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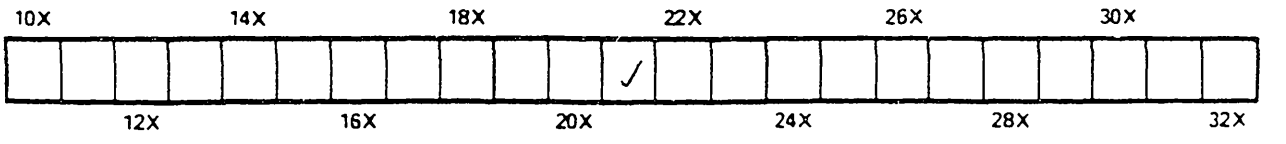


A SHOP ON THE KANDY ROAD, COLOMBO.

THE

Methodist Magazine.

OCTOBER, 1893.

THE ISLAND OF CEYLON.

BY W. S. CAINE, M.P.*

CEYLON is not part of our Indian Empire, but few tourists in India will leave this important Crown colony out of their route. Great Britain has been in possession of the Island of Ceylon since 1815. The following table will show its progress:

	In 1815.	In 1888.
Population	750,000	2,800,000.
Number of houses	20,000	500,000.
Military force required	6,000 troops	1,000.
Revenue	£226,000	£1,540,000.
Imports and exports	£546,000	£9,800,000.
Roads	Sand and gravel tracks only	2,250 miles of good roads.
Railways	None	180 miles.
Tonnage of shipping	75,000 tons	4,500,000 tons.
Expenditure on Education by Government	£3,000	£46,000.
Health Expenditure	£1,000	£60,000.
Post-offices	4	130.
Area under cultivation	400,000 acres	3,100,000 acres.
Live stock	250,000 head	1,500,000 head.
Carts and carriages	50	20,000.

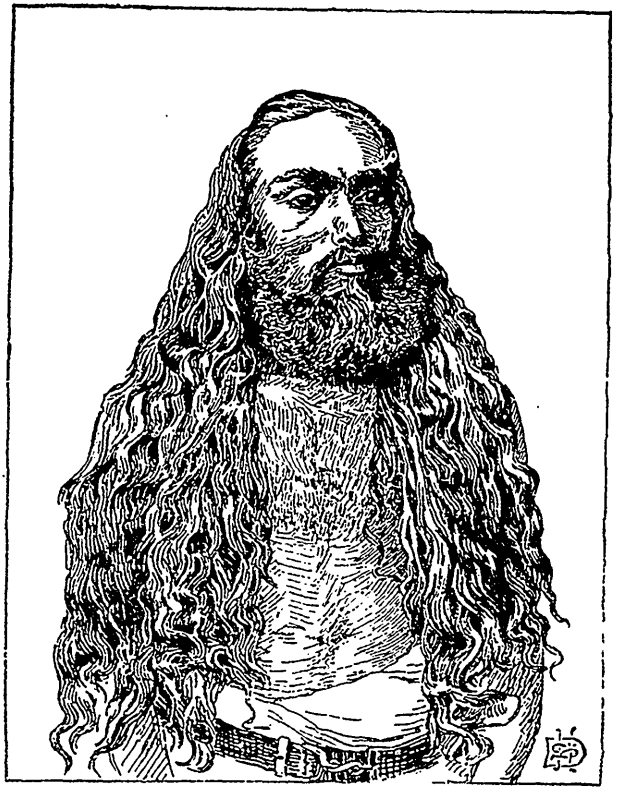
But besides, there are in the island 1,100 miles of telegraph, a Government savings-bank with 10,000 depositors, 120 excellent hospitals and dispensaries, with a first-rate medical college for natives.

The only industry in Ceylon which is not agrarian is plumbago mining. This is entirely in the hands of the Cingalese, who work mines up to 300 feet in depth in a very primitive fashion,

* *Picturesque India.* By W. S. CAINE, M.P. 8vo, pp. 606. London: George Routledge & Sons. Toronto: William Briggs.

obtaining some £350,000 worth annually of the finest plumbago in the world.

Almost all the plantation labour is carried on by Tamils, from Southern India, the Cingalese refusing to do coolie work, devoting themselves entirely to trading, small farming, carting produce (a large industry), and to handicrafts. To these Tamils Ceylon is a heaven upon earth. In their own country their average earnings per family of five reaches about £6 in the year, or less than



CINGALESE WORKMAN.

one penny per head per day, a condition of things that appears almost incredible to English minds, and in which recurrent famines, terrible in their results, are certain. The Tamils employed in Ceylon can earn from sixpence to ninepence per day. I doubt if, considering the climate and cost of living, there are any labouring classes in the world better off.

The trade of Ceylon, as everywhere else in the East, is overwhelmingly in the hands of the English. Of 6,733 vessels

entered and cleared in 1888 at Ceylon ports British shipping formed six-sevenths of the whole; and the same proportion applies to merchandise.

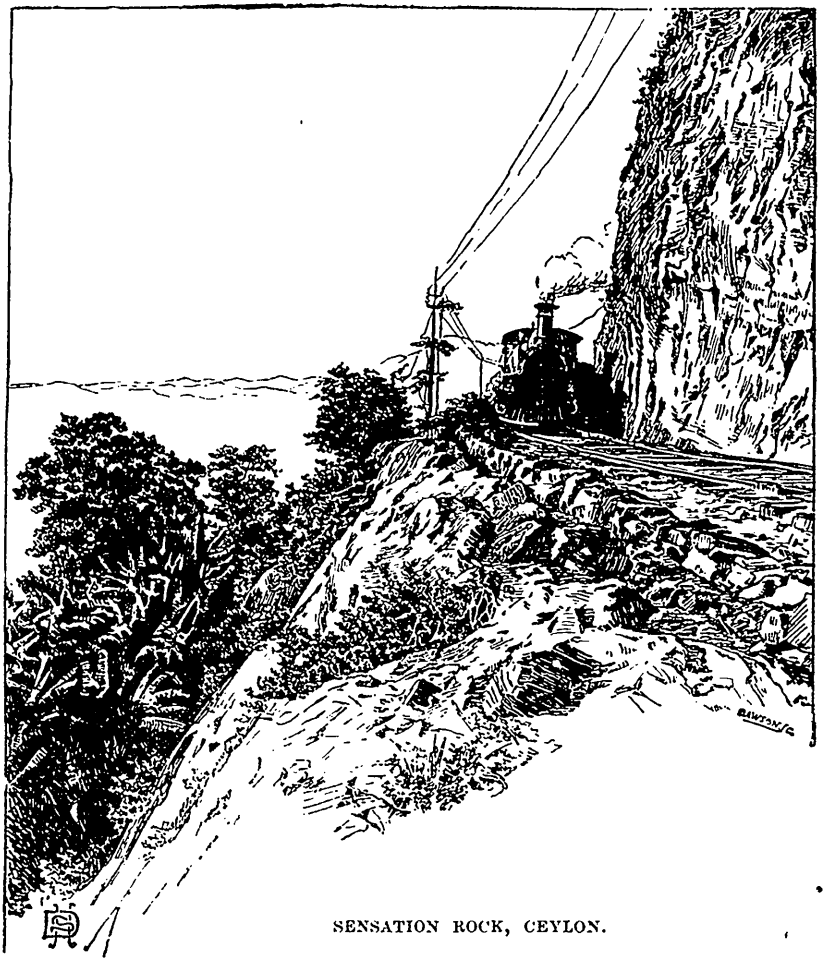
The Cingalese wants no fire, no meat, no woollen clothes, no beer; his house costs a tenth of the English workman's; he dresses in a shilling's-worth of cotton cloth, and only wears a penny-worth of it when he is working. He is content with two meals of rice a day, and has half-a-farthing's worth of dried fish on Sunday. He has never felt cold in his life, and the climate he lives in enables him to thrive as well on his simple vegetarian diet as an Englishman at home can on beef and mutton. Everywhere they give the constant impression of being a joyous, contented, sober, well-nourished people.

The total cost of the breakwater at Colombo was a little over £700,000, but its value to the colony is far beyond price. Before its construction vessels were often delayed days, and even weeks during the south-west monsoon, owing to the impossibility of loading and unloading shore-boats in the tremendous swell which rolled across the open roadstead, while even during the lulls of the monsoon the damage to cargo and the loss overboard, as well as the extra cost of operation was very great indeed.

The Cingalese wear a sheet of brightly-coloured calico twisted round the hips, and reaching to the feet like a petticoat, with a white jacket. They delight in long hair, which they twist up into a chignon, combing it back all round the forehead. Their only "hat" is a round tortoise-shell comb, which every Cingalese wears as a sacred duty. The Tamils wear as little as possible, and the children of all sorts nothing at all except a bit of string round the waist or neck, from which is suspended a charm to ward off the attacks of their favourite devil. The Cingalese women and men dress very much alike, and it is often difficult to tell which is which until you realize that the men wear a comb and the women hair-pins.

The Ceylon railways are a Government monopoly, and there are 185 miles open for traffic. The carriages are horribly uncomfortable. The journey to Kandy lasts five hours, an average speed of fifteen miles an hour. For some miles out of Colombo the train runs through a flat country, chiefly under rice cultivation or in grass for cattle. The whole area is one vast swamp, every crop being profusely irrigated, the cattle, mostly black buffaloes, feeding knee-deep in water.

Fifty miles from Colombo the railway commences its great climb of 6,000 feet to Nuwera Eliya. It creeps up the flank of a magnificent mountain, whose high peak, crowning a sheer precipice,

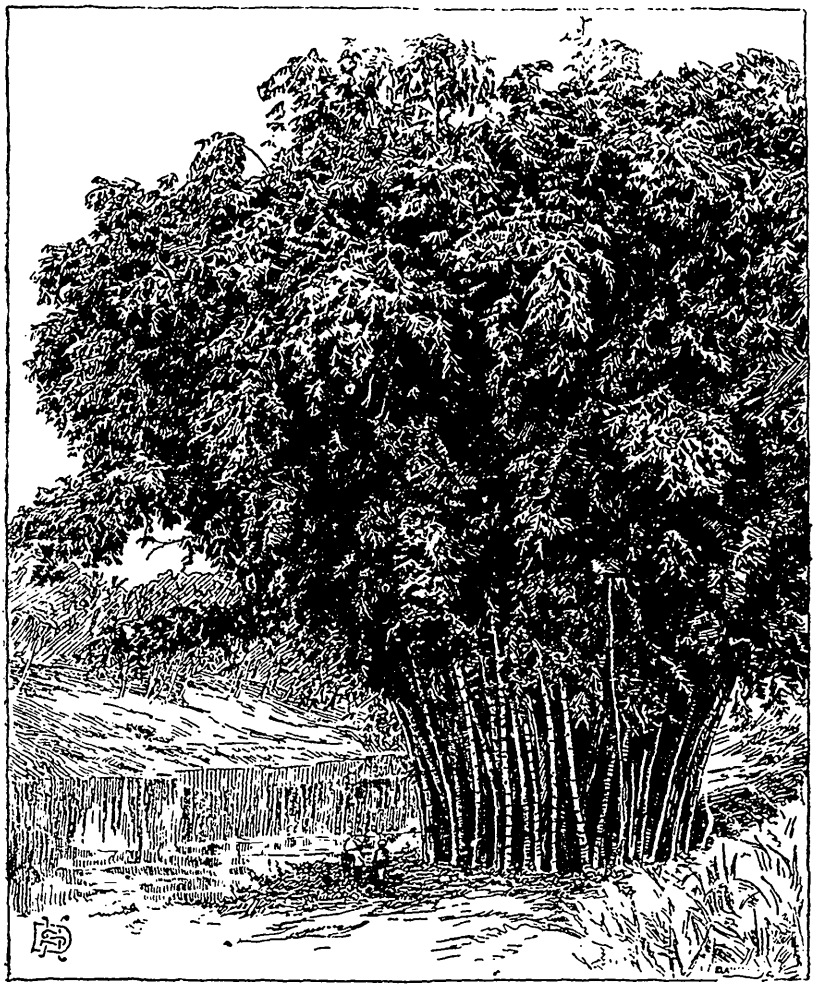


SENSATION ROCK, CEYLON.

dominates the whole valley. From the summit of Allagalla the old Kandyan kings used to hurl those whom they suspected of treason. Beautiful waterfalls are revealed up the glens as the train climbs slowly by, while others rush under the railway bridges, to leap into mid-air and lose themselves in clouds of mist and spray, on which the sun dances in all the colours of the rainbow. A few miles from Kandy the train, after passing through several tunnels, runs over what is called "Sensation Rock," skirting the edge of the cliff so closely that the sight drops a thousand feet before it rests on anything on which a blade of grass or a tropical creeper can lay hold.

Kandy has little of interest, except the world-renowned Temple of the Sacred Tooth of Buddha. The temple is a small building,

with a good-sized courtyard surrounding it, the outer walls of which are decorated with hideous, ill-executed frescoes of the various punishments in the Buddhist Hell, differing very little in character from those one so often sees depicted in Roman Catholic

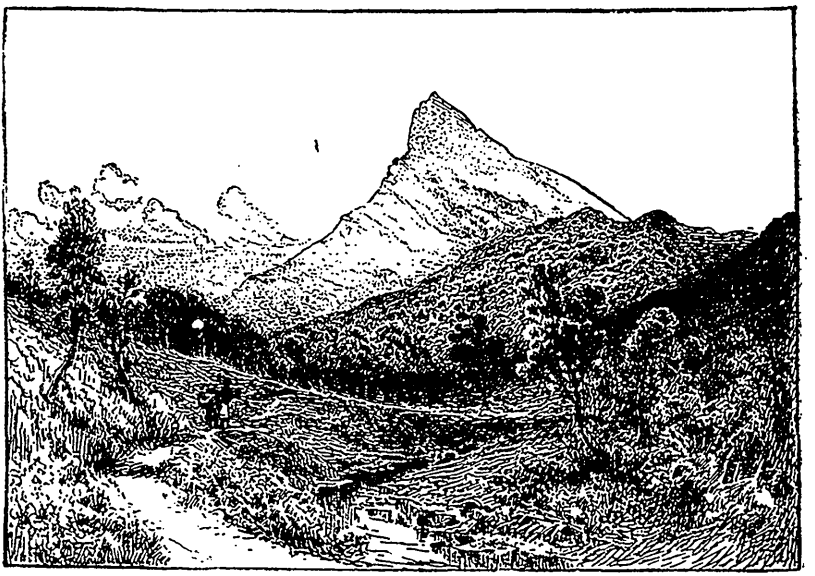


GIANT BAMBOOS, PERADENIA

churches in Italy. The deepest and hottest hell, with the most gruesome fiends to poke the fire, is reserved for those who rob a Buddhist priest or plunder a Buddhist temple. The great relic, which is two inches long and one inch thick, is preserved in a gold and jewelled shrine, covered by a large silver bell in the centre of an octagonal tower with pointed roof.

The kings and priests of Burma, Siam, and Cambodia send regular yearly tribute to the Temple of the Sacred Tooth, and more or less reverence is paid to it in India, China, and Japan.

The queen of all palms is the Talipot, which for thirty years from its birth pushes up its straight white, shining trunk, with its crown of dark-green leaves, till it reaches a height of a hundred feet or more. Then it blooms—and such a bloom!—a tall pyramidal spike of white blossoms forty feet above its crown of huge green fans, perhaps the noblest flower the world produces. Each bloom forms a nut, and the tree, having scattered its seeds to become palms in their turn, dies of the supreme effort.



ADAM'S PEAK, CEYLON.

But the great sight is the giant bamboo, which grows in mighty clumps by the bank of the fine river that flows round the gardens. These form enormous green thickets more than 100 feet high, and the same in thickness, consisting of eighty or 100 tall, cylindrical stems, each from one to two feet thick. Thy grow so closely crowded together that a cat would find it difficult to find her way through. They shoot seventy or eighty feet into the air without a break, and then spread out into immense branches of slender little leaves that give the appearance of gigantic green ostrich feathers. As everyone knows, the bamboo is one of the most useful plants that grow in the tropics, and I might fill my book with a description of all the uses to which it may be put.

A very interesting expedition may be made to Adam's Peak, the sacred mountain of Ceylon, through beautiful scenery.

The total population of Ceylon is 2,800,000, of whom 1,850,000 are native Cingalese, 700,000 are Tamils from Southern India, 200,000 Moormen and Malays, and 22,000 Europeans and Eurasians. The religious census shows that 1,700,000 of the population are Buddhist, 600,000 Hindu, 200,000 Mohammedan, and 270,000 Christians.

The Roman Catholics are in overwhelming majority among Christian denominations (220,000 of the whole), their missionary enterprise having been as successful in Ceylon as everywhere else throughout the East.

DEVIL-DANCER, CEYLON.

The Buddhist priests are very ignorant, and exercise little or no moral restraint over their people, who are more attached to their ancient superstition of devil-worship than they appear to be to Buddhism, which they only respect so far as the outside of the cup and platter is concerned. The devil-dancer and his curate, the tomtom beater, have a good time in Ceylon, and there are 2,735 of these scoundrels distributed throughout the island. They

are simply professional exorcists, and as everything untoward —bad weather, sickness, and what not—is the direct result of devils, they are in continual request. It speaks ill for Buddhism that 2,000 years of influence over the Cingalese has not destroyed this base and grovelling superstition, which has rooted itself so deeply that even native Christians will resort to it secretly in great emergencies.

The Roman Catholic Church has been at work longer than the Protestants, having entered the mission field with the Portuguese conquerors 350 years ago, who brought with them the usual army of ecclesiastics. Their methods of conversion were bound to succeed more or less. The Inquisition played its part, "conversion" was the only gate to employment open to the natives, and the priests didn't object to these converts "bowing in the house" of Buddha, if they were reasonably often at mass. But whatever the methods pursued by the Roman Catholic missionary, they managed to get and keep disciples.

The Dutch cleared out the Portuguese in 1656, and although they had no Inquisition, they refused employment to any native who refused to make profession of the Protestant religion. In 1796 the English cleared out the Dutch, and in 1815 were in possession of the whole island. There was not much missionary spirit in English churches during the dawn of this century, but as early as 1812 the Baptist Missionary Society commenced operation in Ceylon, followed in 1818 by the Church Mission Society, and a little later by the Wesleyans, who are now the most active of all in the island.

Seventy years of Protestant missionary enterprise has produced 22,000 Episcopalians, 20,000 Wesleyans, 13,000 Presbyterians (a large proportion of whom, however, are descendants of the Dutch), and 5,000 Baptists, in all 60,000 Protestants, old and young, of all sorts, as contrasted with 220,000 Romanists.

TRUST IN GOD.

BY ANNIE CLARKE.

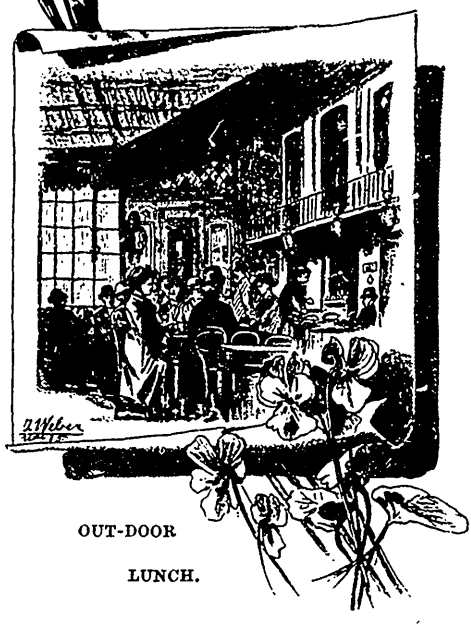
TRUST in God! be calm and fearless,
Though the shadows darkly loom;
Never night so black and cheerless,
But a light shall pierce the gloom.
Though the hours be filled with sadness,
Joy and morning song shall come:
Pain shall but prepare for gladness,
Storms are sent to drive thee *home*.

VICTORIA, B.C.

VILLAGE LIFE ON LAKE LEMAN.

BY W. D. HOWELLS.*

THE Swiss railroad was always an object of amusement. We could not get used to having the trains started by a small Christmas-horn. We had not entirely respected the English engine, with the shrill falsetto of its whistle, after the burly roar of our locomotives. But this Christmas-horn was too droll. That a grown man, much more imposingly uniformed than a general officer should blow it to start a real train of cars was the source of patriotic sarcasm whenever its plaintive, reedy note was heard. Nobody wanted to examine our baggage, and at Berne, though I laboured hard in several dialects with all the railway officials, I could not get them to open one of our ten trunks or five valises. I was so resolute in the matter that I had some difficulty to keep from opening them myself and levying duty upon their contents.



OUT-DOOR LUNCH.

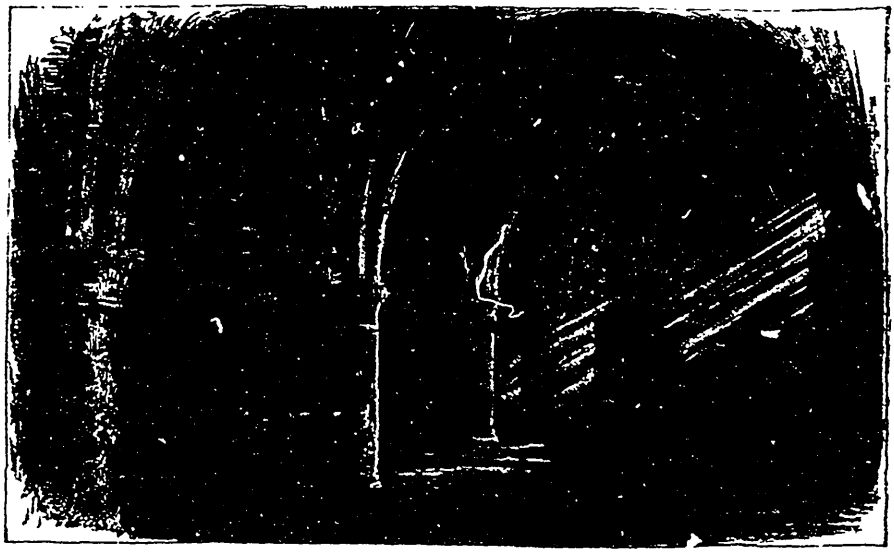
Near Villeneuve is the Castle of Chillon; and one of the first Sundays after our arrival we went to the old prison fortress, where, in the ancient chapel of the Dukes of Savoy, we heard an excellent sermon from the *pasteur* of our parish. The castle was perhaps a bow-shot from our pension: I did not test the distance, having left my trusty cross-bow and cloth-yard shafts in Boston; but that is my confirmed guess.

The fine Gothic chapel where we heard our *pasteur* preach was whitewashed out of all memory of any mural decoration that its earlier religion may have given it; but the gloss of the white-

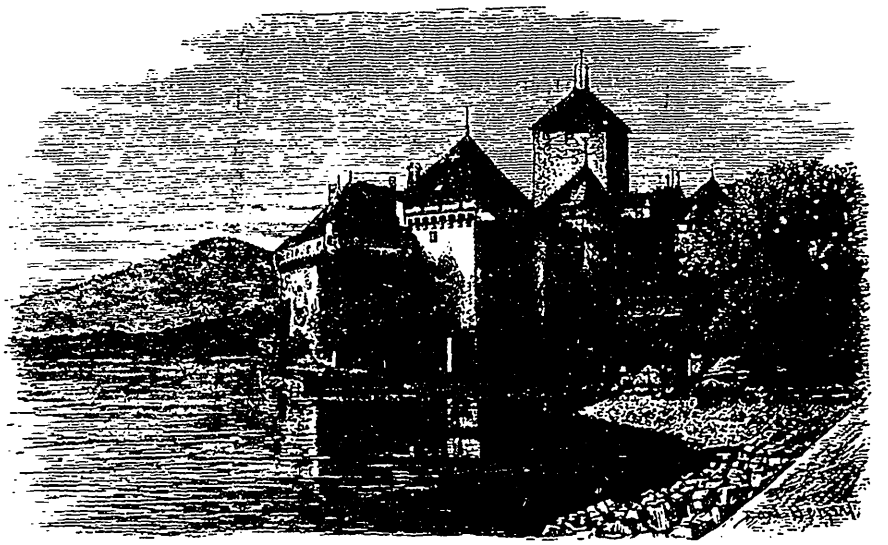
*Abridged from "A Little Swiss Sojourn." New York: Harper Brothers.

wash was subdued by the dim light that stole in through the long slits of windows. There were but three men in the congregation that day, and all the rest were Suissesses, with the hard, pure, plain faces their sex wear mostly in that country. The choir sat in two rows of quaintly carved seats on each side of the pulpit, and the school-master of the village led the singing, tapping his foot to keep time. The pastor, delicate and wan of face, and now no longer living, I came afterwards to know better, and respect greatly for his goodness and good sense. His health had been broken by the hard work of a mountain parish, and he had vainly spent two winters in Nice. He wore the Genevan bands and gown, and represented in that tabernacle of the ancient faith the triumph

A SWISS RAILROAD SERVANT.

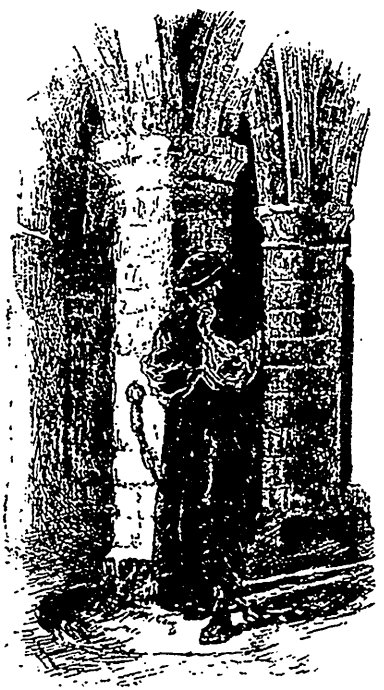


DUNGEON OF CHILLON.



CASTLE OF CHILLON.

of "the Religion" with an effectiveness that was heightened by the hectic brightness of his gentle, spiritual eyes; and he preached a beautiful sermon from the beautiful text, "Suffer little children," teaching us that they were the types, not the models, of Christian perfection. Here, and often again in Switzerland, the New England that is past or passing was recalled to me; these Swiss are like the people of our hill country in their faith, as well as their hard, laborious lives; only they sang with sweeter voices than our women.



THE PRISONER OF CHILLON.

The wood-carving of the old chapel, which must have been of the fourteenth century or earlier, was delightfully grotesque, and all the queerer for its contrast with the Protestant. The whole place was very clean, and up the corner of one of the courts ran

a strip of Virginia-creeper, which the Swiss call the Canada vine, blood-red with autumn.

FLIRTATION AT THE FOUNTAINS.

I will not trouble the reader with much about the Hall of Justice, and the Chamber of Tortures opening out of it, with the pulley for the rack formerly used in cross-questioning prisoners. The wells or pits, armed round with knife points, against which the poor prisoner struck when hurled down through them into the lake, have long had their wicked throats choked with sand; and the bed hewn out of the rock, where the condemned slept the night before execution, is no longer used for that purpose. But the place was all charmingly mediæval, and the more so for a certain rudeness of decoration. The artistic merit was purely architectural, and this made itself felt perhaps most distinctly in the prison vaults, which Longfellow pronounced "the most delightful dungeon" he had ever seen. The beautiful Gothic pillars rose like a living growth from the rock, out of which the vault was half hewn; but the iron rings to which prisoners were chained still hung from them. The columns were scribbled full of names, and Byron's was among the rest. The "path" of Bonivard was there, beside one of the pillars,

WASHING CLOTHES IN THE LAKE.

plain enough, worn two inches deep and three feet long in the hard stone. Words cannot add to the pathos of it.

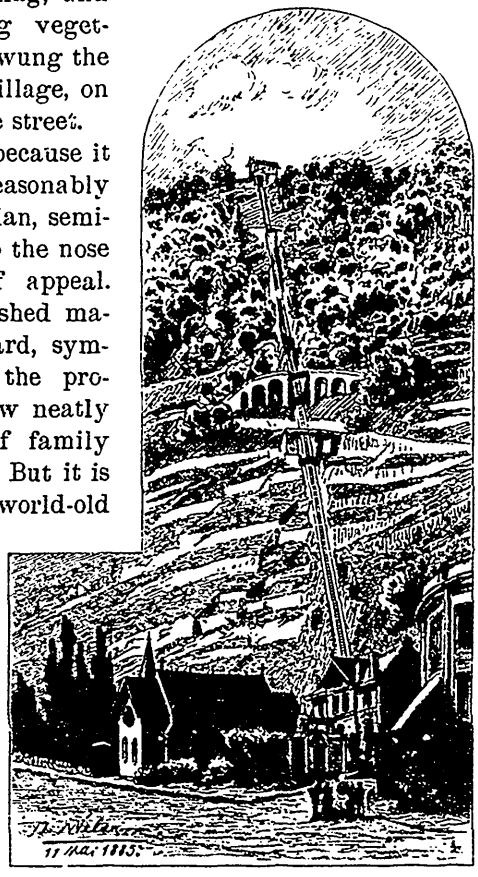
Nothing could be more nobly picturesque than the outside of Chillon. Its base is beaten by the waves of the lake, to which it presents wide masses of irregularly curving wall, pierced by

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

narrow windows, and surmounted by mansard-roofs. Wild growths of vines and shrubs break the broad surfaces of the wall, and out of the shoulders of one of the towers springs a tall young fir-tree. The water at its base is intensely blue and unfathomably deep. The village street for hundreds of yards followed the curve of the lake shore with its two lines of high stone houses.

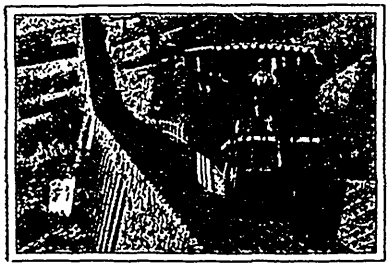
At one end of it stood a tower springing out of an almost fabulous past; then you came to the first of three plashing fountains where cattle were always drinking, and bareheaded girls washing vegetables for the pot. Aloft swung the lamps that lighted the village, on ropes stretching across the street.

Villeneuve is so called because it was so very old. It is reasonably picturesque in a semi-Italian, semi-French fashion, but it is to the nose that it makes its chief appeal. Every house has a cherished manure heap in its back-yard, symmetrically shaped, with the projecting edges of the straw neatly braided: it is a source of family pride as well as profit. But it is chiefly the odour of world-old human occupation that pervades the air of Villeneuve, and makes the mildest of foreign sojourners long for the application of a little dynamite to its ancient houses. American towns are perhaps the ugliest in the world, but how open to the sun and wind they are! how free, how pure, how wholesome!



CABLE RAILWAY AT TERRETET GLION.

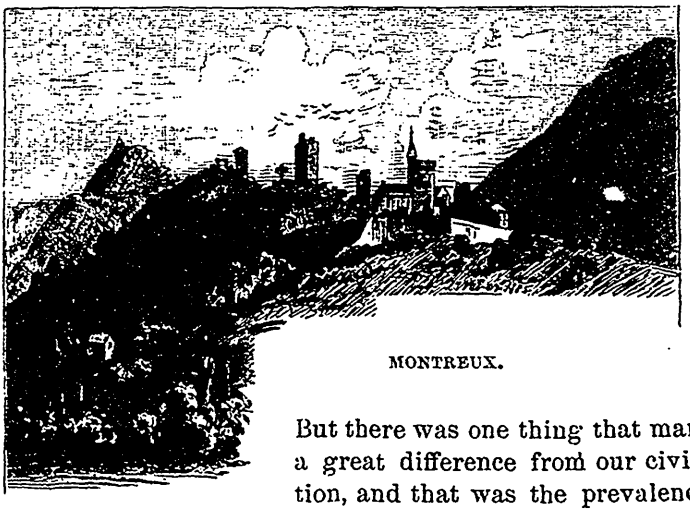
On week-days a cart sometimes passed through Villeneuve with a most disproportionate banging ing over the cobble-stones, but usually the walls reverberated the soft tinkle of cow-bells as the kine wound through from pasture to pasture and lingered at the fountains. Sundays were the only times when I saw women of any age idle. They drive the cows to pasture and wash clothes in the lake, where they beat the linen with far-echoing blows of their paddles.



INCLINE RAILWAY CARRIAGE.

They helped to make the hay on the marshes beyond the village, and they greatly outnumber the men in the labours of the vintage. They were seldom pretty either in face or figure; but their manners were charming, and their voices, as I have said, angelically sweet.

If the women were not good-looking, if their lives of toil stunted and coarsened them, the men, with greater apparent leisure, were no handsomer. Among the young I noticed the frequency of what may be called the republican face—thin and aquiline, whether dark or fair. The Vaudois as I saw them were at no age a merry folk. In the fields they toiled silently. They had a hard-favoured grimness and taciturnity that with their mountain scenery reminded me of New England now and again.



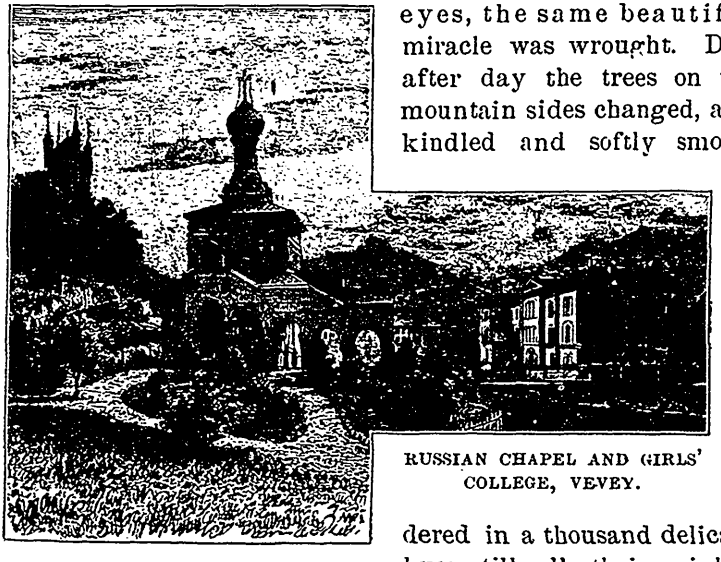
MONTREUX.

But there was one thing that marked a great difference from our civilization, and that was the prevalence of uniforms, for which the Swiss have the true European fondness. This is natural in a people whose men all are or have been soldiers; and the war footing on which the little republic is obliged to keep a large force in that ridiculous, army-ridden Europe must largely account for the abandonment of the peaceful industries to women. But the men are off at the mountain châlets too, and they are away in all lands, keeping hotels, and amassing from the candle-ends of the travelling public the fortune with which all Swiss hope to return home to die.

Sometimes the country people I met greeted me, as sometimes they still do in New Hampshire, but commonly they passed in silence. I think the mountains must have had something to do with hushing the people: far and near, on every hand, they rise such bulks of silence. The chief of their stately company was

always the Dent-du-Midi, which alone remains perpetually snow-covered, and which, when not hooded in the rain-bearing mists of that most rainy autumn, gives back the changing light of every hour with new splendours, though of course it was most beautiful in the early sunsets. Then its cold snows warmed and softened into something supernally rosy, while all the other peaks were brown and purple, and its vast silence was thrilled with a divine message that spoke to the eye. Across the lake and on its farther shores the mountains were dimly blue; but nearer, in the first days of our sojourn, they were green to their tops.

I had bragged all my life of the glories of the American autumnal foliage, which I had, in common with the rest of my countrymen, complacently denied to all the rest of the world. Yet here, before my very eyes, the same beautiful miracle was wrought. Day after day the trees on the mountain sides changed, and kindled and softly smoul-



RUSSIAN CHAPEL AND GIRLS' COLLEGE, VEVEY.

dered in a thousand delicate hues, till all their mighty flanks seemed draped in the mingling dyes of Indian shawls. Shall I own that while this effect was not the fiery gorgeousness of our autumn leaves, it was something tenderer, richer, more tastefully lovely? Never!

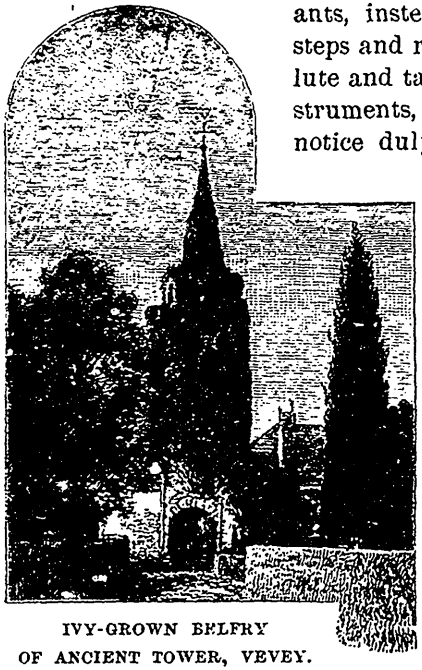
The clouds lowering, and, as it were, loafing along, among the tops and crags, were a perpetual amusement, and when the first cold came it was odd to see a cloud in a sky otherwise clear stoop upon some crest, and after lingering there awhile drift off about its business, and leave the mountain all white with snow. This grew more and more frequent, and at last, after a long rain, we looked out on the mountains whitened all round us far down their sides, while it was still summer green and summer bloom in the

valley. Slowly the winter descended, snow after snow, keeping a line beautifully straight along the mountain-sides, till it reached the valley and put out our garden roses at last.

The winter and the vintage come on together at Villeneuve, and when the snows had well covered the mountains around, the grapes in the valley were declared ripe by an act of the Commune. About the middle of October, the people assembled in the vineyards to gather them, but the spectacle had none of that gaiety which the poets had taught me to expect of it. Those poor clusters did not

"reel to earth
Purple and gushing."

but limply waited the short, hooked knife with which the peasants cut them from their stems; and the peasants, instead of advancing with jocund steps and rustic song to the sound of the lute and tabour and other convenient instruments, met in obedience to public notice duly posted about the Commune, and set to work, men, women, and children alike silent and serious. So many of the grapes are harvested and manufactured in common that it is necessary the vintage should begin on a fixed day, and no one was allowed to anticipate or postpone. Some cut off the grapes, and dropped them into the flattish wooden barrels, which others, after mashing the berries with a long wooden pestle, bore off and emptied frothing and gurgling into big casks mounted on carts. These were then driven into the village, where the mess was poured into the presses, and the wine crushed out to the last bitter dregs. The vineyards were a scene of activity, but not hilarity, though a little way off they looked rather lively with the vintagers at work in them. We climbed to one of them far up the mountain-side one day, where a family was gathering the grapes on a slope almost as steep as a house-roof, father, mother, daughter, son-in-law, big boy, and big girl all silently busy together.



IVY-GROWN BELFRY OF ANCIENT TOWER, VEVEY.

These poor people were quite songless, though I am bound to say that in another vineyard I did hear some of the children singing. It had momentarily stopped raining; but it soon began again, and the vintage went sorrowfully on in the mud. All Villeneuve smelt of the harsh juice and pulp arriving from the fields in the waggons, carts, tubs, and barrels which crowded the streets and sidewalks, and in divers cavernous basements the presses were at work, and there was a slop and drip of new wine everywhere. For weeks after the vintage people were drinking the new wine, which looked thick and whitish in the glasses, at all the cafés.

One morning, a week before the vintage began, we were wakened by the musical clash of cow-bells, and for days afterwards the herds came streaming from the châlets on all the mountains round to feed upon the lowland pastures for a brief season before the winter should house them. There was something charming to ear and eye in this autumnal descent of the kine, and we were sorry when it ended.

PORTER OF ANCIENT GUILD, VEVEY.

The *pasteur* spoke with smiling slight of the Père Hyacinthe and the Döllinger movements, and he confessed that the Protestants were cut up into too many sects to make progress among the Catholic populations. The Catholics often keep their children out of the public schools, as they do in the United States, but these have to undergo the State examinations, to which all the children, whither taught at home or in private schools, must submit.

All elections were held on Sunday, when the people were at leisure. On the church door was posted a printed summons to the electors, and on the café billiard tables I found ballots of the different parties scattered. Gendarmes had also distributed them about in the church pews; they were enclosed in envelopes, which were voted sealed. On a table before the pulpit the ballot-box—a glass urn—was placed; and beside it sat the judges of election, with lists of the registered voters. The church bell rang for the people to assemble, and the voting began and ended in perfect quiet. But I could not witness an election of this ancient republic, where Freedom was so many centuries old, without strong

emotion; it had from its nature and the place the consecration of a religious rite.

The church itself was old—almost as old as Swiss freedom. The Gothic interior, which had once, no doubt, been idolatrously frescoed and furnished with statues, was now naked and coldly Protestant. The floor was boarded over, but a chill struck through from the stones below, and the people seem to shiver through the service that preceded the election. When the *pasteur* mounted the pulpit they listened faithfully, but when the clerk led the psalm they vented their sufferings in the most dreadful groaning that ever passed for singing outside of one of our country churches.

When a tree is chopped down a tree is planted, and the floods that ravage Italy from the mountains denuded of their forests are unknown to the wiser Swiss. Throughout Switzerland the State insures against fire, and inflicts penalties for neglect and carelessness from which fires may result. Education is compulsory, and there is a rigid military service, and a show of public force everywhere.

CASTLE OF AIGLE.

To visit the castle of Aigle was to plunge from the present into my favourite Middle Ages. The castle, though eminently picturesque and delightfully Gothic, is very rudely finished and decorated, and could never have been a luxurious seat for the bailiffs. The October sun set early, chill, and disconsolate after a rain. A weary peasant with a heavy load on his back, which he looked as if he had brought from the dawn of time, approached the castle gate, and bowed to us in passing. I was not his feudal lord, but his sad, work-worn aspect, gave me as keen a pang as if I had been.

At Montreux we met the tourist—when of the gentler sex—young, gay, gathering the red leaves of the Virginia-creeper from

the lakeward terraces of the highway; we met the men, old, sick, pale, munching the sour grapes, and trying somehow to kill the time. They had pretty well covered the gravel with grape-skins; but they had left the prospect undisturbed.

The sad little English church-yard at Montreux is full of graves of people who have died in the search for health far from home, and it has a pathos therefore which cannot be expressed. The stones grow stained and old under the laurels and hollies, and the rain-beaten ivy creeps and drips all over the grassy mounds. Yes, that is a beautiful, lonely, heart-breaking place. Now and again I saw black-craped figures silently standing there, and paid their grief the tribute of a stranger's pang as I passed, happy with my children by my side.

TOURISTS AT MONTREUX.

Early in October we seized the first fine day, which the Dent-du-Midi lifted its cap of mists the night before to promise, and made an early start for the tour of the lake. We all stood together at the steamer's prow to watch the morning sunshine break through the silvery haze that hung over Villeneuve, dimly pierced by the ghostly poplars wandering up the road beside the Rhone. All these lake-side villages are wonderfully picturesque. The landscape was now grand and beautiful, like New England, now pretty and soft, like Old England, till we came to Evains-les-Bains, which looked like nothing but the French watering-place it was. It looked like a watering-place that would be very gay in the season; there were lots of pretty boats; there was a most official-looking gendarme in a cocked hat, and two jolly young priests joking together; and there were green, frivolous French fishes swimming about in the water, and apparently left behind when the rest of the brilliant world had flown.

It is the Germans who seem to prevail now in any given international group, and they have the air of coming forward to take the front seats as by right. These mountains moulded themselves one upon another, and deepened behind their transparent shadows with a thousand dimmer and tenderer dyes in the autumnal foliage. From time to time a village, gray-walled,

brown-roofed, broke the low shelving shore of the lake, and at Nyon a twelfth-century castle, as noble as Chillon, offered the delight of its changing lines as the boat approached and passed.

At Geneva there is an old town, gravely picturesque and austerely fine in its fine old burgherly, Calvinistic, exclusive way; and outside the walls there is a new town, very clean, very cold, very quiet, with horse-cars like Boston, and a new Renaissance theatre like Paris. But they have the real Mont Blanc at Geneva, bleak to the eye with enduring snow, and the blue Rhone, rushing smooth and swift under the overhanging balconies of quaint old houses.

THE HOUSE OF MY PILGRIMAGE.

BY MARGARET J. PRESTON.

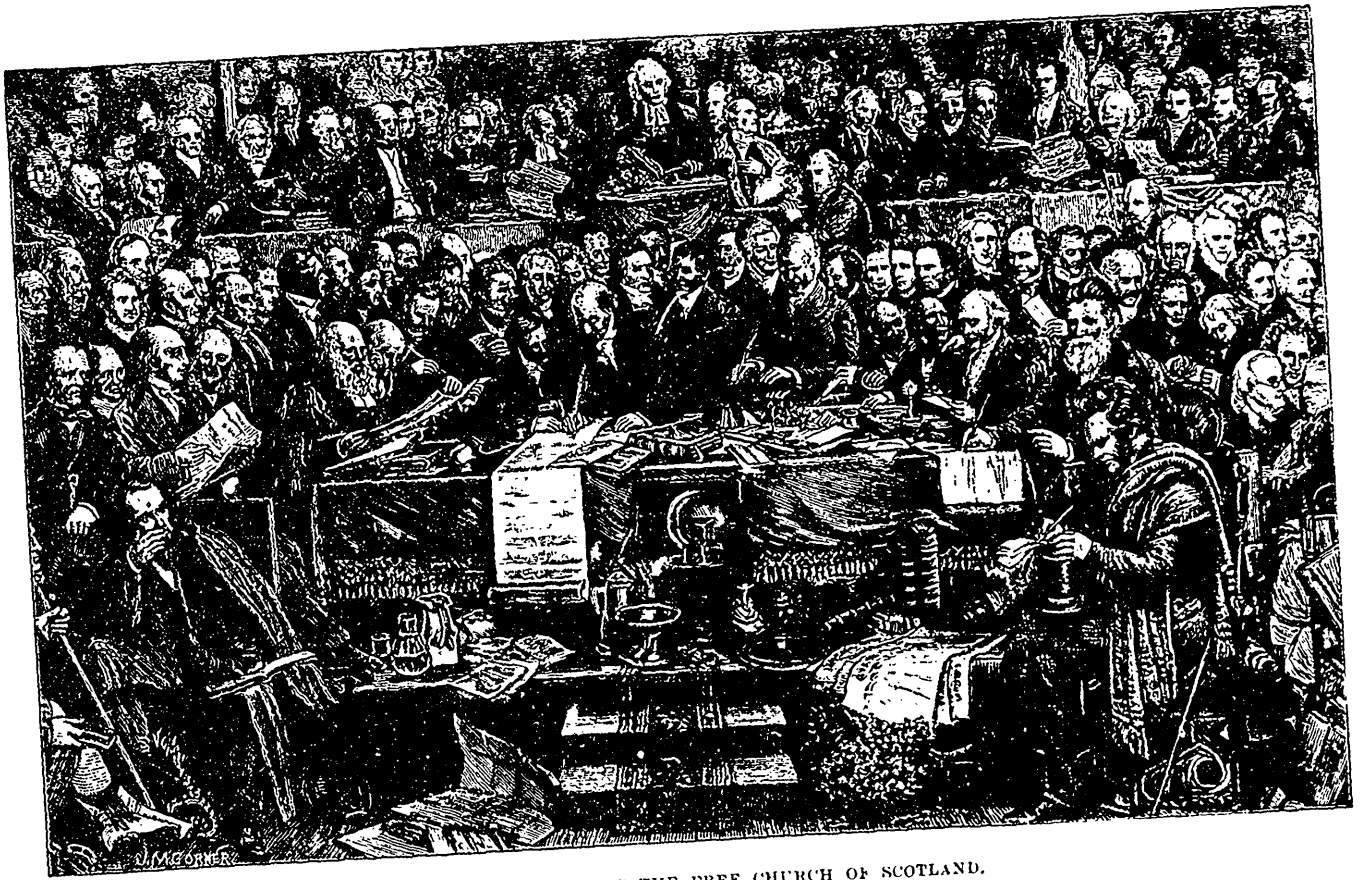
'Tis "the House Beautiful!" its frescoed ceiling,
Studded with stars of light,
Is ever to my lifted gaze revealing
Visions of worlds so bright
That I am awed with wonder God should care
To make the pilgrim's wayside inn so fair.

Its pillared mountains draped in emerald glory,
Its tesselated floor
Illumined with creation's golden story,
And rich with such a store
Of lavish loveliness on every hand,
Too vast, too marvellous to understand.

Light, colour, fragrance, all beyond comparing;
Sweet melodies that make
The ear that listens overwhelmed, despairing,
Through very rapture ache.
So much of worldless beauty, grandeur, grace,
Just for sojourners' brief abiding-place!

And wherefore? Is it that my heart should linger
Content as it hath been,
Seeing with what adornment God's own finger
Hath hung the pilgrims' inn,
That, with my senses satisfied through bliss,
I ask for no diviner home than this?

Nay, nay, not so! If earth's seducing splendour
Can eye and ear engage
With such a full content as even to render
My house of pilgrimage,
With all its ills, so beautiful to me,
What must the "house of many mansions" be?



FIRST ASSEMBLY OF THE FREE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND.
Dr. Chalmers in the chair. Hugh Miller in lower right hand corner.

THE FREE CHURCH JUBILEE.

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

Professor in Victoria University.

II.

THE success of the Free Church, for the last fifty years, has been so brilliant that it is hard for us now to appreciate the gloom and uncertainty of the prospect which confronted the noble band of heroes who, on the memorable 18th May, 1843, renounced their earthly all for conscience sake. So long as the first session of the Free Assembly lasted, the enthusiasm of numbers might sustain the courage and hope of each. But to go home to parishes no longer theirs, entirely uncertain what proportion of their people would accompany them in voluntary exile from the parish churches, to lead their families out from the manses, which had been to many of them their happy homes for long, long years; to go forth from assured incomes, from social dignity, from all that had made life comfortable to them and theirs, into a struggle for the support of their families, into an attempt to build churches, manses, schools and colleges of their own—it seemed a sublime fanaticism. As Dr. Blaikie says, looking back fifty years: "So far as the eye of sense could guide us, the leap at the disruption was a leap in the dark, into poverty, difficulty, and misery." But

> "The steps of faith
> Fall on the seeming void, and find
> The rock beneath."

The spirit in which those men faced their difficulties is well portrayed in the words of one of them, within three years after the event, the words of Dr. Burns, of Kilsyth:

"The breaking up of intercourse with the gentry of the vicinity; the loss of a commodious manse, where, for twenty-three years, much comfort was enjoyed, a good glebe of ten acres, a living of about £300 per annum, an elegant church, a status in society. . . . What is all this compared with the approbation of conscience, and the peace of God keeping the heart and mind, the honour of taking a part in upholding the crown rights of the Lord Jesus Christ, and of co-operating with the best of the ministers and elders in this land, the freedom from the most galling yoke of servitude being forced upon us, and last, not least, deliverance from the incubus and unequal yoking of what has been called 'Moderatism,' impeding us in every spiritual and zealous movement, hedging us up from every attempt to benefit the poor people of any conterminous district."

This spirit of deep piety, of entire devotion to duty and to God, the love of souls, the earnest Evangelical theology of the whole movement, was the radical secret of its marvellous and abiding success. During the long years of the conflict a strong hereditary sentiment, favourable to the Gospel and alive to the principles of Church liberty, rendered a large portion of the Scotch people susceptible to the appeals of the great men who wrote and spoke. Men felt that the movement was in the spirit and powers of the Covenanters; that the Free Church was the heir of the Church of the Reformation. The descendants of the martyrs were prepared to do and suffer for the old cause—as they felt the new cause to be. History repeated itself, when vast congregations, lacking a church, gathered to hear the Word of God in bleak upland meadows. The Lord's Supper was celebrated in the Highland glens, and children were baptized "in the open air on the bare hillside." In the years preceding the disruption, great revivals of religion had swept over large sections of Scotland. A very large proportion of the recent converts felt their hearts glow with sympathy with the Non-Intrusion movement and found their home in the Free Church. The most saintly men of the Church, whose whole work seemed to be the evangelizing of the land, eagerly joined in the discussions of the time, for they felt that the questions agitated were not partisan, secular, trivial, but profound, vital, and spiritual.

It was not for the success of a faction, but for the sacred prerogatives, "The Crown Rights of the Redeemer," that such saintly Christians and devoted evangelists as McCheyne and W. C. Burns contended. The Free Church was the child of the most heroic conscientiousness, the most unhesitating faith, the most fervent piety. And all these were demonstrated, before the eyes of men, in the bold, decisive act of self-sacrifice, with which the evangelical ministers made good their profession of principles. Men felt that there must be something real in a religion which could be so heroic. Dr. Guthrie grandly said:

"There is something more eloquent than speech. I am bold to say that Hall, Foster or Chalmers never preached a sermon so impressive or sublime as the humblest minister of our Church did on the 18th of May, when he gave up his living to retain his principles and joined the crowd which, bursting from the doors of St. Andrew's Church, with Chalmers at its head, marched out, file by file, in steady ranks, giving God's people reason to weep tears not of grief but of joy."

The disruption became a new Evidence of Christianity; and from the first day even until now, the spiritual power of the Free

Church has been blessedly manifested in great revivals at home and in great missionary triumphs abroad.

But the success of the Free Church was also due in part to the *wide, wise plans of such great Church statesmen as* Thomas Chalmers. Had the enthusiasm of the moment lacked thorough organization, it might have died out. Had there been no proper, general, generous provision for the support of the ministry, had those heroic men been left to abject, abiding poverty, then a beggarly support would gradually have made a beggarly ministry, for no initial impulse of a heroic faith will suffice, generation after generation, to fill the ranks of the ministry with the most desirable men, unless provision is in some way made for their decent support, the education of their families, the replenishing of their libraries. Pauper ministers, dwelling amid an intelligent and comfortable community, will not long command respect and wield influence; and here were 474 ministers thrown upon the world, with no visible means of support.

But for this emergency, the man and the method were ready. Chalmers was a genius of organization. Under his magic touch, such a financial organization sprang up as the Christian Church had never before seen. He organized victory. The *Sustentation Fund* was, and is, the successful peculiarity of Free Church methods. At the convocation which prepared for the disruption, Dr. Chalmers unfolded his scheme; but men were simply incredulous. Now the time was come to try it. In brief, the plan was this: To gather in from the Free Church people over all the land a general fund for ministerial support, which should then be divided equally among all the ministers, while in each congregation the people should freely supplement this equal minimum allowance, according to their pleasure and ability, by a *Congregational Fund.* A grand scheme on paper, at least, maintaining, in most unparalleled fashion, the unity of the Church and the fraternity of the band of ministers. "The life-boat," said one, "looked almost better than the ship." But would the scheme work? Could the life-boat breast the waves? All depended upon the liberality of the people and the harmonious and energetic working of details. And Chalmers furnished not only the genius for the bold conception, but the energy of the successful execution. Chalmers touched the hearts and opened the pockets of the people; taught them the secret of local associations to regularly collect the money and forward it to Edinburgh, and inspired the whole enterprise with his own noble enthusiasm.

The liberality of the people was astounding, especially in view of the fact that they had never before been trained to give, the

Church being supported by the State. The rich contributed their thousands of pounds, the poor their humble shillings—and many a poor widow gave more than they all. In the first year the amount raised for the Sustentation Fund was £61,000. The aim was to secure £200 a year for each minister from this fund. But for many a long year, though the Fund went on steadily increasing, the extension of the Church was so rapid, and the multiplication of claimants so great, that nothing like this sum was realized. For the first year the dividend to each minister was £105. Now, however, each of the present 1,161 ministers of the Free Church receives his £200 a year from this general fund, irrespective of the supplement direct from his own congregation.

But what should be done for churches? Where could the people meet? Nothing could be sadder than the solemn, tearful farewell of so many ministers and of so large a part of the people to the dear old parish church which they loved so well. Some congregations were fortunate enough to secure old disused churches or chapels, some met in barns or school-houses, some erected (a great curiosity in that land of stone) light wooden churches, many were forced to meet beneath the open sky, on the hill-side or on the sea-shore. A great movement was inaugurated for building churches, and a few years dotted all Scotland with decent, sometimes beautiful, Free Churches. Sometimes the contrast, however, between the old building and the new was not favourable to the new. In a certain parish the minister of the Establishment jocularly described the rival building of the Free Church as

"The Free Kirk, the wee kirk, the kirk without a steeple."

But the Free Church man was ready with his rejoinder:

"The Auld Kirk, the cauld kirk, the kirk without a people."

In many Highland parishes this reproach was literally, or almost literally, true. The Establishment had the building and no people to occupy it; the Free Church had the people and no building in which to house them. And over large tracts of country the landed proprietors refused sites for the Free Church. In "The Cruise of the Betsy," Hugh Miller has graphically described the manner in which a Free Church minister, denied so much as a home for himself and his family in his old parish, on one of the smaller Hebrides, settled his family on another island far distant, and took refuge himself in a crazy craft, that he might carry the Gospel to his old parishioners, who had followed him in

the Disruption, but, by a tyrannical landlord, were refused a site for a new church.

The hardships and the heroism of those days we must not attempt to depict. It was in many a rural parish a leaf out of the old Covenanting history. Exposure amid the winter storms, on bleak hill-sides, proved fatal to some of the ministers and some of the people. The narrow despotism which sought to drive free men from their conscientious choice back to the Establishment, was met with dogged patience and perseverance, and so was gradually overcome. In four years more than 700 churches were erected.

In 1845 Dr. Guthrie undertook to raise a fund for the building of manses. In six weeks he raised £35,000 for the purpose in Glasgow and its neighbourhood; and, after a year of arduous toil over all Scotland, he reported to the Assembly of 1846 a total of over £116,000. Out of this general fund the individual congregations were helped in the task of providing homes for the ministers.

The next enterprise was the founding of new parochial schools. The Free Church people were soon made to feel that there was no longer a place for them in the old schools, which were under the control of the Establishment. Right and left, efficient teachers were dismissed for no other fault than their Free Churchism. Mr. Macdonald was commissioned to raise money for the founding of Free Church day schools throughout the country. With characteristic Scotch liberality in the cause of education, the people, in the very midst of the struggle for sustentation, for the building of churches, and for all other necessities of the new situation, welcomed Mr. Macdonald everywhere, and put into his hand in the first year of the Disruption the princely sum of £52,000. Up to 1869, according to an authoritative parliamentary statement, the Free Church had expended for such educational purposes, buildings and maintenance not less than £600,000.

Nor was the education of the ministry neglected. All depended upon a supply of godly, well-trained ministers. The national universities made ample provision for their Arts education. But for theological education the Church herself must provide. Chalmers and Welsh resigned their chairs in the University of Edinburgh. The "New College" of the Free Church was at once opened, with Chalmers, Welsh, Duncan and Cunningham as professors, and nearly 180 earnest candidates for the ministry as students. The need of suitable buildings and of endowment was soon felt. In 1844 the canvass was begun. An imposing and commodious building was erected at an expense of over £46,000.

Endowments were gathered of about £44,000. A library of 35,000 volumes was procured. And the New College to this day attracts students, not only from all Scotland, but from all parts of the Empire, and also from the United States of America. Sister theological colleges have been established in Aberdeen and Glasgow at a large expense; and the results have been a ministry *distinguished by both fervent piety and ripe scholarship.* The scholars of the Free Church are to-day in the very forefront of the scholarship of the Christian Church in the English-speaking world.

Another heavy burden was cast upon the young giant Church by the gratifying, and yet at first sight embarrassing, fact that *all* the foreign missionaries of the Church of Scotland cast in their lot with the Free Church. Nobly, however, was this responsibility sustained. All the mission money, all the mission buildings were lost. Twenty missionaries, some among the Jews, the most in India, with Duff and Wilson at their head, had to be supported. New buildings for residences, for churches, for schools had to be erected; the work had to be extended. And it all was done, and done grandly. In the united Church of Scotland the annual contributions to Foreign Missions the year before the disruption amounted to £20,000. The contributions of the Free Church in her first year of struggle rose to £23,000, and the good work has gone on with undiminished success. In 1891-92 the Established Church of Scotland raised for Foreign Missions some £35,000, the Free Church over £60,000.

Nor has zeal for Foreign Missions flourished at the expense of Home Missions. No man in modern times had more practical sympathy with the toiling, suffering, neglected, lapsed masses than Thomas Chalmers. Before the Disruption and after it, he laboured for the benefit of the humblest and the lowest. His spirit and example fired others with a love of humanity. "Who cares about the Free Church," were his startling words; "who cares about the Free Church, compared with the Christian good of the people of Scotland! Who cares about any Church but as an instrument of Christian good; for, be assured, the moral and religious well-being of the population is of infinitely higher importance than the advancement of any sect." And, in the West Port of Edinburgh, Chalmers showed how the masses might be reached and won. In the dreadful Wynds of Glasgow great spiritual triumphs were achieved. In other centres of population it was anew demonstrated that the Gospel is the power of God unto salvation.

For all these great and vast religious, educational and philanthropic enterprises the Free Church has raised in fifty years

about £25,000,000, marvellously demonstrating to the Old World, with its pervading State Churchism, the possibility of the highest and noblest type of Church life, and work without the alliance and the assistance of the State.

We need not wonder that the news of the Disruption was hailed with mingled wonder and respect throughout the world. The Presbyterianism of England, Ireland and the United States contributed sympathy and means. The Non-conformist Churches of England welcomed the Scotch delegates with the right hand of cordial fellowship. Pre-eminently hearty and outspoken was the sympathy of the Wesleyans of England, eliciting that memorable phrase of Chalmers in which he characterized Methodism as "Christianity in earnest." To Australia and to Canada the Free Church movement spread.

In 1844 a large minority of the Synod of the Presbyterian Church in the old Province of Canada felt constrained to mark their sympathy with the principles of the Free Church by withdrawing from the Synod, which they considered under the influence, if not control, of the Scotch Establishment, and organizing the Free Church of Canada. Nearly all the theological students of the recently established Queen's College came out and joined the Free Church. Knox College, Toronto, was opened. A great era of aggressive Christian work was inaugurated. The work was so earnestly and successfully prosecuted that, when in 1875 the great reunion made all Presbyterians one in Canada, the Free Church was the largest and most prosperous of the contracting parties.

It is the proudest boast of the present writer to be the son of one of those Queen's College students who, in 1844, for conscience sake, relinquished the prospect of the emoluments and advantages of the Establishment, flung themselves into most arduous labours for the good cause, and heroically aided in the founding of the Free Church in Canada.

In happier and easier times we may, in all our Christian Churches, thank God for the inspiring example of the heroes of the Disruption, and pray that, amid all changes of creed, organization, or polity, the essential principles and spirit of the Free Church may evermore abide.

THE FREE CHURCH JUBILEE.

BY DR. BANNERMAN.

It was weel-kent grund in Scotland that we took in the 'Forty-three ;
It was nae new word amang us that Christ's Kirk maun be free.

It cam' frae the mosses and muirlands that are flowered wi' martyrs' graves
It cam' frae the Water of Blednoch wi' the sough o' the Solway waves.
We read it in deep-cut letters, where the bluid o' God's saints was shed—
Where Anworth, an' Ken, an' Cairnsmuir have the keeping of our dead.
The witnesses and the worthies in the days of the peril and strife,—
They set their seal to the record that we read in the Word of Life;
That men maun honour the ruler, but first they maun honour the Lord;
That the laws for the house of God on earth are given us in His Word;
And not for fear nor favour, nor gowd nor earthly thing,
Maun ither voice be hearkened where Christ alone is King;
That His folk behove to serve Him, though they meet on the mountain sod
And the law of an earthly king is nought when it crosses the law of God;
That the Kirk maun be free to guard the richts that were bought wi' a bluid unpriced,
And that Christian folk in Scotland maun be free to follow Christ.

PERTH, Scotland.

IMMANUEL.

"Which being interpreted is, God with us."—MATT. i, 23.

BY ANNIE CLARKE.

TOILING in busy places with my Lord,
I prove how strong His arm, how true His Word;
He nerves my trembling heart, dispels my fear,
"All things are possible," for He is near.

Walking in pleasant by-ways with my Friend,
He leads me where the quiet waters tend;
He soothes the throbbing nerves, the tired brain,
And makes me ready for His work again.

Spending the wakeful moments with my King,
The night is but the shadow of His wing;
Some new sweet blessing thrills me while I pray,
And in His strength I greet another day.

Kneeling in stress of sorrow at His feet,
His grace is strong my deepest woes to meet;
And He whose cross was heavier than mine,
Helps me with human sympathy divine.

Passing the fearful valley with my Guide,
He draws me closer, closer, to His side;
Danger is near, but Christ is nearer still,
And foes are powerless against His will.

Crossing the river with Immanuel,
My heart shall hear His whisper, "All is well!"
Together we shall reach the shining strand,
And enter heaven's portals, hand in hand.

VICTORIA, B.C.

JAMES CHALMERS—MISSIONARY AND EXPLORER.

BY REV. SIDNEY C. KENDALL.

It is to be hoped that before long someone with the genius of a Macaulay will find it worth while to write the History of Christian Missions. A life would be well bestowed in the labour of putting before the world, in a worthy manner, the victories that have been won in this great field of high endeavour. Missionaries, who above all things must be men of action, are themselves least able to tell their own story. For its meagre knowledge of their exploits and achievements the world is indebted to a series of sincere but very imperfect literary efforts. Such among others is the story of James Chalmers, missionary and explorer.

The subject of this sketch was born in Ardrishaig, Scotland, in the year 1841. Passing by his boyhood and youth, we find that he was converted in the year 1859; and, having offered his services to the London Missionary Society, he was sent in 1865 to Raratonga, one of the Hervey group of the South Sea Islands.

In these "Isles of the South" nature is kind and lavish, and under her benign tuition man ought to be, according to some philosophers, a noble, gentle savage; but where, for some reason that no human philosophy can explain, he comes upon the scene with his jaws reeking from a cannibal feast and his club smeared with blood and brains.

Raratonga, however, was partially Christianized. John Williams had been there; the natives had nominally accepted the Gospel, and the worst features of heathenism were extinct. The people had been gathered into villages around their churches and schools. A road had been laid around the island, and a comfortable mission property acquired. We have a picture of the mission premises. In the centre is a large two-storey building with white walls, a projecting thatched roof, jaloused windows and spacious verandahs. It stands in a plantation of unfamiliar vegetation. Date, sago and cocoa-nut trees rise around; plantains, bananas, giant cacti and other monstrous tropical growths adorn the gardens. Here under favourable auspices Mr. and Mrs. Chalmers commenced their labours.

Owing to his originality and enterprise Mr. Chalmers, from the outset, unconsciously assumed the role of a daring innovator. He built upon no man's foundation unless it appeared to him to be well and truly laid. He not only grappled with the remains of heathenism, but he hewed away a great many latter growths that

were not essential to the work of uplifting. Much had been done and taught which to more enlightened judgment was seen to be injudicious.

For example: the king had been prevailed upon, for the sake of appearances, to build a large stone house, although, like a wise king, for the sake of comfort, he still inhabited a grass house. Other natives had been persuaded by the missionaries to build stone houses which they did not need and would not inhabit. Those useless stone houses stood empty and the people dwelt in houses through which the air could circulate, and which could easily be kept clean and wholesome.

Then in the matter of clothes. Neither decency nor comfort in such a climate required that the entire body be enswathed from head to heels. The tight-fitting European cloth garments which had been furnished the people were so utterly unsuitable that they wisely discarded them as much as possible. In fact it is suspected that they were only worn in the presence of the missionaries. When making his pastoral visits, Mr. Chalmers found that on approaching a native house, it was advisable to go slowly and be sure that the dogs or the children had given the inmates notice of his coming.

So in many respects it was found that their training had been unwise. Mr. Chalmers did not continue these efforts to introduce the European customs, but endeavoured to teach the people a civilization equal to their capacity and adapted to their climate.

A principal part of this work was the charge of a college where students came from neighbouring islands to be educated, some for secular positions, others for the Christian ministry. Here was trained a large class of those native helpers whose labours and devotion have so facilitated the conversion of Polynesia. This college was maintained by the funds of the Missionary Society. Mr. Chalmers undertook to make it self-supporting. He procured a large piece of land and interspersed lectures with the work of clearing and planting. It needed all the fierce energy of his Scotch nature combined with the utmost tact to persuade those quondam savages to take to agriculture and so earn their daily bread. But in the end he succeeded and the funds were relieved of that charge.

Here is a breezy bit: He observed in his congregations (what has often been observed elsewhere) a great absence of young men. In fact he could hardly ever find them. His flock consisted of old people, children and maidens; but he could rarely lay his hand upon a young man. The young men, it appears, did not take kindly to the new order of things while traditions lingered of

a time when life had not been so tame. What other resource had they. Labour in such a climate was almost *nil;* time hung heavy on their hands. How should such turbulent natures employ themselves? If they attempted to let off their energy in the villages there was the Justice of the Peace to settle with. What was there for high-spirited young men to do but to retire to the interior to brew orange rum and maintain a perpetual "jamboree" in honour of the good old times when there was neither justice nor peace in the land. This was a bad state of things and could not be allowed to continue. Alone our missionary entered the forest and commenced his career as an explorer by tracking those rowdies from one sylvan haunt to another. He sometimes came upon their riotous assemblies in the midst of their debauch, when, after upsetting the rum cask, he would lecture them earnestly on the folly of their conduct; the revellers standing mute and abashed, none daring to lift a hand or utter a word. His courage and firmness impressed them and many were drawn to his side.

The want of an incentive to labour was found to be a great hindrance as without some occupation their restless spirits naturally gravitated into sin. This difficulty was overcome by a series of the most clever tactics. The practice of drilling was introduced. This became popular, and the young men flocked to be enrolled in companies. The drill exercise included a church parade and service. So *nolens volens* the squad was marched to church. A military organization soon necessitated uniforms, personal adornments and musical instruments. These could only be obtained by labour, so the young fellows actually went to work. When once the fruits of labour had been enjoyed it was easy to lead them along till the habit was fixed. So a generation was in a fair way to become industrious. Many of them became consistent Christians, and most of them became peaceful and orderly citizens.

The habits and instincts of heathen nature seemed hard to change. There were many, no doubt, whose religion was a nominal thing; but there were some, thank God! like the warrior Maretu, whose renewed character and noble life revealed the power of divine grace.

Mr. Chalmers' career in Raratonga was successful but brief. In a few years he was removed from a field that, at least, offered peace and safety, to one where for many years he would be a stranger to either.

New Guinea is an immense tropical island lying to the north of Australia. It is one of the largest islands in the world and has a vast interior darker than Darkest Africa. Hither came Mr. Chalmers in 1877, with a company of Raratongans, and established

his head-quarters on the south coast of the eastern peninsula; that part of the country which is now under British protection.

The manner of his life and work now undergoes a complete change. Instead of the sole charge of one mission he has the oversight of many. He becomes a bishop in the truest and most apostolic sense. His work is now to explore the territory, to open up fields of labour, to make peace with the natives and plant missions wherever possible. For this work he possessed a combination of rare qualities. He had to be navigator, explorer, diplomatist, general, teacher, preacher and physician. In addition he needed a constitution of iron and brass to stand the unwholesome climate which killed off half his helpers. How it reveals God's watchful care of his own work, that so often in the mission field the one man in a generation is guided to the very spot.

He had now a different class of people to deal with. The Polynesians were for the most part a docile and tractable class; but the natives of New Guinea were of the coarser Papuan race, fierce, turbulent and vindictive. War was their pastime. Murder and cannibalism were their delights. These blood-thirsty Papuans were the terror of seamen long after most of the Polynesians were at peace. Certain scientists have said that they were a thousand ages behind us in the march of evolution and could not be civilized by any possible influence. Just so: By no power known to science could they be civilized. Nor would evolution in a million ages bring them up, for they are not rising but sinking. It is not development they need but regeneration. Only the power of God can arrest their descent and lift them out of their degradation. The work of James Chalmers is an evidence of this.

It would be impossible in a short sketch to do justice to such a career. We can only notice a series of incidents that may suggest the character of his work and the extent of his achievements.

The mission buildings were erected on a small island, to be as far from malaria as possible. As there was a large native settlement on the island they had their first work right at hand.

The record of the first few years fairly bristles with weapons and reeks with blood. Almost every day there were fights followed by cannibal feasts. The missionaries were invited to these banquets, and presents of human flesh were mockingly sent to their houses.

Their perilous position can best be illustrated by an incident which took place during the building of their houses. A vessel was at anchor off the island. In the traffic a disturbance arose and the natives became excited. Mr. Chalmers put off to the ship and learned that in the fight a native had been killed. The crew

endeavoured to conceal his death until they had completed their preparations for departure. Then the body was put into a canoe and Mr. Chalmers was sent ashore to patch up a truce if he could. Crowded canoes were crossing from the mainland, the forests were swarming with warriors; but before the attack was made a breeze sprang up and the vessel got away. The missionaries were left to face the music.

Some time later a row occurred in the absence of Mr. Chalmers, and Mrs. Chalmers entered the fray. The spectacle of an intrepid little white woman rushing between ranks of warriors and pulling down their spears so impressed those savages that it became a point of honour with them that there was to be no disturbance within sight of the parsonage. They showed their appreciation of Mrs. Chalmers' courage and gentleness when she was sick by sending their women to attend her and by bringing presents to the house. In fact the grimmest warriors were soon careful to order their conduct that they might give no pain to their gentle friend. Mrs. Chalmers was a devoted and fearless helper to her husband during the earlier and most troublesome years of the mission. But overcome by hardship and toil, to the great grief of the natives, she died in 1879.

Next to the quarrelsome nature of the natives, the climate was their great trial. So many had to be sent for to take the place of those who fell. Truly the heroic age is not so far away after all. Oh! ye carping critics who declare that missions are a failure; have ye altogether done as much for them as one poor converted Polynesian savage who only went to New Guinea and died there?

In spite of all difficulties the work advanced. A large school and congregation were formed on the island. With a large canoe and some native converts Mr. Chalmers explored the coast, visiting the villages, making friends with the natives, planting schools among them and appointing teachers. In a few years there were a number of infant churches he must visit and advise. It was not all smooth sailing by any means. Here is a specimen of his experience.

There was a place which bore the euphonious title of Aroma. The "Aromatics," it appeared, held peculiar views with regard to hospitality. The injunction to "take in strangers" they interpreted rather too literally. Ignorant of this, Mr. Chalmers and his companions were rather surprised on their first visit at the excessive cordiality of their reception. That period of time which the French call the *mauvaise quart d'heure* had arrived before they learned the prominent position that had been assigned them in the banquet. It was too much for their modesty. They adroitly

gained the out-skirts of the company; then broke for the beach and swam for their boat. They afterwards learned that the people of Aroma were addicted to the genial practice of killing and eating all strangers. One would think that such a place would be given up as hopeless. But it is interesting to observe that in a few years there was a flourishing church at Aroma. May it long be a sweet savour in the land.

Another incident illustrates Mr. Chalmers ready tact and skilful diplomacy. Word was brought that the Motumotu (a powerful tribe to the west) were coming down with "horse, foot and artillery" to wipe out the mission. The native instincts of fight were aroused, and there was a great scramble for weapons that by this time were fallen into disuse. But Mr. Chalmers at once started west with a few unarmed companions. On the following morning as they were aroused from slumber by the shouting of a host, they found a number of war canoes, crowded with warriors, sweeping along. The Motumotu and the 'Lese had joined forces, and together they had mustered what they, no doubt, considered an invincible armada. Chalmers paddled out to meet them, and his appearance caused great embarrassment. When you are on your way to cut a man's throat and he comes to meet you with a smiling face and open hands; what are you to do? It takes two to make a quarrel; so for want of an enemy the campaign closed by hugging and kissing and a church at Motumotu.

Another attack of this kind did not terminate so happily. One mission was exterminated; the teachers and their families murdered. But by this time England had begun to take an interest in this country. A man-of-war was sent to the spot and the tribe committing the atrocity was severely chastised.

These are merely a few samples of what it takes to make up the life of a missionary on a cannibal island. The story, I find, has its comedy as well as its tragedy.

Suppose it is a great occasion, the congregation is unusually large and you are putting forth one of your best efforts. A youth comes late to the meeting attired in a white shirt and feeling very important on account thereof. The shirt, which, it seems, is stolen, is identified by its rightful owner, who immediately suspends devotions while he forcibly repossesses himself of his property and proceeds to array his own destitute person therewith. The transfer is effected with difficulty, as both parties have their sympathizers. But only when the affair has been satisfactorily adjusted does the audience settle itself to attention and you go on with your sermon.

Away to the west, on the other side of the Gulf of Papua, was a tribe which produced large quantities of sago. It was the

custom of the people among whom Mr. Chalmers laboured to visit this tribe with pottery and other wares for the purpose of procuring supplies of sago. Our missionary decided to accompany one of these expeditions.

The vessel for the trip was styled a Lakatoi, and was constructed in the following manner: Six or eight of the very largest canoes were fastened together side by side. A platform was laid upon them with a railing around it. Houses were built across the bow and stern. A short mast was set up, rigged with a fan-shaped sail. Doors in the deck admitted to the hulls of the canoes, which served as the hold of the craft, where the cargo was stored. Imagine the experiences of a voyage in such a craft upon such a coast!

During this trip Mr. Chalmers discovered a most remarkable native village. It was built above the water in a mangrove swamp. The houses were reached by ladders. Streets were maintained by running platforms from tree to tree and by bridging the larger spaces. In front of many of the houses was an elevated flower garden. An unusual cleanliness and a singular artistic taste were observed in the decoration of these arboreal dwellings, as well as a singular dignity and decorum in the deportment of their inhabitants. Temples abounded. One of them was thirty feet wide and one hundred and sixty feet long, and had its roof supported by carven columns eighty feet high. Its divisions were of cocoanut leaves, its curtains of sago palm fronds; remarkable decorations in painting and sculpture covered its walls. Wooden stumps carved into grotesque figures of enormous size were the divinities of this place. Down the centre of this long temple was a track thickly glazed with the blood of human victims who had been dragged along. Pyramids of skulls and other evidences of cannibalism were everywhere seen. Mr. Chalmers had his quarters in the temple and preached there. Before leaving this place he made an alliance with the people and promised to send them preachers.

It is too soon to sum up the results of Mr. Chalmers' work, as it is not yet completed. But it is safe to say that among all the tribes that have come under his influence cannibalism and fighting have ceased. The first pledge he exacted was "No more fighting; no more man-eating." Only those who have witnessed the horrors of savage life can understand the blessing of so great a change. The people are gradually taught the arts and industries of civilized life. The Christian church with its lessons of peace and love takes the place of the heathen temple with its cruel rites. Better than all, "the people that sat in darkness have seen a great light," and the human soul awakens from the horrid night-mare of paganism.

WAUKENA, Cal.

PROFESSOR HENRY DRUMMOND, F.R.S.E., F.G.S., LL.D.

BY JAMES MACARTHUR.

PROF. HENRY DRUMMOND.

"Do you see that tall, stalwart, well-knit figure in front of us?" observed a friend to me a few years ago, as we paced along one of Glasgow's fine promenades, "well, that is the famous author of 'Natural Law in the Spiritual World.'" This was my first glimpse of the man who had but a few weeks previous been little recked of outside his little circle in Scotland, and whose name has since been trumpeted all the world over.

What I saw was a large-browed and keen-eyed man with delicate features, alert in manner, youthful in appearance and dressed to fastidiousness, with his hands buried in the pockets of a Newmarket coat. His vigorous step had in it the promise of work still to be done; and the breadth of his shoulders spoke of masculine strength and vast powers of endurance. He wore the look of

a much-travelled man—an impression also conveyed in the reading of his books. In actual travelling he has seen America, and studied the geology of the Rocky Mountains; and, not content with a feat which is now comparatively easy to every man who has a little leisure on his hands and some money in his pocket, he has paid a visit for scientific purposes to the lakes district of Africa, and has been in Australia stirring up the life of the universities. His mental range partakes of the physical type; intellectually he is by training a scientific observer, and by profession a lecturer on natural science; while his own temperament and his long connection with the theological college of the Free Church in Glasgow, Scotland, have also led him to study, not only the theory of religion, but the practical methods of working out the religious life in the present day. Of "poortith cauld," the inheritance of so many of his sturdy Scottish brothers who have struggled to distinction above their fellows, Professor Drummond has known nothing; of failure, disappointment, weakness, sorrow, less than most.

Henry Drummond was born forty-one years ago in Stirling, not far from Scotland's famous battle-field at Bannockburn. His father, who lived to be an octogenarian, died two years ago, lamented by, not only his townsfolk, but by many eminent men in the Scottish Church who bore witness to his sterling character and to the great service he had rendered religion by the diffusion of Christianity. "Drummond's Tract Society" has been heard of beyond the Border; but few who took notice of it, associated its management with "our Drummond." Henry was educated at Edinburgh University, where he graduated, and thereafter passed through the Free Church Divinity School in that city. He was duly ordained a minister of that religious body, but the prefix "Reverend" has had to give place to "Professor," and Mr. Drummond himself has always given the preference to the latter.

In the year 1873, when he was finishing his seven years' course at the University, Mr. D. L. Moody, the American evangelist, arrived in Edinburgh in the line of his Scottish tour. There is no doubt that Mr. Moody's strong personality and peculiar influence made a striking impression on young Drummond, who was at that time seriously bent on devoting himself with greater zeal and purpose to aggressive Christian work. Carrying a number of students with him in his new-born enthusiasm, he threw himself heartily into mission work with Mr. Moody. This keen observer of men, with that wise discernment which has characterized his choice of the right man for the right place in many centres of his evangelistic activity, soon had the young student

brought to the front as a representative of young men; and in many of the great meetings held throughout the country during the ensuing months, Mr. Drummond was the right hand of Mr. Moody in his labours among young men.

Although he pursued his work as a missionary, first in the Island of Malta and latterly in Glasgow for some time after receiving his license, he ultimately found his happiest sphere of activity, and that for which his peculiar gifts qualified him among the students in Edinburgh. His distinctive and largest work, indeed, is that of which the world hears least. Sunday after Sunday he has been engaged for years throughout the University session at Edinburgh in religious work with the students, and the meetings have been attended by not less than five to seven hundred students. Whether in Edinburgh or in America or Australia, he has been recognized as the exponent—call it prophet if you will—of a new religious movement in the universities of the old and new worlds. With the growth of recent interest in the social problem has developed a larger interest in the sociology of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, and in touch with this movement has sprung up the "University Settlement" scheme, which provides for the settlement of companies of young men from the universities among the poor, where they combine Christian living with high thinking and specific study, endeavouring by all personal means to influence the community in which they are stationed through the Christ-force of their daily lives. The Professor is in his natural element when among the students, and accordingly his care and attention have been chiefly devoted to their interests. He wields a unique influence over them, and wisely limits himself to this class, rarely speaking in public, except to address the students, or on such an occasion as the mustering of the Boys' Brigade in Glasgow a few years ago to listen to his words of counsel. But he has a large following, and his disciples are to be found everywhere and among all sorts and conditions of men. For, although his addresses are all more or less the result of contributions to the highly-privileged class of students, their catholic and essentially Christian treatment of the common truths and wayside thoughts of religious experience have made them the property of all religious people.

What remains to be narrated of Mr. Drummond's career is already public fact. In 1883 he went to the Dark Continent, partly on behalf of the Lakes Navigation Company, to study the geology and the botany of the country, and shortly after his return he was appointed to the Chair of Natural Science in Glasgow. This chair is one peculiar to Scottish theological seminaries,

and does not exist in America; indeed, nowhere is scientific study pursued with such assiduity and research as in the divinity schools of Scotland. In 1887 he came to America and figured prominently at the annual Chautauqua meetings. At Northfield he delivered in its first form the now famous address on "The Greatest Thing in the World." He also lectured on his travels in Africa, and subsequently published these lectures in book-form under the title "Tropical Africa." Two years ago Australia was favoured with his latest "peregrinity," as Carlyle would put it, in answer to a pressing invitation from some of the students of the Australian universities.

During the winter months the students of Glasgow and Edinburgh have still had the genial presence of the gifted scholar and scientist among them. On week days he is to be found in Glasgow teaching science, and on Sundays he is in Edinburgh preaching Christ to the students. He has the gift of utterance as of writing; and his tall, lithe form, his easy manner, his clear voice under full control, his thoughtful attitude and fresh statement of truth, make him acceptable as a teacher to young men. His spoken style is terse, nervous, restrained, always interesting and, like his written style, flooding his brilliant sentences with a stream of sunshine. The burden of his message is always the same, it never varies. "To become like Christ," he says, "is the only thing in the world worth caring for, the thing before which every ambition of man is folly and all lower achievement vain."

THE SOUL'S ABBEY.

COME, soul of mine, within the abbey stand—
Thy wondrous Westminster—and meditate
On memories of mortals, good and great;
Leave evermore what anxious cares have planned,
And deeds performed at selfish pride's command;
Enter the walls invisible, and wait,
Where urns and cenotaphs commemorate
Sublimest lives. Behold, on every hand,
Thy statued seekers of true glory's goal,
The pure, undaunted haters of the wrong.
Here ever, too, let passing years enroll
New names on tablets of the wise and strong.
Worship not men, but find for duty, soul,
Thy inspiration from this noble throng.

—*William Farrand Livingston.*

WHAT IS A CHRISTIAN?

BY PROFESSOR HENRY DRUMMOND, F.R.S.E., F.G.S., LL.D.

YOUNG men are learning to respect more perhaps than ever young men have done the word "Christian." I have seen the time when it was synonymous with cant and unreality and strained feeling and sanctimoniousness. But although that day is not quite passed yet, it is passing. I heard this definition the other day of a Christian man by a cynic—"A Christian man is a man whose great aim in life is a selfish desire to save his own soul, who, in order to do that, goes regularly to church, and whose supreme hope is to get to Heaven when he dies." This reminds one of Professor Huxley's examination paper in which the question was put—"What is a lobster?" One student replied that a lobster was a red fish, which moved backwards. The examiner noted that this was a very good answer, but for three things. In the first place a lobster was not a fish; second, it was not red; and third, it did not move backwards. If there is anything that a Christian is not, it is one who has a selfish desire to save his own soul. The one thing which Christianity tries to extirpate from a man's nature is selfishness, even though it be the losing of his own soul.

Christianity, as we understand it from Christ, appeals to the generous side of a young man's nature, and not to the selfish side. In the new version of the New Testament the word "soul" is always translated in this connection by the word "life." That marks a revolution in popular theology, and it will make a revolution in every Young Men's Christian Association in the country when it comes to be seen that a man's Christianity does not consist in merely saving his own soul, but in sanctifying and purifying the lives of his fellowmen. We are told in the New Testament that Christianity is leaven, and "leaven" comes from the same root word as lever, meaning that which raiseth up, which elevates; and a Christian young man is a man who raises up or elevates the lives of those round about him. We are also told that Christianity is salt, and salt is that which saves from corruption. What is it that saves the life of the world from being utterly rotten, but the Christian elements that are in it? Matthew Arnold has said, "Show me ten square miles in any part of the world outside Christianity where the life of man and the purity of women are safe, and I will give Christianity up." In no part of

the world is there any such ten square miles outside Christianity. Christian men are the salt of the earth in the most literal sense. They, and they alone, keep the world from utter destruction.

There is only one great character in the world that can really draw out all that is best in men. He is so far above all others in influencing men for good that He stands alone. That man was the founder of Christianity. To be a Christian man is to have that character for our ideal in life, to live under its influence, to do what He would wish us to do, to live the kind of life He would have lived in our house, and had He our day's routine to go through. It would not, perhaps, alter the forms of our life, but it would alter the spirit and aims and motives of our life, and the Christian man is he who in that sense lives under the influence of Jesus Christ.

Now, there is nothing that a young man wants for his ideal that is not found in Christ. You would be surprised when you come to know who Christ is, if you have not thought much about it, to find how he will fit in with all human needs, and call out all that is best in man. The highest and manliest character that ever lived was Christ. One incident I often think of and wonder. You remember, when He hung upon the cross, there was handed up to Him a vessel containing a stupefying drug, supplied by a kind society of ladies in Jerusalem, who always sent it to criminals when being executed. And that stupefying drug was handed up to Christ's lips. And we read, "When He tasted thereof He would not drink." I have always thought that one of the most heroic actions I have ever read of. But that was only one very small side of Christ's nature. He can be everything that a man wants. Paul tells us that if we live in Christ we are changed into His image. All that a man has to do, then, to be like Christ, is simply to live in friendship with Christ, and the character follows.

But it is only one of the aims of Christianity to make the best men. The next thing that Christ wants to do is to make the best world. And he tries to make the best world by setting the best men loose upon the world to influence it and reflect Him upon it. In 1874 a religious movement began in Edinburgh University among the students themselves, that has since spread to some of the best academic institutions in America. The students have a hall, and there they meet on Sundays, or occasionally on week days, to hear addresses from their professors, or from outside eminent men, on Christian topics. There is no committee; there are no rules; there are no reports. Every meeting is held strictly in private, and any attempt to pose before the world is sternly dis-

couraged. No paragraphs are put into the journals; no addresses are reported. The meetings are private, quiet, earnest, and whatsoever student likes may attend them. That is all. It is not an organization in the ordinary sense, it is a "leaven." In all the schools it is the best men who take most part in the movement, and among the schools it is the medical side which furnishes the greatest number of students to the meetings. Some of the most zealous have taken high honours in their examinations, and some have been in the first class of university athletes. It is not a movement that has laid hold of weak or worthless students whom nobody respects, but one that is maintained by the best men in every department. The first benefit is to the students themselves. Take Edinburgh, with about four thousand students drawn from all parts of the world, and living in rooms with no one caring for them. Taken away from the moral support of their previous surroundings, they went to the bad in hundreds. It is now found that through this movement they work better, and that a greater percentage pass honourably though the university portals into life. The religious meetings, it is to be observed, are never allowed to interfere with the work of the students.

The second result is to be seen in what are called university settlements. A few men will band themselves together and rent a house in the lower parts of the city and live there. They do no preaching, no formal evangelization work; but they help the sick and they arrange public concerts, and contribute to the amusement of their neighbours. They simply live with the people, and trust that their example will produce a good effect. Three years ago they printed and distributed among themselves the following "Programme of Christianity": "To bind up the broken-hearted, to give liberty to the captives, to comfort all that mourn, to give beauty for ashes, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness." I suppose there are few of us with broken hearts, but there are other people in the world besides overselves, and underneath all the gaiety of the city there is not a street in which there are not men and women with broken hearts. Who is to help these people? No one can lift them up in any way except those who are living the life of Christ, and it is their privilege and business to bind up the broken-hearted.

I want to urge the claims of the Christian ministry on the strength and talent of our youth. I find a singular want of men in the Christian ministry, and I think it would be at least worth while for some of you to look around, to look at the men who are not filling the churches, to look at the needs of the crowds who throng the streets, and see if you could do better with your life

than throw yourself into that work. The advantage of the ministry is that a man's whole life can be thrown into the carrying out of that programme without any deduction. Another advantage of the ministry is that it is so poorly paid that a man is not tempted to cut a dash and shine in the world, but can be meek and lowly in heart, like his Master. It is enough for a servant to be like his Master, and there is a great attraction in seeking obscurity, even isolation, if one can be following the highest ideal.

With regard to the question, how you shall begin the Christian life, let me remind you that theology is the most abstruse thing in the world, but that practical religion is the simplest thing. If any of you want to know how to begin to be a Christian, all I can say is that you should begin to do the next thing you find to be done as Christ would have done it. If you follow Christ, the "old man" will die of atrophy, and the "new man" will grow day by day under His abiding friendship.

NOT COMFORTLESS.

BY REV. EDWIN C. L. BROWNE.

THE night approaches, yet the way before us
Is wild and long, and fears our hearts oppress,
A tender Voice calls from the darkness o'er us,
"I will not leave you comfortless."

The night grows darker, and around us ringing
We hear the cries of weakness and distress;
Yet over all is still the sweet Voice singing,
"I will not leave you comfortless."

The wind grows bitter, and the rain is falling;
O Christ! is this the path of holiness?
"Bear up! bear on!" the heavenly Voice is calling,
"I will not leave you comfortless.

"This thorny way, and weary, I before you
With feet unsandalled for your sake did press.
The Father's watchful eye is ever o'er you,
Nor will I leave you comfortless."

Thus ever sweetly, with the tumult blending,
This benediction, as a soft caress,
Is through the heavy cloud from heaven descending,
"I will not leave you comfortless."

Oh, might we, patient Lord, learn Thy endurance,
So know Thy peace and win Thy rest!
Our weary hearts still wait the dear assurance,
Thou wilt not leave us comfortless.

RECREATIONS IN ASTRONOMY.*

BY BISHOP WARREN, D.D.

THE GREAT ULTIMATE FORCE.

THE universe is God's name writ large. Thought goes up the shining suns as golden stairs, and reads the consecutive syllables —all might, and wisdom, and beauty; and if the heart be fine enough and pure enough, it also reads everywhere the mystic name of love. Let us learn to read the hieroglyphics, and then turn to the blazonry of the infinite page. That is the key-note; the heavens and the earth declaring the glory of God, and men with souls attuned listening.

To what voices shall we listen first? Stand on the shore of a lake set like an azure gem among the bosses of green hills. The patter of rain means an annual fall of four cubic feet of water on every square foot of it. It weighs sixty-two and three-tenths pounds to the cubic foot, *i. e.*, fifty-two million tons on the surface of a little sheet of water twenty miles long by three wide. Now, all that weight of falling rain had to be lifted, a work compared to which taking up mountains and casting them into the sea is pastime. All that water had to be taken up before it could be cast down, and carried hundreds of miles before it could be there. You have heard Niagara's thunder; have stood beneath the falling immensity; seen it ceaselessly poured from an infinite hand; felt that you would be ground to atoms if you fell into that resistless flood. Well, all that infinity of water had to be lifted by main force, had to be taken up out of the far Pacific, brought over the Rocky Mountains; and the Mississippi keeps bearing its wide miles of water to the Gulf, and Niagara keeps thundering age after age, because there is power somewhere to carry the immeasurable floods all the time the other way in the upper air.

But this is only the Alpha of power. Professor Clark, of Amherst, Massachusetts, found that such a soft and pulpy thing as a squash had so great a power of growth that it lifted three thousand pounds, and held it day and night for months. It toiled and grew under the growing weight, compacting its substance like oak to do the work. All over the earth this tremendous power and push of life goes on—in the little star-eyed flowers that look up to God only on the Alpine heights, in every tuft of grass, in every acre of wheat, in every mile of prairie, and in every lofty tree that wrestles with the tempests of one hundred winters. But this is only the B in the alphabet of power.

Rise above the earth, and you find the worlds tossed like playthings, and hurled seventy times as fast as a rifle-ball, never an inch out of place or a second out of time. But this is only the C in the alphabet of power.

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Rise to the sun. It is a quenchless reservoir of high-class energy. Our tornadoes move sixty miles an hour. Those of the sun twenty thousand miles an hour. A forest on fire sends its spires of flame one hundred feet in air, the sun sends its spires of flame two hundred thousand miles. All our fires exhaust their fuel and burn out. If the sun were pure coal, it would burn out in five thousand years; and yet this sea of unquenchable flame seethes and burns, and rolls and vivifies a dozen worlds, and flashes life along the starry spaces for a million years without any apparent diminution. It sends out its power to every planet, in the vast circle in which it lies. It fills with light not merely a whole circle, but a dome; not merely a dome above, but one below, and on every side. At our distance of ninety-two and a half millions of miles, the great earth feels that power in gravitation, tides, rains, winds, and all possible life —every part is full of power. Fill the earth's orbit with a circle of such receptive worlds—seventy thousand instead of one—everyone would be as fully supplied with power from this central source. More. Fill the whole dome, the entire extent of the surrounding sphere, bottom, sides, top, a sphere one hundred and eighty-five million miles in diameter, and every one of these uncountable worlds would be touched with the same power as one; each would thrill with life. This is only the D of the alphabet of power. And glancing up to the other suns, one hundred, five hundred, twelve hundred times as large, double, triple, septuple, multiple suns, we shall find power enough to go through the whole alphabet in geometrical ratio; and then in the clustered suns, galaxies, and nebulæ, power enough still unrepresented by single letters to require all combinations of the alphabet of power. What is the significance of this single element of power? The answer of science to-day is "correlation," the constant evolution of one force from another. Heat is a mode of motion, motion a result of heat. So far so good. But are we mere reasoners in a circle? Then we would be lost men, treading our round of death in a limitless forest. What is the ultimate? Reason out in a straight line. No definition of matter allows it to originate force; only mind can do that. Hence the ultimate force is always mind. Carry your correlation as far as you please—through planets, suns, nebulæ, concretionary vortices, and revolving fire-mist—there must always be mind and will beyond. Some of that will-power that works without exhaustion must take its own force and render it static, apparent. It may do this in such correlated relation that that force shall go on year after year to a thousand changing forms; but that force must originate in mind.

Go out in the falling rain, stand under the thunderous Niagara, feel the immeasurable rush of life, see the hanging worlds, and trace all this—the carried rain, the terrific thunder with God's bow of peace upon it, and the unfalling planets hung upon nothing —trace all this to the orb of day blazing in perpetual strength, but stop not there. Who *made* the sun? Contrivance fills all thought. *Who* made the sun? Nature says there is a mind, and

that mind is Almighty. Then you have read the first syllables, viz., being and power.

What is the continuous relation of the universe to the mind from which it derived its power? Some say that it is the relation of a wound-up watch to the winder. It was dowered with sufficient power to revolve its ceaseless changes, and its maker is henceforth an absentee God. Is it? Let us have courage to see. For twenty years one devotes ten seconds every night to putting a little force into a watch. It is so arranged that it distributes that force over twenty-four hours. In that twenty years more power has been put into that watch than a horse could exert at once. But suppose one had tried to put all that force into the watch at once: it would have pulverized it to atoms. But supposing the universe had been dowered with power at first to run its enormous rounds for twenty millions of years. It is inconceivable; steel would be as friable as sand, and strengthless as smoke, in such strain.

We have discovered some of the laws of the force we call gravitation. But what do we know of its essence? How it appears to act we know a little, what it is we are profoundly ignorant. Few men ever discuss this question. All theories are sublimely ridiculous, and fail to pass the most primary tests. How matter can act where it is not, and on that with which it has no connection, is inconceivable.

Newton said that anyone who has in philosophical matters a competent faculty of thinking, could not admit for a moment the possibility of a sun reaching through millions of miles, and exercising there an attractive power. A watch may run if wound up, but how the watch-spring in one pocket can run the watch in another is hard to see. A watch is a contrivance for distributing a force outside of itself, and if the universe runs at all on that principle, it distributes some force outside of itself.

Le Sage's theory of gravitation by the infinitive hail of atoms cannot stand a minute, hence we come back as a necessity of thought to Herschel's statement. "It is but reasonable to regard gravity as a result of consciousness and a will existent somewhere." Where? I read an old book speaking of these matters, and it says of God, He hangeth the earth upon nothing; He upholdeth constantly all things by the word of His power. By Him all things consist or hold together. It teaches an imminent mind; an almighty, constantly exerted power. Proof of this starts up on every side. There is a recognized tendency in all high-class energy to deteriorate to a lower class. There is steam in the boiler, but it wastes without fuel. There is electricity in the jar, but every particle of air steals away a little, unless our conscious force is exerted to regather it. There is light in the sun, but infinite space waits to receive it, and takes it swift as light can leap. We said that if the sun were pure coal, it would burn out in five thousand years, but it blazes undimmed by the million. How can it? There have been various theories: chemical combustion, it has failed; meteoric impact, it is insufficient: condensation, it is

not proved; and if it were, it is an intermediate step back to the original cause of condensation. The far-seeing eyes see in the sun the present active power of Him who first said, "Let there be light," and who at any moment can meet a Saul in the way to Damascus with a light above the brightness of the sun—another noon arisen on mid-day; and of whom it shall be said in the eternal state of unclouded brightness, where sun and moon are no more, "The glory of the Lord shall lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof."

But suppose matter could be dowered, that worlds could have a gravitation, one of two things must follow: It must have conscious knowledge of the position, exact weight, and distance of every atom, mass, and world, in order to proportion the exact amount of gravity, or it must fill infinity with an omnipresent attractive power, pulling in myriads of places at nothing; in a few places at worlds. Every world must exert an infinitely extended power, but myriads of infinities cannot be in the same space. The solution is, one infinite power and conscious will.

To see the impossibility of every other solution, join in the long and microscopic hunt for the ultimate particle, the atom; and if found, or if not found, to a consideration of its remarkable powers. Bring telescopes and microscopes, use all strategy, for that atom is difficult to catch. Make the first search with the microscope: we can count 112,000 lines ruled on a glass plate inside of an inch. But we are looking at mountain ridges and valleys, not atoms. Gold can be beaten to the $\frac{1}{340000}$ of an inch. It can be drawn as the coating of a wire a thousand times thinner, to the $\frac{1}{340000000}$ of an inch. But the atoms are still heaped one upon another.

Take some of the infusorial animals. Alonzo Gray says millions of them would not equal in bulk a grain of sand. Yet each of them performs the functions of respiration, circulation, digestion, and locomotion. Some of our blood-vessels are not a millionth of our size. What must be the size of the ultimate particles that freely move about to nourish an animal whose totality is too small to estimate? A grain of musk gives off atoms enough to scent every part of the air of a room. You detect it above, below, on every side. Then let the zephyrs of summer and the blasts of winter sweep through that room for forty years bearing out into the wide world miles on miles of air, all perfumed from the atoms of that grain of musk, and at the end of the forty years the weight of musk has not appreciably diminished. Yet uncountable myriads on myriads of atoms have gone.

Our atom is not found yet. Many are the ways of searching for it which we cannot stop to consider. We will pass in review the properties with which materialists preposterously endow it. It is impenetrable and indivisible. Atoms have different shapes. They differ in weight, in quantity of combining power, in quality of combining power. They combine with different substances, in certain exact assignable quantities. Again, atoms are of different sorts, as positive or negative to electric currents. They have power to take different shapes with different atoms in crystal-

lization ; that is, there is a power in them, conscious or otherwise, that the same bricks shall make themselves into stables or palaces, sewers or pavements, according as the mortar varies. "No, no," you cry out; "it is only according as the builder varies his plan." Refer to one more presumed ability, an ability to keep themselves in exact relation of distance and power to each other, without touching.

It is well known that water does not fill the space it occupies. We can put eight or ten similar bulks of different substances into a glass of water without greatly increasing its bulk, some actually diminishing it. A philosopher has said that the atoms of oxygen and hydrogen are probably not nearer to each other in water than one hundred and fifty men would be if scattered over the surface of England, one man to four hundred square miles.

The atoms of the luminiferous ether are infinitely more diffused, and yet its interactive atoms can give 577 millions of millions of light-waves a second. And now, more preposterous than all, each atom has an attractive power for every other atom of the universe. The little mote, visible only in a sunbeam streaming through a dark room, and the atom, infinitely smaller, has a grasp upon the whole world, the far-off sun, and the stars that people infinite space. The Sage of Concord advises you to hitch your waggon to a star. But this is hitching all stars to an infinitesimal part of a waggon. Such an atom, so dowered, so infinite, so conscious, is an impossible conception.

But if matter could be so dowered as to produce such results by mechanism, could it be dowered to produce the results of intelligence? Could it be dowered with power of choice without becoming mind? If oxygen and hydrogen could be made able to combine into water, could the same unformed matter produce in one case a plant, in another a bird, in a third a man; and in each of these put bone, brain, blood, and nerve in proper relations? Matter must be mind, or subject to a present working mind, to do this. There must be a present intelligence directing the process, laying the dead bricks, marble, and wood in an intelligent order for a living temple. If we do put God behind a single veil in dead matter, in all living things he must be apparent and at work. If, then, such a thing as an infinite atom is impossible, shall we not best understand matter by saying it is a visible representation of God's personal will and power, of his personal force, and perhaps knowledge, set aside a little from himself, still possessed somewhat of his personal attributes, still responsive to his will.

What we call matter may be best understood as God's force, will, knowledge, rendered apparent, static, and unwearyably operative. Unless matter is eternal, which is unthinkable, there was nothing out of which the world could be made, but God himself; and, reverently be it said, matter seems to retain fit capabilities for such source. Is not this the teaching of the Bible? I come to the old Book. I come to that man who was taken up into the arcana of the third heaven, the holy of holies, and heard things impossible to word. I find he makes a clear, unequivocal statement of this

truth as God's revelation to him. "By faith," says the author of Hebrews, "we understand the worlds were framed by the word of God, so that things that are seen were not made of things which do appear." In Corinthians, Paul says—"But to us there is but one God, the Father, of whom [as a source] are all things; and one Lord Jesus Christ, by whom [as a creative worker] are all things." So in Romans he says—"For out of Him, and through Him, and to Him are all things, to whom be glory forever. Amen."

God's intimate relation to matter is explained. No wonder the forces respond to His will; no wonder pantheism—the idea that matter is God—has had such a hold upon the minds of men. Matter, derived from Him, bears marks of its parentage, is sustained by Him, and when the Divine will shall draw it nearer to Himself the new power and capabilities of a new creation shall appear. Let us pay a higher respect to the attractions and affinities; to the plan and power of growth; to the wisdom of the ant; the geometry of the bee; the migrating instinct that rises and stretches its wings toward a provided South—for it is all God's present wisdom and power. Let us come to that true insight of the old prophets, who are fittingly called seers; whose eyes pierced the veil of matter, and saw God clothing the grass of the field, feeding the sparrows, giving snow like wool and scattering hoar-frost like ashes, and ever standing on the bow of our wide-sailing world, and ever saying to all tumultuous forces, "Peace, be still." Let us, with more reverent step, walk the leafy solitudes, and say:

> "Father, thy hand
> Hath reared these venerable columns. Thou
> Did'st weave this verdant roof. Thou did'st look down
> Upon the naked earth, and forthwise rose
> All these fair ranks of trees. They in Thy sun
> Budded, and shook their green leaves in Thy breeze.
>
> "That delicate forest flower,
> With scented breath and looks so like a smile,
> Seems, as it issues from the shapeless mould,
> An emanation of the indwelling life,
> A visible token of the unfolding love
> That are the soul of this wide universe."—*Bryant.*

Philosophy has seen the vast machine of the universe, wheel within wheel, in countless numbers and hopeless intricacy. But it has not had the spiritual insight of Ezekiel to see that they were every one of them full of eyes—God's own emblem of the omniscient supervision.

What if there are some sounds that do not seem to be musically rhythmic. I have seen where an avalanche broke from the mountain side and buried a hapless city; have seen the face of a cliff shattered to fragments by the weight of its superincumbent mass, or pierced by the fingers of the frost and torn away. All these thunder down the valley and are pulverized to sand. Is this music? No, but it is a tuning of instruments. The rootlets seize

the sand and turn it to soil, to woody fibre, leafy verdure, blooming flowers, and delicious fruit. This asks life to come, partake, and be made strong. The grass gives itself to all flesh, the insect grows to feed the bird, the bird to nourish the animal, the animal to develop the man.

Notwithstanding the tendency of all high-class energy to deteriorate, to find equilibrium, and so be strengthless and dead, there is, somehow, in nature a tremendous push upward. Ask any philosopher, and he will tell you that the tendency of all endowed forces is to find their equilibrium and be at rest—that is, dead. He draws a dismal picture of the time when the sun shall be burned out, and the world float like a charnel ship through the dark, cold voids of space—the sun a burned-out char, a dead cinder, and the world one dismal silence, cold beyond measure, and dead beyond consciousness. The philosopher has wailed a dirge without hope, a requiem without grandeur, over the world's future. But nature herself, to all ears attuned, sings pæans, and shouts to men that the highest energy, that of life, does not deteriorate.

Mere nature may deteriorate. The endowments of force must spend themselves. Wound-up watches and worlds must run down. But nature sustained by unexpendable forces must abide. Nature filled with unexpendable forces continues in form. Nature impelled by a magnificent push of life must ever rise.

Study her history in the past. Sulphurous realms of deadly gases become solid worlds; surplus sunlight becomes coal, which is reserved power; surplus carbon becomes diamonds; sediments settle until the heavens are azure, the air pure, the water translucent. If that is the progress of the past, why should it deteriorate in the future?

There is a system of laws in the universe in which the higher have mastery over the lower. Lower powers are constitutionally arranged to be overcome; higher powers are constitutionally arranged for mastery. At one time the water lies in even layers near the ocean's bed, in obedience to the law or power of gravitation. At another time it is heaved into mountain billows by the shoulders of the wind. Again it flies aloft in the rising mists of the morning, transfigured by a thousand rainbows by the higher powers of the sun. Again it develops the enormous force of steam by the power of heat. Again it divides into two light flying airs by electricity. Again it stands upright as a heap by the power of some law in the spirit realm, whose mode of working we are not yet large enough to comprehend. The water is solid, liquid, gaseous on earth, and in air according to the grade of power operating upon it.

The constant invention of man finds higher and higher powers. Once he wearily trudged his twenty miles a day, then he took the horse into service and made sixty; invoked the winds, and rode on their steady wings two hundred and forty; tamed the steam, and made almost one thousand; and if he cannot yet send his body, he can send his mind, one thousand miles a second. It

all depends upon the grade of power he uses. Now, hear the grand truth of nature: as the years progress the higher grades of power increase. Either by discovery or creation, there are still higher-class forces to be made available. Once there was no air, no useable electricity. There is no lack of those higher powers now. The higher we go the more of them we find. Mr. Lockyer says that the past ten years have been years of revelation concerning the sun. A man could not read in ten years the library of books created in that time concerning the sun. But though we have solved certain problems and mysteries, the mysteries have increased tenfold.

We do not know that any new and higher forces have been added to matter since man's acquaintance with it. But it would be easy to add any number of them, or change any lower into higher. That is the meaning of the failing granite that becomes soil, of the pulverized lava that decks the volcano's trembling sides with flowers; that is the meaning of the grass becoming flesh, and of all high forces constitutionally arranged for mastery over lower. Take the ore from the mountain. It is loose, friable, worthless in itself. Raise it in capacity to cast-iron, wrought-iron, steel, it becomes a highway for the commerce of nations, over the mountains and under them. It becomes bones, muscles, body for the inspiring soul of steam. It holds up the airy bridge over the deep chasm. It is obedient in your hand as blade, hammer, bar, or spring. It is inspirable by electricity, and bears human hopes, fears, and loves, in its own bosom. It has been raised from valueless ore. Change it again to something as far above steel as that is above ore. Change all earthly ores to highest possibility; string them to finest tissues, and the new result may fit God's hand as tools, and thrill with His wisdom and creative processes, a body fitted for God's spirit as well as the steel is fitted to your hand. From this world take opacity, gravity, darkness, bring in more mind, love, and God, and then we will have heaven. An immanent God makes a plastic world.

When man shall have mastered the forces that now exist, the original Creator and Sustainer will say, "Behold I create all things new." Nature shall be called nearer to God, be more full of His power. To the long-wandering Æneas, his divine mother sometimes came to cheer his heart and to direct his steps. But the goddess only showed herself divine by her departure; only when he stood in desolation did the hero know he had stood face to face with divine power, beauty, and love. Not so the Christian scholars, the wanderers in Nature's bowers to-day. In the first dawn of discovery, we see her full of beauty and strength; in closer communion, we find her full of wisdom; to our perfect knowledge, she reveals an indwelling God in her; to our ardent love, she reveals an indwelling God in us.

But the evidence of the progressive refinements of habitation is no more clear than that of progressive refinement of the inhabitant: there must be someone to use these finer things. An empty house is not God's ideal nor man's. The child may handle a toy,

but a man must mount a locomotive; and before there can be New Jerusalems with golden streets, there must be men more avaricious of knowledge than of gold, or they would dig them up; more zealous for love than jewels, or they would unhang the pearly gates. The uplifting refinement of the material world has been kept back until there should appear masterful spirits able to handle the higher forces. Doors have opened on every side to new realms of power, when men have been able to wield them. If men lose that ability they close again, and shut out the knowledge and light. Then ages, dark and feeble, follow.

Some explore prophecy for the date of the grand transformation of matter by the coming of the Son of Man, for a new creation. A little study of nature would show that the date cannot be fixed. A little study of Peter would show the same thing. He says "What manner of persons ought ye to be, in all holy conversation and godliness, looking for and hastening the coming of the day of God, wherein the heavens being on fire shall be dissolved, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat? Nevertheless we, according to His promise, look for a new heaven and a new earth."

The idea is, that the grand transformation of matter waits the readiness of man. The kingdom waits the king. The scattered cantons of Italy were only prostrate provinces till Victor Emanuel came, then they were developed into united Italy. The prostrate provinces of matter are not developed until the man is victor, able to rule there a realm equal to ten cities here. Every good man hastens the coming of the day of God and nature's renovation. Not only does inference teach that there must be finer men, but fact affirms that transformation has already taken place. Life is meant to have power over chemical forces. It separates carbon from its compounds and builds a tree, separates the elements and builds the body, holds them separate until life withdraws. More life means higher being. Certainly men can be refined and recapacitated as well as ore. In Ovid's "Metamorphoses" he represents the lion in process of formation from earth, hind-quarters still clay, but fore-quarters, head, erect mane, and blazing eye—live lion—and pawing to get free. We have seen winged spirits yet linked to forms of clay, but beating the celestial air, endeavouring to be free; and we have seen them, dowered with new sight, filled with new love, break loose and rise to higher being.

In this grand apotheosis of man which nature teaches, progress has already been made. Man has already outgrown his harmony with the environment of mere matter. He has given his hand to science, and been lifted up above the earth into the voids of infinite space. He has gone on and on, till thought, wearied amidst the infinities of velocity and distance, has ceased to note them. But he is not content; all his faculties are not filled. He feels that his future self is in danger of not being satisfied with space, and worlds, and all mental delights, even as his manhood fails to be satisfied with the material toys of his babyhood. He asks for an Author and Maker of things, infinitely above them. He has seen wisdom unsearchable, power illimitable; but he asks for personal

sympathy and love. Paul expresses his feeling: every creature —not the whole creation—groaneth and travaileth in pain together until now, waiting for the adoption—the uplifting from orphanage to parentage—a translation out of darkness into the kingdom of God's dear Son. He hears that a man in Christ is a new creation: old things pass away, all things become new. There is then a possibility of finding the Author of nature, and the Father of man. He begins his studies anew. Now he sees that all lines of knowledge converge as they go out toward the infinite mystery; sees that these converging lines are the reins of government in this world; sees the converging lines grasped by an almighty hand; sees a loving face and form behind; sees that these lines of knowledge and power are His personal nerves, along which flashes His will, and every force in the universe answers like a perfect muscle.

Then he asks if this Personality is as full of love as of power. He is told of a tenderness too deep for tears, a love that has the Cross for its symbol, and a dying cry for its expression: seeking it, he is a new creation. He sees more wondrous things in the Word than in the world. He comes to know God with his heart, better than he knows God's works by his mind.

Every song closes with the key-note with which it began, and the brief cadence at the close hints the realms of sound through which it has tried its wings. The brief cadence at the close is this: All force runs back into mind for its source, constant support, and uplifts into higher grades.

Mr. Grove says, "Causation is the will, creation is the act, of God." Creation is planned and inspired for the attainment of constantly rising results. The order is chaos, light, worlds, vegetable forms, animal life, then man. There is no reason to pause here. This is not perfection, not even perpetuity. Original plans are not accomplished, nor original force exhausted. In another world, free from sickness, sorrow, pain, and death, perfection of abode is offered. Perfection of inhabitant is necessary; and as the creative power is everywhere present for the various uplifts and refinements of matter, it is everywhere present with appropriate power for the uplifting and refinement of mind and spirit.

BELIEVE and trust. Through stars and suns,
Through life and death, through soul and sense,
His wise, paternal purpose runs;
The darkness of His providence
Is star-lit with benign intents.

O joy supreme! I know the Voice,
Like none beside on earth or sea;
Yea, more, O soul of mine, rejoice!
By all that He requires of me
I know what God Himself must be.

—*Whittier.*

BOB BARTLETT'S BABY.

A NEWFOUNDLAND STORY.

BY THE REV. GEO. J. BOND, B.A.

Poor Bob Bartlett. That was what they called him in the little fishing village of Seal Cove where he lived. Poor Bob Bartlett. There were many reasons why the people called him poor. The first was that he was a bachelor, living by himself in a little cottage that he had built at a long remove from the other houses of the place on the side of the Head, the long, low hill terminating in a surf-beaten bluff, which bounded the harbour to the north.

There was a romance connected with that bachelorhood and seclusion, that the kindly wives of the place would tell you in sympathetic whispers if you asked about him,—a romance of twenty years ago, when Bob had been the beau of the harbour and sweet, blue-eyed Josie Simms the belle, and the day had been fixed and the wedding gear provided, when with awful suddenness the bright young girl had been smitten down, and in a week was a corpse, buried indeed on the very day that should have been her wedding-day.

They would tell you, too, of poor Bob's agony, the agony and despair that refused to be comforted. They would tell you how the blithe, bright lad had become sullen and silent, how he had taken himself away from the place for seven years, nobody knew where, and then had returned, as suddenly and strangely, to build himself the little lone cottage on the hill, and to live there alone —*all alone—for even his widowed sister was not allowed to come* near him. He had scarcely spoken to anyone since that terrible time when his bride was buried on her wedding-day. Indeed his neighbours seldom saw him, for he never went to church, though his boat lay at her mooring all the Sabbath, and he was never seen outside his house on that day.

He must be a rich man, they said, for in the summer he never missed a day on the fishing ground, and in the winter with his "cat" and dogs in the woods, getting out firewood and fencing, and quantities of pickets and "longers" for sale; he must have money, for he was always earning and spent but little.

Poor Bob Bartlett, they said. And they had other tales to tell, these kindly gossips, how, winter and summer, that spot in the graveyard was tended and cared for; how there was a beaten path across the hill to it, and how sometimes, late in the evening or early in the morning, Bob might been seen going to or from it

silently and sadly. A kindly man withal, they said, as the widows of the place knew, for every widow's wood-pile was generously increased winter after winter by loads brought at night, which they knew, though they dared not thank him for it, were brought by Bob.

And had he not come to Ben Baker's house when his wife and daughter had died of fever and Ben himself had caught it, poor old man, and could get no help, and stayed with him day and night till he nursed him back to health? And did he not jump off the head of the wharf and save young Dick Harding from drowning, the day of the June gale, when Dick was sinking for the last time and the sea was running mountains high? And didn't the children all love him, quiet as he was and queer? Were not they the only ones ever allowed inside his house? Had he not taken some of his special favourites among them into his kitchen, and made splendid boats for them and given them "bull's-eyes" and other sweeties from a big bottle he kept on his dresser?

Yes, and didn't the children tell wonderful stories about Bob's house, how he had lots of books and a clock with a little bird that would come out and say "cuckoo," and pictures on the walls of strange places and ships, and one big beautiful picture of a man carrying a great cross on his shoulders, a man with such a lovely face—a face that seemed to be crying—and they had asked Uncle Bob who it was and he had told them it was the Lord Jesus. And hadn't some of them stories to tell of another picture they had caught sight of in his bed-room as he went in to get something for them—a picture of a woman, they said; a young woman with brown hair and blue eyes, and it was in a big gold frame, and hung over the bed.

All this and much more would the kindly gossips tell to any strangers who happened to inquire about him as the striking, silent figure aroused their attention, and then again they would sigh and say, "Poor Bob Bartlett."

. . . . . .

It was the last week in September 187–. Bob had been out on the fishing ground since long before daylight, and by noon his skiff had about half a quintal of fish in her. It had been a bright morning, too bright to last, and the keen-eyed fisherman, reading the familiar signs of sea and sky, anticipated a change of weather before the day closed. But he did not and could not anticipate the fearful rapidity with which the light and variable breezes, which ruffled every now and then the oily surface of the

sea, chopped round to the north-east and blew a hurricane. There was only one thing to do—to run before it and make a harbour as soon as possible—for no boat could live for any length of time in such a storm and sea as speedily arose around his tossing skiff.

Bob knew that a couple of miles from Seal Cove there was an inlet which, if he could but reach it, would ensure him the protection he needed, and he headed for it as nearly as possible; managing, by dint of consummate coolness and skill, to avoid the long and dangerous reef which lay at its entrance, and to beach his boat at the safest part of its indraft. Having pulled her up, well above high-water mark, he turned her partly over, and proceeded with the aid of the oars and mast and sail, supplemented by a few armfuls of spruce boughs from the trees on the hills above him, to rig up a shelter and make himself as comfortable as possible till the storm should have blown over.

As night came on the gale increased in fury and the seas dashed into the little cove and over the reef at the entrance, with a noise like thunder. The night was dark as the grave, save when, every now and then, the lightning blazed forth, its zigzag flashes cutting through the clouds like daggers, and its blue and lurid radiance rendering more awful the chaos which it revealed.

Bob lay quietly under cover, undisturbed by the raging of the elements. Sleep was out of the question, and there was a sort of fascination in peering out into the darkness and watching for the recurrence of the lightning.

While thus engaged, about midnight, when wind and wave were at their highest, a more than ordinarily intense flash showed him, out on the bay, a large schooner, drifting helplessly towards the shore, and, as he rose on his elbow and strained his eyes in horror, the darkness settled down again, and all was blank. Again the lightning flashed out after a few minutes, and he saw her just off the mouth of the cove and almost on the reef. Bob screamed and clenched his hands in his agony of helplessness and horror, as he saw the panic-stricken crew hurrying here and there over her deck—saw them as they saw themselves, for one awful instant, in the very jaws of death,—and then the curtain of the dark came down once more. In another minute there was a dull, grinding crash, succeeded by a fearful shriek that pierced clear through all the tumult of the storm, and Bob hid his face in his hands, trembling in every fibre of his strong frame, for he knew that within a quarter of a mile of where he lay in safety, a half-score or more of his fellow-creatures were struggling among the cruel breakers, and he was utterly powerless to save them.

And so, shivering as with ague, from the shock of the sad

calamity he had witnessed but could not avert, he lay listening and watching through the long and weary hours. As he lay beneath his shelter, the great waves came thundering up to within a foot or two of where he was, and the heavy gusts of wind tore furiously among the scrubby trees that lined the slope of the hill above. By the vivid flashes of lightning, he could see, now and then, the whole bay lit up for a moment with the unearthly glare, the white breakers rolling savagely over the point, and the angry white-caps all over the distance seaward tossing an instant under the lurid light and then hidden again under the succeeding darkness. He could see the ill-fated schooner, as the lightning flashes lit her up, jammed fast in the jaws of two huge rocks, which had pierced her sides, and held her in a grip from which the tremendous surges could not tear her. He could see the two masts snapped off a few feet from the deck, the bowsprit a mere stump over the bows, the decks themselves clean swept of everything that could be torn away. Again and again in the blaze of the lightning he could see the terrible sight as clearly as in the light of day. But no sight or sound of any human presence was there after the awful shriek which accompanied her hurling upon the breakers.

So the night wore on. Towards morning the gale abated, and by daybreak the sky had cleared and the wind almost completely died away. The sea was too rough, however, for Bob to launch his boat, and in the meantime there was nothing for it but to wait, with what patience he might, for smoother water, and make the best use of his time where he was. Indeed, in any case, he would not have left the cove without ascertaining whether any bodies had been cast ashore, and removing them, if found, out of the further power of the waves.

So he set about the dreary task of examining the beach, which was strewn everywhere with the wreckage, dreading at every moment to come upon some battered and sodden corpse of what had been but half a dozen hours before a living and active human being. But, though he searched from end to end of the bight he found nothing—nothing but the confused and pitiful heaps of boards and boxes and barrels, splintered and shattered and surf-beaten, and half covered with kelp, which formed a ring around the shore. Outside this ring the heavy sea was still pounding, its foamy waters filled with floating *debris;* but no sign of a human body appeared anywhere on its unquiet surface; though Bob watched it long and carefully, as it rolled its tumultuous waves hoarsely at his feet.

On the reef outside, the wreck of the schooner still partly held

together, though the whole forward part had disappeared. It had been high-water when she struck, and the dropping of the tide had prevented the complete destruction of the after part, which, held as in a vice by the two great rocks which formed the top of the reef, now hung some feet above the swirling seas that leaped up all around it.

Bob looked at the wreck long and often during his search along the shore. It was just possible, he thought that some bodies might still be found on it, and he was anxious for the sea to go down sufficiently for him to launch his boat and get on board. When, at length, he had satisfied himself that there were no bodies in the landwash, he resolved to make the attempt to board the wreck, and, after waiting several hours for the surf to drop, and hauling his boat with some difficulty around to the windward shore of the cove, he succeeded towards evening in getting her afloat, and seizing his oars, was speedily off to the reef.

It was not an easy matter to approach, much less to get on board the shattered vessel, for the breakers were still rolling heavily over the reef. The schooner had parted a little abaft of midships, and had evidently been salt-laden, for a small sodden heap of the cargo still lay in the furthest corner of the hold, and still other quantities of it were dashed and spattered here and there over the rocks. The great, open, empty hold yawned like a cavern mouth as the fisherman rowed up around the reef, and getting into its lee, at length managed to lay his boat alongside, and make her fast to one of the timbers.

Seizing a rope which hung over the shattered bulwark, he climbed up the side and reached the deck. There was nothing above the level of it that had stood the sea except the companion-way and sky-light. The rudder-head, indeed, stripped of all its gear, rose up in its place, and the stump of the main-mast, snapped off like a carrot three or four feet above the deck, but the bulwarks and most of the stanchions even were completely gone. But the low, flat, square, old-fashioned sky-light, securely closed with tarpaulin, had stood all the wash of the seas, and so had the stout, small companion-way, the scuttle of which was firmly closed and padlocked.

As Bob walked around the deck, he was startled at hearing a low, wailing cry proceeding from somewhere below. As he listened, he heard it again and again—a low, inarticulate, plaintive sound,—and it struck him at once that some poor animal, a cat perhaps, had been shut up in the cabin when the scuttle was fastened, and now, half drowned, and frightened at its long imprisonment, was crying faintly for release.

Wrenching a spike from a broken stanchion he pried off the fastening, and throwing back the scuttle, put his foot on the companion-ladder to descend into the cabin. As he did so, the faint cry came again, and at the sound the blood rushed to his heart with a thrill and he staggered back in amazement and horror. It was a child's cry—the feeble, pitiful wail of an infant! Rushing to the sky-light he tore off the tarpaulin which covered it, so as to let the daylight into the cabin, and then hastily and eagerly hurried down the ladder and entered it. A strange sight met his eyes. On the table which occupied the most of the space in the centre of the little, low room was a cradle, and in the cradle lay a baby, crying now again, with a weak, moaning sound, as if its strength were well-nigh exhausted.

As Bob leaned over the cradle, the poor little thing seemed instinctively to recognize that here were help and rescue, and held up its tiny arms towards him with an eager and pitiful cry. In a moment the kindly fisherman had it in his arms, holding it as tenderly as a woman, while he sought to soothe it into quietness; and so successful was his unaccustomed nursing, that in a very few minutes, the little one lay in his arms asleep, its big blue eyes tightly closed, its fair hair falling in flaxen ringlets over his shoulder, and one tiny fist clasping his big fore-finger as if determined to hold on to the friend who had come so opportunely to its rescue.

Laying the sleeping baby gently back in its cradle, Bob hastily glanced around the cabin. It was devoid of any other human occupant living or dead. Two state-rooms, one on either side, opened off it, and the berths in these had the bed-clothes neatly laid in order. In one of the state-rooms, a woman's shawl hung from a nail and a small canvas-covered valise lay on the upper berth, while in th other a seaman's rough jacket and a pair of boots were on the floor, while a half-drawn telescope rested on the coverlet of the lower berth. In the cabin itself, the clock was ticking noisily against the forward bulkhead, while under the sky-light hung a cage with a canary twittering blithely as it hopped from perch to perch.

The water had filled the cabin to within a couple of feet of the ceiling. The swinging lamp over the table had evidently been lighted when the vessel struck and had continued alight till put out by the water, for the broken fragments of its opal shade lay immediately below it on the table, and so the cradle with its helpless little occupant had floated about in the darkness close against the roof of what had so nearly proved a living tomb. Had the water risen another foot, or had the old-fashioned cradle

not floated bravely above the whelming flood that well-nigh swamped the cabin, the little one had perished long hours ago. As it was the cabin had not filled and the cradle had proved so staunch and seaworthy that the clothes which covered the baby were as dry as when tucked in.

But as Bob took hastily in the surroundings of the cabin, he felt that this was no time for prolonged examination. While the baby still slept he must get it home, lest, famished and exhausted as it must now be, it should die before he reached there. To-morrow he would come back with help from the harbour, and overhaul the wreck thoroughly. Accordingly, he snatched up the shawl and valise with some blankets from the berths, which, water-soaked though they were, would serve to keep the cradle from the spray and wind. These he threw into his boat, and then, returning, carefully lifted the cradle with the sleeping child in his strong arms, and carried it, not without difficulty, up the companion-ladder to the deck. He then brought up the canary in its cage, and placed it at the foot of the cradle. Then, having first secured the scuttle, he lowered the cradle into his boat with a rope, and made it fast amidships, arranging the blankets upon and around it, so as to shelter the little sleeper as much as possible.

The wind had changed and freshened since noon, and was now fair for home, and though there was still considerable sea, he had no difficulty in running before it smoothly and swiftly to the harbour, and just as darkness had fallen, and the twinkling lights of the houses were showing here and there in the village, he made fast his painter at the foot of his own landing-stage, and bearing the cradle to his cottage, deposited it safely on the floor of his kitchen. Breathing a sigh of mingled relief and perplexity, Bob lit the lamp and proceeded to kindle a fire in his cooking-stove.

Here was the baby, safely in his house, and still sleeping the deep, quiet sleep of utter exhaustion, worn out by its frantic and long continued cries of terror and loneliness during its imprisonment in the dark and sea-drenched cabin of the wreck. It would soon wake and need food. It needed more than food, it needed the care and kindness and skilled attention which only a woman could give it. And yet here was no woman—and at the thought Bob again sighed heavily, and glanced up almost involuntarily at the pictured face over his bed.

Just then a piece of the dry wood crackled loudly in the stove, and the baby threw its arms outside the coverlet, and murmured in its sleep. The sound made Bob turn towards the cradle, and kneeling down beside it, he rocked it gently till the little one grew quiet again. It was a lovely child—a little girl of about

a year old—and Bob's big heart warmed towards the helpless little waif so strangely cast upon his care, as he knelt there looking down upon her. Both arms, rosy and bare to the shoulder, lay now upon the coverlet, the little dimpled hands folded together, while a wealth of flaxen and curling hair, tossed over the pillow, framed the soft, fair baby face, flushed with long sleep.

He could not part with her, he would not, Bob thought, unless indeed, relations could be found to claim her. She had come into his hands so mysteriously—he would keep her as his very own. But how? There was the trouble. He had no one to take care of her. If he had a wife or even a housekeeper, the thing would be easy, but no woman had ever been inside this house of his, and for him a lone man to take charge of a baby was out of the question, of course. True there was his widowed sister, Mary, but even she— Thus far had Bob got in his puzzled thinking, when it was interrupted by a low knock at the door, and almost immediately it was opened and before he could reach it his sister sprang over the threshold and clasped him around the neck.

"O Bob," she cried, amid her sobs, "forgive me for coming here, but I could not stay at home. I've been in a terrible state all day for fear you were driven off to sea or drowned in that dreadful storm. The men saw you go out yesterday, and when you didn't get back before night I thought sure you had perished, though the others said you had likely made a harbour somewhere when the storm came on. Just now, when I saw the light in your window, I could hold back no longer, and came over to see if it was really you. And oh! praise God it is. You are home safe and sound! Thank God, thank God!"

"Come in, Mary," said Bob, "come in; I've got a baby here."

"A what?" exclaimed his sister, hardly believing her ears.

"A baby," said Bob again, with a quiet smile at his sister's amazement, "a little girl that I found to-day in the cabin of a wrecked schooner. Why there—she's awake. I'm so glad you are here."

In another moment the kindly woman had the baby out of the cradle, and was clasping it tightly to her motherly bosom.

"A baby—found in the cabin of a wreck. O you precious darling, you precious darling!" she cried, and lifting the little face to her own she covered it with kisses.

In another hour, when the baby, well fed and cared for, was again sleeping snugly in the cradle, and the sister and brother had for the first time for many years partaken of their evening meal together, they examined carefully the clothes which they had taken off the little one but found no name or mark by which

she could be identified. They also examined the contents of the valise, which they found to be full of baby-clothes, but could find nothing that gave them the slightest clue.

Then they sat together and talked it all over. Perhaps they might be able to find out the baby's friends and return her to them; perhaps, even, if found, they might be so distant or so poor that they would not claim her. Judging from the clothes and the cradle the baby's parents had not been poor—perhaps the captain of the schooner had taken his wife and child for the voyage. But in any case the little one needed mothering, and it was agreed that Mary, who was not only a widow, but childless—her only child having died in infancy long years before—should shut up her own house and come and take charge of her. For Bob was determined not to part with his treasure as long as he could retain her. If her friends could be found, he would give her up, of course; but if not, he would gladly keep her permanently and bring her up as his own.

As the man, so long estranged and solitary, sat there in the room in which he had spent so many lonely hours, and watched the sleeping baby in her cradle, and his sister sitting beside it with her foot on the rocker, crooning a quiet lullaby as the little one whimpered or moved, there came over him a glow of sympathy with his kind, of interest in life, and of tenderness towards God, to which for long years he had been a stranger.

Never again, he felt, never again, could he live the old, sad life of the past. The springs of a loving nature, dried up in great measure through the terrible bereavement which had befallen him in his youth, began to well up within him afresh towards God and towards men.

When, an hour or two afterwards, his sister was sleeping in his own bed with the cradle beside her, and he, alone by the stove in the kitchen, was thinking over the strange events of the day ere throwing himself down for a few hours' rest on the couch, there came over him the longing to get back—back to God, back to man, back to the fellowship of his kindred and the sweet amenities of social intercourse, back to the consciousness of communion with God, and of acquiescence in His will and trust in His love.

Bowing himself there, with an outburst of weeping that was not bitter, but sweet and soothing, the strong man poured out his simple soul to God, and sought His pardon and grace and help. Then rising from his knees refreshed and strengthened with the assurance that his prayer was answered, he lay down to snatch a few hours of sleep, planning in the early morning to get a crew together and return to the wreck. But that project was disap-

pointed. A strong southerly gale sprang up during the night, and before morning a heavy sea was running and the rain falling in torrents. It was the season for storms, and for nearly a week the equinoctial gales kept the boats at their moorings, and lashed the bay, and even the harbour, into fury.

When at length, Bob with some other boats, got down to the scene of the wreck, not a vestige of the ill-starred schooner remained. Unknown, and almost unnoticed she had driven to her doom, and of all those on board only the helpless infant had been saved—a survivor indeed, but a survivor unable to tell whence the vessel had hailed from or who were her crew. Though report of the shipwreck and of the finding of the child was duly sent on to the proper authorities, and published far and wide in the newspapers, nothing was ever ascertained that would positively identify the lost schooner. She might have been one of three or four salt-laden vessels lost about that time; but none of these, so far as was known or could be discovered, had a woman or child aboard.

So Bob Bartlett kept the baby, and his sister was permanently installed in his house as her nurse. Day by day the little one developed, and rewarded by her interesting and loving ways the care and kindness bestowed upon her. Of course there never had been such a baby, in Bob's opinion and his sister's, never one so wonderfully knowing, and bright and affectionate.

As the months went on, the once silent and lonely house echoed with the sweet sounds of baby prattle and the music of innocent laughter. Bob would find himself hurrying home in the evening from his daily work, anxious to get the baby on his knee, and feel her soft cheek laid close to his, and listen to her quaint attempts to talk. Often during the day the thought of her would come into his mind like a ray of sunshine, and he would ply his task with a brighter spirit as he smiled over some remembrance of pretty saying or affectionate way.

So the time sped on till nearly a twelvemonth had elapsed since the time of the wreck. It was certain now that they would never know any more about the schooner, certain now that the baby would never be claimed. Bob was anxious that she should be christened. He had waited thus long in case anything should be heard about her, in case at least her name and parentage should be ascertained. But now all chance of that was over, so he consulted the minister as to the propriety of having her baptized. The latter thought it was perfectly proper to have it done. She might, indeed, have received the sacred rite before, but then again she might not. They did not know; they never would know. To

him it seemed not only allowable, but eminently fitting, that this little one, rescued in the good providence of God, should be received into His visible church and dedicated to His service. He would christen her the very next Sunday if that were convenient.

So the next Sunday the baby was brought to church. It was a lovely day, one of those brilliant days we often have in September,—

> So cool, so calm, so bright,
> The bridal of the earth and sky.

The little church was crowded, for all the village somehow knew of the christening, and all the village was interested in Bob Bartlett's baby. And when the little maiden herself was brought in, sitting up straight on Bob's strong arm, her blue eyes glancing shyly over the congregation, and her fair hair rippling over her white shoulders, there was an audible whisper of interest and delight among the simple-hearted worshippers.

But the climax was reached when the minister, taking the baby from Bob's arm on his own, asked him to name the child, and Bob in trembling tones, responded, "Josie." The sympathies of the congregation could no longer be restrained as they thought of the man standing there, with his dead hope buried in the graveyard near by, and this living joy which had so wonderfully cheered and changed his sad life; and as the water was sprinkled on the sunny brow, and the little Josie was baptized in the Triune Name, minister and people alike were weeping. And when, all kneeling, the prayer was offered that the little child so wonderfully saved from death might grow up to be a good woman, a blessing to the world and a comfort to her foster-father, the unrestrained sobbing and fervent responses showed how deeply and universally the people were moved.

. . . . . .

This, my gentle reader, is the simple story of Bob Bartlett's Baby—not all the story, for all the story I may not stay to tell. It is the story of a bruised heart healed, of a broken life mended, of a shadowed soul uplifted and saved, through the tender ministry of a little child, through the touch of baby fingers, and the whispering and wooing of a baby's voice. Not all at once, but steadily and permanently was Bob Bartlett led back—back into the sunlight of love and trust and the sweetness of social intercourse and Christian fellowship and work.

These things happened years ago and Bob and Josie are living still—Josie a sweet young maiden just blossoming into womanhood,

Bob a hale and hearty man getting on to his threescore years: Mary, his widowed sister, has joined her husband and her child in heaven, and Josie has been for years past the sole mistress of the little cottage on the Head, growing up to a beautiful maturity under her foster-father's loving and wise direction.

There is no longer a "Poor Bob Bartlett" in the village of Seal Cove. That name has long ceased to apply to the bright-faced, genial man, interested in everyone, and working in every good cause, who once was known by it. And, under God, the change is due to Bob Bartlett's Baby.

HALIFAX, N.S.

OUR DAILY BREAD.

BY M. E. SANGSTER.

GIVE us this day, dear Lord, our daily bread;
We do not ask to-morrow's till it come;
But on the journey, day by day, are fed,
Until Thou guide us to our heavenly home.

Give us this day the patience that we need,
So many little things our spirits try;
Give us the Word with eager love to heed,
Content, although our wish Thou mayst deny.

Give us this day Thy wisdom; when perplexed
We know not how to turn nor what to do;
Save us, we pray, from being weakly vexed,
And lead us, hour by hour, this one day through.

Give us this day the courage and the cheer
To face Thy foes, and ours, with look serene;
Reveal Thyself so constant and so near,
That we shall see Thee, not a cloud between.

Give us this day more loyalty to Thee,
More hatred of the sin that wounds Thy heart;
More grace Thy loving followers to be,
Choosing in Thee, for aye, the better part.

Give us this day our own light cross to bear,
As though it bore us on to heights divine;
Give us to realize Thy cross who share,
That still the heaviest end, dear Lord, is Thine.

Give us this very day our daily bread;
Thou knowest all our wants. That want we bring,
And in Thy footsteps, Saviour, as we tread,
We hail Thee Master, and we crown Thee King.

LIGHT IN DARK PLACES.

JERRY McAULEY'S WATER STREET MISSION.

BY HELEN CAMPBELL.

AN EVERY-DAY SCENE NEAR THE WATER STREET MISSION.

THE Five Points was once the terror of every policeman, as well as of every decent citizen who realized its existence. It was for years the breeding-ground of crime of every order, and thus the first workers in City Mission work naturally turned to it as the chief spot for purification. Here the Water Street Mission was begun just after the Civil War, and here it still continues its work. Its story has often been told, yet the interest in it seems no less fresh than at the time of its inception. For years it was headed by Jerry McAuley, a man whose absolutely unique personality has stamped itself forever in the minds of all who dealt with him in person.

I have often talked with Jerry and his wife on the origin of the work, their personal share in it, and the effect produced in the neighbourhood,—its present vileness being peace and innocence compared with its condition when Jerry began his work there. The second floor of the Mission building was their home, and I was always greeted with a warmth and courtesy that absolved me at once from the guilt of intrusion.

"Come again. Come as often as you like," Jerry would say in his hearty way each time I took my leave. "I'll tell you anything you'd like to know, though if I talk the rest o' me life I couldn't tell all the stories I know nor the sights I've seen."

I did "come again" and again, at last taking my place among the "regulars," as the few were called who had stated employment and came constantly. With my own eyes I saw men who had come into the Mission sodden with drink turn into quiet,

steady workers. Now and then one fell,—in one case permanently; but the prodigals commonly returned confessing their weakness and labouring earnestly to prove their penitence. I saw foul homes, where dirty bundles of straw had been the only bed, gradually become clean and respectable; hard faces grow patient and gentle; oaths and foul words give place to quiet speech.

It is for Jerry then, to tell the story, taken almost verbatim from his own lips, and given with all its personal details as one of the most wonderful in the history of crime, or the story of the poor born to life in a city slum. Words can never hold the pathos, the tenderness, the strength, the quick-flashing Irish humour which made him the power that he was, and that, even with a weakened body fast failing to meet the demands made upon it, still rendered him the most wonderful of apostles to the roughs. He told the story to me in a long afternoon in the old Mission, from which he soon after removed to the Cremorne Mission, begun by himself and wife, and where he shortly afterwards died.

The Water Street work was left in the hands of one of his own converts, and still goes on in the same lines; and these two Missions may be said to do the most distinctive work in the city.

"There's two sides to this thing," Jerry began, throwing himself back in the big arm-chair, from which he rose at intervals to walk restlessly up and down. "Folks mostly seem to think there ain't but one. It was only last night a fellow come in here ripe for a row. You've never happened to see an out-an-out rough spillin' over with fight, an' bound to make somethin' fly before he's through. More of his sort used to bother us than do now; an' it's lucky, too, for the time when I could just take any one of 'em by the scruff o' the neck an' drop 'im out on the sidewalk, just like you'd drop a strange cat, is pretty well over with me. But this fellow come in last night an' sat awhile, an' I was tryin' to think just where I'd seen him, an' couldn't for the life o' me, till he rose up with a sort of a sneery smile, an' then I minded well enough where we'd met,—in Sing Sing, an' he working at the loom next to me.

"He went on so with his sneery talk 'twas too hard for me to make out if he was in earnest or not,—sayin' how he remembered me in times way back, an' the way I used to look, an' how well set up I seemed to be now, with me fine coat an' good clothes all through, an' just lickin' me chops to think what a comfortable, easy time I was havin', an' a chucklin' to meself every time I told the life I'd led.

"'You're off there,' says I, risin' up so sudden that he jumped; he thought maybe I was goin' to hit him. 'Yes, you're off there. There's many a one says I loves to tell the story of me own life, an' I tell you an' them, as I've often said before, there's nothin' I wouldn't do, if I could see me way clear, never to tell it again in this world. Do you suppose if a man was set up to his neck in a sewer, an' kept there months an' years, he'd be chucklin' over it

when he got out? Faith, not! He'd be apt to keep quiet, unless he saw some other fellow steppin' into the same place, an' then, if he'd the heart of a grasshopper, he'd warn him off. Do you think I'll ever stop rememberin' that well-nigh thirty years o' my life have gone in deviltry, an' no help for it? The only comfort I take is in thinkin' that if I hadn't been the devil's own all that time, I'd never know now how to feel for them that's in his clutch yet. He's a mighty tight grip on you, my friend, an' many a one like you, an' you'd better come up in front an' let every soul pray hard that you may find it out for yourself.'

"He made for the door then, an' won't come back in a hurry. I know his kind. It's a kind God don't want and the devil won't have. God forgive me for sayin' so, but you'd think so too, maybe, if you'd had 'em to deal with an' could never be just certain whether they had a soul or not. I used to say they had, an' must be worked over, an' I don't say now they haven't; only there's others more promisin' to spend your strength on, an' I've had to learn to let his kind mostly alone. The Lord knows. He made 'em, an' maybe He'll find out a way after a while. But it's a poor show for me to be doubtin' about any human bein' when I've got meself to remember."

Jerry was silent, and for a few moments paced restlessly up and down the floor of the great room over the Mission—a room which some day is to make a temporary home for some of the many who, if kept from old haunts for even a few days, would gain a strength attainable in no other way. Then, as now, it was simply an unpartitioned space, far enough above the street to hold a little sense of quiet. Ivies ran over the windows, and the cages of two pet mocking-birds were there,—birds that twittered restlessly as the tall figure passed by, and chirped impatiently for recognition.

"There's heaps o' satisfaction in the creatures," Jerry said as he sat down before them. "Many's the time I come here 'most gone from tiredness in the meetin's, an' they rest me so I can go at it again I never knew I had a knack for 'em an' could learn 'em everything, till one was give me, an' I began of meself. It's the same way with flowers. They're good friends o' mine now, but it's strange to think o' the years I hardly knew there was such a thing in the world. I can look back now an' think how things were in Ireland, but I'd no sense of 'em then. It was a pretty country, but me an' mine had small business in it but to break the laws an' then curse the makers of 'em. You want to know all about it, an' I'll tell you now, for there'll never be a better time."

THE STORY OF JERRY M'AULEY'S LIFE.

Me father was a counterfeiter, an' ran away from justice before ever I can remember him. There was a lot of us, an' they put me with me grandmother. She was old an' a devout Romanist, an' many's the time when she was tellin' her beads an' kissing

the floor for penance, I'd shy things at her just to hear her curse an' swear at me, an' then she'd back to her knees. I'd got well beyond her or anybody by the time I was thirteen. They let me run loose. I'd no schoolin', an' got blows for meat and drink till I wished meself dead many a time. I thought could I only get to me sister in America I'd be near the same as in Paradise, when all at once they sent me to her, an' for a while I ran errands an' helped me brother-in-law. But I was tall o' my years an' strong, an' had no fear for any man livin', an' a born thief as well, that stealin' came nateral an' easy; an' soon I was in a den on Water Street learnin' to be a prize-fighter, an' with a boat on the river for thievin' at night. By this time I was nineteen, an' I don't suppose a bigger nuisance an' loafer ever stepped above ground. I made good hauls, for the river police didn't amount to much in them days, an' it was pretty easy to board a vessel an' take what you pleased. The Fourth Ward belonged to my kind. It's bad enough now, but it's heaven to what it was then.

Now, I'd done enough to send me to prison forty times over, an' I knew it, but that didn't make it any easier to go there for something I hadn't done. A crime was sworn on me by some that hated me bad an' wanted me out o' the way. Fifteen years in prison! That was the sentence I got, an' I not twenty years old. That hour goin' up the river was the toughest I'd ever come to. I was mad with rage, but handcuffed and forced to keep quiet. It was in me mind to kill me keeper, an' I marked him then. "Wait," said I to meself, "I'll be even with you some day if I have to hang for it." An' when I put on the prison dress an' they shut me in, I knocked me head agin the wall, an' if I dared I would 'a' killed meself. At last I made up me mind I'd obey rules an' see if I couldn't get pardoned out, or maybe there'd come a chance of escape, an' I set me mind toward that.

I tried it for two years; learned to read, an' had a pile o' cheap novels they let us buy; an' I learned carpet-weavin', an' no one had a word to say agin me. But then I grew weakly. I'd been used to the open air always, an' a shut-in life told upon me. Then I got ugly an' thought it was no use, an' then they punished me. Do you know what that is? It's the leather collar that holds an' galls you, an' you strapped up by the arms with your toes just touchin' the floor; an' it's the shower-bath that leaves you in a dead faint till another dash brings you out. I've stood it all an' cursed God while I did. I was that desperate I would have killed the keeper, but I saw no chance out even if I did.

It was one Sunday morning. I'd been in prison five years. I dragged meself into the chapel an' sat down. Then I heard a voice I knew, an' I looked up. There by the chaplain was a man I'd been on a spree with many an' many a time,—Orville Gardner. He stepped down off the platform. "My men," says he, "I've no right anywhere but among you, for I've been one of you in sin," an' then he prayed, till there wasn't a dry eye there but mine,—I was that 'shamed to be seen cryin', but I looked at him an' wondered what had come to him to make him so different.

He said a verse that struck me, an' when I got into me cell again I took down the Bible an' began to hunt for it. I read awhile till I found somethin' that hit the Catholics, I thought; an' I pitched me Bible down an' kicked it all round the cell. "The vile heretics!" I says. "That's the way they show up the Catholics, is it?" It was the verse that says: "Now the Spirit speaketh expressly, that in the latter times some shall depart from the faith, giving heed to seducing spirits and doctrines of devils; having their conscience seared with a hot iron, forbidding to marry and commanding to abstain from meats which God hath created to be received with thanksgiving of them which believe and know the truth."

"I'll have a Catholic Bible," says I, "an' not this thing that no decent Catholic would touch with a ten-foot pole." So I got me a Catholic Bible from the library, but it was pretty much the same, only more lumbered up with notes. I read 'em both, an' the more I read the more miserable I was.

I wanted to be different. I thought about the new look in Gardner's face. "What makes it?" says I, "an' if he's different, why can't I be? Now if I send for the priest, he'll set me to doin' penance an' sayin' so many prayers, an' all such like. The chaplain says I'm to be sorry for me sins an' ask God to forgive me. Which is the way, I wonder?"

You wouldn't think I'd 'a' minded, but if ten thousand people had been in me cell I couldn't 'a' felt worse about prayin'. I kneeled down, blushin' that hot as I'd never done in me life before, an' then I'd up agin; an' that's the way it was three or four weeks' till I was just desperate. Then there come a night when I said I'd pray till some sense come to me, an' if it didn't I'd never pray again. I was that weak an' trembly I seemed as if I could die easy enough. I knelt there an' waited between the times I prayed. I wouldn't stir from me knees. Me eyes were shut. I was in an agony, an' the sweat rollin' from me face in big drops, an' "God be merciful to me a sinner" came from me lips. Then, in a minute, something seemed to be by me. I heard a voice, or felt I heard one plain enough. It said, "My son, thy sins, which are many, are forgiven."

To the day o' me death I'll think I saw a light about me an' smelled somethin' sweet as flowers in the cell. I didn't know if I was alive or not. I shouted out, "Oh, praise God! praise God!"

"Shut your noise," the guard said, going by. "What's the matter with you?"

"I've found Christ," I says. "Me sins are all forgiven me."

"I'll report you," says he, an' he took me number, but he didn't report me.

Well, then, seein' how it had come to me, I began to pray for others. I was quiet an' content all the time, an' I believed if it was good for me, God'd find a way to let me out o' prison. I didn't pray for it for two years, but just worked there to save others, an' many a one turned to a new life an' stuck to it.

Then at last come a pardon when I'd been in seven years an' six months just, an' I came back down the river to New York.

There was never a lonesomer man alive. I wouldn't go back to the Fourth Ward, for fear I'd be tempted, an' so I wandered round tryin' for work, till one day I met a friend, an' he took me to a lager-beer saloon. Lager-beer had come up since I went up the river. I didn't know it was any more hurt than root-beer; they said it wasn't. But that first night did for me. Me head got in a buzz, an' in a week or two I wanted somethin' stronger. I got work in a hat-shop, an' had good wages, but a strike come, an' I led it an' lost the place. It was war time, an' I went into the bounty business—a rascally business too. Then I had a boat on the river agin. I'd buy stolen goods of the sailors, an' then make 'em enlist for fear o' bein' arrested, an' I took the bounty. The end o' the war stopped this, an' then I stuck to the river, buyin' and sellin' smuggled goods an' payin' all I could in counterfeit money. Do you remember when the Idaho burned in the East River? Me an' me partners rowed out,—not to save life, but to rob; but when we saw 'em screamin' in the water we turned to an' helped 'em, though one o' me partners in the boat said we'd make a pile pickin' up coats an' hats.

Often an' often I was shot at. Do you think I didn't remember what I'd had given me, an' how I'd lost it? I didn't pray, I didn't dare to. I kept under liquor all the time to head off thinkin', for I said God was done with me, an' I was bound for hell sure a ' certain.

About this time, one night I'd gone over to Brooklyn very drunk,—too drunk to do me share o' the work we'd laid out for that night, an' as me partner boarded the ship we were after I slipped an' fell overboard an' went under like a shot. An eddy carried me off, and the boat went another way. I knew I was drownin', for I went down twice, an' in me extrimity I called on God though I felt too mean to do it. It seemed as if I was lifted up an' the boat brought to me. I got hold of it somehow, I don't just know how. The water had sobered me. When I was in it, I heard, plain as if a voice spoke to me, "*Jerry, you've been saved for the last time.* Go out on that river agin an' you'll never have another chance."

I was mad. I went home an' drank an' drank an' drank. I was sodden with drink, an' as awful-lookin' a case,—more so, than you've ever laid eyes on. An' oh, the misery o' me thoughts! It was the John Allen excitement then, an' I heard the singin' an' was sick with rememberin', an' yet drinkin' day an' night to drown it all.

A city missionary came in one day to the house on Cherry Street where I boarded. He shied a bit when he saw me at the top o' the stairs—a head like a mop, an' an old red shirt. He'd been pitched down-stairs by fellers like me, and I'd a done it meself once. I hung round while he went in a room, thinkin' maybe he could get me a job of honest work, an' when he come out I told him so. He asked me to step out on the pavement. He

said afterward I was that evil-lookin' he was afraid o' me, an' he didn't know what I might do. So out on the street I went, an' he took me straight to the Howard Mission, an' there we had a long talk, an' a gentleman wanted me to sign the pledge. "It's no use," says I; "I shall break it." "Ask God to keep you from breaking it," he said. I thought a minute, an' then I signed it an' went home. Me partner was there, an' he laughed himself hoarse when I told him. He had a bottle o' gin in his hand that very minute. "You!" he says. "Here, drink!" I took the glass an' drank. "That's the last glass I'll ever take," says I. "Yes," says he, "till the next one."

I'd hardly swallowed it when who should come in but the missionary. We went out together, an' I told him I was dead broke an' hungry, an' I would have to go on the river again once more anyhow. "Jerry," says he, "before you shall ever do that again I'll take off this coat an' pawn it." The coat was thin an' old. I knew he was poor, an' it went to me heart that he'd do such a thing as that. He went away a minute, an' when he come back he brought me fifty cents. An' he kep' on helpin'. He followed me up day after day, an' at last one night at his house, where he'd had me to tea an' there was singin' and prayin' afterwards, I prayed meself once more, an' believed I should be forgiven. There wasn't any shoutin' this time, but there was quiet an' peace.

It was a hard pull. I got work now and then, but more often not. An' then everybody thought I was shammin' for what I could get out of it. I didn't wonder, an' I helped it along by doing what you'd never believe,—I caved in again. Three times I was drunk, an' do you know what did it? Tobacco. That's why I'm so down on tobacco now. Chew an' smoke, an' there'll be a steady cravin' for somethin', an' mostly it ends in whiskey. A man that honestly wants the Spirit of God in him has got to be clean, I tell you, inside an' out. He's got to shut down on all his old dirty tricks, or he's gone. That's the way I found it.

I was married by this time to Maria, an' she's been God's help from that day to this, an' often we talked about some way to get at the poor souls in the Fourth Ward. We were doin' day's work, both of us, an' poor as poor could be. But we said, "Why have we both been used to filth an' nastiness, an' all else, if not so's to know how to help some others out of it." An' one day I had a sort o' vision. I thought we had a house in the Fourth Ward, an' a big bath, an' a stream o' people comin' in. I washed 'em outside an' the Lord washed 'em inside, an' I cried as I thought, "Oh, if I could only do that for Jesus' sake." "Do it for one if you can't for more," said Maria, an' that's the way we begun in an old rookery of a house, in one room, an' a little sign hung out,

THE HELPING HAND FOR MEN.

You'd never believe how many that sign drew in. We did what we could, an' when Thanksgivin' Day came, friends gave

us a good dinner for all. Afterwards there was a meetin', an' it was so blessed we were moved to say they should all come the next night. From that day to this,—first in the old buildin', an' then in this, the new one,—there's been a meetin' every night in the year, an' now it's hundreds,—yes, thousands—that can say the Water Street Mission was their help to a new life.

Day an' night we work,—you know how. My life is slowly but surely goin' from me. I feel it, but livin' or dyin' it's the Lord's. All these years He has held me, but I don't know now but that I'd have fallen again if I hadn't been so busy holdin' on to others. An' that's the way to keep men,—set 'em to work. The minute they say they're sick o' the old ways, start 'em to pull in somebody else. You see when your soul is just on fire, longin' to get at every wretch an' bring him into the fold, there's no time for your old tricks, an' no wantin' to try 'em again. I could talk a month tellin' of one an' another that's been here. Oh, there's stories if one but knew 'em! An' not a day that you don't know there ain't a bummer in the Fourth Ward so low down but what the Lord can pick him out o' the gutter an' set him on his feet. That's why I tell me story an' everythin' right out an' plain. There's times I'm dead sick o' rememberin' it, but I have to do it, an' them very times seem the ones that help most. An' as long as tongue can move, may I never be ashamed to tell what I've been saved from.

This was Jerry's story in the days in which Water Street still counted him its peculiar product and property. Even then his eyes had turned toward a haunt of vice not so plain to the outward eye, but as full of need as any den in the lower wards of the city, the Cremorne Garden, on Thirty-second Street. To the ordinary passer-by there were few indications that the region needed him; but Jerry knew, and after long discussion and much opposition the Cremorne Mission was opened and he took charge of the work. Such a life as Jerry led in the days of his wickedness made him an easy prey to disease, and he died at the age of forty-five. He had long been ailing and knew that his call home would come suddenly. On the day previous to his death he was in the best of spirits. That night he was taken with a severe hemorrhage of the lungs. While expecting every moment would be his last, he said in an almost inaudible voice to one of the converts of the Mission, pointing upwards as he spoke, "It's all right." He was too weak to say more. Another hemorrhage came, and his spirit took its flight.

On the following Sunday afternoon Broadway Tabernacle was thronged by a vast audience assembled to pay a last tribute of respect to the dead. Hundreds were unable to obtain entrance. Prominent clergymen conducted the solemn and affecting service, and the Tabernacle choir sang with tender pathos,

> "We, too, must come to the river side,
> One by one, one by one;

We're nearer its brink each evening tide,
One by one, one by one."

For two hours a constant stream of friends passed by the coffin to take a last look at Jerry's face.

During the services a gentleman was standing at the entrance of the Tabernacle, when a shabby-looking old man, who had been lounging on the outskirits of the crowd, approached and said:

"Beg pardin', sir, but seein' as you were kinnected here, and seein' as how I ain't posted on ways and things, I thought I'd ask you a favor."

The listener was turning away, expecting an untimely appeal for alms. But the old man said, "I've heerd it's the right thing to send flowers and sich to put on the coffin of any one who's bin good to you. Well, I don't know, sir, as I've got the rights of it or not. But there's somethin' here for Jerry."

He took off his tall, battered hat as he spoke, and felt in it with trembling fingers. "It ain't no great shakes," he said, as he took out a little bunch of white flower . Then looking up, as though to read in the face of his listener approval or disapproval, he went on, apologetically: "They're no great shakes, I allow, and I 'spect they mayn't set off the roses and things rich people send. I'm a poor man, you know, but when I heerd as Jerry was gone, I gets up and says to meself, 'Go on and do what's fash'n'ble; that's the way folks do when they want to show a dead man's done a heap for 'em.' So there they are."

They were handed to the usher.

"And when you drop 'em with the rest, though they ain't no great shakes," he added, with the old apologetic look, "Jerry, who was my friend, 'll know," and his voice trembled; "he'll know they come from old Joe Chappy."

"What did he do for you?" his listener ventured.

"A great deal," the old man replied. "But it's long ago now. My gal had gone to the bad, and was dyin' without ever a bite for her to eat. I got around drunk, but it sobered me, and I hustled about to hunt up some good man. They asked if she went to Sunday-school and all that. O' course she didn't. How cud the poor gal? Well, they called her names, sed she was a child o' wrath, and I went away broken-hearted, when I come acrost Jerry, and he went home with me and comforted me, and he sed Almighty God wouldn't be rough on a poor gal what didn't know no better. She died then, but I ain't forgot Jerry, no, nor never will."

The poor old wreck could not be prevailed upon to enter, and the crowd was so great that the little bunch of flowers could not reach the casket. The choice floral emblems that covered Jerry's coffin could not be sweeter to the dead than that simple offering of a bunch of wilted white flowers.

IN LOVING MEMORY OF

JERRY McAULEY

THE FOUNDER OF THIS MISSION.

—

HE RESTS FROM HIS LABOURS AND HIS WORKS FOLLOW HIM.

—

"*Where I am, there shall also my servant be.*"

John xii. 26.

TABLET TO THE MEMORY OF JERRY M'AULEY ON THE WALL OF THE WATER STREET MISSION ROOM.

How did it fare with the deserted Mission on Water Street after Jerry gave his time to the Cremorne Mission is often asked. "Deserted" is not the word. As long as he lived he visited it often, and there was no alteration in methods and only the most temporary diminution of interest. One of the most earnest workers in the old Mission took entire charge, but another whose day was yet to come, and who stands for one of the most effectual pieces of work accomplished in the Cremorne Mission, to-day fills Jerry's place in Water Street as hardly another could do. The story of Water Street would be incomplete without some portion of this history, as unique in its way as Jerry's.

It is the story of two, not one, though but one has chosen Water Street as his field. A log cabin in Ohio was the home into which both were born, but it was a cabin like many another of that region,—the home of New England emigrants, the mother the daughter of a minister, and both parents educated, self-respecting members of the little community. Here the two Hadley brothers were born, and here till eighteen years old the younger kept his promise to his mother that tobacco and liquor should be untouched. The older one had already gone out into the world. S. H. Hadley, the younger, born in 1843, shall tell the story in his own way and words:

S. H. HADLEY'S STORY.

A friend, who was the miller of the county, told me he would never speak to me again if I did not drink, and that he would think I had some grudge against him or felt myself above him socially. I took the bottle after he had coaxed me a full half hour, and put it to my lips and drank. Will I ever forget that moment? The vow I had made to my mother was broken, and the devil came in and took full possession. My mother died a short time after this, happily in ignorance of my sin. I was away from home that day, but her last words were, "Tell Hopkins to meet me in Heaven."

By the side of my dead mother, I vowed never to drink again, but in three days yielded to the temptation. It was thus far only

occasional. My father died, and I began the study of medicine with the village doctor, who was himself a heavy drinker, though a brilliant member of the profession. Both of us went down swiftly, the doctor soon drinking himself to death. I left the place, and after a little experience as travelling salesman, became a professional gambler, and for fifteen years followed this life. In 1870 I came to New York, where I had a fine position offered me, which I soon lost. *Delirium tremens* came more than once, and in spite of a strong constitution the time was reached when I knew that death must soon result.

One Tuesday evening I sat in a saloon in Harlem, a homeless, friendless, dying drunkard. I had pawned or sold everything that would bring drink. I could not sleep unless I was drunk. I had not eaten for days, and for four nights preceding I had suffered with *delirium tremens*, or the horrors, from midnight till morning. I had often said, "I will never be a tramp. I will never be cornered. When that time comes, if it ever does, I will find a home in the bottom of the river." But the Lord so ordered it that when that time did come I was not able to walk a quarter of the way to the river. As I sat there thinking, I seemed to feel some great and mighty presence. I did not know then what it was. I walked up to the bar, and pounding it with my fist till I made the glasses rattle, I said I would never take another drink if I died in the street, and I felt as though that would happen before morning.

Something said, "If you want to keep this promise go and have yourself locked up." I went to the nearest station house and had myself locked up. I was put in a narrow cell, and it seemed as though all the demons that could find room came into that place with me. This was not all the company I had either. No, that dear Spirit that came to me in the saloon was present and said, "Pray."

I did pray, and kept on praying. When I was released I found my way to my brother's house, where every care was given me. While lying in bed the admonishing spirit never left me, and when I arose the following Sunday morning I felt that that day would decide my fate. Toward evening it came into my head to go over to the Cremorne Mission and hear Jerry McAuley.

I went. The house was packed, and with great difficulty I made my way to the space near the platform. There I saw the apostle to the drunkard and outcast, Jerry McAuley. He rose and amid deep silence told his experience. There was something about this man that carried conviction with it, and I found myself saying, "I wonder if God can save me."

I listened to the testimony of many who had been saved from ruin, and I made up my mind that I would be saved or die right there. When the invitation to kneel for prayer was given I knelt down with quite a crowd of drunkards. I was a total stranger, but I felt I had sympathy, and it helped me. Jerry made the first prayer. I shall never forget it. He said, "Dear Saviour,

won't you look down on these poor souls? They need your help, Lord; they can't get along without it. Blessed Jesus, these poor sinners have got themselves into a bad hole. Won't you help them out? Speak to them, Lord. Do for Jesus' sake. Amen."

Then Jerry said, "Now, all keep on your knees, and keep praying while I ask these dear souls to pray for themselves." He spoke to one after another as he placed his hands on their heads. "Brother, you pray. Now tell the Lord just what you want him to do for you."

How I trembled as he approached me. I felt like backing out. The devil knelt by my side and whispered in my ear, reminding me of crimes I had forgotten for months. "What are you going to do about such and such matters if you start to be a Christian to-night? Now you can't afford to make a mistake. Hadn't you better think this matter over awhile, and try to fix up some of the troubles you are in, and then start?"

Oh, what a conflict was going on for my poor soul! Jerry's hand was on my head. He said, "Brother, pray." I said, "Can't you pray for me?" Jerry said, "All the prayers in the world won't save you unless you pray for yourself."

I halted but a moment, and then I said with breaking heart, "*Dear Jesus, can you help me?*"

Never can I describe that moment. Although my soul had been filled with indescribable gloom, I felt the glorious brightness of the noonday sun shine into my heart. I felt I was a free man.

From that moment to this I have never tasted a drink of whiskey, and I have never seen enough money to make me take one. I promised God that night that if He would take away the appetite for strong drink I would work for Him all my life. He has done His part, and I have been trying to do mine. It took four years to make my brother believe I was in earnest. He believed it fast enough when he was converted himself. He is a splendid-looking man, a colonel in the army, and is doing rescue work, and will as long as he lives, with all his money and all his strength. He had a newspaper run in the interest of gin-mills, and the day after he was converted he cut out every advertisement that they had given him. "This paper is converted, too," he said, and it was a queer-looking paper when he got through.

I was called to take charge of the Water Street Mission after I had been working with all my might for four years in the Cremorne, and here I am settled with my wife and two other missionaries, one of whom everybody in the ward knows as well as ever they knew Jerry. "Mother Sherwood" they all call her. We run low in funds often, for it costs $4,000 a year to carry on the work. When a man starts on a better life the odds are often against him, and he must be helped for awhile with food, clothing, and whatever else may be wanted.

Saturday night is "coffee night" at the Mission room. Many a poor, discouraged fellow, who has been looking for work and found none, and gone on short commons a whole week, drifts in

here on Saturday afternoon, knowing that he will get a cup of coffee and a sandwich in the evening. There are plenty of bummers and tramps in our Saturday night crowd, and some a good deal worse than either, too. We weed out a few, but we try to keep nearly all, for who knows what may come to them? Empty cups are placed on the seats, and each man picks one up as he sits down, and patiently waits for hours. At seven o'clock our own workers carry the big coffee pots among the audience, and laugh for joy as they see the look on some of the faces. The men begin to pile in by three o'clock on Saturday afternoon, though our service does not begin till half-past seven. Time is of no account with them, you know, and the room is packed full in half an hour. We are often obliged to lock the doors and turn the rest away. Many have nowhere else to go. After lunch we have a service of song, followed by an experience meeting, lasting till half-past nine, when the men depart. Most of them sleep in cheap lodging-rooms or police station-houses, though some walk the streets all night. On several cold nights this winter we let some of them sleep on the floor of the Mission room all night. Coffee night is one of our institutions, and always draws a big crowd, though generally a pretty tough one.

No matter how dirty, how vicious, how depraved a man may be, he will find a welcome here. We will take him down stairs and wash him. If he is sick we will have a doctor for him, or get him into a hospital, and we won't lose sight of him, and we will bury him if he dies. There is hope for all of them if they once begin to pray.

Plainly Jerry has found such a successor as he himself would have chosen, and the work he loved goes on as he would have had it. The doors of the little Mission swing inward for all comers, and the voices of men who have found here refuge and hope are always sending out into the night the call,—

"Calling now to thee, prodigal,
Calling now to thee,
Thou hast wandered far away,
But He's calling now to thee."

LONG LIFE.

COUNT not thy life by calendars; for years
Shall pass thee by unheeded, whilst an hour—
Some little fleeting hour, too quickly past—
May stamp itself so deeply on thy brain,
Thy latest years shall live upon its joy.
His life is longest, not whose boneless gums,
Sunk eyes, wan cheeks, and snow-white hair bespeak
Life's limits; no! but he whose memory
Is thickest set with those delicious scenes
'Tis sweet to ponder o'er when even falls.

—*Kennedy.*

THE LIFE CRUISE OF CAPTAIN BESS ADAMS.

BY JULIA M'NAIR WRIGHT.

CHAPTER XII.—CAUGHT IN A STORM.

"The sea was rough and stormy,
The tempest howled and wailed,
And the sea-fog like a ghost
Haunted that dreary coast,
But onward still I sailed."

How many times had the fortunate *White Eagle* gone out of harbour, her cargo well stowed, her masts and decks white and clean, her rigging all right aloft, firm hands on the wheel, the cabin under the sway of the nice, motherly stewardess—the very perfection of a cabin—hearty good-will reigning on board, confidence in ship, captain, and, most of all, in God, making cheerful all hearts! So it was now, only for the trouble about that deserter, Jim. One person's ill-doing embitters the cup of many an innocent one.

It was a bright moonlight night. Land had now been out of view for four days. Lights hung at the masthead. Our ancient friend Jerry was in the foretop. All was quiet below. Phil and Henry were on duty, Henry seated on a coil of rope, and Phil walking about the deck. The stewardess, enjoying the loveliness of the hour, had come up from the cabin, and, standing in the aft stairway, her white cap was just on a level with the quarter-deck, where Bess was keeping her watch. Tom Epp was at the wheel, and Bess stood just above him. Sometimes, at such hours, Tom, with the utmost respect, exercised the privilege of an old friend, by falling into conversation with his captain.

"It's odd to me, Cap'n Adams, that in all our sailing we've never come across a downright wreck."

"There were the *Orion* and the *Petrel,*" and Bess added one or two more, "that we overtook in distress and helped with water, spars, and a carpenter."

"I remember; and, thanks to the *Eagle,* they went on all taut again; but them wasn't real wrecks, cap'n."

"All the better for them," said Bess. "And we picked up the survivors of the *Queen* off Brest."

"Oh! I know, and they wouldn't ha' survived much longer ef we hadn't; but what I'm driving at, cap'n, is, we've never picked up an abandoned ship. We've never made a real salvage, and some cap'ns make their fortunes on a salvage—all in a minute, as one may say."

"I'm sure," said Bess, after a few turns on deck, and hailing Jerry in the foretop, "you are not the man, Tom, to wish for loss to our neighbours, that we may make salvage."

"By no manner of means, cap'n; only since ships do get abandoned, and there *is* salvages, I wish some of 'em would fall to your

share, cap'n; not for my fortune, for I've got every whit as much as I want, but for you and others at the Cove."

"For my part," said Bess, "I'm sufficiently thankful that the *White Eagle* has come to no loss herself, and that nobody has made a salvage out of her. There's only one salvage that I'm anxious to make, Tom, and that is to come across that poor dear brother of mine. Perhaps I was too hard with him."

"Considering all things, cap'n, I don't see as you can charge yourself with that," replied Tom; "for you couldn't let his conduct form an excuse for others of the men going and doing likewise. Don't you fear his going to the bottom, cap'n; if he does make a wreck, somebody'll be sent to tow him into port and repair him. He's got his father's prayers, and that's a sort of insurance like, I take it."

In spite of herself, Bess could not but smile at Tom's mixed-up metaphors and his odd ideas of insurance; yet, as she paced up and down the deck, she took some comfort from his faith in Jim's ultimate preservation. Perhaps, also, Bess unconsciously took courage from the approach of the time when she could again be doing something towards getting upon Jim's track, and that in a place so promising of success as among the shipping on the Thames. With most of us, what we call faith is most vigorous when we are putting forth some active efforts in our own behalf, and when really we are trusting less to the unseen Prayer-Hearer than to our own selves. That is a very lofty faith that lives and grows amid our own enforced and absolute inactivity. It is really wonderful, after so many failures, great and small, how much confidence the human race yet has in its own endeavours; there are even people who are trying to obtain salvation by their own efforts and deservings!

Whencesoever grew the faith and hope of Bess Adams in speedily finding her lost brother, it was destined to a rebuff and a longer trial.

When the ship reached port, every man on board esteemed himself a special committee to consider the case of the deserter; and that not only for Bess's sake, but for the boy's as well, for he had been several years among the men, and they regarded him with half-fatherly, half-fraternal affection; and then Jim had many a good point and pleasant way, in spite of his great failings.

As Jim was not to be found, Bess felt secretly grieved at the celerity with which the cargo of wheat was removed from the *White Eagle,* and the bales of merchandise began to take its place; and as the exchange was made, Bess had hardly a moment to spare for personal search for her stray; it was important how the cargo was stowed. Who knew what winds and heavy seas the ship might encounter? And were there not eighteen faithful souls, among them two brothers, with her in the ship, whose lives must be cared for with earnest solicitude? And there were owners' and merchants' interests to look to.

Thus the days in port passed, and all was ready for departure; and, wind and tide serving, early one red, murky morning down

fair Tamise went the *White Eagle,* and lagged on her way. However, by four o'clock the wind freshened marvellously, and away went the *White Eagle,* swift as its namesake of the upper air.

At six o'clock Bess was keeping her watch, and, as she paced up and down the quarter-deck, her mind dwelt on the disappointment and sorrow there would be at home when no news of Jim came with the returning ship. Once all her desires would have been filled at making a successful voyage, delivering a valuable cargo in good condition, and getting another safely stowed away. But now the failure to find Jim cast a gloom over everything. Tom Epp was on the main-deck, busy at some of his duties. The sight of this grizzle-headed, furrow-faced, wiry old fellow, who had been her lifelong friend, and always had such a hearty sympathy for her joys or woes, never failed to cheer Bess. She could frequently speak to him of some care or vexation which she hid from everyone else on the ship. As she came now near the place where he was at work, and, sweeping the horizon with her glass, let fall the hand with the instrument with a deep sigh which told that her heart was far away, the old sailor looked up quickly:

"Well, Tom," said Bess, "we've failed again. God has not given me the desire of my heart, and I feel very greatly discouraged."

"'Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted within me? Hope thou in God: for I shall yet praise Him. He that trusteth in the Lord, happy is he,'" replied Tom quickly. "And by your leave, cap'n, it ain't so much a virtue in us to be trusting when all goes well with us; but when troubles are on every side, there's the grip, and then's the time when we gets the full vally of trusting—ain't that so, cap'n?"

Bess continued her walk on deck for some minutes. Gradually her face brightened. She looked down at the sailor again. "Tom, 'a word spoken in season, how good it is!'"

"Ay, ay, cap'n: 'As iron sharpeneth iron, so doth the countenance of a man his friend.'"

Again Bess pursued her rounds. Once more she paused. "Tom, you know the promise, 'If any two agree together touching anything that they shall ask—'"

"Ay, ay," said Tom, "I've borne it in mind all along, and I've agreed with you in asking; and so has more than one on board of this ship."

At this moment there was a shrill shriek as of some passing demon through the top-sails, and a cold blast smote Bess Adams' cheek. She swept again the gray horizon with her glass. There was a narrowing of the circle of vision, as if the sky contracted and the sea had grown suddenly smaller, while far and wide it was ridged with crooked furrows.

"Storm brewing," said Bess laconically to Mr. Porter, who just then came up from his watch below, and she handed him the glass; but too absorbed in the thoughts awakened by her conversation with Tom to leave the deck, she stood looking absently at the water.

"Dirty weather, very," said John Porter, concluding his obser-

vations of sea and sky. "Barometer's been threatening it all day." Bess made no answer.

"Hadn't we better shorten sail to be ready?" said the mate.

The words startled Bess out of her reverie like an electric shock. Here she was, pondering over Jim, whom Providence had put entirely out of her reach, and whom all her musing would not help, and she was forgetting the eighteen souls, kindred and friends and faithful followers, who were under her immediate care.

"By all means, Mr. Porter," she said; "the storm is rising quickly. I'll go below now, for we may have a bad night and be all needed on deck within a few hours."

"It is out of season for a heavy gale," said the first officer. "I reckon this will pass over before long."

As it was now her watch below, and she was quite unneeded on deck, Bess descended to the cabin and her stewardess, Mrs. Wort. An odd, quizzical relation subsisted between these two. So long as Bess was on deck, Mrs. Wort regarded her with all the awe and reverence suited to her absolute royalty over the ship; but as soon as Bess was below stairs, she became in Mrs. Wort's eyes a beloved creature, to be coddled and cared for by an excellent, motherly old body like Mrs. Wort.

When Bess was in port, she could, according to Mrs. Wort, "go to bed and sleep like a Christian;" but at sea she slept like a sailor—broad awake, by some mysterious instinct, as soon as her watch below ended, and ready at all times to spring up and dash on deck at a moment's notice. Mrs. Wort was quite assured that Bess had "terrible hard times," and she had set herself to afford her as much compensation as possible. Therefore, when it was watch below for Bess, she always found her stewardess at her state-room door with a nice wadded jacket and a pair of warm slippers, as a sort of compromise for the blue dress and the deck boots; and when there was a fair chance of sleeping her time below out, Bess accepted these ameliorations of her estate in a spirit of charity. The next care of the provident stewardess was to have a cup of tea or coffee or a mug of soup ready for Bess before she went up into the darkness, cold, or storm for her watch on deck; and this refreshment was always heartily acceptable. On this night, as Bess came down and found the guardian of her comforts with jacket and slippers, she shook her head and put them by.

"Humph," said Mrs. Wort, "weather foul?"

"Likely to be," said Bess; and stepping into her room, she left the door ajar, and Mrs. Wort saw her take a night-glass from the hook where it hung, and throw the strap over her neck; then buckle about her waist an oil-cloth case which she wore in bad weather to keep the glasses dry; next she put about her throat a large silk kerchief, and looped the ends, so that one hasty pull would tie them safely; after that she took a thick reef-jacket from its peg, and, turning her light low, stretched herself in her berth. In five minutes she was asleep.

Mrs. Wort knew that all these preparations meant war. When

Bess left her door ajar, and slept, as one may say, in her armour—*i.e.*, with her kerchief on her neck, and her storm-cap in one hand and her reefer in the other—Mrs. Wort knew there was a likelihood that Bess would bounce out of bed and appear upon deck in full panoply, like Minerva.

"Oh, I see," muttered Mistress Wort, "we'll be busy to-night. Ah! then it shall be oyster soup." She entered her pantry, and reached from a top shelf a can of oysters. She next procured and carefully secured in its place a little tin kettle, firmly fixed over an alcohol lamp, which latter burned in a cage like a miner's safety-lamp. It then took but a few minutes to add the required condiments to the oysters and have in course of preparation a most notable broth. The lamp and its kettle properly placed, Mrs. Wort set beside them a large mug, and remarked: "Now *I'll* have a wink of sleep." In pursuance of this intention, she extended herself on a lounge with her head by Bess' door, and drew a great travelling-rug over herself.

Bess had often remonstrated with her stewardess concerning this uneasy fashion of spending her watch below, but the stewardess never failed to reply: "Bless you, *I* can sleep any time!" So there she was, always ready to see the refreshment she had prepared administered before Bess went on deck.

On this night quiet had not very long reigned in the cabin when the ship began to leap and curvet like a half-broken and ill-tempered steed. The vagrant demons seemed to assemble in great numbers about the upper rigging, and hissed and yelled and moaned in an outrageous fashion.

Up sprang Bess and up sprang the stewardess. Bess knew as by instinct that there was no immediate peril, but she jerked fast her neckerchief, strapped on her cap, and was buttoned into her reefer with amazing celerity. Meanwhile, the stewardess had poured part of the soup into a mug and tossed it from that into another mug to make it cool enough to be drinkable, and barricaded the foot of the stairs, with an extended arm holding a dish of fragrant broth. Bess drank it in a fearful hurry that would have ruined a dyspeptic, and ran to the deck. A terrible blackness settled over the sea. The only lights to be seen were those hanging at the mast-head and gleaming over the unerring finger in the binnacle, ever pointing to the pole. The voices of sailors aloft were heard, as they scurried through the rigging. The first and second officers were at their posts, and great, cold handfuls of salt, sharp spray were snatched off the combing tops of the waves, and flung into the anxious faces of all on deck.

Tom Epp was shrilly piping all hands up, and the man at the wheel struggled with the spokes, as if some giant was writhing in his desperate clasp.

"It's a night to blow one's ears off, captain," said John Porter.

"Wind's from the north-east," said Bess.

"And 'tain't five minutes since it was north, and before that nor'-west. It's from everywhere," said the second officer.

"All made snug above?" asked Bess.

"All close," said John Porter; and just then there was a loud crack high overhead, like the firing of a gun, and the ship bowed and staggered. A sail had shaken out of its fastenings, and now snapped and shook and cracked like the firing of a pistol, despite all their late care.

There was a bellowing of orders and a rushing along the decks, a sound of voices far aloft, while the sailors went on their perilous duties, and Bess held her breath in dread, lest she should hear that wild cry, that heavy *something* rushing through the air, as she had heard when the doomed *Seabird* laboured in southern seas, and should know that one of her men had gone overboard in the blackness, when there was no eye to pity and no hand to save.

All was right overhead once more, and still the gale increased and the waves rose mightier and mightier, and tossed the *White Eagle* like a mere feather on their crests, and thundered against the staunch oak sides as long ago battering-rams thundered and crashed against the walls of beleaguered cities. The fury of the storm when the *Seabird* went down was nothing to the fury of this storm on the North Atlantic; only now there was no lightning, and the *White Eagle* minded her helm, and showed all her best qualities in a grand fashion.

Two men toiling at the helm, the ship labouring terribly, happily no leaking; midnight now, and black as Erebus. Some evil spirit, on broad, horrible wings, must have gone sweeping along the topmasts and cut the clew-lines; for once more is that shriek and crack, and now something tears off from the ship and dashes away on the tempest—for the first time the *White Eagle* has lost a sail!

Ten minutes, and there was a whistling ominous to hear, and the ship lurched wildly, as a horse shies in fright, and loud rose the sound of breaking wood, and the topmast, was snapped off, hanging dangerously, dragging the ship over.

Even while the word of command was uttered the sailors sprang aloft with axes to clear the wreck, and crash into the angry water went the gallant topmast, that had well served the *White Eagle* for many a day.

Morning came at last, cold, sunless, stormy—fit dawn after so fierce a night. Bess ordered the best food and drink that could be served to be got ready for her wet and weary mariners, and, while everybody staggered and reeled like a crew of drunkards, they swallowed their hot, strong coffee, and made ready to fight the day out. A hard fight it was. Ten o'clock saw them in a worse state than ever; the ship gave a mighty lurch, and off snapped the two great masts as if they had been lily-stalks! The indefatigable crew rigged spars on the stumps of the lower masts, and they went overboard in an hour. About noon they saw a vessel as hard driven as themselves, but lost her presently.

Bess gave strict orders for everybody to eat and take coffee at noon. All night up and wet in a storm, and all day in the same case, began to tell on the stoutest.

The cook and the stewardess were ordered to get ready provisions,

to be at hand if they must take to the boats, of which two were left, the jolly-boat having been carried away in the night. By three this care was proved useless, for a great wave devoured the long-boat as a lion crunches a bone; and a little later a mountain of hissing water swept the ship, took off the galley and sky-lights, poured half a ton of water into the cabin, nearly drowning the stewardess, and cut the life-boat clean off the davits.

Then the strained ship began to leak, though slowly, and the pumps were manned.

"We can't hold out another night," said John Porter, and the thought of his faithful wife tugged grievously at his heart, and he looked far and near for a more fortunate ship which might rescue them.

"Oh ! for a steamship to help us," cried the second officer, remembering a pair of lovely blue eyes that would grow dim with weeping if he never reached land.

Phil and Henry drew near to Bess. Before their thoughts rose the mother and Annie and all the dear pleasures of home-life. Bess glanced along her dismantled vessel. Every man was safe yet, but every man seemed doomed to find the *White Eagle* his coffin that night; and, oh! what a cry of mourning would sound up from Lucky Cove if news came of such dread burial.

The pumps were worked well, another spar was rigged, and signals of distress floated aloft; and as the dark day declined to darker night, a long, black roll lower than a cloud rose at intervals as if out of the sea, floated along the south-western sky, and a black hull lifted slowly from the waves.

It was a stout steamer, by some miracle holding her own against the storm! Here was hope. Bess ordered a gun to be fired in token of distress. The steamer wavered a little. The *White Eagle* fired another gun, and was answered. Evidently, the steam-vessel was having a hard time of it, and was reluctant to be hindered. However, humanity prevailed, and she turned her course to the *White Eagle,* rolling helpless in heavy seas, with water creeping up by small degrees in her hold.

The men were kept at the pumps, but had opportunity to go below by turns to secure, tied in handkerchiefs, their most necessary effects. In such a storm the nearing ship could not be expected to take any great amount of baggage.

"I'll thank you to get the books, Mr. Porter," Bess said, "and take care of them." At last the steamer lay to, as near as she dare come to them, and John Porter went to the side and bawled at them the name, destination, and command of the *Eagle,* how many hands she carried, what her case was, and that their only hope was in rescue by the steamship.

The officer of the steamer shouted back that he could not keep by the *Eagle* nor tow her, but he would take off the crew; stated also that the rescuing ship was the *Triumph,* bound for Havre.

Mr. Porter roared that their boats were all gone; and then a boat was lowered from the *Triumph,* with two men in her, and "be quick" was bellowed above the storm. Bess dashed into the

cabin, and jerked a little case from under the mattress of her berth. Back on deck, she gave it to John Porter. "You'll go with the first boat, Mr. Porter. There is money. I have gold about me. If anything happens to me, you will take the men home safely. I put my brothers in your care. If anything occurs to divide us, go to London, and report at 'Lloyd's.'"

"You go in the first boat, and let me send off the others," implored the first officer.

Bess Adams' eyes blazed at the proposition. "*I'm captain* of this ship, and the last to leave her deck," she said imperiously. "Be ready for this boat, Mr. Porter." And she began hastily to tell off the men who were to go first. The steersman had lashed the wheel, and all the souls on the *White Eagle* were gathered waiting for the boat. It was under the side now, and Mrs. Wort was first lowered. Bess clasped Henry in her arms, as the stewardess went into the boat, and then signed him to go. He seized a rope, and was down like a cat. Phil departed in like manner, two sailors followed, and then Mr. Porter. Bess wrung his hand as he turned to descend. "Thanks for years of goodness. God bless you!"

Eagerly they watched the boat on those terrible waves. All were safely put on board the *Triumph*, and back came the boat. Five more men and the second officer were ordered down. Again the boat went and returned. It was now so dark that one could not see a yard's distance. Bess stood calmly in her place, warning and instructing her remaining men. Six were yet with her; among these Tom Epp and Jerry. In the gloom these men began the perilous descent, Jerry first, then the other five, one by one, were called off. There seemed a little hesitation or trouble once, but it passed. The boat below was held by the rope by which the sailors descended. All the men were down. "Cast off!" shouted Bess,

"Captain!" howled the men below in an agony of remonstrance. "come down."

"I stand by my ship!" shouted Bess. "Cast off!"

There was a prompt mutiny in the boat. Jerry caught the rope to reascend. Bess felt somebody seize it, and had anticipated the act. She had an axe in her hand, and promptly cut the rope with a furious blow. "Off with you, I say!" And again the cry of "Oh captain!" came up, but fainter, for the boat was falling away towards the steamer.

When the six men came on board without Captain Bess, there was a yell of woe and despair, led off by Mrs. Wort, Henry, and Phil; and John Porter in agony implored the sending of another boat. "I'm perilling all our lives every minute," said the commander of the *Triumph*. "I have done my duty. I feel for you; but every captain has a right to choose his own lot." And the ship steamed away. There was a light on the mainmast stump of the *White Eagle*, and the *Triumph's* lights were gleaming far above the sea. By these lights the parting company of the ships could be traced—by the crew on one ship, the lone watcher upon the wreck—and in a little space each lost sight of the other.

Now the low thunders muttered all around the sky, while the wind, which had been lessening for an hour, fell more quickly, and that awful quiet which frequently precedes an electric storm began to reign around. Bess had not chosen her course without full consideration and a thorough knowledge of all the facts of her condition. She had some hope left that her ship would not founder. The hope was by no means strong enough for her to risk nineteen lives upon it, but it confirmed her in her intention of remaining on the *White Eagle.*

She felt sure that they were not over fifty miles from land. She had observed in the latter part of the afternoon that the barometer indicated better weather; and, moreover, Tom Epp's most careful observations had assured her that for two hours the water had ceased to increase in the ship, even after the pumps had been abandoned. These were certainly favourable indications; but, on the other hand, she had a dismantled vessel, a howling storm, great waves at intervals sweeping the whole length of the ship, boats all gone, and eighteen opinions that the *White Eagle* would not live the night out, to combat her own trembling hope that it would make a port.

At all events she had chosen her fate, and standing here alone on the deck of the reeling, unmanageable ship, it remained for her to make the best of the situation. She took advantage of a roll of her craft to dash down into the cabin, where the water that had come in from above lay washing about a foot deep. One or two lights were yet burning, and Bess made short work of getting some ship-biscuits from the pantry, and crowding them into the case with her glass. Then she staggered up to the deck, and made a rush for the mainmast stump, around which the lantern shed a little circle of light. There were ropes and life-preservers here, and Bess fastened on a "preserver" and then prepared to secure herself to the mast. She seated herself in one great coil of rope, passed her arms through another, and then wound a long end of lighter cordage about herself and the mast. She still had her axe. It would be her best friend if the ship went down and she needed suddenly to get free of her lashings; her worst enemy if, in a lurch of the vessel, it should fly in her face. Her first care was therefore to secure the axe. This done, there was nothing remaining for her but to patiently wait. Thoughts came crowding to her mind of that other wreck, when she had, as now, in night and storm, been lashed to the stump of a mainmast; and then her father and Rolf had been suffering on either side, while her two poor sailors lay dying on the quarter-deck. Ah! better be alone. "Thank God," said Bess from the depth of her heart, "that those weary ones are entered into rest! Verily, the righteous is taken away from the evil to come!"

The thunder now rent the air in loud peals, and the rain came down like a deluge. It seemed indeed that now were "the fountains of the great deep broken up and the windows of heaven were opened." Now again those long-separated waters from above and under the firmament seemed meeting. A terrible rain like

this allays the waves. The sea seems to be trampled smooth under mighty feet; and now, as for an hour the torrents of rain came down incessantly the motion of the ship became sensibly less. The wind had been falling for some time, and there was hope that this spasm of fury was the last dying struggle of the storm. The thunder was still accompanied by fierce lightning; and as one broad flash dropped like a great curtain of fire, Bess distinctly saw a human form on her ship, holding by the wheel. A shock of superstitious fear passed over her, but she determined to challenge this unknown comrade, and, putting her trumpet to her lips, cried with all her might, "By the wheel there!"

"Ay, ay!" came back in a hoarse shout, and presently she heard someone scrambling along towards her position. Another minute, and Tom Epp, bareheaded and dripping, stood in the circle of light.

It was an instant of amazement, an instant also when Tom might end his career by being washed overboard.

"Lash fast by a rope, Tom," said Bess, throwing one at him. She saw him now making fast to the mast.

"Why are you here? You disobeyed orders," said Bess. "I bade you go on the *Triumph*."

"I know I disobeyed orders, and I don't allow I'm sorry for it," replied Tom stolidly. "What are you here for, cap'n?"

"That's a different matter," said Bess. "What would Lucy and her children and Master Hastings do, if this ship were towed into port derelict, and I went home disgraced by abandoning my post? My place is here; yours is not."

"And what would them same folks do," said Tom doggedly, "if you never got home at all? There's many a one to mourn for you, cap'n. But here I am. I've no old folks, no wife, no youngsters, no one to pipe their eye, if Tom goes down at sea. Why didn't *you* go on the steamer, and let *me* stand by this ship to hold her for the owners, if so be that she don't sink?"

"Leave *you* to hold her!" cried Bess loftily. "I would not be a captain worth any man's obeying if I had done that."

"And I would not be a coxs'n wuth blowin' a whistle if I'd left you to fight it out alone," retorted Tom.

Bess made no reply, and after a little Tom, sensible of his offences, and willing to justify himself, began on the pathetic "I wouldn't desart any cap'n, least of all you, Cap'n Bess Adams. The first time ever you went out of the house *I* carried you, all done up in a blanket, and I took you down on the sands to have a look at the sea. I knowed you was a goin' to take to that element, by the way you looked when you first got sight of it. The first time ever you was *on* the sea you went in my boat; you wasn't big enough to walk, but I fastened you safe in the starn, and I knowed you'd be a sailor by the way you behaved on that there occasion. Your mother and me lay at the point of death at the same time. When I knew God had called her and left me, I made sure I'd some duty to do by *her* children. Since ever you've been to sea, I've been coxs'n. Once we was wrecked, and I desarted you, but not of my own will. When your honoured

father lay a-dying, he says to me private, 'Tom, you'll stand by my daughter so long as you live.' I said, 'Ay, ay, sir,' and that's as good to me as taking an oath on it. Last time I see young Master Hastings, who ever cared more for you than himself, *he* says, 'Tom, you'll follow Miss Bess as long as there's breath in your body'; and I says, 'Ay, ay, sir,' to him. Now, after that, cap'n, was I likely to leave you this night?"

"Say no more, Tom," said Bess in a choked voice, laying her hand on his shoulder. "It is of God's good providence that you have remained with me on this ship. Thank you for it."

"I'm glad you're satisfied," said Tom. "I'm ready to go down with you at the post of duty, if it's God's will. I don't know as I could get into heaven in better company. I tell you, cap'n, as I hung on yonder, I couldn't but think of the seven angels and their trumpets, and the four winds striving on the sea, and of that New Jerusalem, where there is no more curse, and no more night, and no more sea. And I heard a voice in my soul, 'Fear not for I am with thee; be not dismayed, for I am thy God.' And I can't help feeling, cap'n, that God has given you your own life and the lives of all that are with you on the ship, like he did to Paul."

"God grant it!" said Bess. "There are those for whom it is better that I should live."

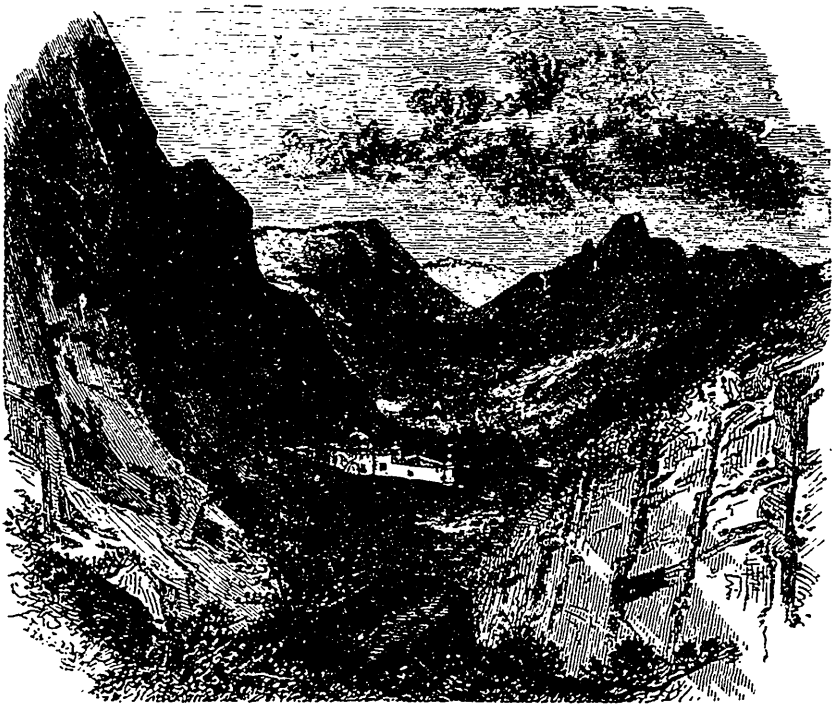
"The sea ain't so bad now," said Tom, "and the wind's changing. The thunderstorm is passing, and it seems to me the night is getting lighter."

"Yes, we may win through," said Bess. "Have a biscuit, Tom," reaching him down one from her swing.

"I might as well sit as stand," said Tom, taking the offered refreshment, and, slipping a life-preserver over his head, he sat down on deck, and leaned against the mast.

For more than twenty-four sleepless hours in a raging storm had Bess fought for life. Nature was exhausted. Tom's words had recalled early scenes. Through her tired brain the pictures of the home-life drifted; sounded again in her ears, timed to the dashing of the waves, those grand old sagas of the Northland, wherein she and Rolf had much delighted long ago. Once more she heard the minister preaching on the green hillside, proclaiming to all the assembled village the virtue of the cleansing blood. Before her passed the slow procession of those who joyfully received the life-giving word, and had now gone to walk above, in robes made white in the blood of the Lamb. Once more she was the untroubled, undoubting child, confidently putting the hand of her faith into that Strong One's clasp, to walk with Him in newness of life; and a deep calm took possession of her spirit. Earth and its toils and fears passed away from her thought. Mighty indeed was this her cradle, rude the lullaby of the dying storm, yet she dropped into a slumber profound as that of a little child. Thus also Tom, crouching upon the deck, had passed into a realm of unconscious resting; for "so He giveth His beloved sleep."

THE RECENTLY DISCOVERED SYRIAC GOSPELS.



CONVENT OF ST. CATHERINE—MOUNT SINAI.

BIBLE students have been rejoicing for some weeks over the news that a discovery has been made in the Convent of St. Catherine, Mount Sinai, of a manuscript which will throw helpful light on the sacred text. This manuscript is a version of the old Syriac Gospels, and is counted exceedingly valuable by all the scholars who have been privileged to examine it. It is, we understand, soon to be printed in full by the press of Cambridge University, in England, and along with it will be issued a full and authoritative account of the manner in which it came to the light of day. Meanwhile, we are able from articles written by the finders of the manuscript, to outline the narrative of what promises to be one of the greatest Bible discoveries in our century. In the winter of 1891, Mrs, Agnes Smith Lewis, and her sister, Mrs. Margaret Dunlop Gibson, two English ladies of wealth and culture, left their home in Cambridge to visit the famous Convent of St. Catherine.

This convent is a memorial of monastic days, magnificent in structure and complete in all its equipments, standing in solitary grandeur in the dreariness of a desert. It has had a most curious history. Belonging to the Greek Church, and inhabited by monks, who daily perform the rights of worship practised by the Greek Church, it is surrounded by roving Arabs, who are determined and merciless Mohammedans, and yet hold the convent and its inmates in sacred respect. The reason for this is an old tradition, which tells how the Prophet himself signed a

contract of protection for the convent, in grateful appreciation of the kindness shown to him by the monks when he came under their walls a humble camel-driver.

What makes the convent most interesting to our generation is its library of rare old manuscripts which has already proved a treasure trove to scholars. Here Tischendorf discovered the manuscript which now ranks as one of the four earliest and greatest manuscripts for the text of the New Testament; and here Professor Rendell Harris found the long lost "Apology" of Aristides, a document which is prized for apologetical purposes, because it dates back to the first half of the second century.

It was the desire to advance still further, if possible, the cause of sacred learning that led the two English ladies to undertake a year and a half ago their eventful pilgrimage to Mount Sinai. Before they left Cambridge, Mrs. Lewis and Mrs. Gibson studied Syriac, in order to be able to examine the manuscripts, and they also learned how to photograph old manuscripts, an accomplishment which proved of inestimable value. Their journey to Egypt was comfortable, but crossing the Gulf of Suez in a sailing boat was far from being so.

As soon as they landed on the shores of Asia, they had to begin the long and terrible march through the wilderness. It had, of course, to be done on camels, "the ships of the desert," and lasted a whole week. Only once was the monotony of barren sand broken by an oasis with springs and palm trees, beneath which the travellers found refreshing shelter.

On their arrival at the convent, they were welcomed by the prior and the librarian, the latter of whom was so favourably disposed towards them that, after a day or two, he admitted them into the private room, entered only by a dark and narrow passage, padlocked with a special key always in his possession, where the rarest old manuscripts are kept. Here they set to work with determined diligence, copying and photographing everything of value they could lay their hands on. One manuscript in particular caught their attention. It was a palimpsest, which means that it was a manuscript which had been written over twice. First it had been covered with Syriac characters, and when these characters had faded somewhat some scribe had written over them in Greek the doings of certain saints. Its pages were glued together, and had to be separated by steam from a tea-kettle.

Mrs. Lewis suspected that the under writing was of exceptional importance, so she patiently photographed the whole manuscript page by page. Then she took the photographs home to Cambridge, where Oriental experts proclaimed it to be a copy of the old Syriac Gospels. Now, such a version is of special value. The oldest translation of the Gospels was made into Syriac, and next to an early copy of the Gospels in Greek a Syriac translation is the best for helping to edit the sacred text. Scraps of an old Syriac version had been discovered before, but never until now had anything like a complete copy been known to exist. In the joy of this great discovery we ought not to forget that it is due to woman's enterprise and ingenuity. Women are now making their influence felt in many departments of ecclesiastical and theological work, but researches into the textual problems which have to do with the fixing of the original form of the Gospel records were supposed to be entirely man's province. The brilliant departure taken by Mrs. Lewis and Mrs. Gibson show that the sterner sex will no longer possess a monopoly in this great field of investigation, even where holy monks are the guardians of hidden treasures. —*Montreal Witness.*

Current Readings.

THE ACHIEVEMENTS OF CHRIST.

BY REV. HUGH PRICE HUGHES.

MEN in all lands are immeasurably happier to-day because Christ was born in Bethlehem of Judæa. I am overwhelmed by a multiplicity of detail. Perhaps we shall best realize the truth by dividing the race into men, women and children. So, first of all, I argue, and my appeal is to history, that man, as man, owes *everything to Christ*. When Christ came, man, as man, was nothing. Rank, caste, privilege was everything. When Christ came, the working-man, who is so great a factor in our modern life—thanks to Christ—was everywhere a slave. Democracy did not exist. It never entered into the mind of man. It was the creation of Jesus Christ. You say, What do you mean? Had not they a republic in Athens? A republic? Ha! ha! ha! It is really amusing. What do you mean by a republic? Athens had the best of all the political institutions of that time. Let us look at it in its glory in the golden days of Pericles. Three-fourths of the citizens were the private property, the goods and chattels of the remaining fourth. Is that your idea of a republic? A republic in which their greatest philosopher, Aristotle, argues that slavery is the corner-stone of civilization, and must exist forever in order that the small minority of "republicans" may have leisure and opportunity to admire beautiful statuary, to read noble poems, and to utter eloquent orations on behalf of freedom. That was your "republic" before the Carpenter of Nazareth taught you better. His followers through all the weary ages were known by the honourable title of the friends of the slave; and at last, after a long struggle with the heathen doctrines which Christ found and with which he fought, slavery has been destroyed, destroyed by Christian influence, and Christian influence only. Clarkson in England was moved by the Spirit of Christ. William Lloyd Garrison in America was moved by the Spirit of Christ. The political economist has since found out that it does not pay to have slaves, but he did not find it out till all the slaves were free. Slaves were made free because brave men and brave women, in the name of Jesus Christ, saw that every human being was a man and a brother. No one said that till Christ came. When we turn to the last stronghold of slavery, dark and miserable Africa, was not the name of the man who stirred the conscience of Europe the missionary David Livingstone? Let me remind you of another significant fact, that while Livingstone and many a brave Christian missionary, both men and women, are lying in graves in Africa to-day that Africa may be free, not a single atheist or agnostic has ever gone to Africa to strike off the slave's chains. Oh, no! While the disciples of Christ are dying for Africa, the atheist and the agnostic remain in England to sneer at the Christian. I say that the human race owes to Jesus Christ this stupendous and crowning blessing, that a death blow has been given to slavery.

We come now to women. And I say that woman, as woman, owes everything to Christ. Women were universally despised and degraded when Christ came. They were the slaves and chattels of their husbands. Divorce was universal, and husbands had a legal right to sell or kill their wives. I say, therefore, that women as women, owe everything to Christ, and that that great development of Christianity which has produced such noble women as Florence Nightingale, Josephine Butler, Lady Henry Somerset, and Miss Frances Willard, is such a triumph of Christianity as

cannot be paralleled by anything that happened in any heathen land. Lastly, children, as children, owe everything to Christ. When Christ came, in all so-called civilized society, they were murdered wholesale. Infanticide was practised everywhere, as it is to-day in the far east. And as in Plato's ideal republic, there was gigantic public provision for the murder of superfluous children. Female children and ugly male children were regularly thrown into the river, or otherwise killed. That is how children were treated before Christ came. But His influence has at last produced Mr. Benjamin Waugh, of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, so that for the first time in human history all the resources of the law are used to defend the helpless head of the little babe from the cruelty of its own parents. Let any one try to realize all that is implied in the words I have uttered in the last five minutes. Owe anything to Christ? We owe everything to Christ! We owe so much to Him that the noble humanity and the fierce protest against wrong were absolutely impossible before Christ came.—*Methodist Times.*

THE CHURCH AND INTEMPERANCE.

MRS. M. A. HOLT.

It is painfully evident that the Church of God is not doing enough temperance work. It is as yet only partially awake upon this great question that means so much for the advancement of God's kingdom upon the earth. Temperance is so closely connected with the religion of Christ that the weal of the Church is in danger when this great principle of right suffers. Knowing this, as all Christians ought to know it, it is strange that the Church is not more thoroughly awake to its own interests, and more in earnest in fighting the encroaching foe—the saloon. The Church will have to take up new methods of warfare and enter into a closer fight with its strong enemy if it even maintains its present position, and if it is indeed an aggressive and progressive power, it will have to throw aside many of its scruples and go out to war with the common foe of humanity in a manner that means liberty or death.

Praying alone will never do the work. Indeed, it would be just as consistent to pray for deliverance from the coiled reptile at our feet, as to pray and not seek to place the heel upon the serpent's head.

The men who are engaged in the liquor traffic are supremely happy when the Church does nothing but pray. They would never cease in their work of death for a single moment if all the world was upon its knees in prayer, but wher the Christian goes from his closet to fight in every legitimate manner the dark curse, then the liquor seller grows pale with fear.

It is an insult to God to ask Him to stay the power of this awful stream of death, when we have the power in our own hands to do it. It is mockery to Him to sit down with folded hands amidst the scene of death and make no effort to stop it. There is power enough in God's Church to shake the foundations of every saloon in America to the ground, if put in active force. If "one can chase a thousand, and two put ten thousand to flight," why does not God's Church go out in its insulted power and scatter the hosts of sin? Why does it not use the strength of its mighty arm against this hateful sin, that not only will undermine the Church itself, but crush everything that wears the garb of morality, unless destroyed and robbed of its unholy power?

I wonder how much longer the church spire will point its white finger to the sky while its shadow falls upon the saloon across the way. I wonder how much longer men and women will meet to sing and pray while their own or their neighbours' boys are being ruined in the saloon not a block away. I have some-

times thought it seemed like a farce, and yet perhaps this is too strong a word, for I love the sanctuary and hour of prayer. Yet, I am sure there will come a day when the Church of God will be made aware of the fact that it did not begin soon enough the bitter, earnest battle with strong drink.

The matter of time in beginning this important work might not make so much difference if so many were not daily being dragged to ruin. Every year of delay means a hundred thousand more ruined souls for the realms of darkness, and the same number less to shine as angels of light in the city of God.

It is the duty of the Church to take up this work and lead in it, because it is God's work and stands as an impassable barrier in the way of the coming of His own kingdom. It is the arch enemy of all good, and fosters under its black wings all other sins. It screens everything that is vile and unholy, and openly defies every principle of purity and truth. In short, there are no words to describe the vile sin known as the liquor traffic.—*Michigan Christian Advocate.*

CONSERVATIVE HIGHER CRITICISM.

"The servant of the Lord" in Isaiah xl.-xliv. By JOHN FORBES, D.D., LL.D.

This book is written with a full knowledge of the arguments against the Isaiahan authorship and of the fact that nearly all European scholars admit that Isaiah did not write it, and yet it maintains him as the author. It gives five principal reasons for holding to the traditional view. 1. The reference in the decree of Cyrus (Ezra i. 1, 2,) to the supremacy of Jehovah is copied from Isaiah xliv. 27, 28; xlv. 1, 13. Professor Forbes thinks so worldly-wise a man as Cyrus would not have issued such a decree without the most convincing evidence of the genuineness and antiquity of the prophecy of Isaiah. 2. He thinks the language, "I am the Lord which called them by name;" "I have called thee by name;" "I have surnamed thee," referring to Cyrus, could have been justified only by its utterance long before the birth of Cyrus. The emphasis it gives to the fact that he is called by name would be ridiculous if written at the close of the Babylonian exile. 3. "The fondness of the writer for paronomasia, or allusion to the symbolical import of names, speaks strongly for his identification with the proto-Isaiah who arranged his first great prophecy so as to bring out successively the import of the names of his sons and himself. . . . A later writer . . . would have most carefully avoided such apparent identification of himself with his predecessor." Besides, the writer of second Isaiah has identified his age with that of Hezekiah (chap. xxxviii. 5-22) and his queen Hephzibah (chap. lxii. 4, 5). 4. He affirms that the prophecy of chapters xl.-lxvi. forms part of the whole Book of Isaiah. Chapters xxxviii., xxxix. narrate Hezekiah's sickness and the message of the Lord to him—"All that is in thine house . . . shall be carried to Babylon. . . . And thy son . . . shall be eunuchs in the palace of the king of Babylon," thus preparing the people for his prophetic description of the Babylonian period. 5. The fact that chapter xl. does not begin with a formula such as "The word of the Lord came," as distinct prophecies usually do, shows that it is a continuation of what had already been begun. Some of these arguments directly contravene the positions taken by the supporters of the deutero-Isaiahan theory. For example, in opposition to 3 it is usually held that the second Isaiah identifies his age with that of the Babylonian exile, whereas the second Isaiah made his age that of Assyria. Also, in opposition to 4 it is held that the first Isaiah never announces the Babylonian captivity, and hence could not speak as the writer of chapters xl.-lxvi. does. The book is a specimen of higher criticism on the traditional side.—*Methodist Review.*

Religious and Missionary Intelligence.

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

WESLEYAN METHODIST.

Rev. Dr. Waller was re-elected Secretary of Conference.

There were seventy-six candidates for the ministry, forty-two of whom were declined.

There were a larger number of resignations among the ministers *than usual*, most assigned as their reason that they preferred a settled ministry.

There were a large number of applications from ministers of other churches for reception into the ministry, but all were respectfully declined. In future candidates for the ministry are to prepare three trial sermons, two preached and one sent in manuscript.

The membership returns reported 427,700 full members, being 2,741 net increase; on trial 32,364; junior society classes 68,096, being a net increase of 2,997.

The Book Room report was very gratifying, though trade generally was very bad. The following grants were made from the profits. Worn-out Ministers' fund, $2,500; Home Mission Fund, $2,500; Annuitant Society, $15,000; Irish Conference, $1,500.

Dr. Gregory, the retiring editor, is to receive an annuity of $375.

The *Wesleyan Magazine* is to be published in a different size, similar to the *Sunday Magazine*. The portrait is to be discontinued. Each portrait cost $200.

There were eighty-two memorials from quarterly meetings and four from Methodist Councils; the majority related to the itinerancy.

The temperance cause becomes more popular every Conference. An increase of 153 Bands of Hope was reported; the increase of members is $20,721. In the adult section the increase is 148 societies and 9,118 members.

The president, who has long been connected with the Chapel Building Committee, presented some valuable statistics: 374 cases had been considered by the Committee. The total cost to be $1,235,645, which will give 19,311 additional sittings. Debts had been reduced $284,215.

Special evangelistic services seem to be very common. Almost every paper received from England contains accounts of one or more such services, which greatly increases the number of Church members.

Accounts received from New Zealand are especially encouraging. At one place a young minister preaches to a congregation of 1,000 persons, and the Sabbath collections amount to $50 per Sabbath.

A debt rests upon the Missionary Society which is becoming gradually reduced.

The London Mission contains 3,955 members, which is an increase of 445, with 1,095 on trial. The attendance on public worship is from 10,000 to 15,000.

The Leeds Mission is in a district where within five minutes' walk of the chapel there are forty-one public-houses. "There are hundreds of homes which are without furniture, and swarms of children almost naked."

A house-to-house visitation was made in Birmingham; 120,000 houses were visited. It was found that the "drink evil" was the chief hindrance to the moral elevation of the people.

Lay agents are often employed. Recently a young woman, daughter of a blacksmith, held an open air service in one of the towns of England, when she related the story of her conversion in an artless manner which won the attention of a number of dissolute men who were in the audience.

A course of study has been provided for local preachers, and books

suitable to their education are recommended for perusal.

The Deaconess Movement increases in popularity. Twenty sisters have been trained and sent out into various circuits, and twelve others will remain in the institute. A public meeting was held at Conference which was addressed by some of those devoted women, who related several thrilling incidents in connection with their work. A few gentlemen agreed to contribute $125 per year each for five years.

Rev. John Evans, of Rhondda, appealed for several wealthy young ladies to help him to bring brightness to the homes of the miners. He wanted their services free, as he could not promise any remuneration.

The Rev. H. J. Pope, president, was appointed fraternal delegate to the next General Conference of the Methodist Church to be held in 1894.

Primitive Methodist.

The seventy-fourth Conference assembled at Nottingham, which is one of the strongholds of the Connexion. The first Conference assembled here in 1819. The mayor and sheriff of the town entertained the Conference at public breakfast. Seventy-four candidates for the ministry were examined, but only fifty-one were accepted, thirty-three of whom were sent to College; twenty-five were received into full connexion.

Of the £50,000 proposed for the Jubilee Fund £38,000 had been promised. It is proposed to keep the list open until March, 1894, hoping that the amount may reach £75,000. One of the Deed Poll delegates, Mr. Thomas Bateman, who has attended nearly every Conference, was present. He is ninety-five years of age and took an active part in the business.

From the Book Room profits $18,500 were allotted to the Fund for Superannuates and Widows.

The king of the Barotzi, South Africa, has promised protection to missionaries. Two of the missionaries appointed to the new mission were detained on their journey by sickness.

Two more missionaries are wanted in New Zealand.

The Clapton Mission, London, has increased the number of its workers. There are five Bible-women whose visitations to the poor are made a great blessing. There are also two medical dispensaries and a Home of Rest. The organization embraces nearly every conceivable plan of work for helping the poor and destitute socially and religiously.

Revivals are reported in various parts of the Connexion. It is a cause of grief that there is a serious decline at Hull, which has always been a great stronghold. In the Hull District there are 937 less members than there were ten years ago.

Methodist New Connexion.

The Conference assembled at Huddersfield. The increase in the membership is 421. Rev. Thomas Scowby was elected President, and Mr. J. W. Cunliffe, M.A., Secretary. His father and grandfather were among the former secretaries of Conference. A friend gave $1,500 for an hospital in China.

Rev. Dr. Watts, who laboured twelve years in Canada, and has for some years past sustained the joint offices of editor and book steward, was placed on the supernumerary list.

The increase in the membership is only 268, but it is larger than the increase in some other Methodist branches, in the proportion to numbers.

A new church is to be erected at Boulderclough. For five years the people have been securing funds, and now have $4,800 in hand. This is a wiser method than to run in debt as is often done.

The Editor of the Magazine appeals for more liberal collections for Ranmoor College.

Methodist Episcopal Church.

From the Annual Missionary Report just published, it appears that the membership in India amounts to 115,938—27,995 probationers. The increase for the year, including all

the missions, is 16,815 members and probationers.

In South America there is great demand for additional missionaries. The missions are mostly self-sustaining, but money is needed for the expense of sending out missionaries from New York.

The Missionary Board has made a final appeal to the President of the United States, on behalf of Chinese who have settled in America. They did not fail to remind him from what they know, that if the law of exclusion was enforced, there will be retaliation on the part of the Chinese Government, which would be a serious blow to missions in the Celestial Empire.

On March 19th $93,000 worth of mortgage bonds were publicly burned at Simpson Church, Brooklyn, N.Y., at a religious service.

Bishop Newman has returned from his tour of 15,000 miles in South America, concerning which he says that the Methodists own $700,000 of property and employ more than fifty missionaries and teachers, about 4,000 communicants and near 15,000 adherents. "I consider South America a great field for missionary work." The State Religion in all states except Argentina is Roman Catholic. Still the Protestant churches are not interfered with.

A Chinese banker, Tan Jaikkim, in Singapore gave $1,500 for the mission in that city and collected from his Chinese friends $5,000 more.

Methodist Episcopal Church South.

The Board of Extension, at its annual meeting, reports having helped during the year 431 churches with gifts aggregating $85.276.10. This was 41 churches and $1,800 less than the previous year.

Judge B. J. Lea, a widely known layman, has been elected Chief Justice of the State of Tennessee.

There are 753 Leagues, averaging 35 members each, a total of 27,000 Epworthians. We have over 1,000 in Canada.

A late issue of the *Christian Advocate* (Nashville) contains an earnest appeal for more labourers in Brazil, where there are 13,000,000 people, and only four Methodist ministers and missionaries preaching there.

The same *Advocate* also states that the four leading congregations of Methodists in Nashville have more members than belong to the Protestant Episcopal Church in the whole State of Tennessee.

The Methodist Church.

Among the candidates for the ministry which were received at the Toronto West District Meeting was a nephew of the late Rev. T. Large, who was murdered in Japan, but his heroic wife still labours in that distant field.

Rev. T. S. Howard reports, as the result of special services at New Credit Indian Mission, the conversion of 37 persons, mostly heads of families.

Rev. C. Fish has been engaged in evangelistic services most of the year, and at a recent campaign at Ingersoll a large number expressed themselves as determined to henceforth live for God alone.

The Woman's Missionary Society has 501 Auxiliaries with 11,557 members and an income of $35,790.

Rev. Fred. R. Duffill, of Newfoundland Conference, has joined the Wesleyan Conference, England; and Henry Abraham of the same Conference has joined the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States.

The Wesleyan College, Montreal, has received a copy of Cruden's Concordance which was originally presented to Philp Embury by the congregation of John Street, New York. It is a ponderous tome which cost £5, a large sum for those days. The gift to the college was made though John Torrance, Esq., who is a descendant of the Embury family.

A new church is in course of erection at Summerside, Prince Edward Island. The service in connection with the corner-stone laying was deeply interesting.

A missionary meeting of more than ordinary interest was recently held

at Halifax, when Dr. Hare, a native of that city, delivered an earnest address. He will soon depart for the mission in China. Misses Hart and Cunningham also spoke. The former is recently from the Indian Home in British Columbia, and the latter is from Japan, and will soon return thither. The audience was well pleased with the meeting. Miss Cunningham on her return will be accompanied by Miss Smith, who goes to Chilliwack, and to Japan by Miss Crombie, so that our missions are well represented by Methodists in the Maritime Provinces.

Items.

The whole New Testament has been translated into the language of New Guinea, which makes the 306th translation of the Bible.

In Africa a Masai woman has a market value of five large glass beads, while a cow is worth ten.

The London Woman's Missionary Society sends out sixty women, thirty-one to India, twenty to China, five to Madagascar and four to the South Seas.

A mission steam-vessel is to be employed in the Southern Pacific by the London Missionary Society, to be known as the "John Williams."

A number of Christians in Engare endeavouring to secure a special fund of $5,000 in memory of the late Dr. McAll of Paris, to carry on his work on its old basis with increasing earnestness and vigour.

A petition 265 feet 2 inches long, containing 6,950 names, was sent from Newcastle-on-Tyne to the Hon. John Morley in respect to the opium traffic, to be laid before parliament.

Five missionaries are soon to be sent to Vuz Yara in the Telegu field, Asia. Of this number will be Miss Anna Murray, of the Baptist Church, Dovercourt Road, Toronto.

Recent Deaths.

Rev. Dr. J. B. Wentworth of the Methodist Episcopal Church, Buffalo, has ended life's journey. He was a great man in Israel. His book, "The Logic of Introspection," is a monument of intellectual power. He was a member of Genesee Conference most of his life, where he was known as an eloquent preacher, a giant in debate, a trusted leader, and an eminently pious man. He was in the ministry forty-two years.

Rev. S. Oliver, Primitive Methodist, England, died, on July 23rd after an illness of a few hours. He travelled thirty-six years, mostly in Wales. He performed a great deal of hard work, but was always faithful and turned many to righteousness.

Rev. Wilson McDonald, of Toronto Conference, died at the parsonage, Hawkestone, July 24th. He was a devoted man and spent fifteen years in circuit work.

Mrs. Davidson. I knew this mother in Israel more than half a century. She was the daughter of the Rev. William Clowes, one of the founders of the Primitive Methodist Connexion, and was the widow of the late Rev. John Davison, who laboured in Canada for about half a century. She was converted to God in early life, and in all her subsequent years she maintained a blameless reputation. She was an invaluable helper to her husband. By visitation among the poor, especially those who were sick and needed sympathy, she won the favour of many. In the means of grace, especially in prayer-meetings and class-meetings she was made a great blessing, by her counsel and testimony.

Though she was an octogenarian her place in the house of God was seldom vacant. She loved the sanctuary and delighted to associate with those who kept holy day. When no longer able to leave her room, those who visited her chamber had the privilege of listening to her cheerful testimony. No murmur fell from her lips during the whole of her affliction. Her children and children's children to the third generation delighted to call her blessed. To visit her was to receive a benediction. She died in Toronto, July, 1893.

Book Notices.

The New Era; or, The Coming Kingdom. By DR. JOSIAH STRONG, author of "Our Country." New York: The Baker & Taylor Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 400. Price 75c.

Dr. Strong's former work "Our Country" has reached the enormous sale of 160,000 copies. His present work is of wider range, and is of still greater importance. It discusses some of the most momentous problems of the age. The present time, says Dr. Strong, is a period of transition of preparation. Great social, economic, political, and religious changes are imminent. During this century, 800,000,000 of heathen have been brought within the reach of Christian civilization.

Dr. Strong discusses the progress of society, the destiny of the race, the preparation of the world for the establishment of the kingdom of God, spiritual, by the Hebrew; intellectual, by the Greeks; physical, by the Romans. But the grandest contribution is made by the Anglo-Saxon, which is moulding the future after the highest and most noble ideal. Dr. Strong discusses also the causes and extent of popular discontent. The problem of the city and of the country, the separation of the masses from the Church, The Mission of the Church, and The Necessity of Co-operation.

A Merchant Prince. Life of Hon. Senator John Macdonald. By REV. HUGH JOHNSTON, M.A. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 222. Illustrated. Price $1.00.

In this volume are gathered up the lessons of a noble life. It is fitting that such a conspicuous example, not only of commercial success, but of the well-rounded character of Christian statesman and philanthropist should be put on record for the study of young men. The subject of this volume was, we think, a much more remarkable man than the subject of William Arthur's famous biography of the "Successful Merchant," and the record of his life here given, is not unworthy of comparison with that famous book; and we can give it no higher praise. Mr. Macdonald was not only possessed of the executive ability for managing a large business, he had also rare gifts as a writer in both prose and verse. He took an intense interest in everything that concerned the welfare of Canada and of the world, and he carried his religion with him, not merely into the counting-house, but into his place in Parliament, and in the assemblies of his fellow men. He was under great obligations to Methodism for his early development and he served it faithfully throughout his life. As a member of successive Annual and General Conferences, the Œcumenical Conference, Hymn-book and other committees, and as late Treasurer of the Missionary Society, he laid the connexion under great and permanent obligation. His comprehensive philanthropic gifts are a perpetual memorial of his large-hearted, Christian charity. The book is interesting as a novel, abounds in incident and illustration, and should find a place in every Sunday-school and Epworth League library.

More about the Mongols. By JAMES GILMOUR, M.A., arranged from his diaries and papers by RICHARD LOVETT, M.A. London: Religious Tract Society. Toronto: William Briggs.

In a recent number of this magazine we gave an account of the remarkable career of that heroic and devoted missionary, James Gilmour of Mongolia, "Our Gilmour," as the Mongols lovingly called him. The story of his life is one of the most fascinating in missionary biography. The London *Spectator* describes him as the Robinson Crusoe of missionaries and the Daniel Defoe of mis-

sionary writers. Not since the days of St. Paul, we think, has there been a man characterized with a more burning love of souls, and more heroic endurance, in bearing privation and tribulation to break the bread of life to those who have it not. The account of his medical mission work among the nomad Mongols, beyond the Great Chinese Wall, including his winter life in a Mongol tent, his journey across the desert of Gobi, and numerous adventures among the strange people, will be read with fascinating interest.

Non-Biblical Systems of Religion. A Symposium. Cincinnati: Cranston & Curts. Toronto: William Briggs. Price 90c.

This volume is a reprint of a series of articles from the "Homiletic Magazine," by writers of highest authority in the subjects which they treat. Among these are Archdeacon Farrar, Canon Rawlinson on Ancient Egyptian Systems, Dr. Wright on Canaanite Religions, Rabbi Immanuel on the Jewish Faith, Sir William Muir on Islam and Christianity, Hon. Rasmus Anderson on Scandinavian Religion, Professor Johnson on Hellenic Faith, Professor Thompson on Positivism, etc. These names are a guarantee that the discussions of these subjects are in every way adequate.

The Witness of the World to Christ. By Rev. W. A. Matthews, Hon. Canon of Carlisle. Cincinnati: Cranston & Curts. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 240. Price 90c.

It is a wise plan of the enterprising Methodist Publishing House at Cincinnati, to reprint some of the ablest books of distinguished writers of Great Britain. This is an international reciprocity of thought to which even the most rigid protectionist cannot object. Canon Matthews is no tyro in literature. His previous volumes have vindicated his right to speak with authority on grave moral and religious questions. In a series of terse, strong chapters, he discusses the important subjects of science and theology, reason and revelation, true and false theology, the supernatural, the sin of the world, the need of humanity, the divine remedy, the kingdom of heaven, the new life of the world, the life of the world to come. From this enumeration it will be seen how wide is the scope, and how thorough the treatment accorded these subjects. This is a good volume for preacher or layman.

The Gospel of John. An Exposition with Critical Notes. By Thomas F. Lockyer, B.A. London: Charles H. Kelly, Toronto: William Briggs. Pp 326.

Mr. Lockyer is the author of the expositions of the Epistle to the Romans, and the Epistle of James in the Pulpit Commentary. The same characteristics which mark those important contributions to exegetic literature are exhibited also in this volume. It is practical rather than theoretical, and presents the results rather than process of criticism. In a series of short chapters, the author unfolds the heart of this gospel, and brings out the hidden meanings of which it is so full. The book will be of special benefit to both ministers and lay-readers.

The Galilean Gospel. By Alexander Balmain Bruce, D.D. Cincinnati: Cranston & Curts. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 232. Price 75c.

It is enough to indicate that this book by Dr. Bruce has in a short time reached a fourth edition, to show that its sterling value has found deserved recognition. The accomplished author is professor of New Testament Exegesis in the Free Church College, Glasgow, and adds to his reputation by this valuable book. He treats the various aspects of the divine life and teachings of our Lord as the Healer of souls, the sympathy of Christ, power of faith, joy of the Jesus-circle and other allied topics. The publishers are doing valuable service to Christianity, for issuing such wholesome reading at such a moderate price.