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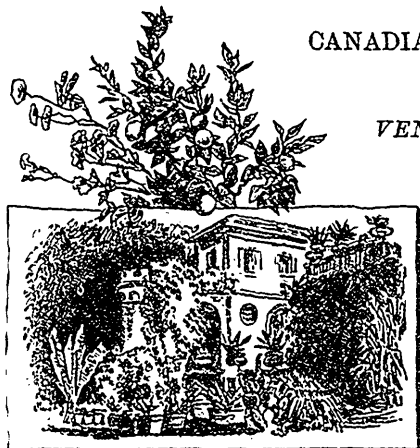
ROSENGARTEN, FROM BOTZEN.

# THE Methodist Magazine.

September, 1890.

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CANADIAN TOURIST PARTY  
IN EUROPE.

VENICE TO BOTZEN—THE  
AUSTRIAN TYROL.



Zwicker  
7th 1884

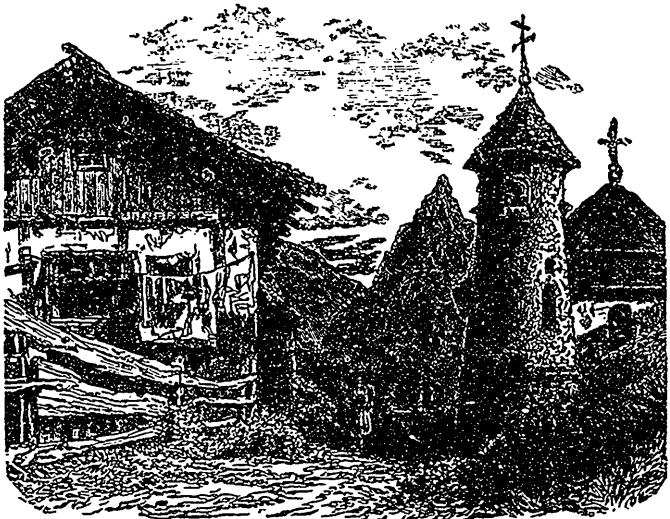
ITALIAN VILLA.

THE Brenner Railway is the only one that passes over the Alps. The Mont Cenis and St. Gotthard railways dive through long tunnels far below the summit. The Brenner road has, of course, its tunnels, but they are short, and it keeps above ground going through the

famous Brenner Pass, which for two thousand years has been the main highway between northern and southern Europe over the Alps. This, therefore, was the route selected for our journey through the Austrian Tyrol.

One always leaves Venice with a feeling of regret, yet with a consciousness of an inalienable possession in her undying associations, and in the imperishable pictures that hang upon memory's walls. "There can be no farewell to scenes like these." We glided, as in a dream, for the last time through the silent water-ways of the "city of the sea," and were soon on our way back to Verona, here we were to change for the Brenner Railway. It is a great mistake for English-speaking persons to seclude themselves from intercourse with the people of the countries

through which they travel. Some of my most delightful memories are of casual acquaintance made with foreign fellow-tourists. And Italian tourists are exceedingly polite. It is quite amusing to see a gentleman parting from his travelling friends at a railway station. The hat is doffed over and over and over again, with profuse gesticulation, "with nods and becks and wreathed smiles." At Milan I observed that every porter and railway man on the platform took off his hat and waved a salute as the train moved away. An Italian lady and her husband, in our compartment, were exceedingly agreeable and polite. It was very warm, and the offer of a fan by a lady of our party led to a pleasant conversation—the naiveté of the Italian lady's imperfect English and French giving a fine piquancy to her remarks.



ON THE FRONTIER.

Our impressions of Italian peasant life, as caught from the windows of a railway carriage, were of its extreme poverty. We saw hundreds of poor peasants returning from market, brown as berries, riding in their paltry little carts, or on their meagre donkeys, but mostly toiling on foot along the hot and dusty highway, driving a few goats or gaunt and hungry-looking swine—both men and women coarsened with field labour, unintelligent, and in appearance anything but the light-hearted, picturesque race they are so often portrayed by poet or painter. The Italians of the better class who shared our railway carriage, possessed more of the vivacity and sprightliness attributed to

their race. I was much amused at the impassioned gesticulation and intonation of a young lady and a military officer, who seemed to converse as much by gesture and tone of voice as by articulate expression. Our military friend was very polite, and took evident pleasure in answering my questions, and pointing out places of interest on the road, and on leaving the carriage, raised his hat, as was the general custom, to each person in the compartment.

Our train was somewhat late in reaching Verona, allowing very little time for lunch before taking the northern train for Tyrol. But as lunch for the party had been ordered by telegraph, it was all ready, seats reserved, and even the coffee poured out that no time might be lost. The act was well appreciated. The conductor had to hustle around and re-check some left luggage, including a bundle of alpenstocks, which weighed heavily on his mind. The difference of language in the names of places is sometimes a little perplexing. It is somewhat difficult to recognize the same place under the names of Botzen and Balsano; or to identify in Venedig, or Venezia, the familiar Venice.



TYROLESE PEASANT.

The Brenner Railway here follows the course of the old Roman Via Claudia. It is certainly an attractive contrast, to depict to ourselves the change which the traffic has undergone in twenty centuries—Drusus with his eagles marching northward along this highway of Rætia Prima to destroy the strongholds of the barbarians, and the Roman express, with the porters calling out as the train enters the station: "Fifteen minutes' stoppage, examination of luggage, all change here—quindici minuti di fermata, visita dei bagagli, si cambia convoglio!"

We pass through the famous Gorge of Verona, a rocky passage which the Adige has forced through the limestone mountains. For 2000 years hostile nations have contended for the mastery of this pass. On many a coign of vantage is perched a grim fortress. High on the left bank lies Rivoli, which has given its

name to the most brilliant street in Europe. This village was stormed over and over again by the French in 1796 and 1797, and won after a slaughter which left a well-filled charnel house. It has been well remarked that "the tenacity of historical and popular influences has been such, that after thousands of years the boundaries are very nearly the same as they were in the beginning. The frontiers of the Frankish and Lombardian kingdoms in the ninth century were almost identical with those between Austria and Italy to-day. The boundaries of the languages remains along the Adige almost exactly in its ancient position. In this gateway of the nations let us hope never again will the roar of the cannons awake the echoes of those wild ravines.



TYROLESE HIGHLANDS.

Between Peri and Ala, to the right of the railway line, stands a stone bearing the arms of Tyrol, Venice, and Lombardy—the Tyrolean eagle, the lion of St. Mark, and the virgin and child. Here is the Austrian frontier. At the next station we have to dismount under military command, and run the gauntlet of the most searching customs examination we underwent in Europe. Tobacco and liquor seemed to be especially contraband, but as we had neither we got off pretty easily.

The fortresses and castles are just as numerous on the Austrian as on the Italian border side, some dating back to the time of the Romans. In one grim old tower near Lizzanna, the exiled

Dante resided in 1302 when banished from Florence. Another memorial of the poet of the under-world is seen in a tremendous land slide to which he thus refers in the *Inferno* :

“As is that ruin, which Adige’s stream  
On this side Trento struck, shouldering the wave  
Or loosed by earthquake, or *for lack of prop* ;  
For from the mountain’s summit, whence it moved  
To the low level, so the headlong rock  
Is shivered, that some passage it might give  
To him who from above would pass.”



DOLOMITE NEEDLE.

The road continues gradually to ascend, till sixty miles from Verona we reach the ancient city of Trent, dating from the time of the Etruscans and mentioned by Strabo, Pliny and Ptolemy. It is best known as the scene, where, for eighteen years—1545 to 1563—the famous Council of Trent was held. On a neighbouring height, the palace of the Prince Bishop, who once lorded it with

temporal as well as spiritual power, is now a military barrack. After a refreshing shower, that washed and cooled the air, we arrived at Botzen, a quaint old town of 10,000 of a population, in



DOLOMITE PEAK, AUSTRIAN TYROL.

the heart of the dolomite region. The change from the sultry plains of Venetia, to the fresh, cool upland valley was delightful. So, too, was the change from the formal *table d'hôte* dinner, to the more social family dinner, where, like a patriarch surrounded by



his tribe, the conductor of the party presided at the head of the long table. The zest of that excellent meal, in a cheerful room, opening on a lovely garden, remains a pleasant memory. Still more so is that of the wonderful panorama of engirdling castle-crowned hills, and more distant mountains, kindling with the rosy glow of sunset. (See cut facing page 198). "Botzen," says the enthusiastic Dr. Heinrich Noé, "is the most glorious of all

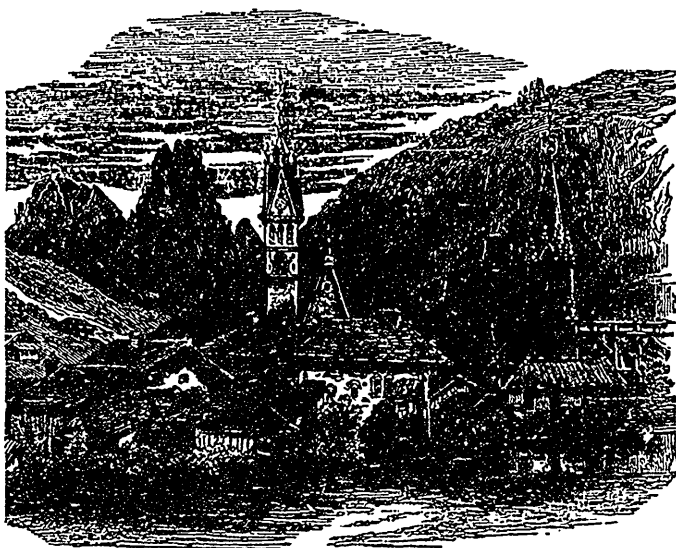


DOLOMITE PEAKS.

Alpine towns. The basin in which it lies is the scenic abridgment of this loveliest of Alpine lands. From the snow-fields of the Rosengarten to the pines on the Talfer, from the baronial castles with their legends to the vine-covered cottages of the peasants, it is the counterpart in miniature of the German sun-land under the sky of Italy."

The dolomites are a series of strange, jagged peaks, of mag-

nesian limestone, named after Dolomieu, the geologist. Their striking pinnacles, and splintered crags, and gloomy fissures and canyons, and the delicate hues and tints, especially an indescribable rosy glow at sunset, gives a marked peculiarity to the scenery of this part of the Tyrol. One of these valleys is known as Rosengarten—the rose garden—of which Dr. Heinrich Noé writes: "Nowhere is the contrast of a smiling landscape with stern environing walls so apparent as it is in the case of the mountain region around Botzen, encircled by a wall of cliff which, for continuity, for height and apparent steepness, has scarcely a rival in the Alps. Protected from the assaults of men and from the



TYROLESE VILLAGE.

bitter winds of heaven by these mighty bulwarks, there is little cause for wonder if the poetry of an early day saw or fancied in this strange and beautiful region, a fairy fortress sheltering a garden of roses."

After dinner I went out with some of the ladies for a ramble through the arcaded streets of the old town. Botzen was the most thoroughly quaint and curious place we found during our whole tour. Lying remote among its secluded valleys, it is not so much affected as larger places by the current of nineteenth century civilization, which tends to wear away all that is peculiar in custom and architecture. Many of the streets were strangely narrow, crooked and picturesque, with their overhanging fronts of

the houses and oriel windows, and long covered arcades, and the swift mountain streams rushing through sluice-ways at the road side. Early next morning, with one of the most enthusiastic sight-seers, I went to the large and handsome parish church and found it filled with a devout congregation, whose singing was strikingly impressive. At the west portal are two grotesquely-carved lions in red marble in the Lombard style. High in the air rises a fine open stone spire, erected nearly four hundred years ago. We wandered through the cemetery or "court of peace," with the impressive motto over the portal "*Resurrecturis*," and with its affecting memorials of love and sorrow—old as humanity, yet ever new. The Teutonic love of nature was seen in the beautiful park and public garden, which are common features to all Austrian and German towns.

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## THE WILLING WORKER.

BY ARTHUR JOHN LOCKHART.

RICHLY the grapes in Thy vineyard, O Lord,  
Hang in their clusters of purple delight!  
I have attended the call of Thy Word,  
Working for Thee since the dawning of light:  
Sweetly the sunset gleams over the lea,  
Yet I'm not weary of working for Thee.

Ripe are the fruits in Thy garden, O Lord!  
Fair are the flowers Thou lovest to twine;  
Master! no labour—no pains have I spared;  
Long have I wrought in this garden of Thine!  
Soft gleam the stars that in heaven I see,  
Yet I'm not weary of working for Thee.

Deep wave Thine acres with harvests untold,  
Gladly I reaped in the heat of the day;  
Now the moon rises in fulness of gold,—  
Slowly the reapers are moving away:  
Wide is the plain, and not many are we,  
Yet I'm not weary of working for Thee.

Dimmed is the eye with the fast-fading light,  
Falters the heart from the toilsome constraint;  
Scant, on my forehead my locks have grown white—  
Lord, 'tis the body grows weary and faint!  
Finished the task Thou hast given to me,  
Yet I'm not weary of working for Thee.

## "THE LAST VOYAGE."

BY LADY BRASSEY.

VIII.

WESTERN AUSTRALIA.



AUSTRALIAN BUCKBOARD.

*Friday, May 27th.*—From the Exhibition, Adelaide, the Governor took me for a drive all round the city, past handsome and substantial public buildings and through wide and clean streets. The system of park-lands, or reserves of open spaces between the blocks of buildings, appears to be excellent, both from a picturesque and a sanitary point of view.

Tom had to rush off to meet Mr. Bray, and to attend the annual meeting of the South Australian Geographical Society, where he made a speech. Among other people present at the meeting, he was introduced to the Australian explorer, Mr. David Lindsay, who returned about six months ago from a journey of thirteen months right across the continent, from Adelaide to a point a little to the south-east of Port Darwin. The expedition was most difficult and trying—much more so than it would have been in any ordinary year, on account of the drought. The thermometer sometimes stood at 125° in the shade, and could not register the heat in the sun! The explorers were obliged to travel by day, in order that they might see and report upon the country. They were once seven days without water, and constantly ran very short of it. The journey was made entirely with camels, and the intelligence of these animals seems to have been extraordinary.

*Saturday, May 28th.*—We had several visitors in the morning, among whom was Brigadier-General Owen, who brought plans for the defences of Adelaide for Tom to examine. We proceeded by train to Adelaide and attended the Governor's reception, which was attended by several hundred people.

*Sunday, May 29th.*—This morning we went to the Anglican cathedral at half-past ten, and heard a most beautiful choral service, including a *Te Deum* by Gounod.

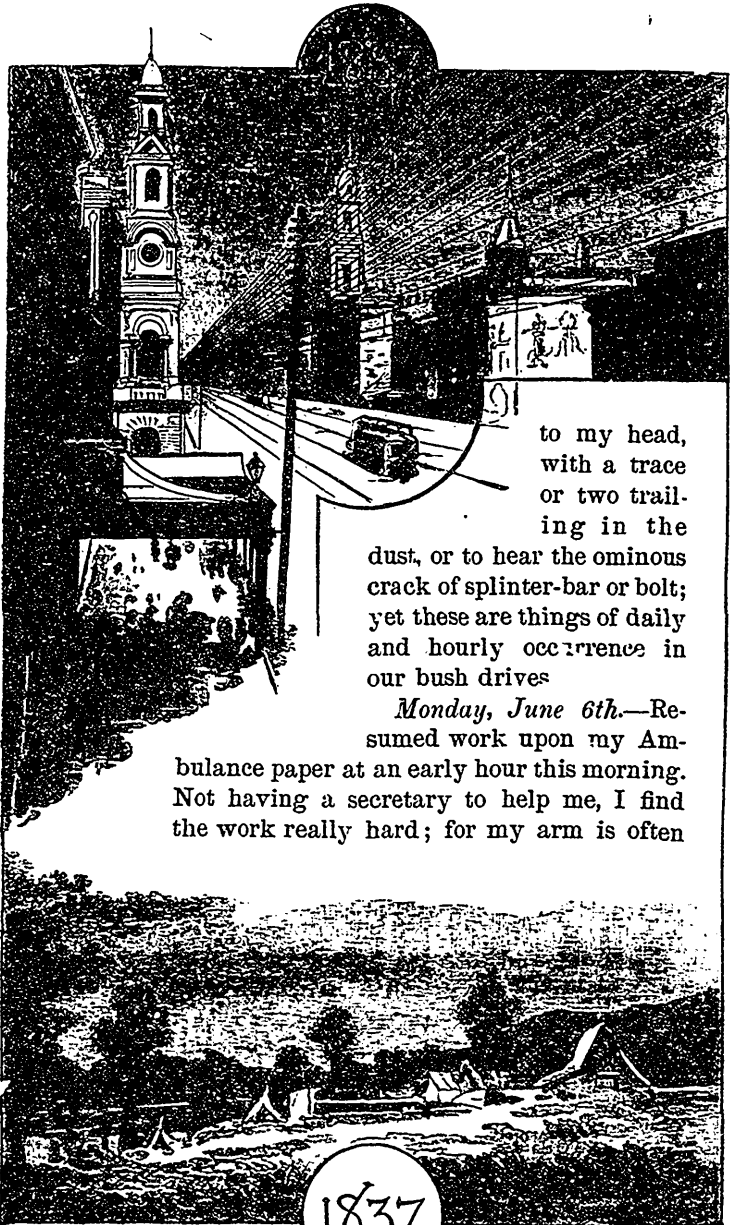
*Wednesday, June 1st.*—By train to Cockburn to visit the celebrated Broken-Hill Silver Mine at Silverton.

*Thursday, June 2nd.*—We went down what is called M'Culloch's Shaft, at a point where the mine is 216 feet deep, and were greatly interested in seeing the process of extracting the ore. The latest weekly returns from this mine show a production of 46,000 ounces of silver.

*Friday, June 3rd.*—This morning we descended another shaft and inspected another part of the mine, in which the ores differ greatly from those we saw yesterday, and consist chiefly of kaolin. After reaching the surface we visited the assaying offices, and watched the experiments for testing the richness of ores.

*Saturday, June 4th.*—On the return journey from Silverton to Adelaide I stopped during the early hours of this morning at Terowie to see my cousin Herbert Woodgate, and thoroughly enjoyed, in spite of sleepiness and fatigue, the sight at his house of so many objects which brought back memories of old days. The walls were covered with pictures of Swayslands, the dear old place in Kent of Herbert's father—where I spent many happy hours of childhood. There was also many pictures of Penshurst Place, and of the old village church, whose beautiful chime of bells I so well remember, and where I have "assisted" at more than one pretty wedding. It all brought back many mingled memories of joy and sorrow. Nothing could have been kinder than our welcome. I was quite sorry when we had to turn out again and trundle down to the train and be off once more to Adelaide, where we arrived at half-past twelve p.m.

I am not sure that I should enjoy my time in Australia so much if I had not a certain belief in *kismet*; for travelling out here is certainly very full of risk. What with unbroken horses, rickety carts, inexperienced drivers, rotten and ill-made harness put on the wrong way, bad roads, reckless driving, and a general total indifference to the safety of life and limb, a journey is always an exciting, and sometimes a risky, experience. A little excitement is all very well; but when it becomes absolutely dangerous, a little of it goes a long way. I dislike seeing horse's hoofs close



to my head,  
with a trace  
or two trail-  
ing in the

dust, or to hear the ominous  
crack of splinter-bar or bolt;  
yet these are things of daily  
and hourly occurrence in  
our bush drives

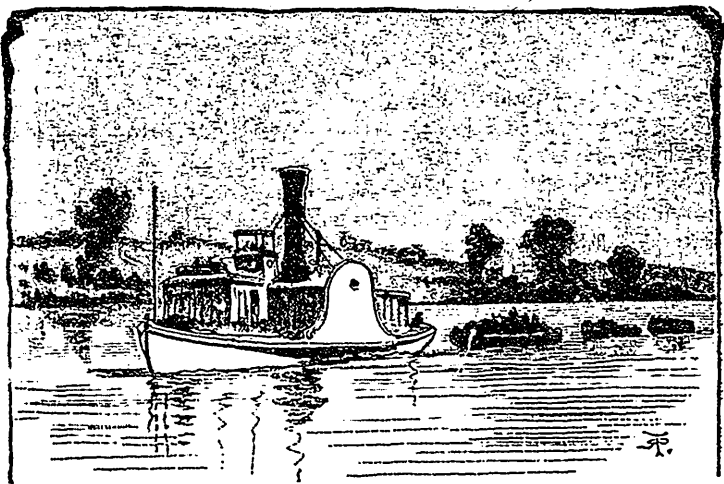
*Monday, June 6th.*—Re-  
sumed work upon my Am-  
bulance paper at an early hour this morning.  
Not having a secretary to help me, I find  
the work really hard; for my arm is often

1837.

ADELAIDE.

so bad that I can hardly use it. The Ambulance Meeting, at which the Governor kindly presided, was held at Government House, and was well attended. I found it a great effort to read the paper I had prepared. There were few speakers. Everything, however, went off well, and I earnestly hope our afternoon's work may bear good, useful fruit.

*Tuesday, June 7th.*—Mr. D. Lindsay, the Australian explorer, came with his aboriginal servant, Cubadjee, whom he had brought from some place in the interior. This youth, it seems, is considered the short member of his family; but, although only seventeen years old, he is six feet five inches in height, while his elder brother, they declare, is seven feet six inches, and the rest



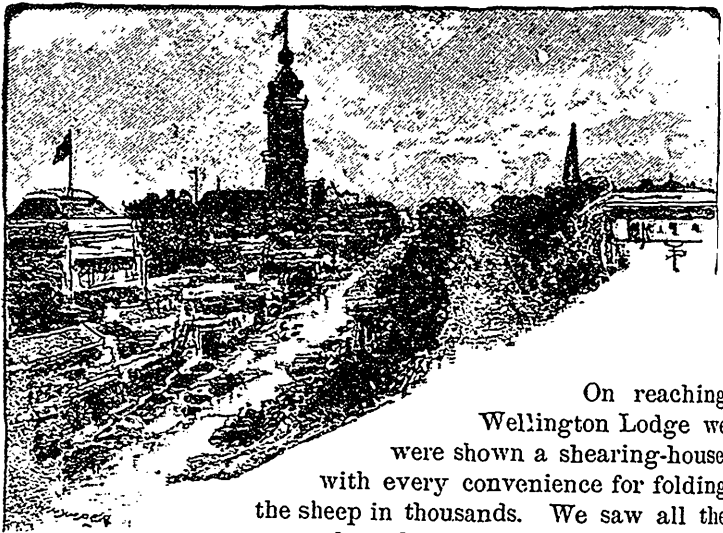
ON THE MURRAY RIVER.

of the family are equally tall. Cubadjee made fire for us with two pieces of wood (a process of which I had often heard), by rubbing a piece of wood with holes bored in it against another piece, quickly producing sparks, which easily ignited a piece of paper, and left a certain amount of black powder. Two carriages had been reserved for us in the Melbourne Express. The views of Mount Lofty and Mount Barker from the carriage window were lovely.

*Wednesday, June 8th.*—I awoke at two, and as it proved impossible to go to sleep again, I wrote and read until day-break. At a little before nine we went down to the bank to meet Mr. Macfarlane and his daughters, who had come forty miles down the Murray in their pretty little steam-launch to take us to their

station lodge, eight miles from Wellington. We passed through pretty scenery on our way up the river, and voyaged for some miles between banks fringed with willows, the original cuttings of which had been brought by an old French settler from Napoleon's grave in St. Helena.

At about one o'clock we arrived at the landing-pier, where we found one of the capacious trading-boats, of which we have met many on the river. It is a regular pedlar's store on a large scale, where one might buy dresses of the latest fashion, cloaks and bonnets, besides all sorts of medicines for man and beast, groceries, and stores of every kind. A most useful institution it must be to isolated toilers on the banks of the Murray.



BALLARAT.

On reaching Wellington Lodge we were shown a shearing-house, with every convenience for folding the sheep in thousands. We saw all the processes and modes of packing the wool, of which Mr. Macfarlane is justly proud; for I believe his system has been adopted in almost all the wool-producing countries in the world. Having dined, we returned to the railway, and took up our quarters in a boudoir-car attached to the express train, timed to arrive at Ballarat at six o'clock to-morrow morning.

*Ballarat : Thursday, June 9th.*—After an excellent night in a luxurious sleeping-carriage I was called at seven. A little before eight the Mayor of Ballarat and others were announced, and I had to settle with them the programme for the day whilst the others were making their toilettes. Tom and the doctor had gone by sea in the *Sunbeam* to Melbourne, which they reached



on the 6th, after a quick but stormy passage. On the 9th Tom embarked again, took the yacht on to Geelong, and came by train to meet us here.

We drove to the Star of the East Mine, where, after putting on real miners' clothes, we went down in the cage with Mr. Carroll and several other directors who had come to meet us. The directors asked me to christen a new lode the "Lady Brassey," but I suggested that the name should be the *Synbeam*, and this they eventually adopted. I was afterwards glad to hear that the



MINER'S CAMP.

next day they struck gold. There was a good deal of walking to be done in the mine, and I was very tired when we got to the surface, at about three o'clock, having been underground more than two hours.

*Friday, June 10th.*—Immediately after lunch Tom and I were obliged to leave, as we wished to call on the Bishop. There was only just time to do this and catch the train for Geelong, at which place we arrived at about half-past six, and soon found ourselves on board the yacht again, which looked, as usual, pleasant and homelike after our short absence.

*Saturday, June 11th.*—When we had thoroughly explored the gardens, we bade adieu to the Mayor and our friends on shore, and went off to the yacht. We reached Hobson's Bay at dusk, and arrived at Government House in the middle of dinner!

*Saturday, June 12th.*—The Government House of the colony of Victoria is an enormous building, surrounded by an extensive park, situated on the top of a small hill, which commands a fine view over Melbourne and its suburbs. There is a complete suite of private apartments in the house, besides rooms for many guests, and splendid reception, banqueting, and ball rooms.

*Monday, June 13th.*—Tom went to the town hall this morning to receive a deputation from the Victorian Branch of the Imperial Federation League.

*Tuesday, June 14th.*—After a bad night, I had to receive many interviewers. Among those who called was a gentleman from the Woman's Suffrage Society, who wished to elicit some expression of my opinion, as he understood that I was strongly in favour of woman's suffrage. He seemed disappointed when I told him he was mistaken, and that I thought women already did govern the world more or less, whereas if we had votes we should not have nearly as much power as we now possess without any undue fuss being made about it.

*Thursday, June 16th.*—The weather was showery all day, and bitterly cold in the afternoon when we went to assist at the stone-laying of the Wesleyan College, where many speeches were made, Sir Henry Loch's being a really brilliant oration.

*Saturday, June 18th.*—Tom, Tab, and Mabelle returned to-day from Mount Gambier. I must use Tom's description of the expedition.

"We made another excursion from Melbourne on June 14th, to attend the opening of the railway connecting the district of Mount Gambier, in South Australia, with the direct line from Adelaide to Melbourne. We travelled a short distance on the line, and were banqueted in the evening. I replied for the visitors, and preached federation. We visited the Wesleyan Chapel at Mount Gambier. The minister described the excellent organization which enabled him to give effective spiritual supervision over a wide district."

The yacht was berthed alongside the graving-dock pier at Williamstown, which made it easy of access. In spite of the agonizing pain which Tom was suffering from an inflamed eye, he insisted on going to the Seamen's Meeting, and actually managed to make a good speech, though he scarcely knew what he was saying at the time.

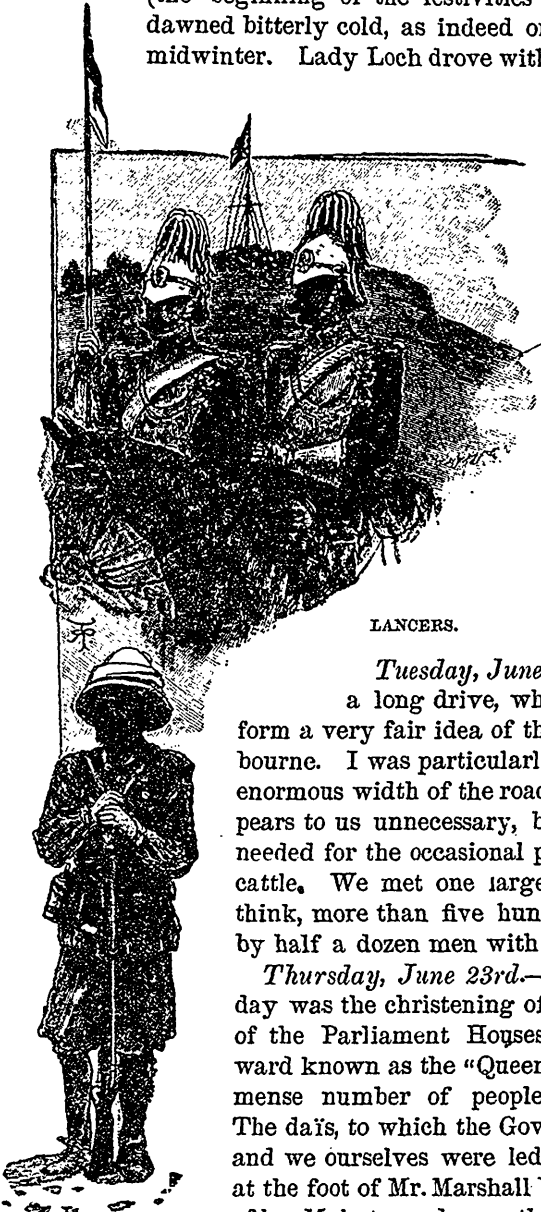
Monday, June 20th.—The day of the grand volunteer review (the beginning of the festivities in Jubilee week) dawned bitterly cold, as indeed one must expect in midwinter. Lady Loch drove with me to the ground

in an open carriage, and we had an excellent place close to the old saluting-flag, and were able to admire the gay march past of the troops. They seemed an excellent and well-drilled body of men. The Lancers and the Royal Naval Brigade especially attracted considerable attention.

LANCERS.

Tuesday, June 21st.—I went for a long drive, which enabled me to form a very fair idea of the suburbs of Melbourne. I was particularly struck with the enormous width of the roads. Such space appears to us unnecessary, but I am told it is needed for the occasional passage of mobs of cattle. We met one large mob of, I should think, more than five hundred head, driven by half a dozen men with long stock whips.

Thursday, June 23rd.—The event of today was the christening of the central hall of the Parliament Houses, to be henceforward known as the "Queen's Hall." An immense number of people had assembled. The daïs, to which the Governor, Lady Loch, and we ourselves were led, had been placed at the foot of Mr. Marshall Wood's fine statue of her Majesty, and everything was arranged to ensure a splendid *coup d'œil*. It was worth coming all the thousands of miles we have traversed by



SOUDAN CONTINGENT.

sea and land to have the opportunity of witnessing such loyal enthusiasm.

Directly after we left the hall I hurried on board the *Sunbeam*, to receive a couple of hundred guests, and had only just time to get back to Government House to dine and dress for the State Concert at the Exhibition building, which was densely crowded. The combined musical societies opened the proceedings by singing the "Old Hundredth," in which the audience joined with great heartiness. This was followed by a grand Jubilee Ode, composed by Dr. Mackenzie, and by several excellently rendered solos.



SELECTORS.

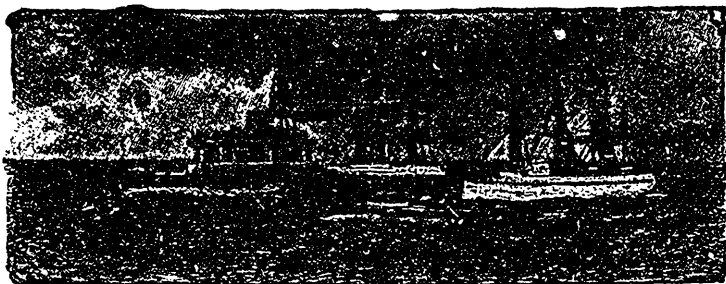
*Friday, June 24th.*—To-day a demonstration of school-children, said to be the largest gathering of the kind ever held in the colony, took place in the Exhibition building. Twenty thousand children must have been there; and as they each wore a rosette and carried a little flag, the scene looked gay as a summer garden. Of course, there were the usual loyal anthems; and beside the cheers in the programme the children did a good deal of happy shouting on their own account. The Bishop of Melbourne gave them an excellent address, and all the arrangements were admirably and carefully carried out.

*Saturday, June 25th.*—Awoke early, after a fairly good night, and set to work at once on my correspondence, which accumulates terribly in spite of my efforts to answer every letter as it

arrives. I made many futile attempts to write up my journal, but was interrupted by numerous interviewers, especially by secretaries of charitable societies, anxious to get some share of the proceeds derived from showing the *Sunbeam*.

After the spacious rooms of Government House the *Sunbeam* cabins looked very small, but they are snug and bright. When one is so many thousands of miles away from England the various little treasures scattered about them remind me of home and its happy associations, and I feel not utterly cut off from the scenes I love so well.

*Tuesday, June 28th.*—The fog was still so dense that the deputy harbour-master would not allow the yacht to be unmoored; and after waiting some time, the Governor returned to Melbourne, whither I also went by train.



VICTORIA DEFENCE FLEET.

*Wednesday, June 29th.*—The aborigines are rapidly dying out as a pure race, and most of the younger ones are half-breeds. Even in this inclement weather it was sad to notice how little protection these wretched beings had against its severity. We passed a miserable shanty by the side of the road, scarcely to be called a hut, consisting merely of a few slabs of bark propped against a pole. They looked like the veriest tramps, and were most grateful for a bit of butterscotch for the baby and the shilling a piece which we gave them after an attempt at conversation.

*Thursday, June 30th.*—Once in the suburbs of Melbourne, it was necessary to crawl along at a snail's pace, on account of the numerous express trains running into the city at this early hour. At half-past twelve Mabelle and I went to the Botanical Gardens, where Mr. Guilfoyle, the superintendent, met us, and kindly explained the arrangement of the plants, clearing away many botanical difficulties which had puzzled me ever since I landed in Western Australia. I do not think I ever saw so well-arranged



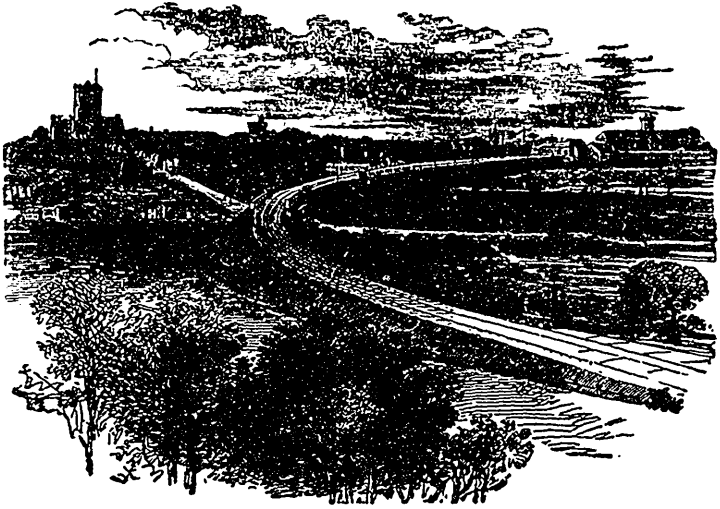
SYDNEY HARBOUR.

and beautiful a garden as this, and never have I had so intelligent and kind a *cicerone* as Mr. Guilfoyle. We drove all over the exquisitely-kept lawn, yet the carriage-wheels appeared to make no impression. The grass grows from a mixture of buffalo and other kinds of grass-seeds—a combination which produces a velvet-like sward about three inches in depth, and apparently incapable of injury.

We lunched at Government House. After bidding good-bye to H. E. and Lady Loch, from whom we have received so much kindness, we went to Cole's Book Arcade, which is one of the sights of Melbourne. A most curious place it is; consisting of a large arcade three stories high, about the length of the Burlington Arcade in London, though perhaps rather wider. The whole place from top to bottom is one mass of books, arranged in different styles, some according to price and some according to subject.

*Friday, July 1st.*—We left by the 9.30 train for Shepparton, in pouring rain, passing through a flat rich grazing country, which seemed well stocked with sheep. In the course of our drives we went to Mr. and Mrs. Robinson's house. There I met some ladies and gentlemen interested in ambulance work, to whom I said a few words and gave some papers. I hope they will communicate with the head-centre of Melbourne, and obtain permission to establish a branch-centre here. Everybody seems to agree that it would be most useful, as the doctors are few and far between, and there are only five medical men to an area of 1,000 square miles. Seymour was reached at 6.30, just in time to change into the express, and at Albury we were again transferred, at 10.30 p.m., into Lord Carrington's carriage, sent up from Sydney for us.

## IN BUNYAN'S COUNTRY.



ST. ALBANS.

To the present writer the most potent memory in traversing the beautiful county of Bedford was that of John Bunyan. This romantic region is best reached from London by the Midland Railway. Leaving the St. Pancras Station—the largest in the world under one roof—we soon reach the venerable city of St. Albans, more ancient, said the Roman writers, than London. Under Roman rule, Verulam, as it was called, enjoyed the privileges of a free city; but the honour brought upon it the vengeance of the hosts of Boadicea. During the persecution of the Christians under Diocletian, Albanus was martyred here. The massiveness of the ruined walls, twelve feet thick, built of flint and Roman tiles; their wide extent; the immense embankment called the Verulam Hills, and the deep ditches against them; the traces of temples; the innumerable coins and other antiquities; not to mention what Camden records about marble pillars and cornices, and statues of silver and gold, afford abundant testimony to the magnificence of the ancient city. After the martyrdom of Albanus, a church was founded to his memory on the spot where the Abbey church, now a cathedral, stands. It is a magnificent Norman edifice; the nave is longer than that of any other church in the kingdom.

Many places are passed hallowed by the footprints of the im-

mortal dreamer Bunyan—Finchley Common, where he spoke bold words on behalf of religious freedom; Luton, where he spread the glad tidings of free salvation, and censured what he believed to be iniquities of priestcraft; Dallow Farm, in a loft of which he took refuge when pursued because of the truths he had spoken; the Village of Elstow, in which he was born, and where, in his reckless youth, he led a dissolute life; Elstow Church, a venerable pile, the notes of whose bells had often been wafted on the air as he pulled the ropes; and then Bedford, where he was imprisoned, and within the walls of the old gaol wrote "The Pilgrim's Progress to the Celestial City."

Luton is pleasantly situated in a valley between two extended series of hills. It is the second town in the county; and is the centre of the straw plait trade. Not far from the station we see the embattled tower of the church, checquered with flint and



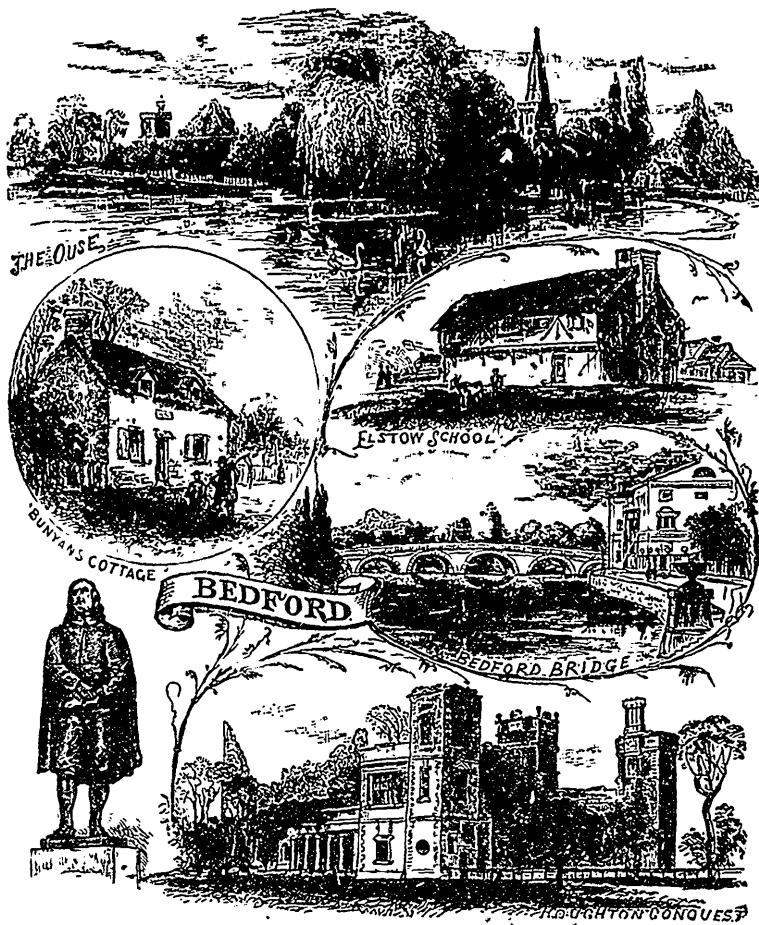
DALLOW FARM.

freestone. Near Luton we pass a spot of much interest. As the train runs along the embankment, the traveller may see, about half a mile to the right, just under a wood that crowns the height (exactly as depicted by our artist), the gables of an old farmhouse which nestles in the valley. This is Dallow Farm. "In the persecuting times of Charles II. the Nonconformists met here, secluded from general observation, for divine worship; and in the roof of the house is the trap-door by which some of the persecuted Nonconformists escaped from their pursuers. It is said that John Bunyan was concealed for several days in this house. When liberty of conscience was granted by James II., the worshippers in the Dallow Farm removed to Luton, and formed themselves into a Christian community."

The description given more than two centuries ago by Camden of the town of Bedford is true to-day. "'Tis more eminent for the pleasantness of its situation and antiquity than anything of beauty or stateliness." The name Bedford is said to be the Bedi-



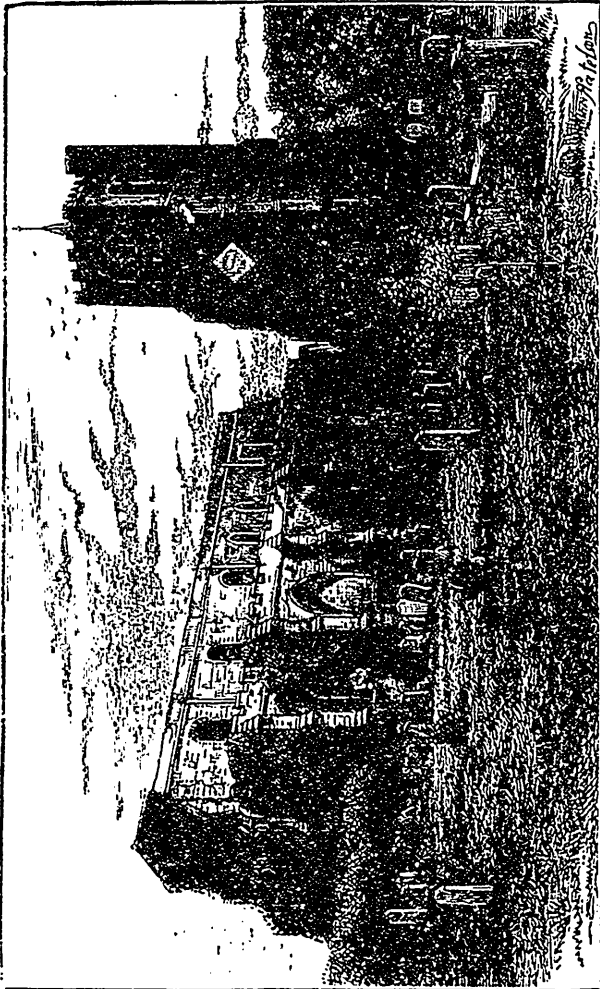
canford of the Saxon Chronicle, the word signifying "a fortress on a river." But the great historic interest of Bedford is its association with the memory of John Bunyan, though the actual relics connected with him that survive are not very numerous. The old gaol on Bedford Bridge, the "den" where for twelve



HOME AND HAUNTS OF BUNYAN.

years he was a prisoner, in which he wrote his immortal work, and where he made tag laces to support his family, has gone; and the Baptist Chapel, in which for seventeen years he ministered as co-pastor with Samuel Fenn, has been rebuilt. The new one, however, contains a chair which was occupied by "the immortal tinker." Some years ago the Duke of Bedford presented to the

trustees of the building a pair of bronze doors, with a series of panels representing scenes from "The Pilgrim's Progress," and the town has also been indebted to the Duke for a noble statue of Bunyan by Boehm, which stands on St. Peter's Green, and was unveiled by Dean Stanley. A copy of "Fox's Book of Martyrs,"



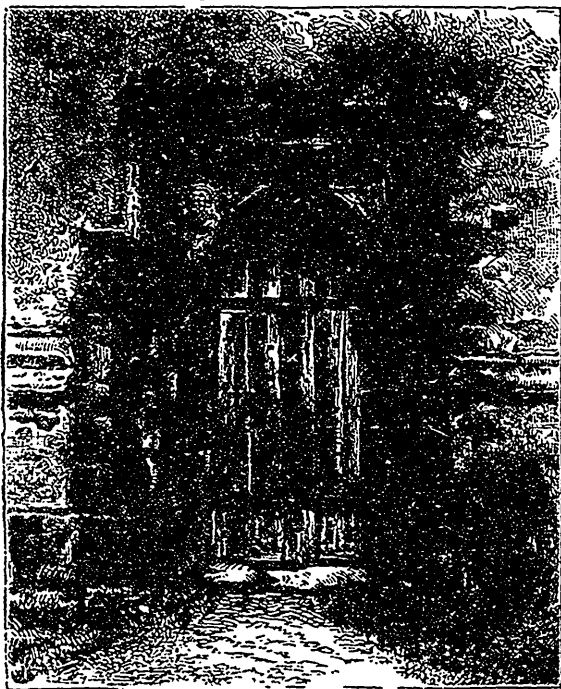
ELSTOW CHURCH.

reserved in the Literary and Scientific Institute, contains some homely verses in Bunyan's handwriting.

The villages in the neighbourhood of Bedford are historically interesting. Elstow (1 mile) is famous as the birthplace and home of John Bunyan. Turvey (7 miles), the scene of the labours

of the author of "The Dairyman's Daughter," is a beautiful village. Cardington (2½ miles), where stands the house once occupied by John Howard, the philanthropist. Cople (4 miles), where Butler wrote his "Hudibras." As we leave Bedford the traveller should not fail to look across the fields at a church on the left. It is Elstow, where, in 1628, John Bunyan was born. He was one of the ringers in Elstow Church.

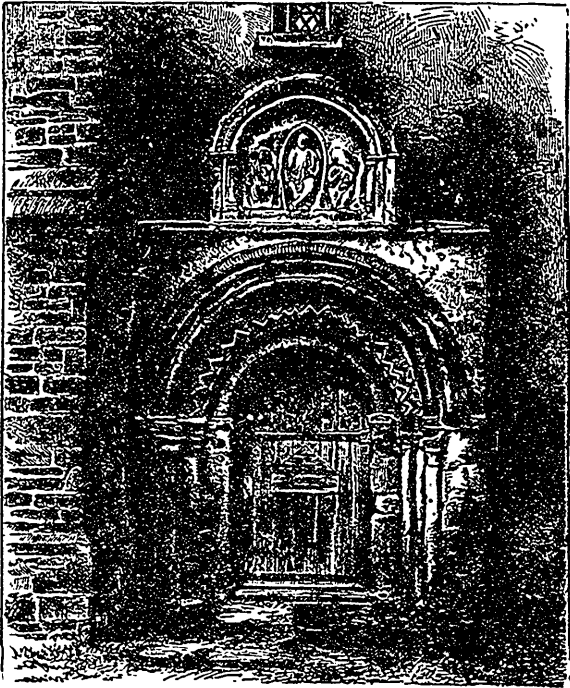
In the quaint old church is still shown the carved seat in which



BELFRY DOOR, ELSTOW CHURCH.

Bunyan sat and listened to the sermons preached from the old Tudor pulpit. The tower is one of the few in England which stands entirely disconnected from the church. The above cut shows the belfry door at which Bunyan used often to linger. The old Norman door, with its dog-tooth moulding, dating back probably six centuries or more, is shown on page 218. Above the door is a carved representation of Christ, having St. Peter with his keys on the right and St. John the Evangelist on the left. In the door is a wicket, which may have suggested the wicket-gate of the allegory.

On this gentle pastoral scenery of the still-flowing Ouse, with its many windings, its pollards, and its moated granges—the soft-rounded hills, the lovely vales, the stately parks and mansions, the quaint farmsteads and granges, the red-tiled or straw-thatched cottages, the ivy-grown churches, the fields cultivated like a garden, and the hawthorn hedges in full bloom—his eyes have often gazed; and from the soft green sward he may have taken his description of “Bypath Meadow.” Strange spell of genius,

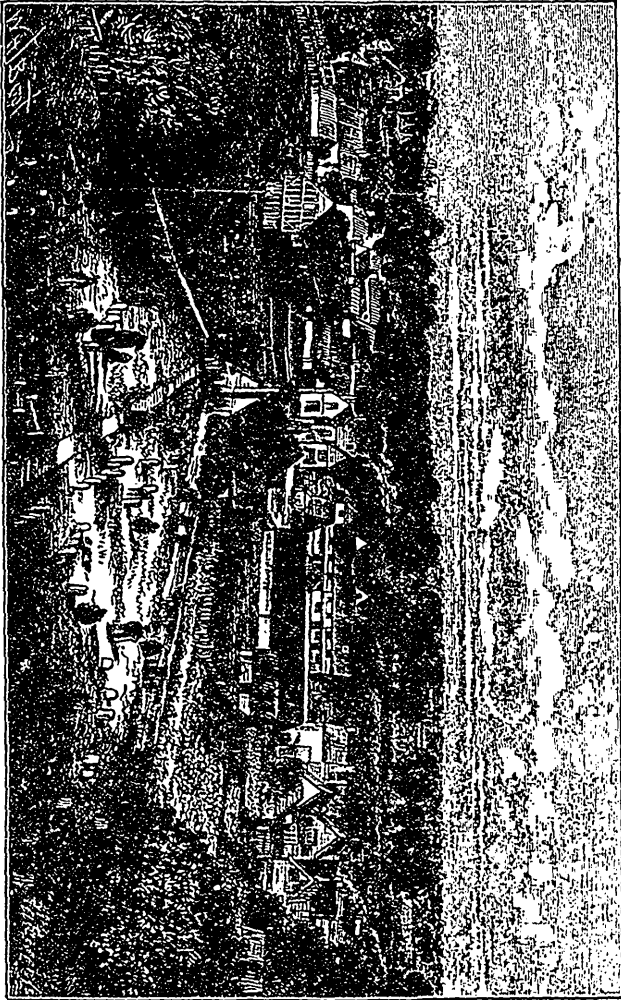


OLD NORMAN TOWER, ELSTOW CHURCH.

which makes the name of the Bedford tinker a household word in every land. No writer of the English language has won so world-wide a fame, and no book has been printed in so many foreign languages.

The principal materials for a sketch of Bunyan's life are drawn largely from his own autobiographical work, “Grace abounding to the Chief of Sinners.” He was born at Elstow, near Bedford, in 1628, and was brought up like his father before him, “a mender of pots and kettles, vulgarly called a tinker.” He lived in the most stormy period of English history—the turbulent

reign of the first Charles—with the long intestine war and its memorable battles of Edgehill, Naseby, and Marston Moor. Then followed the glorious year of the Protectorate of Cromwell, when the name and fame of England made the Pope tremble in his



ELSTOW VILLAGE FROM BELFRY TOWER.

fortress-palace of the seven-hilled city. Then came the shameful reaction of the Restoration, with its persecution of the saints and reign of wickedness in high places. Amid such world-agitating events was this great soul born and nurtured; and of its varied scenes he has left us striking pictures in his immortal works.

In his twentieth year he married a wife "whose father was counted godly." "We came together as poor as poor could be," he writes, "not having so much household stuffe as a dish or a spoon between us." As his wife's only marriage portion he received two books which her father had cherished—"The Practice of Piety" and "The Plain Man's Pathway to Heaven." "These books," he says, "though they did not reach my heart, did light in me some desire to religion." He went with his wife to church twice a day, "yet retaining," he writes, "his wicked life." One Sunday afternoon, while playing ball on Elstow Green, "a voice," he says, "did suddenly dart from heaven into my soul, which said, 'wilt thou leave thy sins and go to heaven, or have thy sins and go to hell?'" Conscience keenly upbraided, but he hardened his heart against the voice of God. "I can but be damned," he said to himself, and I had as good be damned for many sins as for few," and he plunged again into excess of riot. One day, as he was swearing recklessly, "a woman of the place," he records, "herself a loose and ungodly wretch, protested that I swore and cursed at such a rate that she trembled to hear me." This reproof, like an arrow, pierced his soul, and he struggled against and overcame this wicked habit. But he wallowed long in the Slough of Despond before he reached the solid ground of assured confidence. Dancing, Sunday games, and bell-ringing, which was often accompanied with drinking, were his special besetments. As he hung wistfully about the belfry-door, the thought would haunt his mind, he says, "if the bells should fall and crush me!" Then the terror lest the steeple itself should fall made him flee for fear.

One day Bunyan overheard "three or four poor women sitting at a door in the sun, talking of the things of God." Their pious talk sank into his soul, "shaking it as if his breast-bone were split asunder."

A godly "Master Gifford," who, in his youth, had been a reckless Royalist trooper, was the pastor of a little Baptist flock in Bedford. He was the "Evangelist" of Bunyan's dream, who first pointed the immortal dreamer to the wicket-gate of mercy. Bunyan joined his church, and was formally baptized in the River Ouse, near Bedford Bridge. Soon he began to preach in burning words the great salvation he had experienced. "I preached what I felt," he says; "what I smartingly did feel—even that under which my soul did groan and tremble with astonishment." The word was attended with power and with converting grace. In 1660 he was indicted under the wicked laws of the time "as a common upholder of unlawful meetings and conventicles, and as devilishly and pertinaciously abstaining

from coming to church." But preach he must and would. "I saw that I was a man," he writes, "who was pulling down his house upon the head of his wife and children." Yet he would not forbear. He was, therefore, condemned to prison for three months, when, if he left not preaching, he was to be banished from the realm, or if found therein, "you must stretch by the neck for it, I tell you plainly," quoth the judge. "If out of prison to-day," replied the hero soul, "by God's help I would preach the Gospel again to-morrow." And not for three months, but for twelve long years he languished in that prison, whose horrors a hundred years



BUNYAN'S TOMB, BUNHILL FIELDS.

later, roused the soul of Howard to the task of reforming the prisons of Europe. His own words are:—"So, being delivered up to the jailor's hand, I was had home to prison."

After twelve years the unconquered soul was released, and he was permitted to preach as he chose. While fervent in spirit, the emancipated prisoner was diligent in business. As brazier, as preacher, as author, he laboured to maintain his household,\* and

\*While in prison, he made many hundred gross of "tagged laces," which his wife or little blind daughter sold for their livelihood.





moveing, have given and granted, and by these presents do give, grant, and confirm unto the said Elizabeth Bunyan, my said wife, all and singular my goods, chattels, debts, ready money, plate Rings, household stuffe, Apparel, utensils, Brass, pewter, Beding, and all other my substance whatsoever, moveable and immoveable, of what kinde, nature, quality, or condition soever the same are or be, and in what place or places soever the same be, shall, or may be found, as well in mine own custodes, possession, as in the possession, hands, power, and custody of any other person or persons whatsoever. To have and to hold all and singular the said goods, chattels, debts, and all other the aforesaid premises unto the said Elizabeth, my wife, her executors, administrators and assignes, to her and her proper uses and behoofs, freely and quietly, without any matter of challenge."

As a preacher, his rugged eloquence attracted multitudes of hearers. His biographer records that he had seen twelve hundred persons assembled at seven o'clock on a winter's morning to hear him preach, and in London three thousand persons packed the chapel in which he ministered. For sixteen years he continued to write and preach. At length, while engaged in an errand of mercy, he was caught in a storm, drenched to the skin, was seized with fever, and in ten days died, August 31, 1688. His ashes lie in the famous Bunhill Fields, just opposite City Road Chapel and the tomb of Susannah Wesley, the mother of Methodism. Near by are the graves of Isaac Watts and of Daniel Defoe, the two writers who, with himself, are the most widely read of all who have used the English tongue. But his own fame throughout the world surpasses that of any other writer of the race. In over a hundred foreign lands his immortal allegory is read in almost as many different languages. In the British Museum are 721 different works, of which the humble Bedford tinker and his writings are the subject. During his life eleven different editions of the Pilgrim's Progress appeared, and since his death, editions innumerable. It has been published in *editions de luxe*, on which all the resources of art have been lavished, and in editions for one penny, that the poor may follow the pilgrim's pathway to heaven. It has even been translated into Chinese, and the quaint Chinese art has presented in strange garb the familiar characters of the burdened pilgrim and the Interpreter's House.

"Of the 'Pilgrim's Progress,'" writes Dr. Punshon, "it were superfluous to speak in praise. It seizes us in childhood with the strong hand of its power, our manhood surrenders to the spell of its sorcery, and its grasp upon us relaxes not when 'mingles the brown of life with sober gray,' nay, is often strongest amid the weariness of waning years. Its scenes are as familiar to us as the faces of home. Its characters live to our perceptions

no less than to our understanding. We have seen them, conversed with them, realized their diversities of character and experience for ourselves. There never was a poem which so thoroughly took possession of our hearts, and hurried them along upon the stream of story. We have an identity of interest with the hero in all his doubts and dangers. We start with him in pilgrimage; we speed with him in eager haste to the Gate; we climb with him the difficult hill; the blood rushes to our cheek, warm and proud, as



EVANGELIST AND CHRISTIAN.—CHINESE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

we gird ourselves for the combat with Apollyon; it curdles at the heart again amid the Valley of the Shadow of Death; we look with him upon the scoffing multitude from the cage of the town of Vanity; we now lie, listless and sad, and now flee, fleet and happy, from the cell in Doubting Castle; we walk with him amid the pleasantries of Beulah; we ford the river in his company; we hear the joy-bells ringing in the city of habitations; we see and greet the hosts of welcoming angels; and it is to us as the gasp of agony with which the drowning come back to life, when some rude call of

earthly concernment arouses us from our reverie, and we wake and behold it is a dream.

“No book but God’s own has been so honoured to lift up the cross amid the far-off nations of mankind. The Italian has read it under the shadow of the Vatican, and the modern Greek amid the ruins of Athens; it has blessed the Armenian trafficker, and it has calmed the fierce Malay; it has been carried up the far rivers of Burmah, and it has drawn tears from the dark eyes in the cinnamon groves of Ceylon. The Bechuanas in their wild woods have rejoiced in its simple story; it has been as the elixir of palms and fountains to the Arab wayfarer; it has nerved the Malagasy for a Faithful’s martyrdom, or for trial of cruel mockings and tortures more intolerable than death. The Hindoo has yielded to its spell by Gunga’s sacred stream; and, crowning triumph! Hebrews have read it on the slopes of Olivet, or on the banks of Kedron; and the tender-hearted daughters of Salem, descendants of those who wept for the sufferings of Jesus, have wept over it for themselves and for their children.”

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## THE ANGEL OF HIS PRESENCE.

BY LUCRETIA A. DES BRISAY.

“And the angel of His presence saved them.”—ISA. liii. 92.

OH! how sweet it is to hide

In my Saviour, to abide

In His arms of love, which on the cross for me extended wide,

With the angel of His presence for my guardian and my guide.

How His love my spirit fills!

Till my utmost being thrills!

He will ever keep from evil, and preserve my soul from ills;

Yes! the angel of His presence every doubt and terror stills.

Oh! how truly I am blest,

And of every good possessed,

While His presence still goes with me, and will always give me rest,

Even the angel of His presence to be my spirit’s guest.

He will never let me stray;

A glowing cloud by day,

And a bright and fiery pillar upon my nightly way,

The mighty Covenant Angel will always with me stay.

When this mortal life is o’er,

And the chains of earth no more

Can detain my ransomed spirit upon time’s ragged shore;

Lo! the angel of His presence will save me evermore.

MISS FRANCES E. WILLARD,

*President of the Women's Christian Temperance Union of the United States.*

BY ZADEL BARNES GUSTAFSON.



MISS FRANCES E. WILLARD.

In the pretty village of Churchville, near Rochester, New York, on September 28, 1839, Frances Willard was born. She claims an heredity almost wholly exempt from the alcohol and tobacco taints. Her ancestors on both sides were devoted Christian people of high purposeful moral quality ; of clear, active, mental life, and of simple, vigorous, physical habits, reaching a general average of great longevity.

The girlhood of Frances was passed on the banks of Rock River, Wisconsin, then a wild and beautiful environment of woods and prairies, utterly isolated from the influences and demands of modern conventional and fashionable life. She was under the guardianship of parents whose nobleness of mind and sensible methods of living were in themselves a rich moral and religious education. In this prairie home her sister Mary was born, the story of her brief life has been told by Miss Willard in the book entitled "Nineteen Beautiful Years." Her brother Oliver, a young man of admirable character, at one time editor of *The Chicago Post*, died in 1878. Her mother, Mrs. Mary Thompson Willard, now in her eighty-third year, and in full possession of her exceptional mental and physical powers, is an ardent and close reader and thinker; a Christian of clear vision, flawless faith, and courageous practice. She is still not merely nominally but practically the mistress of Rest Cottage, the home at Evanston, Illinois, whither the family moved for the sake of greater educational advantages, when Frances was eighteen years old.

The Women's College at Evanston, one of a group of institutions on the co-educational plan included under the general name of the North-Western Methodist University, from which Miss Willard graduated, elected her to its Professorship of Natural Science. She was then twenty-three years old. Upon her return from Europe, where she passed two and a half years, combining travels over Great Britain, the Continent, and the far East, she was made Dean of the College and Professor of *Æsthetics* in the University. She was the first woman ever elected president of a college.

In 1874 the life-work of this successful teacher and writer, then thirty-five years old, was apparently quite determined. She had been elected to life-long tenure of her eminent position; all things promised, and her own tastes strongly urged, her continuance in a quiet life of scholarly pursuits. Yet a great change was at hand. In that year the brave women of Ohio fought their temperance crusade; and though Miss Willard had neither witnessed nor taken part in it, their prayer, patient sufferings, and wonderful victories, stirred her heart to the very core. She acted characteristically—that is, with promptitude and courage. This new work challenged her conscience. She set herself free to do it by leaving the university—resigning a salary of \$2,400 a year, probably a larger sum than any other woman was at that time receiving for educational work. This step left her absolutely without income, for though her mother owned Rest Cottage free of incumbrance, it was upon the daughter's earnings that both depended for support.

In the face of contrary advice from many tried friends, she resolved to dedicate herself to temperance reform. How to do this was a question which baffled her, even after two months of the most earnest effort to discover a right place and method. She had no experience of temperance work; the movement as the work of women, was new, without organization, and therefore without defined departments of labour. One day in August of that year (1874), when every penny was gone, and she had still no prospect of either work or wage in the direction of her new resolution, she received a letter from the President of the Normal Institution of New York City, offering her the position of Lady Principal, with a salary of \$2,500 a year. Later in the same day came another, urging her to accept the Presidency of the W. C. T. U. of Chicago, a society which had neither funds, headquarters, nor methods, cemented as yet only by prayer and strong purpose, and without history except that its historic women had carried a position for Sunday-closing of saloons to the City Council, and had been well nigh mobbed in the City Hall.

At this time Miss Willard held the view that faith in the Scriptural sense, meant literally a blind and silent confidence, that God would, without any co-operation on her part, see that she was provided with the necessaries of life, because He would know that she "had need of all these things." Therefore she said, "No," to the \$2,500 salary, and went penniless to her new post. When the ladies who had elected her their chief, kindly inquired as to her means of support, her tranquil reply, "I shall be taken care of," naturally enough led them to suppose, either that she had means of her own or was sure of the financial backing of some wealthy friends. The next three months taught her that she had been mistaken; not in believing implicitly, but in forgetting the fact that God works by means rather than by miracles.

At last quite worn out with too hard work and too meagre living, she fell ill. On her asking for a physician, her uncomplaining mother sapiently said, "If you are going on faith, so be it; there is no need of a doctor!" This set Frances thinking as she tossed about in her pain. If a doctor might be God's means to an end in illness, surely a salary might be His means to the end that good work might be done. She wrote a frank statement of the situation to the executive committee of her society. It was read with tears, and answered with a bountiful cheque, and from that day to this "the wants of herself and of her family have been well supplied by the devotion of the White Ribbon Women." But she values as beyond all price the experience of those memorable three months, in which she entered into practical sympathy

with the poor and unfortunate, by suffering in her own person the pangs of actual want.

When the National Women's Christian Temperance Union was formed, her name was the first proposed for the presidency. She declined this supreme mark of trust so early in her labours, but she accepted the onerous post of corresponding secretary, which she held up to within a twelvemonth of her election to the presidency in 1879. After long thought and prayer she has been led to advocate woman suffrage as a fundamentally essential portion of the whole counsel of God, as she understands it, relative to the temperance movement. Largely as the result of this, the National Women's Christian Temperance Union of America is now almost a unit for the ballot of women as a temperance weapon. Later, with her great army of women, she joined forces with the National Prohibition Party.

Her sympathetic co-operation with the Social Purity White Cross movement resulted in its adoption by the National Women's Christian Temperance Union in 1885, and when no other woman could be found to accept the task of speaking in all the leading cities of the United States on this most difficult subject, she undertook it, and drew around her a noble corps of women workers in nearly every State of the Union. This society was never so prosperous as now; its auxiliaries are constantly multiplying, forty departments being already organized under the heads of preventive, educational, evangelistic, social, and legal work.

During the first ten years of her temperance work Miss Willard travelled from fifteen to twenty thousand miles a year, averaging one meeting a day throughout the entire period; writing letters and articles and planning work while *en transit* between the towns at which she spoke. In the year 1883 she visited every State and territory of thirty-eight States and nine territories of the United States, besides some of the Canadian provinces; organizing and energizing the Woman's Temperance Unions in nearly every town and place at which she paused. She is the real founder of the World's Woman's Christian Temperance Union, but preferred that Mrs. Margaret Bright Lucas, of England, should be its first president. She started *The World's Petition*, which is now being circulated in every civilized country, and to which she hopes to secure two million names. It will then be presented by a delegation of White Ribbon Women to every civilized government. She will also probably be one of that delegation, which will set out on its travels within the next ten years. She is a contributor to an indefinite number of magazines and papers, and

receives about twenty thousand letters a year; so that she may fairly be described as a busy woman.

Miss Willard is an extremely impressive speaker, an interesting and graphic writer. She is thoroughly and ably supported in her great life-work by many good men, and by tens of thousands of brave, earnest, and gifted women. Among these latter Miss Anna A. Gordon fills a special place, being not only Miss Willard's clever, tactful, energetic secretary, but her closest and most indefatigable home and travelling co-worker and companion. Miss Willard's home, Rest Cottage, Evanston, Ill., is a lovely spot in the shadow of superb elms, and within sight of the flashing currents of Lake Michigan. Here she purposes now to remain for longer intervals, labouring chiefly with the pen.

From a very interesting biographical sketch in the *New York Christian Advocate*, we quote the following account of Miss Willard's initiation into her temperance work and its subsequent progress.

One day, when I was preparing for my next lecture before the college girls on the theory and history of the fine arts, Mrs. Charles H. Case, of Chicago, came out to Evanston to see me. She declared that I must come to the city and speak at the next meeting in Clark Street Church a few days later. Being somewhat easy to be entreated, I consented to try. But I had no time to prepare save on the train as I went to the city, and I had no knowledge to draw upon. Arriving at Clark Street Church at the noon-day hour, I found it packed to the doors, the aisles being as full as the pews; the great platform was crowded with clergymen. What I said I do not know; it was soon over, for there were others to speak, and all I had aimed at was to show my good will. Soon after, I spoke in Robert Collyer's pulpit. For the first and only time I read my address, and was not surprised to learn later on that Dr. Chamberlain had characterized it as "a school-girl essay." Going home I said to myself, "No more manuscript, or else no more speaking."

In June of that year (1874) I resigned my position as Dean of the Woman's College and Professor of *Æsthetics* in the university. Though I have often had the credit of doing this for the specific purpose of entering the temperance movement, it is a higher honour than belongs to me. I was, however, thinking very much about the Crusade, and its sober second-thought, the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. Earnest-hearted women in our community talked much of it together, and I had been most profoundly impressed by its pathos and its possibilities.

There was not a home in New York to which I felt at liberty to



go, and my finances did not warrant staying there a single day; but providentially, as I must think, all these steps were divinely guided, the Rev. Dr. and Mrs. W. H. Boole were at the very centre of the Woman's Christian Temperance movement in New York, and I now met them for the first time, was a guest in the home, and drank in of the spirit of that Boanerges on the platform and Hotspur in the field. Besides filling his pulpit, Dr. Boole was accustomed to speak out of doors down town, standing on the steps of some huge warehouse, to the great unkempt, unwashed, ungodpelled multitude. By his invitation I went one Sunday afternoon, accompanied by Mrs. Hascall and other ladies, and standing beside the good doctor, I looked out on the first sight I ever had of what seemed to me to be the burnt district of humanity. Seared and scarred, and marred and empty-faced, and hungry-souled and hopeless, I can never describe what they seemed like to me who had always been associated with the fortunate, the inspired, and the inspiring class of humanity. I think I got my baptism when I spoke to those people that day. Afterward we went to Jerry M'Auley's meeting, which was a wonderful place, as everybody knows who ever saw it. That Jerry M'Auley, "a wharf rat" (as he called himself), a common thief and pickpocket, a State's-prison convict, a man the very build of whose head and look of whose face spelled out crime, that he should have been converted through and through, reformed, transformed, illuminated, so that he was a teacher not only of ignorant men like himself, and wicked men such as he had been, but of the wisest and the best, was the greatest Gospel miracle that had ever greeted my eyes. It was a wonderful compensation for that object-lesson of the outdoor audience from the purlieus and the dives of New York city. That evening a group of us took supper in Kit Burns' rat-pit, which had been a breathing-place of perdition, a saloon with all the accompaniments the word implies, kept by Kit Burns, and in which it had been among the favourite amusements to pit rats against each other for a fight, especially on Sundays. Here the gamins of the street and the saloon habitues had been wont to bet their nickles as to which rat would win. But this place had been literally cleaned out by prayer and whitewash, was bright and wholesome, and had become a refuge for degraded women.

So I had another mighty object lesson, and was set thinking along lines utterly new. For how should a woman whose childhood was spent in Oberlin, Ohio, whose girlhood in a Christian homestead on a farm, whose student and teacher life in Evanston, how should she know about the great humanity that beats its life along the stony streets? At Kit Burns' rat-pit they talked over

the Old Orchard meeting. They said a reformed Irish saloon-keeper, by the name of Francis Murphy, had suggested a Gospel temperance camp-meeting, where Christ as the Saviour of drinking men should be the only remedy brought forward. I had never before heard the expression "Gospel temperance." It seemed to me the two words should be tied together for evermore. I had no money with which to go to Old Orchard, but these kind friends arranged it somehow.

Coming West, I was soon elected President of the local Union in Chicago. The women asked me what they must do, smiling upon me, and evidently meaning in a financial way. But I had set my heart upon a faith-test, and replied, "Oh, it will be all right, you have nothing to do." Meanwhile I had not a cent in my pocket, and my home in Evanston was wholly dependent upon me. Then followed for a few months the only stress I ever knew in relation to dollars and cents. I often went without a meal because I had not the money to buy it, and walked many miles for want of the nickle that would have secured a car-ride. I was out at the elbows and shoe-tops, and generally dilapidated so far as this world's goods are concerned; but it seems to me I never knew a happier life. As I walked the streets and saw the hungry looks of that great strange throng which, in Chicago almost more than in any other city I have ever seen, smites the gaze of a well-wisher of his kind, I used to say in my heart, watching the tramps and ne'er-do-wells: "I declare you all look hungry, and you don't know that a friend of yours is passing by; but I am very much at one with you, for, praise the Lord, I'm hungry, too!" I remember a friend asking me after awhile how I was getting on. I told her something of these experiences; but that in spite of all of it I never had so good a time. I was learning something about the hardships of the world and the riches of the Lord, and somehow I felt as if I owned Chicago.

For ten years I was on the war-path, helping to put up the telegraph lines all over the land, so that when the messages went out from head-quarters at Chicago, there should be women to receive them. A meeting a day on an average for these ten years, and a thousand towns reached with the Crusade Gospel, testified to the blessing of the Lord upon these efforts.

A publishing house was founded in Chicago in 1881. It has attained a business of \$180,000 in the last year, publishes our paper, the *Union Signal*, with its weekly subscription of 75,000 copies, has printed in 1889, 130,000,000 of pages of temperance literature, and has for four years declared dividends to its stockholders of from four to seven per cent. on their investment.

Scientific temperance instruction laws have been secured in all but eleven of the States. We have forty departments of work, grouped under the heads of Organization, Evangelization, Education, Social Work, and Legal Work. A woman is at the head of each of these in the nation, and another at the head in each State, while those in the states are supposed to have their correlate local superintendents in each auxiliary. Our following in this country, including honorary members, Bands of Hope, etc., is estimated at half a million, and our organizations, all told and of all kinds, about ten thousand. We have seen that Local Option is, as it has been so aptly styled, "too local and too optional." We work in all the constitutional amendment campaigns in States, but we believe that National Prohibition is the true goal, the key-stone to the arch, and we are crowding all sail for that more and more as the years go by. High-License is the pet aversion of the White Ribboner. We believe it is the Trojan horse in the temperance camp, the devil's counterfeit for the true gold of Prohibition. We believe that it applies moral chloroform to the tax-payer, blinds the perceptions of the good to moral distinctions, and is the only set-back that the temperance reform has suffered in the last ten years.

The work for the promotion of social purity has had a large expansion in our society. It has fallen to my lot to stand at the head of this department, besides being President of the National and World's Woman's Christian Temperance Union. Our local Unions are taking the most active interest in the White Cross and White Shield work, which we divide under the heads of National, Reformatory, and Legal. Better laws for the protection of women have been secured in nearly all the States. Literature by the million pages goes forth to pastors, parents, teachers, from our publishing house, 161 La Salle Street, Chicago.

During the past eight years of its history the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union received an average of less than \$1,000 a year. The fund comes from the payment of ten cents per member by each local Union. From \$15,000 to \$22,000 has been received this last few years.

The coming of Christ in the customs of society and in the laws of the land has always appeared to me to be part and parcel of His coming to the individual heart and life; therefore I regard the movement to which I am devoted, and whose evolution I have watched with unspeakable affection and gratitude, as a Gospel Temperance movement through and through, which may it ever remain as White Ribbon women move steadily forward singing as their battle-cry of freedom, "For God and Home and Native Land."

## PRISON REFORM.

BY THE HON. Z. R. BROCKWAY,

*General Superintendent of New York State Reformatory.*

[The subject of prison reform is attracting much attention in this country. Through the influence largely of Dr. A. Rosebrugh, the indefatigable Secretary of the Ontario Prison Reform Association, a commission has been appointed, which is taking evidence on the subject, which will doubtless lead to decisive action in the direction of prison reform. Our friend, Dr. M. Lavell, Warden of the Kingston Penitentiary, has kindly promised an article on the subject for this Magazine. In the meantime we reprint from the *Chautauquan* the accompanying article by the distinguished leader in prison reform in the United States.—ED.]

The present generation can scarcely know that the humane treatment of criminals by imprisonment in penitentiaries is of comparatively recent origin, almost within the present century. The horrors, abuses, and errors of the then existing criminal codes and penalties in the latter part of the eighteenth century led to an attempt to moderate some, to abolish others, and generally adjust the punishment to the offence, and for this purpose penitentiaries were provided; that at Philadelphia in 1790, the New York Penitentiary in 1796, other States following.

The care of criminals in penitentiaries, beginning just prior to the year 1800, was by two very different systems. Pennsylvania and New Jersey adopted solitary confinement, which soon came to be designated and known as the Separate System; while New York and other States adopted the Silent System, at first denominated the Congregate System. The Eastern State Penitentiary at Philadelphia is to-day the type, indeed the only remaining American type, of the former; the Auburn State Prison is the original American Silent System prison, having served as model for most of the prisons since erected in this country. The Separate, or Pennsylvania System, contemplates continued confinement for his period of sentence, for each prisoner, in a separate cell, say eight by twelve feet, lighted from the ceiling, and having each a small exercising yard, roofless, about the size of the cell. In this room or cell the prisoner eats, sleeps, lives, working as best he may at handicraft work, being allowed a small share of his meagre earnings; and when, for baths or other purposes prisoners are removed, they are supplied with hood and cloak, to conceal their identity. The object of this system is to prevent the prisoner

from holding intercourse with his fellow-prisoners, and to compel him to hold communion with himself.

In opposition to the Pennsylvania System it is said, it is fundamentally wrong, in that solitude tends to barbarism; a man can be fitted for society only in society; that the very worst society a prisoner can have is the convict companionship of his self-communion; that the official and permitted visits to his lair are necessarily brief, infrequent, and perfunctory; that the prisoner cannot be trained to successful industry unless taught to labor in connection with other workmen upon the modern division of labor system, as in factories; that no state of increasing population and consequent increase of criminals will so increase prison accommodations as to provide what is practically a separate prison house for each prisoner—so that, as in the Eastern Penitentiary now, more than one prisoner must occupy the same room, giving convict association without supervision; and, finally, that the prevention of communication among prisoners confined under this system is impossible.

The Silent, or Auburn System, seeks to secure sufficient separation by strict rules, close supervision by day and complete separation by night; production and instruction in industry are accomplished in large shops supplied with modern means and machinery; while, by the different arrangement of cells, in tiers, opening upon a corridor, and the assembly of all in a commodious chapel, the chaplain's personal Sunday communication is facilitated, and the advantages of a considerable visible congregation for the public address is obtained. This system is undoubtedly more difficult to administer.

The Pennsylvania System, since its inception, has made no progress, and is only now preserved at all in public favor for the reason and to the extent that it has departed from its central principle, viz., solitary confinement or complete separation. Neither has the Auburn System made much actual progress in improvement, but now seems emerging from its familiar routine and about to test its possibilities for rational reformation of corrigible prisoners and for restraint of the remainder.

The retributive element in human penalties is fraught with evil among prisoners. Their estimate of the undue severity engenders bitterness and revenge, or they are encouraged in crime by undue leniency, or if, peradventure, the prisoner's perverted sense of justice should accidentally be met by his sentence and punishment, then, after having suffered suitably, he considers that his accounts are squared and every obstacle to resumption of criminal conduct freely removed. Man cannot properly retribute his fello

man; He only who sees the end from the beginning, who knows the hidden springs of human action, can rightly repay. There are no known facts of history showing actual permanent diminution of crimes through intimidation; the criminal impulse in individuals or the mass requires not a long time to adjust itself to the customary penalty; and prisoners discharged from the worst prisons are surest to commit fresh crimes. Neither is it generally true that prisoners under punishment do, unassisted, occupy themselves with moral meditation and good resolves; but, on the contrary, they oftener grieve over lost indulgences and resolve to "get even" with society or with somebody. Moreover, if retribution, deterrence, repentance, and redemption were possible products of penitentiary punishments, there is nowadays none of it; for the punitive purpose is subverted by the improved conditions of prisoners, accorded them out of the humanity of modern Christian society. There is then a pressing need for a penitentiary system that shall more effectually protect society from crimes—a demand the new adult reformatories are intended to meet.

These reformatory prisons are generally for the confinement of felons alone, males between the ages of sixteen and thirty years, first offenders in felony, who are by the committing court adjudged reclaimable. The laws governing committals to these reformatories indicate a most gratifying advance of public sentiment, in that they do not contain any discoverable purpose of punishment, having regard solely to the reformation of prisoners, who are sentenced not for definite periods of time, but within the statutory term of years for the particular offence; their release, conditional or absolute, is left to the discretion of the prison managers, to be based, however, upon a reasonable probability of the prisoner's reformation. On admission to a reformatory, the culprit is taught that he is esteemed by the community as unfit for liberty and must change his character, gaining confidence to secure it. He is confronted with his liability to a long term of imprisonment on the one hand, and with the possibility of shortening it, by worthiness, even to the period of a single year; thus the love of liberty, the most powerful motive with prisoners, is at once employed for his voluntary preparation of himself for satisfactory citizenship. So strong is this motive that almost all criminals, committed under this system quickly respond, becoming, often unconsciously, awakened and willing subjects for the established disciplinary or training process. The demand made upon the prisoner is for self-regulated good moral conduct; pure and precise personal habits and deportment, with manliness in every relation; mental growth, to be shown in mastering school tasks previously impossible for

him; and, not least, an actual performance in industry, which involves instruction, production, together with industrial inspiration. Such training is enforced or accomplished mainly by the motive named, by means of a marking system that for imperfection in any desired particular operates to retard the progress toward release. The usual effect is to place the prisoner under a tension of effort consciously for liberty, but incidentally and unavoidably for progress of improvement toward his reformation.

These state reformatory plants cost usually about a million of dollars each; that at Elmira, New York, having cost, for construction and improvement to date, quite a million and a half. The buildings are steam heated, well ventilated, lighted with electricity; the dietary is ample and of good quality; the clothing is sufficient and not of a distinctively degrading pattern; good libraries are provided, and from time to time instructive and entertaining lectures, concerts, and readings of high character are supplied.

Thus, the ordinary conditions of life in the reformatories are even superior to the prison conditions in the improved penitentiaries, yet without supplying additional inducements to crime, for the uncertainty of the period of detention and the stringent reformatory disciplinary *régime* quite counteract any attraction the privileges and opportunities might otherwise possess. The modern reformatory is a severe training school; it has been not inappropriately termed a school of adversity. The prisoner's treatment is not influenced by his repulsiveness or attractiveness, nor is much regard given to the character of his particular crime, his temporary discomfort or delight is little considered; but the cultivation of the man out of his bad character into a better state is the purpose kept constantly in view. The old tastes and habits are interrupted by compulsion at first and until new and better impressions are made; new and better activities of mind and body are required to be practised, to the formation of good habits; the creation of new habitudes, indeed, a new character, which, with a good degree of certainty determines the future conduct. Discipline, physical and technical training, education, religion, all skilfully and inspiringly conducted by a highly centralized governing authority, are, in brief, the usual means, made more effective by the system of sentence and by the conditional release or parole of all prisoners, by which they are steadied and tested before they fully regain their liberty.

The penitentiary portion of penological science is nearing a crisis. The care of criminals requires now penitentiary treatment different from that of the modern state prison. Penitentiaries

must be more serviceable to prevent crime, or they are worse than useless. Experience teaches that severity rarely deters and never reforms. What then shall be done? The answer is plain. Make the prisons really reformatory, and thus they will become preventive of crimes. For this, only simple changes are required, and there are really no serious obstacles in the way. Let us proceed as follows:

Classify the prisoners of a state or prison into two divisions, separating the good from the bad; let all be confined under the indeterminate sentence, or under such a modification of it as is now applied to prisoners in reformatories; give increased attention to renovating the physical man for increase of his mental activity and character; supplement such training with careful education in school to the extent of each prisoner's power to receive and develop; add manual and technological instruction, until the prisoner in prison does actually earn his subsistence and becomes habituated to live by his own honest earnings; at the same time train him in practical ethics, thoroughly testing his appreciation of common morality in his daily life; teaching him also, when it is possible for him to know it, how to love and trust the Almighty Father of us all. A penitentiary system conducted for such a purpose must not be influenced by partisanship, either political or religious. The public generally must learn where true economy lies, that a considerable yet really comparatively small expenditure, to support prison reformatories that really reform, is more economical and better in every way than an apparently smaller but actually larger public expenditure for courts and machinery of the law, made necessary by the criminals remaining at large, committing depredations not only, but carrying with them, wherever they are, an influence of moral corruption that entraps our youth.

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#### MOTHERS.

ONE mother, once, when her encircling arm  
Grew powerless to shield her child from harm,  
Wove a frail basket of the trembling reed,  
And strengthening it with loving heart, she laid  
Him helpless, thus, beside the river's brim,  
Trusting that God would keep and care for him.

Since then all mothers, taught by her, have known  
God's care is larger, better than their own.  
They weave their trembling faith into an ark,  
And strengthen with their prayers the tiny bark,  
And trust their growing children thus to Him  
Who saved the lad beside the river's brim.



## AN EXPERIMENT IN CITY MISSION WORK.

BY A MISSION WORKER.

For some years past, in the cities and large towns of Protestant Christendom, the minds of thoughtful Christian people have been greatly exercised in regard to the almost heathen condition of a very considerable proportion of the population, and earnest efforts have been made for their evangelization. Many agencies are now at work with most encouraging results, but at present it is our purpose to refer to but one, a young and comparatively small mission in the city of Toronto.

Nearly six years ago, a lady who daily passed up and down one of the leading thoroughfares of Toronto, was struck with the number of children who apparently lived on the streets; their rags, manners, and language indicating a sad neglect of all that was necessary to rear respectable citizens. Her heart went out in sympathy to these waifs, and the prayer breathed was, "Lord, what will Thou have *me* to do?" Later on, on hearing some children under five years of age blaspheming the Saviour's name, it dawned upon her that possibly they had never heard of Jesus except from the lips of the profane, and if this was the case with these, might it not be so with many more? At once the question arose, "Who is responsible for this condition of things?" The answer came in words of mighty power, "*You*, in so far as you can help it, and do not." This was enough. The strong conviction already felt that she was called of God to go and labour in the midst of this class of the community was confirmed, and she determined from that time forth to consecrate herself afresh to the Lord for this work. It was not a passing fancy, but a growing and all-absorbing conviction burning into her heart day and night.

For some time the way seemed hedged up, but at last the path was made clear, she could give up her beloved class in the Sabbath-school of twenty-five or thirty young girls, some of whom had almost grown up with her, and rent a room for her class of street children. At the time there were several other mission schools in the city, though she did not know of any of them till afterwards.

A decision as to duty and plan of action having been arrived at, the next step was to tell her pastor, Rev. Dr. Stafford, and the Superintendent of the Sabbath-school, what was in her heart. Both thought favourably of the project, and spoke words of encouragement.

As in most undertakings there are difficulties to surmount, so now the first one presented itself—not a room could be secured in the locality desired. For nine months agents and landlords were visited, often involving the taking of long walks to see them, but all to no purpose. In the meantime the building of a new Orange hall had been steadily progressing, and as in September, 1886, it neared completion, the thought occurred to her that possibly somewhere in the structure a room might be obtained. Inquiring from the workmen, she found out the Chairman of the Trustee Board, Mr. E. F. Clarke, now mayor of the city, who received her most kindly and seemed interested in her effort. He laid the matter before the trustees, and a letter came from the Secretary informing her that a heated and furnished room was at her disposal for the time being at least, on condition that no injury be done to it. It may be added here, that after six months' occupation by these rough children, not a mark of any kind was to be found on the white walls or a chip out of the woodwork, which could not be said of many rooms used by boys from refined homes. This unexpected liberality was a great encouragement.

As soon as the room was secured, the Sabbath-school Superintendent, Mr. J. B. Boustead, authorized the purchase at the Methodist Book-Room of hymn-books and other requisites to the amount of five dollars, as a start for the class.

All was now prepared for the scholars, the opening day being fixed for the first Sunday in October, but how were they to be got? For a long time previously interviews were had with some of these little city Arabs, and inquiries made as to whether they went to any Sunday-school. It was only those who said they went nowhere who were invited during the week preceding the opening to come at three o'clock the next Sunday. The time arrived, but though many fair promises had been given not one had been kept, and the first Sunday in October of that year found only the teacher present.

Shortly before this a young lady friend volunteered to assist, and accordingly on the second Sabbath both teachers were at their post, but without a single scholar. It became evident then that inviting alone was not sufficient; the boys and girls must be brought; and so the two ladies went out and visited the neighbouring streets to find out where the non-attendants at Sunday-school played. Many were spoken to, and again invited for the next time. The following Sunday the younger lady on the way to the hall, met four boys and they consented to accompany her. They came again the next week, and brought three others with them. The following Sunday there were thirteen, and very shortly the number increased to over forty.

It may be thought that as there were now many more than in their most sanguine moments these teachers had ventured to hope for, their happiness would be complete. But can the uninitiated draw on their imagination sufficiently to picture the scene? It is impossible. As the numbers increased so did the confusion; and had not other teachers, both gentlemen and ladies, come to render their assistance, and that an instrument had been kindly lent, nothing could have been accomplished with the unruly and lawless horde. Music alone brought order out of dire confusion, for frequently there would be a mass of juvenile humanity in motion in the middle of the floor. The first day when there were only four, something could be done. They enjoyed singing, and knew several hymns sung by the Salvation Army on the streets. All four were chewing tobacco vigorously, which furnished a theme for a few moments' discourse. They were asked to give up the filthy habit, but said they had used the weed so long they could not do without it. One boy was only seven years old. They put away the offensive weed, however, for the time, and on the next Sunday took a new boy out who was chewing, made him empty his mouth, and then brought him back.

A great deal of singing—and many had fine voices—the use of a blackboard, and the teaching of the International Sunday-school lessons by means of the picture of the Leaf Cluster were at last found to engage and interest the children, the majority of whom were boys.

In the following spring, as the number of teachers had been increased, and money had been contributed by friends, it was thought that an advance should be made. In a few weeks, another place was secured containing two rooms of different sizes. With the funds in hand the rooms were papered, painted, and whitewashed, and necessary furniture bought. Rent had to be paid, but with the necessity came the means. Without solicitation a good lady of the church promised to pay it for a year, and others, unasked, were continually handing money to one and another of the workers, so that every want was supplied.

It had been felt for some time that one hour a week was too little to combat and counteract the antagonistic influences of all the other hours, and now that the mission had complete possession of its rooms, it desired, if possible, to have them open every night. At once Gospel and song meetings were started on Sunday evenings at the close of church service, and on Thursday evenings. It was hoped that the parents would become interested and attend, and to this end some of the homes (if they may be called by such a name) were visited. However, it was discovered that many were

Roman Catholics, and of course would not come. Occasionally a few adults dropped in, but the older boys, with a few girls, formed the bulk of the audience. Many called boys were really young men, from sixteen to twenty-three or twenty-four years of age.

Besides these purely religious services, a Band of Hope was begun on Monday nights; night-schools on Tuesday and Friday evenings (for many could not read), and Saturday was called recreation evening—a free and easy meeting. The rooms were well lighted and heated; periodicals of various kinds were scattered about; different games of a quiet nature were allowed, and a savings' bank opened. At every meeting there was more or less singing. This was one of the most useful evenings of the week, for the teachers mingled with the scholars in a friendly way at a game or in conversation, and an opportunity was thus afforded of studying individual character and influencing and helping personally those who at other times were spoken to in groups.

An attempt was also made to establish a mothers' meeting and girls' sewing-class, but these have not been very satisfactory so far, though it is hoped that under efficient management next winter they may be more successful.

Later on the rooms were also opened on Wednesday evenings as reading-rooms for men. During the summer most of the men leave the city for work in the country, and the boys find out-door games more to their mind than indoor meetings. The teachers also, almost without exception, take a holiday at this season, and so only a very few meetings can be kept up. A remarkable feature of this work has been that most of those who came in the early months of the mission have attended ever since, and are present on every occasion when the doors are open.

Before the first year in the new premises expired more accommodation was needed, and so other rooms were rented and the partitions taken down, making one large room and three classrooms, besides a square hall, which could be used as an extra class-room.

In the following November the Official Board of the Metropolitan Church voted the mission an allowance of one hundred dollars, and about a year after adopted the mission entirely, organizing within itself a Home Missionary Society, having for its object the carrying on of this mission and the planting of others, if thought expedient, in poor and neglected parts of the city. For the past year this Board has carried on two missions, one on Wilton Avenue and the other on Lombard Street.

A year ago last January, the mission, a sketch of whose history has been given, was obliged to leave its old quarters on Church

Street, and now occupies large and commodious rooms in the basement of a warehouse on Lombard Street.

Last October, the Superintendent of the mission and three of the gentlemen helpers attended the Convention, in Buffalo, of Christian Workers in the United States and Canada, and there gained information and inspiration, which gave them a new impetus in their work. Space will not permit, or I would like to enlarge on the advantages to Christian workers of all kinds to be derived from these conventions, the next of which is to be held in Hartford, Conn., from the 6th to the 12th of the coming November.

Shortly after the return from the convention, some of the gentlemen visited a place called the "Model Lodging House," where from one hundred to one hundred and twenty-five men and boys find a lodgment in the two rooms of the basement during the winter months. Others who can afford to pay more occupy other parts of the large house. It is on Lombard Street, directly opposite the mission. The landlord granted these young men permission to go downstairs and invite the lodgers to the mission services, and a number of them responded and came. It is scarcely possible to convey an adequate idea of the place and its occupants. For five cents a night these men get shelter, and shelter only. Around the two rooms, which open into each other, is a platform about one foot high, slightly raised towards the wall, on which the men find their only bed, all lying with their feet toward the centre of the room. At times they are crowded close together, and to secure a place have to lie down early. There are no pillows and no covering. The only article of furniture is a stove. Of course, all kinds of men are to be found there. Some were brought up in respectable homes, but drink, that deadliest of enemies to human weal and happiness, has robbed them of everything that makes life worth living. They are in a despondent condition, having forfeited their position in family and home and country, as well as their self-respect. Their friends have long ago lost confidence in them, and they themselves have done the same, and say within themselves, "No man careth for my soul." Others are criminals and vile characters, and there are some few who through misfortune cannot afford more congenial quarters, but still maintain their integrity. The atmosphere is indescribable, as may be imagined from the fact that so many are huddled together in a warm room; that the whole wardrobe of the men is on their backs, and worn week after week in most cases without change; that they are without bathrooms, and that the worst tobaccos are being smoked there at all times between six in the evening, when they are admitted, and eight

in the morning, when they are obliged to leave, unless they buy meals in the house. By many the time is spent in card-playing, and coarse and ribald jokes and stories, mingled with the maudlin talk and profanity of the drunkard, make night hideous to the weary and sleepy decent man or boy. It is doubtful if the latter can remain decent long amid such surroundings. If anything be needed to finish the picture of discomfort, it may be added the prevailing epidemic, la grippe, had numerous victims in that cellar.

It was to this place, a mission field in itself, that the young men paid a visit before every religious service began last winter. About one hundred and fifty men and boys generally attended the Sunday night meeting. There was always a good deal of singing, reading of Scripture, and an earnest address from some one specially invited, or from one of the missionaries themselves. This was followed by an after-meeting, when those remaining were dealt with more personally. On New Year's Eve, at the holiday festival, after supper had been partaken of, about forty expressed a desire to begin a new life. It is impossible to calculate the results of the winter's campaign, but over a hundred and thirty signed the pledge, and many are now living changed and, it is believed, Christian lives. Most of these men have gone to work in distant places, but besides those engaged in the city and doing well, good news come from afar.

Much of the suffering and want were caused by scarcity of work, so that part of the duty of those labouring in the mission was to procure employment, as far as they could, for men and boys, and never did one of them refuse anything that could be found for him to do. Some who through drunkenness had been separated from their families for years, returned and made a comfortable home for them.

This work brings its reward with it in the growth and development of the young Christians engaged in it, as well as in the joy experienced at the return of a prodigal one. If any Christian wishes to realize what pure unalloyed joy is, let him begin at once to bring others to the Saviour; and when the moment comes that someone, as he grasps his hand or sends a note, says it was you who first led me to Christ that I might find Him, his happiness will be inexpressible. As one and another of these mission workers are scattered abroad during the holiday season, and are being re-invigorated in body and mind, they are taking on fresh energy for the coming season of city missionary work, and are eagerly looking forward, in the name of Christ and the power of the Spirit, to the conflict with the powers of darkness. It is ex-

pected to extend the work and open a lodging-house, clean and under Christian influence, with reading-room, baths, soup kitchen and cottage meetings, as has been done by the old Richmond Street Church now on McCaul Street, several of whose young people were engaged in the Lombard Street mission last winter, but who are now engaged in mission work in their own.

All the workers were novices when they began, and have still much to learn, but they are constantly gaining experience. About forty attended at different times last winter, every evening of the week having a separate set of teachers or helpers responsible for the night. Unselfishness and patience have every chance to perfect themselves in this work. These young people seem never to be utterly discouraged even in the midst of disheartening circumstances.

If this very crude and imperfect sketch but stimulate some one else to go down into the by-ways and alleys in search of those less highly favoured than themselves, the object of the writer will have been attained. There is much to do, and few seem ready to undertake it. It may be asked, "Is there need for such work when there are so many churches?" There is but one answer, "Yes, for these people and even children cannot be persuaded to enter our fine churches, with well-dressed congregations, and therefore we must go out to them." The sooner this fact is recognized the better, and the less of denominational distinction exhibited the larger the number of people that will be brought under the influence of the mission, for all have their prejudices. The people should be led to Christ first, and then urged to attach themselves to some branch of the Christian Church according to their preference. In every city and town there is work to do not touched by the churches. Surely some loving heart will ask to be directed by the Spirit, so that those in the depths of sin and misery may be lifted up.

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### HOPE.

How dark and dreary were this life of ours  
 Did not the star of hope shed brightest beams!  
 How flat and tasteless were our little joys,  
 Could we not weave them into happy dreams!  
 And yet what seems the veriest dream of all,  
 That we shall live beyond this earthly pale,  
 Is by the grace of God no dream at all,  
 But a reality that shall not fail!

## THE WOMAN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETY AND ITS WORK.

THE history of the Woman's Missionary Society of the Methodist Church has been that of a natural and spiritual growth. The vital seed planted in the hearts of Christian women was the constraining love of Christ, drawing them out in tender pity and helpful sympathy towards heathen women and children.

There was a good deal of curiosity and speculation when this young shoot appeared above ground in the garden of the Church; some welcomed it with hearty good-will, prophesying grand results; others thought it an intruder, which would consume the light and air belonging to other trees which had been earlier planted.

This little sapling at once sent out its tender branches in three directions, towards the French Canadians, the Indian tribes, and the daughters of Japan, striving to reach as many of the women and children of these people as possible, knowing that "the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations."

Subsequently another branch shot out in the direction of the poor enslaved Chinese girls in British Columbia.

This tree has been growing in a symmetrical way during its eight or nine years of existence, and rich fruit has been gathered from all its branches, stimulating and nourishing mental development, and alleviating physical distress, but above all, affording spiritual nutriment to perishing souls.

The roots of the tree are in the hearts of the Church at home, expanding and enriching them; occasionally a little rootlet runs out against hard clay or a stone, meeting only cold repulsion. Does it forthwith wither and die? Not at all. It merely turns aside to more congenial soil; but that spot loses the privilege of furnishing nutriment to some little twig away up in the tree, which is budding and blossoming and bearing fruit for the life and enrichment of souls in this world and the next.

May the dews of heaven, yea, showers of blessing come upon this tree, reaching from the utmost leaf to the most deeply imbedded rootlet, making every part beautiful, fragrant and fruitful.

Let us look at the various branches. The Methodist Educational interest of the Province of Quebec centres in the French Institute, opened October 22nd, 1889, where forty-three pupils were admitted during the winter, eighteen girls and twenty-five boys, ranging in age from ten to twenty-six years. The Woman's



Missionary Society pays a yearly amount covering the interest of the money required in erecting a large enough building to accommodate the girls' department; it also bears a proportion of the running expenses according to the number of girls in attendance. In addition, there are three French day-schools supported by the Society, partially in one case, but wholly in the other two. Satisfactory advance has been made by the pupils in their studies, and better still, a number have been brought to know the Lord Jesus as their Saviour.

Work among the Indians is extending, but enlarged liberality is necessary, that more may be done. Industrial schools are needed, that these roamers of the forest and plain may be taught how to support themselves and no longer be treated as children. The Woman's Missionary Society is still labouring at these different points.

The McDougall Orphanage, at Morley, is mainly supported by it, and by an annual grant from Government; but the growth of the Institution and its usefulness are seriously hindered by the want of a suitable building and proper industrial appliances. Provision has been made for a new building for the Girls' Home, now at Port Simpson, British Columbia, but the site has not yet been settled, and there is a possibility of removal to Bella Bella, two hundred miles farther south. When we hear of the good work done in the neighbouring country of Alaska by the American Presbyterians, conducting an Industrial School of one hundred boys and fifty girls, where shoemaking, carpentry and other useful employments are taught, the desire is intensified to "go and do likewise."

At Chilliwack, B.C., the Society has erected and furnished a Home and School for forty children, the only Protestant institution in all that valley open to Indian children. Surely here is an opportunity of building not upon "another man's foundation." Gratifying progress is reported in study, habits of neatness, singing etc., but still more encouraging is the good news of spiritual enlightenment and salvation.

The Chinese work is still somewhat limited. Nine girls are sheltered and instructed in the Home in Victoria, making good progress in their studies; some of the elder ones are quite anxious to be sent back to their own land where they seem eager to work for the Master whom they profess to love. A wider field than the maintainance of this Home seems opening up. The poor women and children crowded in close quarters in Chinatown appeal by their need to Christian hearts for friendly visitors bringing the Gospel of peace. Surely when the heathen are brought to our very doors, it becomes us to meet them, not with bitter exclusion

and harsh treatment, but with the spirit we may imagine our Saviour would show were He now with us facing this question. Let us remember that "He hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth, and hath determined the times before appointed and the bounds of their habitation," and presuming that He may have appointed the home of some of these to be in our fair land, let us do to them as we would have them do to us.

The only foreign work of the Society is in Japan, where there are three stations. The first, and most important, is in Azabu, Tokyo, where for six years a flourishing and highly satisfactory boarding school of over two hundred pupils had been maintained. From this centre have gone out rays of light and influence into many homes and hearts, the history of which eternity may alone unfold. The Sabbath comes as a revelation to many, an opening into a new world. The Holy Book is studied with eagerness, and, while we in Christian lands are almost excluding this treasury of highest wisdom from our schools, it is found to be of the greatest advantage to have it daily taught in the schools planted in heathen lands, and examination papers on Scripture subjects are sent home showing greater proficiency than, we fear, would be found among the young people of our own country, from whom so much more might naturally be expected. Who can estimate the influence of this Christian training on the future life of these young school girls, coupled with the example of those from whom they are receiving instruction.

An enlarged political freedom is now being granted the people of Japan, and there is a tendency to the extreme of lawlessness in some quarters. How necessary, then, in order to promote stability in the nation and lead it to its highest development, to have hearts imbued with a love of the truth, and to teach all to "fear God and keep His commandments," as conducing to man's highest happiness and welfare. How grateful we should be that we were permitted to enter that land where the favour of the people and eagerness for English were at high tide. Surely it becomes God's people to watch His providences, prayerfully and promptly cooperating with them.

A heavy cloud has recently enshrouded that favored spot, the centre of so much hope, prayer, effort and success. The one who has given so much of her life during the past five years to this work for God, is in a moment stricken in her tenderest love; and as she returns to the home land, those left behind will feel that they, as well as she, specially need abounding grace for all their necessities. It is a time to pray that nothing may be allowed to hinder the progress of Christ's kingdom in that land.

Two other schools are under the care of the Society—in Shidzuoka and Kofu, two ladies in each case bravely carrying on the enterprise. In all the stations evangelistic work is prosecuted in connection with the educational, the one helping the other, and encouraging results following. Some of the ladies devote their chief energies to this instruction of the women in Scripture truth, meeting with them weekly; and also in supervising the work of nine Bible-women, who from day to day are visiting the sick, the inquiring, the indifferent, giving a word of comfort, counsel or exhortation, as the case may require.

Thus God has graciously used the Woman's Missionary Society to accomplish some definite and tangible results. The Gospel has been brought to many hearts who otherwise would most likely have still remained spiritually destitute; homes and schools have been built and maintained for the education and shelter of the young, and some idea given of a Christian home and a Christian Sabbath.

The one aim has been and still is, "the evangelization of heathen women and children." There are many other lines of Christian work which are very important and necessary, but there are other agencies to accomplish these. Is it desirable that this Society should leave its own legitimate sphere, and by encroaching upon that of other Societies, embarrass them and weaken itself? Appeals are made to this latest missionary organization to build churches for white settlers who have gone from a land of Christian privileges to distant parts of our country, where these are as yet unknown. A most deserving object (and one which the members of the Woman's Missionary Society as individuals, are undoubtedly found assisting), but why not work through the proper and legitimate channel? The General Missionary Society exists partially for this very object, why not increase its income so that these crying needs may be met?

"This one thing I do." A distinct purpose with its steady pursuit, suitable attention being given to other matters as far as they can be made subservient to the general aim, this is the way, with our present human limitations, to accomplish the highest results. There is great power in concentration of effort—expansion may weaken force.

The claims for thought and action which press upon the individual and upon the Church are overwhelming, and sometimes very disheartening. Shall we try to respond to them all? Impossible. Shall we not rather give our sympathy to all and our energy to those which seem to our prayerful judgment the most important, and to which we are providentially led?

## BILLY BRAY THE CORNISH MINER.

BY THE REV. MARK GUY PEARSE.

FROM one end of Cornwall to another no name is more familiar than that of Billy Bray.

On Sundays, when one met crowds of strangers making for the whitewashed chapel that was perched up amongst the granite boulders, or when one found the quiet "church town" thronged by the well-dressed people, the usual explanation was that Billy Bray was going to preach.

If you had overtaken Billy on the way you could not have been long in doubt as to who he was. A little, spare, wiry man, whose dress of orthodox black and the white tie indicated the preacher. But this was evidently no preacher made out of broadcloth and choker. The sharp, quick, discerning eye that looked out from under the brows, the mouth almost hard in its decision, all the face softened by the light that played constantly upon it, and by the happy wrinkles round the eyes, and the smile that had perpetuated itself—these belonged to no ordinary man. And with the first suspicion that this was Billy Bray there would quickly come enough to confirm it. If you gave him half a chance there would certainly be a straightforward question about your soul in wise, pithy words. And if the answer were what it should be, the lanes would ring with this happy thanksgiving.

Billy's whole life was spent in praising the Lord; and for the most part aloud. He couldn't help himself; with a heart always in tune, every influence, every breath shook from its tremulous chords some note of thanksgiving. "As I go along the street," he said, "I lift up my foot, and it seems to say 'Glory!' and I lift up the other, and it seems to say 'Amen!' and they keep on like that all the time I walk."

But probably you would have come upon him singing. "Bless the Lord, I can sing," he would say; "my Heavenly Father likes to hear me sing. I can't sing so sweetly as some, but my Father likes to hear me sing as well as those who can sing better than I can. My Father likes to hear the crow as well as the nighingale, for He made them both."

This good, useful, quaint man, was born in the little village of Twelveheads, near Truro, Cornwall, in 1794. As a young man, he was exceedingly wicked, and indulged in all sinfulness; and after being absent from his native country seven years, returned to it a drunkard. But throughout these years the constant danger to which he was exposed in his work, and the hair-breadth escapes, filled his mind. His conscience tormented him; dreams terrified him; at times he feared to sleep lest he should wake up in hell.

At length there came into his hand a book written by one who would have been a kindred spirit. It was John Bunyan's "Visions

of Heaven and Hell." The vivid picturings of the lost roused Bray to great anxiety. The description of two souls in hell cursing each other for their misery, was himself and a drunken companion, and the thought burned within him—"Shall he and I, who like each other so much, torment each other in hell?" That wound did not heal until he met with the Good Physician. It was deepened by the words of his wife, who had once enjoyed the favour of God, but had left her Saviour. She frequently would talk of the remembrance of her joy and peace, "O Billy, no tongue can tell what they enjoy who serve the Lord!"

"Why don't 'e begin again, then?" asked Billy, "for then I might begin too. Get converted, and show me the way, for you bean't such a sinner as I be."

Though he suffered this bitterness, "the devil had such a hold of him," as he said, that he was ashamed to pray before his wife, and went to bed without kneeling.

But Billy's trouble was too much for his shame. In the middle of the night he sprang out of bed and fell on his knees and prayed for mercy. "The more I prayed, the more I felt to pray," was his account of it afterwards; and day and night, at work and at home, he wrestled for deliverance from the guilt of sin. His companions reproached him for making such a noise—like him of old, he was "roaring all the day long." But Billy could not be quiet until the Lord Jesus had spoken peace to his soul.

"You would roar out too if you felt my load, and roar I will until I get it off," was all Billy said in reply.

Work, and food, and sleep were forgotten in the intensity with which he sought the Lord. One day, as soon as he reached home, he went straight to his room, and determined to press into the kingdom.

He prayed, "Lord, Thou hast said they that ask shall receive, and they that seek shall find, and they that knock shall have the door opened—and I have faith to believe it." That instant the Lord made him happy. "I shouted for joy," he tells us; "I praised Him with my whole heart for what He had done for a poor sinner like me. . . . Everything looked new to me—the people, the fields, the cattle, the trees. I was like a man in a new world. . . . I told all I met what the Lord had done for my soul. I have heard some say that they have had hard work to get away from their companions, but I sought mine out, and had hard work to find them soon enough to tell them what the Lord had done for my soul. . . . They said I was a madman, but they meant I was a glad man, and glory be to God, I have been glad ever since!"

Billy Bray at once determined to possess all the privileges and gifts that this new-found religion afforded. He joined the "Brianite" or "Bible Christian Methodists." Billy thought it wanted all the help he could get to reach heaven, and was not going to lose this help of fellowship with the people of God.

The earnestness of his devotion was soon felt. Such a fire as burned in his soul could not but spread. Religion to him was not

a duty to be done—not a privilege to be enjoyed in leisure hours—not a benefit-club, a comfortable provision for “rainy days;”—it was a life. Never left behind, never put off with the Sunday clothes, never hidden before great or low, good or bad—but in him, flowing through him, speaking in every word, felt in every action, seen in every look—deep, true, abiding religion was with him altogether a life. Dead indeed unto sin, he was now living unto God through Jesus Christ.

Billy had “lighted his candle,” and resolved that it should give light to all that were in the house. His religion was not a safety-lamp, laid by till he should be going down into the dark valley—nor like the chapel gaslight, that burned only on Sundays and at the week-evening services. Once lighted, it was put into perhaps a common-place sort of a candlestick, but all at home could see by it. And as the world about him was “a dark world,” he thrust his candle into a lantern and took it forth wherever he went and guided not a few from “horrible pits” that threatened them, into the way of salvation. One thing about this lighted candle Billy never forgot—that it burned none the worse for every candle that was lighted from it. His words on this matter deserve to be written in gold:—

“There were men who professed to be converted before I was, but did not love the Lord enough to own Him, and us enough to pray with us and tell us we were going to hell. But when I was converted, praise the Lord, He gave me strength to tell all I met with that I was happy, and that what the Lord had done for me He would do for anybody else that would seek His face. There was nobody that prayed in the mine where I worked; but when the Lord converted my soul He gave me power to pray with the men before we went to our different places of work. Sometimes I felt it a heavy cross, but the cross is the way to the crown. Sometimes I have had as many as from six to ten men down with me, and I have said, ‘Now, if you will hearken to me I will pray for you before we go to work, for if I do not pray with you, and any of us should be killed, I should think it was my fault.’ Then I should pray in what people call simple language, but as I hope the Lord will have me. When praying I used to say, ‘Lord, if any of us must need be killed or die to-day let it be me—let not one of these men die, for they are not happy; but I am, and if I die to-day I shall go to heaven.’ When I rose from my knees, I should see the tears running down their faces, and soon after some of them became praying men too.”

Within a week his wife recovered her lost joy, being led by her husband’s hand to the Saviour whom she had forsaken.

From the time of his conversion to the day of his death Billy’s zeal for souls was “a flaming fire.” It seemed never to be checked by any difficulties, never turned aside by any opposition. Hindrances only summoned a stronger faith and ensured a mightier triumph.

No account of this quaint, warm-hearted Cornishman would be

complete without some allusion to the wonders he did in the way of chapel-building. To the apostle's list of the triumphs of faith he proved that yet another could be added. By faith he built chapels and paid for them too.

Amidst very many difficulties and hindrances he commenced with his own hands a chapel near the place where he lived. "The dear Lord," he tells us in an account of it, "raised me up many friends who sent me money to pay the masons; we got the chapel walls up, and the timber for the roof. But we had not got enough by one principal, and I asked my Heavenly Father to send me some timber, or money to buy some."

Here then was the little place, the last bit of timber used, the last penny was spent. What is to be done but close it for want of funds! that was an utter impossibility in Billy's mind. "The silver is Mine, and the gold is Mine, saith the Lord of hosts;" and kneeling in simple, earnest, believing prayer, Billy ever had access to Him: how then could he doubt?

The next morning Billy came down to his work without timber or money, but with faith in God. He didn't wait long. A man who lived near there came up to him and asked abruptly—

"What do you want a pound note for?"

"Just the money I want to put up a principal on that end of the chapel," said Billy, with twinkling eyes.

"Well," said the man, "I never knew such a thing in my life, for all the morning it has kept coming into my ears, 'Go down and give Billy a pound note;' and now here it be."

So off went the happy little man to buy his principal, blessing the Lord all the way.

He managed to get all ready for thatching the roof. Then, he says, "I put a man to work at it—that would cost one pound ten shillings; and when the man came to be paid I had but one pound, so I wanted ten shillings more. The Lord put it into my mind to go into a high road near, where a great many people went up and down to work. The first man I met was P. B. I said to him—

"'You haven't given me anything yet for my Father's house.'

"'No, I ha: en't,' says he, 'and sha'n't neither.'

"'What,' I replied, 'are you amind for the Lord to say to you in that day, You saw Me an hungred, and gave Me no meat; thirsty, and ye gave Me no drink; a stranger and ye took Me not in; naked, and ye clothed Me not?'

"'Well,' says he (frightened rather, we suspect), 'I doan't mind if I give 'e ten shilling.'

"So he gave me the ten shillings, and I went home and paid the thatcher."

But Billy's troubles were not at an end when the house was finished. Some of the "Society" who had held themselves aloof from his efforts opposed his having "preaching" there, and sought to prejudice the ministers against taking it on the Circuit-plan. Would that the stubborn faith that can work well,

were always softened and beautified by such submission as Billy showed now! He locked the chapel door, and carried the key home, and hung it on a nail behind the door. Then kneeling down, he said, "Lord, there's the key. I have done what Thou hast told me to do; the chapel is built, and there is the key. If it is Thy will that the key should stay there seven year, or that it be taken down every minute of the day, Thy will be done, my dear Lord."

"That very day," Billy adds, "our preacher appointed services at my chapel even oftener than I should have asked him if I'd done it. The Lord soon revived His work, and we gathered a great many members. A large new chapel has been built there since then. No wonder that the devil was so much agen me while I was building, and put his servants to hinder me so, for I have seen at one time fifty down asking for mercy, and mercy they had."

The next chapel he built was at a place called Kerley Downs. Billy has himself written the account of it.

"I told the preacher we could have a spot for a chapel, and if he did not call a meeting of trustees, I should begin about the chapel myself. So he appointed a day, and got trustees; but all that promised to help left me to myself.

"My little son and me went to work, and got some stone; the good friend who gave the land lent me his horse and cart, and we soon set the masons to work.

"Those who read this must remember that I was a very poor man, with a wife and five small children at that time, and worked in the mine underground. Sometimes I was forenoon 'core,' and when I had taken my dinner, I should go to the chapel and work as long as I could see, and the next day do the same. The next week I should be afternoon 'core;' then I should go up to the chapel in the morning, and work until the middle of the day, and then go home and away to the mine, the week following I should be night 'core;" I should then work about the chapel by day, and go to mine by night. I have worked twenty hours in the twenty-four. Had not the Lord helped me I could not have done it. Bless and praise His holy name, for in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength!"

When the chapel was about half-way up the devil tempted Billy—"They are all gone and left you and the chapel, and I would go and leave the place too.

His answer was like himself,—“Devil, does'n' thee know better 'an that? By the help o' the Lord I'll have the chapel up, or lose my skin on the down.”

Billy's argument against every objection was this, "If this chapel should stand one hundred years, and if one soul were converted in it every year, that would be a hundred souls, and that would pay me well enough if I got to heaven; for 'they that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars for ever and ever.'"

Of many remarkable incidents that occurred in connection with his chapel-building we must content ourselves with this.



The little place at Kerley Downs was up, but it wanted a pulpit. Billy began to think within himself where that could come from. At last, as he looked about among some furniture at an auction sale, his eyes fell upon an old three-cornered cupboard.

"The very thing," cried Billy, "the very thing. I can cut a slit down the back of un, and strengthen the middle of un, and put a board up in front of un, and clap a pair o' steer behind un, and then the preacher can preach out of un pretty."

With much glee he turned to some one near him, and asked, "What do 'e think they'll want for that there cupboard?"

The man looked, and gave it as his opinion that it would go for six shillings. Billy told him what he meant to do with it, and the man said—

"Why, you're Billy Bray. Here, I'll give 'e the six shillings to buy it."

After awhile the cupboard was put up. Billy knew nothing of auctions. All eager to have his pulpit, he cried, holding out his hand—

"Here, Mister Auctioneer, here's six shillin' for un, I do want un for a pulpit."

Of course there was a great laugh at Billy's expense. As it passed away the actioneer cried—

"Six shillings, going for six."

A nod from behind Billy was quickly caught.

"Seven," cried the auctioneer, "seven shillings."

"No," cried Billy, "'tis on'y six, there's the money."

Of course, down went the hammer, and much to Billy's astonishment the cupboard was not his.

"Well, Father do know best," said he, in a rather disappointed tone; "but anyhow I must give the man back his six shillin'."

The man was gone, nor was Billy likely to see him again. This was a new and even greater trouble.

"I'll go down an' tell Father about it," said Billy, as he started off for his little chapel.

With faith renewed, and a comfortable assurance that it would be all right, he was coming from the chapel, when he saw the cupboard going up the hill in a cart.

"I'll follow un, anyhow," he whispered, "an' see the end."

"They carried it to a house, and tried to take it inside, but it was too big to get in. They twisted and turned, they pulled and pushed, but it was no use.

"Here's a mess," said the purchaser, angrily; "I've given seven shilling for en, an' shall have to skat en up for firewood."

Then as his big eyes twinkled, Billy stepped over and put his hand on the man's shoulder as he stood, hat in hand, wiping his forehead.

"I'll give 'e six shillin' for un, if you'll carry un down to my little chapel."

"That I will," said the man, pleased at being so well out of it.

"Bless the Lord," cried Billy, "'tes just like Him. He knew I couldn't carry en myself, so He got this man to carry en for me."

## MASTER OF HIS FATE.

A TALE OF THE WEST RIDING.

BY MRS. AMELIA E. BARR.

## XVII.—AMOS MAKES EDITH A PROPOSAL.

AFTER Edith's visit to Manchester, life at Bradley went on in a very even and satisfactory way. Her affairs were not again discussed, even by the most intimate of friends. Amos had made himself very popular in Bradley; he had given nobly to its charities, and he had a way, not only of interfering in local troubles, but also of making them disappear.

The rector found his hands wonderfully strengthened by this straightforward, pushing, generous man. And as he stood at Edith's side, very much in the attitude of a watch-dog noting, with pleased or lowering face, any attention or want of attention to his daughter, no one was inclined to incur his ill-will.

For the ill-will of Amos was by no means a bark without a bite. Mrs. Lumley would have said, had she dared, that she and the squire had been almost worried to death by him. And, indeed, it was well known that the proud woman had been compelled to entreat Edith's espousal of her cause, in order to prevent the auctioneer's flag which Amos had promised them. But having brought them to this point, Amos was glad to put the utmost extent of mercy in the hands of Edith.

"Tell her," he said, "she can send t' squire to me. If thou says be easy wi' them, I'll warrant I won't be hard."

"Mrs. Lumley wants to see you, herself, father."

"Nay, nay, I'll do no business wi' women. I'm too soft. If she didn't mak' a fool of me, she would call me a brute. But ta can tell her thou hes saved her home; and for t' rest, let Squire Lumley speak for himsen. If it hurts his pride a bit it will do him good. He hes never done aught but spend money all his life, and nobody as I can hear of, hes hed t' gumption to give t' young man a bit of good advice. I shall not let my opportunity pass; he'll be sure to get some truth from me, and happen it will do him good."

The tie between Edith and her father-in-law had become a very strong and tender one. He admired her thoroughly; her business tact elicited his sincere admiration; her little economies were his delight.

Martha Thrale listened to him with many silences and reserves. She liked Edith better than she had ever hoped or intended to like her, but women see women in a way men have not the faculty of seeing them. The pretty wiles and flatteries that were so charming to Amos, and in which he so thoroughly believed, affected Martha with a trifle of wonder and contempt. She saw through them, and wondered why Edith should take a bye-way to her object when there was a high-way.

"She is a varry fair specimen of woman," she would say, a little impatiently, "but she is'n't an angel. She hes her faults, like all t' rest of women."

"Then, I hev'n't seen them, Martha."

"No, because she mak's so much o' thee. One would think thet she never hed a father of her awn."

"She hed a varry mean one, poor lass; I sud really hope thet she does find a different mak' o' a man to old Bradley."

"Dear me, Amos! Thou beats everything. Setting thysen up above a daughter's awn father. It isn't right, ta knows."

"Isn't it? I wouldn't set mysen varry high by topping Luke Bradley. I'm not an angel, either, Martha; but I hope as I am a better sort of a man than Luke Bradley was."

"Well, Amos, Luke Bradley is dead and judged now, and thou hesn't any right to say aught. I hope he knows how good thou hes been to his daughter."

"Ay, I hev been good to Edith. But Edith is a woman as is worth a man going out of his way for."

"She's varry well, I hev known some better, I think."

When conversation got to this point, Amos had always the good sense to turn it upon the subject about which their opinions were unanimous—little Joe.

"Did ta iver see such a fine lad?"

"Niver, Amos, unless it were his father." Then the child's beauty, his spirit, his loving disposition, his bright intelligence, were afresh discussed, and Amos smoked, and talked, and listened, until he was in a state of supreme satisfaction with himself for owning such an admirable son and such an extraordinary grand-son.

During the following Easter holidays, Amos was most of his time at Bradley. He had Perkins there, and he went over the accounts of the estate with him, and was much gratified at the handsome balance. He never took into consideration the retired way in which Edith had been living during the absence of her husband, the omission of the summer travel, and the winter's entertainments; he put the whole sum against his own management. And this not out of any intentional desire to appropriate credit not justly his own, but simply because his tremendous self-esteem led him to make all things feed its never-ceasing hunger.

The Saturday previous to Easter Sunday was a perfectly charming spring day; and in the afternoon Amos asked Edith to take a walk with him.

"Why not drive, father? Then we can'take little Joe with us."

"Nay, I don't want little Joe this afternoon, and I am going a way that would be rather hard on thy fine carriage and horses."

"Won't it be hard on me, then?"

"Not a bit. Put on a pair of thick shoes, and I'll give thee my arm."

Edith did not make any further opposition. She had come to understand that her father-in-law's unusual movements always had a purpose in them; and she was little curious as to what new thing was now in his mind.

They went leisurely through the park, admiring its excellent condition. After passing the gates, Amos turned to the left, and followed a rapid, brawling stream some distance up the hill. There was but a bridle path, and the road was rough, but it was one of great beauty.

In a few minutes they came to the head of a glen, and here the water took a leap of fifty feet, making, in its irresistible momentum, what is called in local speech "a force." Amos stood looking at it with a face full of speculation, while Edith who had never been there since her childhood, expressed her hearty delight.

"It is the loveliest spot!" she cried; "we must bring little Joe here, and have a picnic. Oh, how exquisitely sweet and fresh and charming it all is! It seems, up here, as if the world had just been made, father."

"Ay, it is a bonny place; but the beauty of it isn't what I'm thinking of, Edith. There is a grand water-power here. I've been up before—looked at it summer and winter. I say, there is a grand water-power here."

"Well, what of that, father?"

"It is a fair, even down sin and shame to hev so much water-power doing nothing."

Edith smiled. "I believe, father, that you think forces and becks wère only made to run mills."

"Whatevver could they do better? So much water—so much water going to waste! It mak's me varry unhappy, Edith."

"This place was for beauty, father—a little covert for the lady-ferns and blue-bells. I didn't know before that I owned such a pretty spot."

"There, now! What good does its beauty do? Who iver sees t' lady-ferns and blue-bells? Who do they feed and clothe? Looking pretty is all varry weli, but neither nature nor women folk hev any right to stop there, if they can do aught else"

"There must be some places left for recreation, some places left to delight the eyes, and rest the mind and body."

"I hev'n't any objections, I'm sure. There are lots o' bonny places, fit for nothing else, with no water-power worth speaking of. This place hes more privileges.

"I think it has."

"Edith?"

"Yes, father?"

"I'll build Joe a cotton mill right here, if thou art willing. I'll buy the land of thee a fair price."

"I do not want a cotton mill so near the park, father. It will spoil the pretty rural village, too."

"What is ta talking about? I sall put up t' handsomest mill that can be made o' stone and mortar. I'll mak' t' chimney so that folks will come miles and miles to hev a look at it; and I sud like to see t' park or t' village a mill of that kind would spoil."

"Bradley is such a pretty, rural, idyllic little village."

"I don't know what ta means with thy fine words, but I'll tell thee what I think o' Bradley. It wants somebody with sense and

gumption to do summat for it. Such a lot of tumble-down, thatched cottages and sleepy dunderheads of hedgers and ditchers I niver saw before."

"They are happy and contented."

"Because they know no better."

"Bevin is not very far off. If they want mill work they can go to Bevin."

"They are like childer; they stay at home, even though home is but a middling place. Edith, thou hes no right to hev so much water going to waste. It ought to find good homes and plenty o' bread for a thousand mouths, and mak' money without end for thee and Joe."

"Do you really think that?"

"To be sure, I do. See, now! I'll build a mill. I'll hev it ready for t' looms by t' time Joe is ready for it. I hev vowed that he sall niver hev part nor lot in Bevin Mill, but I niver said that I wouldn't build him a mill at Bradley."

"My father always dreaded having a mill near the park. It was for that reason he bought the land around Kattel Force."

"Thy father made his money in mills."

"Yes—but you know the Bradleys were country gentlemen. They had become poor, but they had always been at Bradley. My father, like many other old Yorkshire squires, began manufacturing in order to rebuild the fortunes of the family."

"Well, whatever he did thou can do. I sud think that he bought this varry bit o' land, if he hed an ounce o' sense, with t' sole idea that some o' his descendants would be wise enough to build a mill here. Naturally, he'd want them to hev t' benefit o' such a grand factory site."

"Oh, no," she answered, a little fretfully; "just imagine that cascade of silver water black and foul with the refuse of dyeing vats. And the stream all the way down, with its fringe of primroses and blue-bells, how soon it would become dirty! The flowers would perish, and the clean air be full of smoke."

"Silver water, as ta calls it, will mak' a sight o' gold for thee. And it would be better to see a thousand men, women and children on its banks than primroses and blue-bells; for I do hope ta doesn't even human beings wi' flowers and ferns and such like."

"It is such a new idea to me, father."

"I'm a bit astonished at that. Thou art such a clever woman, I was sure thou would have thought of Kattel Force and Joe together, before this."

"No, I had not. Of course I knew that Joe must have a mill somewhere near Bradley, and I was going to speak to you about it. I thought there was plenty of time."

"There is no time to lose if we build our awn mill—not a day. Now then, tak' what I hev proposed into thy head, and turn it over a bit. I think ta will see I am right."

"It will need thinking about in many ways."

"This is t' varry place for Joe. A good road can be easily

made here, and his gig will bring him to thee any time in twenty minutes. And if Kattel suits Joe and thee, that's the main thing, I sud say."

"Well, father, I will think of what you have said."

"Do, Edith, my lass. And don't thee waste time. We'll hev to be making ready for Joe's home-coming. If ta will help me, we'll do our best to mak' no mistakes with him this time."

"You are the dearest, noblest, most generous father in the whole world! It would be a shame to cross you very far.

"Ay, I try to be. And I hev a famous good daughter. A father would do a good deal for a lass like thee."

"I will speak to Perkins, if you don't mind. He may know of some more suitable place."

"Ay, he may—and he may not."

"If we can buy a suitable site not on our own land, all the better."

"Mebbe. But speak to Perkins if ta likes. He's not a bad one to ask; for if there's a bit o' land, far or near, in ta market, he generally knows all about it."

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#### XVIII.—AMOS BRAITHWAITE AND SON.

Amos had acceded to his daughter's wish to consult Perkins with apparent satisfaction; and with almost unnecessary haste he decided privately to follow Edith's intention. He went early on Monday morning to see the lawyer, so early that he had to seek him at his residence. The two men knew each other too well to tempt deception, and Amos, without any preparatory explanation, said, "I'm before business hours, Perkins, but I hev a good reason for bothering thee. I want to build Joe a mill on Kattel. Mrs. Braithwaite is afraid o' spoiling her view and her rural village, and thinks thou can mebbe find her a better site. Now, I know thou can't, and if ta could, I don't want any other site found. Think of it. Can ta find a place half so suitable?"

He stroked his chin a few moments, and seemed lost in a deep reflection on the water-power of the locality, but this answer was as definite as Amos could desire.

"I really do not know of any site but Kattel that could be procured for the purpose building a mill. There is a bit of land on Thorny Beck, but it belongs to Lady Charlton, and she refused to sell it to John Nelson, because he wanted to build a mill on it."

"I want thee to tell Mrs. Braithwaite that. Don't forget to tell her it, whatever ta does. I think it will do a deal towards making her settle on Kattel."

"I don't see how it can."

"Because ta niver studied up women; they aren't in thy books. Tell Mrs. Braithwaite about Thorny Beck, and I sudn't wonder if she settles at once, just as I want her to."

Having opened the subject, Amos did not allow it to drop.

Whatever Edith thought, Amos had made up his mind that there ought to be a mill on Kattel Force. A fine mill on that eminence would be a pleasant sight to him. Braithwaite Mill on Kattel Force. "My word," he thought, "If Luke Bradley can know it and see it!"

As for Edith she made as brave a struggle to preserve her little glen as could be expected. She spoke to Perkins and directed him, if possible to find other land, even though the price was a little extravagant. She told him frankly that she did not want to destroy the lovely stream, and transform the quiet hamlet into a dirty, turbulent mill village.

But Perkins had already settled the matter in his own mind. He saw now why Amos had helped the Wesleyans so liberally to turn the old mill into a chapel, and he could not help admiring the forethought of his old client. He was almost quite sure that the plans Amos had made for Joe and Edith would be, in the end, very wise ones, and that he would best serve her interests by encouraging them. In fact he could find no single reason for discovering another location to please Edith, and he could find at least a dozen good ones for pleasing Amos.

So when he visited Bradley on the subject, he was very regretful, but also very positive. He had been able to find nothing at all suitable but a tract on Thorny Beck, and it was three miles away."

"Is there a good road to it?"

"Oh, yes, a very good road."

"That might do. Who owns it?"

"Lady Charlton."

"Will she sell?"

"She was anxious to sell until she heard it was to build a mill on. Then she flatly refused. But I might hev known she would, for she refused John Nelson, and made some varry contemptuous remarks about mill gentry, at t' same time, which is neither here nor there. I thought as you and her were friends she'd mebbe not mind your mill. But she wouldn't hear of it."

"Oh, indeed! She wouldn't hear of it?"

"She says it is so unpleasant to sec mills. They are so suggestive of work, and poverty, and vulgarity, and a deal of other disagreeable things."

"But, Mr. Perkins, if we build on Kattel Fell, it seems to me that her ladyship will be obliged to endure the sight of a mill."

"I'm afraid so, Mrs. Braithwaite. But you see Mr. Joe is to be considered first."

"And it is your awn land."

"Of course."

"And when you can't do as you want—"

"Then I must do as I can."

"Just so, Mrs. Braithwaite."

And the end of the matter was that Amos got his own way. Before the spring was quite over, men began to dig up the blue-bells and primroses to a level, and grade a wide road, and then to lay

a foundation of mighty strength, upon which, month after month, rose gradually a tall, gigantic pile of masonry, something like a model prison, a great, vast, empty shell of enormous strength, into which Joe was to bring the steam and metal witchcraft of Lancashire.

Nearly ten years had now passed since that morning when Joe took his father's check for £5,000 and left him. If any one had then told the handsome, rather conceited youth the point to which he would arrive in ten years, he would have regarded his life as a failure, and felt anger at the supposition. But our views of life up to a certain age constantly change; the success of one decade is not the aim of another, and Joe sitting with his godfather, on the last night of his apprenticeship, was satisfied with the prospect before him.

"Thou art ready for work, now, Joe. Thou art a good man, and a good cotton-spinner, and I'm proud of thee in both ways. What wilt ta do with thysen? Has ta thought of it?"

"I have been thinking a great deal of it."

"Will ta ask Mrs. Joe to build thee a mill? Thou could tak' her as thy partner, J. & E. Bradley, Cotton Spinners."

"No, no, my wife is my wife, and I'll not mix her with my business. I am going to ask my father to lend me sufficient money to begin business in a rented mill. If he will not do it, I shall ask you, godfather."

"Thou ask thy father. He niver said he would not lend thee money; and if he did, the sooner he breaks the wicked oath the more of a man he will be. I hev told him that, in so many plain words before this. Give thy father a chance to be a good father, by being a good son. I'm none afraid but what Amos Braithwaite will do about right for thee."

The next day Joe went home, and Edith radiant and beautiful, was waiting for him. When he stepped from the train to the platform, it was with the free, independent air of a man who knows the cunning in his ten fingers is good for his fortune, and Edith recognized his manhood and his authority. He spoke to the coachman differently, and the man answered differently. In less than an hour the wife and the servants understood that he had come home as master.

The first persons he saw on entering Bradley parlour were Martha Thrale and his father. Martha was putting the last festival touches to the tea-table. Amos was serenely smoking at the window; Joe went straight to him. He put out his hand, and said frankly, "Father, I was very wrong not to take your advice ten years ago. I am very sorry for my folly. I hope you will forgive me."

"Say no more, Joe. I hev forgiven thee long since. Sam hes written reg'lar to me. I know all about thee, my lad."

"I'm so happy to see thee here."

"I hed to come here. When ta left thy wife I was forced to look after her for thee. Dost ta think I was going to let Tom, Dick, and Harry hev leave and license to say this or that about her?"



Not I! I don't know whativer she would hev done without me." And Amos laughed heartily, as he said, "Ay, ta may well kiss that big lad o' thine, Martha; I hev heard tell that he is as hot a Methodist as thysen now."

It is not often that anticipated joys realize their promise, but this reunion did. It was, perhaps, the happiest evening in all the experience of Amos. He had so much to tell, and so much to listen to, and Edith's praises of his kindness and wisdom were exceedingly pleasant things to listen to.

In the morning he said to Joe, "I want thee to tak' a walk with me, Joe. I hev summat to show thee." And as they neared Kattel he asked, "Is ta going to stick to cotton spinning, my lad?"

"Yes, I am, father."

"Will ta tak' me as thy partner?"

"Father, do you really mean it?"

"Do I iver talk on both sides o' my mouth? I hed a bit o' brass lying idle, so I bought some land on Kattel, and I hev built a mill on it, for I tell thee, Joe, it was a sin to see all that water going to waste. Now, if ta likes, thee and me will fill the mill with spinning-jennys. And, my lad, we'll drive all Wharfdale before us. Thou can manage t' cotton mill, and I'll stick to t' wool and Bevin."

"I niver knew I had such a good father. Why, you have been thinking of me and planning for me all the time I have been away."

"To be sure I was. Does ta think I was go to let Sam Yorke take my place? Is it a bargain? Sall it be Amos Braithwaite and Son, Cotton Spinners?"

"I shall be the proudest man in Yorkshire when that day comes."

"Then thou can begin to be proud this varry hour. See there! That is our mill, Joe. It wants naught but t' loom and t' hands; thou can get them as soon as iver ta likes."

A very happy summer followed this arrangement. Amos and Joe were so busy that the long days were far too short, and Amos often wished "time were nobbut in t' market, so as he could buy a few hours ivery day at any quotation." What ridings over to Bevin and Bradley there were! What consultations, what extemporized meals in both houses. Martha and Edith grew really fond of each other, while they discussed the uncertainty of dinners and teas, and the necessity of strengthening food for such busy men.

But time makes all events a little stale, and even the opening of the big mill was forgotten in a newer event of more personal importance, the advent of Joe's second son. When Martha Thrale lifted the little crying mite of humanity in her arms, she forgave Edith everything. And there was no hesitation about the name of this boy. He was called Amos as soon as he came into the world.

Amos was wonderfully delighted. He gave all his hands a

holiday and a big feast, and he had again a desire to go into Bradford and buy a piece of jewellery or silverware; this time he did it. And if the newly arrived Amos Braithwaite, junior, could have used a full silver dinner service he would have received it from the proud and happy grandfather.

Just after making this delightful outlay, he met Joshua Perkins, coming up Darley Street. "Hes ta heard?" he asked, in a lofty, exultant tone. "I told thee my Joe was no fool. T' mill is doing beyond iverthing. T' little rural village is getting to be a busy town, and yesterday, Perkins, there was another Amos Braithwaite arrived in this world."

"It is rather hard for a man to be a fool that hes got a rich father, a rich wife, and a rich godfather."

"Stop thy talk, Perkins. There's many a lad hes hed rich upholders—richer than Joe hes, but there's varry few lads who, if thev hed lost four years and £5,000 in a lawyer's office, would hev hed spirit enough to kick t' law and iverthing about t' law to the 'back-of-beyond,' and then go to work like a man."

Mr. Joe married?"

"I am coming to that. There's a fewer still, who, when they make a mistake in their wedding venture, hev t' sense to find out what is wrong, and then set themselves to put it right. Why if my Joe married for love now, he'd hev nobody but Edith Bradley, even if she'd worked in a mill and hadn't a sixpenny bit."

"It's a topsy-turvy world, Braithwaite. We'll see how things are ten years after date. There'll be changes, changes, no doubt, Mr. Braithwaite."

"There will be one change we won't wait ten years for, Perkins. We are going to spend no more money on lawyers. We hev got a lawyer in t' firm now. Good afternoon to thee."

However, this was but a passing breeze; for one morning, more than ten years afterwards, Perkins went to Bevin mill to see Amos, and found that he had gone to Bradley. He followed him there, and was told he was in the summer-house with the children. There Perkins soon came upon him, as happy as a boy among Joe's eldest four children. Amos, junior, was busy pulling to pieces a bit of toy machinery, and Jean Braithwaite, aged six, was examining her grandfather on the history of Jack-the-Giant-Killer, an examination from which the self-made man came out with discreditable confusion, on account of defective early training.

He put Jean off one knee and Sam off the other, but it was with difficulty he could get away from the children, and Perkins wondered "if they weren't a great trouble to him."

"Not nearly so much as thou art. Whativer does ta want to-day?"

"Barley-steads is in t' market, and Mr. Joe wants to buy it. I told him he should know first of any one."

"Joe is up to t' mill."

"My word, Amos, what a change that mill hes made in Bradley. T' village is a big town, and I hear Mr. Joe is to be mayor."

"Thou hears a deal of nonsense. Joe hes more sense than to mind iverybody's business. And I told thee what t' mill would do. If owd Bradley hed hed as much sense as a hank 'o wool he would hev turned thet water into gold thirty years ago. A man hes no right to let so much water-power go to waste."

"I heard also thet Mr. Joe was going to run t' Conservative ticket for parliament."

"Joe could do it, but he's far too good a man for such a job. James Sedbergh left it because of its irregularities and the bad hours it kept. My Joe is thet way too. Hev you heard as he is to preach in t' new chapel to-morrow?"

"No."

"Eh, but he is. Joe's a local preacher now, and a varry good 'un, too. Education wer'n't flung away on him, I'll be bound. Martha Thrale's that set up as niver was. Stay all night, and go to t' chapel to-morrow and hear Joe preach. Thou'lt hear the best sermon as iver thou heard i' thy life."

Here they were interrupted by a glad cry of "There's grand-papa! We've found grandpapa!" and Joe and Elizabeth, with the children, came down the lilac avenue to meet them. Joe was a handsome, portly man now, with the grave look of one who carries the daily life of a thousand souls in his hand; and, this evening, with the slightly preoccupied air of one who has also a sermon on his mind. And it was pleasant to see how thoughtful Elizabeth was of this, how she quieted the children, and contrived that Joe should get away unobserved to the library after tea.

Pleasanter still to see the whole village tending chapelward next morning; to see Benjamin trying to subdue his usual pompous, bustling way, and set an example to all of grave and serious attention. He watched Joe and his four children off to Sunday-school, and then turned to Perkins with a face eloquent beyond the power of language. In an hour he took Elizabeth on his arm and followed. Perkins and Martha Thrale completed the proud and happy family group. Humanity, under average circumstances, is full of sympathy, and the whole congregation entered into the father's joy as he sat in the big pew with his grandchildren around him and his eyes fixed upon the preacher, who was so near and dear to him.

It was not by any means a great sermon, but it was one that suited the audience; a plain, earnest talk on "redeeming the time," and on looking hopefully forward even from the mists of our mistakes. For Joe

"Held it truth with him who sings,  
To one clear harp in divers tones,  
That man may rise on stepping-stones  
Of their dead selves to higher things."

And Joe knew what he was saying; for he was only preaching the thing that he had done.

## INDIAN HYMNS.

BY THE REV. JOHN M'LEAN, PH.D.

THERE is music in the souls of the people of every race and tongue. It may be expressed in very weird strains or in the most commonplace tones, but there will be harmony, pleasant to the ears of those whose hearts are in sympathy with the people and the language they speak. The stolid countenance of the red man hides the gentler passions of his nature, and we are almost tempted to believe that the painted savage of the war-path and the peaceful occupant of the lodge are strangers to the tender emotions of the singing tribes of men. But our fears are chased away as we wander among the lodges, for there we see the instruments of music and can hear the shouts of the dancers, the gay laugh of youth, and the sweet songs of the women at their daily toil. Songs of life and death, love and war are found in the languages of the Indians. The Spanish conquerors listened to the natives of Mexico singing hundreds of songs, and still may we hear the Six Nations' Indians chant the Iroquois historical song.

During several important movements in English history and also during the French Revolution, the ballads of the people exerted a powerful influence over the minds of the populace. Recognizing this fact, Christian teachers have embodied many doctrines in songs and hymns written for the Indian tribes in their own language. When Las Casas, the Roman Catholic apostle of the Indians, was labouring amongst the natives of Mexico, he introduced the doctrines of the Christian religion among the hostile tribe by means of songs. With the help of some monks he translated into the language of the people and in verse a summary of the leading doctrines of the Bible. He secured the assistance of Indian traders who occasionally visited this tribe, and taught them the song, with its accompaniment on Indian instruments of music.

The traders reached the tribe, made some presents to the chief, and spread their wares before the people. After the day's trading was over, they called for musical instruments and began their song. They sang of creation, the fall of man, the life, death and resurrection of Christ and the judgment to come. The people listened with wondrous awe. Here, surely were ambassadors from the gods. The Great Spirit must have taken compassion upon them to send them these teachers. Night after night for a whole week did the people ask the traders to repeat the song, so eager were they to hear and learn. The traders told them of the teachers who sang these songs, and the Indians entreated the priests to teach them more fully the doctrines of the wonderful song.

Well do I remember attending an Indian camp-meeting at Kettle Point on Lake Huron, where Shawanese, Pottawotamies and Ojibways, sang with delightful enthusiasm the songs of Zion in the Ojibway tongue. Sometime ago I listend with pleasure to some Sioux children attending the Sioux school at Portage la Prairie, who sang very sweetly some hymns in the language of the Dakotas.

And who that has ever gone to the Indian Reserve at Morley, nestling at the foot of the Rocky Mountains, can ever forget the hearty and intelligent singing of the Stony Indians.

Important is all this, yet it is difficult to translate English hymns into the languages of the Indians and make them with the original metres of the tunes. A thorough knowledge of the language is necessary to make a competent translator, so that all the meaning contained in the words and ideas may be fully and intelligently expressed in both languages. There are a large number of hymn-books in the languages of the red man, such as Ojibway, Mohawk, Oka, Sioux, Eskimo, Chinook, Clallam, Cree and many others. These are doing good as teachers of truth, supplanting the native customs by those that direct the mind toward independence of spirit and a morality that is true.

The following hymn in the Blackfoot language, I composed some time ago, and now it is sung in the lodges with delight:

### NOQKIMOKIT.

TUNE.—“*Come to Jesus.*”

Jesus, Jesus, noqkimokit, noqkimokit anuqk,  
 Jesus, Jesus, noqspumokit, noqspumokit anuqk,  
 Jesus, Jesus nitâkomimoa, nitâkomimoa anuqk,  
 Jesus, Jesus, nitaikimoka, nitaikimoka anuqk,  
 Jesus, Jesus nitaispumoka, nitaispumoka anuqk,  
 Jesus, Jesus, nitâkomimok, 'nitâkomimok' anuqk,  
 Jesus, Jesus nitaitqsapsûk', nitaitqsapsûk' anuqk,  
 Jesus, Jesus, Kitâkomimo, kitâkomimo anuqk.

### TRANSLATION.

HYMN TITLE.—*Take pity upon me.*

Jesus take pity upon me now,  
 Jesus help me now,  
 I love Jesus now,  
 Jesus takes pity upon me now,  
 Jesus helps me now,  
 Jesus loves me now,  
 Jesus is kind to me now,  
 Jesus, I love you now.

## THE LAST EXTREMITY.

BY MISS ANNIE CRAWFORD.

"NURSE, Nurse, must I die?"

Glassy, hollow eyes, looking forth from a sunken face where Death has already left his mystic seal, repeat the query of the parched and quivering lips.

The busy nurse, with a ward full of patients awaiting her attention, pauses but a moment, and, stooping to rearrange the pillows of the sufferer, by compassionate silence, more eloquent than any words, gives a mournful assent.

It has come, then—the last extremity! Dimly imagined in the more thoughtful moments of far-away, happy childhood; contemplated occasionally, with growing horror and awe, in the golden time of blooming youth; in later days, sad, sad days of loneliness and friendlessness, almost welcome in its possibilities of rest and forgetfulness.

It had come, and with it a vivid realization of the horror and corruption of the tomb. Rest and forgetfulness were mere possibilities. Equally possible the tribunal of an offended God. God! Mysterious! All powerful! He, whose holy name every day falls lightly from the profane lips of the veriest cowards! Whom we can contemplate calmly and critically enough while secure in the realities of the physical world around us. But how different the emotions awakened by the thought of Him when that world is slipping from beneath our feet, taking with it friends, companions, attendants, as much or as little as we may have ever possessed; taking with it the bodies which we have always called ourselves, but which we realize so plainly to be not ourselves, as they weaken and decay, while the restless spirit intensifies.

In an agony of helpless horror, Magdalene fell, in sheer exhaustion, into a troubled slumber; in which the white-cotted ward, with all her fellow-sufferers, and the kind nurse whose tender touch and gentle eye brought such comfort, had all vanished. Alone she lay upon a desolate plain, her shrinking spirit searched and scorching through and through in the burning rays of a great Light beyond a distant Rock. With all the magnetism of the eye of a great and pure Intelligence the Light shone round and through her, till every thought and every fault and every sin of the past lay naked and open in that devouring Fire from which there seemed to be no escape. Oh, the shame! The agony! The fear! Material fire for a thousand years would have been more endurable, than the long, long moments of that

awful scrutiny. Writhing in the torment of it, an exceedingly bitter cry is wrung from the tortured soul: "God be merciful to me a sinner!"

Immediately the Light abates, as though a shadow had interposed, and softly over the desert a wondrous Presence moves, and with a face of ineffable sweetness bends above the suppliant, wrapping the wounded spirit in a blood-stained robe of healing. The fierce Light abates to mellow beauty, sweet perfumes fill the air, and voices of rare melody declare, He is gracious and merciful, slow to anger, and of great kindness, and repenteth Him of the evil." "And My people shall never be ashamed."

The dying woman awoke.

On the opposite wall, glorified by the light of a magnificent sunset, hung an illuminated card containing the words of the heavenly chant, which the convalescent in the next cot repeated softly, over and over, as though she loved them. The scent of the rose and heliotrope announced the presence of a rare bouquet, which had been placed upon a little table at the bedside; and above all rose the voice of an innocent child, singing with childish joy the pretty song, "God is Love:"

"God is Love. The little birdies  
In the tree-tops overhead,  
Seem to say with their sweet voices,  
Praising Him by whom they're fed.  
God is Love, God is Love,  
All things tell us God is Love."

Triumphantly she sang the chorus, while flowers and sunshine and beautiful sunset sky seemed to join in happy assent.

"'God is Love,' is that true, Nurse?"

"He 'so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

"But He is a 'consuming fire.'"

"To sinners who will not repent—who will not believe. You believe, Magdalene?"

"I believe, but I'm a great sinner."

"He 'commendeth His love towards us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us.' 'He is not willing that any should perish.'"

An assenting smile was the only answer of her who now needed no telling of the grace of Christ.

"Kiss me, Nurse," she said. Then, her face radiant with the new-born love of Him who had shown such wondrous love to her, she sank into a sleep which knew no earthly waking.

OTTAWA, Ont.

## CHRIST'S SYMPATHY WITH THE SUFFERING.

BY REV. HUGH PRICE HUGHES, M.A.

“When He saw the multitudes, He was moved with compassion on them, because they fainted, and were scattered abroad, as sheep having no shepherd.”  
—St. MATT. ix. 36.

It is only of late years that I have noticed the beautiful and significant fact that on every occasion Jesus Christ saw the multitude He pitied them. He did not hate them. He did not fear them. He loved them, and yearned for their happiness. He saw that they were often more sinned against than sinning, and that they were not wolves, desiring to tear and rend everybody, but that they were foolish “sheep.” Now, I have called your attention to this remarkable characteristic of Jesus Christ in order that I may also say how profoundly delighted I was to read the speech with which Colonel Duncan, the representative of the Holborn Division of Finsbury, seconded the Address of the Queen in the House of Commons. In the course of that brief speech, which entirely deserved the marked and unusual commendation which it afterwards received from the great leader of the Opposition, Colonel Duncan used these words: “With regard to another subject, it was terrible to think that sometimes from the day children opened their eyes on this world to the day they closed them they saw nothing but misery and pain. Was this our boasted civilization? Colonel Duncan goes on to observe: “Words could not express the misery which was in our midst. Far better than words would it be if we could see at the bar the little faces of hungry children. Now, when we were going to have, as he hoped, more prosperity in our trade, was the time when we should remember that unless we raised our eyes higher and higher to the second table of the Law, our duty to our neighbor, we should fail miserably as citizens and legislators. But to succeed required more than law, more than legislation, it required sympathy—a sympathy which blossomed into fruitful action.”

What I wish to point out is this—that the demand of Colonel Duncan, that in the public life of this country we should have, not only law and legislation, but also sympathy, is exactly what Christ said, and is the supreme need of our country and of every country. This sentiment is an intensely Christian sentiment. It is the application of Christianity to public life; and that I may assist in some humble degree, in such an application, I have arranged for these Sunday afternoon conferences. It is quite useless for us, at this time of the day, to say our prayers in private, and profess to be very good Christians, unless we are prepared to apply the ethical teaching of Jesus Christ to public affairs also, and unless we introduce, both into law and into policy, the sympathy which Colonel Duncan so properly demands. But if Colonel Duncan had made that speech two thousand years ago, before Christ came, he would not have found anybody to support him. It was an absolutely unknown sentiment; it did not exist; and I want this afternoon to give a few illustrations of the startling contrast



between a sentiment like this and the current ethical teaching of European society when Jesus was born. The idea that the masses of the people, and women, and even the little children, to whom Colonel Duncan refers, had ever any claim at all upon the sympathy of great men never presented itself to the Greek or Roman mind. The Greeks and the Romans were intensely selfish; the State was selfish; the individual was selfish; and because both the State and the individual were selfish, both were intensely hard. Take, for instance, the best man of classical heathenism, Socrates. All who know anything about him admire him in many respects, and yet he, the noblest product of the old Greek culture, was so entirely devoid of this Christ-like sympathy that he himself tells us that he thanked the gods every day that he was a man and not a beast, a male and not a female, a Greek and not a barbarian. Thucydides again, in some respects the greatest of ancient historians, in his great book, which has been more or less influencing our politicians from that day to this—and when I quote it, you will understand the origin of some current opinions—said man's mission was to subjugate his fellow-men in order to prevent them from subjugating him. Is not that a sentiment that still obtains among foolish people? Pericles, the great Athenian of the golden age of Athens, told the Athenians that it was their duty to make all men fear them. It never entered into the head of Pericles to imagine that it would be a more excellent thing to make all men love them.

It was commonly said by the great men then that it was a law of Nature that the strong should trample on the weak, and some very distinguished representatives of the British Government have just been saying practically the same thing in India. The Greeks, who are sometimes held up to our admiration, exterminated entire populations of their fellow-creatures in cold blood, and they constantly sold women and children as slaves. Aristotle, the great philosopher of Greece—who is carefully studied at Oxford and Cambridge, with whose sentiments the minds of the young gentlemen of England are saturated, and who still creates the opinions of men who write in *The Times*, and who speak on political platforms, said that slavery was a social necessity; that it was the corner-stone of civilization; and that there must always be slaves. You will remember on a recent occasion I poured as much contempt as I could—although that was not as much as it deserved—upon the absurd idea that we had anything to learn from the so called "Republics" of Greece and Athens. Athens a Republic! There were 20,000 free men when it was at the height of its political freedom, and at the same time there were 400,000 slaves. How the 20,000 freemen had the impudence to call themselves a Republic, I cannot tell. Why, the very idea of a commonwealth, or of true freedom, never existed until Christ taught it and lived it. At Sparta there were 36,000 free citizens and 364,000 slaves. The overwhelming majority of the citizens in all these heathen lands were slaves, and when Jesus Christ, the Friend of man, was born, there were at least 650,000 slaves in Rome alone; and I may say, further, that the modern freedom which recognizes the manhood of every man, which has struck a blow at slavery, was absolutely non-existent when Christ came. The working-man in every country under heaven was a slave. As a matter of fact, the working-man is still a slave to-day in every part of the world where the influence of Christ has not manifested itself.

If anybody owes anything to Jesus of Nazareth, the working-man does ; and if the English working-man is free, and enjoys the franchise, he owes it entirely to Jesus Christ, because until He came, all the great, and gifted, and wise men were of opinion that it was a contemptible thing to be a working-man.

And while the working-men were slaves, the aristocracy occupied their time in writing the beautiful poetry so much admired by us. There was no limit to the cruelty practised on these slaves. Thousands of these poor wretches worked in the mines in chains. The evidence of a slave was always extorted by torture. Demosthenes, the most polished speaker of antiquity, whose orations are studied by the clever young men and women of England, constantly practised it and advocated it ; and Plato also considered torture to be the best way of cross-examining a slave. I need scarcely say that this diabolical torture was inflicted upon the female as well as the male slave. Again, Plato, the golden thinker of Greece, who did in some respects reach a lofty level—a level far higher than that of many Christian teachers—positively regarded it as a mark of an educated man to despise his slaves. Think what that implies, and see the absolute world of difference there was between even so great and good a man as Plato and Colonel Duncan. Female slaves were absolutely at the disposal of their owners' lust. Social vice was unblushingly practised and advocated by everybody. Aristotle and Plato both advocated infanticide, and counselled physicians to allow working men who were ill to die.

If we turn from the current ideas of Greece to those of Rome, we shall find that the Roman law taught that property had its rights ; but it never taught that property had its duties. There are still too many at the Roman standpoint. The Roman father had power to sell his children as slaves. It was a common practice for these fine old Roman gentlemen to expose the old and infirm slaves—that is to say, when they were no longer of any use, they would turn them out on the roadside to die of starvation ; and many of those who were held up to us as examples were guilty of such conduct. Take such a man, for instance, as the Emperor Trajan, in some respects a very fine fellow, whom our sons are taught to admire. On one occasion he compelled 10,000 slaves to fight as gladiators. It took these unhappy men one hundred and twenty-three days to kill one another. Trajan was worse even than the modern prize-fighter and his patrons. Unless public opinion puts down these ruffians, we may some day sink to the level of Trajan. The Romans actually compelled naked and unarmed slaves to fight with lions and tigers, and no one was shocked or horrified.

Again, there was no charity to the poor among the Romans, no hospital of any kind for the poor, the sick, and the slave in heathen Rome until the influence of Christ appeared and manifested itself there. Quintilian, a famous writer, in addressing a rich man, used words which express the utter absence of any such sympathy with the poor as Colonel Duncan so properly demands from the British House of Commons. He said : " Could you [a rich man] possibly let yourself down so low as not to repel a poor man from you with scorn ? " So that the fine old Roman gentlemen felt it was due as a matter of honour to despise and reject the poor. Take another great Roman, Titus, in some respects a noble character. On one occasion, by way of giving a little amusement to the people, arranged a fight

between gladiators and slaves, the result of which was that 5,000 men were killed.

This was the state of society when Christ came. There has been an immeasurable advance since then, although many heathen elements still remain; but whatever advance has taken place, is entirely due to the teaching of Jesus Christ. Those of you who, like myself, diligently read *The Spectator*, will be very much struck by the way in which that great organ of public opinion is always complaining that the old hardness which once distinguished the English nature is passing away. Mr. Froude also thinks we are ceasing to be Englishmen. Now, these keen observers are quite right; for certain elements of ruffianism which used to be found in John Bull are disappearing. The influence of Jesus Christ is spreading. The leaven of Christianity is working in the House of Commons, and a distinguished member of Parliament assures us that we ought to have more sympathy with the people. It has gone as far as that, and that means a good deal. If you will just cast your eye back over the characters of modern English history you will find that the party of sympathy is the triumphant party.

All the great achievements of the most distinguished and powerful statesmen of this country, have been due to the appeal they have made to the sympathy of the masses of the people. How did the late Lord Shaftesbury overcome the opposition which was offered to his beneficent proposals, but by appealing to the sympathy of the English people? Women and children were obliged to live like animals until the Factory Acts delivered them. How did John Bright acquire his immense influence in this country when he was the Tribune of the English people, except by his deep sympathy with the poor? What was it that moved this country in a way that has completely revolutionized our foreign politics, except our sympathy with victims of Turkish atrocities in Bulgaria?

Nobody who keeps his eyes open and honestly faces the fact can be ignorant of this—that Socialism is spreading among the masses of the people. Why? Because the Socialists have expressed intense sympathy with the sufferings of the people. If you think Socialism is wrong, the only way by which you can prevent Socialism from acquiring in a few years predominant influence in this country will be by having as much sympathy with the unemployed and starving poor as the Socialists have. The time, I think, has come when all those persons who wish to prevent what might even be a revolution in this country should remember what Colonel Duncan said, and be prepared to prove that they are not only willing to pass laws, but to take to heart the sufferings of their fellow-men. In Palestine, at the time when our Lord came, nobody was allowed to be a judge until he was a married man and a father, because they said a bachelor had a hard heart, and that it was only when a man's heart was touched by the tender love of little children that he would be able to dispense justice with mercy. It is as necessary that those who make the laws and those who administer the laws should realize, in order that we may conduct human affairs successfully, that we must not only have law and justice, but we must have sympathy—the sympathy of Jesus Christ.

## METHODISM AND THE NEW ERA.

NOTHING in modern history is more remarkable than the unparalleled growth of Methodism during the last hundred years. The youngest of all the great Protestant Churches, it is already the most numerous. It has grown suddenly with the British Empire, and chiefly within the limits of the English-speaking communities. Mr. Stead reminds us that the world is passing into the hands of the English-speaking peoples. Methodism at this moment commands the allegiance of a larger number of English-speaking men and women than any other section of the Christian Church. Of course, we include in this estimate the United States of America, where Methodism occupies the position that Anglicanism occupies here. The one great drawback to the influence of Methodism in the English-speaking world is the fact that it is at present split up into so many sections. But already in Canada all the Methodist Churches have united, and have consequently become the most numerous and influential body in that great Dominion. The movement in favour of Union is growing and spreading in the Australian Colonies, in the United States, and in the Mother Country. If the Methodists only acted together they could already control the destinies of the English-speaking peoples. Some day they will act together for spiritual purposes. And it must not be forgotten that they alone, of all the Protestant Churches, have an organization sufficiently compact to cope with the organized strength of Rome. Again, as to the socialistic tendencies of the age, Methodism has ever been above everything else a "Connexion" or a Brotherhood. There is a sort of Freemasonry among Methodists that distinguishes them from other religious bodies. Their ministers are organized on a socialist basis. No man receives the stipend to which he might be individually entitled. Even so distinguished an orator, for example, as the late Dr. Punshon, never received more than £250 a year, with certain additions for the maintenance and education of his children. The itinerancy and the class-meeting tend to bind Methodists together, and to produce the fraternization which is peculiar to them. Now this spirit of brotherliness is the very soil in which Socialism naturally grows, and of which socialism, in some form, is the inevitable expression. Lastly, as to the position of woman. She has always occupied in Methodism a more prominent and active sphere than in any other community except the Society of Friends. In former generations, as George Eliot reminded the public in "Adam Bede," woman preached; and woman is beginning to preach again. Tens of thousands of women have occupied at every period the semi-pastoral position of class-leaders; and in the Salvation Army, which is essentially a Methodist movement, the absolute equality of women has been recognized from the first. These peculiarities of the Methodist Church are very striking; and they at least prove that Methodism is peculiarly qualified to deal with the special characteristics of the Era upon which we are now entering. If Mr. Stead had written about Methodism rather than about the Pope he would not have found it necessary to exhaust all the resources of his audacious imagination in proving that the religious movement he was describing might have before it a period of unparalleled prosperity in the

twentieth century. Methodism is already adapted to the new Era so far as its potentialities, its genius and its natural tendencies are concerned; although very much remains to be done before it is really ready for its work. Methodists must close their ranks, must frankly accept the principles of democracy, must seek a much higher and broader culture. But all these things are possible and easy if Methodists have the sagacity to adapt themselves and their system to the necessities of the New Era.—*Abridged from the Methodist Times.*

## WORLD-SICKNESS.—A SONNET.

BY MARGARET J. PRESTON.

OF all the ailments that exhaust men's hearts,  
And paralyze men's souls, can any show  
Such crowds of victims rushing to and fro,  
For help, as this world-sickness? The best arts  
That wisest skill of pharmacy imparts  
Effect no cure. The vaunted healing flow  
Of Nature's spring—alas! how well we know—  
Can never anodyne these inward smarts.

And yet, oh, fevered and world-jaded soul!  
Consumed with maladies that nought can quell,  
There is a medicine can make thee whole;  
Take from the hand of Christ the crystal cup  
Of His pure grace—that Holy Grail, filled up  
With sacramental wine; drink, and be well!

LEARN to give, and thou shalt bind  
Countless treasures to thy breast;  
Learn to love, and thou shalt find  
Only those who love are blest.

Learn to give, and thou shalt know  
They the poorest are who hoard;  
Learn to love, thy love shall flow  
Deeper for the wealth outpoured.

Learn to give, and learn to love;  
Only thus thy life can be  
Foretaste of the life above,  
Tinged with immortality.

Give, for God to thee hath given;  
Love, for He by love is known;  
Child of God and heir of heaven,  
Lot thy parentage be shown.

## METHODISM AND TEMPERANCE.

WE quote from the London *Methodist Times* the following vigorous paragraphs on this subject :

“ One of the most patriotic and most sacred national duties is to dash our whole weight against the existing liquor trade. Whether an innocuous liquor trade could exist in the millennium is a speculative question which, as sensible men, we decline at present to discuss. What we do know is that the liquor trade as it actually exists to-day is the chief instrument of the devil in resisting the evangelization of England. It confronts us at every turn. It is the ceaseless and prolific source of debauchery, crime, disease, pauperism, and death. The public-house is the very vestibule of hell to the countless thousands of the people. We must declare irreconcilable war against it. We are delighted to know that the great majority of the students at our theological colleges are total abstainers. (In Canada all ministers and members are required to be.) If our young ministers wish to gain the ear of the people, if they wish the working-men to believe in them, they must be avowed and hearty total abstainers. If a man will not even give up his glass of beer or his glass of wine for the sake of his less privileged brother, he may have very excellent theological arguments in favour of his self-indulgence, but the poor will not regard him as their friend. The time has come when nothing except downright, practical, self-sacrificing sympathy can influence the masses of the people.

“ But if we smash the liquor trade in the name of the Lord, we must put something else in its place. The public-house is the club, the reading room, the debating hall, the committee room, and the parlour of the working-man. We must give him social and business facilities elsewhere. Why not in our numerous unused vestries? Why not light and warm and beautify a vestry in connection with every chapel, and open it to the working-men? Let them read, and talk, and smoke there, instead of in the public-house. Why not place a vestry at the disposal of every benefit club and trade society in the neighbourhood, so that they may hold their business meetings in that vestry, and not be driven to the public-house? Why not keep a vestry open every day during the dinner-hour, so that the working-men may not be compelled either to eat their dinner in the open-air, in the cold and wet, or to go into the warm public-house? Why not open the chapel every night for a bright and cheerful service, or for a lecture, or for a concert? The minister, of course, cannot always be present. But why not give the laymen a chance? We have entered upon a democratic era. Our chapels must be democratized. The middle classes who built them and once used them had homes and all the comforts and conveniences of home life. Thousands of workmen—aye, and shop assistants too—have no home, in the proper sense of the word. The publican and the music-hall manager have taken advantage of this. Let us provide an innocent and blessed counter-attraction in our chapels and vestries, which have cost immense sums of money, and which are now dark, empty, and useless during the greater part of the week. To sign the pledge is not the end, but the beginning of the good work. To keep the pledge is the great matter, and that is possible only by the blessing of God granted to us when we use sanctified common sense.

## DEATH OF THE REV. DR. ROSE.

WITH the death of the Rev. Dr. Rose almost the last link is severed which connected the present generation with the pioneer fathers and founders of Methodism in this land. He was almost the sole remaining example of that heroic band. And a noble example he was—strong and stalwart of frame, vigorous in body as in mind, of fervent piety, of ardent zeal, of indomitable energy of character both in things secular and things sacred. Those pioneer preachers had need of sturdy frames. And what a goodly fellowship they were in this respect—the brothers Ryerson, Dr. Green, Dr. Evans, Dr. Rice, Elder Case and many another. If some, like Father Corson, Richard Jones, and Henry Wilkinson, were of less herculean mould, they made up by nervous activity their lack of massive strength.

Most of us remember Dr. Rose only as he appeared in later years, calmly poised, self-contained, impressive in speech and sedate in manner. But in his earlier years he was a veritable "Son of thunder." His stentorian voice could be heard for a mile at a camp-meeting, and he was mighty in the Scriptures, and in bringing the Gospel to bear on the hearts and consciences of men.

His simple, child-like piety he maintained to the end of his life. He was of a wonderfully sympathetic nature, and in hours of bereavement and sorrow there was no more tender consoler and comforter than he. None who have heard him pray in the house of mourning or by the open coffin of the dead will ever forget the tear-compelling pathos of his petitions. The same note of sympathy with the suffering was strongly seen in his ministering to the poor and suffering in the asylums and homes for the indigent and disabled in body or in mind. Almost to the very last he maintained a toilsome service from which many younger men shrank.

The present writer had opportunity, surpassed by few, of seeing Dr. Rose

almost every day for years—often under circumstances which would try any man's patience and temper—when over-pressed with work, when suffering from physical nervousness, when he had to keep a wet sponge by his side to cool his fevered brow and yet discharging the duties of a vast and increasing and often perplexing business. Yet we never saw in him conduct other than that becoming a Christian.

He was a man of noble and generous impulses and instincts, of magnanimous and forgiving nature.

"He carried anger as the flint bears fire,  
If much enforced showing a hasty spark,  
And straight was cold again."

He grappled his friends to his heart with hooks of steel. Those who knew him best loved him most—men who, like Dr. Potts, were his sons in the Gospel; or, like Dr. Punshon and Dr. Ryerson were his brothers in council, learned to revere and honour him more as the years passed on.

In his domestic relations especially, this sweetness and tenderness of his nature was most strongly shown. Never was father more tenderly revered and beloved. His son, Samuel, when received into full connexion with the Methodist Conference, in relating his Christian experience said that he did not wonder that he was trying to serve God with such a father and mother as he had; and all the while tears of quiet joy were flowing down that father's cheeks. Happy father to see the reward of his Christian training and hear his sons rise up and call him blessed.

Amid the pressure of travel and public duties the present writer snatches an opportunity to lay a humble wreath of loving tribute on the tomb of his revered and honoured friend. A more adequate memorial of his life is expected from a filial hand at an early date.

## Religious and Missionary Intelligence.

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

### THE EASTERN CONFERENCES.

*Nova Scotia.*—Yarmouth was the place of meeting. The Stationing Committee completed their first draft of stations in two sessions. Three new missions were established. The Conference opened on the day appointed with a prayer-meeting, followed by the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. Rev. J. Teasdale, President for the past year, presided. Two hundred persons partook of the sacred elements.

During the first session seventy ministers and twenty-nine laymen were in attendance. Only two transfers had been made into the Conference and one was transferred to Newfoundland Conference. One minister resigned and went to the United States, and another, who resigned last year, returned and was received. Rev. T. W. Smith, the historian of Methodism in Eastern British America, was elected President, and the Rev. J. G. Angwin, Secretary.

General Superintendent Carman and Dr. Dewart were present at the Eastern Conferences. Their presence was greatly appreciated. The public services—missionary, educational and temperance—were all numerously attended. The net increase of missionary income is \$321.18. The Educational Fund reports an increase of \$87.12. The Sustentation Fund reported a decrease of \$95.09. Its total income was \$1,560.21, which was distributed among the brethren labouring on thirty-nine poor missions.

The report from the Statistical Committee contained many interesting items. There is an increase of ten ministers in four years; 1,325 members, twenty-one churches and six parsonages have been built during the quadrennium, being an increase of church property amounting to

\$119,080, and also an increase of ministerial support \$1,709.63.

Two evangelists had been employed during the year, only \$100 was required on their behalf from the Evangelistic Fund. Their labours were made a great blessing to many.

Four ministers had died during the year. A memorial service was held, when honourable mention was made of the venerable Thomas Angwin, sixty years in the ministry. James Buckley, fifty-four years an itinerant; A. F. Weldon and — Bond, all of whom had done good service for the Master, and their names are cherished by their brethren.

Sabbath was a great day, Revs. Dr. Carman and J. A. Rogers were the preachers in the Conference Church, when large congregations were delighted with their soul-thrilling discourses. The love-feast was a season of spiritual enjoyment, led by Rev. G. C. Huestis; and the Sunday-school meeting was one which edified the little folks.

The report of the Memorial Committee contained several recommendations, all of which will be considered at the General Conference. One is for an extension of the ministerial term, and another requests candidates and probationers to submit a written sermon in connection with their examination.

The Sunday-school Report was grand — 235 conversions were reported there are only 226 schools, but they raised \$1,198 20 for missions.

One of the speakers at the Missionary meeting was a lady, Mrs. McCoy, who represented the Woman's Missionary Society. Her speech was an earnest appeal on behalf of the heathen women, which created great sympathy among the audience. The Woman's Missionary



Society has raised \$22,000 during the year.

A very gratifying report was presented respecting Mount Allison College, 299 names are on the roll of the three institutions, thirty-one of whom are preparing for the ministry. A Musical Conservatory is in course of erection in the Ladies' College, to cost \$15,000. The College has been in existence about forty-seven years. About 5,000 students have attended for a longer or shorter period, of these about 1,500 were ladies and not less than 200 ministers had been educated within its walls. Some are missionaries in South America, in India and Japan. Mount Allison students are among the most successful missionaries and teachers. Others have distinguished themselves in business and the various professions, in schools and colleges and in the legislatures, both Local and Dominion.

*New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island.*—This Conference assembled at Fredericton, Rev. Dr. Sprague was elected President, and Rev. Thomas Marshall, Secretary.

Miss Willard and Miss Gordon being on a visit to New Brunswick, in the interests of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union were invited to address the Conference. The ladies received an enthusiastic welcome to the platform. Their addresses were such as might have been expected from their well-known character and ability.

Among the ministerial changes is that of Rev. D. D. Moore, who has embarked in the mission field in India, and Rev. B. Clappell, B.A., who is engaged in similar work in Japan. Only one probationer had completed his term and was ordained, and eleven others were continued on probation; there was only one candidate received on trial, but four others were to be employed, under Chaimen, four probationers were also allowed to attend college.

The solemn question, Who have died? produced deep emotion. These honoured brethren were Revs. R. Duncan and H. Pickard, D.D.

The Treasurer of the Missionary

Fund reported an increase of \$190.-84. The Educational Fund also has an increase of \$146.59; Woman's Missionary Fund, \$603.69; Sustention Fund, decrease, \$60.04. The claims on the Superannuation Fund are so great that only 60 per cent. of the claims can be paid.

Some benevolent friends had presented \$270 to the Book Steward to enable him to send the *Wesleyan* to several poor families. A good example for benevolent brethren.

There is one minister in this Conference, the Rev. H. Daniel, who has been sixty years in the ministerial work. This is such a rare occurrence that the Conference resolved to adopt a special resolution in appreciation of the services of the venerable man, recording thanks to God for sparing him so long.

The brethren in the East are alive to the cause of temperance, and resolved to memorialize the House of Commons in Ottawa on behalf of a prohibitory law.

Some want the Constitution of the Stationing Committee so amended that both district representatives shall be elected by the district meeting.

The Book Room report shows that the sales of the year amounted to \$24,813.64, an increase of \$286.34. The profit on the business of the quadrennium is \$1,874.53.

Rutherford College, North Carolina, has conferred the degree of D.D. on the Rev. R. Alder Temple.

*Newfoundland.*—The Conference met at St. John's. The Rev. Wm. Swan was elected President and the Rev. J. Nurse, Secretary. The Conference was in session eight days. All the sessions were harmonious, and the public religious services were numerous attended. Great regret was felt at the removal of the Rev. George Boyd to the London Conference, as for several years he has been an influential minister in the Conference. Rev. J. S. Peach, who has been a member of two General Conferences, has been fifty years in the ministry in Newfoundland. For the last two years he has been blind but he attended the Con-

ference and delivered a jubilee address on the Sabbath-evening in one of the large churches. He detailed many interesting reminiscences and concluded with the following words: "I have no fear for Methodism in this country, if you walk by the same rule, and mind the same things. Put Christ forth before the people; preach Christ crucified—for all—then the energetic power of the Spirit shall accompany the Word; it will be spirit and life to those who hear—the deaf shall hear, the blind shall see, the lame shall walk, and the lepers shall be cleansed. I desire your prosperity; may the Lord make you a thousand times more than you are—Amen."

One minister, Mr. Jennings, resigned through family affliction. His removal was much regretted. Rev. J. Goodson died during the year. Another minister, from physical infirmity, was compelled to retire from active work. Four young men were ordained, who represented England, Newfoundland, Wales and Ireland. Six probationers were received into full connection. The Ordination Sermon was preached by the Rev. T. H. James.

There are 63 ministers and probationers in the Conference, 106 churches, an increase of 14 in the quadrennium; parsonages 40, an increase of 5; Sunday-schools 153, with 9,725 scholars, 971 are meeting in class; 350 conversions during the year; members in society, 10,065.

There is a Methodist Orphanage in St. John's, also a College, both of which are valuable institutions, though the latter has a burden of \$20,000 to carry. The members of the college class do good work in evangelistic labours, they have an excellent stringed band. The Allan Steamship Company conveyed a pipe organ from England for the College Hall free of charge.

The representatives to the General Conference, both clerical and lay, are all new men, except Hon. J. J. Rogerson, who has attended several previous Conferences.

The women of Newfoundland, like their sisters in the West, are active in mission work. The Missionary

anniversary was enthusiastic, and the Holiness meeting was a season of power.

#### THE IRISH WESLEYAN CONFERENCE.

Belfast was the place of meeting. Rev. C. H. Kelly, President from England, presided. This is the one hundred and twenty-first Conference held in Ireland and the eighteenth held in Belfast. Revs. Jos. Bush, ex-President, Dr. Rigg and Professor Davison accompanied the President. Rev. O. McCutcheon was elected Vice-President, Rev. Jas. Donnelly was re-elected Secretary. Rev. Dr. Wallace McMullen was elected delegate to the General Conference of the Methodist Church to meet in September. The Doctor is also to represent the British Conference on that occasion, so that he will have onerous duties to discharge. Bishop Warren and Professor Little were present as delegates from the Methodist Episcopal Church.

Seven young men who had completed their probation were ordained, twenty-three continued on probation and thirteen were presented as candidates, but only nine of them were received.

Death had been busy during the year, four ministers had died; one of whom, Rev. R. T. Tracy, M.A., was nearly one hundred years old, Dr. Kerr was called away when only fifty-four, but W. Burnside was eighty-one, and R. Kingsborough was seventy-seven. Four retired from the active work, two of whom had travelled forty years.

The Sabbath services were well attended, thirty-one Wesleyan places of worship in Belfast and suburbs and many churches of other denominations were supplied by members of Conference. Open-air services were held in different parts of the city, and revival meetings were conducted, at the Mission Hall.

The ordination and sacramental services were numerous attended. Five ministers and five laymen were appointed to attend the Ecumenical Conference to be held in the United States in 1891, and \$1,250 appropriated towards the expenses of the ministers.

Advisory Councils were recommended to be formed in all cities and towns where there are more than two circuits.

The question of extension of ministerial term of circuits occupied some attention and several were in favour of it.

The Conference decided that, as the centenary of the death of John Wesley will occur in 1891, services suitable to the occasion shall be held in the various circuits. Mr. Wesley died in London, March 2, 1791.

#### PRIMITIVE METHODIST CHURCH.

The seventy-fifth annual Conference was held in Sunderland during the first week of June. Rev. J. Hallam was elected President, Mr. E. Jennings was elected Vice-President and Rev. J. Watson, Secretary.

On the second day of Conference, a deputation of one minister and one layman, was appointed to take part in the demonstration in London against the Government proposals to compensate publicans.

Sixteen ministers had died during the year, one of whom had attained the age of eighty-nine; fourteen others were allowed to retire from the active work, one of whom had travelled over fifty-two years, and four others more than forty.

A deputation of Nonconformist ministers resident in Sunderland paid their respects to the Conference, also a deputation from the Band of Hope Union. These fraternal gatherings are always pleasant.

The statistical report was not so encouraging as might have been expected, there being a decrease in the membership, but there was an increase of 1,680 scholars in the Sunday-schools; 1,065 past the age of fifteen were regarded as Church members, besides more than 2,000 under fourteen years of age who were members of juvenile classes.

In respect to the examination of probationers and candidates for the ministry, sixty were examined, twenty-four of whom failed, thirty-two were required by the circuits.

The income of the Missionary Society is nearly £15,000 sterling,

but in addition nearly £4,000 had been collected specially for Africa. A steam launch has been provided for Fernando Po, and an outfit for the Zambesi Mission to the Barotse. A gentleman in Sheffield sent cheques for £65 for various funds. Among several appointments made for connexional offices that of Rev. R. Tanfield greatly interested the present writer, who had the honour of recommending him for the ministry forty-seven years ago.

The Book Room report was full of statistics. Several of the serials reported a decrease of subscribers. The Magazine has 5,000 less subscribers than it had twenty-five years ago, but since that time some smaller monthlies have been brought into competition with it, altogether the sale of publications of all kinds have amounted to 2,108,104.

Sixty-three new churches have been built during the year; nine old ones, two cottages, and four plots of land had been sold. Nearly \$80,000 was raised towards the new edifices. There is a Connexional Insurance Company, in which most of the churches are insured. The profits of the Company for the past year were nearly \$6,000.

The Connexional Orphan Home supports twenty-seven orphans. Several gentlemen pay the cost of one orphan each. A memorial church is to be erected at Standley, Staffordshire, where the first Primitive Methodist class, consisting of ten members, was formed.

Thirty-six representatives were appointed to attend the Ecumenical Conference, the Rev. Dr. Antliff and Thomas Guttery are among the number. Both these gentlemen are well known in Canada. The former is uncle to Dr. Antliff in Montreal, and the latter was stationed some years in Toronto. Among the laymen are two old friends of the present writer, viz., Mr. R. Clapham, and Mr. J. Coward, J.P.

Rev. Geo. Stansfield, whose great age renders him physically unfit to discharge conferential duties, has resigned his position as a member of the Deed-poll. He has been over sixty years in the ministry.

Rev. J. F. Porter, who laboured a few years in Canada has been stationed thirteen years as Superintendent of the North Bow Mission, and was stationed by the late Conference to Stepney Tabernacle, London.

The General Committee, after careful consideration, have come to the conclusion that no better test of membership can be adopted than attendance at class.

Rev. Joseph Wood, M.A., of the Connexional Theological Institution, Manchester, has received the degree of D.D., from the Wesleyan College, Montreal. He well deserves the honour.

#### METHODIST NEW CONNEXION.

As was intimated in our last, the Conference of this branch of Methodism met at Dewsbury. Rev. James Le Huray, a native of Guernsey, was elected President, and Rev. S. Walker, Secretary.

The Missionary Anniversary was successful. During the past year there have been numerous additions on the Home Missions in Ireland and in China. The income has increased.

The Sunday-school report stated an increase of 498 scholars. In fourteen years the scholars have increased 15,550. Three probationers were ordained to the full work of the ministry.

An increase of six ministers was reported, and forty-nine members, but 3,481 had been lost by deaths and other causes. One young minister, Rev. J. K. Robson, goes to China at his own expense. All the funds of the Conference reported an increase of income, but some of them very small. An increase of missionary income is necessary.

Six members of Conference were appointed to attend the Ecumenical Conference, among whom is the Connexional Editor, Rev. Dr. Watts.

Resolutions were adopted in favor of establishing the order of deaconesses, denominational extension in London, and condemnation of the practice of reading sermons.

The students at college, though

only few, less than a dozen, have filled 522 preaching appointments, including some taken on vacation.

The Book Room report was well received. The profits were larger than last year.

The debate on union with the Methodist Free Church was lengthy, and was characterized as one of great ability. The Conference was crowded during the entire debate. Dr. Watts', Dr. Stacey's and the Rev. J. Medicraft's speeches were the ablest that were made.

Several annual meetings of the districts have been held, in most of which strong resolutions were adopted condemnatory of the compensation clauses of the Governmental License Bill. Similar resolutions were adopted at the district meetings of other branches of the Methodist Church, so that all the Methodist bodies are of one mind on this question.

#### BIBLE CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

The Girl's College at Edgehill, Bideford, sent up eleven candidates for the recent musical examination of Trinity College, and all passed. Of these, nine were pianoforte candidates and two violin candidates.

The District meeting was held at Swingfield, near Canterbury. The reports showed an increase of 120 members. Much had been done towards increasing the church property, the Sunday-schools were in a prosperous condition, and the receipts in aid of the circuit and mission funds were higher than in any previous year.

The Bible Christian missionaries in China are greatly encouraged with their success. Having acquired a knowledge of the language, they are now regularly preaching in several places in the province of Yunnan, and the hearts of the people are becoming affected by the great truths of the Gospel.

A mission has been opened at Ilfracombe with very encouraging prospects.

Favourable reports have been received from China. The brethren there are now able to preach in the language of the people, and have

opened several preaching places in the Province of Yunnan, and the hearts of many people are evidently affected by the truths of the Gospel.

## ITEMS.

The General Conference of the Australasian Wesleyan Methodist Church assembled in Sydney, New South Wales. The test of membership in future is to be attended at a monthly fellowship meeting, and the Lord's Supper. Ministers may remain on circuits five years on certain conditions. A new mission is to be commenced on a group of islands known as New Guinea, at the earnest request of Sir William McGregor.

The two missionary Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church, Dr. Taylor of Africa and Dr. Thoburn of India, are both in America in the interest of their respective missions. Dr. Thoburn attended Mr. Moody's recent Conference at Northfield, and received \$3,000 for his missions. Both the Bishops represent their fields as white for the harvest, and men and money are greatly needed. Bishop Taylor, in an address which he delivered in New York, said that eight of the hardest missionary stations in Africa were managed by women, of which the most difficult was carried on by a little Canadian. He did not give her name, but stated that she was among the wildest tribes and doing the best work of all. Two young ladies recently sailed to Liberia mission, one of whom was raised a Roman Catholic.

The Bishops of the M. E. Church South have appointed the Rev. R. N. Sledd, D.D., the fraternal messenger to our General Conference.

The net gain in the membership of the Methodist Episcopal Church during the past four years is 186,156.

A meeting in commemoration of the centenary of Jesse Lee's entrance into Boston, was held under the old elm on the common where the noble missionary preached one hundred years ago. A table made expressly for the purpose was used for the platform, and it will be preserved by the New England Methodist Historical Society.

The Rev. Hugh Price Hughes has been invited to cross the Atlantic and take part in the centenary celebration of Methodism in Boston next fall.

The Illinois Methodist Churches are to celebrate their centenary in 1893.

Rev. J. B. Hamilton has started a little paper called *Our Veterans*, in the interests of the Superannuation Fund, which he is endeavouring to establish.

During this year the question is to be voted upon by the lay members of the Methodist Episcopal Church as to whether women shall be eligible as lay delegates to the electoral and General Conference.

Illustrations of four Methodist Churches recently built were published in the New York *Christian Advocate*, the aggregate cost of which exceeded half a million of dollars.

The President of the Wesleyan Conference, England, recently received a unique gift from natives on the north-east of Lagos in the shape of a king's robe—a token to the Missionary Society of their appreciation of benefits received through its agents.

Rev. Dr. Hatfield recently died at Poughkeepsie, and left an estate valued at \$70,000, to be applied to Connexion Funds.

The evangelistic party to India, of which Rev. Dr. Pentecost is the head, is likely to be large. Lord Kinnaird and his two sisters will be among the party. All are to pay their own expenses.

Rev. W. Hay Aitkin, the well-known English missionary, has accepted an invitation to go to South Africa and hold a series of mission services in the colony.

The Wesleyan District meeting of Bristol was recently held at Newport. The Vicar of St. Pauls, Dr. Wrenford, sent a congratulatory letter to the meeting. He is reported as being one of the most saintly men. At his prayer-meetings Presbyterians, Methodists, Salvationists and church folks are so blissfully united that the communion of saints is a weekly reality. The worthy Vicar is an open-air preacher, and the

common people hear him gladly. Sanctification is his favourite theme, on which he both preaches and writes considerably.

The Baptists of London have instituted a forward movement, in connection with which a Deaconesses' Home was recently dedicated. Ladies will be trained in nursing and other work among the poor in the more central districts of the metropolis.

An important meeting was recently held at McMaster University, Toronto, when Miss Adelaide Smiley was appointed Principal of Boulton Ladies' College, and Miss Daniels, B.A., was elected to fill the chair of Science.

The chair of Modern Languages in the University will be filled by Professor M. S. Clarke, B.A. Thomas Mackenzie, M.D., was appointed lecturer in Biology. The chair of Homiletics and Pastoral Theology is expected to be filled by Re. T. Trotter, B.A. Professor C. Goodspeed, from the Maritime Provinces, was elected to the chair of Systematic Theology, and will be chairman of the Faculty of Theology.

The new church at Azabu, of which the Rev. Y. Hiraiwa is pastor, was dedicated in January. It is the largest in the city.

Rev. B. Chapple, M.A., and J. W. Wadman, M.A., of Prince Edward Island are on the teaching staff in the Methodist Episcopal College at Aoyama, Tokyo, Japan. The college is a beautiful building, and has land consisting of twenty-five acres well laid out.

The African Methodist Episcopal Church, which has not a white man among its members or any organic relations with any white organization, reports a membership of 460,000. It has 12,000 places of worship, 10,000 ministers, 15,000 Sunday-schools, supports its own denominational papers; has missionaries in the West Indies, Mexico, and Africa, and it reports contributions of more than \$2,000,000 annually for the support of the Church-work, and is about to erect a college at Harrodsburg, Ky., which will cost \$30,000.

#### RECENT DEATHS.

Rev. Richard Clarke. This excellent man was in the ministry of the Methodist Church for about forty years. He was a man of sterling integrity. He owned a large library which he carefully studied, hence he was a preacher far above the average. During the last nine years he was chairman of Parry Sound and Bracebridge Districts. He leaves a widow and large family to mourn his death. Six sons carried him to the tomb. One of his sons was lay representative at the late Bay of Quinte Conference. His death occurred on Dominion Day, July 1, 1890. Dr. Shaw, Assistant Missionary Secretary, preached the funeral sermon.

Rev. W. Young. The day following the death of Mr. Clarke, this venerable minister was called to his eternal home. He had attained the age of eighty-two, and was in the fifty-fifth year of his ministry, though through loss of voice he had been on the superannuated list for about thirty years. For nearly a quarter of a century he did grand work in the ministry on some rugged fields of labour. During the years of his superannuation he labored to the full extent of his physical ability to help the Church he so much loved. He took deep interest in all the affairs of Methodism, and was an extensive reader, especially of Methodist literature. Many a profitable hour was spent at his home when the writer laboured on Frankford and Trenton circuits. Six sons carried him to the grave, two of whom, Eger-ton and William John, are well-known Methodist ministers. His old friend, Editor of the *Christian Guardian*, preached his funeral sermon.

Rev. Samuel Rose, D.D., was one of the tall cedars in our Lebanon, and was one of the last of the fathers to be removed. His death occurred July 16, after a brief illness, though for a few years his health was declining. He was absent from Conference this year, probably for the first time since he entered the ministry. Dr. Rose was a native of Prince

Edward County, where he was also converted and began to preach. His first appointment was among the Indians at Orillia. For six years also he had charge of the Muncey Industrial School, so that he had an extensive acquaintance with the aborigines. He did good work on many hard fields of toil. It was the lot of the present writer to labour in Albion Circuit several years after Dr. Rose, and whenever his name was mentioned the people always spoke of him as an earnest, devoted brother, who not only preached, but visited them at their houses and sold a great number of books. He never forgot Mr. Wesley's instructions relative to circulating good books. Few men possessed better business ability, or was more fond of work than Dr. Rose. When he was Book Steward for fourteen years it was often remarked how that he was abundant in labors. As chairman of district, co-delegate, treasurer of several funds, and member of important committees, he performed good work for the Church. Even since he was superannuated, twelve years ago, he has regularly attended church services, and has rendered efficient aid as far as his strength would allow. He was eighty-four years of age when he died, and had been in the ministry about sixty years. One of his sons is in the ministry, and another sustains the important office of Chief Justice in Ontario. Two daughters also survive him. His wife died some months ago. Dr. Potts, whom he had long

regarded as a son in the Gospel, preached his funeral sermon to an overflowing congregation in the Metropolitan Church. Your fathers, where are they?

The Methodist Episcopal Church has sustained a heavy loss in the death of General C. B. Fisk. He occupied a foremost place both in church and state, but he never forgot that he was a Methodist, though he was beloved by ministers and laymen of all denominations. As he was little more than sixty years of age and appeared to be full of vigour, many years of valuable labour were anticipated from him. At the last General Conference he seemed to be the most important manager of business matters. He was prominent at the General Missionary Committee, the Book Concern, Collegiate institutions, etc.

Few men were better qualified for public speaking. His genial wit and repartee always served him admirably. As a presiding officer he was eminently successful, while he was always ready to aid the temperance cause and all benevolent institutions. The *New York Christian Advocate* says: "We believe that since Bishop Simpson went to his grave and Lucy Webb Hayes to hers, the millions of Methodist people have not uncovered their heads in greater sorrow than when 'earth to earth, and dust to dust' was said at the grave of Gen. Clinton B. Fisk; and that more non-Methodists never mingled their tears with ours than upon this occasion."

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## Book Notices.

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*Current Discussions in Theology.* By THE PROFESSORS OF CHICAGO THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY. Vol. VII. Pp. 410. Price \$1.50. Boston and Chicago: Congregational Sunday-school and Publishing Society. Toronto: William Briggs.

The seventh volume of this annual

review of current theological discussions has about the same characteristics which have marked the previous issues, and which have made them valuable. It gives a comprehensive outlook as to what has been done in the whole range of sacred learning during the past year. In

its preparation, critical reference has been made to the most recent literature, and while the consideration of new works necessarily is brief, yet enough of the results of the latest investigation is given to make the book of immediate value to the student. While the writers of the various departments are not in sympathy with mere theological novelties, yet nothing is omitted which should have a place in such an annual survey. The necessity of noticing that which seems to be new, and which claims to be better than the old, naturally gives prominence to radical teachings and criticisms, but it is of these things, especially, that the student and pastor desire to be advertised. The discussions cover exegetical, historical, systematic, and practical theology. They present such a summary of that which is agitating the theological world as makes the volume indispensable to the pastor and the student who keep abreast of the times and have an intelligent apprehension of the drift and progress of ideas.

*Rambles and Reveries of a Naturalist.*

By the REV. WILLIAM SPIERS, M. A., F. G. S., F. R. M. S., etc. London: Charles H. Kelly. Toronto: William Briggs.

This book is a fine example of science made easy to even unscientific minds. The author describes his holiday rambles amid some of the fairest scenery of Great Britain, and interprets the significance of nature's mysteries and enigmas. In some of the chapters he reads the revelations of the stony pages of the past; in another he describes the marvellous forms of life in a wayside pond; in another he leads us forth star-gazing through the "Tuscan artist's optic tube" into the depths of heaven; in another he peers through a microscope into the world of the infinitely small; and everywhere he discovers the handiwork of the Divine, and looks through nature up to nature's God. We have peculiar pleasure in commending to our readers, especially to our young readers, this admirable volume. The book is well

illustrated with cuts which make more clear the teachings of the text.

*Talks with Ralph Waldo Emerson,* with a hitherto unpublished portrait. By CHARLES J. WOODBURY 12 mo., cloth, gilt top, \$1.25. New York: The Baker & Taylor Co.

The writer of this book, who had exceptional opportunities for access to and intercourse with Mr. Emerson, has furnished the latter's admirers and lovers of culture generally, a service of the highest value in preparing this faithful record of the poet's opinions, freely and spontaneously expressed in conversations on current thought, literature, philosophy, and criticism; his views as to what knowledge and culture are most worth; and his thoughts about contemporary writers and workers. The book is at once an epitome of his philosophy and a commentary upon the time and society in which he lived.

*Practical, Sanitary and Economic Cooking.* By MRS MARY HENMAN ABIL. Prize Essay published by American Health Association.

A good deal of social and economic reform is destined to have its root in the kitchen. Many of the ills of life, physical and moral, spring from poor food and bad cooking. The little book under review is the best statement that we know of, of the scientific facts as to the elements of food composition, the due proportions of blending them and of preparing them for the maintenance of a sound mind in a sound body. We commend the book as a sort of gospel of physical well-being.

*Under the Palms and Among the Pimento Groves.* By the Rev. HENRY BUTING. London: Charles H. Kelly. Toronto: William Briggs.

This is a graphic story of life in the West Indies, in the old slavery days before the emancipation of the negroes in 1838. It illustrates the triumphs of the Gospel even under



the cruel slavery *regime*, and gives a vivid picture of the abuses of that institution. The touching scenes of Emancipation Day, when Britain achieved one of the greatest glories of her history, are well described. The book has more than a passing interest. It is a sort of Uncle Tom's Cabin of Jamaica in its way. It has a number of graphic illustrations.

*The Class Meeting: Its Value to the Church, etc.* With Supplement. By Rev. W. H. THOMPSON, SIMPSON JOHNSON, and E. SMITH. London: Charles H. Kelly. Toronto: William Briggs. Price 10 cents.

This little book owes its existence to the fact that two laymen offered £50 for the three best essays on the class meeting. In response to the advertisement, 203 essays were sent in from England, Ireland, Scotland, Wales, Newfoundland, West Indies, Australia and China, and out of this vast number three were selected, as in the opinion of the adjudicators, best entitled to the rank in which they are published. Other essays were highly commended.

Mr. Kelly has published the essays in neat book form, containing first-class paper and good type. The book is on a vital subject and deserves a wide circulation. Such a book should always be in great demand. The writers have produced a little brochure which may be of great service to those who may have any doubts respecting the utility of class meetings. Class leaders who desire to make their meetings so attractive that there will be fewer absentees are furnished with useful hints. We cordially recommend the volume.—E. B.

*Regeneration: Its Nature, Conditions and Concomitants.* By Rev. T. L. WILKINSON.

This pamphlet of 33 pp. 8vo., is a Lecture delivered before the Niagara Conference of 1889, and is well worthy of a place in every theological library. Mr. Wilkinson is a fearless thinker, and is never afraid to avow the courage of his convictions. Through life he has been a

hard student, and all his productions, published and oral, largely partake of the analytical. He is a careful reasoner, and cannot take any opinion, no matter by whom expressed, without having subjected it to a critical examination.

The first part of this Lecture is a clear exposition of the subject of Regeneration, and, so far as we can perceive, there is not a sentence that does not harmonize with the Methodist standards. Those who have known Brother Wilkinson only as a controversialist will be delighted to find that he has not forgotten the old landmarks.

Towards the latter part of the Lecture, where the subject of Entire Sanctification is introduced, the writer's views will be regarded as scarcely in harmony with some of the Methodist fathers. Mr. Wilkinson had not sufficient space to write at length on this theme. His positions are well stated and carefully wrought out. While we may not agree with him in every expression, we are glad to have read the Lecture, the circulation of which cannot fail to do good, particularly among our rising ministry.—E. B.

*Lessons of Prosperity and other Addresses.* Delivered in the Philosophical Hall, Leeds. By Rev. W. L. WATKINSON. London: Charles H. Kelly.

This neat little volume contains fifteen discourses, which were delivered at noonday in one of the large manufacturing towns of England. A few of them were delivered in Manchester. The custom of holding brief religious services in some of the large centres of population in England has been adopted with considerable success. Great tact is necessary for such services. The minister needs to be specially qualified, and the topics selected must necessarily be such as will secure attention from busy men.

Mr. Watkinson has been about thirty years in the ministry, and has proved himself eminently qualified to discuss live questions. In this volume he displays extensive reading, and seizes upon passing events and

striking incidents to illustrate his theme. Most of the texts are taken from the Old Testament. The topics are selected from events which are not often used in pulpit themes. Their novelty is attractive, and the terse, perspicuous style of the author could not fail to secure attention. There is no waste of words. Every address is *multum in parvo*, and all abounds with home truths. Such books as these, and some others which Mr. Watkinson has written, are well suited to the present age, and should be circulated widely among busy men who have not time to read more elaborate works.—E. B.

*The General Hymnary Tune Book.*  
London: Charles H. Kelley.  
Toronto: William Briggs.

Every religious revival is accompanied by a special outburst of song. So was it with the Lutheran Reformation. So especially was it with the Wesleyan revival in Great Britain. The present book is the offspring of the revival services of the West London Mission, and a very excellent collection it is. From the unusual metrical forms of many of the revival hymns, a large number of tunes have been expressly written for this book. It is a valuable addition to the hymnody of the churches.

*Studies in the Book.* By REVERE FRANKLIN WEIDNER. New York: F. W. Revell. Toronto: William Briggs.

This book is a veritable *multum in parvo*. It contains a series of studies on the New Testament prepared by Prof. Weidner, especially for the use of students of the Biblical Institute, Chicago, of which Mr. Moody is President. But it is equally useful to all Bible students. It gives in exceedingly condensed form the principal facts about the Book, its interpretation, its inspiration, its chronology, its doctrines, etc. We would like exceedingly to see this course of study taken up by Epworth Leagues, Bible-classes, and, indeed, by all thoughtful Bible readers. It is interleaved for MS. notes.

*Ready for Business, Choosing an Occupation.* A series of practical papers for Boys. By GEORGE M. MANSON. New York: Fowler & Wells. Price 60 cents.

This is a book of excellent practical hints on the advantages, etc., of such professions as engineer, architect, builder, chemist, journalist, merchant, banker, etc. It will give much valuable information to parents and young people on the wise choice of a life-work.

WORKS BY THE REV. H. HARRIS.

*Walks in Paradise.*  
*Stray Beams from the Cross.*  
*Within the Pearly Gates.*  
*Feathers from an Angel's Wing.*  
*Words of Life.*  
*Where He Met with Jesus.*

These books are all published by the Rev. Wm. Briggs, D.D. They have had a very large sale, some of them reaching the thirty-first thousand, and have won the high commendation of such competent critics as the late Dr. Guthrie of Edinburgh. They are marked by devout piety and religious fervour. They cannot fail to arouse the careless, to inspire and encourage the awakened, and to console the sorrowing. They exhibit remarkable eloquence, a high order of imagination, and great literary skill and good taste. We wish for them a still more extended mission of usefulness.

*Miss Kennedy and Her Mother.* By FRIBA. London: Charles H. Kelly. Toronto: William Briggs.

This is an interesting story of English life with episodes on the Continent and relations of colonial life in Australia. It gives glimpses of the titled high life which we in Canada know so little about and care less, but which is so attractive to many readers. Like all the issues of the Wesleyan Conference office, the religious tone of the work is excellent and the mechanical get-up is very handsome.