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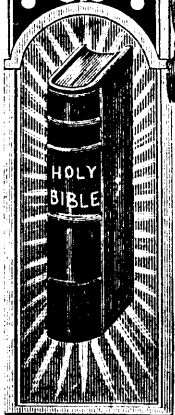
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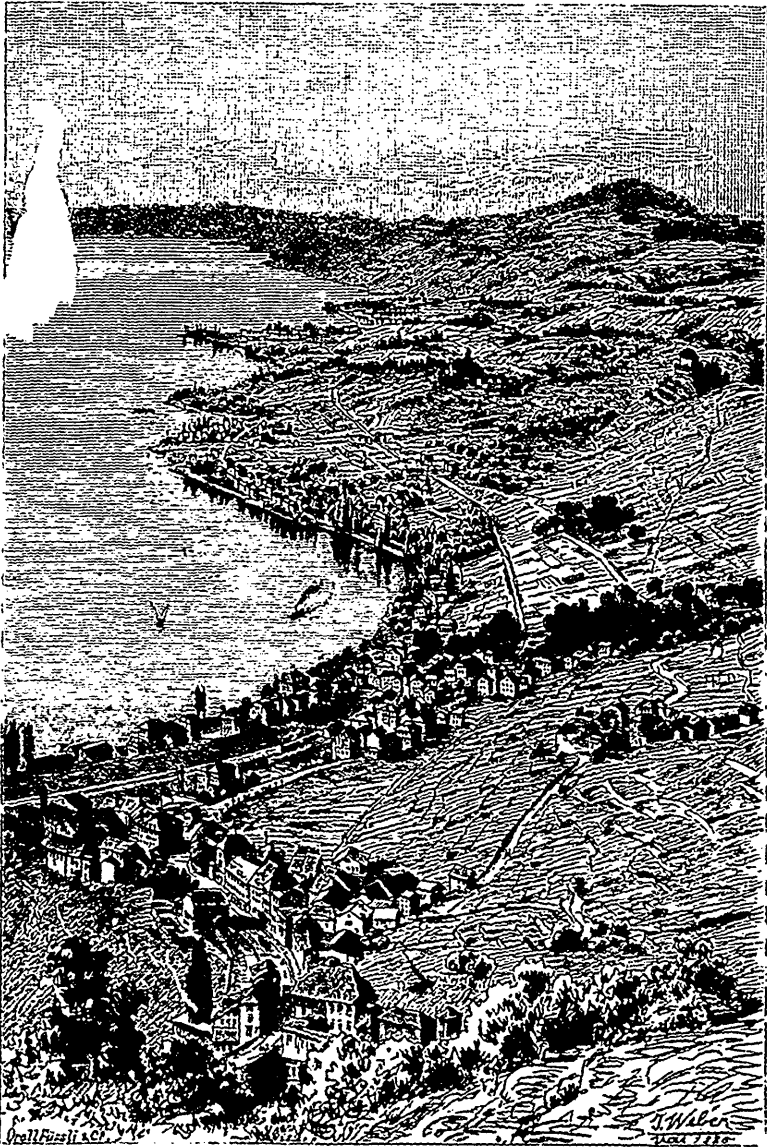
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MONTREUX AND VICINITY—ON LAKE LEMMAN.

THE
Methodist Magazine.

February, 1890.

CANADIAN TOURIST PARTY IN EUROPE.

GENEVA TO MONT BLANC, MARTIGNY,
AND LAUSANNE.

ON a beautiful day in July the Canadian tourist party set out in two large carriages from Geneva for the memorable drive to Chamouny. It is a distance of fifty-three miles and an ascent of 2,200 feet and requires about nine hours. With much flourishing and cracking of whips we get under way, dashing through the well-paved streets, and past a succession of villas and well-kept gardens. At Annemasse, about four miles from Geneva, we cross the frontier into France, for Mont Blanc is not, as many imagine, in Switzerland, but in the



OUT DOOR
LUNCH.

French Department of Haute Savoie. The first part of the journey is level and monotonous, but in a few miles the scenery improves. In the background rises the pyramidal Môle, then follow a succession of hills, with an occasional château or a ruined tower. With frequent changes of horses a good speed is kept up. Into the sleepy post villages the carriages dash like a whirlwind, change horses with a vast amount of shouting and confusion, and

then whirl away again, letting the village relapse to its wonted somnolence till the next day. It seemed strange amid those mountain solitudes to find a good-sized village—Cluse—almost entirely inhabited by watch-makers, with a large *Ecole d'Horlogerie* for instruction in the technicalities of their art.

At St. Martin we suddenly obtain a superb view of Mont Blanc, whose dazzling peak, towering majestically at the head of the valley, seems to annihilate the intervening distance. He towers high above the Titan brotherhood, and reigns in lonely majesty the monarch of the mountain world—"on his throne of rock, in his robe of cloud, with his diadem of snow." Yet amid these sublimities of nature the condition of the people was very abject. As we changed horses, hideous *cretins* came to beg. Their idiotic faces seemed to indicate only intelligence enough to hold out their palsied hands for alms. The women were toiling in the fields, and carrying on their heads, along steep mountain paths, great loads of hay, which made them look like walking haystacks. Their clothing was coarse, their cabins squalid, their food meagre and poor, and their rude life left its reflex on their rude and unintelligent features.

At Sallanches a mid-day lunch had been ordered by telegraph, but mine host had provided a full dinner with half-a-dozen courses, and charged pretty well for it too; but we did it ample justice.

The scenery soon becomes magnificent. The road rapidly ascends on the left bank of the Arve, with the torrent almost immediately below, and with magnificent outlooks over the winding valley, studded with picturesque villages and begirt with lofty and snow-clad mountains, with, in the foreground, solemn pine forests of vivid green, darkening in the distance to richest purple and ethereal violet. Now we traverse the wild ravine of the Arve, its waters brawling white with rage far below, and the road winding in sinuous folds along its bank. From the Pont de Marie a magnificent view of the gorge is obtained. Most of the party descend from the carriages to linger at the finest points of view, or to loiter through the meadow which skirts the highway. The gleaming glaciers now come in view—but from the vastness of the mountains in which they are framed it is impossible to fully realize their extent.

At length we dash through into the village of Chamouny and draw up at the hotel, where rooms have already been assigned, and in a few minutes are at the *table d'hôte* with a company of pilgrims to this shrine of sublimity, assembled from the very ends of the earth.

The sublimest aspect of Mont Blanc, I think, is when illumined with the golden glow of sunset. It seems converted into a transparent chrysophrase, burning with an internal fire. But, as the daylight fades, the fire pales to rosy red, and palest pink, and ashen gray, and ghastly white, against the darkening sky. Through a strong telescope I could see the silhouette of a chamois goat sharply defined against the lighted window of the hut at Grands Mulets, five miles distant on the mountain slope. In the afternoon—after sweeping up its successive zones of pine forest, bare rock, glacier, and everlasting snow—I could see four black figures like emmets, which, I was told, were men climbing the mountain. But with all its grandeur, Mont Blanc will not compare with the immortal loveliness of the Jungfrau, the Virgin Queen of the Bernese Oberland.

It is remarkable that Mont Blanc, which is visited by 15,000 persons every year, was almost unknown till 1742, when it was explored by Martel, a geographical engineer from Geneva. He strangely named it the accursed mountain, *Montagne Maudit*. The previous year Pooke and Windham, two English travellers, climbed by a rugged path to the sources of the Arveiron, and named the Mer de Glace, but said not a word about Mont Blanc. The love of the sublime seems an entirely modern emotion. Among ancient and mediæval travellers such sublime mountains and gorges inspired only feelings of terror and aversion.

The next day, to our utter dismay, the grim old monarch had swathed himself in his robe of cloud and withdrew in sullen mood from our gaze. Worse still, a dreary rain had set in which threatened to keep on, and did keep on all day. A conditional bargain had been made for four-and-twenty mules to carry us up the Montanvert, and then to meet us at the Chapeau, after we had crossed the Mer de Glace and Mauvais Pas on foot. But amid the dreary downpour, no one was courageous enough to make the attempt but three gentlemen—Dr. Hare, Dr. Barr and Mr. Rowan. Amid much badinage and cheers, they set off in the rain; while the rest of us wrote letters, paddled about the quaint little village in search of Alpine curios, alpenstocks, etc. In the afternoon we all took covered carriages to the Glacier de Bossons, scrambled up a narrow "hog's back" ridge through the dripping woods to the glacier, and entered a grotto hewn in the glacier for nearly a hundred yards to its very heart. The effect of the azure light struggling through the sapphire-hued crystalline ice was exquisite. The musical trickling of the water through the veins of the glacier had a strange unearthly sound. Some of the ladies, despite my protest, scrambled over the glacier. There was little

danger, I suppose; they wore woollen socks over their boots, there were steps cut in the ice for footholds, and each had a careful guide; but I did not wish to run any risk. Just before dinner the bedraggled explorers came in from the Mauvais Pas and Mer de Glace, and protested that they had had a glorious time; and the evening was passed very hilariously about the great wood fires in the open fireplaces.



ON THE MER DE GLACE.

Next morning the Alphorns of the cowherds, and the tinkling bells of the goats and cows, woke us early from our beds. The sun rose bright and clear, and Mont Blanc revealed himself in all his splendour. The world seemed transfigured and glorified, a spotless bride arrayed for her marriage morn. We

could see the snow sweeping around the wind-carved curves of spotless Carrara of the mighty slopes of the mountains.

After breakfast a brigade of seven strongly built mountain carriages, with wide-set wheels and trusty brakes, drove into the inn yard, and off we rode for the Tête Noir Pass. The bright, clear air exhilarated like wine, and with many a shout and cheer and laugh, and much blowing of Alpine horns, even my staid wife blowing her Alp-horn like a school-girl, we wound through the valley and in many a curve up the long pine-clad mountain slope. We obtained a splendid view of the Mer de Glace gleaming in the bright sunlight like a stormy ocean smitten suddenly into ice, and of gigantic granite needles piercing the very sky, one to the height of 13,540 feet. No snow can rest upon their splintered pinnacles. Thunder-scarred and blasted, and riven by a thousand tempests, they seemed, like Prometheus, to defy the very heavens; and in their awful and forever inaccessible desolation were, I think, the sublimest objects I ever beheld.

On my previous visit I had a superb day for crossing the glacier, and I transcribe my experience. After a climb of 3,000 feet, there burst upon the sight a magnificent view of the motionless billows of the Sea of Ice, sweeping in a gigantic cataract down a lateral valley. One may trace its upward course for six miles. In its resistless onward glide it is rent into a thousand deep crevasses, descending to unknown depths.

In company with an English gentleman I crossed the Mer de

Glacé without a guide. Leaving the beaten track, we strolled up the glacier, which rolled in huge ridges and hollows for miles up the valley. Many of the crevasses were filled with water—clear as crystal, blue as sapphire. I hurled my alpenstock into one, and after an interval it was hurled back as if by the invisible hand of some indignant ice gnome from the fairy grottoes of his underworld. Others were empty, but we could not see the bottom. The large stones we rolled in went crashing down to unknown depths. Into one of these crevasses a guide fell in 1820, and forty-one years later his remains were recovered at the end of the glacier, brought to view by the slow motion and melting of the mass. His body was identified by some old men who had been the companions of his youth over forty years before. Along the margin of the glacier is a moraine of huge boulders, ground and worn by this tremendous millstone.

To reach the Chapeau one must pass along a narrow ledge, with steps hewn in the face of the steep precipice, known as the Mauvais Pas—the Perilous Way, or “Villanous Road,” as Mark Twain translates it. The cliff towered hundreds of feet above our head, and sloped to a dizzy depth beneath our feet. This passage was once an exploit of much danger; but iron rods have been bolted into the face of the cliff, so that it is now quite safe. The view of the splintered pinnacles, “seracs,” and ice-tables of the glacier was of wonderful grandeur and beauty.

I stopped for lunch at the rude auberge, shown in the margin, and found the place overflowing with a hilarious company of tourists. I joined their party to descend the mountain, entered a huge ice-cave, and got well sprinkled with the falling water. From a vast arch of ice in the glacier leaps forth the



AUBERGE AT THE CHAPEAU, MONT BLANC.

river Arveiron in a strong and turbid stream, soon to join the rapid Arve. As we sat gazing on the sight, an American lady quoted with much feeling Coleridge's sublime hymn to Mont Blanc :

"O Sovran Blanc,
The Arve and Arveiron at thy base
Rave ceaselessly ; but thou most awful form,
Risest from forth thy silent sea of pines,
How silently.
Ye ice-falls ! ye that form the mountain's brow,
Adown enormous ravines slope amain—
Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty Voice,
And stopped at once, amid the maddest plunge.
Motionless torrents ! silent cataracts !
Who made you glorious as the gates of heaven ?
And who commanded (and the silence came),
Here let the billows stiffen and have rest ?
Thou, too, hoar mount, with thy sky-piercing peaks,
All night long visited by troops of stars,
Or while they climb the sky or when they sink ;
Thou kingly spirit throned among the hills,
Thou dread ambassador from earth to heaven—
Great Hierarch ! tell thou the silent sky,
And tell the stars, and tell yon rising sun,
Earth with her thousand voices praises God."

The Tête Noir road in bold windings climbs to the watershed between the Rhone and Arve. We take one last long look at Mont Blanc, a supreme and mighty presence dominating the whole visible world. Next we traverse a lonely valley bounded by pine-clad mountains, the valley growing narrower and deeper till it becomes a wild ravine, through which far down brawls and raves a dark and sullen stream, the well named Eau Noire, and high above hang the crags of the impending cliffs. The châteaux cling like martins' nests to the sides of the mountains, and the village church at Valorcine is protected against avalanches by a buttress of masonry. At last the grandeur culminates as we pass through a tunnel in the mountain side, and reach the Tête Noir inn, overhung by the Tête Noir mountain. Amid these picturesque surroundings we stop for lunch. The storm of the previous day had intercepted my telegram, and we have to wait till a lot of hungry tourists make way for us.

The road now turns into a dark and beautiful forest. In the valley far below is the brawling Trient. Climbing over the Col de Forclaz, 5,000 feet above the sea, there bursts upon the sight a magnificent view of the Rhone Valley as far as the castled

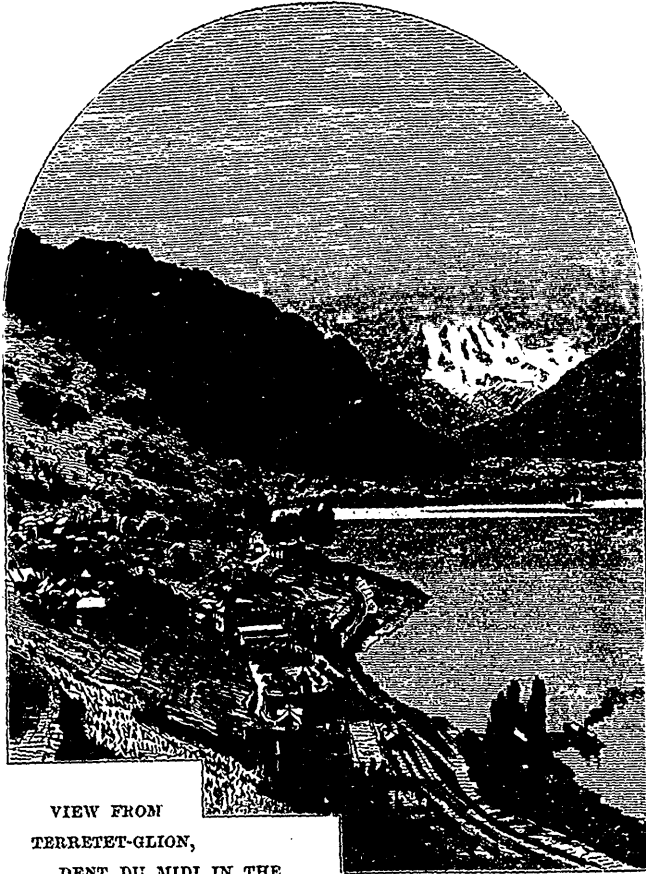
heights of Zion, and right at our feet lies Martigny, seeming so near that we might almost throw a stone into it. Yet it takes two hours and a-half to wind down the many curves of the road through the chestnut-clad slopes and terraced vineyards to the quaint old town. How we rattled through the ancient bourg, and with what a flourish we drew up at the hotel in the new town, and with what a grace our *Voituriers* presented themselves for their well-earned *pour boires*.



THE TETE NOIR PASS.

After dinner a number of us climbed up a steep hill to a mediæval tower, built by the Bishops of Zion (1260, demolished 1518) on the substructions of an older Roman fort, with its deep moat and fosse, and queer surroundings. A little girl who spoke very indistinct French seemed to be, for a time, the only garrison, and some of the ladies exercised much patience in getting her to spell the names of the different mountain peaks which studded the horizon. Next day we went down the Rhone Valley by rail,

past the wild entrance to the Gorge of the Trient, past the snowy Pissevache waterfall, 230 feet in height, waving like a bridal veil; through the picturesque old town of St. Maurice, where the saint of that name, commander of the Theban Legion, is said to have suffered martyrdom, A.D. 302. So close do the



VIEW FROM
TERRETET-GLION,
DENT DU MIDI IN THE
BACKGROUND,
CHILLON IN MIDDLE DISTANCE.

of the first series

sides of the valley approach, that a bridge of a single arch leaps from side to side. On through the widening valley we speed to Bouveret, on the Lake of Geneva.

The scenery is superb; piercing the sky is the snowy peak of the Dent du Midi. The waters are of heaven's own blue. All around the storied shores of the lake are towns and villages that

live in song and story. To the left is the old Abbey of St. Gingolph, a forgotten saint, from whom comes the slang English phrase "by jingo." To the right are the historic island and castle of Chillon, which, immediately after lunch at a pleasant inn in a large garden, we visit. This gloomy tower, which rises in sullen majesty from the waves, has been used as a prison for over a thousand years.

"A thousand feet in depth below,
Their massy waters meet and flow."

What bitter memories of wrong and sorrow could its rude walls

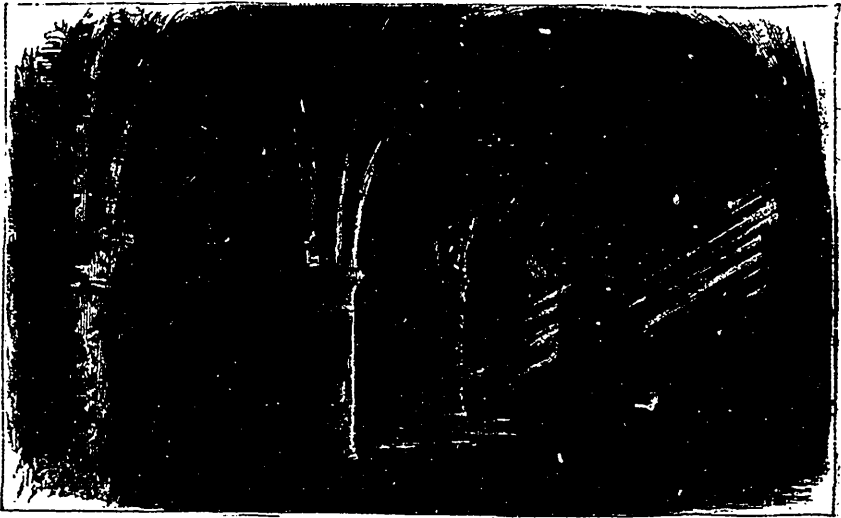


CASTLE OF CHILLON.

tell! Over the gate are the mocking words, "*Gott der Herr segne den Ein- und Ausgang*"—"God bless all who go in and come out." An intelligent and pretty girl conducted us through its vaulted dungeons, the torture chamber, with its pulleys and rack, and wooden frame burned black by red-hot branding-irons, and the ancient Hall of Justice, with its quaint carvings. She showed us the pillar to which Bonnivard, for six years, three centuries ago, was chained; the marks worn by his footsteps in the floor, and the inscriptions of Byron and Victor Hugo on the walls. As the afternoon light streamed through the narrow loop-holes on the arches and columns, and on the fair face of the girl, it made a picture in which Rembrandt would have revelled.

“Chillon! thy prison is a holy place,
 And thy sad floor an altar,—for 'twas trod
 Until his very steps have left a trace,
 Worn, as if the cold pavement were a sod,
 By Bonnivard!—may none those marks efface,
 For they appeal from tyranny to God.”

We cross a yard and enter a gloomy-looking tower. Looking down a well-like aperture in the floor, we gain a dim glimpse of the “oubliettes,” or grim dungeon, where contumacious prisoners found their tragical fate. Looking through the window we saw



DUNGEON OF CHILLON.

the little Isle of Peace, only thirty paces long and twenty wide, with its three elm trees, of which the poet sings—

“And then there was a little isle,
 Which in my very face did smile,
 The only one in view.”

Here, to the everlasting disgrace of the Republic of Switzerland, in the year of grace 1889, an act of tyranny was enacted, as outrageous in its way as the imprisonment of Bonnivard. A young English girl, a member of the Salvation Army, for daring to preach Jesus and the Resurrection, was arrested, condemned to prison for one hundred days, and thrust into a cell. She was permitted to go out on parole, went to England and was urged to

break her parole, the result of which would be to forfeit about \$100, which would gladly have been given her; but she refused, returned to the castle and completed her term of imprisonment. Small wonder that an indignant rebuke of such intolerance was inscribed on the wall. The prison matron spoke with the greatest respect of the fair young English girl for whom the prison had no terrors. It seems to us that this was a suitable occasion for a remonstrance from the English Foreign Department, akin to that which Cromwell thundered against the Vatican for the persecution of the Vaudois. So great were the fascinations of the grim old castle that the ladies could with difficulty be induced to leave it, and the good-natured conductor of the electric railway kept his car waiting for them much after the proper time of leaving. Up a very steep inclined railway, such as abound everywhere in Switzerland, we climbed to Terretet-Glion. From the garden at the summit a magnificent outlook up and down the lake was obtained.



CABLE RAILWAY AT TERRETET-GLION.



INCLINED RAILWAY CARRIAGE.

The sail over these memory-haunted waters in the afternoon was one of rare delight. We passed in succession, Montreux, with its quaint old parish church, "sweet Clarens," immortalized by Rousseau, Vevey, St. Saphorin, the Châteaux de Chatelard, Hauteville, Lutry, and many another celebrated in legend and song. Splendid views were obtained of Mont

Blanc, hanging like a cloud on the horizon. The sloping shores

were clothed with luxuriant chestnuts, walnuts, magnolias and vines, and crowned by tasteful villas, old castles, or magnificent modern hotels. Midway to Geneva is Morges with its lofty donjon keep, built eleven centuries ago by Bertha of Burgundy, the beautiful spinner, who used to ride through the country on



MONTREUX.

her palfrey with the distaff in her hand. Her example is still cited, like that of Solomon's virtuous woman, for the imitation of the

Swiss maidens. At Vevey, preparations were in progress for the vintage festival, an allegorical fête, in which the peasant population take part with great gusto.

At last we reach Ouchy, the port of Lausanne, which lies high above on the lake. An inclined railway, actuated by wire-rope, soon brings us to the top, and in a few minutes we are domiciled at the historic hotel Gibbon, from whose windows a magnificent outlook is enjoyed far and wide over the lake lying like a map far beneath our feet.

ACQUAINT THYSELF WITH GOD.

ACQUAINT thee, O mortal, acquaint thee with God;
 And joy, like the sunshine, shall beam on thy road;
 And peace, like the dew-drop, shall fall on thy head;
 And sleep, like an angel, shall visit thy bed.

Acquaint thee, O mortal, acquaint thee with God,
 And He shall be with thee when fears are abroad,—
 Thy safeguard in dangers that threaten thy path,
 Thy joy in the valley and shadow of death.

—Knox.

"THE LAST VOYAGE."

BY LADY BRASSEY.

II.



PATIALA ELEPHANTS.

Monday, January 24th.—The gentlemen went out shooting early. Rode on elephants, in rather tumble-to-pieces howdahs. Grand durbar at the Maharajah's palace in the evening. Four thousand candles in glass chandeliers.

Tuesday, January 25th.—We were honoured early this morning with a visit from the three members of the council of regency. Sir Deva Sing, the president, is a man of distinguished presence and graceful manners. In the course of conversation we endeavoured to elicit his views on several points: Tom questioned him as to the relations between the Government of India and the native states, and told me that he said, speaking for Patiala, and indeed for the native states generally, there were no grievances of which they could complain. Turning to the condition of the native army, he thought it desirable to improve the position of native officers in the British service. They are not dissatisfied with the actual conditions; they are prepared to fight to the last

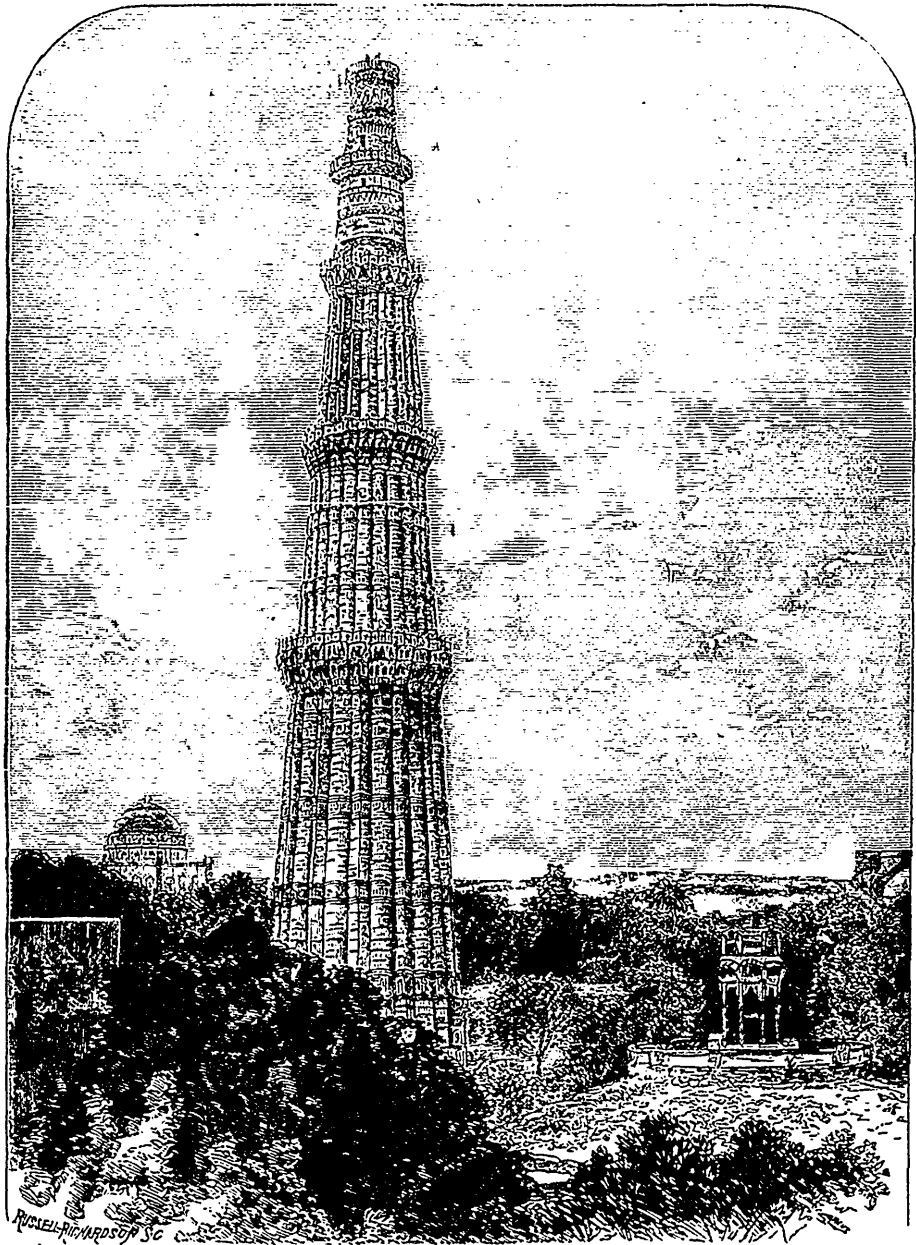


TANKS AT ADEN.

in support of England; but they would appreciate any step which would be taken to put them on a level with British officers.

A visit to Patiala suggests some general reflections. Under native rule, roads, sanitation, education, everything which belongs to the higher civilization, is neglected, while money is lavishly spent on elephants, equipages, menageries, jewellery, palaces, and barbaric splendours of every kind. It is a great abuse, much needing correction, that the native states, though they have received from the British complete guarantees against foreign invasion and internal rebellion, maintain armed men, for the vanity of military display, to the number of 315,000.

It would have lightened our burdens greatly if the internal government of India could have been left under native princes. Such an alternative, unfortunately, was not open to us. The

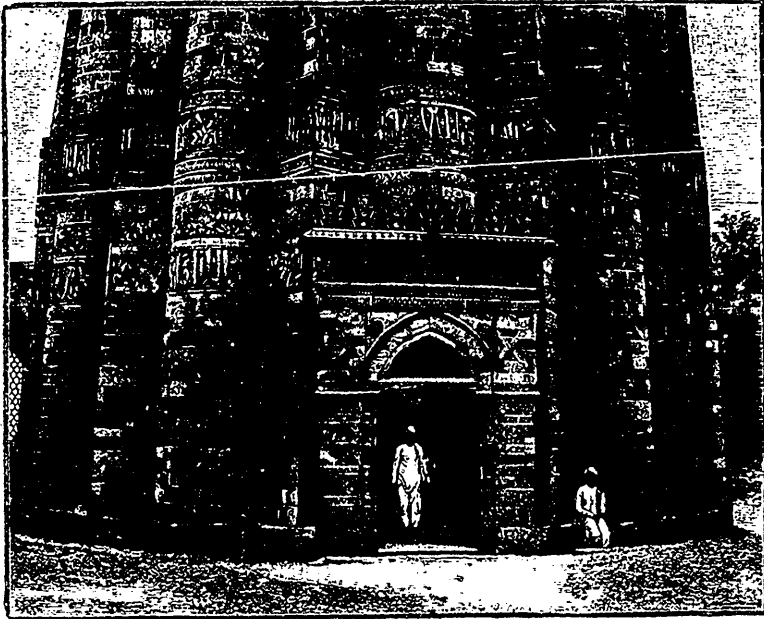


THE KUTUB MINAR.

native rulers would have proved for the most part incapable of the task. They would have been led on by internecine warfare to mutual destruction. The trade with England depends on the peace which we have been instrumental in preserving.

Wednesday, January 26th.—Arrived at Meerut at 5 a.m., and thence continued our journey to Delhi. The public audience-hall, Pearl Mosque, and the entire group of buildings within the fort at Delhi, are noble examples of Indian architecture.

Thursday, January 27th.—Drove out early to the Ridge, the



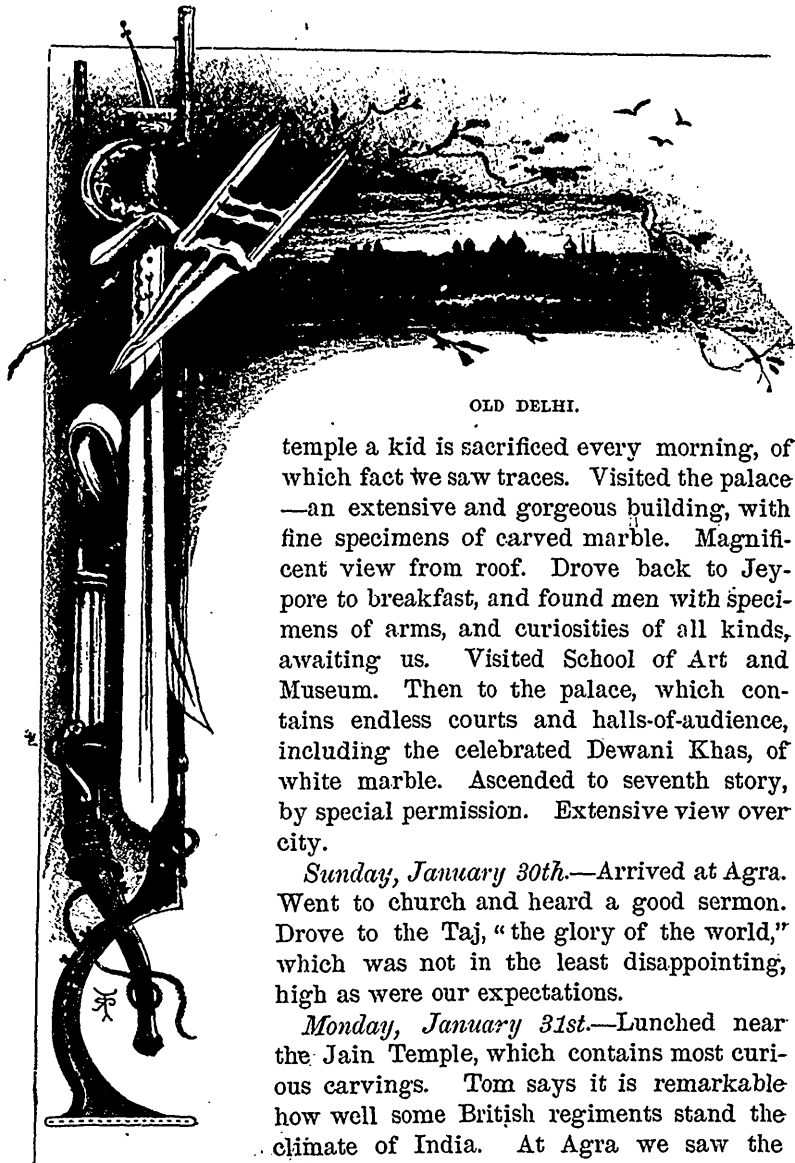
BASE OF THE KUTUB MINAR.

flag-staff battery, and the big durbar tent. After breakfast went with Mr. Cannon to the Kutub Minar, the grandest column in the world; climbed to the top, whence there is a splendid view. Spent the rest of the day in seeing the sights of this wonderful city.

Friday, January 28th.—Arrived at Ulwar at 7 a.m. Most lovely palace, not generally shown. Exquisite lace-like marble tracery, especially in Zenana rooms. Schinnahal Tank at back, with cupolas, too beautiful for words.

Saturday, January 29th.—Reached Jeypore at 6 a.m. Drove to Amber, the ancient city of the Rajpoots, now almost unin-

habited, except by Fakirs. Lovely drive in the cool morning air. Elephants at foot of hill, and alligators in tank. At the



OLD DELHI.

temple a kid is sacrificed every morning, of which fact we saw traces. Visited the palace—an extensive and gorgeous building, with fine specimens of carved marble. Magnificent view from roof. Drove back to Jey-pore to breakfast, and found men with specimens of arms, and curiosities of all kinds, awaiting us. Visited School of Art and Museum. Then to the palace, which contains endless courts and halls-of-audience, including the celebrated Dewani Khas, of white marble. Ascended to seventh story, by special permission. Extensive view over city.

Sunday, January 30th.—Arrived at Agra. Went to church and heard a good sermon. Drove to the Taj, “the glory of the world,” which was not in the least disappointing, high as were our expectations.

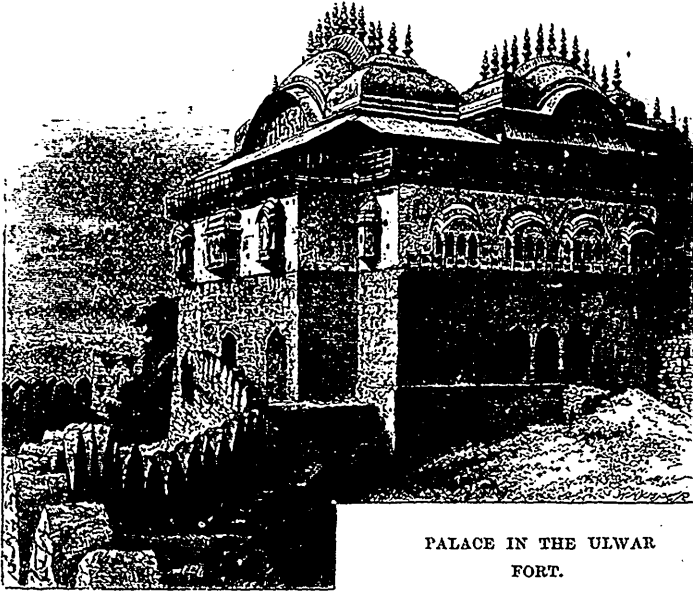
Monday, January 31st.—Lunched near the Jain Temple, which contains most curious carvings. Tom says it is remarkable how well some British regiments stand the climate of India. At Agra we saw the Manchester Regiment. After three years at Mooltan, perhaps the hottest station in India,

the men were in rude health. They marched the whole distance to Agra. At the time of our visit the men were playing football

NATIVE WEAPONS.

and cricket, as vigorously as if they were in England. They are fit to go anywhere and do anything.

The prison at Agra is admirably administered. Under the direction of Dr. Tyler, the men are being instructed in trades, by which, when released from confinement, they will be able to earn an honest living. The manufacture of carpets in the prison has been brought to perfection. A similar progress has been made in wood-carving in the prison at Lahore. Throughout India the prisons have been converted, with a wise humanity, into busy workshops.



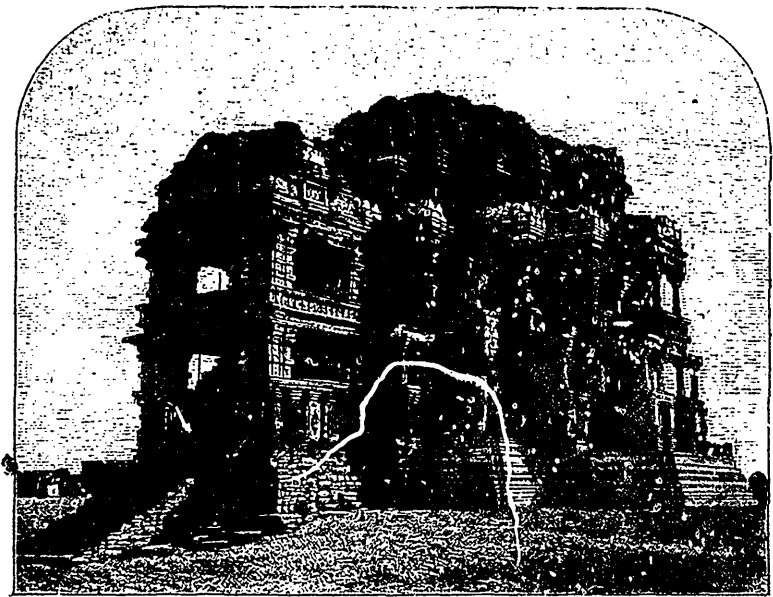
PALACE IN THE ULWAR
FORT.

Tuesday, February 1st.—Left Agra by special train at 3 a.m., and reached Gwalior at seven. After breakfast drove out to the fort, to reach which we had to ride on very shaky elephants up a steep road. Barracks deserted now that the English soldiers are gone.

Wednesday, February 2nd.—Arrived at Cawnpore at 2 a.m. Drove at 6.45 through the streets to the Memorial Gardens, where a monument is erected over the well into which so many victims of the Mutiny were cast. Visited the site of the Assembly Rooms, where women and children were hacked to death. Then to General Wheeler's entrenchment, St. John's Church, and the present Memorial Church, which contains many interesting tablets with touching inscriptions. Proceeded by train to Lucknow. Went

with General Palmer to the Residency. It was difficult to realize that this spot had once been the scene of so much horror and bloodshed. It was in the gardens of the Secundra Bagh that two thousand mutineers were killed within two hours by the 93rd Regiment and the 4th Punjaub Rifles, under Sir Colin Campbell.

Thursday, February 3rd.—Reached Cawnpore at midnight, and Allahabad at 7.20 a.m., drove to the principal places of interest, including the fort, the arsenal, and the Sultan's serai and gardens. Returned to station and went on by train to Benares. Drove through the narrow and dirty streets to the Golden Temple.



SAR-BAHR, GWALIER

Not much to be seen in the shops except London brasswork and Hindoo gods. The temple was chiefly remarkable for the dirt which abounded. The Cow Temple was dirtier still, with cows and bulls tied up all round it. Monkey Temple very curious.

Friday, February 4th.—Called at 6 a.m. Started at half-past seven for the Ranagar Palace, where we found chairs in readiness to carry us up the ascent. Embarked in a boat propelled by a treadmill, and proceeded down the river, past all the ghauts and palaces belonging to the various kings and princes or to their descendants. The bathing-ghaut was a wonderful sight. Women in brilliant colours; red palanquins and pilgrims. During the

succeeding days the journey included visits to the Marble Rocks, near Jubbulpore, and to the Caves of Ellora.

We arrived at Hyderabad at half-past eleven on February 9th, and found Major Gilchrist waiting with the Nizam's carriages to take us to the Residency. It is an imposing building with a flight of twenty-two granite steps, a colossal sphinx standing on either hand, leading to the portico through which you reach the spacious reception and dining-rooms, whilst the comfortably-furnished sleeping apartments lie beyond. An entire wing had been appropriated to the ladies of our party; and, luxurious as our railway-cars had been, the increased space and size of our new quarters appeared thoroughly delightful.

In the afternoon we went for a drive through the populous Hindoo suburb of Chadar Ghát to the celebrated "Tombs of the



WATER-CARRIER, BENARES.

Kings " at Golkonda. The road passes over a stony belt or plain, on which gigantic masses of dark granite lie on all sides in picturesque confusion. The natives have a legend that they are the fragments left over at the completion of the Creation. About seven miles from the city, a solitary, gloomy-looking hill rises, crowned by a fort, at the foot of which stand the Tombs. They are magnificent buildings with grand domes ris-

ing above the terraces, arcades and minarets of the main edifice. They are nearly all covered with beautiful mosaics and enamelled tiles, mutilated, however, in too many instances by the hands of modern relic-hunters. The buildings are surrounded by gardens fragrant with orange blossom, and gay with many other flowers. The decay and ruin were caused by the great siege in the days of Aurangzib. I occupied the box-seat coming home, and enjoyed the delicious freshness of the evening air, among the picturesque rocks which rose up on either side. One of these, called "One Gun Rock," looks exactly like a cannon without its carriage, resting on an elevation and pointed toward the city.

In the evening we dined with a native gentleman, who spoke English fairly well, and gave us a sumptuous repast in European fashion. Besides a multitude of chandeliers in his house, he had a billiard-table with glass legs, and splendid red satin chairs also with glass arms and legs. The view from the roof, to which we ascended after dinner, over the city, bathed in the light of the full moon, was really beautiful and quite romantic. On leaving, our host handed each of us a little *flacon* of most delicious attar of roses.

The following morning we were called at five o'clock, and by



TEMPLE AT ELLORA.

seven were driving toward Secunderabad, five or six miles distant. One-tree hill is not very far from here, called after the solitary palm-tree standing in the midst of a mass of rocks. Passing the city, we came to the barracks of the 7th Hussars, and then to Bolarum, where the Resident lives during the rainy season. His house is quite charming, with its handsome ball-room, numerous lawn-tennis grounds, and well-kept gardens, in which we gathered violets and roses. The breeze was quite invigorating, the difference between the air here and at Hyderabad being very remarkable, considering that this is only two hundred

feet higher. The view from the top of the house, toward Byham's Monument and the quarters of the Hyderabad Contingent, was also interesting, the landscape resembling burnt-up, brown, breezy "down" country, and reminding us all of Sussex.

We drove back to the Residency to breakfast, and there sat quietly and read all the morning in our pleasant rooms. Late in the afternoon we drove to the tank of Mir Alam, where a brother of Sir Salar Jung was waiting for us in a steam-launch, in which we made little voyages up and down the so-called "tank," which was in fact an artificial lake twenty miles in circumference, and covering an area of 10,000 acres. Everybody went into raptures over the scenery, which was not unlike the tamer parts of Loch Duich or Loch Carron, in Scotland, with the addition of an occasional mosque or tomb perched on the rocky heights. It was extremely pleasant, steaming slowly about; and, as the sun went



GUN ROCK.

down, gorgeous effects were produced behind the rocks and hills. Prettier still when it became dark and the lights began to twinkle on the hill-sides, and in the tents, pitched in readiness for a dinner party to be given by Sir Salar Jung this evening. The drive home through the densely crowded tortuous streets was most amusing; though one never ceased wondering how the drivers, even with the aid of the active runners, managed to avoid running over somebody, so thoroughly careless did the throng of people appear of their own safety.

The next day, February 11th, we were again awakened at a very early hour, and drove off to a spot in the Nizam's preserves, about six miles distant, where we were met by elephants, bullock and horse-tongas, and two cheetahs (a sort of leopard) in carts, in readiness for the projected black-buck hunting expedition. Our guides strongly recommended us to select tongas instead of elephants as the mode of conveyance, saying that the black-buck have been so frequently hunted of late that they are alarmed at

the sight of elephants. This advice proved good, for we soon afterwards found ourselves close to four fine animals. The cheetah which was to be first let loose, and which was carried on one of the tongas, became much excited, though he was blindfolded by a leathern mask and not allowed to see his prey until quite close to it. He stood up in the cart lashing his tail, and now and then curling it round the neck of the driver like a huge boa. When at last he was set free he darted forward and, after crouching behind a hillock waiting his opportunity, made a tremendous spring right on to the back of a buck, striking the poor animal such a blow on the side of the head that it must have been paralyzed before the cheetah seized its throat. I carefully kept far enough away not to see any of the details which are inseparable from such sport.

Proceeding in another direction, we soon came across a large herd of black-buck; but the elephants had caught up by this time, and the moment the deer perceived the huge creatures they bounded away. The elephants were therefore left behind with the horses, and we all seated ourselves on the tongas, creeping in this



ONE-TREE HILL.

way quite near a herd of forty or fifty does, with six or eight fine bucks feeding with them. At one of these bucks the second and smaller cheetah was let go; but he could not make up his mind which buck to try for, whereby he lost both his opportunity and his temper, and went off sulkily into the jungle, from which his keeper had considerable difficulty in recapturing him.

The drive back to the Residency seemed long and hot, and I was glad to rest awhile after our early excursion. Later in the forenoon we drove through the city, this time behind a team of Austrian grays, on our way to breakfast with Sir Salar Jung at the Barah Dari Palace. He received us very pleasantly, and

showed us over his palace, built around a fine courtyard, with elaborately carved marble seats at intervals. Sir Salar has a fine collection of Indian arms, and we were shown the skin of an enormous tiger killed by himself only last week.

Breakfast was served in a most delightful veranda overlooking a courtyard with flashing fountains and green and shady trees, the table being prettily decorated, and the meal arranged in the most approved European fashion.



CHEETAH-CART.

Afterwards we returned to the Residency, and the hottest hours of the day were spent in reading and writing. At four o'clock I again drove out with Mr. Furdonji Jamsetjee, the Minister's private secretary, passing through the picturesque and interesting native bazaars. The narrow whitewashed streets lined with little shops, gaily decorated with gold and bright colours, form a fitting background to the smartly dressed groups moving about among them. We did not pause to make any purchases, but stopped the carriage at many points to admire the motley crowd and the curious and beautiful mosques and temples.

We were fortunate enough to meet two processions, one literally

a "wedding march," and the other a numerous company of Hindoo worshippers. First came a noisy, turbulent crowd of native soldiery, escorting a young man mounted on a very fat horse, dressed in gorgeous kincob, with eight people holding an enormous umbrella over him. This proved to be the bridegroom, and he was followed by many elephants and camels. As for the unfortunate bride, she was immured in a closely covered palan-



MIR ALAM.

quin decorated with red velvet and gold. How she could live and breathe in such an airless box will always be a mystery to me, for we were gasping for breath in our open carriage. The second procession consisted of many more elephants and camels, with the addition of bands of brass and other noisy instruments. The central figure of this cavalcade seemed to be an old priest carrying on his head a bulky package wrapped in green cloth, which, I heard, was an offering to be made in an adjacent temple.

"THE LAND OF BURNS."

BY FREDERICK S. WILLIAMS.

"THE whole of Scotland," a Northern critic has said, "is the land of Burns," but, in the sense in which we employ the phrase, it refers rather to those districts in which the poet was born, with which his career is identified—where he lived and died. In visiting these scenes, the Glasgow and South-Western Railway—a branch of the Midland system, by means of which one can reach almost every part of Great Britain—affords every facility.

Leaving St. Enoch Station, and passing over the river Clyde, which, from any point of view, presents a striking appearance, we are soon amidst a multitude of manufactories connected with the silk, cotton and iron trades, and near the suburban residences of city people. At length we merge on to a plain, once part of a large and powerful kingdom, for the possession of which Britons, Picts, Scots, Saxons and Norsemen by turns contended. Seven miles from Glasgow is the manufacturing town of Paisley. It is said to present most of the characteristics of an old but thriving Scotch town. The Abbey Church is one of its most interesting attractions.

At Irvine we reach the first point in what is more strictly "The Land of Burns." Here, when matters did not turn out well with the family of the poet of Lochlea, he came to Irvine at the age of twenty-three, to learn the heckling or flax-dressing. A track of misfortune followed him at the time, and on the morning of New Year's Day the flax-dressing shop took fire and was burned. Burns, as he himself says, was left, "like a true poet, not worth a sixpence."

The stately ruin of Dundonald Castle, in which King Robert Stuart wooed and won his bride, stands boldly on our left. We soon reach Ayr, about which there is much that might be told, but which we must be content to visit simply as pilgrims to the shrine of Burns.

"Auld Ayr, wham ne'er a town surpasses
For honest men and bonnie lasses."

"The Monument Road" follows the line of highway between Ayr and Maybole as it existed in the time of Burns. The "auld clay biggin," which saw the birth of Robert Burns, stands by the side of the road two miles south of Ayr. The cottage was reared by

the hands of his father—William Burness or Burnes, as he spelt his name—and here his little son was born on the 25th of January, 1759. His first welcome to the world was a rough one, for as he tells us,

“A blast o’ Janwar’ win’
Blew hansel in on Robin,”

and a few days afterwards a storm blew down the gable of the



THE AYR GROUP.

cottage, and the poet and his mother had to be carried in the dark morning to the shelter of a neighbour's roof, under which they remained till their own was repaired. In after years he would say, "No wonder that one ushered into the world amid such a tempest should be the victim of stormy passions." We enter the

lowly whitefaced dwelling. It consists of two apartments, the kitchen and spence, or sitting-room, "the butt and the ben." The humble tenement preserves exactly its cottage look. What is now the kitchen was in former days its chief apartment. "The clay floor is unchanged; the sill table, scrupulously whitened day by day all these years, is that which did duty there a hundred years ago and more; and in that bed-place in the wall Robert Burns first saw the light, and cried his first baby cry."

Within those walls are gathered many treasures, the relics of the humble early annals of the poet's family. They include the dresser, clock, press and chairs. The cottage of Burns' birth and the land adjoining it have been purchased, and are now in the care of trustees. Hard by the poet's birthplace is "Alloway's auld haunted Kirk." Ascending the worn steps, we at once reach the graves of the father of the poet, of his mother and his youngest sister; and we stand by the church itself. It is roofless, but its bare walls are tolerably well preserved, and it still has its bell at the east end. Iron gratings have taken the place of doors, and peeping through one of these we see the spot immortalized by the dance of witches, as supposed to be witnessed by Tam o' Shanter. It has been truly said that perhaps in no other poetical composition have there been held in combination such humour and horror, ghastly glee and drunken fright, as were depicted in the midnight orgies of the weird revellers in Auld Kirk Alloway, and in the mad ride for life of Tam o' Shanter, as he speeds for the key-stane of the Brig. The old church was built about 1516. A considerable portion of the rafters have been in one way or another disposed of, manufactured into relics of the locality and dispersed over the world.

A few yards to the west of Alloway Kirk, enclosed in grounds of the church, a well trickled down into the Doon, where stood the thorn—

"And near the thorn, aboon the well
Where Mungo's mither hanged hersel'—
Before him Doon pour'd a' his floods,
The doubling storm roar'd through the woods."

Of course every tourist visits the "Auld Brig o' Doon," a few hundred yards from the kirk—the brig over which, on the memorable night, when

"Weel mounted on his grey mare Meg—
A better never lifted leg—
Tam skelpit on through dub and mire,
Despising wind, and rain, and fire."

From the arch of the high and narrow structure are seen "the banks and braes," so familiar to Burns.

A little farther forward we enter the grounds of the Monument. The building, about sixty feet in height, has a triangular base representing the three districts of Ayrshire, and it contains an apartment sixteen feet high by eighteen in diameter. Above is a cupola supported by nine columns of the Corinthian order, surmounted by a gilt tripod resting on three dolphins. The grounds are beautifully laid out with thriving yews, laurels, hollies, fuchsias six or seven feet high in full bloom on to September, and also with well-ordered and well-kept beds of flowers.

Within the Monument are preserved various interesting memorials of the poet. They include two volumes of the Bible, with their inscriptions still legible, presented by Burns to Highland Mary when on the memorable Sunday, 1786, they stood together by the banks of the Ayr, holding the Bible between them, vowed eternal fidelity to each other, and then parted, never, however, to meet again. There are also various editions of the poet's works, and a snuff-box made from the woodwork of Alloway Kirk. The possessor of these interesting relics emigrated to Canada in 1834; they were purchased by a party of gentlemen in Montreal for £25, and were forwarded to the Provost of Ayr for presentation to the trustees of the Monument. Within the Monument grounds are placed, within a grotto, two statues of "Tam o' Shanter" and "Souter Johnny," the work of Thom, a self-taught sculptor.

In the large field hard by was held, in 1884, the Great Banquet Celebration in welcome to the Banks of Doon of the sons of Burns. Many eminent men were present, and some eighty thousand persons are computed to have taken part in the proceedings. The Earl of Eglinton presided, and in the course of his remarks said:

"Here, on the very spot where the poet first drew breath, on the very ground which his genius has hallowed, beside the Old Kirk which his verse has immortalized, beneath the monument which an admiring and repentant people have raised to his memory, we meet, after the lapse of years, to pay our homage at the shrine of genius. How little could the pious old man who dwelt in yon humble cottage, when he read the 'big ha' Bible'—'his lyart haffets wearing thin and bare'—have guessed that the infant prattling on his knee was to be the pride and admiration of his country; that that infant was to be enrolled a Chief among the poetic band; that he was to take his place as one of the brightest planets that glitter around the mighty sun of the Bard of Avon. In originality he was second to none; in the fervent expression of deep feeling, and in the keen perception of the beauties of nature, equal to any who ever revelled in the bright fairy-land of poesy. Oh! that he could have foreseen this day, when the poet and the historian, the manly and the fair, the peer and the peasant, vie with

each other in paying their tribute of admiration to the untaught but mighty genius whom we hail as the first of Scottish poets ! It might have alleviated the dreary days of his sojourn—it might have lightened the last days of his pilgrimage upon earth. And well does he deserve such homage. He who portrayed 'The Cottar's Saturday Night' in strains that are unrivalled in simplicity, and yet fervour—in solemnity and in truth ; he who breathed forth the patriotic words which tell of the glories of Wallace, and immortalize alike the poet and the hero ; he who culled inspiration from the modest daisy, and yet thundered forth the heroic strains of 'The Song of Death ;' he who murmured words which appear the very incarnation of



THE MAUCHLINE GROUP.

poetry and of love, and yet hurled forth the bitterest shafts of satire : a poet by the hands of Nature, despising, as it were, the rules of art, and yet triumphing over those very rules which he set at nought—at whose name every Scottish heart beats high—whose name has become a household word in the palace as in the palace. To whom shall we pay our homage, of whom shall we be proud, if it is not our immortal Burns ?”

Mauchline, the great central district of Ayrshire—enriched with the wooded valleys of the Ayr, the Lugar, and the Coil, is full of interest in its associations with the career of Burns. Burns

was in his twenty-sixth year when he took up his abode at Moss-giel, where he remained for four years. "Three things," says Principal Shairp, Professor of Poetry in the University of Oxford, "those years and that bare moorland farm witnessed—the wreck of his hopes as a farmer, the revelation of his genius as a poet, and the frailty of his character as a man."

"The farm-house at Moss-giel, which still exists," says Chambers, "almost unchanged since the days of the poet, is very small, consisting of only two rooms, 'a butt and a ben,' as they are called in Scotland. Over these, reached by a trap-stair, is a small garret in which Robert and his brother used to sleep. Thither, when he had returned from his day's work, the poet used to retire, and seat himself at a small deal-table, lighted by a narrow sky-light in the roof, to transcribe the verses which he had composed in the fields. His favourite time for composition was at the plough. Long years afterward his sister, Mrs. Begg, used to tell how, when her brother had gone forth again to field work, she would steal up to the garret and search the drawer of the deal-table for the verses which Robert had newly transcribed."

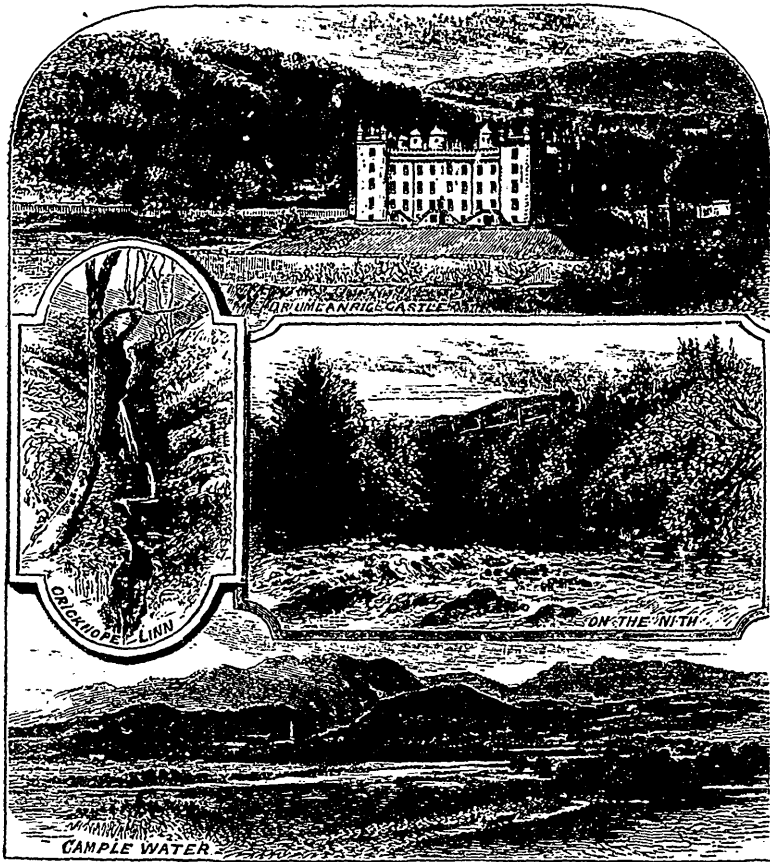
During his residence here many of the poet's chief writings were composed. It was in a field on this farm that he ploughed down the "daisy" and turned up "the mouse's nest," to which he refers in his poems. "Burns has been as good as a mint of money to the knick-knack makers. Wood from places mentioned in his poems is made into a great variety of fancy articles; these are illuminated with verses and lines from the poet's compositions; and the fact of their being made in Mauchline gives the articles additional interest and attraction for strangers. These may be regarded as new editions of Burns' works."

Less than two miles south of Mauchline Station the railway passes over a chasm along which the Ayr runs, "deep, precipitous, winding, romantic," near the beautiful grounds of Ballochmyle House. The river in this neighbourhood is in winter subject to heavy floods; and there, as Burns has expressed it, "is just one lengthened, trembling sea." The Viaduct of Ballochmyle consists of six arches, the central one having a span of 100 feet, 95 feet above the river. The scenes of several of Burns' poems were laid by him in this neighbourhood. The crag on which Burns stood when he composed his dirge, "Man was made to mourn," is still pointed out.

Near Old Cumnock the train crosses over the Lugar river by a handsome viaduct 756 feet in length and 150 above the level of the water. In the graveyard of Cumnock, Alexander Peden, the

celebrated Covenanting preacher, and Thomas Richard, another martyr to the cause, are buried.

Auchinleck, a pleasant village, is well seen from the train. Muirkirk, rich in Covenanting memories, is the moorland of Aird's Moss, where the Covenanters' army, under Richard Cameron, was defeated and he was killed: the spot is marked by "Cameron's



THE NITH GROUP.

Stone." This was also the scene of the death of John Browne, a martyr of the Covenant.

Among the green hills to the south-west of New Cumnock is the Vale of Afton, famed in the song, "Flow gently, sweet Afton." The railway now enters the most picturesque part of our journey. From moorlands we pass amid wooded and watered scenery

of the finest kind, and have a beautiful view down the deep valley of the Nith, depicted by our artist. Drumlanrig Castle, one of the seats of the Duke of Buccleuch, occupies a rising ground and is encircled with a rich diversity of hill and mountain. The castle was built about 1679 from designs commonly ascribed to Inigo Jones. It is a quadrangular turreted pile enclosing an open court, somewhat like Heriot's Hospital in Edinburgh, only much finer. The grounds are very extensive, and have been laid out with great taste and skill. The "Policies" and woods also cover hundreds of acres. Around Drumlanrig the scenery is very picturesque. The Nith meanders in the hollow of the valley and rushes in foaming cascades over the rocks. In the neighbourhood is the cascade, nearly 100 feet in height, known as Crichope Linn, or the "Grey Mare's Tail," shown in our cut. Near the Linn is a cave which was used by the Covenanters as a place of refuge. Sir Walter Scott refers to it in "Old Mortality" as the hiding-place of Burley.

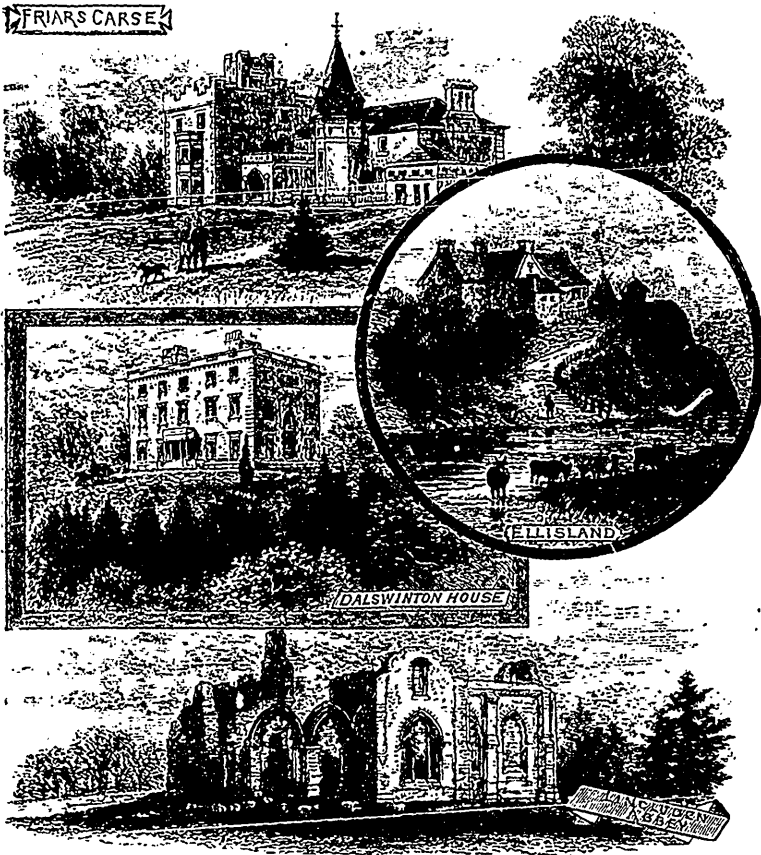
At Auldgirth we are on the immediate confines of a district identified with the later career of Robert Burns. A mile from Auldgirth, where the Nith sweeps alongside the line, we see among the trees across the river, a stately edifice added to a plain stone building. This is Friar's Carse. It stands on the site of an ancient monastery. In the time of Burns it belonged to Mr. Riddel, the antiquary. Burns, on the anniversary of Highland Mary's death, composed his "immortal lyric" thereon.

A mile beyond Friar's Carse, standing a few yards from the verge of a natural precipitous escarpment, and overlooking the Nith, is Ellisland, the residence of Burns. A part of the present building has been added since his day. It was hither that Burns came after his second winter in Edinburgh, "a saddened and embittered man." But, unhappily, in the selection of his new home, as Allen Cunningham's father said to him, he had "made a poet's, not a farmer's choice."

On the 13th of June, 1788, when Robert Burns came here to live, there was no proper dwelling-place, and he had to leave Jean and his one surviving child at Mauchline, and take shelter in "The Isle," on the skirts of the farm. It was not till the middle of 1789 that the farmhouse at Ellisland was finished and that Burns and his family here found a home. "When all was ready Burns bade his servant, Betty Smith, take a bowl of salt and place the family Bible on the top of it, and bearing these, walk first into the new house and possess it. He himself, with his wife on his arm, followed Betty and the Bible and the salt, and so they entered their new abode. Burns delighted to keep up old-world

freits or usages like this." The house was a lowly one. It contained a large kitchen, in which the whole family, masters and servants, took their meals together, a room to hold two beds, a closet to hold one, and a garret, coom-ceiled, for the female servants.

As we pass Ellisland on our right, the stately mansion of Dal-



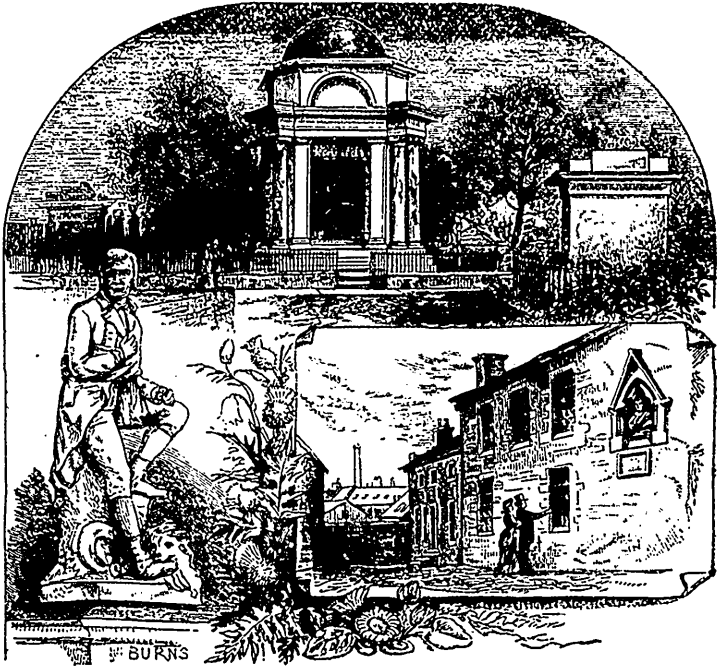
DALSWINTON GROUP.

swinton, on a little wooded hill, stands conspicuously on our left. This spot has much natural beauty, and not only historic but scientific interest, for here on a little loch within the grounds, the first working model of a paddle-wheel steamboat was launched in 1788.

Looking along where the Cluden Water joins the Nith, beside

a wooded mount, are the gray, ivy-clad ruins of Lincluden Abbey. It was a collegiate church of the fourteenth century, previously a Benedictine nunnery, and shows interesting features of florid Gothic. It contains the tomb of a daughter of Robert III.; was a favourite resort of Burns for musing and recreation; and is the scene of his "Vision," and the subject of his "Evening View of Lincluden Abbey."

It was in 1791 that Burns came to reside at Dumfries. For some time past he had made frequent visits here to a certain



DUMFRIES GROUP.

"howff" called the Globe Tavern, and when he migrated thither he was an impoverished man. The change must have been felt to be great, from the "pleasant holms and broomy banks" of the Nith, at Ellisland, to a town house in Dumfries. Unfortunately at that time, as Dr. Chambers tells us, the social condition of large numbers of people in the county towns of Scotland was low and lowering, and Burns fell, unresisting, into the stream of events. But we have not so much to moralize as to indicate the points of interest where the story of Burns' life may here be traced.

Burns resided in Dumfries till his death, in July, 1796. For

the first eighteen months he occupied three small apartments of a second floor on the north side of Bank Street, then called the Wee Vennel; and thence to a small two-story house on the south side of Mill Street, a short narrow thoroughfare, now called Burns' Street. This house was afterwards occupied by his widow for thirty-eight years till her death, and it was subsequently tenanted by his eldest son. It is now "adjoined" by a recently erected industrial school, and may be entered by courtesy of its present occupant. A bust of the poet and an inscription indicate the house in which he died.

The King's Arms was a frequent resort of Burns, especially when invited by gentlemen strangers, and it became memorable for his scratching upon one of its window-panes one of his most pungent epigrams. St. Michael's Church was his usual place of worship; the pew he occupied came to be cut with his initials, probably by his own hand.

"It was on the 21st of July, 1796," says Principal Shairp, "that Burns sank into his last sleep. The news that Burns was dead sounded through all Scotland like a knell." There was a great public funeral; high and low appeared as mourners, and soldiers and volunteers with colours, and muffled drums and arms reversed, mingled in the procession. Twenty years after the poet's death a mausoleum was, by public subscription, erected. It stands on a site at the south-east side of the cemetery—a plain, small, Doric, dome-capped temple, surmounting a sepulchral vault; and contains a sculpture by Turnerelli representing Burns at the plough, while his genius Coila throws over him her mantle. Many of Burns' poems, including "Auld Langsyne," "Bruce's Address," "A Man's a Man for a' That," "My Love is like a Red, Red Rose," and a number of the other most celebrated ones, were written in Dumfries, and not a few localities and contemporary persons in or near the town figure in his writings.

JUDGE NOT.

DARK is the glass through which we see each other;
We may not judge a brother.
We only see the rude and outer strife;
God knows the inner life.
Where we our voice in condemnation raise,
God may see fit to praise;
And those from whom, like Pharisees, we shrink,
With Christ may eat and drink.

SOME FURTHER FACTS CONCERNING FEDERATION.

BY NATHANAEL BURWASH, S.T.D.,

Chancellor, Victoria University.

It affords me no little pleasure to accept the opening paragraph of the Rev. J. Allen's "Facts concerning Federation." I quite agree with Dr. Harris, whom he quotes, that "the first and greatest need" of a university "is men." "Get strong, well qualified, thoroughly competent men for professors, and you have your university." I quite agree with him also in his commendation of the method pursued so largely in Victoria for obtaining those men. But in making this statement, as the foundation of what he professes to be a careful and trustworthy investigation of what is required to build up a university quite adequate to meet all the wants of the Methodist people of Ontario, he has condemned his own work. He tells us a great deal about the cost of apparatus and of libraries, and he has visited a dozen universities, and travelled a couple of thousand miles, to learn that we need to expend less than twenty thousand dollars on these two supplemental requisites of a university; and he has left us without the first line of information as to what it will cost to equip a fairly efficient Methodist University in this Province with the necessary number of "strong, well qualified, thoroughly competent men."

The expense of this fundamental part of an independent university will, of course, depend upon the salaries paid and the number of men to be employed. As to the salaries, I take it for granted that neither Mr. Allen, nor the alumni to whom he speaks, nor the Methodist Church, expect to find "strong, well qualified, thoroughly competent men" who will work for less than a respectable living. And he surely cannot pretend that \$2,000 a year is an extravagant salary in a town like Cobourg; or that \$2,500 is beyond the mark in the city of Toronto. If he questions this, I can only refer him to those of our present staff who have families to support, and let him ask them if they can live on less. He need not travel a thousand miles from home to ascertain that fact.

The second question, How many men must we employ? involves three considerations: (1) the number of students to be taught; (2) the nature and extent of the course or courses of study; (3) the character of the colleges with which we must compete.

1. I may take it for granted that we should make provision for

two hundred students in Arts. I select this number because we enrol nearly that number now each year, and because it represents as large a number as can be efficiently provided for by a single staff. A college with less than a hundred students can be worked on a half staff, because with small numbers the classes can be doubled; and more than half the colleges of the United States come under this class, and are carried on with from five to seven men; they are really "one-horse" colleges, ploughing with half a team.

(2) As to the nature of the course of study, I shall take for granted that Mr. Allen and his friends do not propose to lower the standard either of matriculation, or of graduation, to the B. A. degree. I shall, therefore, consider that three lectures a day in Literature and Mathematics, and two, with the necessary laboratory preparation, in Science, represent full work for a professor. If Mr. Allen had inquired, he would have found that this is from fifty to a hundred per cent. heavier work than is performed by the professors in most of the celebrated colleges he has visited. I shall take it for granted that three hours a day represents a reasonable amount of instruction for a pass student, and three and a half on the average for an honour student. This is the almost universal rule for pass-work in the United States, and has been our rule in Victoria for many years.

As to the extent of the course or courses of study, the amount of work done in each department, and also the number of departments admitted, the answer must depend upon the question of options. On this question of options, Mr. Allen is pleased to insinuate that I am just waking up to this modern question, and accepting "fashions of the hour" "when the hour is past and the fashions are old." If this means anything to Mr. Allen's purpose, it means that we are going back again to the old fixed course. Nothing but strange unacquaintance with the history of the university movement of England and America for the last forty years could make a man bold enough to venture such an assertion. Options and optional courses have been abused, and those who have been my associates in work know that I have been no advocate of a "free-lunch system." But so long as the B. A. degree continues to be the common university degree, and represents the scholastic training with which our best men enter upon their preparation for their special calling or profession, that B. A. degree must represent at least five or six optional courses. Your clergymen, lawyers, and a part of the teaching profession will require Classics or Philosophy. Your engineers, manufacturers, and medical men will require Mathematics or Science. Your commercial men

your journalists, and your politicians will require Modern Languages and History, or History and Civil Polity, and your teachers will require at least three out of the last four. Five of these parallel optional courses are fully recognized by McGill, Queen's and Victoria to-day, as well as by Toronto; and our whole system of public education in Ontario is based upon their recognition.

This breadth of optional work will disappear only when the B. A. degree disappears from our university, and the work now represented by it is mostly relegated to the gymnasium or collegiate institute, as it is now in Germany, and then these preliminary courses may be reduced to two—a course principally literary, with Science and Mathematics supplementary; and a course principally scientific and mathematical, with Languages and Literature supplementary. This is President Gilman's ideal. The college in Johns Hopkins is but a preparatory school. And his ideal of the future before the denominational colleges of the United States is that they should become such preparatory schools. *The United States has no such system of secondary education supported by Government as has grown up in Ontario; and President Gilman and others in the United States expect the entire mass of denominational colleges to sink into a secondary position, or rather to recognize the fact that they now occupy only a secondary position; and that in the university work of the future they must be content to be feeders to half a dozen great national universities. No one who is intimate with the history and resources of some of these denominational colleges can expect such a result. A unification of the higher education of the United States I do not expect along this line. If ever it is reached it implies the extinction of the denominational colleges as fountain heads of national thought. They will become mere distributors of that which emanates from the great centres.

But this is a question of the future, and of the future of the United States and not of Canada. Our position differs from that of the United States in this, that we have laid the foundations of a national system complete in itself, from the Kindergarten to the University. We must either find a place for the denominational colleges in that system (and federation offers them such a place at the fountain head of intellectual and moral influence of the whole system), or else they must be content to work their way in solitary independence outside the common unity of the national system. If any one else can solve the problem of their incorporation in some more satisfactory way, I shall be quite content to step aside and permit him to make the attempt. The past history

of the question does not seem to me to afford him very great encouragement. The opponents of federation think this task is accomplished, if they can prove that some moderately efficient form of independence is possible. They forget that for the Methodism of the future independence may not be a blessing if it separates them from the common literary brotherhood of their fellow-citizens, and fosters a spirit of narrow suspicion toward those with whom they must dwell in a common country. They forget, too, that another independent university may be still less of a blessing to the country at large, if it limits the free and full growth of such a common university as our country is able to sustain.

(3) But to return to our estimate of cost. The third consideration in estimating the number of professors necessary is the competition which we must meet. Now, that is a very different thing to-day from what it was in the summer of 1886. At that date, Toronto University, including the School of Practical Science, had a staff of nine professors, three tutors, and six lecturers—eighteen in all. To-day, her staff embraces thirteen professors, eight lecturers, and eight fellows, covering fifteen distinct departments, to which are added five collateral sub-departments:

In 1886, Queen's was furnished with a staff of eight professors and eight lecturers and tutors, covering ten departments. To-day, she has twelve professors and eight lecturers and tutors, covering thirteen departments. In 1886, Latin and Greek History and English Literature, French and German, and in one instance Mathematics and Physics, were united in single departments, and in some cases manned by a single lecturer or tutor. Now these are everywhere separated, in most cases with separate professors, or at least with a strong lecturer in charge. The estimate which in 1886 would have placed us in advance of sister institutions, would be entirely inadequate for that purpose to-day. The subdivision of work, instead of being at the maximum in 1886, has advanced by fully one-third in the last three years in Ontario at least, and is scarcely at its maximum yet. The learned lecturer who has travelled his thousands of miles to gather his facts in a foreign land has been utterly blind to what is going on at his own doors. And even in the foreign land where he discovered that options have reached their maximum, he forgot to inquire, or at least to tell us, what that maximum was, and how it compares with the more conservative position of our Canadian universities.

The sum of all this is, that to maintain an independent university to-day in our surroundings, we require the following staff: A professor each in Latin, Greek, Orientals, English, French,

German, Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry, Biology, Geology and Mineralogy, Metaphysics, Moral Philosophy, and History and Civil Polity, fourteen, professors in arts, with two in Theology, giving us a staff of sixteen in all.

In estimating the amount which we now require for independence, we must also take into account an increased debt, and a reduced rate of interest, calling for a larger endowment than was needed three years ago.

Now about other estimates, I need not quarrel with Mr. Allen. In 1886, I asked only \$24,000 to repair the old buildings and make proper additions to library and apparatus. I shall now gladly accept his offer of \$20,000 for apparatus and library. And as I, too, have since travelled, and have seen something of the attention paid in other colleges to physical health and comfort, I shall ask for \$50,000, a part of which I should propose to spend in finishing the basement of Faraday Hall, building a wing absolutely needed for a working laboratory in Chemistry, and putting in lower ceilings to make the comfortable and economical heating of the building possible. With the other part I should add a chapel and some additional commodious lecture rooms to the old building, put the whole building in thorough repair, and furnish both buildings with modern ventilation and heating throughout.

We are now prepared for a revised estimate of the present cost of independence in Cobourg :

1. To cover debt, improvements to buildings, library and apparatus	\$120,000
2. Required income, 10 professors	\$32,000
Library apparatus, care of buildings, laboratories, and incidentals	\$8,000
	<hr/>
	\$40,000
Less fees and Educational Society	10,000
	<hr/>
	\$30,000
At six per cent.	\$500,000
	<hr/>
	\$620,000
To this we have assets	145,000
	<hr/>
Leaving to be raised	\$477,000

If I reckon endowment at five per cent. interest, we must add \$100,000 more.

Now, in all this I have followed Mr. Allen's figures wherever he favours us with any. In all other things I have been governed by the actual facts as they exist in neighbouring institutions in

our own country. These figures will be quite sufficient to expose the utter fallacy of the last ten pages of Mr. Allen's pamphlet. The estimate presented in 1886 is no guide in 1890. Had the friends of independence come forward with \$300,000 in 1886, independence would have been fairly possible, though, like Queen's, we should have been asking for another quarter of a million by this time. But to say that what would do in 1886 will serve now, is to reckon without the facts. Now let us turn to independence in Toronto :

1. For debt, equipment, and removal from Cobourg, say	\$100,000
For new buildings	250,000
2. Add to annual expenditure 25 per cent. .	\$50,000
Less Educational Society and fees	10,000
	<hr/>
	\$40,000
Requiring endowment at 6 per cent.	670,000
	<hr/>
	\$1,020,000
Less present assets	145,000
	<hr/>
To be raised	\$885,000
Less Mr. Gooderham's bequest	200,000

But some will be ready to say, does not the requirement for federation also need revision? It does, but very slightly. The requirements of Mr. Gooderham's will may make our buildings and equipment more costly, and our debt is larger, thanks in part to the men who are putting us to the heavy expense of litigation :

For debt and new buildings we may now estimate..	\$350,000
Annual expenditure, 10 professors	\$25,000
Incidentals	5,000
	<hr/>
	\$30,000
Less Educational Society and fees	10,000
	<hr/>
	\$20,000
Requiring endowment at 6 per cent.	\$340,000
	<hr/>
	\$690,000
Less present assets	145,000
	<hr/>
	\$545,000
To which there is now subscribed and bequeathed..	435,000
	<hr/>
Leaving to be secured	\$110,000

Now these are the present facts :

We have yet to raise for independence in Cobourg	\$477,000
For independence in Toronto	665,000
For federation	110,000

These in each case are net sums.

But all this, Mr. Allen insinuates, is based upon a perversion of the system of options which the higher intelligence of the age is just about to discard. And he calls our attention to the examples of Johns Hopkins and Yale as the patterns of the conservative type by which we should mend the perversity of our ways. Our estimates are based upon the standard university curriculum of this Province, now virtually in force in Toronto, Queen's and Victoria. Has Mr. Allen taken the trouble to compare this curriculum carefully with his two conservative types? I trow not. Here, again, he might have learned something nearer home.

1. He has learned that Johns Hopkins provides seven parallel courses, allowing the student his choice among the seven. He does not seem to have learned that in each of these so-called fixed courses there are subordinate options, extending in some cases to one-third the course. Now let us compare this with the present course of Toronto University, which virtually governs our provincial curriculum, and is the *bête noir* of Mr. Allen and his friends in view of federation. Toronto now offers seven distinct honour courses, in each of which there is far less optional matter than is found in any of the seven courses of Johns Hopkins. Our Canadian curriculum for honour students is quite as conservative as that of Johns Hopkins. For pass students it is far more rigid, especially in Toronto. Victoria and Queen's allow a little more latitude, but in no case do they equal the liberty allowed by the seven courses of Johns Hopkins. The Canadian pass course is virtually twofold; a classical course, with Latin, Greek and Hebrew; and a modern course, with Latin, French and German. The variations from this are not greater than are allowed in some of the seven fixed courses of the Johns Hopkins. Next, let us compare our Canadian curriculum with that of Yale. In Yale, during the first two years, Latin, Greek, Mathematics, English for one year are fixed subjects. French and German are optional, and there is no Hebrew or Science. In Toronto, and Ontario generally, Latin, Greek, Mathematics, Science and one year's English are fixed; Greek and Hebrew, French and German are optional.

In Yale, during the third year, Physics, Astronomy, Logic and Psychology are fixed. In the senior year, Psychology, Ethics and

Theism are fixed subjects. For the balance of his work during these two years each student has an option among *ninety-five* subjects.

To sum up: In Yale, out of the sixty hours a week of the four years' pass course, twenty-five are optional. The five hours in the first two years are defined options. The twenty hours in the last two years as indefinite as in the "free-lunch" system of Harvard, and embrace selections from the lectures of thirty-three different professors. In Toronto, of the sixty hours a week of the four years' pass course, options are allowed to the same extent of twenty-five hours a week. These options are all strictly defined. Twenty hours out of the twenty-five consist in a choice between two Ancient and two Modern Languages; two hours of a choice between three Sciences, and the balance of an option between Metaphysics and Mathematics. Our provincial course then, so far as pass men are concerned, is on the whole more conservative than that of Yale, and Yale is the most conservative of the leading American universities.

Let us now compare the Yale course with our own on the point of specialism. Specialization is a matter quite distinct from options. Options, as allowed in some of the American colleges, may completely destroy the character and defeat the end of a university course, and yet may not make a man a specialist. In the ordinary course, about one-half the time of the student is devoted to Languages and Literature, and by this course he is brought into contact with the best models of thought and expression, ancient and modern, and his style of thought and expression is moulded accordingly. The other half is devoted to the close, deductive reasoning of Mathematics, to the inductive study of Science, and to the broad generalizations and first principles of Philosophy. And the object of this balanced course is the development of the full intellectual manhood. It is the higher, or rather the highest, education. If options are carefully guarded, they need not interfere with this. For instance, considerable freedom of option may be allowed as between various languages and literature, though some think that the Greek literature with its philosophy and its deep human sympathies is a *sine qua non*. A choice may be allowed between four or five fundamental branches of science which press for recognition; and in both Mathematics and Philosophy the field has now become so broad, that a choice must be made either by the university or by the student. This we conceive to be the rational basis and the proper limit of options; and within these limits, and on this basis, may be safely used to suit the tastes or prospective wants of the student.

The entire scheme of university, or perhaps, I should rather call it college, outfit which I have estimated in this paper, provides for nothing beyond this reasonable limit. It provides for the six most important languages (three ancient and three modern languages), absolutely needed under our present circumstances. It provides a limited course in Mathematics and Physics, and in three important branches of Science; and it affords instruction in the two great branches of Philosophy, and in History and Civil Polity. There are no dainties in this bill of fare, but simply the substantial necessities, with such variety as is absolutely demanded by our present wants. But specialism looks in quite another direction from that which we have been considering. Its object is not culture or intellectual development, but learning. A man desires such a perfect knowledge of some one department as will enable him to turn it to practical account as a teacher, or in some other line of practical life.

Now, it is very easy to say that a college should pay no attention to specialties in its undergraduate course, but that these, as professional in their character, should be entirely relegated to a post-graduate course. This would certainly be desirable. And some would consider it desirable that this post-graduate course should always be taken in the Old World. But practically neither the one nor the other is always or even frequently possible. Nor is that latter necessary, nor perhaps even desirable. It is not necessary, because if we wisely economize our forces we can do the work at home. It is not desirable, because such a course, like the importation of all our manufactures from abroad, would prevent our ever reaching the full development of our own national manhood. Now, in attempting to make this provision for specialism in our Ontario universities, we have so far been forced to attempt to provide for it in the B. A. course. We have limited specialism to honour men. And, as in the options of the pass course, these honour courses are each carefully defined, and the attempt is made to secure the breadth of true university culture with the special learning in some one department which will fit a man to be a teacher or a practical worker in that department. Even Yale, with its large resources, has not passed altogether beyond this method of specialism. It also offers special honours in seven departments at graduation, and students seeking these honours are specially provided for in the ninety-five optional courses already referred to. The practical result of this system is quite in the line of our Ontario system. But no educator can regard this system as sufficient in itself to provide for the special learning required by the country. In so far as it does so it unduly limits

the general culture. Or if the general culture is maintained, the special training is too limited. Hence the necessity for the post-graduate courses provided for by Yale.

But the moment we mention post-graduate courses, we are told that our country is too young for post-graduate courses, and that a full generation must pass by before we are in a position to do anything on that line. And yet Yale, Mr. Allen's type of conservative perfection in method of university work, has had her post-graduate courses for a quarter of a century. They are, of course, not the post-graduate courses of Germany, nor are they such imitations of Germany as are given in Johns Hopkins. But they serve the American teacher and the practical American scientist quite as well as either. There are seven of these courses, each extending over three years; the first year being chiefly the honour work in Yale of the corresponding department in the senior year, but required of all students who have not taken that honour work or its equivalent. The course results in the degree of Ph.D., and the student who has done it justice is fairly well equipped to teach his department in any intermediate school or in the ordinary college.

Now this is the post-graduate course which the advocates of federation have before their minds for Ontario, not a mere system of examination with paper degrees; but first, a remodelling of the honour course, broadening and strengthening its fixed elements, and reducing its special line of study in proportion; and then adding two years of work under able professors, for the special benefit of teachers and others who require special learning in one particular branch of knowledge. I do not say that this is an ultimatum, and that the day will not come when Ontario may furnish to her own sons, and to the sons of the other younger provinces, all that Germany now offers. But the full advantages for post-graduate special study now offered at Yale might be furnished in Toronto under federation within five years. Such provision would at once add to the efficiency of our High Schools and Collegiate Institutes; it would give higher power to our whole educational system; and it would furnish the Province with trained scientists for the better development of our rich natural resources.

The great difficulty which has prevented such provision in the past has been our divisions and sectional jealousies. But now that the Province is thoroughly alive to the importance of this matter, such provision will be made, and those who stand outside and refuse to accept their natural share in these provisions, must be content to occupy a secondary position in the intellectual life of our country; some such position as President Gilman designates

as the appropriate sphere of the denominational colleges; or, as another eminent educational authority recently pointed out, as the sphere of the *country colleges*. Such a position the Christian Church cannot afford to occupy. Such a position I am persuaded the Methodist Church of this country will not consent to occupy. Christianity must make its influence fully felt at the very fountain head of our higher intellectual life. And, unless I am mistaken, Methodism is determined to do her full share in this great work.

It has been one of the standing complaints of the opponents of federation that it will reduce the field of work open to us. The whole tenor of Mr. Allen's argument is to show how little is needed for independence. All that we need is a little cheap apparatus and a few cheap books (and he would not, I am sure, think of adding a few cheap professors), and we can have an independent university. We can dispense with all our options and limit ourselves to two courses, a literary and a scientific. That is true. We can do that.¹ But if we do it, our graduates will be excluded from the teaching profession, we will lose our students, and our position will be very speedily reduced to that of a "mere theological school," and that in a little rural town. No. Wherever we do our work, and under whatever policy, we must provide for our sons all that can be had elsewhere. We must furnish them with no cheap mediocrity, but the very best that the land can afford. And it is the chief advantage of federation that it will enable us to do this more efficiently, more economically, and with a wider influence for good, both to our country and to ourselves, than any other scheme.

UPON the darkness of the sea
 The sunset broods regretfully;
 From the far lone spaces, slow
 Withdraws the wistful afterglow.
 So out of life the splendour dies,
 So darken all the happy skies,
 So gathers twilight, cold and stern;
 But overhead the planets burn,
 And up the east another day
 Shall chase the bitter dark away.
 What though our eyes with tears be wet,
 The sunrise never failed us yet;
 The blues of dawn may yet restore
 Our light and hope and joy once more.
 Sad soul, take comfort, nor forget
 That sunrise never failed us yet!

A FOREST RAMBLE WITH DR. NELLES.

BY THE REV. ROBERT MAITLAND.

TOWARD the close of October, 1884, in the village of Grimsby, the Rev. Dr. Nelles was our guest. We felt honoured by his presence in our home, and shall hold in grateful remembrance the blessing and inspiration that came with the visit of the venerable Chancellor of Victoria University. Amongst other great delights during his stay, was that of a ramble over Grimsby heights and through the ravine. We left home in company with our learned friend at ten o'clock, and with his word, "Wilt thou climb with me to yonder point?" we made for the summit. After leisurely strolling to the foot of the path leading to the "Point," we stood and looked. The massive rock-ribbed cliff looming forbiddingly before us, the Doctor remarked, with a sigh, "Dear me, can we ever reach the top?" We responded in the affirmative, and pressed on to the level at the head of the first incline. Then commenced the climb. Already we had within the compass of our vision the beautiful village of which we were so justly proud, in the distance the smiling waters of Lake Ontario, to the eye "blue and vast as the heaven above."

Standing upon this eminence, Dr. Nelles pointed to the home of Mr. Robert Nelles, who entertained him with his father and mother fifty-one years before, when he was on his way to Lewiston to receive the first part of that special training which so eminently qualified him to be one of the great educational factors of this country during the past quarter of a century. The memory of by-gone days, of the pensive experiences attending the severance from home for the first time, the mode of transportation of those days compared with the present, all tended to produce a half-poetic reverie, and in the sweet strains of Wordsworth, "Intimations of Immortality," he gave vent to his emotions as follows:

"There was a time when meadow, grove, and stream,
The earth and every common sight,
To me did seem
Apparelled in celestial light,
The glory and the freshness of a dream.
It is not now as it hath been of yore;
Turn whereso'er I may,
By night or day,
The thing which I have seen I now can see no more.

"The rainbow comes and goes,
 And lovely is the rose,
 The moon doth with delight
 Look round her when the heavens are bare ;
 Waters on a starry night
 Are beautiful and fair,
 The sunshine is a glorious birth ;
 But yet I know where'er I go,
 That there hath passed away a glory from the earth."

Rounding the base of the cliff, a difficult ascent up a sharp incline with some "dangerous steps," possibly 120 feet high, lay before us. Here the poetical spirit still possessed my companion, nor indeed did it leave him throughout the day, and looking upon the solid face of rock before him, he quoted three or four stanzas from "Alexander Selkirk's" noted hymn on solitude :

"I am monarch of all I survey,
 My right there is none to dispute,
 From the centre all round to the sea,
 I am lord of the fowl and the brute.

"O solitude, where are the charms,
 That sages have seen in thy face ?
 Better dwell in the midst of alarms,
 Than reign in this horrible place.

"I am out of humanity's reach,
 I must finish my journey alone ;
 Never hear the sweet music of speech,
 I start at the sound of my own."

We passed on, and coming up on a small slide some twenty feet high, which afforded a choice between two paths up which we had to make our way, grasping roots and seeking for footholds, we got separated, and he humorously observed "This is the *pons assinorum* of this climb, you have one line and I the other, the vale is the base of the triangle." After some dangerous feats, we reached the top of Grimsby Peak, which commands a view of Toronto and all the western shore of Lake Ontario between it and Burlington Heights, and all the range of forest-clad country to the east as far as Brock's Monument, the stately column on Queenston Heights. The scene is perfectly ravishing to the beholder, and we were not surprised that the College President felt again the kindlings of the muse, and indulged in a long quotation from Scott's "Lady of the Lake," as follows :

"From the steep promontory gazed
 The stranger, raptured and amazed,

And 'What a scene were here,' he cried,
'For princely pomp or churchman's pride!
On this bold brow a lordly tower;
In that soft vale a lady's bower;
On yonder meadow far away
The turrets of a cloister gray;
How blithely might the bugle horn
Chide on the lake the lingering morn!
How sweet at eve the lover's lute
Chime, when the groves were still and mute!
And where the midnight moon shall lave
Her forehead in the silver wave,
How solemn on the air would come
The holy matins' distant hum,
While the deep peal's commanding tone
Should wake, in yonder islet lone,
A sainted hermit from his cell,
To drop a bead with every knell.
And bugle, lute, and bell, and all,
Should each bewildered stranger call
To friendly feast and lighted hall."

Here we stood and gazed, and wondered. It was a capital place to rest and read some items of interest in the morning *Mail*, which we had taken the precaution to secure before starting; and we could have enjoyed a basket of grapes and other fruit, had we remembered that mountain climbing whets one's appetite. However, the enchantment of our surroundings and the panorama which Nature's own hand painted before us, and the fresh bracing atmosphere, all together left little time or scope for reflection upon what we should eat or drink. After an hour's rest on the brow of the promontory, we began our ramble along the edge of the ravine, which at this point is about four hundred yards wide. The wit, humour, poetry and learning that came gushing from the fountain pure and sweet of the Doctor's great nature, will live with me while I live. Now it was a pun, now a conundrum, asked and answered. Now it was a scientific disquisition on some freak of nature. Now it was a quotation of some choice selection from one of the great poets. Keeping to the little woodland path, strewn with falling leaves of richest hue, passing on nearly a mile, we came to the edge of a high bank. Beneath us two hundred feet there flowed a beautiful stream, over the broken rocks, whose melodious music and glistening rapids so captivated us that we concluded to descend: As in ascending, we soon came to a dividing point with rocks, roots and brush before us. Somehow or other the Doctor got himself round a stump, where he clung, hanging over a little precipice twelve or

fourteen feet high. In this predicament he lustily called out, "Ho! help, Cassius, or I sink. I am up a stump." I never saw so much mental and moral philosophy clinging to an old oak trunk before. We soon found our way to the bottom of the cavern, and seated ourselves on an elm log that jutted out over the stream six feet above the water, which was eddying and foaming and piling heaps of froth in all conceivable forms. "Capital place this to study logarithms and write poetry," said he. Passing on down the banks of the singing rivulet, the Doctor suddenly paused, plucked a fern stalk from its root, remarking that what puzzled him in the examination of its structure was "that that thing should have so much sense." Following this was a spicy disquisition on "Drummond's Natural Law in the Spiritual World."

On we wandered while "the brook made sweet music over the enamelled stone," the venerable Chancellor pondering on every thing he saw, his great mind revelling in the surrounding wonders of nature, his imagination playing fancifully under the influence of the song of the forest warblers, or the chime of the bright little stream, or the sighing of the wind through the autumn-gilded foliage of the trees, his devoted soul ever ascending to the Great God of all Creation whom with such reverence he adored. Resting on the side of a grassy hillet, a flake of foam in a small eddy suggested the lines:

"Like dew on the mountain,
Like foam on the river;
Like the bubble on the fountain,
They are gone and forever."

Then followed a perfect torrent of quotations from familiar authors, including Cowper's "Nightingale and Glow-worm":

"A nightingale that all day long
Had cheered the village with its song . . .
Those Christians best deserve the name
Who studiously make peace their aim.
Peace both the duty and the prize
Of him that creeps and him that flies."

This he thought one of the sweetest poetical tid-bits within his knowledge. On we walked till confronted by a couple of islets, which reminded him of Byron's verse:

"The Isles of Greece! the Isles of Greece!
Where burning Sappho loved and sung,
Where grew the arts of war and peace,
Where Delos rose and Phoebus sprung!
Eternal summer gilds them yet,
But all, except their sun, has set."

After sitting down on a fallen decayed pine-tree, he propounded a conundrum, "Why's this pine like a good Christian?" Our failure to reply brought the answer, "Because it will never repine." This humorous remark led to a delightful conversation, the bright side of Christian life and the value of Christian biography to personal experience.

Wesley's Journals, William Carvosso, Hester Ann Rogers, and other biographies were emphasized as being for this man of culture (apart from the Bible) the best guides to holiness and best tonics for Christian experience. In tender and touching words the life to come was referred to, and the day wished for when the shadows gathering around theological controversy, and the smoke and roar of the fiercely raging combats between truth and error, would be dispersed. In the meantime, it was the duty of Christians to watch, and wait, and work—"to endure as seeing Him who is invisible." Luther's version of this text was given, "He held on to Him whom he saw not as though he saw Him." The warbling of a "feathered songster" brought under contribution here Shelley's "Skylark":

" We look before and after,
And pine for what is not ;
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught,
Our sweetest songs are those which tell of saddest thought."

The pessimism of this splendid genius was put in fine contrast with the experience which inspired the poetry of the Bible and the hope of the believer in Jesus Christ.

Coming within sight of the shores of old Ontario, a stanza or two was quoted from Whittier's "Hampton Beach":

"The sunlight glitters calm and bright
Where, miles away,
Lies stretching to my dazzled sight
A luminous belt, a misty light,
Beyond the dark pine bluffs, and wastes
Of sandy gray.

"Ha ! like a kind hand on my brow
Comes his fresh breeze,
Cooling its dull and feverish glow ;
While through my being seems to flow
The breath of a new life, the healing
Of the seas.

" So when time's veil shall fall asunder,
The soul may know

No fearful change, nor sudden wonder,
 Nor sink the weight of mystery under,
 But with the upward rise, and with the
 Vastness grow."

Passing down the edge of the village, the tall chimney of a ruined distillery reared its gigantic proportions before us, when immediately Pollock's description of Byron was recalled, "Well built and tall," etc. The simile was quite appropriate, for, like the unamiable lord of English poesy, the industry thus commemorated was chiefly noted for the injury it had done.

Now, emerging from the ravine, the "Point" re-appears as bald as an eagle, and the fund of poetical lore is again called into requisition, this time Coleridge, in his "Mont Blanc before Sunrise," giving the apt words :

"Hast thou a charm to stay the morning star
 In his steep course? So long he seems to pause
 On thy bald, awful head, O Sovran Blanc.
 The Arve and the Arveiron at thy base
 Rave ceaselessly; but thou most awful form,
 Risest from out thy silent sea of pines,
 How silently! around thee and above
 Deep is the air, and dark substantial black,
 An ebon mass; but when I look again
 It is thine own calm home, thy crystal shrine,
 Thy habitation from eternity."

Tired and hungry, we walked home, my heart warmed with a holier ambition, and much the richer for the experience of the ramble. To be in the presence of such a spirit is to breathe the inspiration of God's best revelation on earth. He was a rare man—as great a rarity outside the College hall or class-room as when pouring floods of light into the young hearts which were to be the moulders of the manhood of this generation. It is beyond our power to add the merest leaf to the well-merited and hard-won olive wreath. His great life is not extinct, nor will it be. He has already entered into the solution of the mysteries and truths to the elucidation of which he devoted his life; and we, standing on this side the "narrow frith," trying to look into the obscure immensity, can but pay tribute to the memory of a sainted man, while we already have "entered into his labours."

"Living, above the clouds he soared;
 From realms of upper air
 His mighty eloquence be poured—
 Dying, he lingers there."

INGERSOLL, Ont.

THE HISTORY OF A STAR.

BY GARRET P. SERVISS.

ONE of the strangest discoveries made by Sir William Herschel was that of "fire mist" in the heavens. With his giant telescopes he could discern, besides unknown planets, stars and nebulae, certain faintly luminous spots in the sky caused, apparently, by the existence of scattered nebulous matter. This mysterious appearance seems now, under Mr. Lockyer's new meteoritic theory of the constitution of the celestial bodies, to range itself quite naturally in the regular sequence of phenomena by which we are able to trace the life history of the universe. But it is only fair to recall the fact that Herschel himself assigned to the nebulous mists of celestial space a place in the development of the material creation precisely like that which they occupy in the new hypothesis. Only, Herschel dealt with a supposed self-luminous substance of a highly attenuated nature, instead of with swarms of clashing meteors or meteoritic dust. According to either theory, however, we find in those glimmering clouds of space one of the earliest forms in which the great celestial bodies make their appearance—forms no more resembling the blazing suns or the encrusted planets ultimately to be developed out of them than an acorn resembles an oak, but representing a stage of creation as far transcending in remoteness of time the first geological period of a body like the earth as that surpasses in the ratio of antiquity the records of Adam's career in Eden.

In the Nineteenth Century for November, Mr. Lockyer has published, under the caption adopted for this article, what is perhaps the best popular statement he has yet made of his meteoritic theory. It is a theory that has not been accepted by all astronomers, and in some of its aspects has been sharply contested; but it supplies an orderly account of phenomena that have not been so well linked together in any other way, and in many respects it is a decided advance upon the old nebular theory of our origin.

The earth is journeying through space in two ways. First it is circling around the sun, going more than a million and a-half of miles in a day. But the sun itself is in motion, flying at the least half a million miles in a day in a direction not quite at right angles to that in which the earth travels, and the earth has to accompany the sun. In consequence, our planet is really gyrating through space in great spiral sweeps around the sun, and so

advances from the southern toward the northern part of the firmament. If the atmosphere were renewed every day, we should be constantly breathing the air of new regions. And, in fact, there is one way in which we do come in contact with the contents of the unknown parts of space into which we are hourly advancing, although we may be unconscious of it. That is by the fall of meteoritic matter upon the earth. Taking no account of the ether, space is no more absolutely empty than the air of a room is perfectly clear of impurities. As the air is filled with floating dust, so interstellar space abounds with dust of a different kind, the scraps of the unfinished universe. As the earth speeds along, this dust of space continually falls upon it, the larger particles catching fire from friction as they rush into the atmosphere, and thus appearing as falling stars or meteors; the finer grades simply sifting down through the air, and making their presence visible on the snows of mountain peaks and in the ooze of the ocean's bottom. Occasionally a meteorite more massive than its fellows survives the fiery passage through the atmosphere, and falls a blazing mass upon the earth.

It was a striking idea of Mr. Lockyer's to take one of these messengers from outer space and submit it to the analyzing powers of the spectroscope. Why might not this tiny inhabitant of the heavens fallen upon the earth have some secrets to reveal concerning the constitution of the other bodies from the midst of which it came? Upon the result of this experiment Mr. Lockyer founded his theory. The result of the experiment in brief was, that when a meteorite was reduced to dust, and that dust was submitted in the laboratory to a low temperature, and the light emitted by it was examined with the spectroscope, its spectrum was found to be identical with that given by the faintly glowing nebulæ seen in the heavens. With higher temperatures the meteoritic matter gave spectra agreeing with those of many of the stars. The resulting theory is that the nebulæ are clouds of meteorites or meteoritic dust heated, and so caused to glow, by their mutual collisions, and that many stars are not globes of gaseous matter like our sun, but meteoritic swarms so compacted that a fierce light is caused to blaze from them by the constant and violent clashing of the meteorites. With this idea in mind we can then range the nebulæ and the stars into a continuous series, according to the degree of density that the meteoritic swarms have attained, and the consequent intensity with which heat and light are developed in them. Their varying spectra give a clew to their condition in these respects.

Beginning as far back as we can go, we find that the wonder-

ful power of photography takes us a step beyond the utmost reach of the most powerful telescopes. There are nebulous objects in the heavens fainter even than those mysterious clouds of fire-mist that the enormous reflectors of Herschel revealed to his astonished eyes. The forms of nebulae that the most gigantic telescopes cannot reveal to the eye have already impressed themselves upon photographic plates exposed to their strange radiations. The reason they can thus be discovered even when too faint to make any impression upon the eye is because the photographic plate possesses the property of accumulating the effect of radiations falling upon it, which the human retina cannot do. The longer the plate is exposed, the more it detects. According to the theory we are considering, these photographic nebulae must be regarded as swarms whose component meteorites are so scattered that collisions are comparatively rare, and the consequent radiation is so slight as to be unable to impress the eye with a sense of light.

Next come the nebulous mists of Herschel, in which the condensation has progressed a step further and the meteorites are firing up with the heat of more frequent and more violent collision; then the various classes of brighter nebulae, wherein the condensing process has become more pronounced; next star-like swarms so compacted that as seen across the enormous spaces separating them from us they cannot, by the eye alone, be distinguished from stars resembling the sun. The stars divide themselves into several classes, each successive class being characterized by a spectrum which indicates that it is denser and hotter than the preceding class, until we reach the hottest stars of all, in which the meteorites, rushing and swirling and grinding ever closer and closer in the resistless embrace of gravitation, have, in consequence of the resulting heat, been reduced to vapour.

It is believed that our sun has not only reached but even passed this stage, for, as we shall see, there is a downward as well as an upward course in this strange history. Following the hot and gaseous stars, we find another series, in which the evidence is of decreasing energy and of gradual extinction. The heat is radiated away into space, the outside of the star cools first, a cloud-like shell surrounds it and slowly extinguishes its radiation, the whole character of its spectrum changes, it glares with a red light, showing the absorptive influence of the gases that are, so to speak, smothering it, and finally it shines no longer. According to Mr. Lockyer the fate that awaits our sun (and it has already progressed half-way down the shady side of solar existence) is to be put out by an excess of carbon vapours in its atmosphere. But

after a star has thus been extinguished, the process of cooling and condensing goes on within its core until it is changed to a solid globe of meta's and minerals like the earth and the moon. Such is the life of a star.

The stars we have been describing exhibit a regular sequence of events throughout their history. They are the orderly and well-regulated citizens of the celestial empire. But space contains erratic stars which cannot be classed with our own benignant, well-mannered, and still sufficiently warm if rapidly aging sun. They are the variable stars, which in many cases increase and decrease enormously in brightness in more or less regular periods, and the so-called new stars which suddenly blaze out in the heavens and then slowly fade from sight, never to appear again. The meteoritic theory undertakes to account for these irregular varieties of stars also. According to Mr. Lockyer's idea, variable stars are formed by two swarms of meteorites, one revolving close around the other in an elliptic orbit, so that when their centres are nearest together, more meteorites come into collision than when they are farther apart. The outburst of a new star he supposes is caused by the meeting of two elongated swarms in space, like railroad trains coming into collision at the crossing of two roads. At the point of meeting there will be a dazzling display of light, owing to the crashing together of the meteorites, and this will last as long as the swarms are passing their common meeting-point, after which the "star" will disappear.

It has long been known that comets are condensed swarms of meteors, and Mr. Lockyer, of course, includes them in his theory. The most mysterious thing about a comet is its tail, which is evidently composed of something that the sun drives off from the body of the comet as it approaches. As the comet swings around, the tail always keeps on the side away from the sun. It is significant that comets which have come permanently under the government of the sun's attraction, and continue to revolve around it in regular periods, gradually lose their tails, the apparent reason being that the material which the sun rejects finally becomes eliminated from them. According to the Lockyer theory, the tails of comets are probably composed largely of gases existing in meteorites, and which can be driven out by comparatively slight heating. This gaseous matter is repelled by the radiant energy of the sun, which is the very life blood of the solar body, since it also prevents the collection of absorbing vapours in its atmosphere. When the energy begins to fail, the permanent gases begin to close in upon the doomed star, and its final extinction is only a matter of time.

How different is the aspect in which such studies as these

present the universe to our view from that in which it appeared to men in former times! Then the celestial bodies were looked upon as something differing in their very essence from terrestrial phenomena. A complete distinction was imagined between the heavens and the earth. But now we see that they are continuous—one in composition, identical in origin, united in destiny. We are in touch with the whole creation. Stars have a beginning, a development, a noontide of life and energy, a period of decline, and an ending that we may call their death, like all other things; and, thanks to the telescope, the spectroscope, and the photographic camera, there is not a stage in their marvellous history in which we cannot recognize the operation of Nature's familiar laws transforming the common substances that compose the earth into all the wonder works of the heavens.

A CONSECRATION OFFERING.

LORD, here's a hand!

Oh, take this hand and lead me at Thy side,
For I would never ask another guide;
I lift it, Lord, withdrawn from other hands,
For thee to grasp and lead in Thy commands.

Lord, take this hand!

Lord, here's a heart!

Thy temple it should be. Good Master, rout
All mean intruders; turn the dearest out,
And only let Thy own true priesthood in;
Be Thou the keeper; keep from every sin.

Oh, take this heart!

Lord, here are feet!

Feet Thou Thyself hast washed from every stain,
Feet that have slipt and been restored again;
Move Thou my feet that I may ever lift
Their steppings at Thy will, unfettered, swift;

Oh, take these feet!

Lord, here's a life!

With all its possibilities of ill,
Or boundless good—as Thou my God shalt will;
If Thou dost bless, life shall a blessing be;
If Thou withhold—Lord, all must come from Thee!

Oh, take this life!

Lord, here is all!

My hope, my love, my prospects, all I bring,
A humble offering to my gracious King;
My barley loaves and few small fish I place
In Thy dear hands; accept them in Thy grace.

Oh, keep my all!

KATHLEEN CLARE,

AN IRISH STORY.

III.—KATHLEEN'S DILEMMA.

Kathleen looked up quickly into her father's face, and she saw the look of pleasurable interest pass from it, and a sarcastic smile curl his lips, as he said,

"My dear Dr. Arundale, you speak of God as if you really knew Him. Now I must say this surprises me; I should have judged, from your evident deep research into knowledge, that you would never admit as a fact that which has never been scientifically proved."

"God's Word tells me," said the young man, earnestly, and with evident pain in his tones, "that the world by wisdom knew not God, and therefore in these things I trust not to my poor blind reason, but to God's revealed Word; that alone is the anchor for the soul."

"There, again, I confess you astonish me," said Mr. Clare, waving his hand airily. "Surely in this day of advanced thought you cannot expect a reasonable man to give credence to those old-world fables."

"There's going to be a storm on the lakes," thought Kathleen; "his eyes are not always calm and sunny. How strange for any one to be so moved over a mere opinion," for she noticed, with wonder, that at her father's cold, sarcastic words the young man's eyes grew dark with intense feeling, and that an indignant flush rose to his brow, and burning words were rising doubtless to his lips, but just at that moment his eyes met Kathleen's look of surprise, and, controlling himself, he said, quietly—

"Surely, Mr. Clare, this is no time for such painful discussions."

"If you are referring to the presence of my daughter, Dr. Arundale, you need be under no apprehensions," answered Mr. Clare. "My theory with regard to my children is to leave them utterly unbiased as to these so-called religious opinions. So far I have taken pains to guard them from imbibing any of the prevailing superstitious notions of the day; and I flatter myself I have done so thoroughly, even at the expense of some personal persecution from our well-meaning but fanatical community. The consequence is that as they grow up to an age when they are able to reason on these subjects, they can do so unhampered by years of superstitious training. The soil of their young minds, my dear sir, will be, so to speak, in a virgin condition. With regard to Kathleen there, I judge she is arriving at an age to understand somewhat of these matters now; I hold myself, therefore, at perfect liberty to discuss them before her."

An expression strangely sad and pitying was on the young doctor's face as he gazed from the father to the child. Oh, the pity of it, the sad, sad pity of it! he could have wept over the

sight—a godless father calmly and complacently leading his children into hell! for this was the bare fact, however euphoni-ously the father might put it.

Somehow that look of deep sadness sank down into Kathleen's soul, as no words would have done. Why did he gaze at them like that? Even Mr. Clare grew uneasy under it. He had heretofore been always opposed hotly, furiously, and he had taken a pleasure in refuting all their (to him) time-worn arguments. But to have his words received with a pity that was evidently real and deep, rather threw him off his balance, and he said somewhat testily—

“Well, what do you think of my theory, Dr. Arundale? A rather novel one, I flatter myself.”

“I pray God,” said the young man in tones deep with intense feeling, “to overthrow your theory, and save you and your children from its dire consequences, but you must not expect me to reason with you, Mr. Clare; I cannot argue outside the Word of God, and this you profess to disbelieve.”

What Mr. Clare's answer to this might have been was never known, for at that moment a sound broke upon their ears, as of the trampling of many feet, and the sound of many voices, all talking and shouting excitedly together. Kathleen's face grew white and then red; her prophetic soul at once leaped to the only solution of those tempestuous sounds. It was the return of the children two hours before their time.

They were making for the dining-room, that was evident, and in another moment they charged down upon the door; it opened with a suddenness startling to the uninitiated, and, stumbling one over the other, the five children seemed to take a simultaneous header into the room, dismay and consternation written on their hot, excited little faces, and each, alas! waving in an uplifted hand a sanguinary head and neck of a martyred pigeon.

“Kathleen!” they shouted, “Kathleen! Let me tell her, Pete!”

“No, I'm going to tell her, I found them first!”

“No, you didn't!”

“Kathleen! Kathleen! somebody's gone and killed every one of your pigeons!”

“Yes, dear little pigeons all gone!” chimed in little Bud, who still clung desperately to Pete's back, and she gazed down sadly at the upturned, glazed eyes of her trophy. Then a dead silence fell upon the group, for just at this moment they discovered the presence of their father and his visitor.

“Kathleen,” said Mr. Clare, turning to gaze sternly from the dirty, hot, excited little group to poor Kathleen—oh, never, never, she thought, had they looked so tattered and shabby, and never, never had Jack and Jill's legs looked so long and their frocks so short—“what is the meaning of this most unseemly interruption? and,” he went on, as the dilapidated state of the children's clothing seemed for the first time for some years to dawn upon him, “I think you must have been sadly remiss in

your duty as my eldest daughter, lately, or you would not allow your brothers' and sisters' toilets to present such a very remarkable appearance."

Poor Kathleen! she turned one beseeching, pitiful glance of reproach at her father, and then hurried from the room, literally sweeping the children on in front of her without speaking a word to them—indeed, she could not speak. She waved them on until they reached the apartment they called their own—nursery, school-room, play-room, all combined; it presented a battered, broken-down appearance, but it was their own to revel in as they liked, and as such they had a special love for it.

"Now," said Kathleen, turning upon them with blazing eyes and cheeks, "now I hope you're satisfied; you've disgraced me for ever—for ever, remember, for I'll never hold up my head again as long as I live. You heard father, I hope, tell Dr. Arundale that it was my fault—my fault that you haven't a decent thing on your backs; me, that's toiling and working, and stitching your rags up from morning till night. Oh, what, what must he think of me, sitting there dressed up in a fine white muslin, and my poor little brothers and sisters, forsooth, left neglected and uncared for! Oh, it was too, too cruel of father!" and, grief suddenly taking the place of her anger, the girl sank into a chair and sobbed bitterly.

The children gazed at one another in consternation. They had often been naughty before, but never did they remember making Kathleen cry—their bright, hopeful, laughing Kathleen, who was the help and comfort of them all!" "I say, Kathleen," cried Pete, rumpling up his shock of brown curls in desperation, "you might dry up, and tell a fellow what he's done."

"Done!" cried Kathleen, in melodramatic tones, "why, you've broken your word for one thing; didn't you promise me on your honour that you wouldn't come home till five o'clock?"

"And isn't it five?" said Pete, gazing round innocently. "If it isn't it ought to be; we thought it must be long after five, because we felt so awfully hungry."

"Hungry!" cried Kathleen, ironically. "Pray what did you do with all that food I gave you for your dinner and tea?"

"Why, we sat right down under the hedge as soon as we got down the lane and ate it all up. Jack and Jill said as the parcels were so heavy that that would be the best way to divide the weight."

"Ate your day's food up in ten minutes after leaving the house! Well, I don't know how you could do it."

"Oh, we did it quite easily, Kathleen," cried Bob, the second boy, "but we are real sorry we came home so soon and vexed you; we are, indeed; but it's my solemn opinion, Katie, dear, if we hadn't come then we should never have got home at all, the pangs of hunger were just killing us."

"Me tried lots of dandelion clocks," cried Baby Bud, tearfully, "and they all said it was five."

"There, children, there!" said Kathleen, all her anger vanish-

ing, as she looked round at the tearful, disconsolate little group, "you didn't mean to be very naughty after all, and it isn't your fault, poor little things, if you aren't fit to be looked at, so wipe up your tears, and I'll get you something to eat," and crushing back the feeling of bitter injustice that would keep rising in her heart, as she thought of her father's words, she smiled round upon them again, which was a signal for an outburst of hilarious joy which lasted to a most trying degree all the afternoon.

What had become of the visitor she knew not; indeed, she hoped he was gone, and that she might never see him again. A hot flush of shame dyed her cheek whenever she thought of him. Oh, what must he have thought of her! At last, in the peaceful evening hours, when the children's voices were hushed and the house was still, Kathleen stole away to the front gate to watch, as she often loved to do, the sinking of the sun.

How glorious it looked, she thought, that stupendous orb! How like some mighty monarch it seemed, wrapping round him his royal robes of crimson and purple as he retired for awhile oppressed with the very grandeur of his state. She held her breath as she watched his kingly departure, and all her own petty cares and troubles seemed to sink into utter insignificance as she witnessed that daily recurring miracle, the setting of the sun.

"Can you, in the presence of such a scene as this, say there is no God?" The words were uttered in a low, solemn voice, and Kathleen started and turned to see Dr. Arundale standing beside her; for a minute or two he had been there, studying with intense interest the girl's changeful, eloquent countenance.

She looked earnestly at him for a moment, and then her eyes sought again the sinking orb. But she spoke not. Silence arose not from any mere girlish feeling of shyness—that had all gone, merged in the spirit of the scene that had with its mighty grandeur entered deeply into her soul; it was rather as if a flood of thoughts had arisen to which she could not give utterance.

Calmly and patiently Dr. Arundale waited beside her, and at last her answer came; slowly and steadily the words dropped from her lips.

"Dr. Arundale, I do believe in a God; to doubt it in the presence of these His silent but mighty witnesses," and she pointed to the departing sun, and then to the blue azure, out of which countless stars were beginning to scintillate—"to doubt it in the presence of these would be unreasoning madness. I do not doubt Him, nor His greatness, but I doubt—nay, I more than doubt—I see no evidence whatever of His love and mercy. To me He is a hard and cruel God!"

"Hush!" she went on, lifting her finger as he was about to speak, and he saw her face was pale with intense earnestness, "hush! you have asked me to speak, and I will do so; it will ease me to give utterance at last to thoughts that seem at times as if they would burn my heart away. I am only young, not much more than a child, but I have looked round and have seen things

that make me ache here," and she pressed her hand to her heart, "till I can scarcely bear it. See! see there!" she cried, suddenly pointing before her. "There, that is what I mean, the world is full of that."

Out from the gathering gloom a hawk had flown suddenly. There was one sharp cry of pain and terror from a sweet-voiced bird, whose song had just been making the night melodious. There was a flutter, a struggle, and the voice was hushed forever. Kathleen clasped her hands together, as she said, in tones sharpened with pain, "Oh, that is what I see everywhere—the strong preying upon the weak, the rich oppressing the poor, the innocent suffering with the guilty; even the cry of the poor dumb brutes must rise as high as heaven, calling upon God to avenge the wrongs done to them at the hands of man. But does God care? No! no! He hears not, He heeds not! In a house down there in the village," she went on, pointing toward it, "a young mother is sitting beside her little baby, wild, white and speechless with agony, because it has been torn from her; not far from there a father is lying dead, called suddenly away, leaving his wife and helpless children to starve or eat the bitter bread of charity. Oh, why, if all power lies with God, does He tear the wife from the husband, the babe from its mother, and, ah me!" and here the girl's voice sank to a sob, "the mother from her children? Why did He take our mother from us when we need her so much, and are so desolate without her?"

The girl's voice sank into silence, and she buried her face in her hands, trembling and frightened with the strength of her own feelings.

And this, thought Dr. Arundale, is the soil that Mr. Clare boasted had been left in such a virgin state! Already had Satan sown it thickly with seeds of doubt, enmity, and unbelief.

"Child," he said at last, and Kathleen was almost startled, his tones were so full of compassion and grief—"do you think God's heart is less tender than yours, and that He does not feel, infinitely more than you can do, the cries of His groaning creation?"

"Then why, oh why, does He not come down and put things right?"

"Did you not know, then, that God has been down, that in His tender love and grace, He veiled his Godhead in humanity, and walked about our very streets? Have you never heard how every grief and sorrow fled before Him, and how He came to set all things right, to heal the broken-hearted, to set at liberty the captive, and to fill the whole earth with joy and gladness? Have you never heard all this?"

"Never!" cried the girl, in tones of deep astonishment. "I have never heard anything of the kind!"

"Have you never heard how the God-king came to His own, and how man cast him out and spurned both Him and His rule?"

"I have never heard it, never!" cried Kathleen, clasping her hands, and speaking now in tones of humble contrition.

"Can you," he went on, "think it strange if God's fair earth is blurred and blighted by every kind of oppression and misery when its rightful King is away, and His place usurped by a hard and cruel tyrant?"

"Who is this shameful usurper?" cried Kathleen, breathlessly.

"The 'Prince of the power of the air, the spirit that now worketh in the children of disobedience;' he who has been working in your heart, poor child, turning you from your cast-out King."

The girl looked up almost fearfully into the young man's face. "Is this all true, and has God left us for ever?"

"No, ah, no! He deigned after His cruel rejection to send down a message of infinite tenderness and grace, offering pardon and peace to all those who would believe in it."

"What is that message?" she cried. "Can you not tell it me?"

He drew a Bible from his pocket and handed it to her.

"Will you take this book, Miss Clare? It is God's own message to you."

The girl stretched out her hand eagerly, and took it, but when she read its title she shook her head sadly, and handed it back to him again.

"You don't know how hard it is for me to refuse to take it," she said. "I have longed more than you can perhaps understand to read that wonderful old Book for which so many have died, and after what you have told me I want to read it more than ever; but I may not do so; for I have promised my father never to take it from the hands of a stranger."

"God's Word ought to be more to you even than your father's, and for His sake I implore you to take it."

"What you say may be right," said the girl, wearily. "I do not know, I cannot tell, I am very ignorant and despised, a poor unbaptized heathen, you know, they call me about here"—this half-sadly, half-scornfully—"but this at least I know, I have promised, and I cannot tell a lie," and turning quickly, she left him standing alone under the stars.

IV.—A MESSAGE FROM THE DEAD.

Mr. Clare was seated in his study surrounded by numerous railway charts and papers; he was reading with absorbed attention his letters, which had just arrived by the morning's post. Standing in front of his desk with the air of a culprit was Kathleen, hoping that in time he would become conscious of her existence, and grant her a little of his attention.

"Now, Kathleen, what do you want?" he said, at length, looking up with knitted brows; "how often have I told you that my time is too valuable to be fretted away by these constant interruptions?"

"I am sorry to have to interrupt you, father," began Kathl  en, timidly, "but—but, if you please, could you give me a little money for the house?"

"Money! money!" with an annoyed and worried expression, "Well, how much do you want, my dear, or rather, how little? for as I constantly strive to impress upon you, I am not able to do all I would for you just at present. Now speak up, my child, what do you want?"

Poor Kathleen! What didn't she want? She thought of the children's boots, with their toes open to the air of heaven; she thought of their clothing, which had reached the last stage of cohesion; she thought of the butcher's bill, and the baker's bill, and, oh, a score of other things that she wanted money for!

"What a trying creature you are, Kathleen!" cried Mr. Clare, angrily. "I ask you what you want, and you stand staring at me as if you were dumb. But I cannot waste any more of my time over you; take that, and mind you make the most of it," drawing out a sovereign. "I don't know when I can give you any more just at present."

Kathleen gazed nervously at the sovereign, and then in desperation broke out,

"Oh, father, I really can't do anything with that; the children want boots and clothing; and, oh, father, the butcher won't leave any more meat, and the baker wants his money—and—"

"For mercy's sake, child, stop, if you don't want to drive me crazy! It's a strange and trying thing," he went on, gazing round with an injured air to an imaginary audience, "that a man within a mere step of a handsome competency, should be worried and harassed by mean, contemptible trivialities like these. I only ask for a little time, and even that cannot be accorded to me."

"But, father," said Kathleen, piteously, "the children will keep getting hungry all the time, and their things will wear out."

"Now, look here, Kathleen," said Mr. Clare, drawing out a letter and putting it before her; "you are no mere child now. Read that and see for yourself how near your father is to being a rich man. You see what my agent in London says," and he read from the letter: "Your magnificent scheme is on the very verge of being completed; indeed, you may hold yourself in readiness any day to receive the directors of the company, who will call upon you to treat about the land,' etc. I always knew I should succeed, my dear; it's a perfect miracle that I haven't done so long ago."

"What is that he says lower down in the letter?" said Kathleen, who had continued reading down.

"Oh, that's about a fee he wants; of course, you don't suppose I can employ a clever London agent and give him nothing?"

"But twenty pounds, father," sighed Kathleen, "that seems such a great deal."

"Twenty pounds," laughed Mr. Clare, who had by now quite recovered his good humour, "and what is twenty pounds, or a dozen twenty pounds, when thousands are at stake? You must

give a sprat to catch a mackerel. But you are a woman, my dear, and I never knew a woman yet who could see farther than the end of her nose. But there, cheer up, little Katie, and give me a little more time, and you'll see yet what I'll do for you all. You know I'm not a mean man, Kathleen; there's nothing I wouldn't give my children if I'd got it."

"I'm sure there isn't, father," said Kathleen, earnestly. "And do you really think we shall soon be out of our troubles?" and she felt the old hope which had been dashed so often bubbling up again high at her heart.

"Think, child? I'm sure. And now, dear, just see if you can't get the children to hold on a bit longer to their old boots and things. You see for yourself, child, how nearly I am out of my difficulties?"

"I don't know, father, I'm sure," said Kathleen, doubtfully. "I said the very same thing to Bob this morning, when he told me his boots were worn out. 'Hold on to them, Kathleen?' he said. 'I'd do so with the greatest pleasure, but the trouble is they won't hold on to me!'"

"Why, it only seems the other day that I set them all up in boots; it seems to me they are very extravagant children."

"Indeed, father, it's longer than you think. "Why, do you know"—and Kathleen lowered her voice, and blushed with shame—"I've found it out quite by accident that dear old Biddy has used up all her savings over the children and the house. When I remonstrated with her, she said, 'Sure, and isn't it all in the family? Never fear but the master will give it all back again when he comes into his fortune.' I didn't like to tell you, father, but it is only right you should know."

But, instead of the grieved and indignant expression that she expected to see overspread her father's face at the thought of the old woman's hard-earned money being used upon his family, she saw a complacent smile hovering about his lips.

"Poor Biddy!" he said. "We must see, of course, that this does not happen again; but I must say she is a wiser and more far-seeing old woman than I took her to be. She couldn't possibly have made a safer or more lucrative investment of her little hoard, and I'll make a point of seeing that she receives a fine percentage upon it."

Kathleen looked at her father in wondering dismay. Surely he must be labouring under some strange hallucination if he could look so complacently upon that which she felt to be such a degradation. But he did not see her astonished gaze; in fact, he had quite forgotten her presence as he bent with his usual absorbed attention over his papers. With a weary sigh Kathleen left him to his dreams, and, with a look of care which all too soon had stamped itself upon her fair young brow, she descended once more into the arena of life to do battle there with the thousand and one petty, but none the less harassing, miseries inseparable from an impecunious household.

But underlying all this, as she went about that day from duty to duty, she was conscious of a new source of anxiety; a feeling of wretchedness had taken possession of her heart, and she could not shake it off.

It had been caused by the words of the young doctor the evening before. They had opened up to her strange new regions of thought, and the more her mind wandered into those regions the more uneasy she became.

What if it were all true that he had told her? What if God, instead of being the far-off, inscrutable Being which she had judged Him, ruling the world He had created by pitiless laws which swept on to their own fulfilment unheedful of all the agonizing suffering which they entailed upon their helpless victims—what if He were tender, merciful, pitiful?

Oh, if she might only know the truth! Was that Bible which only last night had lain for a moment in her hands, actually a message from God? Her father did not believe it; he spoke of it as "old-world fables," and he was so clever he ought to know. But then her father did not seem to believe in a God at all—and there she could not go with him. In her judgment it seemed far more unscientific to disbelieve in a God than to believe in one; and if there were a God, which she could not doubt, what more reasonable than to suppose He would in some way or other communicate His thoughts to His creatures? Dr. Arundale believed in Him and His messages, too, she had no doubt of that. How tenderly and reverently he spoke of Him, and with what pity he looked upon her father and herself, because they knew Him not!

An undercurrent of thoughts like these had been passing through Kathleen's mind all day, but as she sat in her own little room in the soft hush of the evening hours she determined resolutely to put all these weary, tiresome questionings away from her. All her mind and heart must be given now to the perusal of another message which still lay sealed upon her bosom, a message which she would be surely able to comprehend, written by a hand of flesh and blood, and indited by a tender, loving mother's heart.

She had fully intended reading it the evening before, but after leaving Dr. Arundale her pulses were beating and her mind surging with the new and exciting theme which he had presented to her, so with a sigh she had put it away. This message from her dead mother she felt to be too sacred and solemn a thing to be read with a mind wandering on other things. All day it had been impossible to get an hour's quiet, so this had really been her first opportunity.

Kathleen seated herself beside her opened window, and not without a trembling at her heart, drew out the letter and gazed long and wistfully at its superscription. Then she raised her eyes and gazed past the crimson clover meadows over which larks were rising, to the dark wood in the ravine, to where that silent grave was, so lonely save for the sweet bluebells that nestled around it, and for the nightingales who sang above it the whole night long.

They were singing there now; she could faintly hear their sweet, rich notes in the distance, and with their song in her ears, and with the solemn hush of the evening breathing around her, she broke the seal and read:

"How shall I begin to write to you, Kathleen, my first-born daughter? How shall I essay to put into words the thoughts that night and day are swelling up in my heart as I think of you? For they have told me at last that the time is very short ere I shall be taken from you, and I have so much to say, and so little time to say it in. You scarcely know your mother, my little Kathleen; on account of my long illness, and it may be for other reasons, my children have been kept almost altogether apart from their mother, so that much that I have yearned to instil into their young minds has been left unsaid. Oh, my little children, how can I leave you? Who will cherish you when I am gone? Who will lead my little lambs to the feet of the great Shepherd——"

Here the letter broke off, and by the blur upon the page Kathleen knew how the tears had poured down upon it.

"Oh, my mother, my mother, how you loved us!" she cried, her own sobs coming thick and fast; "no one has loved us like you!"

Then, with her eyes dim with tears, she read on:

"My agony is over now, and I can write calmly, for I have been to my God, Kathleen, and He has brought my soul into rest.

"It seemed so hard, so well-nigh impossible, to give you up, my children; to think of leaving you here alone, that I would fain have gathered you all to my breast, and cried with a wild and bitter cry, 'Oh, God, let them die with me!' But that is all past now, I have placed you in the keeping of my God, Kathleen—my Saviour God, He upon whose breast my head is pillowed now in perfect peace. Oh, if I could only tell you what a tender, loving Friend He has been to me all the days of my life—how He has saved me and kept me, and how in the very face of death He fills me with joy and gladness!

"But my strength is failing, and I must hasten on.

"Kathleen, it is, under God, to you that I leave the charge of my children. Yes, to you; for God has given me faith to believe that in His own time and way He will bring you to Himself. Then, Kathleen, it is to you I look to tell my children of their mother and their mother's God, of the Saviour who died for her and them. Oh, tell them of their never-dying souls, which must one day stand before a holy God, to be judged for all they have done. Is this all strange and new to you, my child? Have you never yet been led to your loving Saviour's feet? Have you never trusted Him? Have you even learned to doubt Him? Ah, me, this may be even so. Oh, my child, doubt Him no more; I adjure you with my dying breath, never doubt Him more. He is the only true, eternal God, tender, loving, merciful. I know Him, I have proved Him. With this letter I am leaving you my own Bible, God's Word; receive it, accept every word of it, it is true

as God Himself. Whatever trouble you are in as to this life or the life to come, come to it and you will find a way of escape. My strength is almost gone. Farewell, then, my child; what can I do more but commend you to God and the Word of His grace? In the words of His servant of old, I can fully say, 'Lo, I die, but God will surely visit you.' " YOUR MOTHER."

Kathleen sat, dumb and dazed, gazing at the last lemon streak of light dying out of the sky.

She was in many things a child when she began to read this letter; now she felt as if her childhood had suddenly left her forever.

"I shall never, never be a child any more,"—these were the first words she uttered; then, in the same strange, mechanical way, she went into the children's rooms and wandered from bed to bed, and gazed down at them as they lay sleeping in different attitudes of childish grace and loveliness.

"Poor little things!" she said, "poor little motherless things! You have got souls that are going to live forever, souls that are going to stand before God to be judged for all the things that you have done, and in all the world there is none to care for you and lead you right, only me, your poor Kathleen; and I am dark and blind. Poor little children, so dark and blind! oh, where shall I go that I may find the light?" And borne down with the terrible load that seemed so much more than she could bear, Kathleen sank upon her knees beside the children with groanings that could not be uttered.

WHAT THEN?

BY PERCY H. PUNSHON, B.A.

A SLEEPING, sturdy baby boy,
A father's hope, a mother's joy—
What then?

A little helpless, guileless thing;
The angels pause on kindly wing
Around that bed some spell to fling—
What then?

A conscious feeling all its own,
Two tiny feet that walk alone—
What then?

A parent's thoughtful, wise control
Must guide that pure and spotless soul
On life's rough road to life's last goal—
What then?

A boy's young heart, with health's caress,
Each hour is bright with joyousness—
What then?

No cares, no anxious doubts or fears ;
Oft on his face when trouble nears,
A rainbow shines 'twixt smiles and tears—
What then ?

A year or two when mischief strays
Along the path of school-boy days—
What then ?

A little knowledge, more of fun,
And soon this rapid race is won,
This passage of the journey done—
What then ?

A waking up to sterner life,
A dawning sense of coming strife—
What then ?

A bright, brief hope of future fame,
Of building up a noble name.
Where brighter hope ? Where better aim ?
What then ?

Now struggling in the world's mad race,
Now striving for the foremost place—
What then ?

How often has the tale been told,
Some toil for bread ; some bid for gold ;
And some grow rich, but all grow old—
What then ?

The summer-time of life is past,
And white-haired winter comes at last—
What then ?

While o'er each dull and failing sense
Death steals with his grim recompense,
And white-robed angels bear us hence—
What then ?

Around the judgment seat we stand,
Vast multitudes on either hand—
What then ?

The heaven's choir is hushed and low,
We wait for weal or wait for woe ;
Does Christ our Saviour only know ?
What then ?

Ah, no ! not so, it cannot be ;
On earth we read the mystery,
And in the light of faith we guess
At heaven's lasting loveliness.
Who fight the good fight well shall know
The joys of heaven here below,
Shall in their hearts the future see,
And feel in the eternity—

What then ?

MASTER OF HIS FATE.

A TALE OF THE WEST RIDING.

BY MRS. AMELIA E. BARR.

III.—A GREAT OPPORTUNITY.

AMOS and his son met in the morning with more ceremony than Joe intended or desired. In fact there was both sorrow and some thoughts of surrender in his heart when he said, "Good-morning, father."

"Good-morning, sir. Take a cup o' coffee, and then we will finish that bit o' business we commenced last night."

The cool, civil greeting hurt Joe far worse than either angry reproaches or angry silence could have done. Not once during the meal did he utter the young man's familiar name. It was no longer Joe, and the substitution of the word sir was too marked to escape notice. It was a very wretched meal, and soon over. Then Amos took a cheque from his pocket, and laying it down by Joe's side, said, "Tak' that bit o' paper to Thornton. He'll give thee its value in Bank o' England notes."

"Thank you, father."

"Eh! but thou would hev been welcomer to a hundred times as much if ta would nobbut hev stood by my side while I wer' living, and in my shoes when I wer' dead. But when a bird hes found out as one nest won't do for it, happen it's right to mak' itsen another. Good-bye, sir."

"Father! Don't leave me in that way."

"Dal it, lad! T' way is good enough for t' occasion. Ingratitude and disobedience seem to be rooted in children, and what is bred in them is none easy to get out. Well, well, things being as they are, I may as well tak' to them at once."

Martha Thrale had not appeared at the breakfast table. She had a sharp tongue, and was ready to use it, and she feared to make bad worse by some inappropriate remark, which would irritate her brother-in-law and call forth Joe's championship. She hoped, if left to themselves, some compromise would be arrived at, or, at least, that the parting might be made with a more kindly and hopeful tone for the future.

And with that pitiful instinct of womanhood which has learned to appeal to a man's lower sensibilities, she had prepared with care the breakfast dishes Amos particularly liked, had seen that the room wore its pleasantest aspect, and that every trifling circumstance should be conducive to a mood of satisfaction.

Amos took no note of any of these small attentions. Had one of them been neglected, he would probably have called the whole house to task for the omission; but the comforts ready to his hand he seemed to be unconscious of. And Joe was too anxious

to notice anything beyond his father's stubborn coldness and his aunt's absence. There was also a feeling in his heart that this was the last meal he would ever eat in Bevin Hall, and that it was a very unhappy one.

Amos left the table first. He took off his slippers, tossed them across the hearthrug, and laced his mill boots with trembling but deliberate hands. He had no more to say to Joe; and he seemed to feel his presence an annoyance. It was not difficult for Joe to be aware of this sentiment, and the young man said, "I am only waiting for Aunt Martha, father. I will not trouble you any longer than is necessary."

"That is as it sud be. When two can't hit on, why, then, t' sooner they part t' better for t' both o' them."

Then he lifted his head, stamped his feet well down into his boots, and taking the morning paper from the table, turned to leave the room. Joe intercepted him, and said, "Shake hands, father, at any rate."

But he turned his back squarely on Joe's offered hand. He would not see the tears in his son's eyes or the anxiety on his face. He hurried out of the room and the house, and spoke to the waiting coachman in a voice that made the man wonder what was coming next.

Martha understood his manner only too well. She perceived at once that her little plans and hopes were a failure. As soon as Amos was clear of the house she went to her nephew, though she was not pleased with him for the hurry and decision of the attitude he had taken. Why had he not waited a little, compromised a little, given up a little, as a son should have done to a good father?

But she was determined to stand by Joe—right or wrong, she meant to stand by him. Her love for the lad, and her promise to her sister, included all the devotion she understood by "standing with" any person or principle. And Joe very soon made her see things very much as he saw them. She looked into the young fellow's handsome face and tearful eyes, and wondered however his father could "bide to turn his back on such a son." She thought his refusal to shake hands with Joe "a shameful bit o' pride and hard-hearted cruelty." She came very speedily to the opinion that "Amos had no right to offer up his son's life, as well as his own, to the welfare of Bevin Mill, a big smoking monster as it is!" She added angrily, "Wife and child might feed t' fires that keep it going rather than he'd see it stop. Joe, my lad, thou art right in t' main, and I'll stand up for thee through thick and thin. Whatever is ta going to do now?"

"I shall take some rooms in Market-Bevin, and read law with Perkins."

"Varry good, if Perkins will have thee."

"No fear of that, Aunt Martha. I shall have a good bit of money to pay him, no doubt; but I should have to pay a stranger the same. I am none fond of strangers."

"Thou might happen find thysen better off among strangers."

"Market-Bevin is my native town. I won't let father think he can turn me out of it as well as out of his own house."

"Thy father is a big man in Market-Bevin. Thou won't find it easy to live there if he sets himself against it."

"Why should he? Studying law with Perkins is not a crime, I hope."

"Mebbe not; go and see Perkins. I think he'll open thy eyes a bit. And then, if ta wants rooms, go to Ann Guiseley's; she hes some to rent, and she'll cook thy victuals as they sud be cooked, for I taught her mysen."

"When will you come and see me?"

"I'll hev a talk wi' thy father when he comes from t' mill to-night; and I'll let thee know all about it as quick as iver I can?"

"Then I will go and talk with Perkins at once; for I could see that father does not want me here any longer. And this afternoon I will remove my clothes and books and such trifles as are really mine."

It might be thought that a young man among life-long friends, and with £5,000 in his pockets, would find a open door into life. But Joe's first experience was not a flattering one. Perkins was in when he called, but he kept Joe waiting in his outer office until every particle of his enthusiasm and self-reliance seemed to have evaporated.

And when he heard of the quarrel between father and son he became very cold and cautious. It was by no means to his advantage to put himself in opposition to Amos. The master of Bevin Mill was of an extremely litigious temper, and had for many years been the source of a considerable yearly income to Perkins, and was likely to continue to be so. The whole of Joe's £5,000 would not have bribed him to find a vacancy in his office. He even turned mentor, deprecated the step Joe had taken, and advised him, as a friend, to go back to his father and make his peace with him.

"He is a bit masterful, ivery body knows that, Joe," said Perkins, with a smile he meant to be conciliatory; "but if two men ride t' same horse, one must ride behind; and that is thy place, Joe?"

"Unless I ride my own horse."

"For sure! Only, thou will need a varry strong nag to carry thee where ta wants to go. Put up wi' thy father a bit, lad. He hes gotten that used to telling folk they must do this, and they musn't do that, that he thinks t' varry stars sud do as he bids 'em."

"But, Perkins, I am a man now—I have a right to my own opinions."

"A pity on thee, Joe! If ta can't learn to smile as t' wind smiles, thou wilt varry soon take cold, ay, varry soon take cold. Well, a good-morning to thee. I'm particularly busy at present."

Thus Joe got his first rebuff from a stranger. He felt it hard to bear. Angry and humiliated, he talked over the interview with Martha in no reasonable mood, and as Perkins was also one of her aversions, she gave Joe perhaps an unwise amount of sympathy.

Besides, it nearly broke her heart to see him packing his trunks, "turned out o' house and home just because he couldn't frame himsen to give his life to t' mill." And when Joe had really gone away, when his room was left desolate and dismantled, she sat down in it, and wept bitterly.

"I'll niver stop here any longer," she muttered. "T' light of t' house hes been put out. It hes been slave and save, and worry and fret and bide his tempers, and do his bidding for twenty-four years. That is about long enough for any woman to put up wi' him. I promised Ann that I would stick by Joe, and I am going to stick by Joe. I'll not hear a word wrong of Joe from anybody; and Amos will find that out sooner than he thinks for."

All day long her fits of crying were interrupted by such communions and conversations with herself. Amos never suspected such a state of feeling. On the contrary, he was certain that he would at least have Martha Thrale's sympathy; for he knew that she had always been opposed to any plan which would take Joe permanently from under her care.

So he was glad when the day was over. It had been, perhaps, one of the most wretched in his whole life. Among the clatter and clash of a thousand looms he had not been able to forget his sorrow, even though the hands had given him unusual opportunities of relieving his irritation. But the weariest day comes to a close, and he stood, at last, outside the mill gates, holding the big keys in his hand, and vacantly watching the groups of chattering lads and lasses strolling over the moor to their homes.

A strange reluctance to go to his own home was in his heart. He had no need to inquire of it. He knew that he dreaded the lonely dinner-table; for Martha Thrale, in the way of men's talk, he counted as nobody. He had always conversed with Joe about politics, about the local spinners and manufacturers, their ways and doings, their trade and their solvency, their gains and losses. He did not call it gossip, but it was the talk in which he delighted; for he considered that other people's business might have a good deal to do with his own.

Several things had happened that day which, in the usual course of events, he would have enjoyed discussing with Joe. Then he recognized with fresh anger that not only in the mill, but also in his home pleasures, Joe's disobedience was a grievous curtailment of his life. So when he saw Martha's red and swollen eyes he had a moment's regret even for her."

"No wonder thou hes been crying, lass," he said; "it's enough to make thee cry. After a' thou hes done for him, too! Whatever does ta think of his ways! It caps a' I iver heard tell of!"

She looked up at him with flashing eyes.

"I hev been thinking of thy conduct all day, Amos; and I'm bound to say I think thee a godless, heartless old man as iver was."

"Why-a! Martha!"

"I do. And thou needn't frown at me, for it's true—true as

gospel. When did thou iver love aught but gold? Thou let my poor sister die without one word o' love or regret. I sent to t' mill and told thee she wer' dying one day, and thou wert too busy to come. Thou niver did aught to win thy poor boy's confidence and respect, and now, to top iverything, thou turns him out into t' streets. Poor lad! Poor Joe!"

"Does ta think that nobody suffers but thee and Joe? I hev some feelings too, I reckon."

"Not thou! And if ta hes, don't thee come to me for comfort or sympathy. I hev none for thee. Go to thy money bags. Thou hes sacrificed iverything for them. And if ta does not repent varry soon, thou wilt die wicked and alone!"

"Martha Thrale, will ta stop? Hes ta lost thy senses, lass?"

"No, I'll not stop till I hev my say; thou wilt die, Amos, without a kind hand to close thy greedy old eyes, that hev niver looked up to heaven, nor a bit higher than t' top o' thy mill chimney. That is what I think o' thee, Amos Braithwaite."

"Thou isn't thy own sel' at all, Martha. Thou art sick, my lass."

"I am better ivery way than thou art; and when thou comes to die, thou'lt be forced to leave ivery penny o' thy brass behind thee—ivery penny of it, Amos, and go where money is of no account at all."

"Hev done wi' thee, Martha. Hes ta lost thy senses? What-iver does ta want?"

"I want thee to do summat to bring back thy only child before it be past thy doing."

"I'll not lift a finger to bring him back. Not I."

"Varry well then, thou wilt hev to tak' t' consequences."

"Ay, I'll tak' them."

"My sister Ann—"

"Let thy sister Ann alone; and mind this! I'll not' hev Joe Braithwaite's name spoken in my house by thee nor by any ither body. And I'll marry again if I want to. And I'll hev such friendship as is going these days. If Joe Braithwaite can do without me, I can do without him, varry well, indeed! Why-a! I hev made half a million o' money, or near by it, and I hev made mysen a man."

"For sure thou hes, and a right mean job thou hes made o' thysen. When thou was at it, thou might hev done it a bit better, I think. There is varry little reason to crack up thy cloth, if ta mak's it no better than thou hes made thysen. And what is half a million o' money? I'll warraat our Joe will mak' more than that before he is thy age."

"Thou wilt hev to leave my house if ta goes on this-a-way!"

"I am going to leave it. Does ta think I would stop wid thee, and poor Joe driven into t' street? If I did, I would be a disgrace to mysen, and to all t' Thrales, living or dead. And thou can pay me my wages this varry hour if ta likes, for I'm fain to get out o' thy house."

"Does ta mean what ta says?"

"Yes, I do that."

"Then get thee ready and go. I hev'n't such a thing as a favour to ask o' thee."

So that evening, as Joe sat very disconsolately in Ann Guiseley's best parlour, he was joined by Martha Thrale. She came in about eight o'clock, flushed and excited, and still trembling from her unusual interview with Amos? This sudden and violent breaking of the last tie between himself and his father affected Joe very much. He was almost inclined to blame Martha for her want of patience.

"If you had stopped beside him, I should have had some one to say a good word for me," he said reproachfully.

"Ay, lad; but why, then, didn't thou stop and say thy own good words?"

"What shall I do, Aunt Martha?"

"Here is Ann Guiseley coming wi' a cup o' tea for me, and much I need it; while I drink it I'll tell thee what I think. It's plain that Josiah Perkins does not want thee."

"He is afraid to offend my father; and I dare say that every one in Market-Bevin will feel very much as Perkins does."

"It's more than likely. Well, then, I am going to Leeds. I shall take a house and furnish it, and let such of t' rooms as I don't want. There's Halifax Brothers, lawyers, in Leeds. I reckon as they hev as good a name as old Perkins."

This suggestion pleased Joe very much. It took him out of the immediate neighbourhood of his father, and yet was not far enough away from his life-centre to give him a feeling of loneliness or remoteness. In all its phases the plan was thoroughly discussed between them that night, for Martha was a woman not only of rapid thought, but also of rapid action. Within a month she had a very handsome home in Leeds, and Joe had been properly articulated to Halifax Brothers, solicitors.

There was no firm in the West Riding that had a higher reputation in civil cases requiring a shrewd cleverness just touching something that might be called by a less respectable name. But if Amos Braithwaite had wished his son to be a lawyer, then Halifax Brothers would have been the ideal masters at whose feet he would have desired him to sit.

When he heard from Perkins where Joe had placed himself, he felt a real sentiment of respect for his son.

"It's a move as might hev been expected o' my son," he said. "T' lad is no fool; and if he wants to make his brass by ither folks' cheaterly and quarrelling, there's nobody 'i' Yorkshire that could better teach him to steal by line and level than Tom Halifax can."

IV.—THUS RUNS THE WORLD AWAY.

It was true that in his sudden determination to become a lawyer, Joe had pleased Martha as little as he had pleased his father. For if Amos had pleased to place his son among the nobles of the Bradford House of Woollen Lords, Martha had her dreams of seeing her nephew hold forth to admiring thousands from a Wesleyan pulpit.

But Joe, as he grew to manhood, drew away from the chapel, and affected to entirely disapprove of Methodist faith and discipline. His disagreements with his aunt on this subject had privately given Amos much amusement. He enjoyed this form of Joe's dissent, and was accustomed to say, "Joe, and ivery other lad wi' his common-senses, ought to hev perfect freedom of opinion. That was t' varry spirit o' dissent, and if Joe was a dissenter, then he wanted him to know 't' ifs and t' ands,' and 't' ins and t' outs' of t' chapel he went to. He was a Church o' England man himsen, but he hed nowt to say against his son being a dissenter if t' lad liked following his aunt instead o' his father."

So no one could deny that in religious matters Amos was grandly tolerant. It was in business affairs he regarded dissent as an unpardonable offence. Joe's right of private judgment stopped at Bevin Mill. Martha's views were essentially different. She thought Joe's wealth and position gave him splendid opportunities for honouring the cause and the connection she loved. She did not think he was doing right to evade the responsibilities of his birth. But she was quite ready to support him in his refusal to offer up his life to the advancement of Bevin Mill.

Consequently, when he suddenly declared his intention to be a lawyer, Amos and Martha, both alike, suffered a keen disappointment, only Amos allowed it to canker his whole life, without let or hindrance, or future hope, and Martha accepted the inevitable, and tried to make the best of it. For it is characteristic of good women that when they cannot get what they want they try to be pleased with what they can get.

Martha did her best to accept the law and Tom Halifax, though she by no means approved of Tom Halifax. Hitherto she had only known him by report, as a shrewd lawyer, whose legal fencing and clever repartees were the popular after-dinner talk of farmers and business men. But he took that sudden and warm liking for Joe which middle-aged, gay bachelors often take for handsome young men. He was dissatisfied without his society, and eager to initiate him into all his own pleasures.

And the son of old Amos Braithwaite easily made himself popular and welcome, especially with mothers who had large families of pretty, marriageable daughters. He was fine-looking and agreeable, the probable heir of half a million of money, the favourite

and friend of the pet lawyer of the locality. It was likely enough he would become a partner in the firm of Halifax Brothers, and most of the women believed that he would very speedily regain his father's love. The men, however, or at least such of them as knew Amos Braithwaite, were less sanguine.

"He'll do nowt o' t' sort," said Ezra Deaconson to his wife as she was speaking of Joe's attentions to her own pretty Mattie. "He'll do nowt o' t' sort. Thou doesn't know Amos Braithwaite, or thou would never say it. I hev'n't seen him mysen for years and years, but I can reckon him up pretty well. If he has turned his back on his son, there's nothing but t' almighty hand o' God could mak' Amos face about."

"I don't think that bad of him, Ezra. I hev spoke with them as knows Braithwaite varry well, and I hev heard 'em say, thet if you can only get on t' right side of him, you'll find a kind heart below his stubborn will and gruff speech."

"What by that, Martha? What by that? Did ta iver hear tell of any who did get on t' right side o' him? I'll warrant thou hesn't. Thou keep our Mattie away from Joe Braithwaite; t' little lass will hev too much brass for that young man to handle."

"Deary me, Ezra! Brass seems to come into ivery thought, sweethearting and all. It is a wonderful thing!"

"Ay, it is; when a man knows how to use it."

"Tom Halifax was saying that there is talk of Amos Braithwaite marrying a young woman and going in for a bit o' pleasure in his old days."

"Amos is none such a fool. Amos knows well enough he'd hev no pleasure outside his mill. Without t' looms he'd be about as miserable as a gambler would be without his cards. I did hear summat about Lottie Greenwood and Amos, but I set little by wedding talk, till I see t' wedding. Wherever women folk are concerned hearsay don't do for me; I wouldn't swear even to my awn eyesight."

The report, however, which coupled the names of Amos Braithwaite and Lottie Greenwood was not without foundation. He had said he would marry again, and have such friendship as was going. In the first smart of his desertion, it seemed to him the surest way to show Joe that he had cast him off forever, and also to insure such domestic comfort as he wanted.

Now, if he had been looking for wool, he would have known exactly where to go for the quality he desired; but he felt like a man in a strange world when he wanted a wife. It happened, however, that he had one day an occasion to call on Jonathan Greenwood about some special hands, and as they sat talking Lottie came into the room. She was fresh and rosy from the breezy walk upon the moor, and her bright black eyes, and fine colour, and buxom form attracted Amos.

He stayed to tea and played a game of whist afterwards, and Lottie was his partner. When he went home he was considerably under the fascination of her bright eyes, and he kept saying to

himself, "There will be no fear of a girl like that turning sick on my hands, and mebbe I might hev a bit o' house-comfort wi' her, if I could only frame mysen to marry again."

For a month things progressed very favourably. He had not asked Lottie to be his wife, but he was on the way to do so one night when he met an old acquaintance on the road. He offered him a seat in his gig, and they fell into conversation. Amos himself introduced the subject of the Greenwoods, and the man, who really knew nothing of his intention, went backward in his own memory to find a reason for his evident desire to talk about them. Then he remembered that Joe Braithwaite had once been an admirer of Lottie, and he said, "Happen thou art trying to put things right again between thy Joe and Greenwood's pretty lass?"

Amos looked sharply at the questioner, but it was evident the remark had been made in good faith, so he replied, with well-assumed indifference, "Not I. I niver bothered mysen wi' Joe's love affairs; I'd hev had a lot to do if I'd tried thet job. So Joe were sweet on Lottie Greenwood? I niver heard tell o' that."

"Joe's hed lots o' sweethearts."

"I dare be bound he had; but I niver heard o' Greenwood's daughter before."

"Oh, but you know they wer' varry thick once on a time. Folks thought they would marry, but they didn't."

"No, they didn't. Thet's so. Mebbe t' lass wasn't fond o' Joe. Mebbe she jilted him. Girls have jilted finer fellows than Joe Braithwaite, I'll warrant."

"It wer' Joe's fault, I reckon. Lottie Greenwood was uncommon fond o' him, I heard. And t' old folks wer' varry set up wi' t' idea. They had parties and stirrings on a grand scale for them. That showed how fain for t' match they wer'; for they are a scraping, careful pair, aren't they?"

"I fancy they are. But a love for brass is common enough. I'd like a bit more mysen. If ta will step down now I'll bid thee good-night, for I'm bound for Greenwood's, and I'm obliged to thee for telling me about my Joe and Lottie. I shall look a bit closer at her to-night. Why! she might hev been my daughter?" And Amos laughed loudly, and whipped up his mare like a man in a great hurry.

And the acquaintance whom he dropped laughed too. "Old Cobwebs knows a' about wool," he muttered; "but if he goes to bothering wi' women, he will find out varry quick what an ignominy he is."

Amos had already begun to suspect it. He was congratulating himself for offering Hartley a ride, when he entered Lottie's presence. She opened to be quieter than usual, a little sad and sentimental. It was a mood Amos could not understand, and which had not pleasant associations. Besides, it instantly struck him that Lottie was perhaps fretting a little for Joe. The thought made it very easy for him to speak.

"Lottie," he said, "did ta iver know Joe Braithwaite?"

"Yes, I knew him. He used to call here often, once."

"Was he in love wi' thee?"

"Perhaps he was."

"Was ta in love wi' him?"

"You shouldn't ask such questions."

"Ay, but I should," he was looking steadily at her. "Thou quarrelled wi' Joe, didn't ta?"

"I think Joe behaved badly."

"I hev no doubt he did. It comes easy for Joe to behave badly. And thou wanted to be even with him, didn't ta? If ta married me, thou could pay him back, couldn't ta?"

"Joe is a bad son. Joe is true to nobody."

"Ay, he is a bad son. I told him I'd marry again, and I hed some thoughts o' asking thee to be my wife."

Lottie looked up, and then down, with a most encouraging smile.

"But I hev changed my mind since I heard tell o' Joe. I don't want any cast-off sweetheart of Joe's. So we'll be off wi' that bargain. There are plenty o' matrimonial failures, without us makin' another on t' black list, I'm sure."

Naturally Lottie was at once indignant. She told Amos very decidedly that she had never had the slightest intention of marrying him. And Amos was delighted to have her look at the situation in that light. It put the blame of the rupture just where it suited him to have it. For, though he expected men to twit him about wearing the willow, etc., he knew that he could bear that accusation far more comfortably than a legal inquiry, which might cost him golden guineas to heal the hurt his fickleness had given Miss Lottie.

This was the only experiment Amos made looking toward domestic or social happiness. He congratulated himself that it had been a failure, and henceforth he determined to seek neither the friendship of men nor the love of women. He virtually closed his house, for he confined himself to the parlour in which he ate and the room in which he slept. And he dismissed all the servants, excepting the old woman who cooked his food, and her husband, who attended to his horse and gig, and pottered about the garden at odd hours.

Then he devoted himself, body and soul, to the mill which Joe had despised. He built wings to it, and added a story, and lengthened the chimney until it overtopped all the chimneys far and near. He filled it with the finest machinery. He employed only the most competent hands. He utilized every drop of water and every ounce of steam so cleverly that people said, "If there were only the power of a blue-bottle fly owd Braithwaite would turn it to account." He was always busy and active and apparently so cheerful that no one suspected him to be at heart an unhappy and bitterly disappointed man.

In the meantime, Joe was taking his existence with a large measure of content. Aunt Martha watched over his comfort with

that priceless commonplace love which does not disdain the oversight of very inferior details, which can superintend meals and oversee stockings and buttons, and is not to be frittered away by continual small demands on forbearance and sympathy. For in scarcely any respect did Joe fulfil Martha Thrale's personal hopes and desires. He turned out to be a society man instead of a chapel man. He went to balls and parties, he dressed elegantly, and visited in the grandest houses. He was a kind of leader in a very fashionable set. And of course £5,000 could not last forever, even when a man is nowise troubled about board and lodging bills. So, at the end of four years' dressing and visiting and driving, Joe's credit was no longer represented by four figures, for he had dipped deeply into his last thousand. However, he was then ready to go into business, and he felt sure that the large circle of friends he had made would repay the expense of making them. He furnished a handsome office and announced himself to the public as Attorney-at-law. But Yorkshiremen are proverbially cautious, and a handsome, good-natured, fashionably-dressed young man was the very antipodes of their ideal lawyer. Joe could not look crafty or wise under any circumstances, and during the first year of his professional life he did not make sufficient money to pay his office rent.

Nevertheless Joe did not in any way think of curtailing his expenses. When the summer holidays arrived, he went as usual to a favourite watering-place. He admitted to himself that it might be the last summer he could afford the luxury, and he determined to make the most of his pleasure. No face was so bright, no heart so gay, no one so entertaining and so popular.

In the height of the season there was a report that stirred the heart of every young man in Harrowgate; Miss Edith Bradley was coming. She was said to be beautiful, and she was known to be immensely wealthy. She was only twenty-two years old, and therefore not past the age in which women are apt to think the world well lost for love.

Joe had heard before of Miss Bradley; not so much of Miss Bradley as of her father. Old Luke Bradley had always been a Mordecai to his own father. There had been a deep and long-cherished grudge between the two men. Both of them had loved Ann Thrale, and Amos had won her. After her decease, Luke had spoken warmly concerning the indifference of Amos to her comfort while she was living, and to her memory when she was dead. He had emphasized his opinions by many well-directed interferences with the business of Bevin Mill. He had bid wool up when Amos wished to buy. He had bought off hands Amos wished to retain. He had dropped words and looks before probable customers which had doubtless lost Amos many a sovereign. He had run against him for local offices, and always defeated him; in short, he had been a stumbling-block and an offence in every business plan and in every social ambition which Amos had conceived.

Joe remembered well the reticent satisfaction which the news of his death had given at Bevin Hall. Amos had not, at that hour, spoken a word expressive of his feelings; but all the same he had not been able to hide his sentiments. He might just as well have said then, what he said a few days afterward: "He'll hev to abate himsen a bit now. He'll find out thet Luke Bradley can't order things as he fancies 'em, for wherever he is, there's sure to be bigger folk than he iver was. My word! How he used to jingle t' guineas in his breeches pocket, and then step out to t' music they made."

Joe remembered all these things. He had felt thoroughly in sympathy with his father's sense of injury from Luke Bradley, yet he had a vague curiosity to see this daughter of their enemy. The feeling was, perhaps, something more than a curiosity; it included a dim and depressing presentiment about her, a consciousness which was stronger than his curiosity, and which found a tangible expression in a reluctance to meet her.

And yet, unless he left Harrowgate, a meeting was inevitable. The question soon resolved itself into two points, neither of which he had any desire to face. First, if he liked Edith Bradley, he would feel like a traitor to the past, and to his father, and he would most likely cast away the last chance of a reconciliation with him. Second, if he did not like her, it was probable the feeling would be mutual, in which case Edith might say and do little things which would make his longer stay an unpleasant, perhaps a mortifying, ordeal.

So he resolved to shorten his holiday. He was nearly out of funds, and it was evident his affairs were reaching a crisis. He took a quiet stroll in the gardens to consider his future course, and as he wandered thoughtfully under the trees he saw two ladies sitting in a little alcove in advance of him. One of them he knew was Lilian Gates; he recognized her short, slight figure and shrill laugh; the other was Edith Bradley.

He knew it, though he could not have given a single reason for knowing it. Retreat was not possible, for the ladies must have seen him. He dreaded Lilian's witty explanation of his position. He would not have Edith Bradley think he was afraid to meet her. So he advanced slowly, bearing with a studied nonchalance their critical eyes. Lilian received him with a frivolous badinage that was reassuring, and he heard her go through some form of introduction, and perceived that a tall, noble-looking woman was bowing graciously in response to the words uttered.

Under no circumstances had he ever been so abashed before. But presently he threw off his unusual constraint, plunged boldly into conversation, and ere long ventured to look into Edith's face. He saw that she was a very handsome woman, with soft, large eyes, emphasized by dark, level brows, and thick bands of black hair, hair which had naturally the wave and ripple most women simulate by art. She affected Joe as some gorgeous tropical flower might have done.

He did not, however, remain long in her presence, for he was

troubled about his dress and appearance. He was sure that never before had he worn so unbecoming a coat, or done himself so little justice. All thoughts of leaving Harrowgate were gone as if they had never been. He felt that he would be miserable until he had done something to redeem the unfavourable first impression which he was convinced he had made upon Miss Bradley.

But Edith did not seem to have been at all unfavourably impressed. On the contrary, when Joe was out of sight and hearing, she said softly, "What a pleasant man! He affects one like sunshine dancing in a room on a changeable spring day."

"He is a very handsome man," answered Lilian. "The girls all admire his glinting blue eyes and delightful temper. He is a great favourite."

"And has he any special favourite? Perhaps you are his favourite, Lilian. That is the reason you wanted to come into the gardens. You knew he would meet you."

"No, indeed, Edith. I fancy his love would be hard to win; and may be it would not repay the girl who would be spendthrift enough to squander her own on it."

Then Edith rose as if the subject no longer interested her. "Let us go into the house," she said. "It has suddenly become dull. Is it going to rain, I wonder?"

GOD'S GLORIOUS PROMISE.

BY THE REV. THOS. CLEWORTH.

"I WILL never, never leave thee!"

Blessed words of hope and peace,
Given in trouble to release me,
Sent to bid my doubtings cease.

Words of mercy never changing,
From the throne of endless might,
Comfort notes in all our ranging,
Turning darkness into light.

Lines enlaced with holy splendours,
Fraught with everlasting cheer,
Coming from a source so tender,
Bidding me no longer fear.

"I will never, never leave thee!"

On this truth my soul shall rest,
Never shall this ground deceive me,
Rock of Israel ever blest!

Let me hear them in my sighing;
Let them keep all murmurs down;
Let them lead me when I'm dying
To the everlasting crown!

THOMASBURG, Ont.

THE WHITE CROSS MOVEMENT.

The venerable Dr. Douglas, who has spoken so many brave words for mankind, who has so often boldly rebuked wrong in high places and in low, who has manifested a heart of tenderest sympathy with the sinning, the suffering and the sorrowing, never spoke braver words, never more scathingly denounced brazen-fronted vice, never uttered a more tender and heart-touching appeal for the victims of man's selfishness and sin, than in his address at the White Cross Meeting at Montreal, on January 13th. It was one of the most eloquent addresses of his life. It was the most tremendous indictment we ever read of a foul and loathsome evil that poisons the springs of many lives, that like a hideous cess-pool, lurks beneath the fair-seeming surface of fashionable society, often where least suspected. His denunciation of the violators of God's law of purity are like the prophet's scroll, written within and without with lamentation and weeping and great woe. The appalling revelations of vice in high places in the heart of the world's civilization show the inveterate taint of animalism in a society that assumes to set the fashions for mankind, and show also that such plain-speaking as that of Dr. Douglas is not unneeded even in Canada. We would that the words could ring and echo in souls of all against whom their burning accusations lie; that they might arouse virtuous society to spurn as lepers all who are marked with the brand of the beast, who are tainted with this taint of hell.

The white cross and the white shield are appropriate symbols of the Epworth League, one of whose objects is to maintain unstained innocence in life, and to lead to that purity of heart without which no man shall see God. Let us have in all our Sunday-schools and churches a White Cross Legion, which shall pledge our young people to the utter avoidance and abhorrence of all reading, all amusements, all so-called art, that can stain the snowy gar-

ments of the soul; that they may be kept unspotted from the world, that having washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb, they may walk with Him in white on earth, that they may be found worthy to walk with Him in white hereafter.

We regret that we have space for only the opening and closing paragraphs of Dr. Douglas's soul-stirring address :

I am glad that this meeting follows the week of prayer, for certainly no mission more imperatively demands to be preceded, accompanied and followed by prayer than this perplexing and difficult work of prevention and rescue. I would regard myself as happy if the task of discussing the White Cross movement had been entrusted to other hands. The entire subject is so compassed about with the repellant, is so shrouded in revolting darkness and abhorrent to every instinct of purity, that I ever shrink from the responsibility of letting in the light and holding it up for public reprobation. Nothing but the desire to at least abate an evil, a growing evil, which is honey-combing and, indeed, dislocating the social life of the community, prompts us to stand for the protection of innocence and the denunciation of those who are with malign and selfish intent playing the part of destroyers.

In the performance of this unwelcome task we are consoled by the reflection that we stand with some of the noblest spirits of our age. We stand with that peerless woman, Josephine Butler, who, with heart bereft, has, from the Bay of Naples in the far south to the mountains of Donegal in the north, lifted up her voice for the defence of innocence and the rescue of the perishing. We stand with William Stead, that great journalist who launched the shafts of dismay into the ranks of the aristocratic profligacy which is the ulcer and gangrene of English society. We stand with that rarest of patristic scholars, Bishop Lightfoot, of Durham, who with magnanimous spirit

led the van in the conflict against the advancing hosts of social demoralization; and we stand with Frances Willard, who, to the graces of a refined and Christian womanhood adds the culture of the scholar, the sagacity of the statesman, and the eloquence of a Portia; her finished periods and entrancing spells having kindled the enthusiasm of tens of thousands along every valley, across every prairie, and around every shore on this American continent. In such alliance we, the advocates of the discredited White Cross movement, find an inspiration for confidence and an example for courage in the warfare.

It is the utterance of Matthew Arnold that if from the Greek we learn the grandeur of intellect and the science of beauty, it is from the Jew that we have derived that choicest gift of God to the race, the institution of the family. The institution of the family! What is it? It is the corner-stone of every Christian state. It is the asylum of all virtue, and that white rose of purity under whose fragrance all that is sweet, beautiful and divine in society has been fostered. To protect the family in its integrity and virtue, to bear aloft the ideal of social morality, is the most fundamental and beneficent work which can engage the sympathy and fearless endeavour of any man on this footstool divine.

We are here to level our impeachments and emphasize our denunciations against the conspiracies that are at work to degrade public sentiment and destroy the virtuous life of society. We are here to impeach the academies of music and theatres, high and low, as at war with virtue and the sanctity of the family. Look at the modern drama. Let any man take up the list of plays blazoned on our streets, and, as a Boston critic of the stage has well said, "there is scarcely one but reeks with foul travesties of social honour and virtues."

It is time some should lift up their voices in our city against the influence of our modern stage. Over the portals of every "academy of music" and every theatre may be written in burning characters the insignia,

"Who enters here, shall know sweet innocence and purity of thought no more." That blighted flower, can it ever bloom again? I say, never.

I impeach those booksellers and news vendors as at war with virtue, men who stand behind counters and deal out the black-lettered literature which abounds in these times, down through the slimy streams of sensational tales to the depths of the French novel of Zola, George Sand and others. Look at the sons and daughters of Christian families; what company do they keep? In the retirement of their own room, in the silence of the midnight hour, they companionate with the pimps and vagabonds, and profligate and outcasts, creations these of the Bradons, the infamous Ouidas and the Swinburnes, all garnished with the splendour of descriptive diction, but still the product of the foulest minds of our age. The habitual companionship with vice pollutes every chamber of imagery and leaves immortal memories that no regenerative power can efface in life.

Into every family, in form of novel or sensuous newspaper—the cess-pools into which pours the moral refuse of the city—into every family this printed pollution is insinuating itself, and like the tainted hand, once clasped, leaves you a moral leper forever. The time has come when a moral censorship should be exercised over this class of literature in the household, and a boycott be proclaimed against every book store, every news office, that gives forth its poison to set our youth on fire of hell. Such marts of literature should be placarded in our houses as the moral pest-houses of society. I ask this audience to endorse this principle and practise the precepts. Will you do it?

I warn you, mothers, stand by your boys in the time of their moral strain; stand by your home. Never a summer passes which does not record some social disasters, which find no place of repentance, though you seek it carefully with tears.

They stand aloof, the scars remaining,
Like cliffs which had been rent asunder,
A dreary sea now rolls between,

And neither rain, nor storm, nor thunder
 Can wholly do away, I ween,
 The marks of that which once hath
 been.

While it is the mission of the White Cross movement to utter its protest against all evil, against those infamous and reckless divorces which are disintegrating American society and invading our Canadian homes; while it hurls its invectives against those who fling abroad their vile badinage in office, in workshop and street, for the corruption of youth; it comes with its tenderest compassion for the wronged, the wasted and the degraded. Oh, yes! to those whose life's roses are turned to ashes and dust, and those from whose sad hearts the music is fled, it offers a door of hope and recovery in the arms of Jesus, who with divine delicacy said to the Magdalene, "Neither do I condemn thee; sin no more."

This White Cross movement proposes to vindicate the honour and rights of woman to equality of social status. It condemns that injustice in society which condones the stronger and aggressive offender who carries a villain heart, while it knows no forgiveness for the victimized and the wronged. This movement proposes to labour for the elevation of woman in every sphere. It demands for her the highest culture which the schools can give. It would open for her a door into the practice of every profession, secular or sacred, for which she is fitted. It proposes to place her on an equality of independence that she may not stand in patronized weakness as a thing to be trampled under foot, but in all the self-reliance, strength, grace, tenderness and beauty of exalted womanhood.

I ask this audience to stand by the lady who has given her culture, her social status, her consecrated Christian womanhood and laid it on the altar of service for the perishing in our midst; who in the midnight hour is labouring to gather up the poor lost sheep in the lanes and alleys of our city. I think of women of fortune who have lived on the slope of our royal mount. They led the

fashions; their names were listed in the ball; their fluttering tapestries were recorded. Where are they? Their names have gone into an oblivion as entire as the poor pauper who was buried in the ditch. But the name of E. G. Barber shall be remembered along the generations on earth, and by redeemed ones in heaven to whom she has stretched out the helpful hand of sympathy. Her name and example are luminous throughout the Dominion.

I have heard the magnificence of Sumner and the brilliance of Conkling, the orators of the American Senate; I have listened to Gladstone in the English Commons, and Salisbury in the Lords, and to the pulpit lights of the generation that is passing, but I never was so thrilled by the power of eloquence as when I listened to one of the freed slaves addressing a great Conference in the Southern city of Atlanta. That humble Negro, all tremulous, came upon the platform and spoke:

"Mr. President, when I came into this church I was met by the Governor of this commonwealth of Georgia, and how did he greet me? Though I had been a poor slave all my life on a plantation, yet that Governor of Georgia, seeing I was exhausted, went and brought me a glass of pure cold water. When I took that water from his hand, I felt like David when the young men brought water at the risk of their lives from the fountain nigh the camp of Saul; I felt as if I wanted to pour it out as a libation before the Lord in thanks that the brotherhood of man was coming on apace."

What Governor Colquitt did for the poor Negro, that our White Cross mission proposes to do for the lowly and the lost. It offers to their lips the healing waters of salvation, and in the eternal years many redeemed ones will pour out their thanksgiving as a libation before God for the work of this beneficent mission. Who will join in this service of rescue? Who will, out of the fulness of grateful hearts, make an offering to save some lost daughter, somebody's child, and lead them up at last to hear "the bells of the holy city—the chimes of eternal peace?"

Current Topics and Events.

REPORT OF THE SECRETARY OF EDUCATION.

The fifth annual report of the Educational Society is a very encouraging one. The income of the Society is steadily increasing. Three years ago it was less than \$8,000. Now it is over \$19,000, and it is destined in the near future to be very greatly increased; \$30,000 is not too much to expect within three or four years more. It is now very nearly equal to the interest at five per cent. on an endowment of \$400,000. And no endowment can be half as good as the sympathy and intelligent liberality of the patrons of this Society. The rate of interest on endowments may fall, but the givings of the friends of higher education among us may be expected to increase from year to year, and the value of their prayers and sympathy and hearty co-operation cannot be estimated in money.

Notwithstanding the unanticipated difficulties which he has met, the success of the indefatigable Secretary of Education, in rolling up a Building and Endowment Fund for Victoria College, as a first-class institution in Toronto, in federation with the Provincial University, is something never known in Canadian Methodism before. For this purpose, apart from Mr. Gooderham's noble bequest, he has raised the very large sum of \$264,519, subscribed by 3,575 persons. But for the legal embargo upon his efforts he would, of course, have secured a very large additional sum.

The remarks made as to the value of endowment as compared with annual subscriptions, apply with equal force to the federated college as to the theological departments of the Methodist college. We are well able to go on with the federation scheme, even on the largest and most liberal scale that its friends desire. To hesitate to do so argues great

lack of faith in the Methodism of the future. As well might the Missionary Society refuse to carry on its gigantic operations, because it has not an endowment of \$4,000,000, as for us to distrust the intelligent piety of the Church of the future. Without a dollar in the treasury, the Missionary Committee votes appropriations of over \$200,000, trusting in God and in the Christian liberality of the Methodist people of this Dominion. A little more of the same faith and confidence in God and His people, would make our grand educational enterprises seem less arduous than they are.

RECOGNITION OF CANADIAN AUTHORS ABROAD.

It is very gratifying to find that Canadian authorship and scholarship often find in the great literary centres of the world that recognition which they sometimes fail to receive in their own country. The *New York Christian Advocate*, the most widely-read organ of Methodism in the world, thus speaks of Dr. Carman's recent volume on "The Guiding Eye:"

"The author's style is eloquent and persuasive. Many pages tempt the reader to quotation. In the first chapter upon the statement and relation of the doctrine of the Spirit's guidance, Dr. Carman, after reviewing in fine and well-chosen words the prominent doctrines of the Church, comes to this one as encompassing all, the doctrine of the indwelling Spirit in the hearts of believers; the ever-enlightening Spirit, directing Spirit, prompting Spirit, chastening Spirit, instructing Spirit, revealing and upholding and guiding Spirit, the uniting and helping Spirit, that the humble, faithful, teachable soul may advance from knowledge to knowledge, from strength to strength, from joy to joy; may prove in ever-opening opportunity and exercise that

'eye hath not seen and ear hath not heard what God hath prepared for them that love Him,' and what is the exceeding great riches of His grace toward us in Christ Jesus. It is the doctrine of the divine companionship and leadership of His people; the aid and fellowship, the light and peace of God in all the paths of truth and duty; those paths in which it is the health and the delight of a rectified soul ever to walk. It is the great doctrine of true unity and co-operation in the great enterprises of the kingdom of Jesus Christ; in the motives inspired, the dispositions inwrought, the capabilities discovered and developed, the progress achieved and the reward secured; it is at least something of heaven below, the fulness of the 'kingdom of God *within you*.' With the desire to correct extravagant views upon this doctrine, as well as to rebuke denunciations of these views, Dr. Carman sends forth this volume."

In a full notice of Prof. Workman's "Text of Jeremiah" the *London Quarterly Review* remarks: "Professor Workman's volume is a valuable contribution to the discussion of a difficult question of Old Testament criticism. . . . We have read this book with great interest and attention, and have closed it with the conviction that Professor Workman deserves the gratitude of all Old Testament students for his labours, but that he has by no means settled the questions he set out to consider. We do not hesitate to say that Professor Workman, if he has not proved the existence of a separate text recension on which the Greek text is based, he has made out a strong case for it. . . . The problem raised by Professor Workman, as he himself acknowledges, is too large and complicated to be settled in so narrow a field as the text of one book, important as that book is in the discussion of the subject. We must content ourselves with thanking the author and publishers for an able, scholarly and interesting book on an important question. If Professor Workman has not ended the *veraxa*

questio of Old Testament criticism, he has done the next best thing—largely helped to clear up its conditions and prepare the way for its solution."

TORONTO'S NEW HOSPITAL.

No form of benevolence is more truly Christlike than that which provides a place of rest for the sick and suffering—the poor wayfarers in life's journey who have fallen, wounded and bruised and sore afflicted. The generous bequest of Senator Macdonald secures for all time a number of beds in a comfortable home where the friendless and the forsaken may receive all the alleviations and assistance that the highest skill in medicine and surgery can afford. Such institutions are peculiarly the outcome of the Christian religion. You seek for them in vain in heather lands. Amid the splendid ruins of antiquity, the palaces and temples, the mausolea and triumphal arches of classic civilizations, you find none of any house of mercy. These are all, as Mr. Brace has happily phrased it, "Gesti Christi"—the achievements of Christ. And it is reasonable to expect that many a forlorn and suffering brother, touched by the manifestation of the Christly spirit far more tenderly than by any didactic words, though often baffled and discouraged and defeated, will take heart again and will seek at once the healing of his soul as well as of his body.

IS ROMANISM INCREASING IN ENGLAND?

We take the following encouraging figures from the *Methodist Times* :—

"There is a widespread impression in the minds of many Protestants that the Roman Catholic Church is growing rapidly in numbers and influence. We have returns of the number of Roman Catholics in Great Britain published at Rome. According to these official documents there are 1,353,574 Roman Catholics in England, with 2,252 priests, and 1,252 churches in England. That is to say, that the Roman Catholic Church in England is far less numer-

ous than even the Salvation Army, which has sprung into existence during the last twenty years. There are in England 10,000 parishes, and in nearly 9,000 of that number the Roman Catholic Church is not even represented. The Baptists, the Congregationalists, the Wesleyan Methodists, and the Primitive Methodists are each far more numerous than the Roman Catholics. The Wesleyan Methodists alone have ten times as many chapels in this kingdom as the Roman Catholics. The Romanists are a very small fraction of the people, and such strength as they possess is almost entirely due to the European emigration. Were it not for the Irish in our great cities the Roman Catholic Church would scarcely exist in England. To take a detailed case, London: where it might be supposed that the influence of Cardinal Manning would have done something to extend his Church. But, as a matter of fact, in the official document from which we are quoting, only 200,000 are put down to the Archbishopric of Westminster—200,000 out of 5,000,000."

THE LESSON OF THE EPIDEMIC.

One thing that the strange epidemic which has been sweeping around the world should teach us, is the exceeding frailty of the tenure by which we hold our life and health.

A mysterious influence, so subtle that no analysis can detect it, that no scalpel can dissect it, that no test can discover it, pervades a whole hemisphere, and before its malign influence unnumbered thousands are laid prostrate. It is no respecter of persons. Monarch and beggar, prince and peasant succumb to its power. No royal purple, no lordly palace, no countless wealth can procure exemption. We may well be admonished how frail we are, upon what slender threads we hold our lives. How important it is that we live wisely and well, so that whensoever the summons for either sickness or death, it find us not unprepared. We should also recognize the good providence of God who maintains us year after year in health without a thought or care on our part. While it is true that we take no note of time, but by its lapse, it is also true that we often take no thought of our health, but with its loss. We should realize more than ever that this is not our home, that we are only pilgrims and strangers, as all our fathers were, that we seek another country, even a heavenly, a city that is out of sight, where the inhabitants never say, I am sick, or I am weary, but where with loftier powers, with nobler faculties, with emancipated powers, in a world without end, we may serve God day and night in His temple on high.

Religious and Missionary Intelligence.

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

WESLEYAN METHODIST.

The £2,000 sterling required to meet the deficiency for the West London Mission has been paid. Arrangements are being made for meetings in provincial towns in connection with other missions.

The Convention at City Road was a remarkable success.

A valedictory service was held at York to bid adieu to a local preacher who goes to China "as a missionary tradesman." He will join the Rev. David Hill, and will take charge of the institution for the blind.

Rev. Alexander McAulay has gone to South Africa to labour as an evangelist at his own expense.

The Extension of Methodism Committee have received the bequest of the late Sir W. McArthur, £10,000 sterling.

Mr. W. C. Mitchell has for the last fifteen years been labouring in China as a lay evangelist. He has been specially successful as a colporteur. He has maintained himself all these years.

Rev. Charles Garrett, Liverpool, has established a helping home for deserving lads. Part of the house is also used as a temporary home for women and children who are en route to join their husbands in America, and also for young female emigrants. By an arrangement with the Methodist Episcopal Church, similar provision is made on this side the Atlantic.

A missionary meeting was held at Penzance; Rev. R. W. Aiken granted the use of the parish school-room for the occasion, and presided himself at the harmonium. The mayor of the town presided, the meeting was addressed by two Wesleyan ministers and the vicar.

A meeting on behalf of the London Mission was held at Cheltenham, when Canon Bell, rector, presided at one session and the Baron de Ferrieres, J.P., took the chair at the evening session.

The success of the London Mission is phenomenal. Four new classes have just been formed. Every Sunday night overflow meetings have to be held, and there are usually conversions at all the evening services. It is believed that before long there will be 1,000 persons meeting in class in a part of London where two years ago there was not one.

A great united temperance meeting was held in the Wesleyan Church, Fawcett Street, Sunderland, when a Wesleyan Methodist, New Connexion, Primitive Methodist and United Methodist Free Church ministers delivered earnest addresses.

The "Methodist Cathedral" in Belfast, Ireland, is at length finished. New schools have also been erected. The total cost is £38,000 about \$140,000, all given by the late Alderman Carlisle. The next Annual Confer-

ence is expected to be held in this magnificent structure.

The late Mrs. Gibson bequeathed \$603,330 to Methodist institutions.

A railway agent at Derby, receiving a salary of \$3,500 a year with a prospect of \$5,000, has relinquished his position and gone to labour with the Rev. H. P. Hughes, London Mission, for \$1,000 a year.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

When the book agents at New York moved into the new building in November last, besides eight new safes, the largest weighing twelve tons, there were 142 large dray loads of books and other property taken down, packed and conveyed to the new building. The agents purchased the old house from a great dry goods merchant twenty years ago. He has repurchased the property, and will occupy it again as a dry goods emporium.

The twenty-third annual meeting of the Board of Church Extension was held November 21st. The receipts of the General Fund were \$183,102 and for the Loan Fund \$94,576, being a net increase of \$10,883; 288 grants have already been made to different churches and twenty-nine churches have applied for donations. Last year the Board assisted in the building of 531 churches. In future no church will be aided which costs more than \$10,000 in the erection. The total receipts of the fund thus far has been \$3,448,128.

Garrett Biblical Institute is prospering wonderfully. There are 40 students in the senior class, 50 in the middle, and 70 juniors. Its Norwegian-Danish department has 20 students and there are 30 in the Swedish theological school—a total of 210.

Trinity Church, New York, has been the scene of a gracious revival. The Whyte Brothers, of Canada, were made very useful.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH SOUTH.

At the Missionary Anniversary of the North Georgia Conference the

house was crowded to overflowing, Rev. Sam P. Jones was the principal speaker, and gathered \$1,100.

The Methodist Church in Brazil has been reinforced by the arrival of nine additional missionaries.

THE METHODIST CHURCH.

Dr. Lathern, editor of the *Wesleyan*, has lately visited Newfoundland. He has published a graphic account of his visit, from which we take the following extract: "The Methodists on this island occupy a prominent position in educational work. Rev. Dr. Milligan is the Superintendent. The Legislature makes a grant of \$124,000 per annum to the several denominations. The income of the Boards is increased by payments of fees, according to the prescribed scale. It is expected that the Government grant will be increased and fees abolished. The Methodists are about one-fourth of the population, and receive a quarter of the above grant. Their educational record surpasses all others. The Methodist College has a fine suite of buildings, which cost upwards of \$30,000, and a superior staff of teachers, three of the eight being university graduates. It provides not only academic instruction for 346 registered during the past year, but serves also as a training school for the denomination, being required by law to furnish facilities to 19 pupil teachers. There is also a Home for non-resident pupils.

"There are now in the colony 135 or 140 public elementary schools. There is also a Methodist Grammar school at Carbonear, and superior schools at Brigus and Grand Bank. In 1888, there were 7,417 pupils in the Methodist schools, which clearly indicates that the followers of Wesley in Newfoundland are true the principles of their founder in doing their utmost to encourage the education of the people."

A new church, costing \$2,000, has been erected at Richibucto, New Brunswick Conference, the whole of which was provided except \$400.

A church, costing \$1,100, has been erected at West Branch, River

Philip, Nova Scotia Conference, all of which was paid except \$92.

Notices of several church openings were crowded out of our last number, which need not now be repeated here. Woodgreen Church, Toronto, the third edifice which has been erected on the site, has been opened, with every indication of prosperity, two others will soon be ready for dedication, which affords additional evidence that Toronto is really a city of churches.

Methodism is expanding in the Manitoba Conference. The Superintendent of Missions is calling for twenty-five men. The harvest is plenteous.

As the time for holding the General Conference draws near, certain questions which will doubtless form topics of discussion are looming in the distance. The Treasurer of the General Conference Fund in his last statement published in November, states that there was more than \$8,000 on the wrong side of his ledger.

Rev. E. R. Young, after labouring in Ireland, has visited Wales, in both of which countries his marvellous stories respecting missionary labours in "the Great Lone Land" have produced a wonderful effect.

It is reported, we hope incorrectly, that the mission steamer yacht *Glady Tidings*, in which Mr. Crosby has done such noble mission-work, went ashore in a heavy gale at Kitkatlock, B. C., and became a total wreck.

METHODIST NEW CONNEXION.

In response to the appeal for the mission debt liquidation, more than \$6,000 has been promised. Both ministers and laymen have contributed liberally.

The Annual Meeting of the Missionary Society is to be held in Exeter Hall. This is a new departure.

PRIMITIVE METHODIST.

The Treasurer of the Superannuation Fund needs \$40,000 annually. Last year the Book Steward paid toward the amount \$18,000.

During 1888, seventy new churches

were built which cost \$320,000, more than half of which was paid, so that on an average \$30,000 per were contributed for church erections. Sitting accommodation was thus provided for 11,600 worshippers.

An inaugural meeting has been held in one of the London churches on behalf of the "Forward Movement." A fund was started, to which £134 sterling was contributed. Great hopes are entertained of success.

BIBLE CHRISTIANS.

The funeral of a missionary's child in China excited great emotion among the natives, many of whom were present, and heard for the first time about meeting children in heaven. A poor woman told the missionary that she had cried herself blind on account of the death of her little boy, seven years of age.

A prize-day was recently held at Shebhear College, which was numerously attended. The examinations gave great satisfaction. The people of Devon county are justly proud of their college. A wave of spiritual revival seems to be passing over the denomination. Revivals are reported in several circuits.

The United Methodist Churches have resolved to establish a scholarship at their college in honour of the late Rev. Marmaduke Mil ar; \$4,000 of the \$5,000 required has been raised.

A scheme of evangelism has been established, which contemplates a Gospel van with two evangelists, who are to go from village to village, where they are to conduct missions and circulate pure literature.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

The last report of the Board of French evangelization contains many items of interest, among others, there are 145 pupils at the schools in the Province of Quebec, sixty-five of whom are children of Roman Catholic parents; more than 3,000 children have passed through those schools, some of whom are now ministers.

At a late meeting of Toronto Presbytery four new congregations were

formed, which will by-and-by require settled pastors.

A recent communication from Dr. Mackay, Formosa, states that during 1888 one native preacher was paid by the native church, another was supported with money from a lady in Manitoba, one by a lover of Zion in Ottawa, and one by a friend in Almonte. The latter has also sent means to maintain two native preachers during 1889.

RECENT DEATHS.

We do not remember when such a number of distinguished standard-bearers have been removed as during the closing weeks of the past year. In England, Professor Elmslie, Dr. Hatch, and Dr. Macfadyen, all about the same time.

The poets M. F. Tupper and Robert Browning died within a month of each other.

Across the line, the venerable Dr. Luther Lee closed his remarkable career shortly after reaching his eighty-ninth birthday, on which day he preached his last sermon.

Rev. W. Bixby who had been a Methodist minister since 1837, died on the 20th of December.

Dr. F. S. De Hass, who was at one time American Consul in Jerusalem, and wrote a valuable book on the Holy Land, is now to be added to the vast number who have passed before.

As these notes were in course of preparation, news reached us that the Rev. R. W. Waddell, B.D., the esteemed Chairman of Mount Forest District, Guelph Conference, had entered into rest, after a career of twenty-seven years in the itinerancy.

Those of us who are spared to enter upon the duties of the new year should remember that the day of our death may be this year. May we work while it is day.

ITEMS.

It is stated that when Stonewall Jackson had come out of the second Bull Run fight, he addressed a letter to his pastor, and enclosed a cheque, as he remembered that on the fol-

lowing Sabbath the collection for foreign missions had to be taken.

A church near Toronto has a "Look-them-up Committee," composed of half a dozen earnest and willing workers. Their duties are to look up absentees from church services, and look up new arrivals in the town and invite them to Church. Other churches might have a similar committee.

The oldest church structure still standing in North America is believed undoubtedly to be the original first church erected in Salem, Mass., in 1634, and now carefully protected, still standing in the rear of Plummer Hall in that city.

Some years ago eleven teachers, natives of the South Sea Islands were murdered in New Guinea, and just recently news has come to hand that the Rev. E. B. Savage, the native teachers, under him and the crew of the London Missionary Society's cutter, *Mary*, have been murdered by the natives in South-eastern New Guinea. Mr. Savage was ordained a missionary in 1885.

November 20 was the fiftieth anniversary of the death of the Rev. John Williams, the martyr of Erromanga. The Presbyterian missionaries celebrated their jubilee in the New Hebrides, where they have seventeen missionaries, numerous native teachers, about 1,500 native communicants, and many thousands who are under Christian instruction.

One thousand Christian Chinamen are reported to be connected with the Congregational Churches in Oregon and California.

Mexico is called a Christian country, yet, according to Bishop Hurst, 8,000,000 people have never seen a copy of the Bible.

Fifty-four ministers of the Free and United Presbyterian Churches in Glasgow united lately for a three weeks' special work on the south side of the city. This new departure has inspired a hope that it may soon extend throughout the country.

Rev. Josiah Tyler who has been a missionary among the Zulus for more

than thirty years said he had a great deal of trouble in South Africa on account of New England rum. He said that a distillery near Boston had contracted to furnish 3,000 gallons of rum per day for seven years to an English firm doing business in Zululand.

The Bible has been translated into sixty-six of the languages and dialects of Africa.

Dr. J. O. Peck says, eighty years ago the two Baptist Churches, the "hard shell" and the regular Baptist, were equal in numbers. One resolved to give nothing to foreign missions, the other consecrated themselves to the salvation of the world; and one has now 46,000 members, and the other has 3,000,000. The success of the Church is just in proportion to the work it has done for foreign missions.

Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Grattan-Guinness, of London, have launched the first missionary ship designed for the work in the Upper Congo Mission. Mrs. G. states that, with more work on hand and a larger number of students than ever before, there is not at this moment the means to meet a single week's expenses. The directors of the Mission have to look up for daily bread.

Miss Priscilla Barclay, writing on her way to the China Island mission field, says, "There is a place in Sumatra where for forty years the heathen have been asking for a missionary. The Mahommedans are going there, but as yet no missionary of Christ."

It is said that Tollman Wheeler, the wealthy Chicago grain shipper, who died a few weeks ago, left the Episcopal Church about \$600,000 in bequests.

At the recent meeting of the Methodist Episcopal Missionary Board a statement was made that a gentleman, who withheld his name, had promised to give his whole fortune to the work of education in one of the countries in which the Society is at work.

Book Notices.

The Reconstruction of Europe: A Sketch of the Diplomatic and Military History of Continental Europe from the Rise to the Fall of the Second French Empire. By HAROLD MURDOCK, with an Introduction by JOHN FISKE, jun. 8vo, pp. xxxii-421, with maps. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.; and Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal and Halifax. Price \$2.

Every reader has felt the need of some such book as this—one which brings the facts of comparatively recent history under view, in one compendious volume, and with lucid and accurate statement of its main facts. It is more easy to find a popular account of the campaign of Hannibal in Northern Italy—every school history contains it—than to procure a brief and authentic record of the campaign of Napoleon III. in the same region. This valuable work covers the transition stage in the history of Europe between the special correspondent's newspaper reports, and philosophical works like Napier's "Peninsular War," or Kinglake's exhaustive and exhausting "Invasion of the Crimea."

If any dreary pessimist see in the great convulsions which have shaken Europe in the last forty years only chaotic tumults, we commend him to the study of this volume. As Professor Fiske in his admirable introduction points out, great political, scientific, economic and industrial progress has been made. Though there remain difficult problems to be solved, yet from the elements of the curve of progress, we may forecast its tremendous sweep in the future. In India, in Japan, in Australia, in Africa, in South America, auguries of brightest promise appear; and in Europe such a "reconstruction as one could hardly have dared to hope for in the days of Haynau and Radetzky." Despotism has received its death blow.

The march of the people is heard. A united Italy and united Germany are prophecies of the integration of the nations, of the federation of the world. Even Austria, the stronghold of absolutism, is becoming enlightened and free, and the down-trodden Czechs and Magyars, the Bulgarians, Servians, and Herzegovinians, have felt the stirrings of a national life. God fulfils Himself in many ways, and the grandest object lesson of modern times, of divine judgment against wrong and rapine is seen in the utter and ignominious collapse of that gilded house of cards, the Second Empire, following so hard upon the bursting bubble of the first Napoleon's guilty ambition.

The unspeakable Turk still lags superfluous on the stage. But Greece is living Greece once more; the northern extension of the moribund Turkish empire has been wonderfully curtailed, and the "Sick Man" with bag and baggage will shortly, it is to be hoped, be sent packing over the Bosphorus.

Mr. Murdock first sketches the position of Europe in 1850, and then gives an account of the *coup d'etat* by which Napoleon became dictator, and of the revival of the Eastern question, and of the Crimean war which ensued. Then follows a graphic sketch of the rise of Sardinia, and of the wise statesmanship of Cavour, which led to the integration of Italy. The stirring story of Napoleon's campaigns, of Garibaldi's knight-errantry, and of the final unification of the peninsula from *Ætna's* fires to Alpine snows, are blended with contemporary history—the advent of the Iron Chancellor, Bismarck, the rise of Prussia, the humbling of Austria at Königgratz, and the far-reaching results of the Seven Week's War.

A few vivid chapters are given to the last days of the Second Empire. In swift succession follow the epoch-

marking battles of Wörth, and Gravelotte, and Sedan; and the emperor is a prisoner, and the empress a fugitive. Few more tragical stories are told in history than that of beautiful Paris, betrayed and abandoned, vainly striving to burst the toils of fate inexorably closing around her; and then, conquered by the Prussians, having to conquer the reckless insurrection of the Commune.

The author's style is vivid and clear, his sentences are short and crisp, and his sense of historical perspective correct. We need not say that his sympathies are with freedom and progress.

We quote a few lines describing the death of Italy's greatest statesman, Cavour, to show the charm of his style. "The face of the dying statesman lightened as he seized his confessor's hand, exclaiming, 'Fràte, frate, a free Church in a free State.' So with the battle-cry of his great administration upon his lips, Cavour passed away. The universal sorrow in Italy was mingled with misgiving and fear, but for all that, the new nation agreed with Masimod' Azeglio, as he wrote through his tears, 'If God will, He can save Italy, even without Cavour.'"

Twelve good maps give clearness to the descriptions, the book is well indexed, and a list of authorities give hints for further reading.

Woman; Her Character, Culture, and Calling. By Distinguished authors in the United States and Canada. Edited by the Rev. PRINCIPAL AUSTIN, A.M., B.D., of Alma Ladies' College, St. Thomas, with Introduction by Miss FRANCES E. WILLARD, President of the Women's Christian Temperance Union. 4to, pp. 480, illustrated. The Book and Bible House, Brantford, Ont. Price, cloth, \$3.75.

One of the most striking characteristics of the age is the emancipation of woman from immemorial restrictions, her moral and intellectual elevation and her manifold achievements in literature and art,

and in the higher sphere of moral reform and religious evangelization. This large and handsome volume, more fully than any other that we know, furnishes, to quote the announcement of the title page, an ample and full discussion of woman's work in the home, the school, the church and the social circle; with an account of her successful labours in moral and social reform, her heroic work for God and humanity in the mission field, her success as a wage-earner and in fighting life's battle alone; with chapters on all departments of woman's training and culture, her claims to the higher education, and the best methods to be pursued therein. Rev. Principal Austin contributes to the volume himself a number of its best chapters, and he has secured contributions from writers both in the United States and Canada, who have made a special study of the subject. Miss Willard's graceful introduction is just what we would expect from her accomplished pen. Principal Austin writes on "Open Doors for the Women of to-day;" "Woman in Art and Song;" "What Christ has done for Woman, and what Woman has done for Christ;" "What Knowledge is Most Worth to Woman?" and "Higher Education of Women." Among the other subjects treated are: "Women as Wage-Workers," and "Woman and Home," by Mrs. Emily Huntington Miller; "Women as Wage-Earners," by Miss Minnie Phelps; "Woman as a Designer," by Mrs. Florence E. Cory;" "Woman as a Musician," by Mrs. Frances J. Moore, London, Ont.;" "Woman in Literature," by Rev. Prof. Warner, A.M.;" "Woman as a Physician," by Augusta Stove Gullen, M.D.;" "Woman and the Bible," by President J. W. Bashford, Ph.D.;" "Woman as a Religious Teacher," by President J. R. Jaques, D.D., Ph.D.;" "Woman and Missions," Rev. J. T. Gracey, D.D.;" "Woman's Work in China," by J. Hudson Taylor;" "Woman as a Missionary," by Rev. I. B. Aylesworth, LL.D.;" "The Physical Culture of Woman," by Dr. Playter;" "The

Higher Education of Women," by Rev. Dr. Withrow, and Dr. W. M. Baskerville; "Strength and Beauty in Woman's Character," by Rev. A. Carman, D.D.; "Husbands and Wives," by Mrs. Mary A. Livermore; "Woman in the Social Structure," by O. H. Warren, D.D.; "Woman and the Suffrage," by Rev. Anna H. Shaw, M.D.; "The Education of Woman for Her Work," by Morgan Dix, S.T.D., New York; "Woman in Nation Building," by Mrs. Dr. Parker, Toronto, and "Interesting Miscellanea of Valuable Household Knowledge for Women."

We need not do more than present this enumeration of contents, to show the scope, variety, and amplitude of the volume. We believe that the world during the twentieth century, on whose threshold we stand, will receive a great moral uplift and impetus from the influence of noble and true-hearted women. We are in hearty sympathy with the following vigorous sentences from the pen of Principal Austin: "To-day, whilst there are still advocates of woman's subjection, and of the limitation of her privileges and powers, the vast majority of all who desire to labour for the general good are disposed to look upon woman's enlarged freedom, increased advantages, and rapidly-widening labours, as among the most hopeful aspects of the age. This work is designed to speak in trumpet-tones to the women of Christendom of the glorious achievements of women in the past, and the still more glorious possibilities of the present hour. With its varied voices it is to call woman from the sleep of indifference, from the death of pleasure, from the slavery of folly and fashion, to the realities of life, its solemn duties and sublime possibilities. Having summoned woman to the discharge of duty, and impressed on her the mighty responsibilities of living, it will point out the pathway of success in life, the royal road to knowledge, power, prosperity and happiness."

The book is admirably printed and bound, and has a large number of excellent illustrations.

New Light from Old Eclipses; or Chronology Corrected and the Four Gospels Harmonized by the Rectification of the Received Astronomical Tables. By WILLIAM M. PAGE, with an Introduction by JAMES H. BROOKES, D.D. 8vo, pp. xvi-590. St. Louis: C. R. Barnes Publishing Co. Price, cloth, \$2.50.

It is well known that the commonly accepted era of the birth of our Lord is not the correct date of that event. Our author fixes the date by a calculation of sundry eclipses and other astronomical phenomena, which also fix certain other important dates of contemporary history. We have not sufficient astronomical knowledge to verify or disprove these calculations, but if true, they show that our Lord's birth took place in the spring of the year "B.C." 3, that his death took place on Thursday, at the Passover, not Friday, A.D. 29, and that his public ministry lasted only one year. These are very startling claims, which will need to be carefully verified before acceptance.

The second part of the book throws much light upon the sacred narrative by a new arrangement of the four Gospels in one combined and continuous story, giving the occurrences of our Lord's life in chronological order, in accordance with the theory of the writer. This will be found very helpful, in bringing out a fuller picture of the life of Christ, than any of the Gospels taken separately. A number of diagrams illustrate the author's astronomical theories.

The New Eldorado; A Summer Journey to Alaska. By MATURIN M. BALLOU. Boston and New York; Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 352. Price \$1.50.

The author of this book is a veteran tourist and *litterateur*. He has written accounts of his travels, "Due North," "Due South," "Due East," "Due West," and to almost every other point of the compass, as well. He takes with him the seeing

eye, the philosophical mind, without which men may travel far and be little the wiser. Mr. Ballou follows the favourite route, by way of the Northern Pacific, with a *detour* through the wonders of the Yellowstone Park, with its marvellous canyons, its geysers and hot springs, to the Pacific coast. One need not go to Alaska for glaciers, for Mount Tacoma, in Washington Territory, has no less than fifteen, and the Selkirks and Rockies an indefinite number. Our tourist was well pleased with Victoria and the new city of Vancouver, rivalling in energy, prosperity, and rapidity of growth any city on the continent. He well calls the West Coast Indians "The Cossacks of the sea." The account given of Alaska corroborates all that has been written of the extraordinary wealth of its fisheries—both salmon and seal—of its furs and forests and mines. Our author pays a high tribute to the mission work being done among the Indians, confirming the statements made about the persecution encountered by Mr. Duncan and his Metlakahtlans. The sublimity of the Muir Glacier surpasses that of any other known to man. To Canadian readers, the account of the homeward journey via the Canadian Pacific Railway, will prove not the least interesting portion of the book. It is generally admitted that our northern route through the "sea of mountains" is the most magnificent of any of the great trans-continental roads.

People's Commentary on the Gospel of St. Luke. By EDWIN J. RICE, D.D. With maps and original illustrations. Pp. 336. Philadelphia: American Sunday School Union. Price, \$1.25 net.

We will venture to say that never before since the Gospel of St. Luke was written has it been so so devoutly studied and by so many human beings as it will be during this year of grace 1890. About 20,000,000 Sunday-school teachers and scholars will pore intently over

the sacred page; and the best thoughts of the world's best thinkers and profoundest Biblical scholars are being focused on this Gospel as never before. The effect on the young generation of Christendom of thus walking for a whole year in the footsteps of Jesus, and sitting at His feet, and learning of Him, only the great day shall reveal. One of the best of these compendious commentaries on Luke is that under review. Among its advantages are the authorized and revised versions in parallel columns, with critical, exegetical and applicative notes and illustrations, drawn from life and thought in the East. There are a number of engravings, many of them from photographs, which help materially to elucidate the text.

Eminent Methodist Women. By ANNIE E. KEELING, with steel portraits. London: Charles H. Kelly; and Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal and Halifax.

Miss Keeling is an accomplished writer, and she has here an attractive theme. Among the "elect ladies" of Methodism here commemorated, are Susanna Wesley, Mrs. Fletcher, Lady Mary Fitzgerald, Hester Ann Rogers, Lady Maxwell, Barbara Heck, the Mother of American and Canadian Methodism, and several others, whose name and fame ought to be familiar to young Methodists everywhere. The book has several excellent steel portraits.

Methodist Episcopalianism. By MRS. G. W. CHANDLER. Pp. 132. New York: Hunt & Eaton. Price 65 cents.

This little book is the outcome of three papers prepared for the young Methodists of Cornell University. It contains a brief historic account of Methodism in the Old World and the New, and an exposition and defence of its institutions. It is an admirable book for Epworth League Societies.

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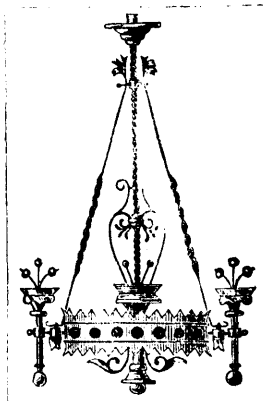
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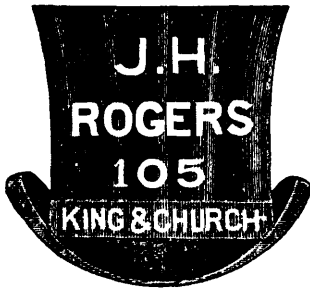
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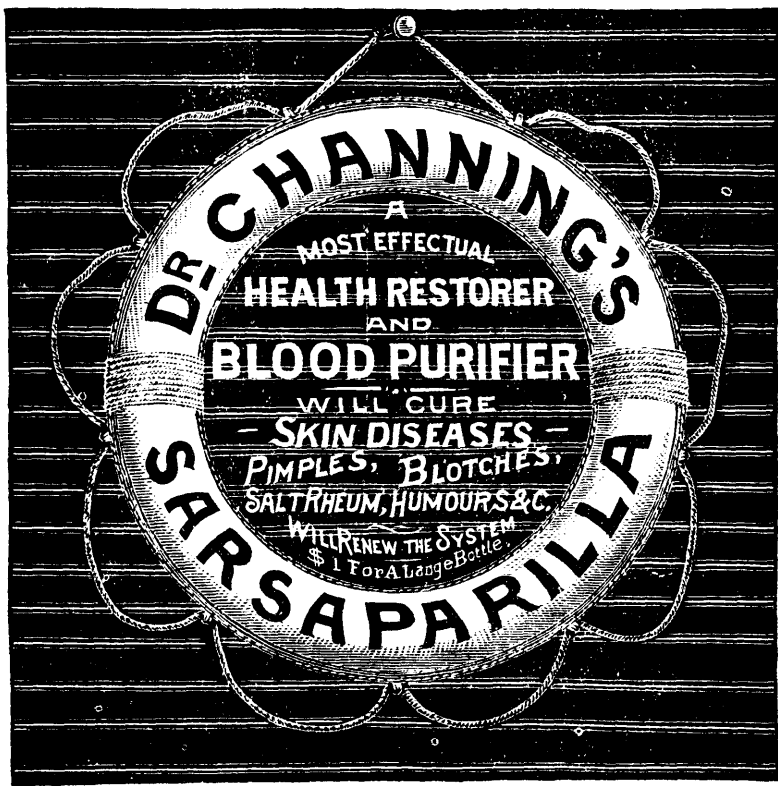
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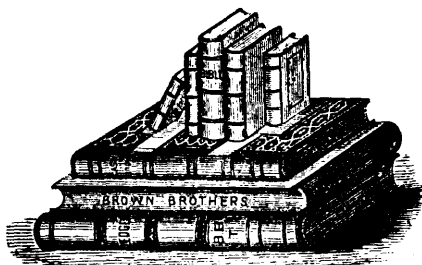
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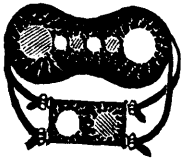
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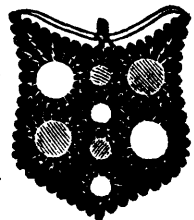
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