." Men and women, even the boys, used the pronouns "our," "we," and "us," in regard to the factory and its operations, with the expression of ownership in tone and manner.

Men are beginning to understand the revelations of Christ in regard to the greatest ideal—community, and to believe that Christian principles are for everyday use; that they are in fact the fundamental principles of all true social evolution. The new theology and the new education are in perfect harmony in teaching that the greatest work a man has to do is not the mere saving of his own soul, but the fullest development of his soul or self-hood, in order that he may do his best work for God in accomplishing the highest destiny of mankind as a unity. This ideal is making Christianity a vital force in the social and industrial organization of humanity and an essential element of a progressive civilization.

TYPE OF WORKMAN'S COTTAGE.

The mightiest movements of national, religious, social, and industrial life in the past, and especially in the recent past, have been towards the complete organization of the race. It is a hopeful sign that in the great awakening in industrial circles the efforts for the betterment of conditions are not always confined to the workers.

CHINA IN TRANSITION.

BY ARCHIBALD R. COLQUHOUN.

IMPERIAL FIVE-CLAWED DRAGON.

We have already indicated in THE METHODIST MAGAZINE AND REVIEW (Nov. 1898, page 477) the important character of this book.* Mr. Colquhoun has been described as the highest living authority upon Chinese topics. He regards Russia as the great enemy of the interests of civilization in China. He shows the value of Chinese commerce to Great Britain, and remarks: "Through Canada lies the all-British route to the far East." Mr. Colquhoun's plan for the reorganization of China in the interest of British commerce is outlined as follows: A railway from Peking to the Yangtsze River, and another from the Yangtsze to the Irrawaddy. This would give land and water communication from the Pacific Coast to Burma, and would be equivalent in the south to Russia's great railway in the north.

We are apt to think that China is overpeopled, whereas the population is not half as dense as that of England, although parts are greatly crowded. China has enormous coal resources; enough to supply the world, from Shansi alone, for thousands of years. The wrecking of the Chinese empire would be, Mr. Colquhoun thinks, the direst calamity of the ages. Universal anarchy would prevail. Even during the Taiping rebellion "hundreds of cities were converted into cover for wild beasts, and ten millions of lives were destroyed." A general disruption of authority would involve much greater waste and woe. China is an enormous hive of industry only needing direction and possessing capacities for vast consumption of manufactured products.

Similar are the views of Mr. W. T. Stead, who affirms that the interests of Great Britain and of civilization lie in maintaining the integrity of the Chinese empire. It is, he affirms, the only empire of peace in the world. Russia and Germany will seek to inoculate it with the virus of militarism that is eating the heart out of Europe. The Chinese, he says, maintain the peace among one-third of the inhabitants of the world with a less effective military force than that which answers for law and order in the little island of Ireland. The subversion of Chinese authority would bring first a chaos of anarchy and then an Aceldama of blood. Militarism is the alcoholism of nations, and Japan is the drunken helot of the East. She is mortgaging her resources and taxing her people to the bone, in order to create a gigantic fleet which when created will be impotent to realize her ambitions. Old empires are like country carts. They creak and groan and seem to be going to pieces, but they will outlast our time. The central government of China may be weak, but it has not lost its prestige in the interior. We should work with it, he argues, instead of against it. He urges that an ambassador personally sympathetic with the Chinese should be sent to Pekin to support the central government against the machinations of any foreign power. The one thing to be aimed at, he adds, is the maintenance of the unity which enables one-third of the human race to live and labour in peace without the aid of Maxims and ironclads.

We give herewith Mr. Colquhoun's admirable characterization of the Chinese people in transition.—ED.

The great fact which differentiates the Chinese from every other people of whom we have any knowledge is their unprecedented

* "China in Transformation." By Archibald R. Colquhoun. Formerly Deputy Commissioner, Burma, etc. With frontispiece, maps and diagrams. New York: Harper & Brothers. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, $2.50.

duration. There has never been any such accumulated experience in the world's history; never such accumulation of custom, of ceremonial, of superstition. The early contemporaries of China have all fallen to pieces, some of them many times, and the continuity of tradition has been broken. But if we, instead of gathering their social history painfully from potsherds or paintings on tombs, or their religion from survivals of poetical mythology, found the Assyrians, Babylonians, ancient Egyptians, and ancient Greeks alive at the present day, should we not expect to find the same maze of folk-lore as in China, the same confused and contradictory superstitions, layer upon layer, survivals from the oldest mingling with the newest accretions? Indeed, whatever may have been the cause of the long life of the nation has probably also been the cause of its crystallization. And that is what gives so hazardous a character to all innovations forced on China from without.

It may be profitable and practicable to consider in what relation the Chinese people stand to the outward and workaday world of our own time. His predominant quality, that which marks the Chinese, whether at home or abroad, is beyond doubt his industry. He has almost a passion for labour; in search of it he compasses sea and land. He seems born to be the hewer of wood and the drawer of water for humanity, but not as a slave. The Chinaman is always a merchant, and sells his labour for a price. In those countries where the race is persecuted, it is his industry which

HIGH CASTE MANDARIN.

offends, because it competes with the more desultory work of white men, who deem themselves entitled to dissipate half their time. Combined with the appetite for hard work the Chinaman has two highly important qualities—docility and temperance. The latter enables him to profit by a double economy—that of time and that of money; the former enables him to "stoop to conquer." There is, indeed, no end to his patience. He is content to exploit worked-out claims for an infinitesimal gain, and as ready to be kicked out whenever it pleases his superior white brother to come along and "jump" them.

A valuable agent is the Chinaman, therefore, for sweeping up the "tailings" of human industry. He demands no comfort, still less luxury; but though he can do with rough and scanty fare, he never starves his body when he can afford nutritious and well-cooked food. He works outrageously long hours with very moderate inducement; the clink of the artisan's hammer and the whir of the spindle are heard in the streets at all hours of the night, and the dawn finds the labourer already at work. However late the master or mistress may come home, the servants are in waiting, and are as ready for a call in the early morning as if they had had twelve hours' good sleep. Such snatches of sleep as can be picked up at odd moments satisfy them.

In addition to robust muscularity the Chinese physique is endowed with great refinement. Their hands and feet are well made, and their fingers are remarkable for suppleness and delicacy of touch. Their skill in the minutest kinds of handicraft, such as intricate carving in wood or ivory, miniature painting and fine embroidery, is well known. Not only in workshops and building-yards has the skill of their artificers been tested and approved, but in the responsible positions of engine-drivers on steamboats and locomotives the Chinese, under proper training, are found to answer all requirements.

The intellectual capacity of the Chinese may rank with the best in Western countries. Their own literary studies, in which memory plays the important part, prove the nation to be capable of prodigious achievements in that direction. It is stated in Macaulay's Life that had "Paradise Lost" been destroyed, he could have reproduced it from memory. But even such a power of memory as he possessed is small compared with that of many Chinese, who can repeat by heart all the thirteen classics. A Chinese acquaintance of mine was able, at the age of sixty-five, to reproduce, verbatim, letters received by him in his youth from some of his literary friends famous as stylists. When pitted against European students in school or college, the Chinese is in no respect inferior to his Western contemporaries, and, whether in mathematics and applied science or in metaphysics and speculative thought, he is capable of holding his own against all competitors.

In considering the future of the Chinese race, therefore, we have this enormous double fund of capacity to reckon with—capacity of muscle and capacity of brain: and we have only to imagine the quantitative value of such an aggregate of nervous force, when brought into vital contact with the active spirit and the mechanical and mental appliances of the West, to picture to ourselves a future for China which will astonish and may appall the world.

In favour of the hypothesis of the latent power of the Chinese race, their mere numbers are a

CHINESE MERCHANTS IN SUMMER DRESS.

telling fact, since if the percentage of original initiating and directing minds among them were but a tithe of that of the Caucasian races, it would constitute them a real energizing force in the future progress of the world. What, then, are the causes of Chinese stagnation and of the sameness of their life routine? One cause is universally acknowledged: it is the indifference to truth, as such. A lie is no disgrace; it is only disgraceful not to put a good "face" on things. Combine these two ideas, and the natural result is universal mistrust, which places co-operation, without which even a pin cannot be economically made, largely out of the question.

Closely allied with untruthfulness is the looseness of conscience in the handling of money. The process known as "robbing Peter to pay Paul," of patching a hole by a piece cut out of the garment, forms a part of the Chinese practice, from the Emperor downward. Mines do not pay the proprietors because the labourers pilfer the

production; cotton factories, because the mill-hands carry off the raw material stowed away in their clothes. It is only by organized probity that we can compete with the Chinese. The probity of Chinese merchants and bankers is proverbial and is no doubt the basis of their success in these enterprises. As the Chinese have no separate castes, it is hard to account for such apparently contradictory phenomena as exceptional fidelity in certain walks of life and systematic fraud in others, the line of demarcation being, moreover, sharply drawn.

The different code of honour which prevails in official circles may equally be pleaded as a necessity of existence. No Government official in China can possibly live on his pay; his necessary expenses many times exceed it. What is he to do? Immemorial tradition points out the way. The ox is not muzzled that treads out the corn. Of course official corruption is an insidious poison, not only as affecting the efficiency of the public service, but also the personal character of the individual.

An element of distrust between Chinese and foreigners is the looseness and disregard of punctuality which characterize the Chinese. Except in banking transactions, time with them has not the same recognized value as it has with us, and their habits are easier and more slovenly. It is alleged against them that they are superstitious, but it is scarcely possible for a foreigner to conceive how completely their lives are enveloped in cobwebs of necromancy, geomancy, witchcraft, animal worship, luck, evil eye, and a thousand influences which seem to us grotesque and childish. This is a natural result of the long duration of the people, which has permitted the accretions of three thousand years to be preserved in a gigantic accumulation, whereas the primitive beliefs and folk-lore of Western peoples have been broken up by their migrations, wars, and commotions. Almost every conceivable action of a Chinaman's life is prescribed by a minute etiquette which no one dreams of disregarding. But in addition to this the Chinese, even the most reasonable and most practical, are under the dominion of sorcerers and fortune-tellers and the reign of "luck" to such an extent that they are in constant apprehension of doing or saying things at the wrong time, the wrong place, in the wrong way, or in company with the wrong people.

If they were war-like, the Chinese have ceased for very many centuries to be so. The nation has survived the military age. When forced to fight, which they will seldom do if there is a chance of running away, their tactics are more primitive than those of Zulus. There is no concentration: each regiment or battalion fights for itself exclusively. None will assist another, still less will any section of a force sacrifice itself for the general success.

The manner in which a Chinese force is levied, the way it is treated, paid and led, should excuse much in the private soldier. Under a European officer there was no forlorn hope or desperate service for which they would not volunteer. It has always been the personal qualities of a man, rather than a cause, which attracted the Chinese. Gordon could have led them anywhere.

When all is said, however, it must still be conceded that it is not military, or scientific, or political, but commercial genius that has characterized the Chinese in the past, and is therefore most likely to distinguish them in the future.

They are the original, true and only real shopkeepers. The Chinese may be said to think in money. In common with Orientals generally, they are fascinated by the sport of bargaining, as the cat is by playing its mouse or a fisherman his salmon. It is said that the great Li Hung Chang derived a purer pleasure from "doing" an employee out of half a month's pay, as the result of an afternoon's contest, than if he had saved a province of the Empire.

STREET IN SHANGHAI.

Though parsimonious, the Chinaman is not mean. He is generous almost to a fault when the humour takes him, meets a loss stoically, lends freely with small expectation of return, and rarely sues for a debt.

All foreigners who have studied the Chinese in a human, sympathetic manner, testify to their devotion and gratitude. It happened to an Englishman once to revisit China after the lapse of many years. One day he was surprised to receive a call from some Chinese whom he did not know. They were well dressed and most respectful. After the usual conventional preliminaries the principal man of the party, which seemed like a deputation, explained that he was the son of a Chinese gentleman who had died more than twenty years before, while the speaker was still a child; that he had been told by his relatives of the kindness which the Englishman had shown to his father in those old days, but had never, since he grew up, had any means of expressing his gratitude. Now it had come to his ears that a person bearing the name of his father's friend had recently arrived in the town, but he could not tell if it was the same. So he paid this visit merely to find out, was overjoyed to have discovered him, and begged to be allowed to pay his homage on another occasion. Exchange of family news naturally took place, and on his next visit the Chinese gentleman came laden with valuable presents specially

selected for the respective children of his casually discovered English friend.

Dr. Smith tells us of a Chinese who was employed by a foreigner —no doubt himself—in pushing a heavy wheelbarrow on journeys, often months in duration. "Upon these trips it was necessary to start early, to travel late, to transport heavy loads over steep and rugged mountains, in all seasons and in all weathers, fording chilling rivers with bare feet and legs, and at the end of every stage to prepare his master's food and lodging. All this laborious work was done for a very moderate compensation, and always without complaint; and at the end of several years of this service his master testified that he had never once seen this servant out of temper!"

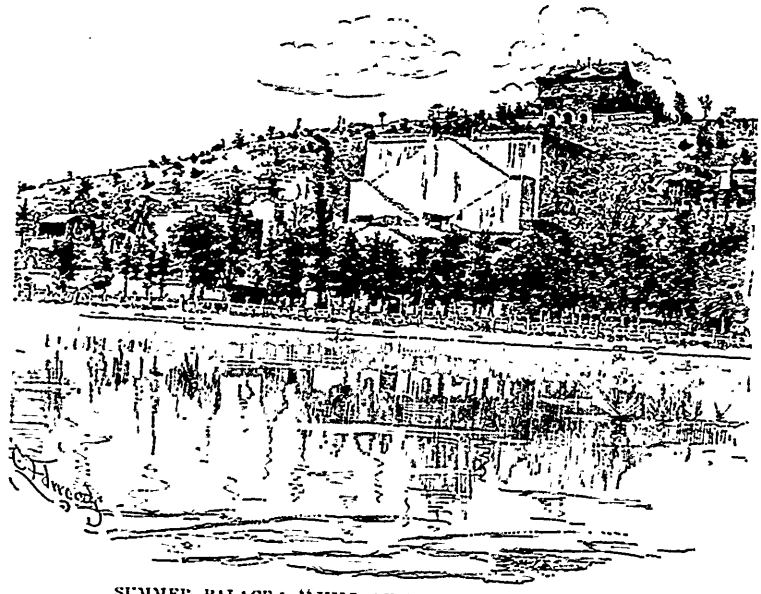
Now, to put the merits of such a placid temper on the lowest utilitarian grounds, consider what an economy of nervous friction is implied in a working life passed in such a happy frame of mind. "If the teaching of history as to what happens to 'the fittest' is to be trusted, there is a magnificent future for the Chinese race."

OUTLOOK FOR PROTESTANT MISSIONS IN CHINA.

On this subject Rev. B. C. Henry, a Presbyterian missionary at Canton, China, writes as follows:

"The whole structure of heathenism is being undermined and weakened in a way that only the future can reveal. In the great city temple of Canton the worshippers had fallen off to such an extent that the lease of the place, which was formerly considered a profitable speculation, often commanding six or seven thousand dollars a year, for a term of three years went a-begging, no one being willing to undertake it for more than a few months at a time. The people were deserting the shrines, and the temple keepers, who depend for their living on the sale of materials for worship, were in despair, and bitterly denounced the preachers of Jesus, who had shaken the faith of the people in their gods.

"The great conflict between truth and



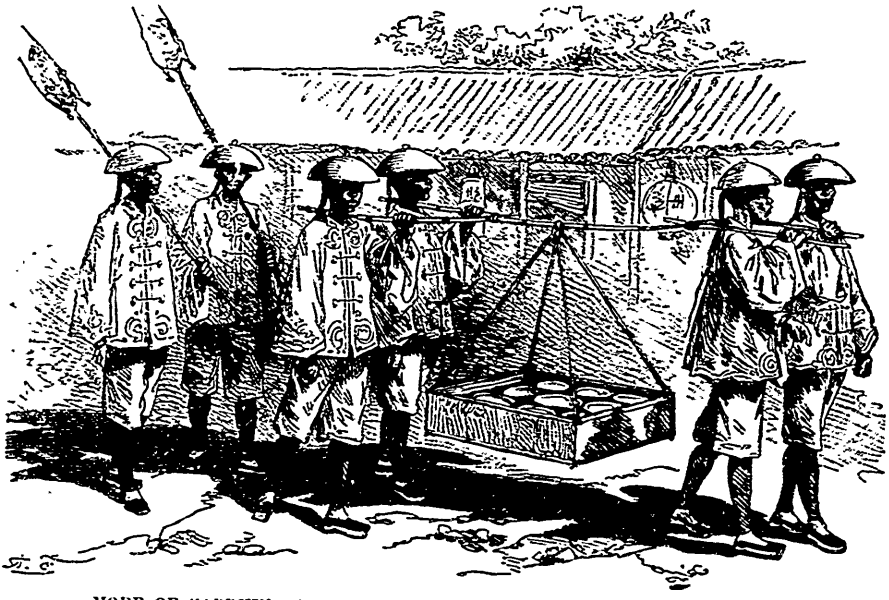
SUMMER PALACE: "HILL OF TEN THOUSAND AGES."

error is to be fought in this land of the Dragon. All the forces of error, symboliz d in that national emblem, are arrayed against the truth, as symbolized in the Cross. Her population embraces nearly one-half of the people in the whole pagan world, and should therefore absorb one-half the energies of the Church in her foreign mission work. It is the duty of the Church to consider the proportionate claim of China beside those of other nations, and also to reflect upon the permanency of results attained in that land."

On the same subject the Rev. Judson Smith, D.D., remarks:

"It is not a little significant to note how Providence is compelling the great Christian powers of our day to face this problem; how active and persistent the Chinese question is becoming in America, in Australia, in the South Sea, in the policies of Great Britain and Russia. 'The Chinese be upon thee,' is the haunting dread of many a land, and the trouble will not cease until Christian love has had its rights, until this people have been won to an abiding place in the kingdom of Christ. Words are powerless to convey, the imagination fails to comprehend, the meaning and grandeur of such a miracle; and yet this is the very task which God appoints to our times, and by a thousand voices is bidding us to attempt boldly and at once. This is upon us in all its vast dimensions and unfathomed meaning: God does not permit us either to ignore it or to evade it. And it behooves us to face our whole duty and measure the unspeakable privileges of our times by the unparalleled opportunities God has set before us. The sun has looked on nothing like it since St. Paul and his companions were led forth of the Holy Ghost to the evangelization of the Roman Empire. And we are the chosen of God for this august service.

"The missionary force now at work in China bears no comparison with the needs of the field. We seem but playing at the evangelization of this people. In China not one in four hundred ever heard the name of Christ, or has as yet had the opportunity of hearing that name. There is only one missionary to every 818,000 souls."



MODE OF CARRYING BURDENS IN CHINA.—CONVEYING A STATE DINNER.

Referring to the special adaptation of Methodist institutions, class-meetings, Quarterly and Annual Conferences, for Chinese evangelization, Dr. Baldwin, for many years Methodist missionary in that country, writes:

"So well adapted are all these Methodist institutions to the Chinese that our brethren of the Church of England have found it well to adopt them. The An-

nual Conferences are thoroughly Methodistic in spirit. They open with 'And are we yet alive?' They close with, 'And let our bodies part!' The examination of character is rather more thorough than in our home Conferences."

"The steadfastness of Chinese Christians under persecution," says Dr. Masters, "is a powerful evidence of the genuineness of their conversion. The popular opinion is that a Chinaman professes Christianity for mercenary ends, and can change his faith as easily as he changes his coat. It is difficult to discover what temporal gain attaches to the Christian profession of a man who finds himself cast out of family, clan, guild and employment, cursed as he walks down the street, and counted as the filth and off-scouring of the earth. I have seen men who, on announcing their Christian faith, have been deserted by parents, wife, and brethren; others who have meekly borne bonds and stripes and imprisonments, because they would not renounce their faith.

"Their liberality to the Church is one of the evidences of the sincerity of their profession of the Christian religion. Taking into account their scanty means and the large part of their income which is sent home for the support of their families in China, the liberality of the Christian Chinese of California is unsurpassed by any body of Christians in the world.'

As to the future of China under Christian influences, Dr. Virgil C. Hart, Superintendent of our West China mission, writes:

"It presents to the eye of faith a picture of sublime grandeur, the realization of which must come through devotion at home and stubborn conflicts there; through gifts and prayer by those who would support so good a cause, and by more than ordinary sacrifice by those called to enter this distant field. There is no short road to the coveted goal. It will only be reached through sore trials, such as come to every ardent and successful worker of reform—in sacrifices not to be weighed in the little balance which determines the value of separation from country, friends and Christian civilization. Here, as elsewhere, are presented problems which require mature thought from gifted men and women, to solve which will demand long and patient endurance in well-doing. To plan, to work, to pray is the lot of the intrusted ambassador, even when the heart is bursting with grief at the indifference around him; at the stubbornness and hatred manifested on every face. We shall see the consecrated task borne in light and darkness alike. The worker, now lifted up by hopeful prospects, then as surely cast down, abased and humbled in the dust.

"'But noble souls, through dust and heat,
Rise from disaster and defeat
The stronger;
And, conscious still of the divine
Within them, lie on earth supine
No longer.'"

A SONG FOR NEW YEAR'S EVE.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Stay yet, my friends, a moment stay—
Stay till the good old year,
So long companion of our way,
Shakes hands, and leaves us here.
Oh stay, oh stay,
One little hour, and then away.

The year, whose hopes were high and strong,
Has now no hopes to wake;
Yet one hour more of jest and song
For his familiar sake.
Oh stay, oh stay,
One mirthful hour, and then away.

The kindly year, his liberal hands
Have lavished all his store.
And shall we turn from where he stands
Because he gives no more?
Oh stay, oh stay,
One grateful hour, and then away.

Days brightly came and calmly went,
While yet he was our guest;
How cheerfully the week was spent!
How sweet the seventh day's rest!
Oh stay, oh stay,
One golden hour, and then away.

Dear friends were with us, some who sleep
Beneath the coffin-lid:
What pleasant memories we keep
Of all they said and did!
Oh stay, oh stay,
One tender hour, and then away.

Even while we sing, he smiles his last,
And leaves our sphere behind.
The good old year is with the past;
Oh be the new as kind!
Oh stay, oh stay,
One parting strain, and then away.

EDMUND SPENSER.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM CLARK, M.A., D.C.L., F.R.S.C.,

Professor of Mental and Moral Philosophy, Trinity University, Toronto.

Edmund Spenser, the "Prince of Poets," was born in London, probably in the year 1552, and died at Westminster, January 16, 1599, almost three hundred years ago, when he was scarcely forty-seven years of age. Of Spenser it may be said that he was the greatest figure but one in the greatest past age of English literature, the greatest between Chaucer and Milton, with the exception of that one who towers above all predecessors and successors, William Shakespeare. Almost of Spenser, as of his mighty contemporary, it may be said, "He was not of an age, but for all time." Of him it is true, as of Burns, that he gained the ear and the heart of his countrymen at once, and never lost them.

Spenser was the first great modern poet of England. Chaucer belonged to the Middle Ages, and the Wars of the Roses had quenched the voice of song in the nation. The poets who preceded Spenser, in the revival of the art, are not unworthy of honour, but they hardly even prepared the way for Spenser, who drew his inspiration chiefly from Chaucer, whom, in his "Faerie Queene," he called,

> "Dan Chaucer, well of English undefiled,
> On fame's eternal beadroll worthy to be filed."

It is chiefly owing to this admiration for his great predecessor that the language of Spenser is so much more archaic than that of his contemporaries.

If Spenser was not greatly indebted to his immediate predecessors, he was certainly not unaffected by the character of the age in which he lived. Born about the end of the reign of Edward VI., he was but six years of age when Elizabeth came to the throne, and he died four years before the Queen. It is superfluous to dwell on the greatness of the Elizabethan period, but it is well to remember the wonderful surroundings of the poet. Sir Walter Raleigh was born in the same year; Hooker a year later, and lived also forty-seven years. Sir Philip Sidney was born in 1554, and became one of Spenser's dearest friends, dying at the early age of thirty-two, of the wounds received at the battle of Zutfen (1586). Bacon was but nine years later than Spenser, and after him, at an interval of three years, came Shakespeare; and then Ben Jonson, and Beaumont and Fletcher, Webster, Heywood, and Massinger, and many more. The Renaissance and the Reformation had stirred the minds of men to their depths, and the spirit of patriotism and chivalry had awakened and put on its strength as it had not for many a day, for

NOTE.—In the month of January will be celebrated throughout Christendom the tercentenary anniversary of the death of the great English poet who gave the world the "Faërie Queene." We, therefore, requested Professor Clark, of Trinity University, who is so justly famed for his studies in the literature of the "spacious times of Queen Elizabeth," to favour this magazine with a paper on Edmund Spenser. Although one of the busiest of men, Dr. Clark kindly acceded to that request, and has furnished the accompanying admirable paper—one of many similar evidences of his kindness and good-will to the Methodist Church in Canada.—ED.

generations past. It was in such an environment that Edmund Spenser lived his short life and achieved his great work for the literature of England.

Of the events of Spenser's life we know very little. Although his name is spelt differently—which means very little for those days—he certainly was connected with the noble family of the Spencers. He was born in London, a fact not only recorded by Fuller, in his "Worthies of England," but commemorated by Spenser himself in his "Prothalamion," as follows:

> "At length they all to merry London came,
> To merry London, my most kindly nurse,
> That to me gave this life's first native source,
> Though from another place I take my name,
> An house of ancient fame."

Of his father we know nothing; his mother's name was Elizabeth, the same as that of his wife and his Queen, as he notes in Sonnet 74. His parents were probably not wealthy, since, like Hooker and Andrews, he was a "poor scholar" at Merchant Tailors' School in London, established in 1560. When he went to Cambridge, where he entered Pembroke Hall at seventeen (1569). he was a sizar, or serving clerk, another evidence of his indigent circumstances. He remained at Cambridge until 1576, when he took his degree of Master of Arts.

The time of Spenser's residence at Cambridge was a critical one for the poet and his country; and during that period he probably received that strong religious tendency which he retained throughout his life, first in a somewhat Puritan form, but later on with an infusion of the more deepening and widening Platonic philosophical spirit.

It was indeed a critical and eventful period. England had not yet entirely broken with the Court of Rome; or, as perhaps the case might be more accurately stated, the See of Rome had not lost hope of her great Fief of former days returning to her allegiance. Conspiracies were hatched and rebellions fomented with the hope of bringing Mary Stuart, now (since 1568) an exile in England, to the throne. It was in 1569 that the insurrection in the North against the throne of Elizabeth and the dominance of the Reformation broke out; and three years before that time the papal throne had been occupied by one (Pius V.) who had no heart for the vacillating and compromising policy of his predecessor. In 1570 he issued a Bull of deposition against Elizabeth, whilst his emissaries were declaring throughout the country that she was illegitimate and disqualified from reigning over a Christian people. The Pope died, but his spirit lived on. The year 1572 saw the massacre of St. Bartholomew in France.

The rebellion in the North (in the year that Spenser became an undergraduate at Cambridge, let us remember) had been put down without difficulty, but with the severity characteristic of the times. Many were slain in the field and multitudes perished on the scaffold. Elizabeth kept her word that she would give to the rebels "such a breakfast as never was in the North before." Spenser must have been powerfully affected by these events, and the traces of them appear in his poetry to the end. If Elizabeth is always his heroine, there can be no doubt that, in Duessa, we have an allusion—not quite chivalrous—to the Queen of Scots. Moreover, his college at Cambridge was under Puritan influence, especially that of the excellent Grindal. Archbishop of Canterbury, whom Spenser commemorates, under the name of

Algrind, in the "Shepherd's Calendar." It was, however, the earnestness and devotion of the Puritans, and not the narrowness and bitterness of some of their number, unfairly attributed to the whole, by which Spenser was attracted. He agreed with them in their hatred of Roman rule, but not in their condemnation of the subserviency of art to religious uses and of innocent amusements.

Among the college friends of Spenser was Andrews, afterwards Bishop of Winchester, Edward Kirke, who, under the initials E. K., was literary sponsor to Spenser's first work of importance, and Gabriel Harvey, by whom he was introduced to Philip Sidney, and who is best known, perhaps, by his endeavours to suppress the English rhymed verse, and replace it by the hexameter. Harvey, apparently a little older than Spenser, although his contemporary at the university, was a scholar and a man of considerable erudition, nor without the spirit of poetry, but full of pedantry and artificiality. He was very proud of having, as he thought, led the way to the adoption of a more classical form of English poetry. "If I never deserve any better remembrance," he says, "let me be epitaphed the inventor of the English hexameter." Although he was disappointed at Spenser's attachment to what he regarded as barbarous English forms, they remained life-long friends, and he appears as Hobbinol in the "Shepherd's Calendar," Spenser representing himself under Colin Clout. We wish we had space to quote the fine sonnet which Spenser addressed to his friend from Dublin, in the year 1586. It may be found, however, in his works, the first of the sonnets printed after the Prothalamion.

For a short time after Spenser left Cambridge, he stayed with his friends in the North, where he fell in love with the lady whom he celebrates under the name of Rosalind, the "widow's daughter of the Glen," to whom, in spite of her rejection of him and preference of another, he retained an ardent attachment for years. She seems to have exercised a considerable influence over the poet, and to have had a great appreciation of his genius. Some poetical efforts of Spenser's belong to an earlier period, but Rosalind seems to have put him on a new course. In 1579 Spenser was in London, where he had a place in the household of Sidney's uncle, the Earl of Leicester. In 1580 he is in love again, and, writing to Harvey, speaks of his sweetheart as "meum corculum" (my little heart), as "altera Rosalindula" (another little Rosalind), but she quickly disappears. About the same time, his first important venture, the "Shepherd's Calendar," is given to the world. The greater part of this poem was written in the North, and it was entered at Stationers' Hall, December 5, 1579, after his arrival in London.

This poem consists of twelve parts, called Aeglogues; but, although under the form of a pastoral, it is such only in an allegorical sense. It was founded on the model of Virgil and Theocritus, but its shepherds are the pastors of the church, and their sheep are the people committed to their charge. One of the pastors is Algrind, intended, as already remarked, for Grindal of Canterbury. Another is Morell, meaning Aylmer, Bishop of London. The poem is Puritan in tone, but by no means extreme, and the same note is not found in Spenser's later writings. This poem gave Spenser a position among the first poets of the day. In spite of its immaturity and artificiality, it was recognized

as something different from what the age had hitherto produced. It was evidently a favourite with Spenser himself. To the end he desired to be known by the name of Colin Clout, as one of his later poems specially testifies.

It is not quite easy to give a proper impression of such a work by brief extracts; but we will venture a few couplets, and they shall be taken from the "Oak and the Briar," a poem which perhaps gives the best early intimation of Spenser's power of pictorial description and narration. The oak was aged. It had been "a goodly oak," but now "his bared boughs were beaten with storms," and "his branches sere." By his side there "grew a bragging briar," "embellished with blossoms fair," which thus addressed the oak:

"Why standest there, quoth he, thou brutish block?
Nor for fruit nor for shadow stands thy stock.
Seest how fresh my flowers been spread,
Dyed in lily white and crimson red,
With leaves engrained in lusty green,
Colours meet to clothe a maiden queen. . .
The mouldy moss which thee accloyeth
My cinnamon smell too much annoyeth:
Wherefore soon, I rede thee, hence remove,
Lest thou the price of my displeasure prove.
So spoke this bold Brere with great disdain.
Little him answered the oak again;
But yielded, with shame and grief adawed
That of a weed he was overcrawed.

"It chanced after upon a day
The husbandman's self to come that way,
Of custom to surview his ground,
And his trees of state in compass round.
Him when the spiteful Brere had espied,
He causeless complained, and loudly cried
Unto his lord, stirring up stern strife:—
O my liege lord! the god of my life,
Pleaseth you ponder your suppliant's plaint
Caused of wrong and cruel constraint,
Which I your poor vassal daily endure;
And, but your goodness the same recure,
Am like for desperate dole to die,
Through felonous force of mine enemy.

"Greatly aghast with this piteous plea,
Him rested the goodman on the lea,
And bade the Brere in his plaint proceed."

This he did with great craftiness, reminding the husbandman that he had been planted by his own hand,

"To be the primrose of all thy land
With flowering blossoms to furnish the prime,
And scarlet berries in summer-time?
How falls it then that this faded oak,
Whose body is sere, whose branches broke,
Who-e naked arms stretch unto the fire,
Unto such tyranny doth aspire,
Hindering with his shade my lovely light
And robbing me of the sweet sun's sight?
So beat his old boughs my tender side,
That oft the blood springeth from woundes wide;
Untimely my flowers forced to fall
That been the honour of your coronel;
And oft he lets his canker-worms light
Upon my branches, to work me more spite;
And oft his heary locks doth down cast
Wherewith my fresh flowrets been defast.

"For this and many more such outrage,
Craving your goodlihead to assuage
The rancorous rigour of his might,
Nought ask I but only to hold my right,
Submitting me to your good sufferance,
And praying to be guarded from grievance."

The poor old oak did his best to make reply, but the anger kindled in the husbandman could not be appeased; and, taking "his harmful hatchet" in his hand, he proceeded to cut down the oak. It was not quite easy; for

"The axe's edge did oft turn again,
As half unwilling to cut the grain.
Seemed the senseless iron did fear,
Or to wrong holy eld did forbear;
For it had been an ancient tree,
Sacred with many a mystery,
And often crossed with the Priestes' crew,
And often hallowed with holy water due;
But such fancies weren foolery,
And broughten this oak to this misery;
For nought mought they quitten him from decay,
For fiercely the goodman at him did lay.
The block oft groaned under his blow,
And sighed to see his near overthrow.
In fine the steel had pierced his pith,
Then down to the ground he fell forthwith.
His wondrous weight made the ground to quake,
The earth shrunk under him, and seemed to shake.
There lieth the oak pitied of none!
Now stands the Brere like a lord alone,
Puffed up with pride and vain pleasance.
But all this glee had no continuance,
For eftsoons winter 'gan to approach,

The blustering Boreas did encroach
And beat upon the solitary Brere,
For now no succour was seen him near.
Now 'gan he repent his pride too late;
For naked left and disconsolate,
The biting frost nipt his stalk dead,
The watery wet weighed down his head,
And heaped so burthened him so sore
That now upright he can stand no more;
And being down is trod in the dirt
Of cattle, and bruised, and sorely hurt.
Such was the end of this ambitious Brere
For scorning Eld."

We have here Spenser in the possession of all his gifts and endowments, if not in the full exercise of them. We see his marvellous command of the language, and his great skill in metres, along with his fondness for older forms of expression, doubtless arising from his reverence for the earlier poets, and especially for Chaucer. Here, too, already we see the pictorial and the musical united as they have hardly ever been: and, even if we find touches of pedantry and mannerism, these peculiarities belong rather to the age in which he lived than to the genius of the poet. It would be difficult to find verses more musical than those of Spenser.

We are now coming to the time of Spenser's sojourn in Ireland; but, before going further into this, we must direct attention to a very remarkable poem, entitled, "Prosopopoia; or, Mother Hubbard's Tale," the story of the Fox and the Ape, which, although it was not published until 1591, when it appeared along with a number of his shorter poems, was undoubtedly written long before, as he intimates in the dedication of the poem to Lady Compton, in which he states that it was "long sithens composed in the raw conceipt of my youth." It was probably written, or at least undertaken, during his residence in London, and is thought to display the force of his middle period rather than the mature beauty of his later work. The poem is a satire not unworthy of a place beside the writings of the same class by Chaucer and Dryden.

Spenser had got to know the Court of Elizabeth on its real, as well as on its ideal, side. If he could speak of Cynthia's Court as a kind of heaven, he could also see the craving for advancement, the envy of others by which many were distinguished, and the unworthy means by which they sought to raise themselves. Sometimes his condemnation of the vices of the age is conveyed in gentle satire or even humour, sometimes with great seriousness. But here, as in the "Shepherd's Calendar," and still more in the great "Faerie Queene," we see the deep moral and religious motive by which he was continually actuated. Here—to go no further—is a picture of the misery of the suitor at court:

"Full little knowest thou, that hast not tried,
What hell it is in suing long to bide;
To lose good days that might be better spent;
To waste long nights in pensive discontent;
To speed to-day, to be put back to-morrow;
To feed on hope, to pine with fear and sorrow;
To have thy Prince's grace, yet want her peers';
To have thy asking, yet wait many years;
To fret thy soul with crosses and with cares;
To eat thy heart through comfortless despairs;
To fawn, to crouch, to wait, to ride, to run,
To spend, to give, to want, to be undone.
Unhappy wight, borne to disastrous end,
That doth his life in so long tendence spend.

"Whoever leaves sweet home, where mean estate
In safe assurance, without strife or hate,
Finds all things needful for contentment meek,
And will to court for shadows vain to seek,
Or hope to gain, himself will a daw try.
That curse God send unto mine enemy!

Spenser was not himself apparently without experiences of the uncertainty of court favour.

Fuller tells us, in his "Worthies," of the poet's presenting his poems to Queen Elizabeth, who was so greatly affected by them that she commanded Lord Burleigh to give the author a hundred pounds; and when the Treasurer demurred to the amount, "Then," said the Queen, "give him what is reason." But whether it was forgotten or intentionally neglected, some time passed without Spenser receiving anything, whereupon he presented this petition on a small piece of paper to the Queen in her progress:

> "I was promised on a time
> To have reason for my rhyme.
> From that time unto this season,
> I received nor rhyme nor reason."

"Thereupon," says Fuller, "the Queen gave strict order (not without some check to her treasurer) for the present payment of the hundred pounds the first intended to them."

About the time of the publication of the "Shepherd's Calendar," we hear for the first time of the "Faerie Queene" in Spenser's correspondence with Harvey. Several other poems are mentioned which we are no longer able to trace. But in a letter to Harvey of April, 1580, he speaks of the "Shepherd's Calendar" as published, and says that, after putting forth some other pieces, he "will in hand forthwith with his 'Faerie Queene,'" a specimen of which he had sent to Harvey. In that letter he refers to his "Nine Comedies," written on classical models apparently, of which Harvey approved more highly than of his attempts at the "Faerie Queene." Yet they have all disappeared.

But now a great change took place in the poet's circumstances. This was his removal to Ireland as secretary to Lord Grey, of Wilton, in August, 1580. The greater remaining part of his life, up to the time of his death in 1599, was spent in that country. Things had gone very badly there under different viceroys. Whether it was want of sympathy with the Irish people, or a want of stern resolve to go through with the drastic measures which alone were likely to be successful, or whether the problem was practically insoluble, we need not attempt to determine.

It may be interesting, however, in passing, to note Spenser's own view of the matter, which we learn from his prose work, "A View of the Present State of Ireland"—a treatise well worthy of study. Spenser thought highly of Lord Grey's character and administration, representing him in the "Faerie Queene" under the person of Artegal, the personification of Justice. In his "View," written after an acquaintance of fourteen years with the country, Spenser gives a review of the history, religion, customs, dress, etc., of the Irish, coming to very serious and unfavourable conclusions respecting their state, and pointing out the necessity of a thorough reformation which could be effected only by the sword. The alternative of submission or extermination must be, once for all and decisively, offered to them. Garrisons should be planted throughout Ireland—he indicates the places—occupied by 10,000 infantry and 1,000 cavalry. The disaffected should be allowed twenty days for submission, and, in default, they should be hunted down like wild beasts. It is interesting to remember that John Milton, one of the greatest admirers of the "sage and serious Spenser," should have been Cromwell's secretary. Did Cromwell receive the suggestion of his method from the poet of the "Faerie Queene"?

Spenser was not alone in this

view, and it was substantially adopted by Lord Grey. But Englishmen could never be "thorough" in this fashion, and whether the plan was good or bad, it was never carried out. The rebellion of Desmond was suppressed, it was not destroyed. In August, 1582, Lord Grey left Ireland; and substantially he had failed, like others who were appointed by Elizabeth to accomplish great works with insufficient means. Spenser seems to have returned to England with his master. We know nothing of his life during the next few years, although it has been inferred from a letter of King James VI. of Scotland to Queen Elizabeth, dated St. Andrew's, July 2, 1583, that he might have been there on business of State.

In 1586, however, we meet him again, when he obtained a grant of 3,000 acres of land in the county of Cork, part of the forfeited estates of the Desmonds, together with the ruined castle of Kilcolman, under the Goltee hills; and from this time he had his home here. It is probable that this grant was obtained through the friendship of Sidney, who died in October of this year. The place is by no means attractive at the present time, being described as "a small peel tower, with cramped and dark rooms," and as "overlooking an extremely dreary tract of country." Earlier writers speak of it as a pleasant abode, with beautiful views, and it is thus described by Spenser. It was here that he wrote the greater part of the "Faerie Queene," and if some have naturally regretted the unfavourable circumstances in which the work was done, it is not unlikely that the poet found much of his material in the wild scenes that passed around him.

In 1590 he went over to England and published in London the first three books of the "Faerie Queene." Raleigh introduced him to Queen Elizabeth, to whom the "Faerie Queene" was dedicated with undeniable fitness. The Queen conferred upon him a pension of £50 in February, 1591. In consequence of the great success attending the publication of his great poem, the publisher speedily put forth a volume of Spenser's shorter poems, under the title of "Complaints: Containing Sundry Small Poems of the World's Vanity." These were the Ruins of Time, the Tears of Muses, Virgil's Gnat, Mother Hubbard's Tale, the Ruins of Rome (a translation from the French of Bellay), Muiopotmos, and the Visions of Petrarch, etc.

Spenser returned to Ireland in the beginning of the year 1592, and in this and the following year he wrote the series of eighty-eight sonnets, commemorating his courtship, which ended in marriage in June, 1594. The lady whom he married has been declared to be a peasant girl, but Mr. Craik showed long ago that she was "evidently a gentlewoman, a person of the same social position as Spenser himself," and Mr. Grosart has, more recently, by his careful researches, shown that her name was Elizabeth Boyle. Spenser died about four years and a half after his marriage, and his widow married again a Mr. Seckerstone, and is met with in 1606, under her new name, as again a widow; and in 1612 she is the wife of Captain, afterwards Sir Robert, Tynt. It was in honour of his marriage with Elizabeth Boyle that Spenser wrote his great Epithalamion, one of the most splendid of his poetical creations.

In 1595 he put forth his "Colin Clout's Come Home Again," dedicated to Raleigh, "from my house at Kilcolman, December 27th, 1591" (a misprint for 1594), together with two poems on the death

of Sidney: "Astrophel," and the "Mourning Muse of Thestylis." In 1596 he again visited England, carrying with him the fourth, fifth, and sixth books of the "Faerie Queene," which were published in that year; and in the latter part of the same year he put forth his "Prothalamion," on the double marriage of the Ladies Elizabeth and Katherine Somerset, together with a reprint of his Daphnaida, and four hymns in honour of Love, Beauty, Heavenly Love, and Heavenly Beauty. It was during this visit that he presented to the Queen his "View of the State of Ireland," although it was not printed until 1633.

In the following year (1597) he returned to Ireland, and in 1598 was recommended by Elizabeth to be Sheriff of Cork; but Tyrone's rebellion broke out in August, a month before Spenser's appointment, and in October the new Earl of Desmond, set up by Tyrone, sacked and burnt Kilcolman Castle, a recently born child of the poet's perishing in the flames, and Spenser and his wife escaping with difficulty. He made his way to England, ruined, heart-broken, almost destitute, and died in Westminster, January 16, 1599 (or, as it was then reckoned, 1598), and was buried in the Abbey, near Chaucer.

"He died," says Ben Jonson, "for lack of bread in King Street, and refused twenty pieces sent to him by my Lord of Essex, saying that he had no time to spend them." It can hardly be true that a man with so many wealthy and powerful friends should have died of want, as has been reported. The sufferings he had undergone in Ireland would sufficiently account for the break-down of his constitution. It has been said that a great part of the remainder of the "Faerie Queene" had been written; but this is not probable Two cantos, besides the first six books, and two stanzas of a third canto, entitled, "Of Mutability," being part of the subject of "Constancy," were published as part of his collected works in 1699.

It remains to say something on the "Faerie Queene," as regards the author's plan and what he actually accomplished. In Spenser's letter to Raleigh he speaks of it as "a continued allegory or dark conceit." The "Faerie Queene," by whom the knights were sent forth, signified Glory in the general intention, but more particularly "the most excellent and glorious person" of Queen Elizabeth. Twelve knights, representing twelve virtues, were to be sent forth from the Court of Gloriana, Queen of Fairyland. Each of the six finished books is divided into twelve cantos, and gives the legend, respectively, of Holiness, Temperance, Chastity, Friendship, Justice, and Courtesy. The portion of the poem existing contains four thousand stanzas—between thirty and forty thousand lines, and is incomplete, in the sense that we can get a notion of its whole design only from the author's explanation, and not from the poem itself. The ordinary reader will, therefore, be wise if he takes the different poems just as they stand, not concerning himself much whether he grasps the whole allegory or not. One thing he need never fear missing—the high moral and religious aim of the writer. We need no explanatory note to let us know that such thoughts are never absent from the writer's mind. Besides the moral significance of many of the characters, however, there is no doubt that many of the leading personages of Spenser's time are represented. For example, Gloriana, Britomart, and Belphoebe stand for Elizabeth, Duessa for Mary Queen of Scots, Prince Arthur for Lord Leicester, and so

forth. But the enjoyment of this magnificent poem does not depend upon an understanding of the allegory. It is not easy to say which characteristic is the most striking—the elevation of its moral tone, the penetrating spiritual insight, the splendidly picturesque character of the language, its melodious sweetness, or the sustained interest and vigour of the whole.

It has been said that, apart from Shakespeare, there are only two poets who can challenge with Spenser the place of greatest English poet, namely, Milton and Shelley; and in some respects he is superior to both, for he is never prosaic, as Milton sometimes is, nor guilty of heaping together brilliant words without meaning, as is the case with Shelley. But it is useless to discuss such a question. Spenser has been called the Poet's Poet, and among the greatest of his successors he has had only admirers. Shakespeare, speaking of different men's tastes for different poets, says :

" Spenser to me, whose deep conceit is such
As passing all conceit, needs no defence."

We have referred to Milton's homage. He was admired by Dryden, and even by Pope; and, as already remarked, there has been no period of our literature in which any lower rank has been assigned to him. A word at least should be said of the beautiful stanza which he invented, and which has always borne his name, a form of verse which has been pronounced to be inferior only to the sonnet, but which, we venture to think, the ordinary English ear will greatly prefer. Gibbon was not guilty of exaggeration when he said : "The nobility of the Spensers has been illustrated and enriched by the trophies of Marlborough; but I exhort them to consider the 'Faerie Queene' as the most precious jewel of their coronet."

In attempting to give specimens of Spenser's poetry, we are embarrassed with the riches of many familiar passages for which no room can here be found. We might commend to the attention of readers making their first acquaintance with the poet, such passages as that relating to the Red Cross Knight and Una, at the beginning of Book i.; or that on Belphoebe, Book ii., canto 3, stanza 24 ff; or that on the Bower of Bliss, Book ii., canto 12, stanza 70 ff. But we must here content ourselves with three extracts, one from the "Faerie Queene," Book i., canto 1., on the Red Cross Knight, and another, Book ii., canto 8, stanzas 1 and 2, on the Ministry of Angels, and a third from the Epithalamion. The first quotation we give in the spelling of the times :

" Upon his brest a bloodie crosse he bore,
The deare remembrance of his dying Lord,
For whose sweete sake that glorious badge he wore,
And dead, as living, ever Him ador'd :
Upon his shield the like was also scor'd,
For soveraine hope, which in his helpe he had.
Right, faithful, true he was in deede and word ;
But oft his cheere did seeme too solemne sad ;
Yet nothing did he dread, but ever was ydrad."

THE MINISTRY OF ANGELS.

" And is there care in heaven? And is there love
In heavenly spirits to these creatures base ;
That may compassion of their evils move ?
There is : else much more wretched were the case
Of man than beasts. But O, the exceeding grace
Of highest God that loves His creatures so,
And all His works with mercy doth embrace,
That blessed angels He sends to and fro,
To serve to wicked man, to serve his wicked foe.

" How oft do they their silver bowers leave,

To come to succour us that succour want!
How oft do they with golden pinions cleave
The flitting skies like flying pursuivant,
Against foul fiends to aid us militant!
They for us fight, they watch and duly ward,
And their bright squadrons round about us plant;
And all for love, and nothing for reward.
O why should heavenly God to man have such regard?"

It seems something like sacrilege to mutilate the glorious Epithalamion; but, for this place, an extract must of necessity suffice. The stanzas consist of eighteen or nineteen lines of a certain regular irregularity, partly in the manner of the sonnet, ending always with the Spenserian Alexandrine, and admirably adapted to the subject. Critics have seemed to labour in expressing their admiration of this great poem, one declaring that, for splendour of imagery, for harmony of verse, for delicate taste and real passion, the Epithalamion exceeds all other poems of its class, whilst another asserts that it is one of the richest and most magnificent compositions of the kind in any language. The stanzas are not numbered in the text, but we begin at stanza 5:

"Wake now, my love, awake! for it is time:
The rosy morn long since left Tithon's bed,
All ready to her silver coach to climb;
And Phœbus 'gins to show his glorious head.
Hark! how the cheerful birds do chant their lays
And carol of Love's praise.
The merry Lark her mattins sings aloft;
The Thrush replies; the Mavis descant plays;
The Ousel shrills; the Ruddock warbles soft.
So goodly all agree, with sweet consent,
To this day's merriment.
Ah, my dear love! why do ye sleep thus long,
When meeter were that ye should now awake,
To await the coming of your joyous wake [mate],
And hearken to the birds' love-learned song,
The dewy leaves among!
For they of joy and pleasance to you sing,
That all the woods them answer, and their echo ring. . .

Lo, where she comes along with portly pace,
Like Phœbe, from her chamber in the East,
Arising forth to run her mighty race,
Clad all in white that 'seems a virgin best.
So well it her beseems, that ye would ween
Some angel she had been.
Her long loose yellow locks like golden wire,
Sprinkled with pearl, and pearling flows atween,
Do like a golden mantle her attire;
And being crowned with a garland green,
Seem like some maiden Queen.
Her modest eyes, abashed to behold
So many gazers as on her do stare,
Upon the lowly ground affixed are;
Nor dare lift up her countenance too bold,
But blush to hear her praises sung so loud,
So far from being proud.
Nathless do ye still loud her praises sing
That all the woods may answer, and your echo ring.

A NEW YEAR'S LYRIC.

Father Time! thou art ever leading our slow and reluctant feet,
Thou hast brought us with chastened hearts another New Year to greet,
We are standing upon its threshold, but we dare not open the door,
Love, not Time, we ask to guide us, the mystical barrier o'er.

A sound through the gate of the Future steals on the listening ear,
Courage, my Children! Venture! soon the morning mists will clear;
The light from God's own Presence breaks through the heavens above,
And shows, in the Face of Time, the earnest eyes of Love.

O Time! O Love, do not suffer the children afar to roam,
But gently press their footsteps in the path that leads to Home,
Till all the years be ended, and all the bars be passed,
And all the children gathered, and shout, "Safe Home at Last!"

—*S. M. Rogers.*

AN ANGLO-AMERICAN BROTHERHOOD.*

BY THE REV. HUGH JOHNSTON, D.D.

I.

In both the United States and Canada, as well as in the mother country, the sense of an Anglo-American brotherhood is in the atmosphere, and it is like the life-giving ozone. The stirring events of the past few months have awakened in us a new sense of the everlasting ties of blood and speech. The American-Spanish war, one of the most remarkable in the history of warfare, has drawn Great Britain and the United States together in the most generous sympathy and good feeling. Surely all who have at heart the best interests of mankind must desire that this amity may be indissoluble and perpetual. The best men on both sides of the Atlantic have long felt that it required but some great cause, some community of interests and aims, to sweep away the prejudices which in spite of so many real bonds still seemed to divide the two great Anglo-Saxon nations.

That providential hour came. At a critical period in Cuban affairs, France planned to have Europe interfere in Spain's behalf. She succeeded in gaining the assent of Italy, Austria, Russia, and even Germany. She thought, in view of the menacing attitude assumed by President Cleveland over the Venezuela question and the disputes that so often arise between these kindred peoples, that Great Britain would be easily won to the side of the European powers. But to the utter defeat of these plans the old Motherland answered, "No!" She said, "Hands off, or I will join forces with the United States and declare war against all interference from any quarter of the globe.

Is it any wonder that the misunderstandings of years melted like wax before the universal burst of sympathy and admiration for such an attitude. And so there came the familiar words of the Poet Laureate :

> "What is the voice I hear,
> On the wind of the Western sea?
> Sentinel, listen from out Cape Clear,
> And say what the voice may be.
> 'Tis a proud, free people calling loud to a people proud and free."

Many causes conduce to this Anglo-Saxon brotherhood. Look first at our national origin. We belong to the English people—that people whose earliest home was the marshes of the Elbe and the shores of the Baltic, and who in the sixth century crossed over to Britain and established themselves there, became Christianized, and have since extended their habitations to the ends of the earth.

It has been said that the people of the United States are not English, but a mixed race. And pray what are the English but a mixed race? Tennyson sings, "Norman and Saxon and Dane are we," and he might have added a dozen more. The English assimilate, but are never assimilated, never made some other people. What took place a thousand years ago in Old England, at the Norman Conquest, and all along her history, has been taking place in America on a larger scale.

The immigrants come from every clime, but accept the English language, laws, traditions, and

*Substance of a lecture by the Rev. Hugh Johnston, D.D., given in Carlton St. Methodist Church, Toronto.

institutions. Among the early colonists came the liberty-loving Hollanders. But who were they? These men who won the free soil of the Netherlands, first from the greedy sea and then from greedier Spain, were but our kinsfolk of the same blood and speech, who came from our oldest home. The great Teutonic infusion, German, Dutch, and Scandinavian, are so close of kin that the assimilation is easy and natural. So Oliver Wendell Holmes called the American the Englishman reinforced. Why, there never was in the world's history a case in which so nearly the same language was spoken throughout the whole mass of so vast a population as is the English now in America. Have they borrowed their language from another country? No. It is their mother tongue.

The English-speaking world are sharers in one great heritage, a common blood, a common speech, a common spirit. In the Puritans of New England we have the "incunabula gentis."—the cradle of the nation. When the hour came for opening up a virgin continent to the highest type of civilized life and government, Providence called out the very best blood and life of the Old Land. Through fiery revolutions and moral reformations Britain's national life had been deepened and spiritualized. The Pilgrim Fathers brought with them those high ideals which had made England, under Cromwell and Milton, the foremost nation of the world. What founders of empire they were! They builded not for dominion or renown, but for freedom, for conscience, for God. On the first Sabbath,

"Amidst the storm they sang,
And the stars heard and the sea;
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
To the anthem of the free."

That anthem has been swelling louder and louder over the continent ever since. O brothers of Anglo-Saxon blood, have you ever realized what it is to belong to this people?

Two hundred years ago the English race numbered less than six millions. In the year 1800 it had increased to twenty millions. It now numbers one hundred and twelve millions, and of these seventy millions live on this continent. At the lowest rate of natural increase, fifteen per cent. every ten years, they will in fifty years be two hundred and twenty millions; one hundred years from now four hundred and forty-five millions; in the third fifty years eight hundred and ninety-six millions, and at the end of two hundred years they will have reached the enormous number of one thousand eight hundred millions. In less than two lives the English-speaking race will outnumber all other European races combined.

With such a mighty host holding America, Africa, Australia, and the Isles of the Sea, thriving under every sky and obeying the Divine injunction "to be fruitful and multiply and replenish the earth," is it any wonder that these two great branches of the race are drawing closer to each other and uniting to give light and liberty, peace and good government, civilization and Christianity to all races of men.

Why have there been any misunderstandings and estrangements between these two nations, essentially of the same blood, the same language, religion, and political principles? Why has there been in the United States a popular prejudice, a feeling against England? Well, there were the two wars, the Revolutionary War and the War of 1812. These wars meant great sufferings and struggle to the feeble nation, and the celebrations of these old quarrels, and silly

school histories, have kept alive these hostile feelings. . Yet it was God's providence that moved the Colonists forward into an independent life. The separation came, as Joseph Chamberlain in his Birmingham speech said, "by the blunder of the British Government." It came from the pig-headed obstinacy of the dominant party and of King George III. Why should the colonies be taxed by an assembly in which they were not represented? They belonged to a race which never brooks injustice and never submits to tyranny.

Not the United States alone, but all English-speaking people participated as common inheritors in the benefits of the Declaration of Rights in 1774, and the Declaration of Independence of 1776. The Revolution was one of the greatest events in the history of the race. Who does not rejoice in the result? Had the colonies failed, it would have been the triumph of absolutism, and the course of modern civilization would have been retarded. It was followed by the complete acceptance in every colony of the rule of constitutional government. It prepared Great Britain for new and grander conceptions of empire, so that the Revolutionary heroes were acting for an innumerable brotherhood, inheritors of the English name and ideas in Canada, Africa, Australia, the Isles of the Sea.

Following that very struggle, Great Britain gave a noble pledge of reconciliation in the treaty of 1783. The thirteen colonies occupied the seaboard of the continent, and all beyond the Alleghanies was debatable ground between the three claimants, Great Britain, France, and Spain. Vergennes, the French minister, as the chief exponent of the political views of Europe, says Winser, was for confining the American States to a narrow strip along the Atlantic. The secret history of those peace negotiations shows that France was a treacherous friend, and Spain a virtual though a secret foe, and openly declared that the United States had no territorial rights west of the Alleghanies. Secret overtures were passing from these courts to the English ministry, and the young nation was involved in the meshes of European diplomacy. One word from Great Britain would settle the question, and she gave it in favour of America.

The King had authorized Lord Shelbourne, a far-sighted and liberal statesman, the friend of Franklin, to form a new ministry. He knew the vast importance of the Ohio and Mississippi valleys, and, by him, the great West, the mighty makeweight which would forever determine the balance of power on this continent, was thrown into the scale of the United States.

The treaty which ruled the fate of a hemisphere, says Bancroft, was mainly due to Lord Shelbourne. He determined not only on peace but on reconciliation on the noblest terms, and yielded every point essential to the interests and happiness of the young nation. Honour, all honour to the man! Let the recollections of the cruel miseries and ravages of war be obliterated in the worthier recollections of that mighty, noble, and generous pledge of reconciliation given in the very moment of the mother country's most reluctant parting with her offspring.

Another cause for this prejudice was the sympathy of the British Government, under Lord Palmerston, with the South during the Civil War. Yet the masses of the English people were, like the great commoners, Cobden and Bright, in sympathy with the Union.

While the action of France, under Louis Napoleon, stopped little short of actual hostilities against the North, the influence of Queen Victoria in preventing war during the Mason and Slidell crisis was in favour of the perpetuation of the Union, at a time when the very life of the nation was hanging in the balance.

Another cause of dislike is the feeling that Great Britain wants the earth, and that her commercial policy is selfish and aggressive. It is true that England has a great earth hunger. She has been a robber, but she has made the peoples robbed richer than they were before. She has been selfish and exclusive neither with her possessions nor her trade. Wherever the Union Jack floats it carries freedom of commerce. England says to the people of every country and colour, "Come and share all advantages equally with us. You can buy land, export and import, barter and trade on terms as favourable as can be granted to any Englishman."

This is true of every one of her forty colonies, embracing one-fourth of the world's population and one-third of the earth's surface. It is true of Egypt, which she is occupying for the benefit of the land of the Pharaohs! true of India, which has been incalculably blessed and lifted out of poverty, slavery and heathenism, into prosperity, liberty, and civilization.

This is the nature of the present struggle in the far East. Great Britain wants an "open door," and that is contrary to the fixed policy of Russia and her coadjutors, Germany and France. The recent war has clearly shown the people of the United States which of the nations is their friend.

It is no wonder, therefore, that the two foremost and most progressive nations of the earth, of the same kith and kin, should draw closer together and be impregnable against the world. If England is hated and feared, the United States is also feared and hated; and alike because of wealth and strength, of intellect, industry, commercial and moral energy. So it seems to be God's purpose that these two nations should rise or fall together and form in the highest sense one people.

Now for a few reasons why there should be this Anglo-American Alliance. First reason. A common nationality. We are of the best blood in the world, and blood will tell. "Blood is thicker than water." This was the expression of old Commodore Tattnall, when, during the war between England and China, a British man-of-war on the Peiho River was sadly in need of support, and the Yankee Captain, seeing the treacherous attack of the Chinese, came to the help of the British tars and saved the day; saying, in his rough speech, "Blood is thicker than water, and he would be d—d if he was going to see those men butchered before his eyes." That is the watchword of the hour, and brothers must stand together.

Second reason. A common speech. When William the Norman conquered England, he swore that he would extirpate the English language. Now it is the dominant language of the globe. It is a world-language, and, like the English people, seems destined to prevail over all the earth. And what a speech! Stronger than the Roman, more flexible than the Greek, more eloquent than the French, more comprehensive than the German, and sonorous as the Spanish, it is the language for thinkers, philosophers and statesmen. With about 200,000 words, it has the power of indefinite expansion, for it is as rapacious of words as the race is of territory. The language of Milton and

Shakespeare, it has written the mightiest and greatest literature. Yet it is the simplest, most direct and practical of languages, the language of business and of telegraphic communication, pliable, expansive and flexible, of all the languages that have ever existed it is the most suitable to become a universal speech. The progress of this language means the progress of commerce, art, industry, literature, science, civilization, and Christianity around the globe.

Another reason is a common form of government. We talk of Great Britain as a monarchy, but it is a constitutional government based on an ever broadening suffrage. And as to the constitution of the United States, Gladstone pronounced it the most wonderful work ever struck off at a given time by the brain and purpose of man.

The Anglo-Saxon has the instinct of law and order. Bring together a hundred woollen-shirted miners in a gold gulch, and let them be three-fourths Spanish, French, Italian, and the rest English and Americans. They will assert the first day the principle of self-government, have a mass meeting, elect a chairman and secretary, and make a law; next morning somebody will be hanged for breaking that law, and henceforth order reigns.

An indignant German declares that if twelve men, representing as many different nations, should land on an uninhabited island, and one of them be English, they would immediately run up the British flag, adopt the English language, and declare themselves a British colony.

Another reason for this alliance is the common fighting qualities of the lion and his cubs. We know the mettle of the Anglo-Saxons. They are the fighting race of the world. The island home was renowned for its breed of mastiffs, so fierce that when their teeth set in a fight you must cut off their heads to get them apart—emblem of that fighting spirit, that magnificent courage, that brilliant daring and matchless endurance, shown on a thousand battlefields. Look at Waterloo. When the French battalions were mowing down the flower of his army, Wellington said to his staff, "This is terrible pounding, gentlemen, terrible pounding, but we shall see who will pound the longest." Near the close of the day, Napoleon said, "They are beaten, why don't they run?" Run! British soldiers run! Ah, great Emperor! they will run soon enough, but it will be after you and not away from you.

Take the charge of Balaklava, the charge of six hundred against a Russian army of forty thousand.

> "Forward, the Light Brigade!
> Was there a man dismay'd?
> Not tho' the soldier knew
> Someone had blunder'd:
> Theirs not to make reply,
> Theirs not to reason why,
> Theirs but to do and die!
> Into the valley of death
> Rode the Six Hundred."

And have not the Americans proved themselves worthy sons of such sires? We must avoid boasting. A modest Irish girl at the confessional told the priest that she had kissed her intended. "How many times, Bridget?" "Holy father," answered Bridget, "I am here to confess, not to boast." Not to boast, setting aside Saratoga and Yorktown, was there ever more bravery, sacrifice and endurance displayed than by the boys of the Blue and the Grey during the Civil War? At the battle of Chickamauga, 11,000 of the Union army fell dead or wounded; and at Gettysburg, the greatest and most decisive battle between the North and South, more than 46,000 were killed, wounded, or

missing. To preserve the Union, one and undivided, there were spent three thousand millions of dollars in a struggle which engaged armies of a million of men and a navy of a thousand ships.

And in this Spanish-American conflict, has not the Yankee shown himself a warrior full of courage and fiery determination? This volunteer army, made up of the flower of young American citizenship, have proved themselves among the most intelligent and bravest soldiery in the world's history. No wonder you heard the song:

"Sons of the self-same mothers,
Englishmen, cheer for your brothers,
Cheer for the strong and the right,
Not for the weak and the wrong.
What reck we of the others?
They, the strong, are our brothers,
Joined by the bond that joins
Seed of the selfsame loins;
Speaking the selfsame tongue
Flesh of us, bone of our bone,
Hearts of oak as our own.
Puissant, exultingly young
Oaks from the old oak sprung,
Now is the time to unite
Brother with brother as one."

These two nations contending against each other for military supremacy! Why, it would be like the fight of the Kilkenny cats; there would be nothing left. But united they could resist the shock of the world. England is the sea-power in Europe. The United States is the sea-power in America. Britain is able to contribute seventeen millions of arms-bearing men, America ten millions. With such a force they could defend Anglo-Saxon rights and liberties against a world in arms.

But not for war is this alliance proposed, but for humanity's sake, to end war, and hasten the day when all nations shall "bring forth the royal diadem and crown our Jesus Lord of all."

Allied to this is another argument found in our common religion. England is the great bulwark of Protestant Christianity. When the Spanish Armada sailed forth with the Pope's blessing to conquer England it was to relight the fires of Smithfield and plant the Inquisition there; for on those conquered and shattered warships were found racks and thumbscrews and every known instrument of torture, shipped and brought along to crush out Protestantism from the earth. But England still holds to the open Bible and the Reformed faith.

And what of America? Three great nations struggled for the prize of supremacy on this continent. Spain waved her gold and crimson standard for nearly forty degrees on each side of the Equator. France flung to the breeze her Fleur-de-lis and sailed up the St. Lawrence, taking possession of the heart of the continent. But neither the wealth and military prestige of Spain, her daring spirit of adventure and of conquest; nor yet the victorious legions of Louis the Glorious, the Grand Monarque, or the heroism of the Jesuit missionaries and apostles of Loyola, could hold America for the Romish faith. To-day the United States, with her free Bible, free thought, free speech, free press, and free conscience, is essentially Protestant.

We hear much about the rapid growth of Romanism. True, it has nine millions of adherents, but if it had held all the Irish, German and Italian Roman Catholics that during the past fifty years have crossed the Atlantic, they and their children would have numbered twenty-five millions. Romanism is declining in America. There are fifteen or sixteen millions fewer Roman Catholics in the United States than there would have been if Romanism had held its own. England and America are the two great missionary nations, and united they will send the world speeding toward the millennium.

THE SEARCH AND MANIFESTATION.

BY THE REV. W. HARRISON.

One of the distinguishing features of the Biblical revelation is found in the fact that it speaks to men living and dying as no other book has ever spoken or can speak. The Christianity which those inspired books reveal is not some beneficent accident in the history of the past, nor does it stand in the thought, affection and reverence of any single generation without special meanings and revelations to those which are to follow. Its message is the same to men of all centuries, generations and climes. It is also a fact that the teachings of the Son of God do not remain in the world of to-day, simply by the permission which a show of hands can give, but they are here for the grander reason that they answer the most profound and vital inquiries of the race, and are wonderfully adapted to meet the deeper needs of mankind as those needs press their demands from age to age.

We propose to show that man, as a moral and religious being, has always carried within him certain ideas and convictions respecting unseen spiritual realities, and that Christianity is the only competent and satisfying answer which has ever been given to these imperishable aspirations and needs of which the human race has been more or less conscious, through all the life-time of its troubled and wondrous past. First and foremost of all those ideas which have occupied so large a space in the religious history of the world, is that which recognizes the existence of the Supreme Being. Back and beyond all the magnificence and might of the visible universe, men have believed in an infinite intelligence, controlling, mastering, guiding all that is. The very constitution and laws of the human mind have compelled this persistent, undying conviction.

By an apparently natural process men have gone from nature to nature's God. Up this radiant stairway, human thought has continually been climbing with the deathless hope of finding the explanation of all these countless marks of wisdom and design, which people the great globe on which we tread, and are manifest amid all the throbbing splendours of the midnight skies. This idea of God is now acknowledged to be universal, and is the foundation-stone on which rest the vast religious structures in the history of the world.

But the simple, naked conviction that a Supreme Being exists has never in itself brought satisfaction to the seeking soul. It has, with an unwearied search, cried out for more. Vastness, broadening out to infinity, does not meet, has not met, the deeper need. Power, though reaching out into omnipotence, cannot in itself reply to man's touching appeal. And yet, baffled again and again with bewildering mysteries, the nobler spirits of the race have still tried to find out the Almighty, and read out some few fragments and syllables of His mighty plans. The unmeasured spaces, infinities and eternities of which men are more or less conscious, have awed and humbled the princely toilers of the past, but have failed to touch the soul with the satisfactions for which in its higher, nobler moods it does not cease to crave.

Behind and underneath all the religious systems has the hope

been cherished that the unseen would brea . the solemn silence, and in some way speak to us, that He would come near in some marvellous manner and roll away the deep, dark cloud of mystery which human hands have failed to lift.

When Philip said, "Lord, show us the Father and it sufficeth us," it was the utterance of the yearnings of multitudes whose names the waves of time's rough sea have long since washed away.

When all has been said, it appears clear that, constructed as we are, and narrowed down by a thousand limitations, some manifestation of the invisible, some object around which we can throw our reflections and our thought and love, is the desire and the demand of the instinctive longings of men everywhere. As some one has said, "The human struggle has ever been a struggle towards an incarnation, and behind all the searchings and expectations of humanity are seen the distinct outlines of the face of a man—a man in the likeness and majesty of God." Has He come, or do we look for another?

Further,—in addition to this idea of incarnation, the race as a whole has been oppressed with a sense of guilt, deeply conscious that its relations with God have been sadly wrenched and broken by its wrong-doing and sin, hence the existence of sacrifice. Sacrificial atonement, and atonement by blood, has been nearly if not quite universal. What a pathetic, crimson page does the religious history of the world present! Cries of slaughtered victims rend the air of every land and age, and ten thousand temples have been stained with the rivers of blood as they have flowed on and on in hope that some bright angel of peace would lift the gloom from restless hearts.

And is it not true, that in times of need, men have instinctively gone down upon their knees and uttered their wailing cry? In hours of heart-break and desolation, crushing sorrow, the human soul has longed for the touch of some mightier hand and the sound of some kindlier voice than earth can give. Piteous appeals for some sheltering refuge from life's fierce hurricanes of pain and trouble, and for some sweet asylum where weariness of brain and soul may find a place of rest and calm repose.

Inquiries, that no argument can hush, have pressed for utterance as to the care and control of this wayward earth pushing its path and progress through all the noise and darkness of unnumbered storms. Is there a kind and sovereign hand at the helm of this and all other worlds that make up the palace of the universe? Or are all things drifting on and on at the mercy of some soulless and hapless chance? And the future? What mean these ceaseless interrogations as they come from countless lips all through the past? Why do generations knock and knock at death's dark door asking as to future good or ill? What means this craving for a larger, longer life than earth can give? If man's puny hand cannot lift the massive veil which hides the future from our view, does this fact root out from man's nature the longings for a nobler life, or hush for a single moment the anticipations and desires which humanity has ever called its own?

These ideas and convictions here briefly enumerated have proved to be the mightiest forces in the history of the world, and their influence in life and death in millions of instances has been supreme. When we gather up the convictions and facts which have moved mankind in a mightier way than anything else, we cannot surely

leave out of our reckoning the religious forces we have named.

What shall we then say to these things? Are we to allow a shallow, arrogant scepticism to push aside these vital considerations, and disturb immature minds with its sound and fury signifying nothing? Such cheap and empty scoffing is a scandal to our common intelligence, and the face ought to crimson with shame's reddest blush that would dare to trifle with the religious problem in any such way. So say the best minds of the age, who have devoted the energies and labours of a lifetime to the study of those august themes with which we are now dealing. Again we say, what explanation shall be given to these things? If human nature is not a baseless and stupendous mockery there must be somewhere an answer which shall satisfy the hunger and demands of man's religious nature and fling its warm and healing sunshine over this marred and shadowed world.

The supreme question is as to where the final and sufficient replies to the deeper inquiries of life and religion are found.

The natural world around us fails absolutely to grapple with the religious requirements of the race, and is on many of the most burning appeals entirely and forever silent. The religious systems erected on the teachings which the visible universe alone has furnished, have almost without exception been religions of sadness and of an ever deepening gloom. While Nature, in her wondrous mechanism and beauty, points to God, on the subject of sin, guilt, sacrifice, prayer, providence and a future state, she is marked by a silence most impressive, and man's cries to her magnificence and might for some answering word come back again in echoing sounds full of hopelessness and despair. In all the splendours of earth and sky, not one line of pardon for the guilty appears. Amid all the gorgeous draperies which have ever mantled earth's loveliest summer, not one redeeming gospel promise of a better home has ever been found. The pall of bewildering mystery still remains unlifted on the questions of life and salvation.

Can, then, the unaided human intellect solve the religious problem and furnish the satisfactions which all men need? The replies from reason divorced from the influence of revelation are before the world to-day in their most cultured form, and offer nothing but a stone when men are asking for bread. These high-priests of the nineteenth century unbelief have no gospel or explanation which meets the universally expressed necessities of man as a moral and religious being. To offer the materialistic and agnostic assumptions and theories, as a reply to the spiritual anticipations and needs of mankind, is to chill all human hope with the very winter of despair. In the presence of the best of such teachings man is an inexplicable enigma, human life becomes a bundle of miserable contradictions, the world one gigantic paradox, time a troubled and feverish dream and the future a vague and dreadful fear. And yet, though nature fails and unassisted reason proves itself utterly inadequate, the world's deeper religious needs remain from age to age asserting their hold on the human soul and refusing to be comforted where no comfort is found. With an air of deathless and imperial defiance the profound convictions of humanity respecting God, sin, sacrifice, and a future world go on their way, seeking if possibly they may find the long expected good.

Another thing is clear, and furnishes a foundation on which the

brightest hopes may be built. It is the ever blessed certainty that Nature, though it contains within itself no redemptive scheme, raises no false expectations and tells no lies. Everything there is built up on the principle of a perfect and universal adaptation. The flower is made for the light and finds it, the bird moved by instinct wings its way across immeasurable spaces to find a south and is not mocked in its high pursuit.

"There is a Power whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast,
The desert and illimitable air,
Lone wandering, but not lost.

"He who from zone to zone
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone
Will lead my steps aright."

From insect up to man there is not an organized falsehood in all the millions of creatures that throng and people this lower world. God is not the author of deception, nor is he a man that he should lie. He has spoken in the nature of the flower, the bird, the fish, and in all organized and unorganized forms which everywhere abound, and no principle of falsehood has ever been found. And is it not a fact that up to a certain stage in man's nature this law of concurrent adaptation is seen, and the substantial realization of his wants as a physical being, yes, as a social and intellectual being, the present world furnishes the correspondencies and satisfaction which his nature demands.

But when the imperishable and momentous needs of man as a moral and religious being assert themselves, the law of correspondence in nature utterly breaks down, and to its piteous appeals for the supreme good there comes back nothing but the echo of his wailing cry. Is, then, the religious part of man's nature a lie? and has the spiritual history of the race been nothing but the pursuit of shadows which some malignant power has flung across the path of every generation and age? Is man the victim of ideas, convictions, anticipations and mighty forces which spring out of a nature which has been built up on the principle of some organized, cruel and monstrous falsehood? If materialism and agnosticism are true, this is the only logical melancholy conclusion left open for us. But man's nature is not a lie. In that nature God has spoken, and sometime, somewhere, somehow, he will make it good.

It is here that Christianity comes in to do for man what he could not do for himself, and what Nature was never intended to do. The "desire of all nations has come," and in the glorious personality of the Lord Jesus we find God's provision for the world's wide need. In Him man's spiritual necessities are forever met, and his questioning as to God, sin, guilt, prayer, providence and future, find answers which have been as living bread to a hungry world. In Jesus, God comes near, and we feel, as it were, the warm pulsations of eternal love. In him the Father appears and speaks to his prodigal child. Blessed tidings of salvation have come to guilty men. The great Sacrifice has appeared, and His precious blood cleanseth from all sin. Yes, pray on, believing soul, for cheques on heaven's bank of blessedness have been drawn by the pierced and bleeding hand. Yes, Jesus says the Father's hand is on the helm of this storm-tossed world, and a paradise of beauty shall yet mantle this earth so marred by sin and sorrow. The world moves on into the dawn of universal day. In Him the source of unspeakable consolations is found, and in His loving and compassionate heart there is a gracious

hospital where sorrow may lean her weary head, and the soul in its pain may find a balm which earth can never give. No wonder that the Church keeps on singing,

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,"

and

"Jesus, lover of my soul."

His hand has rolled away the stone of heart-breaking mystery from the sepulchre, and in words which have dispelled death's dark gloom and filled countless hearts with joy and hope, he has told us that in the Father's house there are many mansions—plenty of room. "Complete in him." Yes, in our deepest, highest aspirations, in all the broad wants of the soul, in the realization of all that is best in our religious nature and needs, in the attainment of the noblest manhood, and in the prospect of an ever-expanding progress, man finds his completeness in the Son of God. Without this gospel man is the strange, mysterious lock which no other key can open, the perplexing riddle which no other book can solve.

Blessed Jesus! we hail thee as the long expected Deliverer, the Teacher whose gracious words are sounding around the world, dispelling its darkness, solving its problems, and enabling men to plant their footsteps on the firm foundation of calm and everlasting certainties.

Bathurst, N.B.

A PRINCESS IN CALICO.

BY EDITH FERGUSON BLACK.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

The story opens amid the rude surroundings of Hickory Farm. Pauline Harding, aged seventeen, has been a household drudge for a numerous family of brothers and sisters and for an unsympathetic stepmother. Her nature is dwarfed by her sordid surroundings. Her naturally sweet spirit is in danger of being soured. At this juncture comes an invitation to spend the winter with a sister of her dead mother in Boston. This her stepmother somewhat bitterly resents, but the girl gladly accepts.

With a very meagre personal outfit, she makes her journey to the distant city. She is received with kindest welcome by her cultured and wealthy cousins, and with tenderest love by her uncle and aunt. Conscious of her limitations, she devotes herself with enthusiasm to systematic reading and study, her diligence and mental power being an astonishment to her fashionable friends. She makes the intimate acquaintance of an invalid lady, Aunt Tryphosa—everybody's aunt—who is one of God's saints. Under these wholesome influences her nature expands, like a flower in a genial atmosphere. A noble love comes into her life and transfigures her whole being.

At this juncture comes the intelligence that her stepmother has been stricken with paralysis. The girl feels that duty summons her back to the drudgery of the hillside farm. "If you cannot realize your ideal," said Saint Tryphosa, "you can at least idealize your real." With this purpose she takes up the burden of life, nurses tenderly the peevish sick woman, and becomes a mother to the turbulent boys and girls. She has learned that she is a daughter of the King, and must live worthy of her high calling.

CHAPTER IX.

Seven years had gone by, and every day of each successive three hundred and sixty-five had been full to overflowing of hard work for Pauline.

"Dear Tryphosa," she whispered to herself with a smile, "you little thought, when you gave me that new beatitude, what constant friends the gray angel of Drudgery and I were to be."

She climbed slowly up the narrow

stairs to her room, and shaded the lamp that it might not disturb Polly's troubled sleep—poor Polly, who would be an invalid for life! Then she sat down with a sigh of relief to read Belle's last letter. It had been a hard day, her stepmother had been more than usually restless, and the farm work had been very heavy, for Martha Spriggs was home on a visit; every nerve in her body seemed to quiver with the strain.

"My dearest Paul," Belle wrote, "I can hardly see for crying, but I promised her that you should know at once.

"Tryphosa went away from us to 'the other shore' last night. We were all there—her 'inner circle,' as she used to call us—all except you, and she seemed to miss you so. I never knew her to grow fond of anyone in so short a time, but she took you right into her heart from the first. If I had not loved you so much I should have been jealous, but who could be jealous of you, you precious, brave saint?

"I have heard of the gate of heaven, but last night we were there.

"Dick was supporting her in his arms—poor Dick, he was so fond of her, and it was so hard for her to breathe—and we were all gathered round her, our hearts breaking to think it was the last time. She has suffered terribly lately, but at the last the pain left her, and she lay with the very rapture of heaven on her dear face, talking so brightly of how we should do after she had gone. It was just as if she were going on a pleasure trip, and we were to follow later. She turned to me with her lovely eyes all aglow with joy, and said:

"'Give my Bible to the dear child in the valley' (that was what she always called you), 'and tell her "the miles to heaven are but short and few."'

"She had a message for us all, and then, suddenly, just as the dawn broke, a great light swept over her face, and she turned her head and whispered, 'Jesus!' just as if He were close beside her, and then—she was gone.

"I shall never forget it. I have always thought of Death as the King of Terrors, but last night it was the coming of the Bridegroom for his own."

With a low cry Pauline's head dropped. There could never be anyone just like "my lady," and she had gone away!

The hours passed silently, as she sat benumbed in the grasp of her great sorrow.

Suddenly she sprang up. Her father was calling her from the foot of the stairs.

"Mother's had a bad turn. Send Stephen for the doctor, and come, quick!"

She hurried down and mechanically heated water, and did what she could to help the stricken woman, but before the doctor could reach the house, the Angel of Death had swept over the threshold, and Pauline and her father were left alone.

. . . . . .

"Here's a letter for yer, Pawliney. Don't yer wish yer may git it?" and Lemuel, the irrepressible, waved it at her tantalizingly from the top of the tall hickory, where he had perched himself, like the monkey that he was.

She saw the Boston post-mark, and stretched out her hands for it longingly.

"Bring it down, there's a dear boy."

"Not much! I bet Leander that I could make you mad, an' he bet his new jack-knife that I couldn't. I'm goin' to chew it up. It's awful thin, 'taint any good anyhow. You won't miss it, P'liney," and crushing the letter into a small wad he put it into his capacious mouth.

It was, as Lemuel said, "awful thin," not much like the volumes which Belle usually wrote. She had not been able to distinguish the writing, but, of course, it must be from Belle. The two cousins had grown very near to each other as the years rolled by, and a summer never passed without some of her uncle's family spending a week or two in Sleepy Hollow. Those were Pauline's red-letter days—the bright, scintillating points where she was brought into touch again with the world of thought and light and beauty.

"Throw it down to me, Lemuel dear."

"Can't," said the boy, coolly, "I'm goin' ter tie it to Poll's balloon, and let go of the string, and then it'll go straight to heaven," and with the letter reposing in his cheek, he began to sing, vociferously:

"'I want ter be an angel.
An' with the angels stand—

A crown upon my forehead,
A harp within my hand.'

"Git mad now, P'liney, quick, fer I want that knife orful."

A cry from Polly made Pauline hurry into the house to find that Martha Spriggs had slipped while passing the child's couch, and upset a bowl of scalding milk, which she was carrying, right over the little invalid's foot. In the confusion which followed Pauline forgot Lemuel and her longed-for letter. When she went out to look for him, he was gone.

"Give it to me now, Lemuel," she said, as he came in to supper, "you've had enough fun for to-day."

"Can't, P'liney. I used it fer a gun wad to shoot a squirrel with, an' the cat eat the squirrel, letter an' all. Yer don't want me ter kill the cat, do yer, P'liney?"

"Oh! Lemuel," she cried, softly, "how could you! How could you do it!"

She sighed sorrowfully. She had tried so hard to make Lemuel a good boy, but nothing seemed to touch him, and, young as he was, the neighbours had begun to lay the blame of every misdeed upon his shoulders, and Deacon Croaker predicted with a mournful shake of his head, "No good will ever come to Lemuel Harding. He's a bad lot, a bad lot."

"Sing to me!" cried Polly, "the pain's awful!" and taking the weary little form in her arms, Pauline sang herself back into her usual happy trust.

She would not tell Belle her letter had been destroyed. She must shield Lemuel.

"I'm doing my best," she said to herself, "God understands."

"Ain't yer mad yet?" whispered Lemuel, anxiously, as he peered into the bright, peaceful face on his way to bed.

The hand that stroked his tumbled hair was very gentle.

"No, Lemuel, only sorry that my boy forgot the King was looking on."

With a shamefaced look the boy's hand sought his pocket, but Satan whispered, "She may be mad to-morrow," and he crept away.

"What are you teasing Pawline about?" asked Stephen, as he went upstairs.

"Ain't doin' nuthin'," was the sullen reply.

"Yes, you are. She don't hev them sorrowful looks in her eyes unless you're cuttin' up worse than common. You've just got to leave off sudden, or I'll give you something you won't ever forgit."

"Ain't goin' to be bossed by nobody," said the boy, doggedly, as he reached his room. "Was goin' ter give her the old letter to-morrow, anyway, but now I don't care if she never gets it," and opening the chest which held his few treasures, he deliberately shut up the letter in an old tin box, and went to bed.

. . . . . .

"Father is gettin' so mortal queer," said Stephen, discontentedly. "First he tells me to top-dress the upper lot, and then right off he wants me to harness up and go to the mill. I don't see how a feller's to know what to do. Most wish I'd gone West with Leander, it's a free life there, and he's his own master."

"'One is our Master, even Christ,'" Pauline quoted, softly. "Don't go, Stephen, you and Lemuel are the only ones on the farm now, and father is getting old."

She spoke sadly. She had noticed with a sinking heart how "queer" her father was.

The years had slipped by till Polly was seventeen. A very frail little body she was, but always so patient and sweet, Pauline never grudged the constant care.

The boys had all taken the shaping of their own lives, and gone away, and Susan Ann had a home of her own with two little freckled-faced children to call her mother.

"We'll jog along together, Stephen," she said, in her bright, cheery way. "Father forgets now and then, but he doesn't mean any harm, and it's only one day at a time, you know."

Stephen looked at her admiringly.

"You're a brick, Pawliney, and I guess if you can stand it, I ought to be able to, with you round making the sunshine. I'd be a brute to go and leave you and Lem with it all on your shoulders," and the honest, good-hearted fellow went in to give Polly a kiss before he started for the mill.

Clearing out an old trunk the next day Pauline came across a soiled, tumbled envelope. It was the letter which Lemuel had tucked away and forgotten while he waited for her to "get mad."

She opened it eagerly. It was from Richard Everidge.

"I should like to come down and see you," he wrote, "in Sleepy Hollow, that is, if you care to have me, and it is quite convenient. Don't trouble to write unless you want me. If I do not get an answer I shall know you do not care."

Richard Everidge had been married for three years now, and had a little girl.

She clasped her hands with one quick cry of pain. What must he have thought of her all these years! Her friend, who had always been so kind! so kind!

"Pawliney!" called her father, in the querulous accents of one whose brain is weakening. "Pawliney, I wish you'd come down and sing a little, the house is terrible lonesome since mother's gone."

And Pauline sang, in her full, sweet tones:

"'God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform.'"

"God is good, Pawliney?"

"Yes, father."

"He never makes mistakes?"

"Oh, no, father!"

"You believe that, Pawliney?"

"Yes, yes, I know it, father."

And her voice rang out triumphantly in another stanza:

"'Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for His grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.'"

CHAPTER X.

"Here's the mortgage money, Pawliney," said Stephen, as he handed her a roll of bank notes; "it's not due for a month yet, but I'll be away for a week at the Bend, an' if father gets hold of it he'll take it to make matches of, as like as not—you'd better stow it away somewheres till the time comes."

"Very well, Stephen, I'll put it in my strong box, and carry the key in my pocket. You won't be away at the Bend any longer than you can help, Stephen? It's such a comfort to have you in the house."

They were standing by the light waggon, which Lemuel had brought round from the barn, ready for Stephen's journey.

"Don't know about the comfort part, Pawliney," said Stephen, with a queer choke in his voice, "seems like as if we all depended on you for that commodity. But I'll be as quick as I kin—good-bye, all of you. Git along, Goliath."

Three days had passed since his departure, and Pauline stood in the doorway feasting her eyes on the lights and shadows which grouped themselves about the distant hills, when Lemuel brushed past her, clad in his Sunday best.

"Why, Lemuel!" she cried, astonished, "you haven't had your supper yet. Where are you going?"

"To China," was the brusque reply. "I've hed enuff of Sleepy Hollow an bein' ordered round by an old man with his head in the moon. It's 'Lemuel, do this,' an' before I git started, it's 'Lemuel, do the t'other thing.' You kin stand it ef you're a mind ter, I won't."

"But, Lemuel!" gasped Pauline, "what will Stephen say?"

"I don't care what he says," said the boy, roughly; "Stephen ain't my boss."

"Oh, Lemuel, you can't mean it!" cried Pauline, as she followed him down the path to the main road.

"See if I don't," and he strode away from her, and vaulted over the gate.

"But what will father do?"

"Git somebody that's ez loony ez himself—I ain't," was the jeering reply.

"Lemuel, you mustn't go, it will kill father!" and Pauline stretched out her hands to him appealingly.

A mocking laugh was the only reply as he disappeared round a bend of the road.

Pauline went slowly back to the house feeling bruised and stunned.

"Pawliney," piped her father, in his shrill voice, "Where's Lemuel? I told him to take the horse to the forge, and hoe the potatoes, and weed the onions, and go to the woods for a load. I don't see how I'm to git through with such a lot of heedless boys around. What hev you done with him? You just spoil them all with your cossetin'."

"It will all come right, father," said Pauline, soothingly, "Lemuel has gone away for awhile."

"Away!" echoed the old man, suspiciously. Away, Pawliney? Did you know he was going?"

"Yes, father, he will be back by-and-bye, and Stephen will be home next week."

She paced her room that night with a heavy heart. There was no way to hinder the misguided boy. Be-

fore Stephen could follow him he would be on the sea. He had often declared he meant to be a sailor. Suddenly she stopped, thunderstruck. The lid of her strong box had been forced open! With an awful dread at her heart she lifted it and looked in. The money was gone!

With a bitter cry she fell upon her knees. "A thief!" Her Lemuel, the boy that she had borne with and prayed over all these years! And the money was due in a month! What should she do! Stephen must never know; Stephen, with his stalwart honesty and upright soul. His anger would be terrible, and she must shield Lemuel all she could; poor Lemuel.

All night long she pondered sorrowfully. When the morning came she went to Deacon Croaker.

"I hear you are behindhand with your wool," she said, in her straightforward way, "I will spin it for you if you like, and Deacon—may I ask you as a favour to let me have the money in advance?"

The Deacon looked at her curiously.

"Hard up, air ye, Pawliney? Well, well, don't colour up so, we all hev our scarce times. I ain't partial to paying forehanded, but you was awful kind to Mis' Croaker when her rheumatiz was bad on her, an' I ain't one ter forgit a favour. Cum in, Pawliney, while I get the money. Mis' Croaker will be rale pleased, she thinks you're the best spinner in the valley."

"No, thank you, I will wait out here."

The old man hobbled into the house, and she stood waiting, clothed in her sorrow and shame.

"So Lemuel's ben an' tuk French leave," he said, as he handed her the money. "Well, well, I allers did say that boy'd be a heart-break tew ye, Pawliney. Well, what's gone's fergot. Don't fret over him, Pawliney, he was a bad lot, a bad lot. Ye're well rid of him, my dear."

"I never shall forget him," Pauline said, gravely, "and he can't get away from God, Deacon Croaker."

She counted the bills as she hurried along. It would just make enough, with the butter money. That was all she had for clothes for herself and Polly—but Polly had enough for awhile, and she could go without.

In the evenings, long after the others were in bed, she paced up and down the kitchen, spinning Deacon Croaker's wool into smooth, even threads, but her heart ached as she prayed for her boy, and often, when in the still watches of the night Polly kept her vigils with pain, she heard her cry, softly:

"Lemuel, Lemuel, oh! how could you, how could you do it!"

Her uncle's family were living abroad now, and it was from Paris that Belle wrote, announcing her engagement to Reginald Gordon.

"Just imagine, Paul," the letter went on, "I, of all possible people, a missionary's wife! But the fact of the matter is, my precious saint, your splendid consecrated life made me tingle with shame to my finger tips when I thought of my aimless existence, and when I remembered how you took up your cross and followed your Master to Sleepy Hollow, there seemed to be no reason why I shouldn't follow Him to Timbuctoo. If it will comfort you, I want you to know that you have been the guiding star which has led me out of the sloth of my selfishness into active work for the King."

The years slipped by peacefully after that. Her father grew daily more childish, and needed more constant watching, but she found time to read many a snatch from her favourite authors to Polly, and Tryphosa's Bible lay always open near her hand.

At last the day came when, in the full noontide, her father had called to her in his weak voice.

"It's gettin' dark, Pawliney, and Lemuel's not come home."

And she had answered with her brave, sweet faith:

"Not yet, father, but he'll come by-and-bye. God knows."

"Yes, God knows," said the old man, with a peaceful smile. "I think I'll go to sleep now, I'm very tired. You've been a good girl, Pawliney, a good girl. God bless you, my dear."

. . . . . .

"You ought always to dress in silk, Pauline, instead of calico. I wish you could," and Polly's eyes rested on her with a world of love in their depths.

Pauline laughed, as she kissed her.

"You silly child! Don't you know that cotton grows, and silk has to be spun, which makes it costly; and cotton is content to be washed in spring water, while silk has to be bathed in tea! Can you spare me for a whole afternoon, do you

think, if I leave Carlyle and Whittier by your pillow ?"

"Where are you going ?"

"Well, I want to take some apple custard to that poor Dan who fell from the haymow, and I must go and see how Susan's children are getting through the measles, then old Mrs. Croaker wants to be sung to, and the Widow Larkin wants to be read to, and Matilda Jones is 'jest pinin' fer a talk.'" She laughed merrily.

"I never saw anyone get so much into their lives," said Polly, wistfully. "I am so useless."

"You blessed child," cried Pauline, with the tears in her eyes; "you are our Angel of Patience. Don't ever call yourself useless, dear, you are the centre of gravity for Stephen and me."

When the twilight fell she sat in her favourite position, near the open door, looking up at the rose-tinted clouds, as she made Polly laugh with merry descriptions of her different visits.

Suddenly she grew still, for a sun-browned, bearded man had crossed the threshold, and thrown himself at her feet, saying, brokenly:

"I've come home to you, Pauline, and I know you'll forgive me, for I've lifted the mortgage, and—I belong to the King."

Before he had finished, her arms were around his neck, and Polly heard her cry softly, with the break of a great gladness in her voice:

"Lemuel! Why, Lemuel!"

CHAPTER XI.

Richard Everidge sat in his handsome library one evening in early summer, reading a letter from his only child, Muriel, the joy of his heart:

"My Dearest Papa,—We are stopping now in the quaintest little place, a veritable Sleepy Hollow, like its name, where Rip Van Winkle might have snoozed away for centuries without fear of being disturbed.

"As I advised you in my last, we were on our way to Farningham, when something went wrong with the engine, and we had to stop here for repairs, and mamma was so charmed with this little village that she decided to stay awhile; she says it seems to suit her better than any place she has seen; poor mamma, I wish I could find some place where she would be satisfied—to me all the world seems so beautiful, but she says no one knows how to sympathize with her peculiar organization.

"That was Saturday. On Sunday morning I went to the little church, mamma was too tired, and now comes the best part of the story. I was looking round watching the different families, all in their Sunday best, coming in and getting seated, when suddenly a woman's voice began to lead the little choir. I looked up with a start. She was tall and slender, and as she stood with lifted head singing her heart out, I don't think I ever saw such a splendid carriage, even at the President's receptions in Washington. She looked like a princess among the plain, farmer folk; for a crown she had a mass of lovely soft white hair, and the sweetest, clearest eyes I ever saw. When she was singing 'Coronation,' which was quite appropriate for a princess, it seemed as if she would lift the whole congregation up to God.

"After the service I could not help watching her for a minute, for, as you will have imagined ere this, my silly heart went out to her at once. She was the centre of a group, everyone seemed to have something to say to her, and she was so nice with them all, kissing the children, and having a bright smile and word for some of the most uninteresting women and stupid looking boys I ever saw. Just as I was going out of the door I felt a soft touch upon my arm, and turned to find her beside me. I am free to confess I never received such a welcome to any church before.

"When I gave her my name she looked puzzled for a minute.

"'Everidge,' she repeated. 'It is, it must be, she would be just about your age. I believe you are the little Muriel that my cousin Belle used to write about. You must come home with me at once—your father was my dear friend in the long ago.'

"And so here we are, ensconced with my princess. She has a wonderful way with her, for mamma came without making the slightest objection, and seems happier than I have seen her for months.

"There are just four in the family besides Martha Spriggs, the funny old girl. My princess, and her two step-brothers, Stephen and Lemuel, and Polly, who has been a sufferer

from spinal trouble ail her life. It is the quaintest old house, with low, small rooms, except on the east side, where Captain Lemuel has added two large rooms, with the loveliest bay windows, which are always full of flowers and sunshine. I think the neighbours are horrified that they use them in common; you know country people always keep their best parlours done up in must and green paper, but the princess says, 'Nothing is too good for Polly and the boys!' They just idolize her, and I fancy they have good reason to, for, as Stephen said, in his queer, blunt way, 'she comes as near to an angel as any mortal ever will.' Captain Lemuel has been all over the world, and is very interesting. Mamma is so amused over his stories; Stephen is blunt, but I shouldn't be afraid to trust him with every cent I owned, and Polly is just a bundle of sweetness and patience. I wish you could see how gentle these great, strong men are with her—Stephen won't let anyone but himself carry her to bed, and Lemuel is always ready to push her about in her wheel chair, and talk nonsense to her till she laughs and cries together.

"And the princess! She is just everything to everybody. I cannot fancy what the house would be without her. I only hope she won't die before Polly, for I'm sure it would kill her. She never takes her eyes off her when she is in the room, and when I teased her a little about it, her eyes filled, and she cried, softly:

"'It's little wonder if I do love her, after thirty-five years of such nursing as no one even dreamed of!' It made me almost wish to be sick myself.

"She has such a merry, tender way with her. I don't wonder Lemuel says they don't mind rainy weather since Pauline makes sunshine to order. And she is the busiest creature! I believe she carries the whole of Sleepy Hollow on her heart and shoulders. She seems to have all the destitute and afflicted under her wing, and dispenses beef-tea and Bible promises with the same liberal hand.

"Oh! papa, I am so glad we were detained at Sleepy Hollow, for at last I have found what I have been looking for—an absolutely Christlike life!

"Your own little daughter,
"Muriel."

Richard Everidge remained sunk in thought for a long time after he had kissed the large, girlish signature; then he drew a sheet of paper towards him, and wrote, in his clear, bold hand:

"My Darling Muriel,—I knew your princess, as she says, in 'the long ago,' and she is, as you have found her, pure gold.

"Make the most of your visit, for, next to your Bible, she is the best teacher you could have.

"Your loving father."

The days lengthened into weeks and the Everidges were still at the Farm.

"Why should you go?" Pauline said, in her cheery, unanswerable way, when they spoke of leaving, "it does us good to have you, and it does you good to be here," and Muriel and her mother were content.

"Princess," said the girl, one day, as she watched her moving lightly about the kitchen, "I envy you your altitude."

Pauline laughed merrily.

"You dear child! Everyone gets up the mountain if they keep on climbing."

"But I have not an atom of perseverance," sighed Muriel, "Christianity seems such a tremendous undertaking to me."

"Let me give you what was to me the beginning of all Gospels, 'The kingdom of heaven is just as near us as our work is, for the gate of heaven for each soul lies in the endeavour to do that work perfectly.'"

"But, Princess, you are such a royal creature. It seems such a waste for you to be buried here."

"The King never wastes, little one. If we have the angel aim and standard, we can consecrate the smallest acts. Don't you know that 'he who aims for perfectness in a trifle, is trying to do that trifle holily.'"

"You dear Princess! You make me think of one of Murillo's pictures in the Louvre, which we saw when we were abroad last year. It is the interior of a convent kitchen, and instead of mortals in old dresses doing the work, there are beautiful white-winged angels. One puts the kettle on the fire, and one is lifting up a pail of water, and one is at the kitchen dresser reaching up for plates."

Pauline smiled.

"That's it exactly. How can anything we do be common when we

remember our inheritance? You call me Princess, out of love, little one, but I am a princess in reality, for my Father is a King. Let me give you a good word, which your father gave me long ago. "'If you cannot realize your Ideal, you can at least idealize your Real.' I have been trying to do it ever since."

"That is just like papa," said Muriel, with a proud smile. "He says you are 'pure gold,' Princess."

"Did Rich—did your father say that?" cried Pauline, and Muriel looked up to see a soft flush in her face, while her eyes shone. "The King's daughter is all glorious within," she repeated, slowly, "Her clothing is of wrought gold." Then she chanted in her clear, triumphant voice:

"'They have clean robes,
White robes—
White robes are waiting for me!'

"Ah! little one, the 'court dress of heaven differs somewhat from that of earth.'"

"But, Princess," said Muriel, wistfully, "farm work and cooking and washing dishes over and over—it seems such drudgery."

A great light broke over her face, and she cried in a low exultant tone:

"'Blessed be Drudgery!' Christ bore it for thirty years, why should I mind for fifty-three? I have only to wait a little now for the 'fulness of joy' and 'pleasures for evermore.'"

Muriel threw her arms about her and kissed her softly.

"Then our Princess will be at home," she whispered, "in the palace of the King."

THE END.

THE NIGHT OF THE CHARITY BALL.

BY S. J. UNDERWOOD.

It was the evening of the sixteenth of January, and promised to be the coldest night of the season in the city of Whirlton. All day long the sharp air had cut like a knife. The frost had covered the windows even of the mansions where tropical temperatures were accustomed to prevail. The snow crackled underfoot; moisture froze upon eyelid and moustache; and the drivers of express waggons and grocery waggons had beaten their breasts as vigorously as old-time saints may have castigated their backs by way of penance. "It is a bitter time for the poor," had been repeated over and over; and it was thought to be a coincidence that the Charity Ball, the greatest social function in Whirlton, had been arranged to take place on this night. The Charity Ball was rather democratic than aristocratic, in that everybody could be present, who cared to pay the three dollars for a single ticket, or five dollars for a double one; and many clerks on a small salary had stepped all day with unusual briskness, in anticipation of what was coming, and many office girls had heard waltz music in the click of their typewriters. Yet none the less was it anticipated in the homes of the rich; for it was the custom to patronize it, for the sake, no doubt, of sweet charity.

It had been an exceedingly busy day at the great armoury, in spite of the cold, and, now, at half-past six, everything was completed, and the committee surveyed their work with satisfaction. The electric lights flashed their splendour over the banners and gay bunting, and enveloped the palms, flowers and pictures in a soft white radiance. It was a glittering, fairy-like scene.

In all quarters of the city, in the chambers of splendid home and tenement house, the robes, equally fashionable but differing in elegance and artistic beauty, had been laid out, which were to clothe fair forms for the night's revel.

But it is not into any of these rooms that we wish to enter. In a small cottage on one of the quiet streets, Thomas Marshall, the conductor of the Rescue Mission, sat at supper with his wife. It was a simply furnished room, and the appointments of the table were plain, both as regarded the dishes and viands; but, nevertheless, there was a daintiness and a refinement evident, and the individuality and charm of the occupants diffused

such a richness through the apartment that one could wish nothing to be changed. Mrs. Thomas Marshall was a pretty woman. Thomas Marshall thought her the loveliest woman in the world, though he had been her husband eight years. She wore a plain black gown of soft material, the great sleeves drooping gracefully to her elbows. Her face was mobile, but its prevailing expression was that of tenderness and sympathy. Thomas Marshall was college-bred, and it must be owned that he never shone in the class-room, though he was brilliant on the athletic field. Of affectionate, happy nature, a general favourite, he was liked even by the professor to whom he did no credit; but no one would have predicted for him in his college days anything like evangelistic work.

A great change had come over him two or three years after his graduation, purifying and intensifying all his purposes and powers, and for five years he had been the leader of the Rescue Mission of Whirlton, holding a religious service every night, and hunting after lost and straying sheep by day. He possessed the full confidence of the churches; himself and his work were professedly supported by voluntary contributions. There was usually a deficiency in his salary at the end of the year. He never asked for anything on his own account, though he could beg most eloquently for the mission. He had a small property which he used not only to help cover his own expenses, but quite generously in his work. His wife's little capital he never allowed her to draw upon, though her warm heart was always prompting her to do so when she met cases of distress, which was almost daily.

Whenever a circus came into town, wherever there were crowds of the lowest classes drawn together; there appeared Thomas Marshall, ready-spoken, quick-witted, burning with enthusiasm to help his fellow-men heavenward. He could preach an off-hand sermon as well on a soap-box as on a platform, and had more than once given a temperance lecture on the pavement with a saloon for background. He wrote tracts and distributed them, though he was wily enough to call them "pamphlets" to his audience. "I got tired of having them torn up, or thrown back in my face," he explained; "and I write my own." "Sour Mash" one was entitled. "Put the Baby to Bed Once in a While" was another. "Jack Denton's Dream" another. "Plenty of stiff Gospel in them," he would say; "but I don't write with an ecclesiastical stub-pen."

Then he had cards upon which perhaps a text, perhaps a hymn, was printed, which he would hold up and enlarge upon with the glib tongue of an auctioneer or a patent medicine vendor, before he sent them spinning down among the crowd with the dexterity of a juggler. Odd methods of evangelization some people thought, but the seats in the Rescue Mission were crowded every night the year round. And every year scores of men possessed by a legion of devils went in there and came forth to lead honest and Christian lives. Nobody doubted this, and so the tree was judged by its fruits.

His wife worked hand in hand with him. She played the cabinet organ at the mission, and her sweet voice, clear as the tone of a silver bell, had drawn many a wandering boy inside to sink down on the last bench and weep tears of repentant longing. Her pitying eyes and tender voice had drawn out many a confession of woe and wickedness, and her smile awakened hope in many a despairing breast.

She was smiling over the tea urn now on her husband, as he said, jocosely:

"I've made up my mind to go to the Charity Ball to-night, Joe."

"Well, really," she laughed back, "I supposed your dancing days were over."

"No; just begun. I expect to find it lively about two and three in the morning."

"I wonder you don't invite me to go," she continued, seeing nothing but a jest in his words. "I am fearful the leader of the Rescue Mission will have to be disciplined, if he inclines to such frivolities."

"Not if he stands on the outside. Seriously, Joe, I haven't been able to get those poor hackmen out of my mind all day. They'll have to wait. People are never ready to go home from a dance at the time they say they will. I know how that is myself; and think of this freezing night, and four saloons within a stone's throw. I've thought it all out. I'm going to take the coffee boiler that we use at the mission, the oil stove has three burners. I can make sixty cups at once; and after I close up things to-night, I shall just trun-

dle it down there. The carriages will be coming and going from then till daybreak. Don't you think it's a fine scheme ?"

His wife looked aghast, and the tears sprung to her eyes.

"Oh, Tom ! you'll freeze, yourself. I can't let you go."

"Freeze ! no ; I shall put on a sweater and an overcoat, and my long ulster over that. I'll be a spectacle for men and angels."

"But your hands, Tom !"

"My hands ? Bless me ! how can they get cold handling that red-hot coffee ?"

They had risen as they talked and passed into the little parlour, beautified by the glow cast by the tall floor lamp with its great rose-coloured shade. She hung upon his arm.

"Oh, Tom, I don't believe it's your duty ; out of all the people in this city, why should you be the only one to do these things ?" and the tears which could be restrained no longer gushed forth.

He led her over to where there hung the engraving of "The Huguenot," from the painting of Sir John Millais. "You will be braver than that woman, won't you, dearest ? You know how poor Lovelace sung :

> 'I could not love thee, dear, so much,
> Loved I not honour more.

Suppose we say humanity or God instead of honour. I know I'm a poor sort of cavalier, nothing heroic or romantic, but you'll have to bind your warrior's sash, and give him your blessing." He had put his arm about her, and she was crying softly on his shoulder. "You're not ashamed to have me go, Joe ?" he asked, a little wistfully.

She raised her head quickly, and answered, flashing the words up at him : "You know better than that, Tom Marshall ; you know I think it's noble and grand and godlike. There's nobody like you." Then her voice grew tender. "If I could only go with you !" For she had been suffering from a severe cold for a few days, and her husband had forbidden her going out in the extreme state of the weather.

"It will warm me thinking of you safe and snug at home. I'll stop and ask Jennie Roe to come and stay with you."

"I don't want her. I'm not the least afraid. I would rather sit and think of you."

He laughed a low, pleased laugh. "I ought to do some good to-night, when you believe in me so. I'll try and send some poor fellow home sober to a wife who loves him as you do me."

He took down a book to read aloud for half an hour before he went to his service. It was a regular habit of his, a bit of daily reading to his wife some time in the course of the twenty-four hours. He said, jocosely, that he did not think a man could subsist healthfully on an unvaried diet of Gospel hymns. There were quite a large number of standard works on his simple shelves. He had selected Lowell's poems, and turned over the leaves, reading here a line and here a stanza. He came at last to "Without and Within." "Yes, I thought I remembered this :

> 'My coachman in the moonlight there
> Looks through the side light of the door;
> I hear him with his brethren swear
> As I could do—but only more.'

Well," he said, as he closed the book. "I don't imagine any coachmany will 'envy me my brilliant lot' to-night ; but I'll try to enliven

> 'His ungyved prance,
> By which his freezing feet he warms.'"

The cosy, glowing room and the tender face had a seductive influence upon him ; yet he would not tell his wife how he hated to leave her, but with a gay good-bye, went out into the sparkling, freezing night.

After he was gone, Mrs. Marshall busied herself with washing her dishes and making preparations for breakfast. She came back after these were completed, and sat down with some mending in the red light. She was not accustomed to spending the evenings alone, and she felt her husband's absence keenly, and her thoughts were all with him. She recalled a charity ball some years back, before her marriage, which she and Tom had attended. It was when she had first made his acquaintance, and she had been proud enough of the attentions of the most popular young fellow of the evening. Well, such things were past for Tom and her.

Why did she sigh ? She surely did not regret such frivolities. Hardly, and yet Mrs. Thomas Marshall had enjoyed society wonderfully, and she was now more devoted to her husband than to the work of the Rescue Mission. Had he chosen another line

of life she assuredly would have been equally well content. She thought of him wheeling his coffee cart, his broad figure so swathed in coats that it approached the proportions of a hogshead. Even his wife could not consider him shapely in such disguise, and she half laughed; and then, as she thought how some of the fashionable people with whom they used to mingle might see him, the tears came to her eyes, quickly succeeded by an indignant flush, as she recalled his words: "You're not ashamed to have me go, Joe?" Dear, dear Tom! everything he did was exactly right, and she would rather be his wife and work in the Rescue Mission than to have married the mayor, even if he were a millionaire.

At the time that Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Marshall were sitting at supper, another man came home five or six streets away. He, too, was going to the Charity Ball "on the outside." Hugh Collins was a fair, fresh-complexioned man, with a face that would have been exceedingly attractive had it not been for the surly expression which he wore. Four years years ago he had gone to the Charity Ball "on the inside." He was then a postman, popular all along his route for his rosy cheeks and his obliging ways; and he had invited Annie Swan, a dashing stenographer, with saucy black eyes, to go with him. He had felt very proud of her elegant appearance, as well as of his own. The next summer they had been married, with about as much idea of the responsibilities they were assuming as a pair of high-stepping peacocks. Pleasure, "a good time," was their idea of existence. Almost every evening they went to the theatre, lunching afterward at a restaurant, and Annie's apparel was braver than before. At the end of a year a baby, unwelcomed, had come into their home—a sickly child, that lived but a year, and then died, leaving a long doctor's bill behind it.

The salary of Hugh Collins could hardly cover expenses; Annie's saucy eyes grew vixenish from watching and pinching, and, worse than all, Hugh, who had always had the tippling habit, began to drink deeply; the saloons along his line of delivery favoured his downfall, and he was discharged from his position as incompetent. This soured him and drove him to greater lengths than ever; he worked at odd jobs, and Annie was forced to do washing, while another baby, a lusty fellow, had come to share his wretched parents' fortunes. For two weeks Hugh Collins had been sober and had obtained employment as a hack driver. The excessive cold and the hard work of the day had occasioned exhaustion, for his strength had been reduced by his excesses, and for three hours he had been craving drink. He had come home tired and cross. They rented two back rooms in a one-story house. Annie had been ironing all day, and the clothes had overflowed the clothes-horse upon all the chairs.

It always aggravated Hugh to see his wife wash and iron; his pride and his conscience were both moved. The baby began to howl in a deafening manner. Annie was a little belated with her supper on account of finishing the ironing, and was hurrying to set the table, trying at the same time to soothe the child. It was not an inviting home for a man to enter, and Hugh Collins was in no mood for self-control.

"For heaven's sake, can't you stop that young one's noise?" he said, irritably. "It's a pretty row for a man to come home to."

He looked around for a chair, and finding none unoccupied, he tipped off the ironed garments from one, and drew it up to the range to warm his chilled feet. The potatoes had been set in the oven to keep warm, and, as he shoved in his snowy shoes, he unwittingly overturned the dish. He sprang to his feet with an oath.

"Yes, keep on," sneered his wife, "and you'll have something to confess to-night at the Rescue Mission; a pretty convert you are!"

He replied with a volley of oaths, and while he swore, and Annie sneered, the baby screamed. The evil passions having reached white heat, began to cool, and Annie's quick hands, nerved by anger, had swept the dislodged clothes into the bedroom, rescued the potatoes and the meat, and dished up the dinner in remarkably quick time, and Hugh sat down alone to the repast, while she picked up the baby, and, after a little, succeeded in hushing its cries, and came and sat down opposite her husband; but neither spoke a word. As the warm food stilled for the time the fierce craving for liquor, Hugh began to feel ashamed of himself, though not ashamed enough to say so. God knows how many times we say "I am sorry" in our hearts

when we ought to say it to our fellow-men.

But he came and held out his arms for the child, and sat and rocked it until it fell asleep with its head on his shoulder, while his wife cleared the table. He sat with it in his arms for a long time; and Annie went into the bedroom after she had put away her dishes and threw herself upon the bed. She was very unhappy, her sharp words were turned in upon her own soul, and the wounds were deep. She heard her husband rise and lay the baby in the cradle and come out of the bedroom. He began to put on his overcoat; she supposed he was going to the Rescue Mission; but though she wanted to make some friendly remarks, her voice died in her throat after her ungracious taunt.

"You need not worry, if I'm not in before three or four in the morning," he said, rather gruffly, as he stood with his hand on the door.

"Oh, Hugh!" she gasped; but he had shut the door, and gone out into the darkness.

Two weeks ago he had come home sober at ten o'clock, and told her how he had strayed into the Rescue Mission. How first the singing had touched him, and then the talk, and he had pledged to leave off drinking. He had asked her forgiveness very humbly for all the sorrow he had caused her; but she was not very sympathetic; she would be glad to have him let liquor alone, but she had no taste for prayer-meetings, and in her foolish ignorance, she was jealous of his praises of Mrs. Marshall. He had urged that she should go the next evening, while he took care of the baby; but she had curtly refused, and ever since there had been a coldness between them, though Hugh had held steadily to his word, and had brought home his money regularly. Conscience had been striving in Annie's breast. It was the long struggle and her physical weariness that was really responsible for her outburst to-night, for she was beginning to yield.

"Oh!" she groaned, as she heard his footsteps on the sidewalk; "he's off on another spree, and I've myself to thank for it." She would have run down the street to plead with him, but she feared his anger, and she dropped down by the kitchen table, and, burying her face in her arms, she wept long and bitterly. Her past life came up before her, her vanity, her crossness, her spiteful stabs, her lack of moral purpose; and her heart went out with a great throb of yearning toward her husband.

"Poor Hugh!" she thought; "no wonder he went to the bad with such a wife. And then, when he wanted to do better, how I acted, and now I have driven him back to drink;" and the tears flowed afresh.

In her new humility and renewed affection for her husband, she quite ignored any fault on his part, and only thought of him with pity. She raised her head from her arm at last, her eyes dry and wild. Where was Hugh? Mechanically she rose and began folding some of the ironed clothes, and, partly to relieve her fierce unrest and partly with the feeling that if they were gone one cause if irritation would be removed, she determined to carry home Mrs. Marshall's clothes. "It's only six blocks away, and the baby is dead sure not to wake up," she said to herself. She had only had Mrs. Marshall's washing one week, and had not connected her at all with the lady of the Rescue Mission. So, as Josephine Marshall sat in the rose-coloured light, thinking rose-coloured thoughts of the absent Thomas, there came a knock at her side door. A little startled, she opened it and found her new laundress standing before it, looking gaunt and sorrowful-eyed.

"Oh, Mrs. Collins," she cried, "I'm so sorry you troubled yourself to come over here this bitter night! I wasn't in the least hurry for the clothes. Do come in, you must be almost frozen;" and she fairly pulled her in. The kind words in her spent, excited state made the tears flow down Annie Collins' cheeks. "Come into the parlour," said Mrs. Marshall, "it's nice and warm there;" and as she led the way the other followed, her pride all gone, and only hungry for human sympathy.

It would be difficult to explain just how it happened, but it was not long before Annie Collins was pouring out her heart to Josephine Marshall, as though she had been her sister—all her trouble about Hugh, and her wild fear for him that night. Mrs. Marshall soothed and pitied and understood, and her quick brain discovered the ray of hope in the darkness.

"A hackman, Mrs. Collins? Did you say your husband was a hack-

man? Why, don't you know, to-night is the Charity Ball, and that's why he'll have to be out so late."

No; Mrs. Collins did not know, as a newspaper rarely came into her house and Hugh had said nothing. Mrs. Marshall went on: "Mr. Marshall felt so sorry for the poor fellows this terrible night, that he is going down after his meeting with hot coffee. I almost know he'll find your husband, and I'm sure it will be all right. We'll keep up good courage, Mrs. Collins." Annie's heart bounded; if she could have one more chance!

"I remember your husband now, Mrs. Collins, such a tall, handsome man, how proud you must be of him. He stayed and talked one night with Mr. Marshall after the meeting, and told him what a nice wife he had—pretty and good—and how sorry he was that he made her suffer so much; and then he spoke of his baby—how I would like to see that baby myself!"

So the little lady rattled on in her most insinuating manner, and every word dropped like balm on poor Annie's sore heart. But soon she gathered her shawl about her. "I must go," she said.

"Well, I won't keep you, Mrs. Collins; and I know you'll excuse me for what I am going to say. I presume you understand all about these things, but I would be sure and have plenty of nourishing food for Mr. Collins just now, and coffee—be sure you give him coffee for breakfast after such a night as this. A swift, embarrassed flush passed over the other woman's face, and Mrs. Marshall understood at once that there was no coffee in the house. But she rambled innocently on: "Speaking of coffee, that makes me think I have a new kind that I want you to try. You just wait till I make a cup, I want something myself; it's so cold." And at her entreaty, Annie unloosened her shawl again, and Mrs. Marshall went to her kitchen and came in after a little with two cups of steaming coffee and a plate of cake.

"I just put up a little package of coffee for you, so you can try it at home some time," she said, when Mrs. Collins was leaving, and slipped it into her hand, and in so friendly a manner was it offered that a refusal was impossible. Josephine Marshall went back to her parlour more confirmed than ever in the belief that her Tom was doing a great and good work in the world; and Annie Collins sped homeward through the deserted streets physically and morally strengthened.

When Hugh Collins left his home that night he had a dull feeling that it was no use to try and make a man of himself, and a conviction that he would be drunk before morning. He went directly to the livery stables; the orders were numerous, and he was sent at once to a distant part of the city, and for two hours he was riding hither and thither, the cold stinging like needles, and his whole being merged in one overwhelming desire for liquor. At half-past nine he drove up to the armoury for the last time until he should start on the return trips. As he waited for the occupants of the carriage to alight, the dull red lights of the four saloons seemed almost to draw him from the box; when he shut his eyes they still danced before his vision. He whipped up his horses; he has passed the first one, but he slackened rein before the second, and, yes, he is stopping. There is quite a group collected on the street directly in front of the liquor shop. He paid no attention at first in his almost crazed state, till the aromatic fumes of coffee filled his nostrils and, in the glow of the oil burner, he saw Thomas Marshall dipping out the boiling liquid, dropping a lump of sugar and a slice of frozen milk into the cups and passing them on to the crowd. Some of the men, as they returned them, put their hands in their pockets, and asked the price.

"Oh, nothing, nothing!" answered the cheery tones of Thomas Marshall. "I thought it would taste good such a night as this. We fellows who can't go to the ball want to celebrate somehow." Or, again, "Keep your money; you'll need it for coal, if this weather keeps on;" or, "If you want to pay me, come down to the Rescue Mission to-morrow night at half-past seven, 510 Mulberry Street;" and as he took back the cups, he handed out his little "pamphlets," with a coaxing "You'll read it to please me, I know."

Hugh Collins had halted a moment in sheer surprise. He could not march into the saloon in the very face of the man who had so befriended him, and as he lingered irresolute the eagle glance of Thomas Marshall rested on his countenance and noted his expression. It was a look with which he was familiar and, busy as he was, he pressed over to him and gripped his hand.

"Bless my soul, Collins, how glad

I am to see you. Awfully cold night, isn't it? Come right up and have a cup of coffee." Hugh swallowed it almost at a gulp. "Have another, man. What's one cup on a night like this?" and he fairly forced the fourth cup on him. "I say, Collins, are you going to be busy the whole night? You see I've got my hands full. Can't you come back and help me a while?"

Hugh promised, and returned to his horses, feeling like a man who had been snatched back from the edge of a precipice. He drove rapidly to the stables and put out his horses. As he came out again to the street, the hackmen were sitting in a ring around the rusty stove, and one called out to him; "Come on, Collins, Jack stands treat to-night;" and he heard the clink of glass and bottle. It was instant discharge to a man if the proprietor caught him with liquor on the premises, but they took the risk all the same. Hugh Collins put his fingers in his ears, as Christian did when he fled from the City of Destruction, and ran as for his life. He did Mr. Marshall good service, and worked like a steam engine till midnight, when he was obliged to return to the stables.

"Thank you a thousand times," said Thomas Marshall; "God will help you win the fight, old fellow;" and he gave him a grip of the hand which Hugh felt tingling along his nerves all the cold hours that he sat on the box and drove people east, west, north and south to their homes.

It was four o'clock when Thomas Marshall put his latchkey into his front door, but at the first sound his wife was out of bed; by the time he had removed his overcoat and climbed the stairs she had thrust her feet into blue toilet slippers, thrown on a blue wrapper, and, with her yellow hair falling over her shoulders, stood heating a cup of bouillon over a lamp.

"You little witch, what are you out of bed for? I thought I had been so quiet that I wouldn't waken you." He kissed her fondly, as though he had not seen her for a year.

"Oh, Tom, are you half dead?"

"No, not a quarter. I'm more alive than ever; a little jaded, that's all. I'm glad I went. I tell you it's a good scheme. There ought to have been a representative of the Rescue Mission inside the ball-room. I saw more than one fellow helped into his carriage."

She sat down close beside him as he sipped the bouillon. "Tom, did you see anything to-night of that Mr. Collins that has been coming to the mission lately?"

"Why, yes; he's been helping me; worked like all possessed."

"Then he kept sober."

"Sober as a judge. I didn't know but I should make him drunk on coffee, I poured so much down him. I believe I saved him from going into a saloon to-night. He looked as though he was 'between hell and high-water,' as the men say; but I saw him just now driving into the livery stable, and he was all right."

"Oh, how glad I am!" and the happy tears came into her eyes.

"Why, what made you think of him, specially, Joe?"

So she told him of her interview with Mrs. Collins.

At about the same hour Hugh Collins turned the corner in sight of his house. There was a light in the window, and he thought the baby must be sick. He opened the door. There was a bright fire in the range, and the table was drawn close to it and spread with a lunch. The coffee-pot was sending forth its rich odour. His wife rose up. One glance showed her that he was in his right mind.

"Oh, Hugh, how glad I am to see you! You've had a hard night, haven't you?"

"You poor girl! have you been sitting up for me? What a shame!"

"Oh, I wanted to keep a fire anyway, and I thought a little bite of something to eat would do you good. I was so sorry I didn't know where you were going, so I could have put you up a lunch."

"It's mighty good of you, Annie, after the way I used you to-night."

She rushed into his arms. "Oh, Hugh, will you forgive me? I'll try and be a better wife."

He stroked her hair tenderly. "You've been a sight better than I deserved," he said.

She drew him to the table and hovered around him, as though he were some long lost treasure. A new gladness sprang up in their hearts. There was a resurrection of their old love, with a deepened spiritual meaning. A determination took possession of them to be hereafter true man and true woman. Their child slept sweetly in its cradle. A new day had dawned for them after the night of the Charity Ball.—The Independent.

RHODA ROBERTS.

A WELSH MINING STORY.

BY HARRY LINDSAY.

Author of "Methodist Idylls," etc.

CHAPTER XLIII.—Continued.

George Ford was faithful to his appointment. Rhoda met him at the door with great cordiality, and welcomed him home again.

"I hardly knew you, George," she said.

"Why ?"

"Well, perhaps it is because of your clerical dress."

But that was not all. Other changes had passed over George Ford ; and, though Rhoda could not for the moment define them, even could she have been so personal, she was quick to realize the changes.

"And how do you like your college life, George ?" she asked.

"Splendidly," he said. "The days I am spending in college will always be pleasant and happy memories to me. But they are not for much longer."

"Indeed !" exclaimed Rhoda, looking greatly surprised.

"Hasn't your father told you anything ?"

"No," still in great surprise.

"I've offered myself for foreign work."

"Going to be a missionary ?" exclaimed Rhoda.

"Please God, that's my intention," replied George. "I feel called upon to preach the Gospel to the heathen."

"It's a grand work," said Rhoda after a pause, "and I don't know that I could have wished for anything better for you, George. I shall always feel more proud of you when I think of you labouring on the mission field than I would have done were you only labouring at home. Both are equally holy callings—nay, it is but one calling—but to my mind there is something exceedingly self-sacrificing in the missionary's life."

She had spoken in good faith and pure simplicity of heart, but her words made George Ford's pulse leap within his veins. She would feel more proud of him ! Already he had unfolded his plans to Seth. In remembrance of what Seth had said that night, now long past, of his wishing no better for Rhoda than that she should become his (George's) wife, he had told Seth all his hopes and fears. Briefly they were these : he had offered for foreign work. It was already settled that in the spring he was to go to South Africa, and thence to the vast stretch of country lying north-west of the Transvaal, and there preach the Gospel. Before he left England he was to be ordained, and it was his wish to take a wife out with him. That disclosure, of course, led him to ask Seth's permission to make a proposal to Rhoda, a permission that was readily given, though Seth remarked that it was a long way to take his child from him. "Nevertheless, if it be the Lord's will," he said, "I gladly agree to it."

And now George Ford had come to make the proposal to Rhoda, and to make it with his usual precision of manner, for, ever a straightforward man, George Ford detested circumlocution.

"Rhoda," he said, after he had explained his determination to be a missionary, "you think well of my decision ?"

"I do, George," she said heartily ; "it is just the thing for you, and I'm sure you will be a blessing, and blessed in your toil. Were I a man, it is just the life I would choose."

"But why not choose it now, even though you are not a man ?" he said.

At first she could not understand the drift of his words, and looked at him with wide-opened eyes.

"Will you come with me, Rhoda ? Will you come out and share my life and work with me ?"

She was greatly agitated and weeping silently. He drew still nearer to her and placed his arm around her neck, while with the other hand he held her hand in his.

"And I think you love me," he said. "Isn't it so, darling ? Come, let me hear it from your own lips."

She was silent for a few moments. Then she looked up and answered bravely:

"I do love you, George Ford," she said, "and to call you my husband would be a great joy to me."

"Then you give yourself to me?"

"Wholly," she said, and he folded her in his arms.

For an hour or more they sat together talking of all their plans, George specially dilating upon the beautiful climate of South Africa, which he predicted would soon right Rhoda's health, and she assuring him that peace and contentment would soon work a marvellous change. And so on, and on, and on until Seth came home and learned the full news.

"Well," he said, "it'll be sore parting from you, Rhoda, but it is the Lord's will, that I do believe. But let us pray about it."

CHAPTER XLIV.

CLEARING UP THE MYSTERY.

The name of Mr. Jeffries was announced one morning shortly after breakfast at Trethyn Manor.

"Show Mr. Jeffries in," said Edward, and then Lawyer Jeffries walked into the room in his old bustling manner, as if he were full of business and pressed for time.

"Good morning, good morning," he said to first one, and then another, in his usual brisk and decisive way.

"You're out betimes, Mr. Jeffries," said Edward.

"Yes, I wanted to catch you before you went out for the day," answered the lawyer.

"Something important?" queried Edward.

"Well, yes, rather. But it will only detain you a few moments. The fact is, Mr. Trethyn, I want Detective Carlyle's address from you."

"I am sorry to say," answered Edward, "that I cannot give it you. I've not heard from him for several weeks. You will remember that he left here to hunt up Arthur Bourne Trethyn and to bring him here if possible. That's the last I've seen or heard of him."

Lawyer Jeffries mused awhile.

"Do you know a Mr. Cripps?" he asked presently.

"No," said Edward, after a pause. "Who or what is he?"

"That's exactly what I want to find out," replied the lawyer. "I've received a letter from that gentleman, and—well, I needn't bother you with it now, though it has to do with the estate. I will inquire further into the matter before troubling you. But if I could only have got Mr. Carlyle's address he might have looked up this Mr. Cripps. As it is, I think I shall run up to London myself."

Before Edward could reply the footman brought in the morning's letters.

"I have daily been expecting to hear from the detective," said Edward; "p'r'aps there's something here."

Some half-dozen letters lay on the silver salver, and Edward examined their envelopes one by one before opening them.

"No," he said at length, "there's nothing here."

"Excuse me, Mr. Trethyn," said the lawyer, observing the letters in Edward's hands, "but is not that one Mr. Carlyle's handwriting?"—pointing to one Edward was now critically examining.

"It is very like it," said Edward, "but the postmark is not London. Really, I can't make out what it is. It begins with a D, but that's all I can see of it; the other letters are imperfect. Can you make it out?"

Edward passed the envelope to the lawyer.

"Dartmoor, that's the word," said Mr. Jeffries, handing the letter back again.

"Dartmoor!"

"You may depend it's from Carlyle," said the lawyer.

"Well, we'll soon see," and passing a small paper-knife through the envelope Edward opened the letter.

A glance at its contents confirmed the lawyer's suspicions.

"It is from Carlyle," said Edward; "I will read it out.

"'H. M. Prison.

"'Dear Sir,—You will be glad to hear from me at last, especially when I tell you that I have discovered the key, or the keys, to the Trethyn mystery. In a brief letter, however, I cannot give you proper information, and even if I could it would still be necessary for you to come over to Dartmoor and hear certain revelations for yourself. All through this long and trying case I seem to have been foiled at almost every step, and, in all my experience, I have never known anything like it. It seems as

if some malign and mysterious power had dogged my every step and thrown me a hundred times into confusion. However, it's nearly at an end now, and "All's well that ends well." Could you, therefore, come over here at once, and if possible (indeed, it is necessary) bring Lawyer Jeffries with you? If you will wire to the above address and inform me as to your time of coming, I will endeavour to meet you at the station.—I am, dear sir, yours faithfully,

"'Detective Carlyle.'"

When Edward had read the letter both men looked at each other in very great surprise.

"What does it all mean? Why Dartmoor?" said Edward.

"Plainly there's someone in the prison there that's connected with this case," replied the lawyer.

"Impossible!" said Edward.

"Nothing is impossible," said the lawyer in his dry, curt manner. "You may depend upon it that the detective has good reason for desiring you to go over to Dartmoor Prison."

"But——"

"There's nothing to be gained by speculating," said the lawyer, "and the question we've to decide is in reference to our time of starting."

"Then you will go?" asked Edward.

"Detective Carlyle says it is necessary that I should go. When can you start, Mr. Trethyn?"

Despite Edward's usual promptitude and precision, Lawyer Jeffries' immediate readiness amazed him.

"If you will be guided by me," went on the lawyer, "there will be no delay in this matter."

"When would you start?" asked Edward.

"Now," said the lawyer. "If you decide at once"—pulling out his watch and noting the time—"we shall be able to catch the 11.30 train out of Trethyn, and shall reach Dartmoor this evening."

Thus pressed, Edward consented, and that same night the two gentlemen put up in one of the hotels within easy distance of H. M. Prison.

Early next morning Mr. Carlyle visited them, and, after the usual formal greetings, at once opened out upon his discoveries.

"In the first place," he said, "I shall want you to accompany me to the prison. There's a convict there that I want you to interview."

Lawyer Jeffries nodded to Edward, as much as to say, "Didn't I tell you so?"

"The convict is no other than the reputed Arthur Bourne Trethyn," went on the detective.

"My cousin!" cried Edward.

"The reputed Arthur Bourne Trethyn," smiled the detective.

"An impostor," explained the lawyer.

"Can it be possible!" exclaimed Edward.

"It is a fact," said the detective; "this convict whom you will shortly see is the man who was the acknowledged heir of Trethyn should you, sir, have been dead."

"But he would not have inherited," said the lawyer.

Detective Carlyle looked round quickly.

"How so?" he said.

"I've information," said Mr. Jeffries, "to the effect that he mortgaged his interest in the Trethyn estate."

"How did you learn that?" queried the detective, while Edward exclaimed in the same breath, "Mortgaged the Trethyn estate!"

"That is so," said the lawyer.

"But how did you learn it?" persisted the detective.

"It is a fact, then?" asked Edward, not waiting for the lawyer's answer.

"Yes, it is a monstrous fact," said the lawyer; "I have a letter in my pocket from the very man this convict mortgaged the estate to. You remember, Mr. Trethyn, I asked you yesterday morning whether or not you were acquainted with anyone named Cripps——"

"That's the man," said the detective excitedly.

"Then you are also aware of this scandalous transaction?" asked the lawyer.

"Oh, yes," he replied, "I've heard the whole story."

"You remember me asking you that question, Mr. Trethyn?" said the lawyer, turning again to Edward.

"Yes, very well," said Edward.

"Well, this man Cripps has written to me, as your legal adviser, a full account of the whole transaction. Twenty thousand pounds was the price Trethyn was mortgaged for——"

"But the whole wasn't paid," said the detective.

"Only £5,000 of it," said the lawyer.

"And even that statement is questionable," said the detective; "but we can inquire from the convict presently."

"Is there any sufficient reason," asked the lawyer, "to doubt the word of Mr. Cripps?"

"Only for the same reason for which all usurers are doubted," replied the detective.

"Then this Cripps is a moneylender?"

"Yes."

"Then I shall not advise you, Mr. Trethyn, to consider his claim. His statement is that he was swindled into this mortgage, that he had advanced £5,000 out of the £20,000, that he was at a dead loss of this £5,000, and that he claimed some little consideration from you, sir."

Edward smiled.

"Why," exclaimed Detective Carlyle, "his money, whatever the amount was, was not wholly lost. He claimed all the convict's effects, and was awarded them at the trial."

"Does this impostor now suffer his imprisonment for his fraudulent mortgage?" asked Mr. Jeffries.

"No. He is serving a term of seven years for a gambling swindle, but Cripps appeared against him at the trial, and claimed his assets."

"What did they amount to?" asked the lawyer.

"I have not heard, but something very considerable," replied the detective. "He was possessed of some rare valuables, which must have brought him a good figure."

"Humph!" said the lawyer. "Well, perhaps we had better set out at once to see this consummate rogue."

Mr. Detective Carlyle had already obtained the permission of the governor of the prison for an interview with the ex-heir, now convict Ninety-nine, and a few moments, therefore, after arriving at the prison the convict was brought into the visiting-room, an iron grating separating him from the three gentlemen.

"Well, Ninety-nine," began the detective, "are you prepared to answer the questions I shall put to you?"

"Yes," answered the convict.

"I saw Ninety-nine yesterday, gentlemen," said the detective, turning to his companions, "and I informed him of your coming. Well, now, Ninety-nine, you know our time is limited, and we must talk briefly. First, tell these gentlemen if your name is Arthur Bourne Trethyn."

"No, it is not," said the convict.

"But of late years you have gone by this name?"

"Yes."

"How many years?"

"Ever since I returned to England."

"What is your real name?"

"John Ogden."

"How came you ever to use the name of Arthur Bourne Trethyn?"

"Stephen Grainger suggested it to me."

"For purposes of fraud?"

Convict Ninety-nine hesitated.

"Come," said the detective, "no need to stick at the word. Don't forget my promise to you. It is conditional on your ready and faithful answering of all my questions. Was it for purposes of fraud Stephen Grainger suggested to you the use of Arthur Bourne Trethyn's name?"

"Yes."

"A fraudulent design on the Trethyn estate?"

"Yes."

"You were in Australia when Stephen Grainger suggested it to you?"

"Yes.'

"Was he also there?"

"Yes."

"You were both living out there?"

"Yes."

"And this fraudulent plot was hatched out there?"

Convict Ninety-nine assented.

"After it was hatched Stephen Grainger came to England?"

"That is so," said the convict.

"And managed to get the position of agent on the Trethyn estate?"

"Yes."

"With forged testimonials?"

Again Convict Ninety-nine assented.

"You will remember Grainger's appointment, Mr. Jeffries?" said the detective.

"I do, very well indeed," said the lawyer; "there was much dissatisfaction expressed at it at the time, but it died out eventually. There was, however, something very mysterious about it."

"The mystery was this," said the detective: "This man, Stephen Grainger, came from Australia and straightway became agent of the Trethyn estate. With him he brought forged letters and testi-

monials purporting to be written by the late Squire Trethyn's brother—your uncle, Mr. Trethyn—and on the strength of these letters the squire made him agent of Trethyn estate."

"Are these testimonials still in existence?" asked the practical lawyer.

"No," replied the detective. "Stephen Grainger burnt them, or at least burnt them all except a portion of one which I rescued from the flames. It was on the night of his flight. Before he left Trethyn (you remember he hurried away secretly from the scene of the explosion) he went home and emptied all his drawers and his secretaire of every damaging document. Most of them he placed on the floor; a few of them he took away with him in a black bag which I have been fortunate enough to seize at Convict Ninety-nine's late residence. That was so, wasn't it?" appealing to the convict.

"Yes."

"The portion of the letter which I rescued from the flames I have here," said the detective, opening his letter-case, and carefully drawing from it a half-burnt letter. "You will see, gentlemen," handing it to them, "that it refers to Grainger's exemplary character, zeal, intelligence, etc., etc."

Edward and the lawyer examined it in amazement, and then the detective proceeded.

"When Stephen Grainger lay dying he told me that this man," pointing to the convict, "was the author of the forged letters."

"Not the author," said the convict; "only the writer of them."

"You wrote them at Stephen Grainger's dictation?" asked the lawyer.

"From his copy," said the convict.

"It's all the same," said the lawyer. "Go on, Mr. Carlyle."

"Now comes a most important point," said the detective. "How was it this mystery could go on so long? Why was not the deception sooner discovered? Your father, Mr. Trethyn, I am given to understand, was a gentleman of splendid business capacities, a gentleman with quite a legal turn of mind. How, then, was it possible for him to be so grossly deceived? Well, he was only deceived by double fraud. Although he accepted the testimonials which Stephen Grainger brought him, he endeavoured to test the worth of them, and, for that purpose, wrote out to his brother in Australia. In return he received confirmatory letters, and was satisfied. But now comes the key to the whole mystery: these letters were also forged letters, and were written by this man now before you. Is that not so, Ninety-nine?"

"It is," replied the convict. "I wrote them."

Both Edward and the lawyer uttered exclamations of surprise.

"It was part of the scheme of deception," explained the detective, "which these two men had plotted abroad."

"But how came this man to know Squire Trethyn's brother, or, indeed, how came Stephen Grainger and he into such close confederacy?"

"I am coming to that now, Mr. Jeffries," replied the detective, "and p'r'aps the news will greatly surprise you. But in reference to Stephen Grainger, at all events, I've suspected it for a long time, and once made a purpose journey to London to discover it. But the old officer on whom I relied for information was dead."

"I remember it," said the lawyer. "You thought at the time, from some prison slang that Grainger used once in conversation, that he had been a convict some time or other?"

"That was it," replied the detective. "You may also remember that it was the word 'stretch' he used?"

"Exactly," replied the lawyer.

"Well, my professional acumen did not mislead me then. Ninety-nine, tell these gentlemen, was Stephen Grainger a convict in Australia?"

"He was," replied Ninety-nine.

"And you were also?"

"Yes."

"You were both convicted for sheep-stealing?"

"Yes."

"You see," said the detective, turning again to the gentlemen, "I was right in my impression."

"What a great deception, then, has been played upon us," exclaimed Edward.

"You've not yet told us," said the lawyer, "how these men came to know Squire Trethyn's brother."

"Of that I cannot speak with certainty, but you shall hear what Convict Ninety-nine has to say to it.

Ninety-nine, did you know the Trethyns of Australia ?"

"Yes."

"Both father and son ?"

"Yes."

"Intimately ?"

"No."

"Did Stephen Grainger know them ?"

"Yes."

"Intimately ?"

"Yes. He worked on Mortimer Trethyn's sheep-farm."

"Is Mortimer Trethyn dead ?"

"Years ago."

"Is his son dead ?"

"Yes."

"You refer to Mr. Arthur Bourne Trethyn ?" queried the lawyer, addressing the detective.

"The same," replied that gentleman. "Now tell me, Ninety-nine, what Arthur Bourne Trethyn died of ?"

"I cannot say."

"Come, come; wasn't he murdered ?"

The convict started, and trembled violently.

"You do know, you know," said the detective, with persuasive menace.

"I know only what I was told," replied the convict.

"What were you told ?" demanded the detective.

"That he was shot—accidentally."

"By whom ?"

"Stephen Grainger."

Both gentlemen, eagerly listening to this question, involuntarily gave a cry of surprise.

"And you mean to tell me it was merely accidental ?"

"That's what I've always understood," said the convict.

"Explain how it came about," said the detective.

"Very simple indeed," replied the convict. "There had been a raid of dingoes on the sheep, and many of them had been killed by the wild dogs. Stephen Grainger and a party were sent out to frighten the dingoes away, and Arthur Bourne accompanied them."

"Now be careful," urged the detective; "no lying will pay you now."

"I'm telling you exactly what was told me," said Ogden.

"Well, go on," said the detective impatiently.

"About two miles from the farm," pursued the convict, "the party came suddenly upon three large dingoes, which was a strange thing at that hour of the day, but such was the fact. They had thought the dogs would run away on their approach, but instead they sprang at the party. Grainger at once opened fire, and his first shot laid one of the dingoes low, the largest of them. Almost instantly there was a cry of pain, and then a heavy thud, as of someone falling to the earth. When the smoke cleared away, it was discovered that Grainger had shot Arthur Bourne dead."

"And the dingoes ?" asked the lawyer.

"They had gone," Ogden replied.

"And you would have us believe this story ?" sneered the detective.

"Gentlemen," said the convict, "on my oath, that's the story I've always heard and believed."

"Very well," said the detective presently, "we must let it pass. There are no means or ways now of testing it."

"Will you tell us, John Ogden," said the lawyer, "why you started and trembled so violently a few moments ago ?"

"When Mr. Carlyle used the word 'murdered,'" explained Edward.

"I thought you were speaking with knowledge," said the convict, turning to the detective, "and the suggestion was a complete surprise to me."

"Well, I confess I was drawing the bow at a venture," said the detective, "but now, having heard the story, I am quite clear in my own mind that the thing was not accidental at all."

"Couldn't have been," snapped the lawyer; "with the unfortunate young gentleman so close to him no such accident could have occurred. To my mind, it appears to have been deliberate murder."

"That's now my view of it," said the detective. "In fact, it appears to have been part of the whole plot."

"No," said the convict firmly. "Gentlemen, whatever else you may credit me with, do not do me this injustice. It is not true, I assure you."

"P'r'aps not in relation to you," said the detective, "but I'm firmly of opinion it was part of Stephen Grainger's plan."

"This man," said the lawyer, pointing contemptuously to the convict on the other side of the iron grating, "has only been a tool in Grainger's hands, that is evident."

"Yet," said Edward, "it is this

man for whom Grainger forged so many cheques on the Trethyn estate account. How, then, could he be a mere tool ?"

Lawyer Jeffries smiled.

"That is easily explained," he said. "This man was Stephen Grainger's leech. Those cheques were to close this fellow's mouth."

"But were they not mutually working together ?"

"Convict Ninety-nine may have thought it mutual," said the detective, "but Stephen Grainger was getting all the plums. Half the forged cheques were in his own interest, and, being an unmitigated scoundrel, when Ogden came into the estate, if he ever did, you may be sure Grainger would have got the best of the bargain."

"Certainly," emphatically asserted Lawyer Jeffries; "this fellow here was a mere puppet in Grainger's hands."

Just then one of the warders looked into the room, for, owing to Carlyle's official position, the usual rule of having a warder present was dispensed with.

"You've already exceeded your time, gentlemen," he said.

"Five minutes more, warder," said the detective; "the governor won't require exactitude. But now we must hurry on to a close. There is, however, one very important thing yet to hear, and it is for this I've asked Mr. Jeffries to come. It relates to your father's death, Mr. Trethyn."

"That long-standing mystery," said the lawyer.

"Yes, but you'd better listen. Now, Ogden, just repeat the story you told me yesterday of Squire Trethyn's death. To come at it at once, is it a fact that the squire was foully murdered ?"

"Yes."

"By whom ?"

"Stephen Grainger."

"How did you come to know it ?"

"The late landlord of the Trethyn Arms at Netton told me of it."

"What !" exclaimed Edward, "Thomas, our old butler."

"The same," said the detective, "but listen. How was the murder accomplished ?"

"By the use of a lancet— —"

"A tortoiseshell lancet ?" excitedly asked Edward.

"Yes."

"Why, that must be the one that was afterwards found in the room," said the lawyer, "and which was put down as your property, Mr. Edward."

Edward sighed.

"Listen, gentlemen," said the detective. "Go on, Ogden."

"From what Thomas told me the murder was done by a mere scratch with the lancet, but the blade had first been dipped in a powerful virus which Stephen Grainger knew would produce an almost instantaneous effect—at least, as soon as the blood carried it to the heart."

"One question more, Mr. Trethyn," said the detective. "Bear up a little longer. Tell us, Ogden, was the squire's murder part of the plot to place you in Trethyn ?"

"Not my——"

"No, no, no," said the detective impatiently. "Was it Grainger's design ?"

"I fear it was."

"Very well, that will do; we've done with you now."

Outside of the prison again, and with the pure, cold, unfettered breezes blowing across their brows, was a delightful change for the three gentlemen, and Edward soon revived.

"The villany we have listened to is simply astounding," said the lawyer.

"It's like a bad dream," said Edward, "now that we are out here again under the clear, open canopy of heaven."

"Well, it is over now," said Mr. Carlyle, "and when Mr. Jeffries has published all the facts in Trethyn, and your character is cleared, it will be your wisdom, sir, to let it pass away like a bad dream."

CHAPTER XLV.

PEACE AND JOY AT LAST.

There is an end to all things, and the end to this story is at hand. We have come to our last chapter, and now little remains to be told.

In the spring of the year following the events recorded in the last chapter two happy marriages took place in Trethyn parish. Does the reader need to be told whose marriages they were ? One was the marriage of Edward and Nellie, the other that of the Rev. George Ford, missionary-designate to the Bechuanas, and Rhoda Roberts, the fireman's daughter. The weddings did not take place upon the same day, nor in the same church. The

squire was wed in the early days of spring, just when the primroses began to bloom, and in the old parish church; but it was not until spring was merging into summer, and Edward and Nellie were returned from their honeymoon, spent under Italian sunny skies, that the Rev. George Ford led the gentle Rhoda to the hymeneal altar in the chapel which the squire had so generously built.

A few months afterwards a small group of people stood on the saloon deck of one of the P. and O. steamers to bid farewell to the Rev. George and Mrs. Ford, who that day were sailing for Durban. Several of the group were ministers, and unknown to readers of this story, but others of them are well known. A glance will be sufficient to reveal the familiar forms and faces of Squire Trethyn and his charming wife, while Seth Roberts, old Moses Watkins and other Trethyn chapel folk form part of the group.

"It is very kind of you, Squire Trethyn," Rhoda is saying, "to come to wish us good-bye."

"In this last few moments, Rhoda," the squire answers, "why need we stand upon etiquette? Haven't I always been Edward to you?"

"But——"

"There's no 'but' about it," Edward replies, "and you shall always be Rhoda to me whatever new title or dignity you may be called upon to sustain. Besides, you know how near we once were——"

"Hush!" exclaims Rhoda, laughingly, "whatever I might have been, I'm George Ford's wife now. And let me tell you, Edward, I am perfectly happy and contented."

She says the words playfully, and with a merry twinkle in her eye, but Edward answers fervently:

"I am thankful," he says, "to hear you say it. And I sincerely hope, dear Rhoda, that in your new home in South Africa all your expectations may be realized. And I also pray God that the climate may work a beneficial change in your health."

"And I, too, pray the same prayer, Rhoda," says Nellie, stepping forward. "Good-bye, and God bless you."

Then, after Rhoda had taken leave of the Trethyn chapel folk, Seth steps forward and embraces his daughter.

"Rhoda," he says, with broken voice, "it'll be a weary world without you. I don't know how ever I shall bear up against this separation. But it's the Lord's will that you should go. I know it is. And you remember my telling you that your mother and I dedicated you to the Lord when you were but a child."

"Seth," says the Rev. George, stepping forward, "there is still time for you to decide to accompany us."

"No, no," says the old fireman. "It's very kind of you to suggest it, but an old man like of me would be only fetterin' your hands in the Lord's work. No, I'll stay here at home, and do what I can durin' the few remainin' years of my life."

Shortly afterwards the last "All ashore" bell rings, the anchor is weighed, those who had come to say good-bye are now all standing together on the tender's deck, waving their last farewells with their handkerchiefs, while every eye is wet with tears. A few moments afterwards the Blue Peter is supplanted by the South African flag, and the big steamer slowly steams away down the river. For a little distance the tender follows it, but by-and-bye it has to return, and then the Trethyn folk get their last glance of George and Rhoda, standing together on the saloon deck, abaft the funnel.

Only one further glance does the reader get of the happy pair, and that is fifteen years after this day of sailing. Then the Rev. George Ford and his beloved wife pay a holiday visit to the Old Country, and spend a few joyous days with the Squire of Trethyn at the Manor House. They are accompanied by two bright sons, both of them in their teens, and a little daughter of about seven years of age. There are also children at the Manor House, five in all, three sons and two daughters, the youngest of whom is named Rhoda.

"And the life suits you, Rhoda?" asks Edward as they stand together on the great lawn, while the children gambol around, George and Nellie earnestly conversing together a little way apart.

"It is an ideal life," replies Rhoda.

"And it is plain your health has improved."

"Oh, yes; I'm not like the same person. Our climate out there is wonderfully equable. I haven't had one day's real illness since we went out there."

"And the work?"

"God has blessed it all along, and

the Gospel has met with success on every hand."

They are silent for a few moments, and then Edward says:

"I suppose you see great changes in Trethyn?"

"Very great changes," Rhoda assents. "All the old people seem gone, and I meet with very few that I know. Several old pupils, however, accosted me on the street, and then I knew them."

"Yes," sighs Edward, "there have been very great changes indeed. Let me see. Since you left your father has died, my mother has also gone; old Moses Watkins and young Jehu Morris also lie in the churchyard. Ah me! I wonder whether you and I will ever meet again in this world, when once you've gone away once more."

"That is very improbable," replies Rhoda; "in two weeks more we'll go back to our home beyond the seas, and I don't think we'll ever return to England. Indeed, I don't think we'll ever again be able to spare the time. Our hearts are in our work out there, and we shall not want to leave it again."

Just at that moment Nellie and George joined them.

"George has been asking me," says Nellie, "about John Ogden, the young fellow who personated your cousin, Arthur Bourne."

"Ah! that was an awful thing," Edward replies.

"What was it?" asks Rhoda.

"Haven't you heard? Why, he didn't live to complete the term of his imprisonment, but died raving mad in the prison."

The news has a strange effect on Rhoda, and she stands with tears in her eyes, for a time quite unable to speak. When she does speak at length, all she can say is:

"Poor fellow!—how sad!"

"Did you ever hear anything of Stephen Grainger's wife?" asks George.

"Oh, yes," replies Nellie. "Edward went to London, and, with Detective Carlyle, found her out. She was very poor and miserable when they discovered her, and Edward had her removed to a little cottage in the country, where he supplied her wants until she died."

Rhoda gives Edward a grateful look, and says:

"That was heaping coals of fire on her head. But it was no more than we could expect from Squire Trethyn's generous nature."

"Tell us one more thing," says George. "Does Mr. Carlyle still live?"

"Oh, yes," answers Edward, "but he is a man of importance now. You know, he is no longer a subordinate officer, but Chief of the Detective Department at Scotland Yard."

"Indeed!"

"It is no more than he deserves," says Edward. "But let us now go indoors. I am expecting our old friend Lawyer Jeffries over to spend the evening with us, and these bitter memories of which we've been talking are things Nellie and I hardly ever mention now. Come."

THE END.

A PSALM FOR NEW YEAR'S EVE.

O, New Year, teach us faith!
The road of life is hard;
When our feet bleed and scourging winds us scathe,
Point thou to Him whose visage was more marred
Than any man's; who saith,
"Make straight paths for your feet," and to the oppressed,
"Come ye to Me, and I will give you rest."

Yet hang some lamplike hope
Above this unknown way,
Kind Year, to give our spirits freer scope,
And our hands strength to work while it is day;
But if that way must slope
Tombward. O bring before our fading eyes
The lamp of life, the hope that never dies.

Comfort our souls with love—
Love of all human kind:
Love special, close, in which, like sheltered dove,
Each weary heart its own safe nest may find;
And love that turns above
Adoringly, contented to resign
All loves, if need be, for the love Divine.

Friend, come thou like a friend,
And whether bright thy face
Or dim with clouds we cannot comprehend;
We'll hold our patient hands, each in its place,
And trust thee to the end,
Knowing thou leadest onward to those spheres
Where there are neither days nor months nor years.

—*Dinah Maria Muloch.*

THE WONDERFUL CENTURY.*

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

ALFRED R. WALLACE.

Already the almost defunct century begins to be treated as if it were a thing of the past. Alfred Russell Wallace has gone so far in anticipation of its demise as to compose it epitaph. In the book from his pen which has just issued from the press of George N. Morang, of this city, entitled "The Wonderful Century," he has given us an interesting and impressive sketch of "a most notable of the achievements of the last ninety-eight years, and though he has not ventured to predict what will be done before the round hundr has been completed he finds enough already to the credit of the Nineteenth Century, not only to give it the foremost place among the centuries of the past, but to give it, in some respects, greater significance than all the rest.

In the matter of discovery and invention, especially, he seems to be of the opinion that it has done more than all the centuries that preceded it. He admits, indeed, that the "men who lived before our time—including this hundred years in that phrase—did many things for the advancement of the race that have made us their debtors: and that ought not to be forgotten by us nineteenth century people. They have accumulated a good deal of the capital on which we have been so successfully and so profitably trading: and it ought to be said, perhaps, that they did a good deal in the way of laying the foundation upon which we have been so proudly and so gainfully building.

It is not necessary to go farther than Mr. Wallace's own comprehensive summary of what was done in the ages which preceded our own in order to find illustration of this. Even John Chinaman did something considerable for us far back in the dim and distant past, when he made ocean navigation on a large scale possible by giving us the mariner's compass. To come nearer home, James Watt and his tea-kettle did us good service in giving us the steam-engine, without which so many of our boasted improvements would have been impossible. Neither the telescope nor the microscope, by which our knowledge of the universe has been so marvellously extended, and without which some of the most wonderful discoveries of our time would have been impossible, was invented in this century. Of the barometer and the thermometer the same observation is [illegible]

For arithmetic or the science of numbers we are probably indebted to ancient Egypt: and for the figures which are used in the practical working of this science, to India. Both carry us far back

*"The Wonderful Century: Its Successes and its Failures." By Alfred Russell Wallace, author of "The Malay Archipelago," "Darwinism," etc., etc. Toronto: George N. Morang. 1898. Octavo. Pp. 400.

into the past. Even the alchemists did us good service in laying the foundation of modern chemistry. Benjamin Franklin and his kite ought not to be forgotten for the part they played in laying the foundation of the science of electricity. Kepler, Galileo and Newton lived more than two hundred years before our century began, but they did more for the science of astronomy than all the astronomers that have come after them. They laid the foundation on which their successors have been building. Geometry, the science of magnitudes, which, like the science of numbers, lies at the foundation of so many of the other sciences, is one of the oldest of all the sciences, dating back to the time of Thales, the father of Greek philosophy. Alphabetical writing may probably boast of an even earlier origin. The art of printing, one of the greatest boons, if not the very greatest, that inventive genius has ever conferred upon man, we owe to the fifteenth century, though the Chinese had practised block-printing about a thousand years before John Fust printed the *Tractatus Petri Hispani* in 1442, and had used movable type as early as the tenth century.

These facts are not recalled for the purpose of disparaging our own century, or belittling its achievements, but in order that justice may be done to the men who have preceded us, and who lived and laboured under vastly less favourable circumstances than the men of our own time. They have laboured, and we have entered into their labours. But we have added enough to the common stock of knowledge and useful invention to afford to do justice to the men of former times to whom we owe so much. The century that has given to the world the railroad, the steamship, the electric telegraph, the telephone, gas illumination, electric lighting, the art of photography, the phonograph, the Roentgen rays and lucifer matches, if it had stopped there, would have no cause to shrink from comparison with any of the previous centuries.

But it has not stopped here. By the anæsthetics which it has given us, and the antiseptic surgery which it has taught us, it has vastly reduced the amount of human suffering and prolonged innumerable human lives. It has done much for the advancement of pure science, and made many valuable additions to the sum of our speculative knowledge. It has made an exact measurement of the velocity of light, and experimentally demonstrated the earth's rotation. It has taught us the value and importance of dust as a source of beauty and an essential of life. It has vastly increased our knowledge of the universe by its astronomical observations and the use of the spectrum analysis. By the observations and discoveries in the domain of biology, physiology and psychology it has enlarged our acquaintance with the mysteries of our own being. By the numerous and important discoveries which have been made in physics it has not only put us in possession of a vast amount of interesting knowledge, but has given us a mastery over the forces of Nature that was never possessed before. By the geological discoveries which have been made we have been enabled to learn more of the past history of our planet, including the glacial period and the probable antiquity of man, than was possible at any former period. By the determination of the mechanical equivalents of heat it has led us to the general theory of the conservation of energy, and the molecular theory of gases. The labour-saving machinery which this wonderful century has produced would require many volumes to describe. Finally, the wonderful century has given us the doctrine of evolution, including natural selection and the survival of the fittest, which Mr. Wallace claims to have wrought out independently at the same time that it was taking shape in the brain of Mr. Charles Darwin, and which he naturally looks upon as the great scientific work of the Nineteenth Century. All these subjects are treated in this volume.

The learned and venerable author, though proud of the century in which he lives, is not entirely satisfied with its achievements. Though it has done so much for the comfort and well-being of mankind, it is his opinion that it might have, and should have done much more. He thinks enough has not been made of phrenology and hypnotism. He thinks that vaccination is a delusion, and that its penal enforcement is a crime; that militarism is the curse of civilization; that the demon of greed is even a greater evil than war; and that "the plunder of the earth," involving the enrichment of the present at the expense of the future is the crowning iniquity of the age. The century, he says, has not done all it should have for the more perfect realization of the brotherhood of man.

What he says on some of these subjects may not meet with universal approval, but even those parts of the book which contain matter on which there has been, is now, and will probably be for some time to come, diversity of opinion, will be found to be well worth reading. On the whole "The Wonderful Century" is a book which we can ill afford to leave unread.

PROFESSOR CLARK ON THE ANGLICAN REFORMATION.*

BY THE REV. N. BURWASH, S.T.D., LL.D.,
Chancellor of Victoria University.

This is the tenth volume of an able series of manuals of Church History issued by the publishers, who have contributed more to the dissemination of higher theological literature than any other house publishing in our language.

To the Canadian public Prof. Clark's reputation, eminent ability, broad catholicity, and genial character are all alike familiar. In the present work all these are fully maintained, and yet the strong Churchman stands out honestly on every page. Like Jewell, he has "a clear conception of the historical continuity of the Church, and has no notion of the reformed Church being a new sect constructed with certain individual interpretations of the New Testament."

This single quotation, taken from page 284, sets before us with the clearness which is one of Prof. Clark's fine literary qualities the standpoint from which the whole history is written. It is to him the work of the nation as a whole to reform their Church, which still continues to be to their minds the old Church of England.

From this point of view, the power which Rome exercised in England from the time of St. Austin, and which was sometimes increased and sometimes diminished, now resisted and again endorsed, was, after all, an accident which could be completely rejected and yet the old Church essentially remain. So, too, the entire monastic institution, which was outside the regular clergy who composed the ecclesiastical organization, might be swept away, but the Church remain.

The internal reformation of doctrine and of forms of worship is treated from the same standpoint, and at the end the bride comes forth severed from many of the ties of her old life, washed and arrayed in new linen, clean and white, but still the same in historic continuity of life.

The work carries us down to the Restoration and the Act of Uniformity in 1662, and this latter part of the historian's task is by far the most difficult. It is comparatively easy to understand the idea of a national Church as thus presented. It appeals strongly to the imagination. We see it at once embodying and expressing the entire religious life of the people. It nourishes that life and directs its energies. Even its outward forms are consecrated by the fact that they have carried forward from age to age a sacred flame of spiritual life.

It is not difficult to conceive of such a body, under the impulse of a great God-given, intellectual, moral and religious awakening, putting away the unworthy accretions of the ages, and girding herself anew for new work. But the very idea of such a body is comprehensiveness of the sum total of its own life. It must have room for all the rich exuberance of its own spiritual growth. The very spirit of the Reformation was new life and growth. It was an age of expansion such as our side of the world has not seen since the Apostolic Age. We can scarcely view as the true outcome of this life the acts by which nearly one-half of the old historic body was lopped off and left to strike its roots into the same English soil and grow by the side of its sister stem. Is it not also still a part of the Anglican Reformation.

But it is not necessary to pursue this thought further. Dr. Clark's task has been performed with great ability, and he has given us a skilfully drawn picture of a great movement. He has perhaps viewed it as the artist does, from without and from a single standpoint, and this has given unity and finish to his picture. Another may perhaps come after him who will, like the biologist, study the same phenomena as the outcome of one great common life, for a time by accident of foreign force severed, but still sister plants, offspring of the same spiritual parentage, and growing in the same mother soil, and after a time growing conscious of their fundamental unity, and intertwining their branches in the garden of the Lord. If ever the idea of the unity of our religious life in a national Church is to be realized, it must be upon the basis of community of spiritual life. Perhaps the most hopeful feature of the age is the extent to which both outward form and speculative theory are now subordinated to the fundamental facts and forces of spiritual life. When this somewhat disturbing process has done its full work the inward Christian charity and practical common sense of the next century may give us a united national Church.

* "The Anglican Reformation." By William Clark, M.A. (Oxon.), LL.D., D.C.L., F.R.S.C. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. 1897.

THE GREAT POETS AND THEIR THEOLOGY.*

Dr. Strong does not maintain that the poets are conscious theologians. "In their conviction as seers, however," he says, "they have glimpses of truth in theology as well as in philosophy and physics. Indeed, from their higher point of view they sometimes describe truths which are yet below the horizon of other thinkers. The great poets," he adds, "taken together give a united and harmonious testimony to the fundamental conceptions of religion. Even poets like Goethe, who proclaim another gospel, witness in spite of themselves to the truth as it is in Jesus."

The author selects nine great poets for analysis and study. Even in Homer and Virgil he finds great religious teachings—a doctrine of Sin, of Rewards and Punishments, of Expiation and Atonement. Dante is, of course, profoundly religious. To him the spiritual world is the only real world. The sense of sin and punishment is intensely vivid. "There goes the man," whispered the children of Florence, as the austere figure walked by, "who has been in hell." There is a nobleness and purity, intense conviction and realism in his great poem that speaks to us across the six hundred years that have elapsed since he wrote it.

Shakespeare is the Universal poet. He treates all themes and sweeps every chord of life. He is a witness for Christianity, a preacher of righteousness, and of the judgment to come. He asserts man's freedom and responsibility. Conscience lashes the sinner and points to retribution in this world and in the world to come. The supreme religious poet is John Milton. Though his outer eye was closed, the eye of the soul was purged with euphrasy to discern the loftiest spiritual truths. Milton, a puritan in practice, was an Arminian in theology.

Goethe, our author affirms, was the poet of Pantheism. He was incapable of true love, destitute of patriotism, a man without a conscience, the voice of a materialistic age. His philosophy was pernicious in its influence. In matters of faith he was the enslaver of his country. This is a severe indictment, but well maintained by cogent reasonings.

Wordsworth, the poet of nature, has added a permanent element to the world's thought. His poetry is essentialiy Christian. His Intimations of Immortality, his Ode to Duty, his Tintern Abbey, are an undying inspiration to Christian faith and conduct.

Browning, our author describes as an essentially theological poet. He has intense convictions of freedom and immortality, and in the personality, righteousness and love of God. He finds God not only in nature but in the soul of man. He is an optimist because he sees God revealed in Christ. He sees in love a guarantee of immortality.

The last of this great galaxy, the brightest of them all, is Tennyson, the prophet and seer of these last days. He interprets the divine order in society, in Government, and in the relation of God to man. He recognizes Christ as the divine Redeemer, and the soul's personality triumphant over death. The world's greatest poetry, our author asserts, must be theological. There is more heart in one stanza of "In Memoriam" than in all the poetry of Byron. Tennyson had done much to hasten the victory of divine goodness and to bring men under the dominion of the divine love. We commend this book to all thoughtful readers. The great poets of all the ages are the high priests of truth and righteousness. "Those who have a clear title to immortality are those who deal most with what is immortal in man. The study of their works will inspire, uplift and strengthen for duty. We commend to every thoughtful mind Dr. Strong's interpretation of the world's great thinkers—

> "The bards sublime
> Whose distant footsteps echo
> Through the corridors of time."

* "The Great Poets and Their Theology." By Augustus Hopkins Strong, D.D., LL.D., President of the Rochester Theological Seminary. Philadelphia: American Baptist Publication Society. Toronto: William Briggs. 8vo, pp. 531. Price, $2.50.

The Holy Son of God most high,
For love of Adam's lapsed race,
Quit the sweet pleasure of the sky
To bring us to that happy place.
His robes of light He laid aside,
Which did His majesty adorn,
And the frail state of mortal tried,
In human flesh and figure born.
The Son of God thus man became,
That men the sons of God might be,
And by their second birth regain
A likeness to His deity.

THE "ACTS OF PAUL," THE APOSTLE.

AN APOCRYPHAL BOOK.

From the earliest days of Christianity, there have existed, alongside of the canonical books of the New Testament, numerous other books, written by men who gave play to their imagination, and which were not accepted by the Fathers as inspired or as any part of the Word of God. Among them are such as "The Gospel of the Infancy of Jesus," "The Gospel of Thomas," "The Gospel of Nicodemus," "The Gospel of Bartholomew, "The Acts of Peter and Paul." "The Acts of Paul and Thecla," "The Acts of Barnabas," "The Acts of Andrew and Matthias in the City of the Anthropophagi," "The Martyrdom of Matthias," etc., etc.

These apocryphal books are readily recognized as such by their contents and by their style. Some of them were written by errorists to sustain their deviation from Gospel truth, and their aim is obvious; some were penned by romance-writers to add an artistic colouring to the plain narrations of the New Testament. Most of them lack the quiet dignity of Scripture, and many of them are puerile. One of them represents Jesus as a boy making clay images of birds, etc., and then breathing on them to make them fly. They are utterly unworthy of a place among sacred writings.

Our attention is directed to this matter by an account, which we find in the *Independent*, of the recent discovery of some ancient fragments of a papyrus of the seventh century, entitled "The Acts of Paul, the Apostle."

These fragments were found recently in the possession of a German resident at Cairo, Egypt, and were secured by Dr. Carl Schmidt for the University Library at Heidelburg. Only one leaf is entire; the others are in pieces, some larger, some smaller; they will need to be fitted together before they can be connectedly read. The language is a dialect of the Copts.

A book entitled "The Acts of Paul" was entered by the great Eusebius in his list of books as extant in the second century. It was regarded as a disputed book. John Chrysostom, who lived in the fourth century, makes citations from "The Acts of Paul." But the book has been lost, and during centuries that have passed it has been unknown, only a few sections of it having been preserved. The present find is believed to be the same book.

One passage from this "Acts of Paul" illustrates the character of the apocryphal books and their origin. Its character appears from the chapter which contains the fictitious story of Paul and Thecla. It tells us "how Paul came to Iconium from Antioch, and how his preaching converted a young lady of the name of Thecla, and led her to break off her proposed marriage with a youth of the city. In consequence of this, an unsuccessful attempt was made to burn her alive. When she had escaped and rejoined Paul, they went together to Antioch; and here she was once more arrested and exposed to the beasts; but they would not touch her. Thereafter she lived peacefully and died a natural death."

Tertullian, who lived at the beginning of the third century, tells us of the origin of this story, that its author was a presbyter of Asia Minor; and that when this presbyter was taxed with having composed the story, he confessed that he had written it, and that his motive in doing so was his love for Paul. Thereupon he was deposed from his office. Jerome, another writer of that age, verifies the fact of this confession, and adds that it took place before John—whatever that may mean.

This apocryphal "Acts of Paul" contains a couple of epistles. One is from the people of Corinth, addressed to Paul, asking him to correct the errors of two heretical teachers, Sarion and Cleobius, who were troubling the Church there, The other is Paul's reply, commonly called the "Third Epistle to the Corinthians." A translation of them into English was made by Lord Byron, when he was at Venice. The Acts of St. Paul, when complete, it is stated, was a book longer than the canonical Acts—as long, in fact, as the Gospels of St. Mark and St. John put together.—*Christian Observer.*

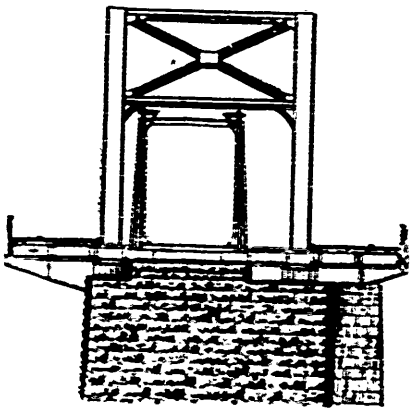
Being all fashioned of the self same dust,
Let us be merciful as well as just.

Longfellow.

Science Notes.

The Montreal Tubular Bridge.

At the date of its erection, nearly fifty years ago, this was unquestionably the largest bridge in existence. No structure of the size, or involving so many or so great untried problems of construction, had ever been attempted in the history of engineering, and an undertaking like this, which would be of the first importance even at this late day, becomes positively daring and colossal when we bear in mind that it was inaugurated when the science and art of modern bridge building were in their very infancy.



SECTION VIEW OF THE VICTORIA BRIDGE, MONTREAL.

Apart from the magnitude of the work in respect of its great length (6,592 feet) and the immense amount of material (10,000 tons of iron and 100,000 cubic yards of masonry) employed, special credit is due to those engineers of half a century ago because of the exceptional difficulties of the site on which the bridge was built. Twenty-four masonry piers had to be built in one of the swiftest of the large rivers of the world, where they were exposed to the double danger of scour from below and accumulated ice pressure from the ice above. That those dangers are real and ever present was shown by the recent collapse of a pier in the Cornwall Bridge, which is now in course of erection across the same river.

The building of the piers involved some very difficult cofferdam work, and as there had been but little previous work of the kind attempted by engineers, at least under such trying circumstances, the engineers, Mr. Ross, of the Grand Trunk Railway, and Robert Stephenson, of Menai Bridge fame, had to proceed largely on their own initiative. How well the work was done, both in superstructure and piers, is proved by the fact that, after the lapse of half a century, the iron tubes were carrying safely the heavy trains of the present day, and that the old piers have been found fully equal to the task of carrying a modern superstructure double the size of the one which has been replaced.

The illustration showing the old within the new structure forms an admirable object-lesson in the progress of bridge construction during the past fifty years. The square tubes of solid plate iron represented the accepted theories of construction in the forties and fifties of this century, just as the open, skeleton-like, pin-connected trusses of the new bridge embody the latest ideas of long-span structures at the close of the century. The tubes of the Menai and Montreal bridges were simply hollow beams, and as such contained an excess of material above that which would be necessary to provide the same degree of strength in a bridge of modern construction.

The modern pin-connected truss bridge is, perhaps, the most perfectly scientific structure in the engineering world. The static stresses to which it is subjected under given conditions of loading are known to within a few score pounds, and not a pound of material is put into it that can be called superfluous.

In addition to the Grand Trunk, other roads made use of the bridge, and of late years it had become overburdened with traffic. Moreover, the advantage of using the bridge for waggon, street-car, and foot-passenger traffic was obvious. These considerations finally led to the removal of the old structure and the erection of a new bridge of much greater capacity in its place. As it was necessary to interrupt the travel as little as possible,

and the existing piers were found to be adequate to carry the new bridge, the engineers determined to erect the new spans around the old tubular structure and remove the latter piecemeal after the new work had been completed.

When the new spans were all erected and swung, the tedious work of removing the old structure was commenced. This is in itself no small task. The rivets have to be cut and the multitude of parts—plates, gussets, angles, girders, etc.—must be removed piece-meal without interfering with the constantly moving traffic.—*Scientific American.*

The Tides.*

A good scientific book is a mental and moral tonic. It shows how God reveals himself in many ways—not merely in the spoken word, but in the pages of nature. In studying the phenomena of the universe we are "thinking God's thoughts after Him." The teleological argument of Paley may have been pushed too far; but the many adaptations of nature reveal the wisdom and the love of God. If "the undevout astronomer is mad," no less is the physicist who rules God out of His universe and installs a blind force in His stead. The problem of the tides is one of the most curious and interesting in nature. The ceaseless breathing of the ocean has been attributed by primitive peoples to a vital action of the earth.

Professor Darwin shows what an extremely complex phenomenon that of the tides is, how many forces act upon such a mobile fluid as water. In the land-locked Lake Leman continual tremblings of the surface take place, due to the rocking of its basin, the result of almost continuous tremors of earthquake. Mr. F. Napier Denison, of Toronto, has noticed the same thing in our Canadian Lakes. The tidal effects in great estuaries, as in the Bay of Fundy, the mouth of the Yang-Tse River, where a tidal bore eleven feet high rushes up the stream like a race-horse, often wrecking huge vessels, is very striking. Nearly two million tons of water pass in one minute, raising the river level twenty-five feet.

There are tides not only of sea and air, but of molten matter within the earth. The delicacy with which the movements of the latter can be measured is amazing. In the movement of a pendulum the millionth part of an inch can be observed. This is equal to the angle subtended by one inch at 770 miles distance. The very shifting from one foot to another at a distance of sixteen feet from the instrument can be observed. When close to it the beating of the heart will cause a deflection of the index.

These continual earth tremors in Italy, Japan, and other volcanic countries are called microcisms. They can even be rendered audible by a buried microphone, "roarings, explosions, isolated or in volleys, and metallic or bell-like sounds."

When the tide rises and falls on the sea coast many millions of tons of water are brought alternately nearer and further from the land. These will make a pendulum a hundred miles from the sea coast swing towards the sea at high water, and away from it at low water. But it requires, of course, the utmost delicacy of observation to detect this.

The effect of tidal friction in retarding the revolution of the earth lengthening its days, is discussed, also the evolution of the celestial systems and a study of the equilibrium of the planet Saturn. While all this is in the realm of the higher mathematics, Professor Darwin treats it not technically but popularly. Indeed, several of the chapters first appeared in *Harper's*, the *Century*, and the *Atlantic Monthly* magazines.

Torpedoes.

Torpedoes have always been a rather uncertain quantity in naval warfare. The recent experience has tended very much to diminish the awe in which they are held. It is shown that they can be readily detected by search-lights, and that rapid-firing guns can quickly destroy them. Lady Brassey thus describes the eccentricities of the Whitehead torpedo, one of the best of the class: "Two Whitehead torpedoes were discharged for our edification—one at a stationary target, and one at a small keg towed slowly past the ship by a boat. A white galvanized iron tube, about fourteen feet long, looking something like a large fish, was seen to take a sudden header from the ship's side, through one of the ports of the lower deck, which aperture we had been watching intently in anxious

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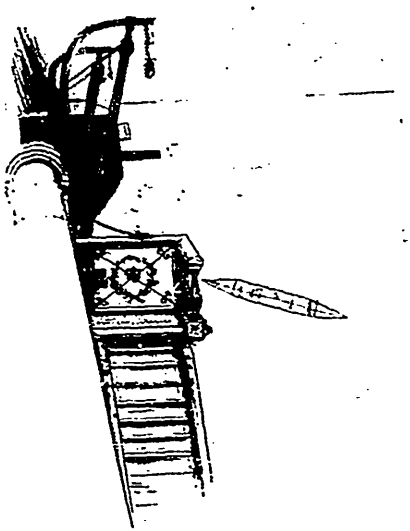
*"The Tides and Kindred Phenomena in the Solar System." The substance of lectures delivered in 1897 at the Lowell Institute, Boston, Mass., by George Howard Darwin, Plumian Professor and Fellow of Trinity College in the University of Cambridge, England. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. xv.-378. Price, $2.00.

expectation for some minutes. Diving but a short distance beneath the surface of the sea, the torpedo darted along, swift and straight as an arrow from a bow, the bubbles of air, as they escaped in its rapid progress, leaving a track like a huge sea-serpent behind it. At a distance of about 150 yards the fish-like explosive suddenly rose to the surface, burst into flames, and then took a sudden turn backwards, so sharp that it almost returned on its own course. The



second torpedo behaved in very much the same manner, only varied by its making a curious sort of deflection at the end of its flight, so that, instead of coming right back on its track, it described a curve in the shape of a sickle." Torpedoes are formidable but uncertain weapons; and it can scarcely be safe to depend on them absolutely. They would be extremely valuable in warfare; since the knowledge that a vessel had several of them on board would undoubtedly tend very much to prevent an enemy attempting to board her, or approach at too close quarters.

Some of the guns of the navy carry twelve miles, further than a man can see while on a level with the gun; but this does not hinder their efficiency, as they are aimed and sighted by machinery directed by a man aloft.

A new means of warfare has been devised by a Polish chemist inventing a new anæsthetic. It volatizes rapidly upon exposure to the air, rendering the person near unconscious for a long time. It is calculated that in war a bomb composed of this subtle substance, if exploded in the midst of the enemy, would have the effect of putting the entire body to sleep.

Georg Ebers.

It is not often that a distinguished archæologist, especially one who is an expert in deciphering Egyptian hieroglyphics, wins fame as a popular novelist. Yet this distinction has been achieved by Georg Ebers. The fascinating study of the antiquities of Egypt has been wonderfully popularized by his historical tales. We read several of them on the river Nile and amid the scenes which they describe. They lent a wonderful interest to the ruined tombs and temples, the stirring events of whose dead past they made to live again. We quote the following note from the *Scientific American*:

"Georg Moritz Ebers, the great Egyptologist, died at Tutzing, near Munich, Germany, August 7. He was born in Berlin, in 1837, in the same house in which lived the brothers Grimm, the great grammarians and treasurers of the wealth of Teutonic folk-lore, and it is probable that to their influence the scholarly bent of young Ebers's mind is due.

After the usual course at the gymnasium, Ebers read law at the University of Göttingen. While studying, he had a dangerous illness, which unfitted him for active life, so he decided to devote himself to academic studies in the science which always attracted him, namely, Egyptology. Jacob Grimm introduced him to Lepsius. The first-fruits of his study was "A Princess of Egypt," which to the general reader opened up a new world. The scholarship which Ebers displayed in his treatise on "Egypt and the Books of Moses" won the recognition of the learned, and in 1864 he was appointed to a professorship in the university. He made a short journey to Egypt, and then filled the chair of Egyptology at the University of Leipsic. He revisited Egypt in 1872. In all, sixteen historical novels have come from his pen, in addition to many treatises, biographies, and two great works of reference on Egypt and Palestine.

TOLSTOI VS. WAR.

TOLSTOI REAPING.

Into the current discussion of the problem of war and militarism the world over, Count Tolstoï has projected the dictum: "The way to do away with war is for those who do not want war, who regard participation in it as a sin, to refrain from fighting." Tolstoï thus expresses his views at length in the *Westminster Gazette*:

"I cannot conceal the feelings of disgust, indignation, and even despair which were aroused in me by war. Enlightened, sensible, good Christian people who inculcate the principle of love and brotherhood, who regard murder as an awful crime, who, with very few exceptions, are unable to kill an animal—all these people suddenly, under those conditions when these crimes are called war, not only acknowledge the destruction, plunder, and killing of people as right and legal, but themselves contribute toward these plunders and murders, prepare themselves for them, take part in them, are proud of them. Those who devise and prepare for these plunders and murders, and who compel the working people to carry them out, are but an insignificant minority who live in luxury and idleness upon the labour of the workers.

"In all the continental countries of Europe the workers themselves—all, without exception—are called upon to take part in these plunders and murders. Every year, in some place or other, plunders and murders take place, and all live in constant dread of general, mutual robbery and murder.

"The way to do away with war is for those who do not want war, who regard participation in it as a sin, to refrain from fighting. This method has been propagated from the earliest times by Christian writers such as Tertullian and Origen, as well as by the Paulicians, and by their successors, the Mennonites, Quakers, and Herrnhuters."

The real obstacle left in the way of Tolstoï's method of refusing to take part in military service, he says, "consists for the great majority of people solely in fear of the punishments which are inflicted by the governments for such refusals. But those who refuse have no ground whatever to fear a government that demands crimes from them. In refusing military service every man risks much less than he would were he to enter it. The promise of slavish obedience to strange and immoral people who consciously have as their object the murder of men is precisely such a morally impossible action to the great majority of men if only they be free from hypnotization."

"But what will happen when all people refuse military service, and there is no check nor hold over the wicked, and the wicked triumph, and there is no protection against savage people—against the yellow race—who will come and conquer us?" Tolstoï answers:

"I will say nothing about the fact that as it is the wicked have already for long triumphed, that they are still triumphing, and that while fighting one another they have already for long dominated the Christians, so that there is no need to fear what has already been accomplished; nor will I say anything with regard to the dread of the savage yellow race—whom we insistently provoke and instruct in war—that being a mere excuse, and one-hundredth part of the army now kept up in Europe being sufficient for the imaginary protection against them. If man act in accordance with that which is dictated to him by his reason, his conscience, and his God, only the very best can result for himself as well as for the world.

"People complain of the evil conditions of life in our Christian world. But is it possible for it to be otherwise, when every man in our European world, at the

command of emperor or minister, of Nicholas or William, arrays himself in an idiotic costume, takes an instrument of murder, and says, 'Here I am, ready to injure, ruin, or kill any one I am ordered to'? If only you were to refrain from the evil which you yourselves detest, those ruling impostors, who first corrupt and then oppress you, would of themselves naturally vanish like owls before the daylight, and then would be established those new, human, brotherly conditions of life for which Christendom—weary of suffering, exhausted by deceit, and lost in insolvable contradictions—is longing."

THE TRUCE OF GOD.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward makes an impassioned appeal in the New York *Independent* for the co-operation of the American nation, its pulpit and its press, with the Czar of Russia's proposed conference for disarmament. Her womanly sympathies are all for peace, but she is unjust to the Christian Church in accusing it of indifference to this great issue Three years ago, when the Senators and secular press went wild over the Venezuela question, it was the religious press and the pulpits of the land that first steadied the nation and stopped its wild stampede. It was the leaders of religious opinion who did most to promote an arbitration treaty, which the unwise Senators rejected. At many, we presume at most, of the ecclesiastical synods and conferences which have met, since the Czar's peace rescript, it has been strongly urged. Even amid the popular intoxication of victory, the Church, for the most part, has regarded the military and naval triumphs of the nation as merely opening the door for the progress of the Gospel.

While sympathizing with the desire of the Czar to bring rest to the war-weary nations of the world, we wish that he had also more sympathy to show the wretched Armenians, driven back from his own border into the hell of Turkish persecution and massacre. We trust that the intolerance which has marked Russian dealings with the Stundists, the Jews, the Mennonites and other nonconformists of Russia will soon give place to liberty of conscience throughout his wide domains. Nevertheless we hope that the olive branch, even when held out by despotic Russia, will be cordially accepted by all the powers. Mrs. Phelps Ward writes as follows:

All minor "causes" yield to-day to the great wail of humanity pleading for the annihilation of war. The Christian Church, for reasons best understood by herself, has not seen fit to enter the great arena of the day, wearing upon her fighting arm the silver-white crown—badge of the Prince of Peace—whose name she bears.

Alas for the great Republic! She is haggling with a bleeding, beaten foe for conquests of which she should be ashamed.

Nicholas II. has offered what we may not hesitate to call the most important document of this and of any age since the time of Him whose last political direction was "Put up thy sword." Its results are impossible to forecast; they must depend upon the available humanity, nobility and philosophy of the times; but its possibilities are so enormous that one can scarcely read the manifesto without tears, or think of it without prayers.

"It is the low man thinks the woman low." It is the ignoble mind which calls the noble deed ignoble. It would be easy to put back the disarmament of Christian nations another generation or another century by unworthy scepticism or unchristian indifference to the royal deed of this young emperor. I would rather be the author of that manifesto than of the Iliad or Macbeth.

It is averred—and why spoil the poem by doubting it, unless we must?—that her Majesty, Victoria herself, dispatched the Princess of Wales to Nicholas on a personal mission, whose womanly diplomacy has outwitted the kingdoms. What she might not do as a monarch she has done as a mother—not to add as a mother-in-law, which is saying rather more. "I will never set my hand to sign another declaration of war," the Queen is believed to have said.

If this be true, and, after all, "a woman was at the bottom of it," again, as before, and forever, "God bless her!" Good, great, royal, Victoria has proved herself so long and so often, that the hearts of all peoples would gladly place this new jewel in her diadem.

The opportunity is one of a lifetime, one of an age, one of all ages. What will the Christian Church do to meet this splendid demand upon its principles and

its resources! What is the Christian press doing to acknowledge this great claim upon its conscience and its power! It ought to ring from sect to sect and thrill from column to column with the magnificent chance which fate has put into its hands.

Shall brute slaughter be expelled by the law of love, and no thanks to the religious classes or to the religious journals! Shall Russia be missionary to American citizens! Shall the despot shame the Republic? How shall the general conscience be trained to this unprecedented responsibility! What are we doing about it! Christian men and women! *Ours* is the blame, *ours* are the pagans, if we allow this hour to pass us by unimproved. To demand from it peace upon earth is the first of our rights as citizens, and the first of our duties as believers in Jesus the Christ.

The World's Progress.

With the holy Christmastide there comes a lull in the bruits of war that menaced the peace of the world—a harbinger, let us hope, of that perennial peace of which the Advent season gives us the prophecy. The year has been a strangely eventful one. In the Swat Valley, on the shores of the Yellow Sea, in the Philippines and Antilles, and in the heart of the Soudan, great history-making movements have taken place. The centre of gravity of our neighbouring nation is changed from the Atlantic to the Pacific slope, and she is now, for evil or for good, one of the great maritime and colonial powers. We believe it is for good. She is shaken from her isolation on this continent. In her foreign possession she has given hostages to fortune. She must bear the share of the great world problems and burdens. The ten millions of dark-skinned races placed by Providence under her care will have a better chance for development and progress. The nation at home will be steadied for the responsibilities placed upon it. The knitting of the ties of Anglo-Saxon brotherhood, so eloquently described by Dr. Johnston in this number, is a power that makes for righteousness throughout the world.

One cannot but sympathize with poor, proud Spain surrendering almost the last of her once world-girdling colonies and making a brave diplomatic battle amid the throes of intestine faction. If she will, however, but devote herself to the development of her resources, agricultural and mineral, her defeat may be a blessing in disguise. The United States, by paying twenty million dollars for the Philippines, when her strength and conquest enabled her to take them for nothing, and in exacting no war indemnity, when Germany took Alsace and Lorraine, beside a tremendous money payment, from France, shows a just and upright and even generous treatment of a conquered foe.

The plain speech of Mr. Chamberlain in London, and of Sir Edmund Monson in Paris, has given France plain intimation that there must be no more of the policy of "pin-pricks"—of nagging at her neighbour simply out of spite. The wisest heads in Europe know that in a conflict with the great sea-power of the world the fleets of France would probably share the fate of those of Spain; while the jarring strifes and rivalries of the Republic presage a revolution and chaos should hostilities break out. We are sure Great Britain does not want to humiliate her neighbour, with whom for eighty years she has been at peace, but rather wishes to work harmoniously with her in the great task of civilizing and enlightening the dark places of the earth.

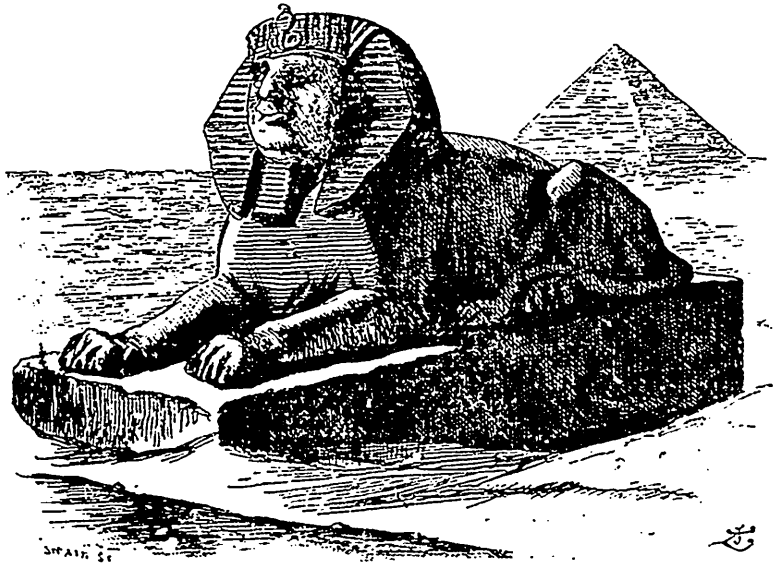
Lord Curzon and his American wife have gone to take up the duties of administering the great Indian Empire, a viceroyalty grander than that of any Roman praetor or pro-consul. The domestic phrase of his farewell strangely touched the hearts of two nations. "Mary and I," he said. "entreat, we conjure, we command you to come out to see us." The scene is a fine subject for the verse of the Poet Laureate.

The Redemption of Africa.

Lord Kitchener has finely expressed the feeling of Britain in his appeal for half a million of dollars to found a Gordon College at Khartoum. "A responsible task is henceforth laid upon us," he said, "and those who conquered are called upon to civilize." Three

millions of natives of the Soudan will thus be brought under better government than they ever had before, and their moral regeneration made possible. If the French can plant a college at Fashoda, of course they may do so, but no overt act of hostility can be permitted.

Major Marchand is on his way to the Red Sea through the highlands of Abyssinia, while his lieutenant retreats to the Congo, gathering up the flags of his futile stations in the Bahr-el-Ghazal. Marchand's theatrical speech at Cairo, appealing to the oracle of the Sphinx, was characteristically French in character. The grim



A FIXTURE.—*London Punch.*

silence of the ancient guardian of the Nile, as shown in our cartoon, thoroughly symbolizes Britain's policy.

The Growing Time.

The growing time of Canada has certainly come. Our new postage stamp shows its position as the highway of the nations between the East and the West, and is the symbol of the new links formed not only with the Mother Country, but with her forty colonies throughout the world. The new steamship line from Milford Haven to Gaspe Bay, and the increased development of the Allan, Dominion, and Elder-Dempster Lines, as well as direct service to Hamburg and France, show her extraordinary commercial development. It will be a surprise to many to know that more ships sail for Britain from Montreal than from New York.

The Washington Conference.

The Washington Conference will doubtless lead to a better understanding and closer relations between the kindred countries. Whether reciprocity be secured or not, many causes of irritation between the countries will be removed. If the Union is to enter on a great ship-building career it is natural that the States of Ohio, Michigan and Illinois, with their splendid ports, should claim a share. We may trust to the Home authorities to safeguard British interests and those of Canada, if permission to build gun-boats and pass them through our canals be given the Americans. After the war of 1812, as is well known, the United States arranged with Great Britain to keep only four armed vessels for revenue purposes on the Great Lakes. It dismantled or sunk all its warships on the lakes, including the fleet of Commodore Perry. The British ships were also withdrawn, and for nearly ninety years both countries have been saved from the cost of maintaining armed fleets and the greater cost of the bitterness and jealousy

which their maintenance would inevitably create.

PAX BRITANNICA.

Only three years ago Britain seemed in a state of splendid isolation, even estranged from her kin beyond the sea. To-day she seems to fulfil the dream of Milton, as described in the stirring words of his "Areopagitica."

"Methinks I see in my mind a noble and puissant nation rousing herself like a strong man after sleep, and shaking her invincible locks: a nation not slow and dull, but of a quick, ingenious, and piercing spirit; acute to invent, subtle to discourse, not beneath the reach of any point that human capacity can soar to.

"Methinks I see her as an eagle mewing her mighty youth, and kindling her undazzled eyes at the full midday beam; purging and unsealing her sight at the fountain itself of heavenly radiance."

This attitude is finely described in the Poet Laureate's noble poem on the British Peace, which we print herewith:

Behind her rolling ramparts England lay,
Impregnable, and girt by cliff-built towers,
Weaving to peace and plenty, day by day,
The long-drawn hours.

In peace Spring freed her flocks and showered her grain,
Summer sate smiling under peaceful leaves.
And Autumn piled on the unwarlike wain
Her sickled sheaves.

And white-winged keels flew fluttering to her shore,
Laden with Eastern bale or Southern fleece;
And from the fields of far-off labour bore
The spoils of Peace.

Then, seeing Her within her waves so blest,
The jealous nations panoplied alike,
Said, "Look, She wears no armour on her breast:
What if we strike?"

But She, of their base greed and armed array
Haughtily heedless, moated by her main,
Still across ocean ploughed her peaceful way,
In strong disdain.

Then each to other muttered, "Now at last
Her splendour shall be ours and we shall slake
Our envy. She is pillowed on her Past.
And will not wake."

Slowly, as stirs a lion from his bed,
Lengthens his limbs, and crisps his mane,
She rose,
Then shook out all her strength, and, flashing, said,
"Where are my foes?"

Thus to herself She did herself reveal.
Swiftly, yet calmly put her armour on,
And, round her Empire sentinelled in steel,
Like morning shone!

From field and forge there thronged embattled hosts,
And that one struck the anvil, this the lyre,
And from the furnaces of war her coasts
Were fringed with fire.

Dazed and dismayed, they veiled their futile vow:
Some fain would be her friend, and some would nurse
Their hate till they could curb the might that now
They could but curse.

But they who watch from where the west wind blows,
Since great themselves, proud that their kith are great,
Said, "See what comes when England with her foes
Speaks at the gate!"

Then back to loom and share her people poured,
Chanting peace-paeans as they reaped and gleaned,
While, gazing worldward, on her undrawn sword
Watchful She leaned.

THE DOUKHOBORS.

Canada is fulfilling her mission in furnishing a refuge for the persecuted Doukhobors from Russia. About ten thousand of these peace-loving people are expected to settle in our North-West, the vanguard of whom are on their way. We doubt not that their reports of the country will be so favourable as to induce a large number of their fellow-countrymen to follow in their steps. Our Church is grappling with the task of meeting the spiritual needs of the Galicians and other foreign emigrants in our North-West. Doubtless they will seek to meet also those of the "spirit-wrestlers" as their name means.

IS METHODISM DECLINING?

The discussion on this subject in the *Guardian* cannot fail to do good. It is an omen of good augury to see our leading laymen, like Mr. J. W. Robertson, Dr. Mills, Mr C. P. Le Sueur, take such an active interest in the prosperity of our Church. The admirable article of the Rev. Chancellor Burwash demonstrates beyond doubt that Methodism is not declining in Canada. "We hold a larger Protestant population than any other Church in the country; we are increasing this population more rapidly than any other large body, and so are doing as much or more than any other for the evangelization of our small outside population; and we have by far the largest living active church membership in proportion to our nominally attached population of any large body in the country; and during the last fifteen years we have been increasing this membership three times as fast as the growth of our population."

"There is not," says Dr. Burwash, "any large element of our Canadian population outside of some branch of the Christian Church. At our last census, less than 90,000 are returned as unattached to some Church, of whom probably at least one-half are pagan Indians in British Columbia, the North-West Territories, Manitoba and northwestern Ontario. This entire outside population is less than two per cent. of the population of the Dominion."

Whether we are doing all that we ought to do is another question. In this regard there is no reason for pessimism nor discouragement, but there is good reason for searching of heart and for renewed consecration and increased devotion and zeal.

An editorial article in a recent number of *Zion's Herald*, on "Lessons from the Canadian General Conference," takes up some of the problems under discussion. We quote a few paragraphs:

Causes of Retardation.

The retardation of the rate of increase gives occasion for earnest inquiry. The fact that similar relative decreases have occurred in Great Britain and this country does not lessen the seriousness of the fact. The Churches have better equipment, richer resources, more and better endowed institutions, abler and ampler periodical literature, a wider diffusion of culture than ever before. Why do the chariot wheels of the Gospel seem to drag as they round the goal of this most wonderful of all the centuries?

No one cause can explain this. Doubtless many causes conspire. Have the increase of wealth, the growth of luxury, the influence of fashion, the eagerness to get rich, an enervating effect upon the moral fibre of the Church? Have the freer questionings of things once considered certitudes, the growth of a materialistic science, the bald negations of unbelief, like a moral malaria infected the air and in some degree impaired the spiritual life of the Church? Have the very multiplication of organizations and machinery engrossed time and dissipated energies which were formerly employed in the direct work of soul-saving? Is too much dependence being placed on the human side of the means employed--the more elegant churches, the more æsthetic service, the more refined culture of the people, the more scholarly training of the preachers? These, all good and gracious endowments, may yet fail of their highest benefit for lack of fullest consecration. It is felt, we believe, in Canada and in all our Methodisms, that the great need of the Church is the enduement of power from on high, the Divine Spirit in the wheels of our machinery, like that in the prophet's vision by the river of Chebar.

Tests of Progress.

But we may do injustice to a great moral movement by a mere numerical estimate of results. Converts should be weighed as well as counted. It has been the glorious work of Methodism from the beginning to remember the forgotten to visit the forsaken, to rescue the perishing, to pluck men as brands from the burning. May she never lose those evidences of her divine anointing, those proofs of her apostolic succession! But Methodism is becoming a teaching and training Church as well as an evangelistic agency. Its accessions may be expected relatively more from the young people in the schools and Epworth Leagues than by conquests from the slums. Unquestionably those who are cradled in the lap of the Church, who are trained from earliest years in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, should develop a more symmetrical and stronger Christian char-

acter than those rescued from ruin in later years.

The missionary givings of a Church are not an unfair criterion of its practical piety. Those of Canadian Methodism average nearly one dollar per member. To this must be added a generous proportion devoted to missions of the million dollar fund. While in view of the needs and obligation, this may be still low, it is much higher than the givings of some other Churches, and indicates a purpose to prosecute aggressive Christian work.

Are Our Colleges to Blame?

In some quarters there is a disposition to blame the colleges, as if they were at fault for the lack of more virile preaching. This seems to us a very absurd contention. If a man have not strength of character all the colleges in the world cannot give it to him. If he have, the college discipline and training will give greater vigour to all his powers. In the earlier years of Methodism in this land there was, it is true, scant opportunity for college training. But the very difficulties which the pioneer missionaries encountered developed a sturdy strength of character that made the leaders of those days men of mark and might.

The college training which requires the devotion of a man for years almost exclusively to books and lectures tends to isolate from contact with the busy work-a-day world around him. This is fatal to success in the Christian ministry. Dr. Hall, Dr. Cuyler, Dr. Guthrie, Dr. Chalmers, and many others of the most successful preachers of the times, were also most devoted pastors. They came in contact with humanity in its various aspects, felt its various needs, and got their best texts and their best sermons in visiting the poor, the sick, the suffering. The combination of reading, thought, and study, with the exercise of human sympathy and benefaction, are the best equipment for the Christian ministry. The great throbbing issues of the times will give point and definiteness to the preacher in applying the panacea of the Gospel to the sins and sorrows of mankind.

Strengthen the Colleges.

We cannot but express regret at the lack of sympathy in some quarters with the Church's work of higher education. Such institutions we deem vital to the growth of Methodism. Methodism had its birth in the first university of Europe, and among its founders were some of the most learned men of the time. It has sought throughout its history to

> "Unite the pair so long disjoined,
> Knowledge and vital piety."

We suppose it is a sort of normal condition of Methodist colleges to have a keen appetite for ampler resources. They are ever outgrowing their present endowment, like a sturdy boy outgrowing his clothes. The urgent needs that are felt are but the growing pains which show the vigorous life. Methodists everywhere should generously sustain these institutions of higher learning, the fertilizing streams whereof, as Bacon has said of the great universities, will water and bless the lowest levels and remotest hamlets of the land.

The Church has a right, however, to demand that the graduates of her colleges, especially of her theological halls, shall be stalwart, well-balanced, all-round men. They must not be scholastic pedants, nor cranks or faddists, nor mere book-worms, but trained athletes who shall grapple with the problems of the age and do brave battle for God and man. They must not, in the seclusion of college halls, get out of touch with the busy work-a-day world in which they live, nor with the throbbing activities of the Church whose servants they are to be. They must cultivate above all a vital piety, and never, as one of the General Conference delegates pithily said, "sacrifice devotion to a degree."

A vigorous editorial in the *Western Christian Advocate* puts things plainly: "The Conference ranks must be maintained at a high grade of efficiency. Scholarship is no more an excuse than illiteracy. The man who makes things go is the man whom the Church wants. Laziness, professionalism, dignity, and every other obstacle to zeal according to knowledge is to be removed. The possession of a sheepskin adds nothing essential to one who is already a sheep's head. A theological diploma does not alone suffice. Some of our least valuable men are double-graduates. Scholarship, plus adaptation to the work, including deep religious experience—this should be the minimum standard for admission to the Annual Conference."

THE UNRECOGNIZED CHRIST.*

"If I had dwelt,"—so mused a tender woman,
All fine emotions stirred
Through pondering o'er that life, Divine yet human,
Told in the Sacred Word,—
"If I had dwelt of old, a Jewish maiden,
In some Judean street
Where Jesus walked, and heard His word so laden
With comfort strangely sweet:
And seen the face where utmost pity blended
With each rebuke of wrong;
I would have left my lattice, and descended
And followed with the throng.

"If I had been the daughter, jewel-girdled,
Of some rich Rabbi there,
Seeing the sick, blind, halt – my blood had curdled
At sight of such despair;
And I had wrenched the sapphires from my fillet,
Nor let one spark remain:
Snatched up my gold, amid the crowd to spill it
For pity of their pain.

"I would have let the palsied fingers hold me,
I would have walked between
The Marys and Salome, while they told me
About the Magdalene.
'Foxes have holes'—I think my heart had broken.
To hear the words so said,—
'While Christ had not'—Were sadder ever spoken?—
'A place to lay His head!'
I would have flung abroad my doors before Him,
And in my joy have been
First on the threshold, eager to adore Him,
And crave His entrance in!"

—Ah! would you so? Without a recognition
You passed Him yesterday:
Jostled aside, unhelped, His meek petition,
And calmly went your way.
With warmth and comfort, garmented and girdled,
Before your window-sill
Saw crowds sweep by; and if your blood is curdled,
You wear your jewels still.
You catch aside your robes, lest want should clutch them,
In its imploring wild;
Or lest some woeful penitent might touch them
And you be thus defiled.
O dreamers, dreaming that your faith is keeping
All service free from blot,
Christ daily walks your streets, sick, suffering, weeping,
And ye perceive Him not!—

*The above verses, read by the Rev. S. P. Rose, at the close of his General Conference Sermon in the Metropolitan Church, made a very profound impression. We reproduce them for their poetic beauty and deep religious significance.—Ed.

Religious and Missionary Intelligence.

Canada.

The relief effort on behalf of St. James' Church, Montreal, is meeting with most encouraging success. At the present date the fund has reached $88,000. On the anniversary Sunday, December 11th, the collections reached the large sum of $14,563, including the anonymous gift through Mr. Torrance of $1,000. It is almost worth while to undergo such a stress and strain in order to realize the connexional character of Canadian Methodism and the broad sympathies of our common Christianity. From all parts of the Dominion, and even from the United States, have come generous contributions, from the fifty cents of the poor man to Mr. Torrance's magnificent gift of $30,000. The hearty sympathy of the Canadian press, and especially the generous help of the *Montreal Star*, merit the highest commendation, and excite the amazement of our American friends.

The death of the Rev. W. J. Barkwell, M.A., in mid-life, when years of usefulness might have been anticipated, is an admonition to increased diligence and renewed consecration. The broken column is the symbol of his broken life, but the crown which lay upon his casket was the symbol of a life rounded and complete. Young though he was, he had faithfully laboured for years, the subject of intense physical suffering. The funeral service was one of peculiar tenderness. It showed how close is the brotherhood of Methodist preachers, how strong is the bond of sympathy between a pastor and his people.

An event of more than usual significance was the opening of the new Deaconess Home, Toronto. Through the generosity of the late H. A. Massey and his family, aided by the co-operation of the many Methodist friends of Toronto, a commodious, beautiful building has been provided for a Deaconess Home and Training Institute. Our General Superintendent was in his happiest vein at the inauguration. The address of Mrs. Lucy Rider Meyer, who may be called the mother of the Deaconess institutions of the United States, was one of stirring character. Though this is a comparatively modern institution, in Germany there are 15,000 Protestant deaconesses. In the United States fifty-seven Methodist institutions and eleven hospitals have been organized in twelve years, with 600 deaconesses and 200 in the mission field. In Chicago alone the Methodist deaconesses nursed last year 2,500 sick poor, on an average, in one week, beside 4,000 patients in their hospitals, and made 200,000 visits among those needing the ministration of the Gospel. The generous amount of $7,362 was received in donations and subscriptions at the opening of the Toronto Home.

The Barbara Beck residence for Victoria University is receiving a strong encouragement. Through the kindness of Mrs. Senator Cox and the hearty co-operation of many of the ladies of Toronto, a very successful bazaar was held in this behalf, at which the sum of about $700 was raised.

More important than the raising of this money is the warm sympathy which is shown our Victoria University. Its annual conversazione, in which Mrs. Cox, Mrs. Eaton, and other ladies of the city gave generous aid, was the most successful yet held. The halls of the new building, designed for three hundred students, are already crowded, and Dr. Burwash states that in the near future further accommodation must be sought.

The death of our old college friend, Mr. William Beatty, comes with a sense of personal bereavement. Mr. Beatty was one of the most consistent Christians whom we ever knew. He carried religion and his temperance principles into his business. He was the founder of the now busy town of Parry Sound, and one of the foremost promoters of Lake Huron navigation. To the utmost of his power he made Parry Sound a prohibition district and model temperance community. He was an earnest worker in church and Sunday-school, and the tried and true friend of the Indian race. Mr. Beatty was for twenty-five years a member of the Senate of Victoria University, and for several years represented the County of Welland in the Provincial Legislature. He was a good man and true, one of the Makers of Methodism and of Canada in that northern district.

We are glad to note an earnest effort is being made for a forward movement in Canadian Methodism, analogous to that which Price Hughes has inaugurated in Great Britain. Dr. Wakefield, in Hamilton District, Dr. Chown, in West Toronto, and Rev. George J. Bishop, in Brampton, have gathered the brethren together for religious consecration and counsel. The recent successful Class-leaders' convention in Toronto is another evidence of the determination to stand in the old paths. The interest shown in the Home Department of the Sunday-school throughout the Connexion is an exceedingly hopeful sign. The spread of family religion and the faithful and systematic study of the Word of God cannot but deepen the piety and religious intelligence of the people.

Again Lord Strathcona, best known as Sir Donald Smith, has made a magnificent gift to McGill University. This time it is $780,000 for the equipment of the Royal Victoria College. Mr. W. C. Macdonald, also a generous benefactor, and the Board of Governors, make the amount up to over a million. We wish that our own Victoria and Varsity had similar benefactors, but their day will come in due time.

Methodist Episcopal Church.

The General Board of Missions of the Methodist Episcopal Church met in Providence, R.I., the city founded as a home for religious liberty by Roger Williams two hundred years ago. It was a great joy that the debt of nearly $200,000, which like an incubus had burdened the Society, had been wiped out. The work is expanding in every direction. The greatest triumphs are in India. Within two years 38,219 heathen were baptized, and had they sufficient native ministry they would now be having 50,000 baptisms a year. Sixty-six per cent. of all the converts in the entire mission field are in India. Fifty-eight per cent. of all the mission Sunday-schools, and eighty-two per cent. of all the scholars, are in that country. How marvellously is Methodism becoming the cement of the Anglo-Saxon people. How significant that the greatest triumphs of the Methodist Episcopal Church of the United States are under the red-cross flag of Britain's Indian Empire. A single Mohammedan convert has planted Christianity in over 750 villages, with 11,000 communicants. In one district 300,000 natives abandoned their idolatry and gave up intemperance in liquors and tobacco, where practically no mission work had been done, and banded themselves together in the holy name of Jesus. Bishop McCabe wishes a free hand in entering providential openings. He had gotten, he said, out of the book of resolutions into the book of the Acts of the Apostles, and wished to establish missions in the Philippines, Porto Rico, and Cuba, at once. Arrangements are being made for this purpose.

Of all the Methodist communicants in the world outside of the United States, forty-six per cent. of them are the fruitage of the missionary work in Southern Asia.

Bishop Foss said, in his address before the committee in behalf of India, that in the lives of his grandchildren, if Methodism appreciates and improves her opportunity, there will be more Methodists in India than there now are in the United States.

The appeal of the Bishops for twenty million dollars, half for universities and colleges, and half for hospitals and other charities, is a stirring document. It states that the annual income of the Church membership is $500,000,000. The Church has accumulated property to $116,000,000, and educational property to over $28,000,000, and gives every year for Church purposes $23,000,000. The additional $20,000,000 asked for will doubtless be given by these liberal people. Although there is no such accumulated wealth in Canada as in the United States, yet our people give for missions still more liberally than their American kinsfolk.

The Methodist University at Washington is making satisfactory progress. A site of ninety-three acres near the city has been purchased, and a beautiful hall of history already erected. The Protestant Episcopal Church has purchased close by, for its cathedral, thirty acres at a cost of $250,000. The Roman Catholics have a leading university in Washington, and Methodism must not be less nobly represented.

Dr. Hurlbut makes a strong appeal for the Sunday-School Union. Ten dollars, he says, will not go far toward building a church or supporting a preacher, but it will supply literature for a year in a Sunday-school of forty members. That school will soon become a church, the

centre of aggressive work. The Sunday-school holds the twentieth century in its hand. This consecrated giving of the Methodist people, baptized by faith and prayer, will multiply incalculably its spiritual power.

The mobbing of Dr. Lowry and daughter, and the wife and daughters of Bishop Cranston, in Pekin, will doubtless stir up our American friends to demand protection for their missionaries. Already a gunboat has gone from Manila to Shanghai, and the Stars and Stripes and Union Jack will float side by side in protecting the British and American missionaries.

The General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church is to meet in Chicago in 1900. A local committee secures the magnificent assembly rooms of the Auditorium and Studebaker Hall, the former one of the largest and finest in the world.

Great Britain.

The Million Guinea movement in Great Britain has made a magnificent start. A fifth part of the total has already been guaranteed. Three London districts guaranteed £70,000, Birmingham £50,000, Leeds £30,000, and Manchester £40,000. Twenty-eight districts have not yet been heard from.

It was an historic day at City Road when, after the expenditure of $50,000 in improvements, Wesley's house was set apart as a museum of Methodist History and residence of a Methodist Sisterhood. The cordial Methodist fraternity which was exhibited was one of the most delightful features. The New Connexion Conference presented Wesley's Chapel with a beautiful memorial window. Similar windows have already been presented by other Methodist bodies of Great Britain, while the Canadian and American Methodisms are represented by noble marble pillars in this temple of our God.

Dr. Bowman Stephenson has had to seek health and renewed strength in the south of France. We are glad to learn that he is already much improved, and that his work at the Children's Home is not allowed to suffer, as is shown by the raising of nearly $20,000 for the reduction of its debt.

It is gratifying to know that the first week in January will be observed by united and universal prayer under the organization of the Evangelical Alliance in Great Britain, Canada, United States, and most of the continental countries, including even Spain and Turkey, and in many mission lands and islands of the sea. This is a truer demonstration of Christian unity than the mere seeking of external uniformity.

Growth of Methodism.

The *Primitive Methodist Magazine* has an instructive article entitled "Are the Free Churches of Britain declining?" illustrated by striking cuts. One of these shows an old-fashioned meeting-house of 1851, representing the accommodation for 3,000,000 persons of the Free Churches in 1851. On the other side of the picture is a noble structure more than twice the size, representing the accommodation for 7,750,000 in 1898. Between them is a somewhat ornate picture of the old historic Anglican Church, the Church of the Queen and aristocracy, with all the patronage of the State, with accommodation for only 6,788,288. Another diagram illustrates the number of communicants in the Free Churches of Great Britain, as follows:

Wesleyan Methodists	529,786
Congregationalists	405,716
Baptists	316,569
Primitive Methodists	196,628
Calvinistic Methodists	147,297
Methodist Free Churches	79,657
Presbyterians	69,632
Methodist New Connexion	33,932
Bible Christians	27,506
Friends	16,476
Smaller Denominations	11,487
Total	1,835,686

If the Methodist bodies were united they would have a grand total of 1,014,806.

The statistics of the whole world are as follows: The Anglican Church, with all its missions and dependencies throughout the world, reports—

Communicants	3,122,526
The Free Churches	16,625,172

These latter are composed as follows—

Methodists	7,085,400
Baptists	4,608,402
Presbyterians	3,770,077
Congregationalists	1,161,273

If the Methodist adherents be added to the membership it will increase the aggregate to 25,000,000, making it the largest Protestant Church in Christendom.

Missionary Phase of the War.

There is a missionary view of the Spanish war. We have been looking at it from the American side, says *Zion's Herald*, and considering the national and humanitarian interests involved. It may be well to have a Christian view.

Spain is the lagging hindermost of European nations in the march of civilization and Christianity. Protestantism has had no legal permission within her territory, and scant tolerance even under pressure of nineteenth-century nations.

She has excluded Protestant missionaries from her other dependencies, while her state Church has presented to pagan savages a hideous caricature of Christianity, cruel and rapacious. It is not strange, therefore, that while we have been looking at the American movement on Manila as a part of a great national campaign, Protestant missionaries along Asia's eastern shore look upon the coming of the American fleet to Manila as the sword of the Lord to smite the man of sin and unbar the gateway for the entrance into those tropic islands of the messengers of the Prince of Peace.

Manila as a centre is half encircled by a cordon of missionary stations. Japan is fifteen hundred miles to the north. Southward two thousand miles lies the great Australian continent, with hundreds of islands extending south and east of it all dotted with missions. And between Japan and Australia, half encircling the Philippines, are mission stations in Java and neighbouring islands, in Singapore and Penang on the continent, and in all the great seaport cities of China. Of Methodist missions Canton, Hong Kong and Foochow are but two or three days distant, and Singapore is nearer to Manila than to Calcutta.

It is not strange, therefore, that some of the missionaries can scarce restrain their eager feet as they stand tiptoe with expectation. Bishop Thoburn is providentially in England, labouring in the interest of his Indian missions; but his throbbing heart transports him to his mission home, and with the vision of a Christian prophet he looks across from Singapore to the opening Philippine fields and sends his call to American Christians to be ready to thrust in the sickle. He writes: "If I could by any possibility do so, I would be in Manila at the earliest possible day after the cessation of hostilities. A large Chinese population is settled in the islands, and as in Penang, Singapore, and all over the Malay Peninsula, so now in Manila the Chinamen will be extremely anxious to have their sons taught the English language. A self-supporting mission could be established there in a year or two at a very slight expense. We ought to see in the startling events of these wonderful days the hand of God, and hear the divine voice commanding the Christian people of that nation which has in so strange a way become responsible for the astonishing change of the past few weeks, to rise up in their strength, enter into this fruitful field, and take possession of it in the name of the Lord."

Missionary Items.

It is said that the Mormons have 800 missionaries at work in the United States.

The China Inland Mission now numbers 773 missionaries and 318 stations and out-stations, with 605 paid and unpaid helpers. Its total income for the past year was $226,065, of which more than $185,000 came from England and the balance from America, Australia and China.

The Methodist Church has the finest printing-press in all Chile. It does a large part of the government work. There are forty members in a certain Methodist church in Chile who read the Bible through last year.

The Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the M. E. Church has again eclipsed its record. At the Executive Board meeting in Indianapolis the reports showed the largest sum ever collected in a single year—$327,614, or a gain of $13,676 over last year.

The Protestant missionaries of all denominations in central China have issued a declaration of unity calulated to impress thoughtful heathen about them. It is signed by over one hundred missionary workers, representing twenty-five different church societies.

The Indian missions of the Canadian Methodist Church have grown in numbers to fifty-four, with thirty-eight missionaries and fifty-one assistants, with a membership of over 5,000 converts from the pagan tribes. The Church has erected numerous schools, industrial institutes, orphanages and one or two hospitals for the Indians.

The semi-centennial of the entrance of Methodism into Europe as an evangelizing agency will be observed next year.

In 1900 Iceland can celebrate the nine-hundredth anniversary of the introduction of Christianity into the island.

HEROES OF THE REFORMATION.*

"In Martin Luther," says Chevalier Bunson, "we have the greatest hero of Christendom since the days of the Apostles." "For him," says Carlyle, "the whole world and its history were waiting; and he was the mighty man whose light was to flame as a beacon over long centuries and epochs of the world." Speaking of Luther's immortal declaration before the Imperial Diet, "Here I stand. I can do no other. God help me. Amen." Carlyle adds, "It is the greatest moment in the modern history of men."

The Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons have begun the issue of an important series of Reformation studies edited by Samuel McCauley Jackson, Professor of Church History, New York University. They are fine examples of the scientific historic methods of the times—what Chancellor Burwash, we suppose, would call "the inductive study" of the Reformation. They will focus light from every source upon the subject. Contemporary documents, medals, engravings, portraits, pictures, even caricatures and lampoons, are made to contribute to the elucidation of the subject. These not only give accuracy to the text, but, reproduced in facsimile engravings and maps and photograms, enable us to get a vivid conception of the "*Zeitgeist*" or spirit of the times such as we could not otherwise obtain.

There is something very lovable about Martin Luther. The robust manliness, the human sympathies, the genial humour of the man, knit him to our hearts. He was a good fighter against the devil and all his works—a dauntless and heroic man. His strong and tender affection for wife and children, the gladsomeness of his home life, and the poignancy of his grief under bereavement, reveal a very loving side of his nature. But above all, his unfaltering faith, his loyalty to truth, his devotion to duty, despite the oppositions of Pope and Emperor and consistories,—these command the homage of our souls.

In this biography we follow him from Eisenach to Erfurt, to Wittenberg to Rome and back. From contemporary engravings and portraits we can study his environment, and the character of Charles V., Frederick the Wise, Hutton, Bucer, Cranach, Duke Moritz, and many other of his friends and foes. The portraits of the sturdy monk, professor and preacher, are of special interest.

The refined, scholarly Melanchthon is an admirable complement of the sturdy Ajax of the Reformation.

"The two great men," says his latest biographer, "were at once drawn to each other. Luther's clear understanding, deep feeling, pious spirit, heroic courage, overwhelmed Melanchthon with wonder, so that he reverenced him as a father. Melanchthon's great learning, fine culture, philosophical clearness, his beautiful character and tender heart, acted as a charm upon Luther. God had joined the two with marvellous adaptation. If Luther was a physician severer than the diseases of the Church could bear, Melanchthon was too gentle for the hurt of the declining Church, which could not easily bear either her diseases or the remedies required to heal them. Together they achieved what neither could have done without the other. Hence they are entitled to share equal honours for the work of the Reformation. Without Melanchthon the nailing up of the ninety-five theses had ended in a monkish squabble, to be followed perhaps by a new school of theology in the old Church. Without Luther the teaching of Greek at Wittenberg would have ended in a higher and purer humanistic culture. Their combined labours produced the Protestant Church, changed the course of history, and introduced the modern era. Luther, by his fiery eloquence, genial humour, and commanding personality, commended the Reformation to the people. Melanchthon, by his moderation, his love of order, his profound scholarship, won for it the support of the learned."

Luther himself has put their gifts in happy juxtaposition:

"I am rough, boisterous, stormy, and altogether warlike. I am born to fight against innumerable monsters and devils. I must remove stumps and stones, cut away thistles and thorns, and clear the wild forests; but Master Philip comes along softly and gently, sowing and watering with joy, according to the gifts which God has abundantly bestowed upon him."

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* "Martin Luther: the Hero of the Reformation, 1483-1546." By Henry Eyster Jacobs, Dean and Professor of Systematic Theology, Evangeli al Lutheran Seminary, Philadelphia. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Toronto: William Briggs. Seventy-five engravings. Pp. 450. Price, $1.50.

"Philip Melanchthon, the Protestant Preceptor of Germany, 1497-1560." By James William Richard, D.D., Professor of Homiletics, Lutheran Theological Seminary, Gettysburg, Pennsylvania. Same publishers and same price.

Book Notices.

Edward Thring, Headmaster of Uppingham School. Life, Diary and Letters. By GEORGE R. PARKIN, C.M.G. Two volumes. London: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co. Price, $6.80.

A man who moulds in any large degree the education of the young life of a nation stands nearer the springs of empire than any other. This is especially true of the heads of the great public schools of England. The life-work of such a man Principal Parkin portrays in these volumes. Dr. Parkin is himself an enthusiast in his noble profession. He dedicates this record of a strenuous life spent in the pursuit of educational truth to his fellow teachers throughout the English-speaking world. Of the subject of his biography he says: "Edward Thring was unquestionably the most original and striking figure in the schoolmaster world of his time in England. During the last few years of his life he had come to fill a larger place in the public eye than any other English teacher. Abroad he was the only English schoolmaster of the present generation widely and popularly known by name." The book is largely autobiographical, for this great teacher is revealed even more by his letters and journals than by the interpretation of his life by Dr. Parkin. This model biography will fittingly take its place beside Dean Stanley's life of another great headmaster, Dr. Arnold. We have put this book in the hands of a sympathetic critic for more adequate review.

Men I have Known. By the VERY REV. FREDERICK W. FARRAR, D.D., Dean of Canterbury. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, $2.00.

During his long residence in the very nerve centre of the literary and religious life of London, Canon Farrar met everyone best worth knowing. In this charming volume he gives us in his own vivid manner his personal recollections of these distinguished men. We had the pleasure of meeting Canon Farrar socially and were greatly delighted at his genial Christian urbanity. In these pages we seem to hear again his well modulated voice, his kindly criticism and instructive anecdote.

The principal studies are of Tennyson and Browning. Dr. Farrar was himself one of the earliest and profoundest students of Browning, and may be said to have first revealed him to the American public. In the year before he lectured on Browning in Boston, not a half-dozen copies of the poet's works had been purchased in that Athens of America. The next day the book-stores were cleared out of every copy they possessed, and Boston has become the centre of a Browning cult which has spread over the continent.

Charming sketches are given of Matthew Arnold, Dean Stanley, and of the great scientists, Darwin, Tyndall, Huxley, and Maxwell. As might be expected the Church is strongly represented. We have sketches of Archbishops Tait, Thomson, Magee, Trench, Benson, Cardinals Newman and Manning, and a host of Bishops and Deans.

We turn with greater interest, however, to his recollections of those great teachers of mankind, Dickens, Thackeray, Cruikshank, Trollope, Carlyle, Kingsley and Jowett. In his group of eminent Americans are Longfellow, Lowell, Whittier, Holmes, Emerson, Brooks, and others. The book is enriched by numerous portraits and facsimile letters of these men so well worth knowing. The book reminds us of Browning's verses—

> Ah, did you once see Shelley plain?
> And did he stop and speak to you?
> And did you speak to him again?
> How strange it seems and new.

My Scrap-Book of the French Revolution. Edited by ELIZABETH WORMELEY LATIMER. Second edition. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. v., 448. Price, $2.50.

The French Revolution was a great crisis of modern civilization. It was the natural, the inevitable, result of a long series of crimes against humanity. The horrors of the Bastile cried aloud to God for vengeance. "What shall we eat?" said the starving peasantry. "Eat grass," said the pampered menial of the court. The story of Latude is a typical one. He was for twenty-five years a prisoner, chiefly in the Bastile. He spent twenty-six months in digging through a granite wall five feet thick. But he lived

to see the overthrow of that monument of guilt and crime.

Mrs. Latimer's book throws many side-lights on France before and during the Revolution, the horrors of the Reign of Terror, and the fortunes of the emigrés that we do not find in formal histories. The glimpses of court life at Versailles, the touching story of Marie Antoinette, the vivid pictures of Marat, Danton, Robespierre, have a singular power or pathos. A chapter of much interest is that on the clergy of France, Catholic and Protestant, during the Revolution. The strange story of the last Prince of France, Louis XVII., who has been conjecturally identified with the Rev. Eleazer Williams, a missionary to the Indians at Green Bay, Michigan, who was educated at St. Regis, in Canada, is one of the strangest romances in history.

Mrs. Latimer's book contains twenty-nine full-page portraits. It is worthy to be placed beside her noble historic library on the nations of Europe in the nineteenth century. These are specially valuable for that recent history which is so difficult to gather up from newspapers and magazines.

Life and Letters of Paul the Apostle. By LYMAN ABBOTT. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. vii., 332. Price, $1.50.

In the character and teaching of the great Apostle of the Gentiles, Dr. Abbott has found a worthy theme for his spiritual insight and interpretation. It has been a favourite study, Dr. Abbott says, for over a quarter of a century. He brings the throbbing, loving heart of this noblest and greatest of the New Testament writers into contact with the needs and problems of our nineteenth century. We cannot agree with Dr. Abbott in his theory on the evolution of Christian thought in the mind of the great Apostle, nor that his point of view underwent material changes, involving inconsistencies in the teachings of the different Epistles. But we can thank him for his noble Arminian interpretation of Paul's doctrine.

It is quite possible, indeed probable, that, as Dr. Abbott suggests, the mediæval Church borrowed certain features from paganism. Long ago Madam de Stael affirmed "the Catholic is the pagan's heir." The sacrifice of the mass, the power of the priesthood, and other features of Romanism, are less Christian than Jewish or pagan. Dr. Abbott points out how the two Wesleys, John and Charles, "brought a larger gospel to the world and repeated the message of Paul, the unbought love of God."

Jerusalem the Holy. A Brief History of Ancient Jerusalem: with an Account of the Modern City and its Conditions, Political, Religious and Social. By EDWIN SHERMAN WALLACE. With fifteen illustrations from photographs and four maps. New York and Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Co., William Briggs. Price, $1.50.

To millions who have never heard of Rome or Athens, or even of London, the name of Jerusalem is familiar as a household word. It is the symbol of all that is most sacred on earth and most holy in Heaven. It is a place identified with God's most signal revelations of Himself to man, and especially as the scene of the Cross and Passion of our Lord. Hence for centuries it has been the place of sacred pilgrimage. To Jew and Moslem it is emphatically the Holy City. Jerusalem is, therefore, of intense and fascinating interest.

Mr. Wallace has had amplest opportunity for this study. He was for five years United States consul in the city. He avails himself of the exhaustive reports of the Palestine Exploration Society, as well as of his own personal investigation. He describes systematically Jerusalem within and without the walls, the surrounding valleys and hills, the site of the Temple and Holy Sepulchre. He argues strongly in favour of the so-called Gordon's Calvary without the Damascus Gate. It is a relief to think that the mummeries and puerilities practised in the so-called Church of the Holy Sepulchre have no warrant in fact. The scenes in Passion Week on the solemn anniversaries of the death and resurrection of our Lord, and the so-called miracle of the holy fire, are well described by our author as "an untimely and unholy farce." Sometimes it becomes a tragedy, as a few years ago when three hundred Christians of rival sects were slain. Hence the need of Turkish soldiers to keep the peace around the very tomb of our Lord. This book is the best that we know on ancient and modern Jerusalem.

Human Immortality. Two Supposed Objections. By WILLIAM JAMES, Professor of Philosophy in Harvard University and Ingersoll Lecturer for 1898. New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price, $1.00.

The terms of Miss Ingersoll's founda-

tion in memory of her father call for a lecture each year, and the subject is "The Immortality of Man." Professor James is the first lecturer, and he has acquitted himself in an able and original manner. He deals with two supposed objections.

First: Thought is a function of the brain, and therefore man's spiritual life ends with physical dissolution. But "we are not required to think of productive function only; we are entitled also to consider permissive or transmissive function." There may be realities behind the veil, and the brain may be but the vehicle through which "the one infinite thought which is the sole reality is shattered or refracted into those millions of finite streams of consciousness known to us as our private selves." This "transmission theory" also helps to explain other psychical phenomena which we have not space to mention.

The second objection relates to the incredible number and character of things we must believe to be immortal if immortality be true. Neither objection has substantial value. A proper understanding of the first gives "to our belief in immortality a freer wing." As to the second, "God has so inexhaustible a capacity for love that his call and need is for a literally endless accumulation of created lives"; and "the Deity that suffers us, we may be sure, can suffer many another queer and wondrous and only half delightful thing." It is a brilliant lecture from one of the first psychologists of the day. E. I. B.

Dwellers in Gotham. A Romance of New York. By ANNAN DALE. Toronto: William Briggs. New York: Eaton & Mains. Price, $1.25.

This is emphatically a novel with a purpose. It is a parable in which the threefold temptations of our Lord, the appeal to hunger, to pride, to ambition, are shown in their applications to modern life. The book grapples with the great problems of the times: the crowded tenement life, the trades unionism, the fashionable frivolity, the greed for gain of the modern Gotham. The story is one of absorbing interest, and is told with remarkable literary skill. A fine vein of humour, with a flavour of satire, runs through the volume.

Parts of it are as good in their humour as Dickens, and as cutting in their satire as Thackeray. The glimpses of newspaperdom, of Wall Street, of the upper Four Hundred, of tenement life, with their mingled tragedy, pathos and comedy, are of photographic fidelity.

The author is one of the leading Methodist ministers of the United States. The book is handsomely published by the Methodist Book Rooms of both New York and Toronto. We predict for it a great success.

Hard Sayings. A Selection of Meditations and Studies. By GEORGE TYRRELL, S.J. London: Longmans, Green & Co. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co., Ltd. Pp. xx., 469. Price, $2.10.

It is often very instructive to study religious problems from the point of view of men from whom in many regards we widely differ. This book is written by a Jesuit priest, and is licensed and endorsed by the authorities of his Church. Yet it contains many devout and profoundly spiritual reflections which show that beneath all our differences there are broad underlying principles common to all Christian believers. The key-note of the present volume is "the Gospel of pain." The teaching is somewhat ascetic in its character, but it recognizes the eternal truth "that Christ's yoke is easy, not because it is painless, but because love makes the pain welcome." Or as expressed in verse:

> Ah, Christ, if there were no hereafter,
> It still were best to follow Thee;
> Who wears Thy yoke alone is free.

Among the subjects of these devout meditations are: The Soul and Her Spouse, The Hidden Life, The Presence of God, God in Conscience, Sin and Suffering, The Life Everlasting. This is such a book as John Wesley, with his fervent charity and saintly sympathies, would heartily enjoy and commend.

A Critical Study of "In Memoriam." By the REV. JOHN M. KING, M.A., D.D., Principal of Manitoba College, Winnipeg. Toronto: George N. Morang. William Briggs.

The development of our Canadian literature is very apparent in many directions. This is especially true of its poetry and narrative fiction. In Dr. King's book we have the first important example, so far as we remember, of a high-class critical volume. "In Memoriam" has been called the greatest poem of the nineteenth century. More fully than any other it expresses the profound religious doubts and difficulties

which mark our times and the triumph of religious faith. Dr. King has made this poem for years a special study, and in this volume gives it a noble interpretation. It will furnish an important aid in its study, illumining its obscurities and illustrating its manifold beauties and lofty ethical teaching.

Thayendanegea. An Historico-Military Drama. By J. B. MACKENZIE. Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal and Halifax. Price, $1.00.

Among the Indian chiefs who were faithful allies of Great Britain during two great wars, one of the foremost was Joseph Brant, for whom Brantford is named. Mr. J. B. Mackenzie has made him the subject of a five-act drama, one of the few written in Canada. Over forty persons take part. Among them Chief Brant, Sir William and Sir John Johnson, the famous Major Butler, Benedict Arnold, and Sir Guy Carleton, Governor of Canada. The scene changes between the Niagara frontier and the Mohawk Valley. The blank verse is dignified and worthy of the theme. It is a very important addition to Canadian poetic literature. It is dedicated to Professor William Clark.

The Forest of Bourg-Marie. By S. FRANCES HARRISON. Toronto: George N. Morang. William Briggs.

No Canadian writer, we think, has a warmer sympathy with our French fellow subjects, or a keener comprehension of their spirit than Mrs. Harrison. Of this her picturesque poems of French Canadian life are ample demonstration. The account of the impoverished scion of an old Seigneurial family reduced to a sort of forest warden, but maintaining the pride and traditions of his house, wins at once our sympathy. The foil to his character is the degenerate French alien in the rushing life of Milwaukee.

Truth and Error, or The Science of Intellection. By J. W. POWELL. Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 428. Price, $1.75.

The Open Court Publishing Company makes a specialty of books on Science, Philosophy and Psychology. In this work the author discusses the science of thought with freshness and lucidity. He points out the essentials and classifications of properties, their homology and dynamics, the relations of sensation, reception, apprehension, ideation and intellection; and also the fallacies of these processes. His philosophy, the author affirms, is neither idealism nor materialism, but the philosophy of science.

The Holy Grail. The Silent Teacher. By MARY HANFORD FORD. Chicago: Alice B. Stockham & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, $1.00.

The story of the Holy Grail—the mystical vessel out of which our Lord partook "His last sad supper with His own:" how it was lost, and the ceaseless quest for it in all lands by King Arthur's knights; how, for their sins, neither Sir Launcelot nor any of the valiant knights of the Round Table were worthy of so great a grace, but only Sir Galahad, "whose strength was as the strength of ten because his heart was pure," is one of the most instructive legends of what may be called the Christian mythology. This little volume is the best interpretation of its moral significance that we know. The story of Parsifal, the theme of Wagner's last and greatest drama, is told with copious citation and explanation.

John Black: the Apostle of the Red River; or, How the Blue Banner was Unfurled on Manitoba Prairies. By REV. GEORGE BRYCE, M.A., LL.D., Professor in Manitoba College, Winnipeg. Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal, Halifax. Price, 75 cents.

Our Presbyterian friends have the honour of being the pioneers of Protestant Christianity at the Red River. In 1851 John Black, full of faith and zeal, was sent as a missionary to that, then, far-off land. For over thirty years he laboured faithfully in laying the foundation of Christ's kingdom in the mid-continent. He was soon followed by our own Dr. George Young, and in Christian love and fellowship the Methodist and Presbyterian missionaries laboured on side by side, with the happy and gracious results which we now see. This book is a valuable contribution to the religious history of Canada.

For right is right, since God is God,
And right the day must win;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin.