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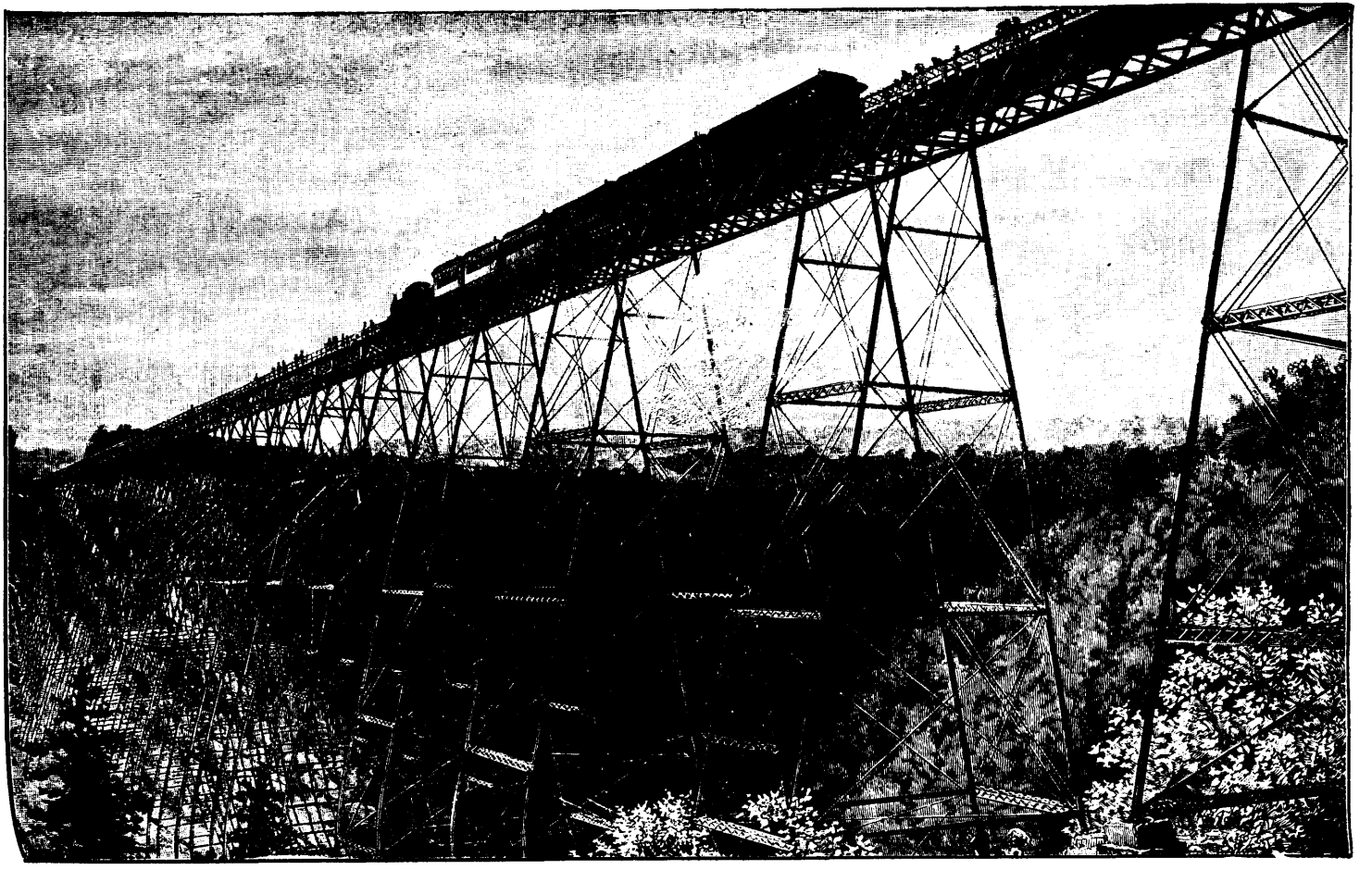


THE KINZUA BRIDGE—ON THE LINE OF THE ERIE RAILWAY.

THE CANADIAN METHODIST MAGAZINE.

MAY, 1886.

THE KINZUA BRIDGE—ON THE LINE OF THE ERIE RAILWAY.

ON THE LINE OF THE ERIE RAILWAY.

ON THE ERIE.

OF all the *routes* from Central Canada to the American seaboard, the most attractive is the Erie Railway.* Traversing the rugged region along the southern border of New York State, it presents a ceaseless variety of picturesque and beautiful scenery. Taking our seat in the luxuriously furnished car at the Suspension Bridge, we glide slowly over that wondrous wire-woven structure, which links, as if in bonds of brotherhood, the two kindred countries. We never cross that marvellous structure without admiration of the genius which hung high in air—two hundred and fifty feet above the foaming river—this iron way, along which throb, like life-blood through an artery, the currents of international commerce. The view is strangely unique. The tortured stream raves at such a dizzy depth below that the tumult of its waters comes softened to the ear. Look-

*It has a long new name now—"New York, Lake Erie, and Western Railway," but it will always be most familiar as "The Erie."

THE CLIFFS, ROCK CITY.
(On the line of the Erie Railway).

ing up the river, the snowy veil of the falls curtains the view, and the column of spray forever ascends to the sky. Looking down, the deep gorge narrows, the rocky walls so compress the

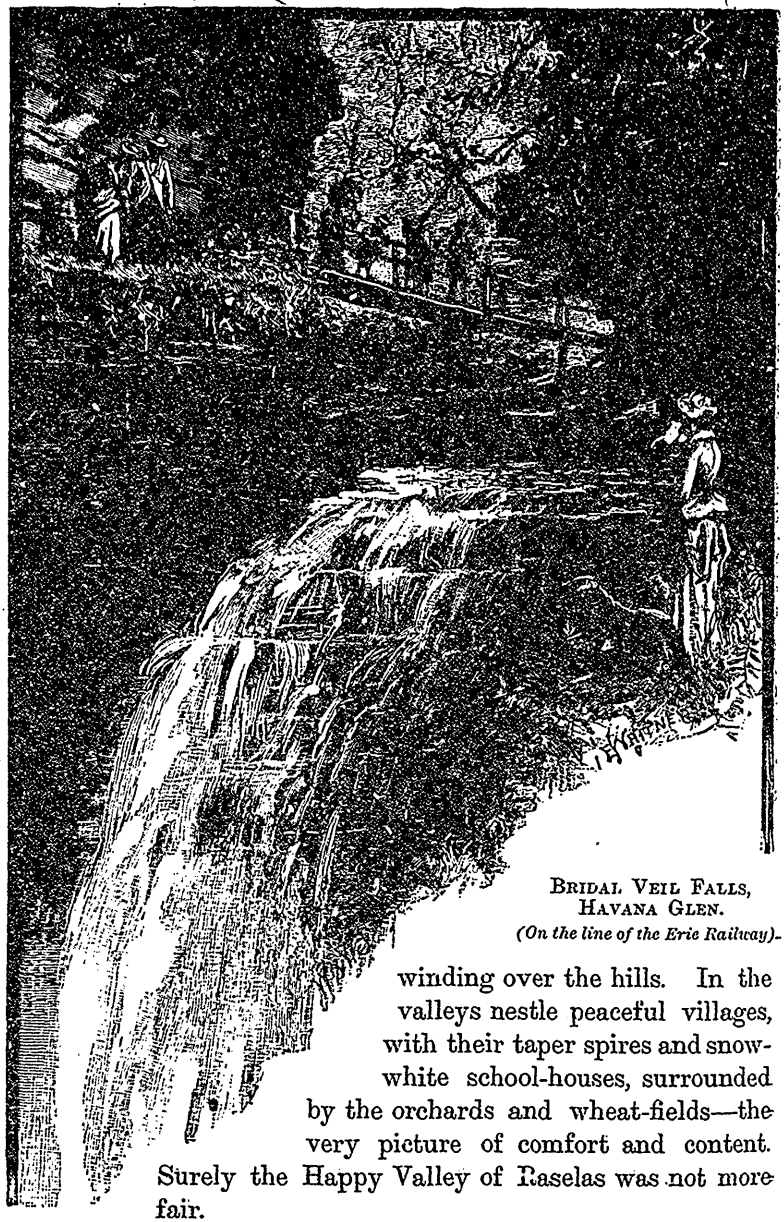
rapid river that the waters, heaped and pent, roll in great waves like those of a stormy sea. We rejoice that the wise suggestion of Lord Dufferin has been adopted, and that this sublime scene will be restored, as far as possible, to its native simplicity and majesty, unmarred by the petty trivialities and impertinences of man.

Speeding swiftly along the river side, we catch glimpses of the snowy rapids, where the seething waters hasten to the awful plunge, and then of the broad mirror-like flood above the rapids where they smile and dimple like a happy child, unconscious of the perils of an unknown future.

There to the left is seen the pall of smoke, where a great city toils like a Vulcan at the forge, and near at hand the acres and acres of railway cars attest the immense traffic that accumulates at this great *entrepot*. But if wealth is won at those sooty forges and crowded wharves, it is easy to see how it is spent in the elegant villas which crowd the long and noble tree-lined avenues. If we could conceive of the city as possessed of a personal consciousness, we would think it must feel a perpetual chagrin that while it might have borne the poetic and musical name of Erie or Niagara, it is branded forever with the prosaic name of Buffalo!

About eighty miles south of Niagara Falls, near Little Valley station, is the picturesque curiosity known as Rock City. The "City" is composed of curious masses of agglutinated pebbles, white in colour, which have formed themselves into rectangular and irregular blocks. Some of these masses are twenty, some fifty feet in height, and they form, in their relation to one another, parks, squares, streets, caverns, cliffs, bridges. The "City" is 500 feet above the railway, and 2,000 feet above the distant tide-water. The illustrations give such a good idea of some of its beauties that no long description is necessary. The tourist can satisfactorily spend considerable time in enjoying the many charms of the spot. There is no reason in "doing" so picturesque a place in haste.

As we proceed eastward the country becomes more undulating. Broad valleys lie beneath the eye, and cultivated uplands slope to the far horizon. The fields of golden grain or of rich green pasture, look like the divisions of a great chess board, while the white, dusty country roads look like a great riband



BRIDAL VEIL FALLS, HAVANA GLEN.
(On the line of the Erie Railway).

winding over the hills. In the valleys nestle peaceful villages, with their taper spires and snow-white school-houses, surrounded by the orchards and wheat-fields—the very picture of comfort and content. Surely the Happy Valley of Raselas was not more fair.

The view of the Genesee River and Falls, which bursts upon the sight at Portage, is one of the most striking on the whole line of the road. The railway crosses the chasm on a fragile

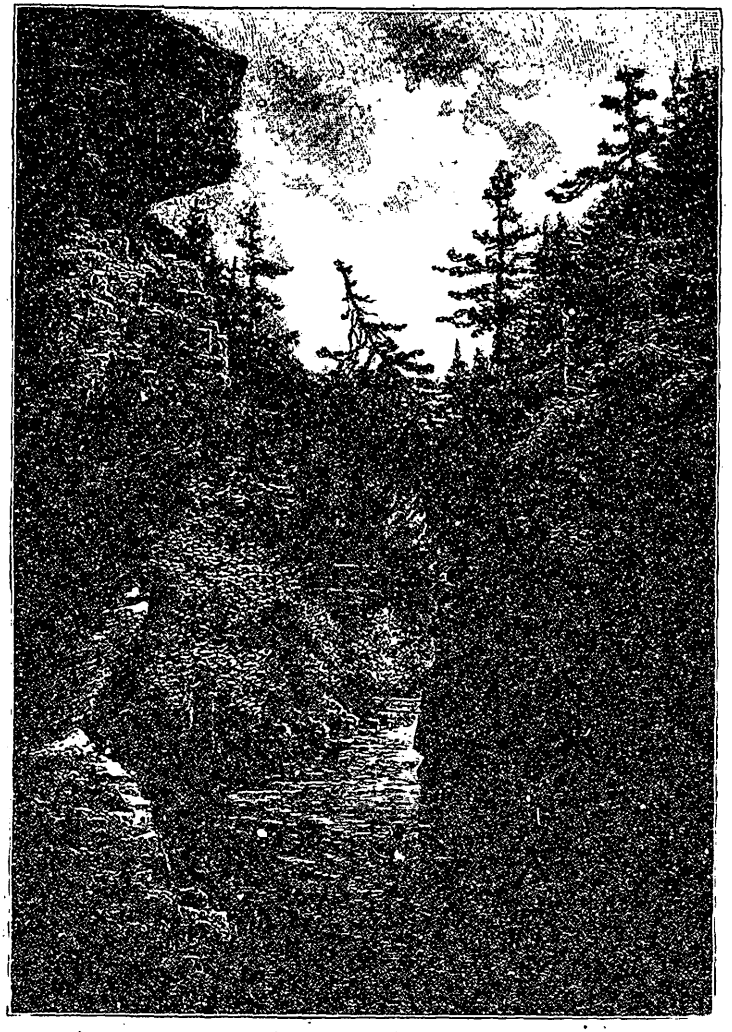

FALLS of the GENESEE
AND PORTAGE BRIDGE
ERIE RAILWAY

looking viaduct 234 feet above the water, and 800 feet long. The trestle work is constructed of wrought steel; but from the dizzy height at which we behold it, it looks as if woven by fairies, almost of gossamer. Yet it is firm and rigid beneath the ponderous trains that ceaselessly pass over it. Almost beneath the bridge are the Portage Falls—indeed, there are in close proximity three separate falls, where the river leaps respectively sixty, ninety, and a hundred and ten feet, and then for several miles flows between perpendicular banks four hundred feet high. For the tourist in search of the picturesque, this is an admirable place to stop over for a time.

More remarkable still than the Portage bridge is that over the Kinzua Valley, on the western division of the Erie Railway. The Kinzua Creek is but a narrow thread of a stream, but it runs along the bottom of a ravine which is very deep and wide, and which stretches in irregular lines for several miles. It was a bold undertaking of engineering skill to bridge this deep ravine, and it has been crowned with triumph. The bridge is very nearly half a mile long, and at the highest point the rails are 301 feet from the bottom! It is the highest railway bridge in the world. It looks, as may be judged from the faithful but artistic picture of it, like a frail structure. But those ribs of flanged steel, riveted and bolted and braced, are not the cobwebs they appear. A long freight train passes slowly over it as you watch from down in the ravine, and there is not a tremor of the structure. You climb the steep side of the ravine and walk back over the bridge. It almost makes you dizzy to look down from that height, even when protected by the substantial railing of the footway. But how sweet is the air in which you seem almost suspended! How the light and dark greens blend charmingly on the thickly-wooded sides of the valley! How quiet the whole scene, its stillness scarcely broken by a sound!

We resume now our trip eastward. We recommend tourists for pleasure to stay all night at the pleasant little city of Elmira, instead of rushing past the charming scenery in a sleeping-car. This is also a convenient place from which to visit the famous Watkins' and Havana Glens, distant two hours' ride by rail. Our artist gives us only one illustration of their beauties, but this should be enough to stir the desire to see more. But no artist can give more than a faint imitation of the

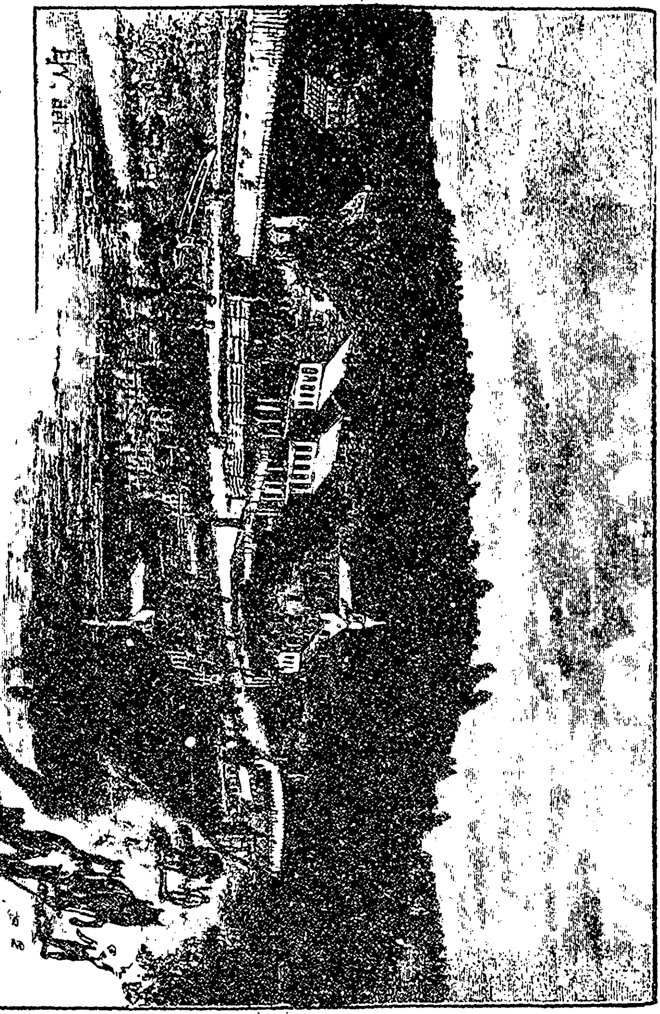
charms of such a scene as that of the Bridal Veil Fall in this romantic glen. The water pours in a translucent, filmy stream over the rock, as if woven of sunbeams and diamonds. Elmira



SHOHOLA GLEN.
(On the line of the Erie Railway).

itself is well worth a visit, if only to study the economy of the Rev. T. K. Beecher's church, with its model school-rooms, parlours, infirmary, children's gymnasium, etc., which make it an important centre of social and religious life.

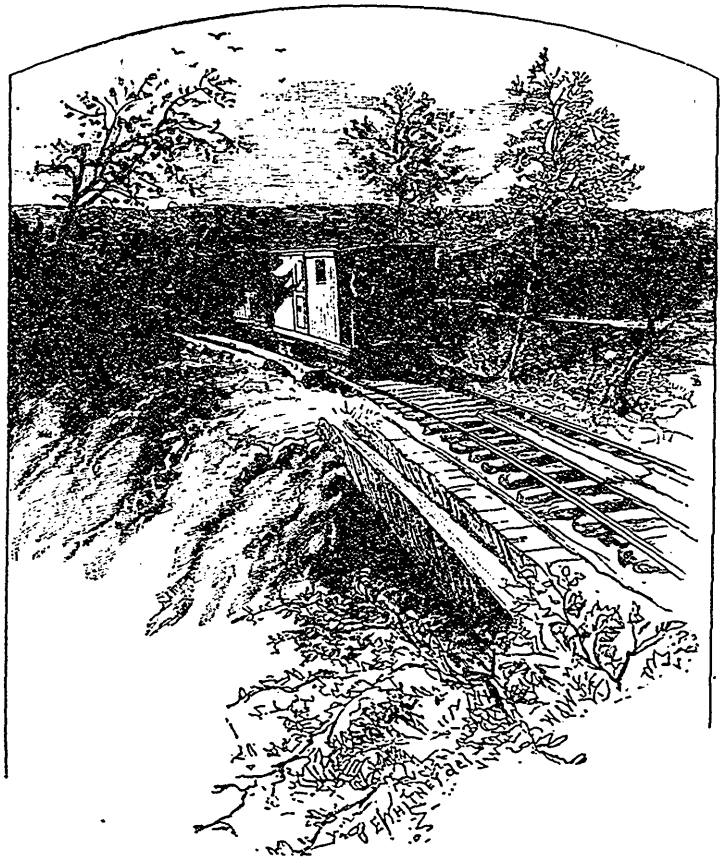
As we advance eastward the valley becomes narrower, and high hills hem in the road on every side. We follow the winding Conisteo, Tioga, and Susquehanna rivers for over a hundred miles. This feature of eastern travel makes railway riding in



WELLSVILLE.
(On the line of the Erie Railway.)

southern New York and in Pennsylvania and New England much more interesting than in the Western States. In the latter, the road, straight as an arrow, traverses limitless stretches of prairie, through monotonous and seemingly endless

fields of wheat or maize. In the former, the prospect is ceaselessly changing. The Erie follows the many windings of these rivers, giving now beautiful sunlit vistas, where the light sparkles on the flashing waters—now a view of some lonely islet crowned with its clump of umbrageous elms; or an ancient



ON THE GRAVITY ROAD.
(On the line of the Erie Railway).

bridge spanning a quiet stream, with its hollow echoes when the stage-coach rumbles through, beneath whose shadows the trout love to lurk; or some verdurous "knob," as the hills hereaway are called, shagged with woods to the very top, and glorious with sunlight sheen—a sylvan solitude, which, but for the presence of the railway, seems as primeval as the world before the flood.

The grandest view on the Erie is unquestionably that from the summit of the grade which climbs the watershed between the Susquehanna and the Delaware. Higher and ever higher we climb, till, from a shoulder of the mountain, a bird's-eye view of the lovely Susquehanna Valley lies beneath the eye—one of the fairest that ever met the sight of man. The construction of the railway along this mountain ledge has been very costly. We were told that $300,000 was expended upon three miles. Indeed, the making of the road was declared to be impossible, and its accomplishment was one of the greatest engineering feats of the time. In places the workmen had to be suspended by ropes from above, in order to drill and blast out a ledge for the iron way.

There are many noble viaducts on the road, and one of the grandest of them all is the famous Starucca Viaduct, near the great bend of the Susquehanna. It is a piece of magnificent masonry, 1,200 feet long and 110 feet high, bridging a broad valley and commanding a majestic view. Compared with the great railway enterprises of the last forty years on this continent, the great roads of the Romans and the Pyramids of Egypt are insignificant.

The part of the journey along the Delaware River is peculiarly attractive, from the fact that for a good part of the way we have a full view of the winding stream and of the Delaware and Hudson Canal, with the slow-gliding barges and the frequent towns and villages. Canal travelling must be the perfection of lazy *dolce far niente*. Tennyson's experience in the Fen Country enables him to idealize this unpoetic feature,—

> By the margin, willow-veiled,
> Glide the barges, heavy trailed
> By slow horses.

From the rushing train it looks like an idyll of a hundred years ago. The gentle ripple at the bow scarce disturbs the glassy surface. The bargeman lies upon the deck asleep, his good wife knits in the shadow, the domestic cat purs at her feet, the helm is lashed so as to keep the boat off the bank. The lazy horses seem half asleep as they creep along, tranquil-eyed, upon the beaten tow-path. The only being wide awake is the urchin, on his back—some undeveloped Garfield, perhaps, full of eager hopes of the future.

PORT JERVIS.

(On the line of the Erie Railway).

One of the most attractive spots on this section of the road is the famous Shohola Glen. In its descent from the mountain tops of Pike County to the Delaware, the course of the Shohola River is not only circuitous, but, at times, extremely precipitous, so that during the last eight miles of its length, its fall is nearly one thousand feet, and its course is such that, at one point, the angler may follow it for more than three miles and then come out less than a quarter of a mile from where he started. Here are found, within a distance of less than a mile, a succession of chasms and grottoes with walls so high that the sky overhead appears as an irregular narrow ribbon of light, or is lost to view altogether by intervening and interlacing branches of the trees, or by shelving rocks; and, through the high-walled gorge,

the clear waters of the Shohola pursue their erratic way, forming an endless series of cascades, waterfalls, and rapids, now and again being lost to view under an overhanging shelf of rock, under which they have worn their way by the constant toil of ages. Beautiful wild flowers, ferns and mosses line the crannies and crevices of the rocky walls, and in many places the action of the water has, during the past centuries, dug out from the solid rock tremendous caves and caverns. The glen has been made accessible to visitors, and reveals new beauties as it is more thoroughly explored and opened up.

MEETING OF THE WATERS, HANCOCK, N. Y.
(On the line of the Erie Railway).

Just opposite Shohola Glen is the old historic hamlet of Barry Town. How like a summer idyll it looks; the neat white houses and white-belfried church casting their shadows upon the mirror-like surface of the canal. It is like a vision of dreamland!

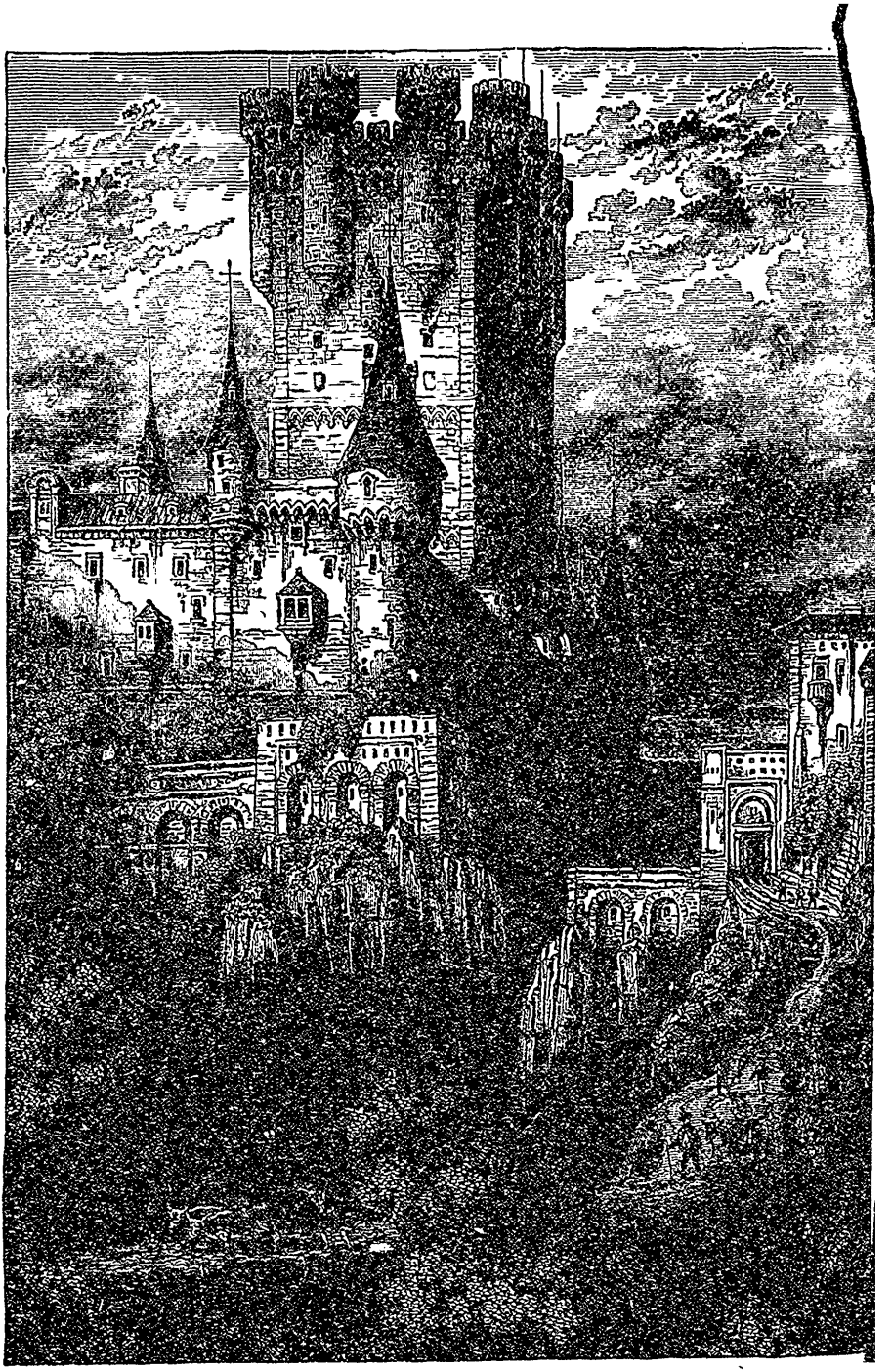
From Lackawaxen, or from Susquehanna, branch roads can be taken which lead down into the Pennsylvania coal regions. Very picturesque views can be had here, as may be judged from the illustration of a scene on a gravity road in this region. On every side coal mines honey-comb the ground. Huge coal-

breakers lift their begrimed and gaunt skeletons everywhere; vast mounds of refuse coal blacken the landscape and interminable trains of coal-cars wind like great black dragons over the curving road.

Over a branch of the Moosic Mountains thousands of tons of these black diamonds are carried by a gravity railway. The ride over this road is one of the most exhilarating that can be conceived. The cars, which are generally open on all sides, giving an unobstructed view, are drawn up a series of steep inclines by stationary engines, and then glide down as on a toboggan slide, with ever-increasing speed, to the next incline, a distance in some cases of fourteen miles. The summit grade is nearly 3,000 feet high, and the outlook over rolling hills and fertile valleys is magnificent. As one sits in front of the foremost car, as by a special favour did the present writer and his daughter on a glorious July day, and, free from dust and cinders, overlooks miles of rolling hills and valleys, and inhales the sweet mountain air, fragrant with the breath of new-mown hay, wild berries and sweetbriar, it is the veriest luxury of travel. The ever-quickening motion of the car as it sweeps around great curves and along the mountain-side, the swift winds rushing by, the feeling as if the train had broken loose and were running away down hill, all make the blood to tingle, the eye to sparkle, and the cheek to flush.

Very different from this rugged mountain experience, but in its way no less delightful, is the run through the flat and fertile farming country traversed by the lower reaches of the Erie Railway. The scenery around Port Jervis is the perfection of pastoral beauty, and the broad acres of green or goldening grain, and orchards white with blossoms or laden with fruit, seem a perpetual hymn of praise to the Giver of every good and perfect gift.

As we near New York, thriving cities rapidly succeed each other—Middletown, Patterson, Jersey City—but all dwarfed by the great metropolis, destined to become one of the greatest cities of the world.



THE ALCAZAR, SEVILLE

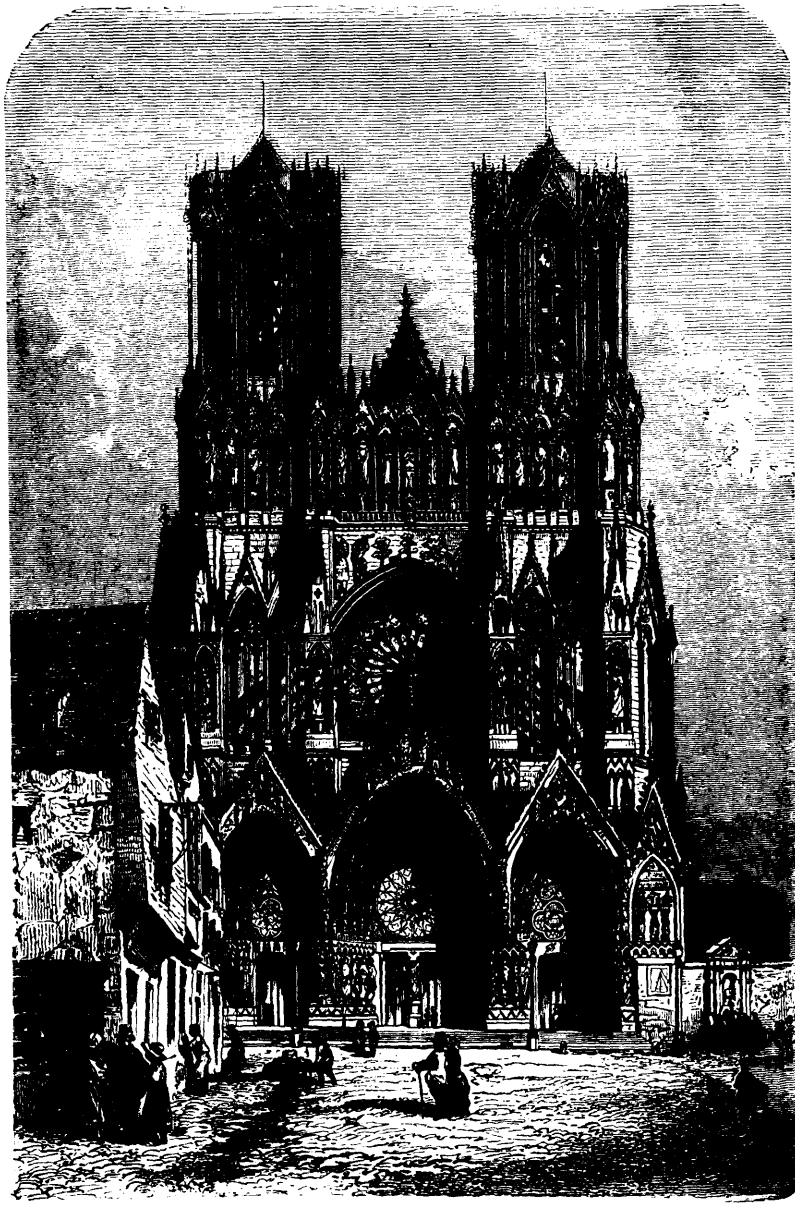
LANDMARKS OF HISTORY.*

II.

In a previous paper we spoke of the marvellous results of Saracenic ascendency in Spain. One of the most remarkable of these results was the splendid architecture of the Moorish cities of Granada, Toledo, Cordova and Seville. We are enabled, by the courtesy of the publishers, to give from Dr. Ridpath's "History of the World" the striking illustration in our frontispiece of the famous Alcazar of Seville, the castle of the Moorish Emir. It is one of the most imposing and majestic of structures in Europe. Rising high above the valley of the Guadalquiver, its many turrets and massy tower present a *coup d'œil* of extraordinary magnificence.

One of the most striking moral phenomena in the history of Europe was the growing power of the Roman Catholic Church, which embraced the broad continent in one great religious organization. From this sprang that cathedral system which has left its stately monuments in every episcopal city, from Palermo in Sicily to Trondhjem in Norway. Everywhere the mighty minster lifts its massy walls and towers, high above every other structure of man. It dominates the entire city and is a conspicuous landmark for many miles. It seems the fitting symbol of the period when the Church of Rome dominated over the entire civil as well as religious life of the nations, and when proud prelates in effect declared, the Church is the State. We borrow from Dr. Ridpath two striking illustrations of that old cathedral system. The first shows us the exquisite external architecture, the fretted niches and arches of the historic cathedral of Rheims, one of the finest Gothic

* *Cyclopædia of Universal History.* Being an account of the principal events in the career of the human race from the beginnings of civilization to the present time. From recent and authentic sources. Complete in three volumes. Imp. 8vo, 2,364 pages. By JOHN CLARK RIDPATH, LL.D., Professor of History in DePauw University; author of a History of the United States, a Life and Work of Garfield, etc. Profusely illustrated with maps, charts, sketches, portraits, and diagrams. The Jones Brothers Publishing Co., Cincinnati. The Balch Brothers, 10½ Adelaide Street East, Toronto.



CATHEDRAL OF RHEIMS.

structures in Europe. Here, from the time of Clovis, in the fifth century, to the time of Charles X. in the nineteenth, nearly all the kings of France were crowned, and anointed with the holy oil, brought, says the pious legend, by a dove from heaven.

Of still greater interest to the English reader is the chapel and tomb of Henry VII. in Westminster Abbey, shown in our engraving. Grand and gloomy and blackened by time without, it is all glorious within. I was kindly accorded permission to stroll through the chapels alone, and for hour after hour I mused amid the mouldering effigies of the kings and queens, and princes and nobles who slumber here. The exquisite stone fretwork and fan tracery in the roof of Henry VII.'s chapel can scarcely be over-praised. But its chief interest is in the tombs of two women, "not kind though near of kin"—the proud and lonely Queen Elizabeth, who found her crown but a gilded misery; and the beautiful and unhappy Mary Stuart, who even in prison and on the scaffold commanded the homage of thousands of leal hearts. Here, too, are the tombs of many of England's sovereigns from the time of Edward the Confessor, who died eight hundred years ago. Beneath those moth-eaten banners and their fading escutcheons and crumbling effigies they keep their solemn state in death. All around were England's mighty dead, laid to rest in this great Walhalla of the nation—her warriors, and statesmen; and mightier than they, her kings of thought and literature—the anointed priests and sages and seers of the "Poets' Corner," in which I stood, who still rule our spirits from their sceptred urns. And I felt that in all this, though a stranger from over-sea, I was not an alien, but that I shared the inheritance in those spirit-stirring memories of the English-speaking race throughout the world; and tears of deep and strong emotion filled my eyes.

Dr. Ridpath does not fail to do justice to that great religious movement, the German Reformation, which saved Europe from falling into the moral abyss which engulfed the Italian peninsula during the Pontificate of Alexander VI. and his infamous successors. Not that Italy was without its religious reformers—Arnold of Brescia, Jerome Savonarola, the Duchess Reneé of Ferarra, are types of these. Of tragic pathos is the story of the martyr-monk of Florence. It was on a bright

CHAPEL AND TOMB OF HENRY VII., WESTMINSTER ABBEY

July day of the year 1879, that I stood in the vast and shadowy Duomo of Florence, where, four hundred years ago, the great Savonarola proclaimed, like a new Elijah, to awe-struck thousands, the impending judgments of Heaven upon their guilty city. I went thence to the famous Monastery of San Marco, of which he was prior. I paced the frescoed cloisters where he was

wont to con his breviary, and the long corridors lined on either side with the prison-like cells of the cowled brotherhood. I stood in the bare bleak chamber of the martyr-monk, in which he used to weep and watch and write and pray. I sat in his chair. I saw his eagle-visaged portrait, his robes, his rosary, his crucifix, his Bible—richly annotated in his own fine clear hand—and his MS. sermons which so shook the Papacy. The same day I stood in the dungeon vaults of the fortress-like Palazzo del Podesta, lurid with crimson memories, where the great Reformer was imprisoned; and in the great square whence his brave soul ascended in a chariot of flame from the martyr's funeral pyre: and I seemed brought nearer to that heroic spirit who, amid these memory-haunted scenes, four centuries ago spoke brave words for God and truth and liberty, that thrill our souls to-day.

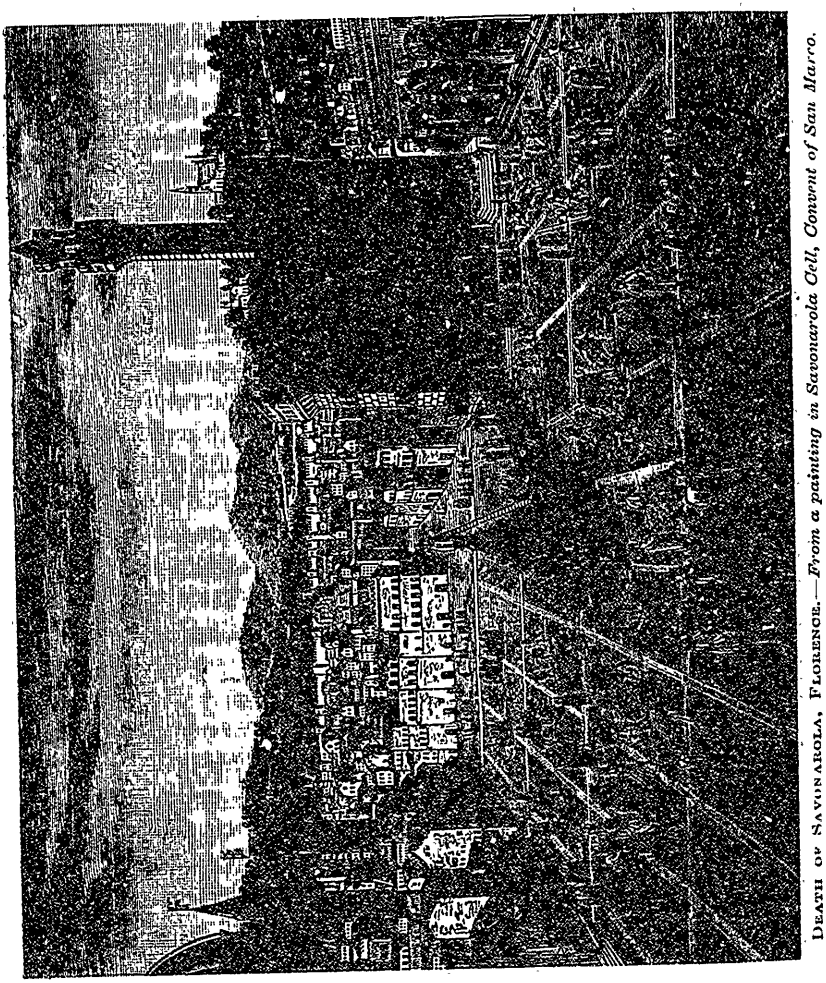
The great object of Savonarola's life was the establishment of Christ's kingdom in the earth, and the bringing into conformity thereto of all the institutions of this world. He began with his own convent of San Marco, putting away all luxuries of food, clothing, costly ecclesiastical furniture, and vestments. He enforced secular diligence among the monks, and assigned to the more gifted regular preaching duties. The whole city was stirred to its depths. The churches were filled with devout worshippers. Gaming-houses and drinking-shops were deserted. Theatres and masquerades were closed. Impure books and pictures in vast numbers were publicly burned.

In the great square shown in our picture, a pyramid of "vanities" was collected, sixty feet high and eighty yards in circuit. After morning communion, a vast procession wound from the cathedral. White-robed children lined the square, and their pure clear voices chanted the "lauds" and carols for the day. Then the torch was applied; the flames leaped and writhed and revelled amid the things of folly and shame; and the trumpets blared, and the clangorous bells filled the air with peals of triumph and joy.

"Florence," says a historian of the event, "was like a city burning its idols, and with solemn ceremony vowing fidelity in all the future to the worship of the one true God. One more offering up of 'vanities' by fire took place in the following year. Then followed a burning of a different sort on the same spot, in which the person of Savonarola furnished food

for the flame and excitement for the populace; which burning ended the grand Florentine drama of the fifteenth century."

The Pope, thinking every nature as venal as his own, tried the effects of bribery, and offered the preaching friar a



DEATH OF SAVONAROLA, FLORENCE.—*From a painting in Savonarola Cell, Convent of San Marco.*

princedom in the Church and a cardinal's hat, if he would only cease from "prophesying." "Come to my sermon to-morrow," said the monk to the ambassador, "and you shall have my answer." In the presence of a vast assembly, Savonarola, with burning words, refused the glittering bribe. "I will

have no other crimson hat," he exclaimed, with a foreboding of his coming doom, "than that of martyrdom, crimsoned with my own blood."

When the bold defiance was reported to the Pope, for a moment conscience-stricken at the spectacle of such heroic virtue, he exclaimed, "That must be a true servant of God." But the strong vindictive passions soon awoke again. Alexander Borgia declared that Savonarola should be put to death even though he were John the Baptist. Sentence of death was therefore pronounced upon him and on his two devoted friends, Fra Dominico and Fra Salvestro.

On the morning of the 23rd May, 1498, after early communion in the prison, the destined victims walked together to the place of doom in the great square of the "Bonfire of Vanities." The Pope's commissioner stripped off their gowns and pronounced the last anathema: "I separate you from the Church militant and triumphant." "Militant, not triumphant," replied with a calm, clear voice, the hero soul of Savonarola. "Not from the Church triumphant; that is beyond your power." A vast mob surged around the scaffold and the martyr pyre, but he seemed to see them not. With unfaltering step and with a rapt smile upon his pale, worn face, he went to his death. His last words were, like those of his Lord and Master and of the proto-martyr, "Into Thy hands, O Lord, I commit my spirit." His comrades in life and in death with equal dignity met their fate. They were first hanged till dead and then burned to ashes. As the torch was applied, writes the biographer, "from the storied Piazza, the saddest and most suicidal 'burning' that Florence had ever witnessed sent up its flame and smoke into the bright heaven of that May morning. On the 23rd day of May, 1498, aged forty-five years, the greatest man of his day—great on every side of him, great as a philosopher, a theologian, a statesman, a reformer of morals and religion, and greatest of all as a true man of God—died in a way which was worthy of him, a martyr to the truth for which he had lived."

"Lest the city should be polluted by his remains," says a contemporary, "his ashes were carefully gathered and thrown into the Arno." In the narrow cell at San Marco, in which Savonarola wept and watched and prayed, hangs a contemporary painting of this tragic scene, the original of our engrav-


Gulielmus D. G. Princeps Auraicæ, Comes Nassaviæ, Catzenellenbogiæ, Viandæ, Dietziæ, Lingæ,
Buyræ Leerdami, etc. Marchio Veræ et Flissingæ; Do. et Baro Bredæ, Diest. Grimbergæ, Arlay,
Noseretti, Castelbellin etc. Vice-comes hæreditarius Antverpiæ et Bisantiæ; Gubernator Generalis
Brabantiæ, Hollandiæ, Zelandiæ, Frisiæ, Ultraiecti: Archithalassus maris inferioris Germaniæ

William the Silent.

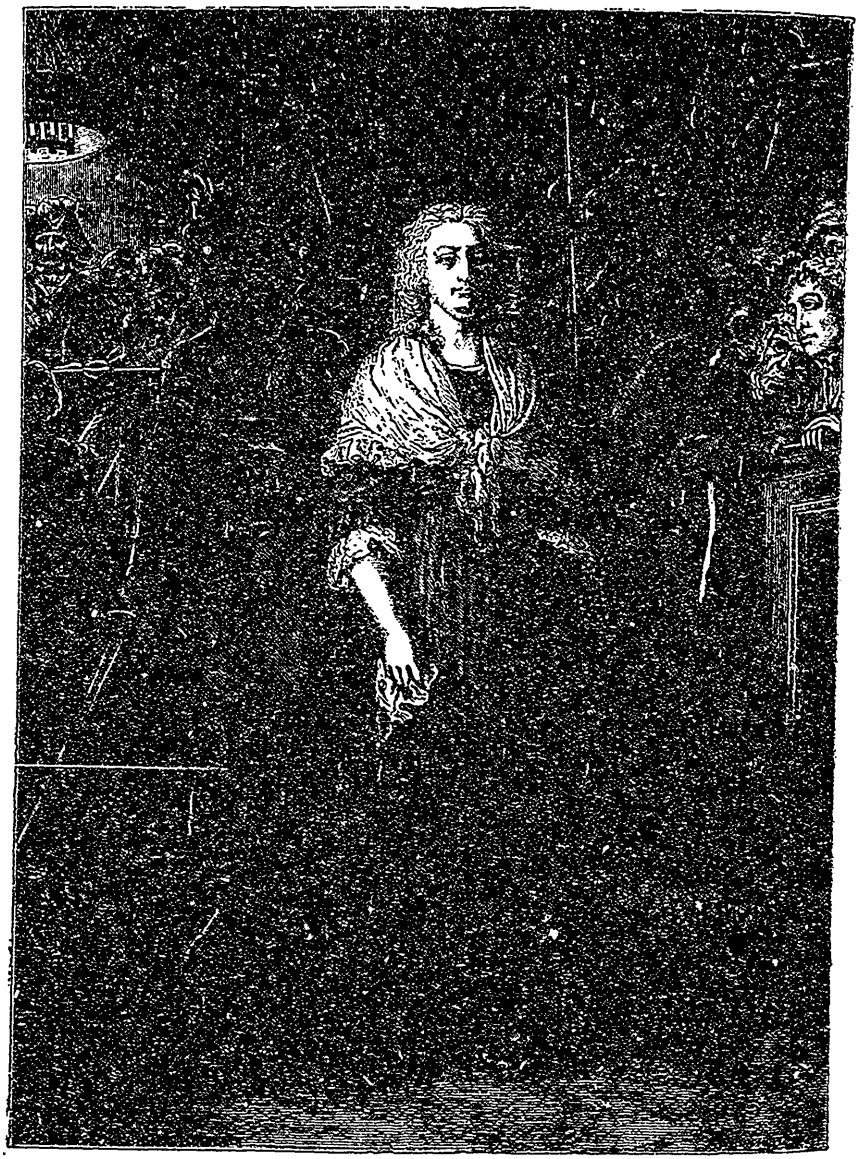
ing, and by its side a portrait of the martyr-monk with his keen dark eyes, his eagle visage, his pale cheek, and his patient thought-worn brow. In a case beneath are his vestments, his crucifix, rosary, Bible, and MS. sermons. As we gaze on these

relics, thought and emotion overleap the intervening centuries, and we seem brought into living contact with the hero soul, who counted not his life dear unto him for the testimony of Jesus.

One of the noblest struggles ever made for civil and religious liberty was that of the Estates of Holland against the despotism of Philip II. of Spain. Of this prolonged struggle Dr. Ridpath gives an ample account. Its most heroic character was William the Silent, Prince of Orange and Nassau—one of the greatest, wisest and best rulers who ever lived. The remorseless Duke of Alva was sent to dragoon the Dutch into submission to the Pope and Philip II. He organized a ruthless tribunal, well named "the Council of Blood." To read the Bible, to sing Marot's hymns, to hear preaching—or to be suspected of these crimes—was to invoke the swift sentence of death. "The whole country," says Motley, "became a charnel house. The death-bell tolled hourly in every village; columns and stakes in every street; the fences in the field, the trees in the orchards, were laden with human carcases, strangled, burned, beheaded." By scores and almost by hundreds at a time, the noblest heads in the Netherlands were shorn away.

In the half-drowned lands of Holland the death-struggle of the Dutch patriots with their foe took place. The siege of Haarlem is memorable forever for the fierceness of the assault, the valour of its defence, and the cruelty of its conquest. When the assault was made, the tocsin rang; the whole population swarmed to the walls; stones, boiling oil, live-coals were hurled on the invaders; and burning hoops smeared with pitch were thrown upon their necks. Then mines and counter-mines were dug beneath the walls. Spaniard and Netherlander met daily in deadly combat in the bowels of the earth, their daggers gleaming in the feeble lantern light, and often the explosion of a mine hurled a volcano of fire and mangled bodies high in air. "They seemed the conflicts not of men, but of evil spirits."

Leyden, in turn, was besieged, but the peasants of Holland and Zealand declared, "as long as there is a living man left in the country, we will fight for our liberty and religion." Now followed one of the most heroic resolves in history. "Better a *drowned* land," they said, "than a *lost* land," and they deliberately cut the great sea dykes which kept the ocean at bay, and



MARIE ANTOINETTE, LED TO THE REVOLUTIONARY TRIBUNAL.

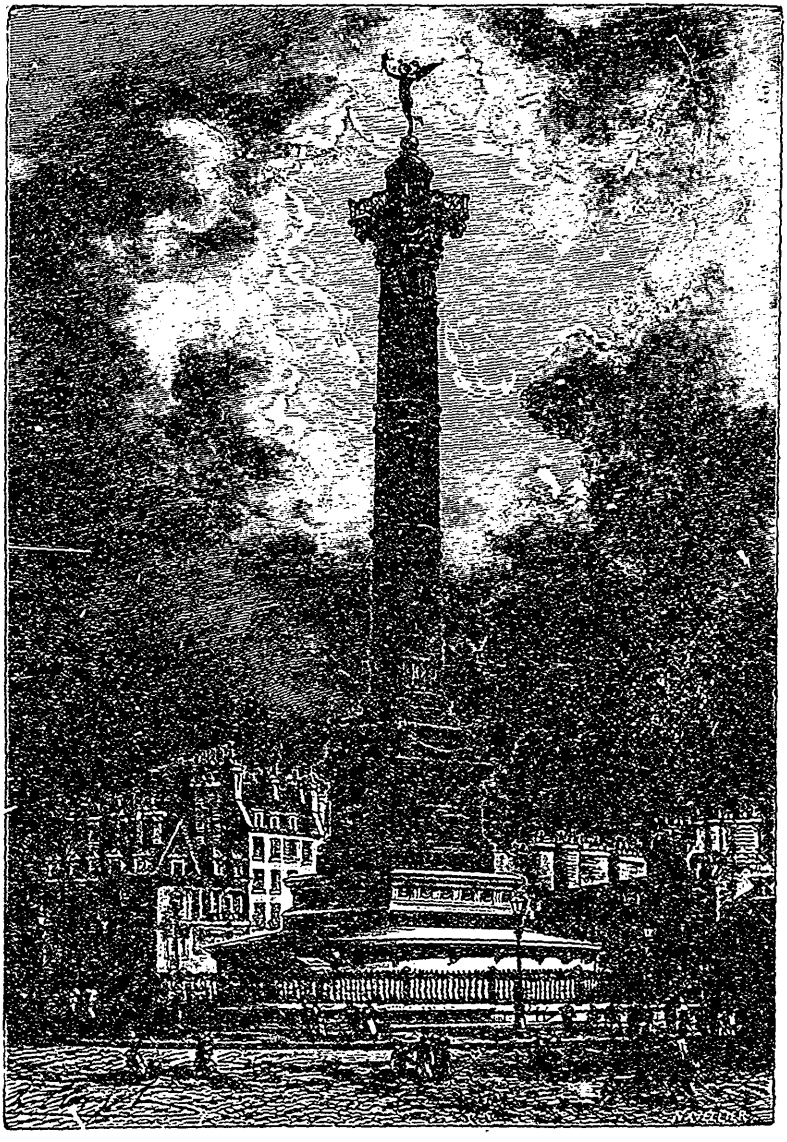
let its waves overwhelm their fertile fields, and pleasant homes and villages.

It was fifteen miles from Leyden to the sea. The city was besieged by 8,000 Spaniards, occupying sixty-two redoubts.

Two hundred vessels, manned by wild "Beggars of the Sea," must fight their way over the submerged meadows to raise the siege. "As well can William of Orange pluck the stars from heaven," jeered the besiegers, "as bring the ocean to the walls of Leyden;" but soon the waves, creeping among their tents, told them of its approach. When the relief ships were within five miles of Leyden a west wind drove back the sea, and the fleet was aground. The famine was worse than even that of Haarlem. "Pestilence also stalked through the city, and the doomed inhabitants fell like grass beneath its scythe." "Ye call us cat-and-dog-eaters," cried the warders on the wall to the enemy, "and it is true. Know, then, that while ye can hear a cat mew or a dog bark in the city, it will not surrender. And when the last hour has come we will fire our houses and perish with our wives and children in the flames, rather than suffer our homes to be polluted, and our liberties to be crushed." Leyden was sublime in its despair. The brave patriots watched with eagerness the vanes on the church spires, and like the besieged in Londonderry a century later, prayed for a "Protestant wind."

At the autumnal equinox a violent gale brought a high tide over the drowned land. At midnight the fleet sailed amid storm and darkness. A fierce battle took place among the orchards and chimney-stacks of the submerged villages. The wild Zealanders harpooned by hundreds the Spanish men-at-arms with a skill acquired in many a polar chase; and leaping into the waves shouldered their vessels over the dykes. Next day the fleet swept up to the walls, and after its ten months' siege Leyden was relieved. Bread was thrown from every vessel to the famished crowd upon the quays. They devoured it like hungry dogs, and some choked themselves to death. Then, by a common impulse, all moved to the great church to give thanks for their deliverance. Thousands of voices joined in the psalm of praise, but few were able to carry it through. The hymn was abruptly ended while the multitude wept like children. The very day after the relief of the city a "strong east wind" drove the waters back from the meadows, and the work of repairing the dykes began.

When every other weapon failed, Philip tried to overcome his inveterate foe by lavish bribery, but the incorruptible patriot replied, "Neither for property nor for life, neither for



COLUMN OF THE 14TH JULY, ON THE SITE OF BASTILE, PARIS.

wife nor for children would he mix in his cup a single drop of treason." He was then placed under the ban of Philip, and a reward of 25,000 golden crowns offered for his life.

The result was soon apparent. On the birthday festival of

the Duke of Anjou, as the Prince left the banquet chamber, a small, dark youth put a petition into his hand. As he looked at it, the assassin drew a pistol and fired it point blank at the Prince's head. The ball passed through his neck, carrying with it two teeth. "Do not kill him," cried the Prince; "I forgive him my death." Forbidden by the surgeons to speak, he wrote incessantly, urging the towns-folk to create no tumult should he die. The flame of the pistol had cauterized the wound, and prevented a fatal result. For eighteen days the Prince lay in a precarious state, when the cicatrix came off the wound and a violent hæmorrhage ensued. "It is now all over," said the Prince, as he bade his children a calm "good-night forever." It was impossible to staunch the flow of blood but by relays of attendants, night and day, keeping the wound compressed by the thumb. At length it closed, and in a month the Prince was convalescent. Nevertheless, the murderer had found an illustrious victim. The Princess, his wife, worn with watching and anxiety, fell into a fever, from which, in a few days, she died.

In the following two years, stimulated by Spanish gold, five successive attempts were made to assassinate the Prince of Orange. The last of these was successful. A certain Balthazar Gerard, a fanatical Catholic, had nursed in his heart for seven years the bloody project. He professed to be the son of a martyred Calvinist, and procured employment in the Prince's service. He obtained from the Prince's charity money to purchase shoes in which to go to church. With this he bought from a soldier a pair of pistols, and lying in wait for the Prince in the vestibule of his modest mansion at Delft, he fired into his body three poisoned bullets. The Prince fell with the cry, "O, my God, have mercy upon my soul! O, my God, have mercy upon this poor people!" Thus died, in his fifty-first year, the greatest statesman of his age.

The murdered Prince was buried amid the tears of all the people. "While he lived," says Motley, "he was the guiding star of a whole brave nation, and when he died the little children cried in the streets." The portrait of Orange, with his many titles written beneath, reveals a grave, austere face, seamed with lines of care, and deep dark eyes, with a melancholy expression as though foreseeing his destined fate. A

deep SS collar and a furred gown complete his attire. Never lived a purer patriot, a more incorruptible statesman; and never died a nobler martyr for the Protestant faith, of which he was the foremost champion in Europe.

GERMANIA.

One of the most tragical events in the history of the world was the dread "Reign of Terror" during the French Revolution. And one of the most tragical scenes in that Reign of Terror was the death by the guilloine of the beautiful, high-born Queen of France, Marie Antoinette. Dr. Ridpath gives a graphic description, copiously illustrated, of that hideous social earthquake, when both throne and altar were hurled in ruin to the ground.

"The sorrows of Marie Antoinette," he says, "were ended with her life under the guillotine. On the 14th of October the 'Widow Capet,' as the indictment called her, was brought before the Revolutionary Tribunal to answer to the charge of having conspired against France at home and abroad. Her demeanour was full of dignity. She made a few laconic replies to the questions which were addressed to her, and calmly awaited the inevitable.

"On the morning of the 16th she was condemned to death. At noon of the same day she was conveyed along the streets, where thirty thousand soldiers and other innumerable throngs were assembled, and passing, unmoved by their shouts of '*Vive la Republique! A bas la Tyrannie!*" to the place of death, mounted the scaffold and died like a queen."

The cut on page 408 is another memorial of the dread Reign of Terror. It occupies the site of the memorable Bastile, that grim prison whose destruction by the turbulent populace was one of the most dramatic episodes of the Revolution. The large square in which it stands has furnished a frequent rallying place for riotous mobs and witnessed fierce fighting during the Revolutions of 1830, 1848, and 1871.

Dr. Ridpath devotes several chapters to the crowded events of the nineteenth century—the great Napoleonic Wars, the Revolutions of 1848, the Austro-Prussian and Franco-Prussian Wars, the growth of constitutional principles, and the political movements, resulting in the unification of Italy and Germany. A beautiful memorial of the latter is the colossal monument of Germania, recently erected on a lofty hill near Bingen, overlooking the storied river Rhine. The grace of this laurel-crowned majestic figure cannot fail to strongly impress the mind.

The survey of the history of the world contained in these noble volumes inspires one with encouragement at the progress of civilization, and with confidence in prospect of the higher Christian civilization of the future. Though the record of the ages, like the prophet's scroll, has often been written within and without with lamentation and weeping and great woe; yet the struggles of the past have purchased the liberties of the present, which are in turn a pledge for the future. The ampler recognition of the rights of man, the elevation of woman, the organization of society on a higher plane, the wider diffusion of education, religion, liberty, these are all the promise of the coming ages to mankind.

MARY MAGDALEN.

AT dawn she sought the Saviour slain,
To kiss the spot where He had lain
And weep warm tears, like spring-time rain;

When lo! there stood, unstained by death,
A man that spake with slow, sweet breath;
And "Master!" Mary answereth.

From out the far and fragrant years,
How sweeter than the songs of seers
That tender offering of tears!

—*Richard E. Burton.*

THE DOMINION OF CANADA.

BY W. H. WITHROW.

"Methinks I see in my mind a noble and puissant nation rousing herself like a strong man after sleep, and shaking her invincible locks; a nation not slow and dull, but of a quick, ingenious, and piercing spirit; acute to invent, subtile to discourse, not beneath the reach of any point that human capacity can soar to.

"Methinks I see her as an angel mewing her mighty youth, and kindling her undazzled eyes at the full mid-day beam; purging and unscaling her sight at the fountain itself of heavenly radiance."—*Milton's "Areopagitica."*

O NATION, young and fair, and strong! arise
To the full stature of thy greatness now!
Thy glorious destiny doth thee endow
With high prerogative. Before thee lies
A future full of promise. Oh! be wise!
Be great in all things good, and haste to sow
The Present with rich germs from which may grow
Sublime results and noble, high emprise.
Oh! be it hence thy mission to advance
The destinies of man, exalt the race,
And teach down-trodden nations through the expanse
Of the round earth to rise above their base
And low estate, love Freedom's holy cause,
And give to all men just and equal laws.

Oh! let us plant in the fresh virgin earth
Of this new world, a scion of that tree
Beneath whose shade our fathers dwelt, a free
And noble nation—of heroic birth.
Let the Penates of our fathers' hearth
Be hither borne; and let us bow the knee
Still at our fathers' altars. O'er the sea
Our hearts yearn fondly and revere their worth.
And though forth-faring from our father's house,
Not forth in anger, but in love we go.
It lessens not our reverence, but doth rouse
To deeper love than ever we did know.
Not alien and estranged, but sons are we
Of that great Father-land beyond the sea.

In the Ice Pack.

AMONG THE ESKIMOS.

BY THE REV. W. S. BLACKSTOCK.

I.

THE CROW'S NEST.

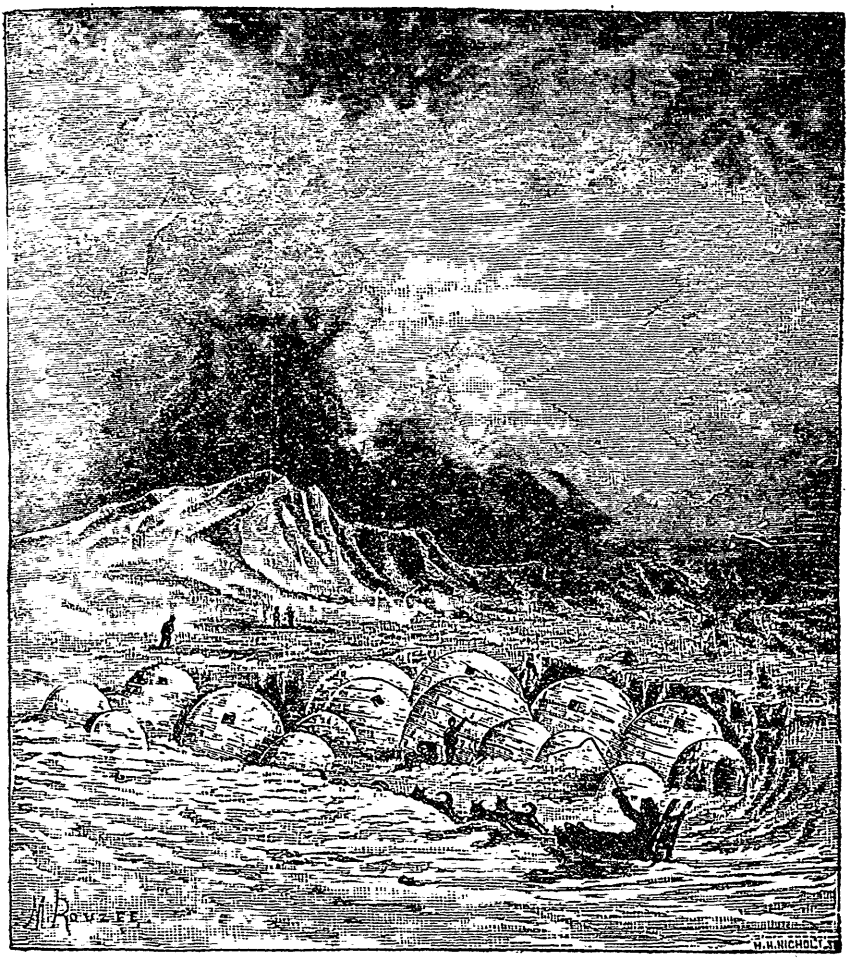
IT has been said that, of all the uncivilized nations of the earth, none range over a wider space than the Eskimos; and it may be added with equal truthfulness that no other barbarous people is so secure in the possession of the lands which it inhabits. From Greenland and Labrador, over all the coasts of Arctic America, to the Aleutic chain, these people have remained for ages past, and will probably remain for ages to come, in the almost undisturbed possession of that vast area of the earth's surface which constitutes their home. It is, indeed, sometimes invaded by the restless and adventurous spirit of European and American enterprise, and parts of it are under the nominal sovereignty of Great Britain, Denmark, and Russia; but there is nothing in it to tempt the ruling races to supplant its aboriginal inhabitants. The fact that, with few exceptions, the whole of this vast region lies beyond the extremest limits of the forest growth, where the earth is either covered with perpetual snow or capable of supporting only the most dwarfed, stunted, and worthless forms of vegetation, is likely to secure the Eskimo for some time to come from that process of dispossession and gradual extinction to which

most of the weaker races of mankind have been, or are being, subjected. There is no motive to induce their more powerful neighbours to attempt to supplant them and to crowd them out of existence.

It is difficult to determine with precision the limits of the Arctic land, of which these strange people are the principal inhabitants. They are not coincident with the Arctic circle of the geographer. Countries situated as low as 60° or even 50°, such as South Greenland, Labrador, Alaska, and Kamchatka, in the western hemisphere, and the country round about Lake Baikal, in the eastern, have, in their climate and productions, a decidedly polar character, while other lands lying much farther north, such as the coast of Norway, owing to specially favourable circumstances, enjoy a peculiarly mild temperature, even in winter. The Arctic regions may, however, be roughly described as that immense area which is drained by the rivers of three continents which discharge their waters into the Polar Ocean and its tributary bays. They are naturally divided into two clearly-marked zones—that of the forest and that of the treeless waste.

The latter of these zones, including the "barrens" of North America, and the "tundri" of Siberia and of European Russia, is the most desolate and dreary region that actually exists or that can well be imagined. Nothing can be more melancholy than the aspect which the boundless morasses and arid wastes of this region present. In the winter especially, when the migratory birds which spend their summers there have gone southward, and the reindeer has betaken himself to the shelter of the forest, an awful silence reigns over its vast expanse, broken only by the yelping of the fox or the hooting of the snow owl. Man, elsewhere lord of the earth, here finds himself supplanted by a mightier monarch. Frost is king. And at the behest of this grim and relentless potentate, the soil refuses to yield enough for the support of human life. Even the hardy Eskimo would fare badly but for the succour afforded him by the sea. And this will account for the fact that he finds his home chiefly on its shore, and seldom ventures, except temporarily, very far inland.

The exploration of the polar regions, which has been going on for centuries, furnishes material for one of the most interest-



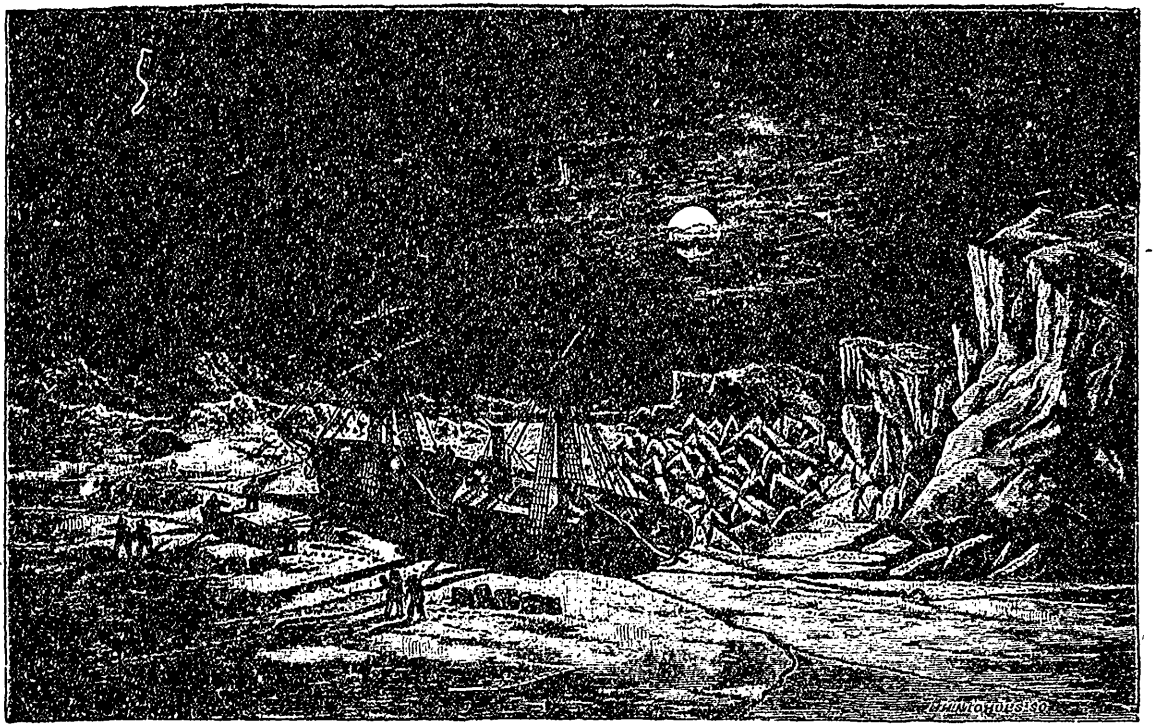
SNOW VILLAGE.

ing chapters in the history of the human race. The baffled and ineffectual efforts which, from time to time, have been made to reach the Pole have furnished examples of patience, self-sacrifice, and heroic endurance which have scarcely been surpassed in any other field of human endeavour. In this, as in many other costly and hazardous enterprises, requiring uncommon pluck and energy, England led the way. As early as 1497, but five years after Columbus sailed from Port Palos, on that ever-memorable voyage which changed the geography of

the world, John and Sebastian Cabot sailed from Bristol, the object of their voyage being the discovery of a north-west passage to India. And though this "notable thing," which, as they tell us, created "a great flame of desire" in the breasts of these intrepid navigators, was not secured, a result of far greater importance to the human race was attained—the right of England to the possession of the North American coast was established, and the destiny of this great continent to be the home of freedom in after ages was secured.

But though England has taken the lead in this matter of Arctic exploration, other nations have not been slow to follow her example, and some of them have played a highly creditable part. In recent times none, perhaps, have distinguished themselves more than our American neighbours. The volume from which most of the material of this article is drawn, including the cuts with which it is illustrated, "American Explorations in the Ice Zones," by Prof. J. E. Nourse, U. S. N., from the publishing house of Messrs. D. Lothrop & Co., Boston, contains a record of which any nation might be proud. It presents in a compendious and interesting form the main facts of the history of the various Arctic expeditions which have been organized and sent out under American auspicies, from the first of those which went in search of Sir John Franklin, down to the last that was dispatched for the relief of Lieut. Greeley, bringing down the narrative to within three or four years of the present time. The cuts with which the book is illustrated, and the excellent circumpolar map which accompanies it, add materially to its value, and enable the reader to get a r ore accurate notion of the polar regions, and of the difficulties and dangers with which the navigator in high latitudes finds himself beset, than he could get from any merely verbal description, however vivid.

The frontispiece itself, the picture of a ship "in the pack," transports us at once into the Arctic Ocean. Ice, ice, ice, nothing but ice! The very first thing that brings home to one the vivid realization of the fact that he is approaching the land of the Eskimo is the continual presence of ice, and that, too, often in almost every conceivable form. Now it rises to a considerable altitude, sometimes hundreds of feet, above the surface of the ocean, and then it is called a *berg*. Now it stretches out hori-



NIPPED IN THE ICE.

zontally to an apparently illimitable extent, with an unbroken and comparatively level surface; then, in the nomenclature of Arctic navigators, it is called a *field*. Now the field is broken into fragments, often of very considerable extent; then each of these detached pieces is called a *floe*. Sometimes the floes have become disintegrated, and the surface of the sea is covered with a floating mass of loose ice, not sufficiently compact to prevent a vessel from making her way through it, and then it is called *drift-ice*. When this drift-ice and small floes are driven together in compact masses of sufficient consistency and strength to resist the progress of a ship, it is called *pack-ice*. And when, as the result of the collision of fields and floes, huge blocks of ice are piled up on the surface of these floating masses, they are called *hummocks*.

It is the continual presence of these huge, frozen masses which constitutes the chief source of difficulty and danger to the mariners in high latitudes. It is this, too, which gives such significance and importance to the *crow's-nest*, represented by our initial cut. In these frigid regions this watch-tower at the masthead must never, either by night or by day, be without its occupant. "Eternal vigilance," which is needed by the mariner in all waters, is doubly and trebly needful on the part of him who ventures into the waters of the frozen North. In addition to the perils which are common to every part of the world of waters, the Arctic seas have dangers which are peculiar to themselves. In every part of the ocean the mariner has to guard against hidden shoals and sunken cliffs; but here, in addition to the rocks which are firmly rooted to the ground, there are others which, freely floating about, threaten to crush his vessel to pieces or to force it into a position of helpless bondage. To collide with an ice-field or an iceberg would be attended with no less fatal consequences than to run upon a rock; and to be caught in a "nip" between floes, or to be made fast in the "pack," is not only to become involved in inconvenience and suffering, but often in the loss of the ship.

But the ice which is fraught with so much peril to the mariner is not without its elements of interest. The large ice-fields which the whaler encounters in Baffin's Bay, or on the seas between Spitzbergen and Greenland, constitute one of the marvels of the deep. There is a solemn grandeur in the slow,

majestic motion with which they are drifted by the currents to the south; and their enormous masses, as mile after mile they come floating by, impress the spectator with the idea of a boundless extent and an irresistible power. The bergs, in consequence of the mystery which surrounds their birth, the variety of their appearance, and the fantastic and wonderful shapes which they often assume, are objects of still greater interest.

Nothing, apparently, so excites the imagination and kindles the enthusiasm of the Arctic explorer as some of the ice scenes of the North. A single extract from Dr. Kane's journal will be a sufficient illustration of this observation :—

"July 5, 11 p.m. A strip of horizon commencing about 8° to the east of the sun, and between it and the land, resembled an extended plain covered with the *debris* of ruined cities. No effort of imagination was necessary for me to travel from the true watery horizon to the false one of refraction above it, and there to see huge structures lining an aerial ocean margin. Some of rusty, Egyptian, rubbish-clogged propyla, and hypœthral courts; some tapering and columnar, like Palmyra, Baalbec; some with archetrave and portico, like Telmessus or Athens, or else vague and grotto-like, such as dreamy memories recalled of Ellora and Carli.

"I can hardly realize it as I write, but it was no trick of fancy. The things were there half an hour ago. I saw them, capricious, versatile, full of forms, but bright and definite as the phases of sober life. And as my eyes ran round upon the marvellous and varying scene, every one of these well-remembered cities rose before me, built up by some suggestive feature of the ice.

"An iceberg is one of God's own buildings, preaching its lessons of humility to the miniature structures of man. Its material one colossal Pentelicus; its mass the representative of power in repose; its distribution simulating every architectural type. It makes one smile at those classical remnants which our own period reproduces in its Madeleines, Walhallas, and Girard Colleges, like University poems in the dead languages. Still we can compare them with the iceberg; for the same standard measures both, as it does Chimborazo and the Hill of Howth. But this thing of refraction is supernatural throughout. The wildest frolic of an opium-eater's revery is nothing to the phantasmagoria of the sky to-night. Karnaks of ice turned upside down were resting upon the rainbow-coloured pedestals; great needles, obelisks of pure whiteness, shot up above their false horizon, and, after an hour-glass-like contraction at their point of union with their duplicated images, lost themselves in the blue of the upper sky.

"While I was looking—the sextant useless in my hands, for I could not think of angles—a blurred and heavy change came over the fantastic picture. Prismatic tintings, too vague to admit of dioptric analysis, be gan to

margin my architectural marbles, and the scene faded like one of Fresnel's dissolving views. Suddenly, by a flash they reappear in full beauty; and just as I was beginning to note in my memorandum-book the change which this brief interval had produced, they went out entirely and left a nearly clear horizon."

This piece of eloquent description fully justifies the observation which has been so frequently made by those who have been eye-witnesses of these scenes, that a number of icebergs floating in the sea is one of the most magnificent spectacles in nature. But no doubt they owe much of their splendour to the peculiarities of the polar atmosphere with its singular refractive power, and the weird effect of the midnight sun. Dr. Hayes, though somewhat more subdued in his style, is scarcely less eloquent in his description of one of these enchanting nights. He says:

"The bergs had wholly lost their chilly aspect, and glittering in the blaze of the brilliant heavens, seemed in the distance like the masses of burnished metal or solid flame. Nearer at hand they were huge blocks of Parian marble inlaid with mammoth pearl of opal. One in particular exhibited the perfection of the grand. Its form was not unlike that of the Colosseum, and it lay so far away that half its height was buried beneath the blood-red waters. The sun slowly rolling along the horizon passed behind it, and it seemed as if the old Roman ruins had suddenly taken fire. In the shadow of the bergs the water was a rich green, and nothing could be more soft and tender than the gradations of colour made by the sea shoaling on the sloping tongue of a berg close beside us. The tint increased in intensity where the ice overhung the waters, and a deep cavern near by exhibited the solid colour of the malachite mingled with the transparency of the emerald, while in strange contrast a broad streak of cobalt blue ran diagonally through its body. The bewitching character of the scene was heightened by a thousand little cascades which leaped into the sea from these floating masses, the waters being discharged from lakes of melting snow and ice which reposed in quietude far up in the valleys, separating the icy hills of their upper surface. From other bergs large pieces were now and then detached, plunging down into the water with deafening noise, while the slow moving swell of the ocean resounded through their broken archways."

It is remarkable that the American colonies, long before the Revolutionary War, following the instincts of the parent country, had made some essays in the matter of Arctic exploration. And among the very first of those who, from this part of the North American continent ventured into those northern waters was a Mr. Groiseleiz, an inhabitant of Canada, "a bold

and enterprising man," who as early as 1639 reached the coast of Hudson's Bay from the French settlement. On his return he prevailed on his countrymen to fit out a barque for the purpose of completing the discovery by sea. This being done, he proceeded to the neighbourhood of Port Nelson, where he was astonished to find an English settlement, composed, as he was informed, of part of a ship's crew from Boston, who had been set on shore to find a place where the ship might winter. There appears to be grave grounds of doubt respecting the truthfulness of that part of the story which connects this

THE THREE GRAVES.

miniature settlement near Port Nelson with Boston, but there is apparently no reason to question the fact of Groiseleiz landing there, or of his finding that there were Englishmen there before him.

The first serious attempt upon the part of the North American colonies to discover the North-West passage, however, was made in 1753, when the *Argo*, under the command of Captain Swaine, sailed from Philadelphia and proceeded as far north as lat. 63°. Captain James Wilder, in the *Diligence*, fitted out apparently by private subscription in Virginia about the same time, succeeded in reaching a still higher latitude. He went as far north as latitude 68° 11′. American whalers, in

common with those of other nations, have from that time to the present done much useful work in the same field of discovery. But what may properly be called the era of American Arctic exploration can scarcely be said to have commenced until thirty-six years ago. It was in 1850 that the first Grinnell expedition, under the command of Lieut. De Haven, went out; and though that enterprise was somewhat barren of results, the work has been prosecuted almost continuously ever since. It was during this trip to the far north that Lieut. De Haven, happening to fall in with Sir John Ross and Captain Penny, was present when the three graves of men belonging to Sir John Franklin's party were found near the shore of Wellington Channel, between Port Innes and Cape Spencer.

To Dr. Kane, who in his professional capacity accompanied De Haven, is to be credited chiefly the second American expedition in search of the lost navigators. In recognition of the signal ability which he displayed, and the important service which he rendered, while in a subordinate position, he was in this instance put in command. This, like the previous expedition, failed in its principal objects; it furnished no clue to the fate of Franklin and his party, and it failed to demonstrate the existence of an open Polar Sea; but from a scientific point of view it could not be said to be barren of results. The impression, however, which the record of the second Grinnell expedition in search for Sir John Franklin is likely to make upon the mind of the reader is altogether painful, and one wonders that after such experiences others can be so readily found to brave the dangers and sufferings which are almost inseparable from an Arctic voyage; and especially that any one should, if possible to avoid it, run the risk of spending a winter within ten or twelve degrees of the Pole.

Of only one of the results of Dr. Kane's last visit to these high latitudes can room be found in this article—the light thrown upon the Great North Greenland Glacier. And his recollections of this marvellous product of nature must be given in his own words:—

"My recollections of this glacier," he says, "are very distinct. The day was beautifully clear, and I have a number of sketches made as we drove along in view of its magnificent face. I will not attempt to do better by florid description. Men rhapsodize about Niagara and the ocean. My notes

speak only of the ever-shining cliff diminished to a well-pointed wedge in the perspective, and again of the face of glistening ice, sweeping in a long curve from the low interior, the facets in front intensely illuminated by the sun. But this line of cliff rose in solid glassy wall three hundred feet above the water level, with an unknown, unfathomable depth beneath it; and its curved face sixty miles in length, from Cape Agassiz to Cape Forbes, vanishes into unknown space at not more than a single day's railroad travel from the Pole. The interior from which it issues was to the eye an ice ocean of boundless dimensions.

"It was in full sight—the mighty crystal bridge which connects two continents, America and Greenland. I say continents; for Greenland, however insulated it may prove to be, is in mass strictly continuous. Its least possible axis, measured from the line of this glacier in the neighbourhood of the 80th parallel, gives a length of more than twelve hundred miles, not materially less than that of Australia from its northern to its southern cape. Imagine now the centre of such a continent occupied throughout nearly its whole extent by a deep, unbroken sea of ice, that gathers perennial increase from the water-shed of vast snow-covered mountains, and all the precipitations of the atmosphere on its own surface. Imagine this moving onward like a great glacial river, seeking outlets at every fiord and valley, rolling icy cataracts into the Atlantic and Greenland seas, and, having at last reached the northern limit of land that bore it up, pouring out a mighty torrent into unknown Arctic space. It is thus, and only thus, that we must form a just conception of a phenomenon like this great glacier. I had looked for such an appearance, should I ever be fortunate enough to reach the northern coast of Greenland, but now that it was before me, I could hardly realize it. I had recognized in my quiet library at home the beautiful analogies between the glacier and the river; but I could not at first comprehend this complete substitution of ice for water. It was slowly that the conviction dawned on me that I was looking upon the counterpart of the great river system of Arctic Asia and America. Yet here were no water-feeders from the south. Every particle of moisture had its origin from within the Polar circle and had been converted into ice. There were no vast allusions, no forests or animal traces borne down by liquid torrents. Here was a plastic, moving, semi-solid mass, obliterating life, swallowing up rocks and islands, and ploughing its way with irresistible march through the crust of an investing sea."

This view of this great glacier, and of the Greenland glacier system generally, has since been confirmed by both Hayes and Nordenskiold. The former of these gentlemen says:

"Greenland may indeed be regarded as a vast *reservoir of ice.* Upon the slopes of its lofty hills, the downy snowflake has become the hardened crystal; and, increasing little by little from year to year, and from century to century, a broad cloak of frozen vapour has at length completely overspread the land, and along its wide borders there pour a thousand crystal streams into the sea."

It is no doubt difficult for any one who has not made a special study of the subject to accept the theory of a sea of ice, frozen to its profoundest depths, discharging itself into the ocean by rivers of solid ice. And but for the Alpine labours of Agassiz, Forbes, and Tyndall, probably neither Dr. Kane nor his successors would have been able to solve the mystery of the glacier system of Northern Greenland. But many years ago it had been demonstrated by elaborate and carefully conducted experiments, that the glaciers of the Alps, though apparently as immovable as the mountain peaks among which they lay, were nevertheless in constant motion, and that the movement of their seemingly solid mass conformed in every respect to the laws which regulate the movement of water in a river. It was found, for example, that, in accordance with this analogy, the central portion of the ice moved more rapidly than that at the sides of the glacier, and that at the top more rapidly than that at the bottom. And it was the knowledge of these facts gained, as we have seen, in the quietude of their own studies at home, that enabled them to understand the glacial system of Greenland, including the great glacier of the extreme north, which would otherwise have remained an insoluble problem to them even after they had personally explored it.

The conclusion to which Dr. Hayes, Dr. Kane's immediate successor in this field of investigation, comes, as the result of his studies, and of observations and experiments made among the glaciers of Greenland, is as follows :—

"A glacier is in effect but a flowing stream of frozen water ; and the river systems of the Temperate and Equatorial zones become the glacier systems of the Arctic and Antarctic. The iceberg is the discharge of the Arctic river, the Arctic river is the glacier, and the glacier is the accumulation of frozen vapours of the air. Moving on its slow and steady course from the distant hills, at length it reaches the sea, which tears from the slothful stream a monstrous fragment, taking back to itself its own again. Freed from the shackles which it has borne in silence through unnumbered centuries, the new-born child of the ocean rushes with a wild bound into the arms of the parent water, where it is caressed by the surf and nursed into life again ; and the crystal drops receive their long-lost freedom, and fly away on the laughing waves to catch once more the sunbeam, and to run again their course through the long cycle of the ages."

All this, it must be confessed, is very pleasant reading. It is pleasing, too, for us to know that we have at length the solu-

tion of a problem which for ages baffled the most gigantic intellects of men. We now know how the icebergs, those most wonderful products of nature, are formed, and whence they come. But what mind can estimate the labour and suffering, to say nothing of money, which this increase of our knowledge has cost? What imagination can paint the horror of those two dreary Arctic winters spent in the *Advance*, almost buried in snow and ice, in Rensselaer Bay, latitude 78° 38′—a point considerably farther north than civilized man had wintered in before?

As early as the 10th of September the birds had all left. The sea-swallows which abounded in the last days of August, and even the young burgomasters, that had lingered after them, had taken their departure for the south. On the following day it was noted that the long staring day, which had clung to them for more than two months, to the exclusion of stars, had begun to intermit its brightness. Even Aldebaran, as Dr. Kane tells us, "the red eye of the bull," flared out into familiar recollection as early as ten o'clock; and the heavens, though somewhat reddened by the gaudy tints of midnight, gave them Capella and Arcturus, and even that lesser light of home memories, the polar star, which they had to strain their necks to see, and which seemed to be directly above them. In the closing days of October the sun had disappeared, and the moon, which had reached her greatest northern declination, sweeping round the horizon, making her circuit with almost unvarying brightness, had become a more glorious object than she ever seemed to be before; and the sparkling nights brought back the memory of sleigh-bells and songs, and of glad communings of hearts in lands that were far away.

At the end of the first week in November the darkness was coming on with insidious steadiness. The thermometer could indeed be read without a light at noonday, and the black masses of the hills, with their glaring patches of snow, were visible for about five hours; but everything else around them was in darkness. And with this setting in of the Arctic night came the gloomy reflection that their darkness had ninety days to run before they would get back again even to the contested twilight which was passing from them then; and that they would have an altogether sunless winter of one hundred and forty

days. By the middle of December the last vestige of the mid-day twilight had disappeared. The fingers could not be counted a foot from the eyes. Noonday and midnight were alike, and, except a vague glimmer in the sky that seemed to define the outline of the hills to the south, they had nothing to tell them that this Arctic world of theirs had a sun.

Is it any wonder that, in spite of schemes innumerable which had been resorted to in order to cheat the monotonous solitude, in continued darkness and consequent inaction, it was found to be almost in vain to create topics of thought, and by forced excitement to attempt to ward off the encroachments of disease? Even most of the dogs, upon which the expedition depended to prosecute its work, succumbed to the effects of the long-continued darkness. Of the forty-four dogs on board the *Advance*, including nine magnificent Newfoundlanders, all but six died before spring. Both officers and men were in a wretchedly enfeebled condition. And it is altogether probable that but for the great soul of Kane, and his ingenuity and fertility of resources, the state of things among them would have been far worse. Their salvation lay in the fact that Dr. Kane, always at work himself, did what he could to find employment for officers and men, and, as far as possible, to keep everybody at work around him. But even he, notwithstanding the strength of will with which he battled against adverse influences, was so broken in health when the spring came that he was utterly unfit for the hardships inseparable from the work of Arctic exploration.

Our prescribed limits will not permit us to follow Dr. Kane and his company through the labours and suffering of another year, including the horrors of a second winter spent on the brig in less favourable circumstances than the first had been; neither can any description of their southward journey of eighty days performed on the ice and in open boats, after the abandonment of the *Advance* and prior to their being picked up by the expedition which had been sent out for their relief, be attempted; but a brief reference to the sledge-journey northward along the coast of Greenland, made in April and May of 1854, to which we are indebted for all that we know about the great glacier which has been already described, may form an appropriate close for this article.

His poetic fancy invested every object which lay along his line of march with an ineffable charm. He sees cliffs rising boldly from the shore line, some times to a height of over a thousand feet.

"Exhibiting," he says, "every freak and caprice of architectural ruin. In one spot the sloping rubbish at the foot of the coast wall led up, like an artificial causeway, to a gorge which was streaming at noonday with the southern sun, while everywhere else the rocks stood out in the blackest shadow. Just at the edge of this bright opening rose the dreamy semblance flanked with triple towers completely isolated and defined.

AN ARCTIC RAVINE.

"Farther on, to the north of latitude 79°, a single cliff of greenstone rears itself from a crumbled base of sandstone like the boldly chiselled rampart of an ancient city. At its northern extremity, at the brink of a deep ravine which has worn its way among the ruins, there stands a solitary column or minaret tower, as sharply finished as if it had been cast for the Place Vendome. Yet the length of the shaft alone is 480 feet, and it rises on a pedestal itself 280 feet high."

But at the very time he was writing his notes and making his sketches of these objects of beauty and sublimity, and of the great glacier which has been already described, and which was the next object of interest that he reached on this memorable journey, he was actually ready to perish. In the extremity of his weakness and suffering he had to be strapped upon the

sledge, and in this way the march was continued as usual. But his vitality soon became so reduced that, though the temperature was but 50° below zero, he could not resist the cold. His left foot became frozen, occasioning, as he tells us, vexatious delay. And on the 5th of May he became delirious and fainted as often as he was carried from the tent to the sledge. His comrades carried him back, by forced marches, to the brig, which he reached in an almost dying condition, and where he lay for a week fluctuating between life and death, apparently more dead than alive. But Dr. Kane was a man of faith, and his faith in an overruling Providence never deserted him even in his darkest hour. He was a man of prayer withal, and the picture of him standing in the midst of desolation of the Arctic desert pouring out his soul to God in thanksgiving and supplication, while his comrades stood around him reverent and uncovered, is to the devout mind a sublimer object than any of those products of nature which he has so impressively described.

THE FLOWERS THAT SWEETLY BLOOMED LAST YEAR.

BY J. T. BURGESS.

THE flowers that sweetly bloomed last year,
Though buried now beneath the deep
And frozen snow, but only sleep
Till spring again shall reappear,

When warmed by rays of sunshine bright
That loi\ r round their snowy beds,
They'll one by one unfold their heads
Far fairer than when lost from sight.

And so with those for whom we weep,
Whose loss we newly feel each day,—
For whom our tears must have their way,—
They are not dead; they only sleep.

And when the spring that never dies,—
The great eternal spring shall break,
They, like the flowers of earth, shall wake,
In perfect beauty in the skies.

CANSO, N. S., Feb., 1886.

LEAVES FROM THE PORTFOLIO OF A MERCHANT.

BY JOHN MACDONALD.

II.

WHAT is called indiscriminate or promiscuous giving is, I am aware, condemned by many persons. But I am equally aware that such persons are not those of the keenest sympathies or the tenderest natures. They tell us that we should investigate the case, that we should do this patiently and exhaustively. I am also aware that with such persons the result of their investigation is generally adverse to the applicant, and that when it is apparent that the story is true the help given is accompanied with such admonition, and often with such insinuations, as in a great measure to destroy the benefit of the gift, and that nothing but absolute want would prevent its being declined.

In the meantime what is to become of the sufferer? Assume that cold is biting and hunger is pinching and disease is depressing, and that these three-fold enemies have to work their work until the philanthropist (who may happen to be very busy) can find time to investigate the case. What then? Oh, even then our calculating friend says, Better even that they should suffer than that the public should be deceived by impostors and that people should be educated in a life of duplicity. Well, there is still another way, and a better one. Take every reasonable method of ascertaining the truth of the story *then*, at that interview; go, if time permits, to verify it, if that is the impression on the mind. But if time will not permit, throw upon the applicant the onus of telling the truth and grant such help as the circumstances demand and as may be within your power, and feel that in doing what you conceive to be your duty to a fellow-creature, it is better that you should be deceived and this in nine cases rather than that the tenth really deserving should go away unassisted.

Another case was that of a man, say of fifty years of age, an Irishman. He had been sometime in the country, had met with no success, his slender means were melting away, he was greatly discouraged, was looking for employment not for help.

He said that if he had the means he would return to Ireland. The merchant said to him, "You must not think of that; you are here now, make the best of it. You will assuredly find something to do; call at every place of business; if you meet with no success on your first visit ask permission to call again; but above all be hopeful, do not be discouraged; come back and let me know what success you meet with." He went out of the warehouse looking much more cheerful than when he entered. On the following day he returned, having upon his shoulder several reams of wrapping paper which he was offering at the list price of the maker. Every business man needs wrapping paper. It was a great pleasure to give orders that the paper should be purchased. Day by day and week by week he was to be seen on his rounds, wet or dry, sunshine or cloudy, always in good spirits and always busy. A few years after, in a very confiding way he thus expressed himself to the merchant, "You were the first man in the city who spoke to me a word of encouragement; that word begot in me hope when I was well-nigh ready to give up, and it led to my success; to-day I have in the bank to my credit $2,000. You did not give me a cent; you spoke a word of encouragement, and, with God's blessing upon my exertions (for he was good man), I date all my success from that day and from that circumstance."

The reader may say, But are there not many cases like his? An experience somewhat lengthened among such people justifies the writer in saying, not one in a hundred!

Again, there are classes which perplex thoughtful men: they are always in need, if not in dire want. Of what avail is the help given? You give to-day, to-morrow they are as dependent as ever. You are tired, you are discouraged, your patience is exhausted. They disappear. Where do they go? What becomes of them? This class is a very large one; many of them were callers at the office. This question was invariably asked, "How is it that you, a man, say, of forty-five, should be here to-day without one cent in your pocket?"

"Well, I have been in the country six months and have had a deal of sickness since I have been here." "Well, what of the forty-four years before you came to the country. Why had you nothing in those years—had you laid nothing by for a rainy day? The fact is, you have been improvident."

Some would ask what that meant. "It means this simply, that every day that you earned one dollar and a quarter or a half you spent it, without any reference to what lay before you, instead of living as you might have done upon one half and laying by the other." This indeed is the secret, not only of the want of success, but of much of the poverty about us, and with no class is the work of exciting to self-reliance more difficult than with the improvident class.

What is to be done with the cultured and refined class when suddenly confronted with the complete wreck of all their plans? A gentleman who held Her Majesty's commission in a regiment of the line had in an excited moment struck one of the soldiers of his company with the flat part of his sword. He was obliged to sell out. He called at the office with a sterling bill of £1,000, the price of his commission, upon the army agents upon whom it was drawn, asking that it might be collected, and asking in the meantime for £20. The bill was paid and the merchant was asked, "What would you advise me to do with the money?" The reply was, "Invest it in some good mortgage"—money was then paying eight per cent.—"and supplement the income with such salary as you are able to obtain in some situation. Do not listen to any who will tell you about what profit you might make in business, for of business you know nothing. And so sure as you put it in business you will lose it." He thanked the merchant, said he would take his advice, and went away. A week after he returned to consult him about putting his money into a cigar business upon which the profits, he had been assured, would be thirty per cent. The merchant simply replied that he had really nothing to add to what he had already said; that he thought now as he had thought then. The money went into the cigar business; a week after he was ruined. Another week and the merchant saw him with a policeman's clothes on and on a policeman's beat. A few years since an English paper contained an announcement that a gentleman who had borne Her Majesty's commission, with his wife, who was a lady, applied at the almshouse with their two children, in the greatest destitution; and there in paupers' garb father and mother passed away leaving their helpless children to the parish. Need I say it was Capt. W—— and his wife. Here was one of gentle birth,

highly cultured, having acted as interpreter on the Turkish contingent, and who had upon more than one occasion enjoyed the distinction of having been honourably mentioned in despatches to the sovereign, losing his position by an unguarded act, losing his means through some unprincipled scoundrel. Grappling with altered circumstances, poverty and its accompaniments, and he and his wife, accustomed to what was tender and delicate, dying in a workhouse; surely the records of daily life are more wonderful than are those of fiction!

The afflicted class are frequent visitors at merchants' offices, such as men without an arm or leg, wanting artificial limbs; or persons who are blind and those seeking admission into the General Hospital. These, as a rule, are always kindly received and generously aided by business men.

Then there is the class looking for passes from one part of Canada to another or to the United States, and not unfrequently those trying to return to the Old Country. A case is introduced here more to illustrate the manner in which the Y. M. C. A. has spread itself as a network over this country than for any other object. One day a young lad, aged about thirteen, came into the office. He held in his hand a slip upon which some one had written the merchant's name; he held up the paper as he said, "Say, Mister, is that your name?" The merchant asked him what it was he wanted. He replied, "I was told that if I came to you you would give me a pass to my uncle in Iowa."

"Where did you come from?" asked the merchant. "From New York." "How did you come?" "I jumped on the engine and the driver took me to the Falls." He had come from the Falls to Toronto in the same way, but he was "stuck now," he said, "and couldn't get on without a pass." "Did you go to Sunday-school in New York?" "Yes." "Where was the lesson last Sunday?" "Don't know." "Sunday before?" "Wasn't there." "Sunday before that? Was it in Matthew or Acts, or in what book was it?" "Don't know." "Do you know anything about the New Testament?" "No." "About Jesus Christ?" "No."

The merchant was astonished and said to him, "I have a boy several years younger than you who could answer all these questions." The answer of this poor waif can never be for-

gotten: "Yes, but he has a father and a mother and a home." What a meaning these three words had to that poor fatherless, motherless, and homeless boy, and dark as his mind was to everything pertaining to God's Word, he fully realized his position and its cause. The merchant purchased a ticket for him to Detroit, gave him what would be sufficient to keep him on the way, gave him a letter to the secretary of the Y. M. C. A at Detroit detailing all the circumstances, including his singularly striking reply, asked him to pass him on to Chicago, from which place he would be passed on to his destination and to his uncle. In due time a reply was received from Detroit that the lad had reached there, had been cared for and passed on to Chicago, where he would be looked after and sent to his destination. And yet this is the institution for which, when an appeal is made, there are those who can say (although they spend thousands of dollars annually upon their own personal gratification), "Y. M. C. A. Yes. Well, let me see, not one dollar!"

Another class is the borrowers. They all require different treatment; some want modest amounts, say $5. It may be a selfish way of settling the matter, but if you give it to them, take their due bill; probably you will never see them again. This, it is said, is a selfish way, but it appears the only way to treat some; they are "dead-beats," and to moralize with them for a month would do no good. Then there is the lady who wants from $2,000 to $3,000. You analyze the case, you soon find out the cause—living beyond one's means; getting temporary loans at high rates of interest; running up bills with the butcher and baker and dressmaker; paying the very highest price for everything because they are the very poorest pay; concerts, cabs, etc. Such a visitor called one day,—had been told to call,—was quite a stranger, but presented the case and would give a chattel mortgage upon the furniture and interest, and thus gradually pay off the amount. The merchant having the case before him gave what he thought then and what he thinks now, good advice.

It was this: "Put into the hands of one of your creditors the furniture which you propose now to mortgage as security for the whole; obtain from each a promise of time; make all your payments into the hands of one to be rateably distributed among the whole; enter upon a course of rigid economy, do with the

old dresses—in one word, deny yourself of everything not absolutely necessary, and apply what you have hitherto spent in superfluities towards the reduction of your debts. Your creditors will very speedily discover that you are in earnest and that they are going to be paid, and you will need no loan from me or any one else, and will have all the comfort of knowing that you have by your own determined effort delivered yourself from a condition which, had the same effort been made earlier, would not have occurred." She thanked the merchant and left the office, evidencing by her manner that it was the loan she wanted and not the advice.

A gentleman who called for the first time, and for the purpose, as he put it, of asking the merchant, "If he would consent to be his banker," and naming a considerable amount as the sum he required, needed different treatment. The merchant, knowing him to be a man who kept his horse and carriage, lived in what is called good style, and who had the reputation of being very bad pay and always in difficulties, having withal friends who were very wealthy, said to him—

"Had you not thought of applying to Mr. ———, your friend?" "Well, I would prefer asking any one else."

The merchant felt he had to come to the point without any circumlocution, and therefore taking up a volume which he had beside him read to him from the "Advice of Polonius to his son on his setting forth on his travels," the well-known lines—

> "Neither a borrower nor a lender be,
> For loan oft loses both itself and friend."

The answer was a disappointing one, but he had the good sense to take in the whole situation, and bade the merchant good morning.

There is a class of excellent people who have always on hand some pressing cases of which the public know nothing—cases of altered circumstances, some of extreme delicacy where the individual would readily choose suffering to publicity. Well is it for all such that there are tender hearts and loving hands which feel and labour for them and consider no trouble too great which will in any measure tend to secure their comfort. These are really ministering angels, and their visits are benedictions as much to those from whom they solicit aid as

they are to those upon whom they bestow it. Now it is a stove, now a ton of coal, or a pair of blankets, or some other comfort for some poor family. Among a great number of such unselfish labourers the writer can remember but one about whom he had any cause to feel doubtful. In her case, she clothed the party for whom she was soliciting help in much mystery. She was a lady; her circumstances were greatly changed; she must not be asked to disclose her name; and thus appealing a considerable sum of money was obtained. In this one case (on comparing notes with others) there were grave suspicions that the money never reached the person for whom it was solicited, if indeed, there was any such person. And yet among so many, and spread over so many years, it is much to say, that of cases about which there appeared to be any doubt there was but this one.

The lady collectors for all city charities form a large class and do their work faithfully and well (among these are to be included Sisters of Charity.) Their calls are made with unvarying regularity, and the value of their work is vastly under-estimated. The harvest-field may be covered with golden sheaves, but unless they are garnered they will rot in their furrows. These lady collectors are the reapers; but for their unwearied efforts, so unselfishly and so unceasingly rendered, our charitable institutions would not only languish but collapse. There is abundance of money, but it has to be solicited, and as between the merchant who puts his name down for $10 or $100, and the lady who leaves her home and her family and day after day devotes her time until her district is thoroughly canvassed, it needs but little reflection to discover that she is by far the largest contributor. Sisters of Charity visiting the merchant's office were frankly told that money would not be given to assist in the building of their churches, but it would not be withheld from their charitable institutions. The writer speaks from personal knowledge when he says that in one of such institutions the old and helpless, the fallen and afflicted are cared for with a tenderness and consideration from which many Protestant institutions might gather useful lessons. An application from a Jewish lady, a personal friend of the merchant, for help to build a Jewish synagogue, showing at the same time a book with the names of several Christians, met with a frank and prompt

refusal. The ground taken by the merchant was this: "You ask me to help you to assist in the erection of a building to be used for the purpose of proclaiming to those who assemble there that the Saviour who came into the world is a deceiver. I cannot do it." There was a disposition on the part of the lady to characterize this as a selfish and ungenerous act, and closing her book she was about to retire. The merchant said, "You doubtless have a poor fund; you have those of your own persuasion who need the help of their wealthier brethren." This was admitted. The reply was, "Christianity teaches that poverty, suffering, and distress are to be relieved wherever they exist and by those who profess it, according to their ability, without reference to race, colour, or creed. I will be glad, therefore, to assist your poor fund." The merchant felt that Christ had been preached, so must the lady have felt. She may have felt that a system which taught one to relieve suffering wherever it existed could not be a bad one; she did not say so, but she went away expressing great thankfulness; she learned something of Christianity which, but for this interview she might not have known.

A simple circumstance will show how trifling incidents are watched and what significance is attached to them. A number of persons were waiting at the office upon one occasion, and among them a coloured man. He was called in in advance of those who had arrived after him and was asked to name his business, as there were others waiting, adding that he had got his turn. "Dat's so," he replied. "I was wundrin' whedah a cullud man would get his chance. Ise right glad dat's so."

An instance may be referred to of one representing a class happily not a large one. When the merchant reached his office one morning he found reclining on a lounge a young man about twenty-five years of age. He had on a cloak which, from its cut, gave him a kind of ministerial look; his manner was easy and self-possessed. He rose, and holding out his hand, asked, "Is this Brother ——?" The reply was, "My name is ——." He handed a letter from the Rev. Dr. ——. He prefaced this act by stating that the Rebellion (the civil war in the United States) had swept away everything from him but the family tomb, that he was on his way to A——, in Canada, to remove the body of his mother to the South; that he had fallen short of means and was looking for help. The letter of

the Rev. Dr. —— set forth these statements in something like the same language and was followed by his own subscription for $2. Having read the letter the merchant asked him if he had been robbed? "Why no; why do you ask such a question?" "For this reason simply, that when a man leaves home for the express purpose of removing the body of his mother a considerable distance by rail, he is supposed to know what the journey is likely to cost; and he is supposed to provide himself with means for that purpose. This I had supposed you had done, and that the ground of your appeal rested on the fact that some one had robbed you?"

"Why, is that the kind of letter Brother —— has written?" he asked. "No, but it is the kind of interpretation that I put upon your application."

"Why, you know Bishop S—— and Bishop J—— and Bishop P——?" naming about half a dozen of Bishops of the M. E. Church, and pulling out of his pocket letters from these gentlemen, some of them dating back half a dozen years. A few of these were read; these spoke of him as travelling—some for one purpose, some another, but all closing with the fact that he had fallen short of means and was needing assistance. The merchant put his name down for $2, having some misgiving that he was doing wrong, but did it because of the letter he brought and the gentleman who had written it. He had forgotten about the man until Bishop —— described a meeting he had with him in his own parlour. First accosting the Bishop in his free-and-easy manner with, "And is this Brother R ——?" (a gentleman old enough to be his grandfather). "My name," the Bishop replied, "is R." He told his story about the family tomb and his mother's body, and the Bishop gave him $1, not because he had faith in his story, but because, as he said, he had seen the merchant's name on his list. "Can you direct me," said he to the Bishop, "to a practical layman in this city?" "What do you mean," said the Bishop, "by a practical layman?" "Why, a layman who, under the circumstances, would give me $100?" "I fear," said the Bishop, "we have none in this country."

Take an instance or two from the tramp family. They swarm through the country in the summer—sleeping at night in barns, in outhouses, or in the fields, congregating in the cities in the winter and, as the severe weather comes on, going to the

police stations as vagrants, getting one, two, or three months in the jail, where, in well-ventilated corridors, clean, warm and comfortable, and with good food, they are infinitely better off than many poor fellows willing to work, yet finding it impossible to obtain employment. Every Christmas morning a breakfast is given to the prisoners in the jail by kind friends. Others also go there and join with the a, in making the occasion one of interest and enjoyment, the services being varied by singing and addresses.

One Christmas morning the merchant of whose office we are writing was among the speakers. On the following day a rap was heard at the office door and, on being invited to enter, there stood a tramp just discharged from jail. Raising his hand he said, "'Erd your sarmint, sir, as you preached at the jail yesterday morning; you said as you would 'elp us if we called, sir." "I think you are mistaken," was the reply. "I did say that 'there were many in the city who would gladly help you if they saw that you were prepared to help yourselves.'"

"Got work on the railway, sir, if I had enough to buy my railway ticket, sir."

This may have been a true state of the case. It may not have been, but there is little use in preaching to men about work and self-reliance and absolutely refusing to open your pocket-book even to the extent of twenty-five cents, when one has evidence that the tramp is without food or the means of getting it. That week not less than from fifteen to twenty called at the office with the same story.

"'Erd your sarmint, sir; said as you would 'elp us if we called." All had promise of work and only wanted assistance to get away. Many have called and, beginning with the usual introduction, would say they came from B—— or O—— (distances of from fifty to seventy-five miles).

One said, "Walked all the way, sir; hain't had nothink to eat since yesterday, sir; hain't been able to get any work."

"You have brought it all upon yourself," would be the reply; "you are a drinking man."

"Beg pardon, sir, I ain't a drinking man."

"Do you mean to tell me that you do not drink beer?"

"Oh, I drinks a glass of beer, sir, when I gets it to my dinner."

"I thought so. Now let me show you how your present

condition has been brought about by your own fault. You have been drinking beer for thirty years; one glass a day would amount to $18.80 in a year, that in thirty years would amount to $564; two glasses (and if you had had the money you would have had three) would amount to $1,128. This amount of money would bring you in $80 interest per annum, all of which has not only been thrown away but has helped to bring you into your present condition."

"Oh, if you begins to count it in that way, sir ——"

"What other way can I count it?" The calculation was always a startling one to the tramp. I can say less of the helpful results in any case.

With others a different plan was sometimes tried. With that class with whom everything given them went for drink, the question would be asked, "Have you thought what is going to become of you?" "No, sir."

"I will tell you. You will go on drinking, health and strength becoming impaired; you will lie down in the gutter, you will be picked up dead, you will be taken to the morgue, there will be no one to claim your body, you will be looked upon as a poor nameless tramp, you will be sent to the dissecting-room, cut up, and that will be the end of you." This was always a startling view of the case—startling because they knew it to be true. But I have never learned that its contemplation ever led a tramp to forsake his vocation. There is about the life of a tramp a strange fascination, there is about him a feeling akin to that possessed by the man who has retired from business—he is his own master. He is under no restraint; he has no fixed hours for labour. Indeed he despises labour, and although there is a certain amount of uncertainty about how he is to put through the day or where he is to sleep, or whether or not he is to sleep at all, this is more than compensated by the freedom which his life gives him, by the variety which it affords him by coming in contact with all classes of people and visiting all sorts of places.

Nothing has been said of ministers of the various denominations, appealing for help to build churches, to pay off church debts or parsonages, or some other scheme in connection with their various charges, or from members of their congregations appealing for some like purpose. Some urge the ordinary pleas that the people were poor, that they had done

nobly, that their crops had failed, etc. Others present some novel plan for which they were seeking help. One, for example, claimed that he was going to erect the church by the help of the windows—in other words, that every subscriber who would give him $100 was to have his name placed on one of the windows, and that by such sums the church was to be paid for. He was a little taken back when he was told it was quite comprehensible that a man could give a subscription stipulating that no such use were to be made of his name, but perfectly incomprehensible that any sane man could give money upon such conditions.

Another clergyman called for help for his church. The number of his membership and congregation was enquired into and the conclusion reached that if his people were to do what they ought to do, and, despite the statement as to their poverty, they were able to do, there would be no need for the application. His attention was called to the condition of the Corinthian Church at a time when "in a great trial of affliction the abundance of their joy and their deep poverty abounded unto the riches of their liberality," and a subscription given unto him on condition that he would preach to his congregation, with special reference to the duty of giving, from the text 2nd Cor. viii. 7, "Therefore, as ye abound in every thing, in faith, and utterance, and knowledge, and in all diligence, and in your love to us, see that ye abound in this grace also." He promised to do so, and called afterwards to state that his doing so had been followed by increased contributions.

Another instance, and the last. An elder from the country called; he had come to solicit subscriptions to pay off a debt on their church of $500. He was told plainly that the plan adopted was the very best to dwarf the religious life and well-being of the people of his church. He was told that the very least of all the good things that the Gospel did for a man was to make him liberal, and that where liberality was lacking there was the clearest evidence that religion had accomplished for the man or for the congregation very little, and that their religious enjoyment, it might safely be said, would be of the same contracted character. The merchant had learned that the membership amounted to forty, and that a loan, for which even if they had to pay eight per cent., would not involve a larger outlay in the shape of interest than $1 per annum from

each member. The elder had a very plain state of the case presented to him, yet seemed bent on raising as much of the $500 as he could. He went away with his subscription, but with it some plain facts to ponder over and present to his people.

A somewhat lengthened experience warrants the writer in giving it as his opinion that of the appeals made on behalf of the country churches to the cities, seventy-five per cent. are unnecessary. The spiritual life and power of a church may fairly be measured by what it does, and when this is intelligently taken in and acted upon, not only will churches grow and prosper in proportion as their responsibility is accepted, but every interest within range of their influence will be stimulated and benefited. It would be well if the policy of congregations which instinctively look for help for their church building and other church enterprises had a deleterious effect upon themselves only, but this is not the case. It not only destroys religious life in the community, but lessens the cash value of every village lot, of every farm, of every place of business in the immediate neighbourhood. And it will be so until men learn that "godliness is profitable unto all things, having the promise of the life that now is and of that which is to come."

Your readers have had a glance into a merchant's office. The cases presented have been those which, more or less, mark the every-day experience of the office of a busy man. Into this particular office thousands had come and gone; in it as in most offices tales have been told and advice sought upon matters from which the seal of secrecy cannot be lifted. Interviews have been had also which, while no such obligation rests upon them, relate to matters too sacred to be made common property. If referred to at all, this could be done only by those who had been the visitors. Enough has been written to show that in few places can the various phases of human character be better seen—enough written to show that the office of the merchant has other uses than that of a mere place to discuss money-making or money-getting.

Many a merchant can look about upon the hours spent in his office as among the happiest of his life, that there he has had his own heart made glad, that there he has been able, in some measure at least, to make glad the hearts of others.

THE FRENCH AND ENGLISH IN CANADA.

BY THE REV. LOUIS N. BEAUDRY.

THIS ethnical question is becoming daily more and more vital and burning. In some of its phases it resembles the question of whites and blacks in the Southern States. Here are problems which cannot be solved by Acts of Parliament nor Resolutions of Congress. It is the special task of Providence, sole Arbiter of nations. Ours is the work of removing, as far as in us lies, all prejudices, real or imaginary, and all misunderstandings between the parties concerned; of making the best use possible of the lights of history, and especially of finding the *rôle* which, in this great drama, duty assigns to each. We may thus aid, at least in some slight degree, in hastening on the better time which Christian philanthropists anticipate when all men shall possess an undisturbed heritage.

Scarcely had the New World been discovered when nearly all the maritime nations of Europe began to dispute its possession. The Spaniard and the Portuguese, in search of mineral wealth, and fascinated by a life of ease, naturally gravitated to Central and South America. The English and French found themselves face to face and quite alone in North America. Here on a scale more vast than ever before we witness their bloody conflicts and hear the strife of their debates. It is quite evident that the last word has not yet been spoken.

If ancient Persia and Greece, though widely separated, often trembled under the tramp and shock of each other's embattled hosts; if Rome and Carthage, with the broad Mediterranean rolling between them, vowed each other to destruction, it might be expected that France and England, watching one another across a narrow arm of the sea, would often join in deadly strife. These quarrels, transferred to this continent, where there mingled with them the unbridled ambition for conquest, the vagabond spirit of romance, the lust of wealth, and the active principle of proselytism among the aborigines, became more fierce than the fabulous wars of the giants with the gods of ancient mythology. Christianity blushes before such

wrath between nations bearing her ensigns, and hides her face in the presence of blood often shed in her august name.

Comparison of Colonists.

The French in nearly all the early English histories are called the *inferior race*, and this feature of comparison is dwelt upon by some at great length. Historians of to-day deal less than formerly in offensive epithets. Facts are made to speak for themselves. This is a hopeful sign of the times. The French certainly displayed the spirit of discovery in an equal degree with their rivals; equally earnest were they also in the great enterprise of colonization which characterizes that period. The Spaniards, amid the floral exuberance of the South, founded St. Augustine in 1565. The French colonized Acadia in 1603. It was four years later that the English effected their first American settlement at Jamestown. The *Mayflower* landed the Pilgrim Fathers on Plymouth Rock in 1620.

The French were evidently the most vigorous of the colonists. While for many years the English contented themselves with their settlements on the sea-board, the French pressed into the interior. Until 1764, the date of the colonization of Kentucky, the English cannot mention a commercial or military expedition across the Blue Ridge, or to the shores of the great lakes. Up to the time of the conquest nearly all that the English knew of the Mississippi and the prairies of the west was told them by the French *voyageurs*. The sea on the one hand and the Alleghanies on the other bounded their horizon. The French belted the land with fortifications whose crumbling walls on all the great thoroughfares excite to-day the admiration of travellers. Those inland seas, majestic streams, rich plains and lofty mountains along the track of those heroic discoverers, are the imperishable monuments of their intrepidity. And so long as history lasts, they will bear the beautiful names which the classic French tongue has given them.

If the French were equal to the English in mental resources and in stubborn hardihood, they were certainly their equals also in moral character. No one will ever dispute the high moral worth of the Puritans. The halo of their character brightens with every succeeding generation. But is there not

a tendency, especially among American authors, to make this halo cover "the multitude of sins" of other colonists of the same nationality? However, we are looking for facts. Such historians as Bancroft, Hildreth, and others, feel compelled to admit that many of the English were engaged in a nefarious traffic in whites which at first detained the unfortunates in a limited servitude, which subsequently confined itself to negroes and ultimately became American slavery. In 1619 there came into Virginia twelve hundred immigrants. Among these there were one hundred vagabonds who were sold, also twenty-three negroes in the cargo of a Dutch captain. These were the vanguard of the millions of black slaves that followed in their bloody track.

It is quite certain that the French were not largely, if at all, corrupted by these practices. These iniquitous importations greatly increased the number of the English-speaking colonists. The immigration of the English, for the first century, was more than ten times—some say fifteen times—that of the French; but the natural growth in families of the Acadians and Canadians was nearly the same percentage in advance of the English. This is certainly a high compliment to the social and domestic virtues of the French—virtues which have not yet ceased to shine among them.

In civic affairs, and in the management of commerce, the Anglo-Americans were doubtless superior; nevertheless the French led the way in the matter of higher education. As early as 1675 two colleges flourished among them, one at Montreal and the other at Quebec, considered by some authors as fully equal, in their curriculum, to Harvard College, the only institution of the kind at that time among the English. It must be confessed, however, that popular education was more widely diffused in New England than in any other colony. Virginia was the most backward colony on the continent. Its Governor (Berkeley) in 1650 is reported to have boastingly said: "We have not in our colony one free school nor a printing press, and I trust that at least three centuries will pass before we have one."

He who compares these two nationalities—the slow, plodding French along the St. Lawrence, with the wide-awake, audacious Yankee—can but smile incredulously at some of our assertions.

But the Anglo-American of to-day resembles far less the Anglo-Saxon of nearly three centuries ago, than does the French-Canadian his great ancestors. It is indeed the boast of leaders of French-Canadian thought that we find among them the same language and customs of the France of Louis XIV., and that the polished manners of that era continue at their firesides.* This is all too true. For reasons yet to be given, it will be seen why society remains in *statu quo*, or, as some believe, on the *via retrograda*.

But our present purpose is to get a just view of men as they were in those early periods. The English colonists were then feeble and timid, incompetent to cope with the savages around them, and lacking in resources to make their *début*. The French, on the other hand, by the peculiar buoyancy of their character, were better fitted for such experiences. This feature of the two races is best understood by comparing the lamentations of the Puritans and the disasters that befell the colonists in Virginia, with the Memoirs of Champlain and the Chronicles of Montreal.

But French valour and mettle may be seen at their best in the numerous wars waged between these relentless combatants. From the first of these struggles to the Conquest the French numbered from 18,000 to 70,000 souls, as against 260,000 to 1,200,000! In some of the campaigns the English soldiers alone were double the number of men, women and children of the French, and yet the latter won the victory. The success of the French was certainly wonderful. Man for man, if not superior, they were certainly equal to their rivals.

French Anticipation.

The careful perusal of the history of American colonization naturally leads to the conclusion that the French were to be the masters of North America. They were the first to settle upon the soil; the first to explore its vast solitudes; the first to win to their standards the numerous aboriginal tribes and to plant Christian missions among them; the first to fortify, at very great expense, the naturally strategic points for commerce and military occupancy. Every Frenchman, whether soldier or

* Monseigneur Laflèche, at National Congress held at Montreal, June, 1884.

trader, whether priest or peasant, came here with the firm purpose of possessing the land and of making it another and more glorious France. These were the ambitious designs and anticipations of the French kings. The Jesuit priest Vimont, surrounded by such personages as Montmagny, Maisonneuve, Madame de la Peltrie, Mesdemoiselles Barré and Mance, at the first mass which he celebrated at Montreal, said, "You are a grain of mustard seed that shall rise and grow till its branches overshadow the earth. God's smile is upon you, and your children shall fill the land."* This prophecy was upon the lips of many. It is well to mark the year: it was 1642. France was rising gradually toward the zenith of her power. Under the potential influence of the Edict of Nantes by Henry IV. (1598), that Magna Charta of Protestant liberty in France, a new impetus had been given to all French industries. The Reformed religion, in a few years of comparative fair play, had penetrated into the very heart of the nobility; it had given great expansion to commerce, and had quickened all the elements that make a nation great. French manufactures were unrivaled. France stood first among the powers of Europe. But history clearly points out

The Cause of French Decline.

This was the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes (1685), an act so inhuman that it would be impossible to-day to enact anything similar even in the darkest corners of the earth. This blow fell with crushing effect upon the best portion of the French population, at least a half-million of whom were compelled to flee to other lands. At least fifty thousand of those refugees reached England, carrying there, as everywhere they went, their superior industry and moral influence. France has paid dearly for the Romish policy of Louis XIV. It is a notable fact that in the late Franco-Prussian war, so humiliating to France, no less than seventy high Prussian officers were descendants of the old Huguenot refugee families, that had been driven away by the Revocation. This fatal act shook the pillars of public faith and morality, the only palladium of national strength. The Revocation planted in the bosom of French society the seed principles which produced the Revo-

* Withrow's "History of Canada," 8vo ed., p. 78.

lution with its Reign of Terror. Strangely enough, the Revolution avenged outraged Protestantism in France, and reinstated it. It was a bloody baptism. Interlining the Revocation we see the mysterious finger from out the shadow writing, "Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin." The shadow went backward more than ten degrees on the dial of French history. The great monarch who said, *L'etat, c'est moi,* was snared by the words of his own mouth. A moral blight fell upon the French people. The individual conscience was well-nigh suppressed. French literature began to flow into three dark streams, namely, superstition, its antipode atheism, and immorality.

The Revocation in the Colonies.

The general demoralization of the mother country was felt in all her colonies. When the heart fails all the members of the body shudder. The heroic enterprise of evangelization among the aborigines, from that time, begins to wane. With 1672 the "Relations of the Jesuits" cease, nor does anything of similar import reappear. The ferocious spirit evoked by the Revocation in France strikes the colonists. The Huguenots are outlawed, and driven away from their fellow-colonists. They are compelled to fly to the rival colonies, where in faith and religious life they find congeniality, and contribute of their superior intelligence and industry. Canada becomes a "citadel of Roman Catholic orthodoxy" and the people become "more popish than the Pope." The feuds which thus far are mostly racial, become and continue to be intensely religious.

Instead of cultivating the soil, in which occupation the French peasant is pre-eminently at home, thus insuring permanency, we have to record their buccaneer exploits against the forts of the Hudson's Bay Company, their murderous attack on the defenceless settlement at Schenectady, and their brutal ravages of New England villages. Diverted also from fixed pursuits by the fatal fur trade which checked the growth of population, many of them become *coureurs de bois.* The old-time simplicity of manners, at the great centres, Montreal and Quebec, disappears, and we witness instead the expensive glitter of the court of Versailles, and the feasting of the *salon* of Fontainebleau. "The English," writes Père Charlevois at that period, "know better how to accumulate wealth, but the French have the more elegant manner of spending it." We

soon come to what many writers have styled "the agony of Canada." Parkman, in his "Frontenac and New France," says, "Famine, destitution, disease, and the Iroquois were making Canada their prey." It would be difficult to exaggerate the disastrous effects on the colony of the inveterate hostility of the Five Nations.

One misfortune seemed to lead quickly to another. Misunderstandings between the leading authorities arise, and quarrels ensue. La Jonquière and his Intendent, Bigot—whose name and nature seem to be synonymous—by their avarice and extravagances, occasion disputes which disturb even the distant colony of Louisiana, the pet scheme of Louis XIV. France, cruel to her best children at home, the Huguenots, becomes insensible to the wants and woes of her children abroad. All authors agree in charging the court of Versailles with culpable neglect of her colonies. In vain did de Callières, Frontenac and d'Iberville successively make demands for reinforcements. France was too much occupied with her internal strife, and too effeminated by her hollow pageantries, to be able rightly to appreciate her great opportunity in America. She was too enervated by her vices to grapple seriously with her task. Her old vitality was paralyzed, and her glory had departed. It was under these deplorable circumstances for the French race that began

THE LAST MILITARY STRUGGLE,

the Seven Years' War, that determined the future history of the Continent. Even then, great as were the odds in favour of the English, such was the vigour of the French, the superior dash and daring of their officers, that they triumphed in the first engagement and in many that followed. The royal troops under the intrepid Montcalm were well sustained by the native contingents. When at last the combatants stood face to face along the banks of the St. Lawrence, and France was about to sacrifice her prestige in the New World, with the fall of her most heroic chivalry, the whole population of Canadian towns and country made such grand and united resistance to the foe, that the capitulation of Montreal was dictated by the citizens, sword in hand, rather than agreed upon by the military chieftains.

"The great respect," says Mr. B. Sulte, "which the

English generals on many occasions have shown us since the conquest, had its source in our valour. Every French-Canadian has a right to be proud of those glorious times, and we scarcely know whom most to applaud, the conquerors or those who so dearly sold them the victory." But notwithstanding all the heroism and valour of the French, on the Plains of Abraham, crimsoned with the blood of two great heroes and of many brave men, the country passed into the hands of the English.

A Greater Conflict,

however, was to follow. As was anticipated by all, immediately after the cession, England began her efforts, not always the most wise, to make Canada an essentially English colony. This, it was supposed, could easily be accomplished by means of three concurrent measures: First, by the repatriation of all French soldiers and settlers who were willing to recross the sea; secondly, by the immigration of English capitalists and peasants, and thirdly, by the repression, or, if need be, the suppression, of the French language. It is needless to follow in detail the history of these varied attempts; for the present purpose it is sufficient to state that they were failures. Moreover not a few of the English statesmen entertained the absurd notion that a race from sunny France could never prosper in a region remarkable for the severity of its winters. But like his native beaver, the French-Canadian flourishes amid the snows and ice of the north, where he carols and sings like the snow-bird in the storm. Indeed the French-Canadian can flourish in any climate. He is like the cat, which thrown anywhere or anyhow, always falls upon its feet. At any rate, the attempt to Anglicize the country was another and more difficult conquest to make. In the conflict and competition of the races and languages New France is *de facto* re-conquered by the French.

The multiplication of the French population is something phenomenal. In about a century, this population, with scarcely any accession from immigration, has grown from about 75,000 to 2,000,000. At the time of the American Independence, the Anglo-American population was 2,500,000 souls. Had its growth kept pace with that of the French-Canadians—without counting the vast immigration—it would now be at least 85,000,000. The French-Canadians are crowding out the English in every direction. Already there may be found in Eastern

and Western Ontario at least 150,000 of them. Not less than half a million are in the United States. New England is likely soon to become another New France. Had it not been for the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway, Manitoba and the North-West would undoubtedly have been very soon the seat of another great French-Canadian nation. This was the dream of Louis Riel and of those who at first abetted and then condoned his ill-starred rebellion.

But the strife is most constant and critical in the Province of Quebec. In the Eastern Townships, where a few years ago there was a solid English population, the French have gradually pressed back the English, who seem ere long doomed to extrusion. Municipalities, like Montreal, are changing the names of streets from English to French. This is also true of post offices even in Eastern Ontario. Nearly all the tides of influence seem to indicate the early Gallicizing of the whole Province. The English must either leave the country, or yield to be absorbed, or there will soon come, as it is feared by many, a serious collision. This is the great problem of the hour. Some suggest more intimate commercial relations between the two sections of the community. But all such attempts have been thwarted by the Argus-eyed hierarchy which still holds its devotees in a tenacious grasp. In Montreal the English are not quite one-fourth of the population, yet they pay one-half of the municipal taxes, and control nearly all the great manufacturing establishments, where are employed thousands of French as well as many English; still the nationalities are not appreciably affected by their contact and remain quite distinct.

Our schools are separate; and not infrequent skirmishes or tentative battles occur between the boys of different clans on our streets. In politics there is but little commingling. The latest move, growing out of the execution of Riel, is a national party which is to be in bone, sinew, and animus, French. Socially we are kept far apart. Intermarriages are of rare occurrence. So far as we can see there is but one

Solution of the Problem.

This is to be found in French-Canadian evangelization. This is the key that opens the difficult door. It is not the first time that political and ethnical questions have sought the aid

of the religious element. The nascent Church of Christ found no dealings between Jews, Gentiles, and Samaritans. But it succeeded in "breaking down the middle wall of partition between them," and of the antagonistic elements made one happy people. The evangelical prophet had said, "The wolf also shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid; and the calf and young lion and the fatling together; and a little child shall lead them."

French-Canadian Protestantism, already numbering at least 30,000 adherents both in the United States and in Canada, is evidently the power destined to harmonize the now discordant spirits, and to effect a homogeneous and puissant nationality which will be far superior to either the one or the other in its separate or independent existence. On the grassy slopes of the lofty elevation, crowned with the ancient citadel at Quebec, near which the brave Wolfe and Montcalm poured out their lives, "a grateful people have erected a monument to the rival commanders, who generously recognized each other's merit in life, and now keep for evermore the solemn truce of death."* May we not hope that the two races which met near that historic spot in the shock of battle shall yet dwell together in loving fealty, beneath the protecting folds of one common flag? "The envy of Ephraim shall depart, and the adversaries of Judah shall be cut off: Ephraim shall not envy Judah, and Judah shall not vex Ephraim."

MONTREAL, Que.

SELF-JUDGMENT.

HE lay in torment in hell's drear abode;
And cried for mercy, and the angels heard.
His child in heaven—there he wished to be,
To share her freedom from hell's agony.
The angels listened to the sufferer's cry
And bore him into heaven's purity.
Unhappy wretch! so deep and dark hell's stain
The holiness of heaven gave greater pain.
In accents mortal pen can never tell,
He shrieked, "Back! back! I'm only fit for hell!"

Charlottetown, P. E. I. B.

* Withrow's "History of Canada," p. 252.

JAN VEDDER'S WIFE.

BY AMELIA E. BARR.

CHAPTER VIII.—DEATH AND CHANGE.

WHEN Jan awoke Snorro was standing motionless beside him. He feebly stretched out his hand, and pulled him close, closer, until his face was on the pillow beside his own.

"Oh Jan, how could'st thou? My heart hath been nearly broken for thee."

"It is all well now, Snorro. I am going to a new life. I have buried the old one below the Troll Rock."

Until the following night the men remained together. They had much to talk of, much that related both to the past and the future. Jan was particularly anxious that no one should know that his life had been saved: "And mind thou tell not my wife, Snorro," he said. "Let her think herself a widow; that will please her best of all."

"There might come a time when it would be right to speak."

"I cannot think it."

"She might be going to marry again."

Jan's face darkened. "Yes, that is possible—well then, in that case, thou shalt go to the minister; he will tell thee what to do, or how he himself will do it."

"She might weep sorely for thee, so that she were like to die."

"Mock me not, Snorro. She will not weep for me. Well then, let me pass out of memory, until I can return with honour."

"Where wilt thou go to?"

"Dost thou remember that yacht that was tied to the minister's jetty four weeks ago?"

"Yes, I remember it."

"And that her owner stayed at the manse for two days?"

"Yes, I saw him. What then?"

"He will be back again in a week, in a few days, perhaps to-morrow. He is an English lord, and a friend of the minister's. I shall go away with him. There is to be a new life for me—another road to take; it must be a better one than that in which I have stumbled along for the last few years. Thou art glad?"

"Yes, Jan, I am glad."

"If things should happen so that I can send for thee, wilt thou come to me?"

"Yes, to the end of the world I will come. Thee only do I love. My life is broken in two without thee."

Every day Snorro watched the minister's jetty, hoping, yet fearing, to see the yacht which was to carry Jan away. Every night when the town was asleep, he went to the manse to sit with his friend. At length one morning, three weeks after Jan's disappearance, he saw the minister and the English lord enter Peter's store together. His heart turned sick and heavy; he felt that the hour of parting was near.

Peter was to send some eggs and smoked geese on board the yacht, and the minister said meaningly to Snorro, "Be sure that thou puts them on board this afternoon, for the yacht sails southward on the midnight tide." Snorro understood the message. When the store was closed he made a bundle of Jan's few clothes; he had washed and mended them all. With them he put the only sovereign he possessed, and his own dearly-loved copy of the Gospels. He thought, "for my sake he may open them, and then what a comfort they will be sure to give him."

It was in Snorro's arms Jan was carried on board at the very last moment. Lord Lynne had given him a berth in the cabin, and he spoke very kindly to Snorro. "I have heard," he said, "that there is great love between you two. Keep your heart easy, my good fellow; I will see that no harm comes to your friend." And the grateful look on Snorro's face so touched him that he followed him to the deck and reiterated the promise.

It was at the last a silent and rapid parting. Snorro could not speak. He laid Jan in his berth, and covered him as tenderly as a mother would cover her sick infant. Then he kissed him, and walked away. Dr. Balloch, who watched the scene, felt the deep pathos and affection that had no visible expression but in Snorro's troubled eyes and dropped head; and Lord Lynne pressed his hand as a last assurance that he would remember his promise concerning Jan's welfare. Then the anchor was lifted, and the yacht on the tide-top went dancing southward before the breeze.

At the manse door the minister said, "God be thy consolation, Snorro! Is there any thing I, His servant, can do for thee?"

"Yes, thou can let me see that picture again."

"Of the Crucified?"

"That is what I need?"

"Come then."

He took a candle from Hamish and led him into the study. In the dim light the the pallid, outstretched figure and the divine uplifted face had a sad and awful reality. Even upon the cultivated mind and heart, fine pictures have a profound effect; on this simple soul, who never before had seen any thing to aid his imagination of Christ's love, the effect was far more potent.

Snorro stood before it a few minutes full of a holy love and reverence, then, innocently as a child might have done, he lifted up his face and kissed the pierced feet.

Dr. Balloch was strangely moved and troubled. He walked to the window with a prayer on his lips, but almost immediately returned, and touching Snorro, said—

"Take that picture with thee, Snorro. It is thine. Thou hast bought it with that kiss."

"But thou art weeping!"

"Because I can not love as thou dost. Take what I have freely given, and go. Ere long the boats will be in and the town astir. Thou hast some room to hang it in?"

"I have a room in which no foot but mine will tread till Jan comes back again."

"And thou wilt say no word of Jan. He must be cut loose from the past awhile. His old life must not be a drag upon his new one. We must give him a fair chance."

"Thou knows well I am Jan's friend to the uttermost."

Whatever comfort Snorro found in the pictured Christ, he sorely needed it. Life had become a blank to him. There was his work, certainly, and he did it faithfully, but even Peter saw a great change in the man. He no longer cared to listen to the gossip of the store; he no longer cared to converse with any one. When there was nothing for him to do, he sat down in some quiet corner, buried his head in his hands, and gave himself up to thought.

Peter also fancied that he shrank from him, and the idea annoyed him; for Peter had begun to be sensible of a most decided change in the tone of public opinion regarding himself. It had come slowly, but he could trace and feel. One morning when he and Tulloch would have met on the narrow street, Tulloch, to avoid the meeting, turned deliberately around and retraced his steps. Day by day fewer of the best citizens came to pass their vacant hours in his store. People spoke to him with more ceremony, and far less kindness.

He was standing at his store door one afternoon, and he saw a group of four or five men stop Snorro and say something to him. Snorro flew into a rage. Peter knew it by his attitude, and by the passionate tones of his voice. He was vexed at him. Just at this time he was trying his very best to be conciliating to all, and Snorro was undoubtedly saying words he would, in some measure, be held accountable for.

When he passed Peter at the store door, his eyes were still blazing with anger, and his usually white face was a vivid scarlet. Peter followed him in, and asked sternly, "Is it not enough that I must bear thy ill-temper? Who wert thou talking about? That evil Jan Vedder, I know thou wert!"

"We were talking of thee, if thou must know."

"What wert thou saying? Tell me, if thou wilt not, I will ask John Scarpa."

"Thou wert well not to ask. Keep thy tongue still."

"There is some ill-feeling toward me. It hath been growing this long while. Is it thy whispering against me?"

"Ask Tulloch why he would not meet thee? Ask John Scarpa what Suneva Glumm said last night?"

"Little need for me to do that since thou can tell me."

Snorro spoke not.

"How many years hast thou been with me?"

"Thou knows I came to thee a little lad."

"Who had neither home nor friends?"

"That is true yet."

"Have I been a just master to thee?"

"Thou hast."

"Thou, too, hast been a just and faithful servant. I have trusted thee with everything. All has been under thy thumb. I locked not gold from thee. I counted not after thee. Well, then, it seems that my good name is also in thy hands. Now, if thou doest thy duty, thou wilt tell me what Tulloch said."

"He said thou had been the ruin of a better man than thyself."

"Meaning Jan Vedder?"

"That was whom he meant."

"Dost thou think so?"

"Yes, I think so, too."

"What did Suneva Glumm say?"

"Well, then, last night, when the kitchen was full, they were talking of poor Jan; and Suneva—thou knowest she is a widow now and gone back to her father's house—Suneva, she strode up to the table, and she struck her hand upon it, and said, 'Jan was a fisherman, and it is little of men you fishers are, not to make inquiry about his death. Here is the matter,' she said. 'Snorro finds him wounded, and Snorro goes to Peter Fae's and sends Jan's wife to her husband. Margaret Vedder says she saw him alive and gave him water, and went back for Peter Fae. Then Jan disappears, and when Snorro gets back with a doctor and four other men, there is no Jan to be found. I say that Margaret Vedder or Peter Fae know what came of Jan, one, or both of them, know. But because the body has not been found, there hath been no inquest, and his mates let him go out of life like a stone dropped into the sea, and no more about it."

"They told thee that?"

"Ay, they did; and John Scarpa said thou had long hated Jan, and he did believe thou would rather lose Jan's life than save it. Yes, indeed!"

"And thou?"

"I said some angry words for thee. Ill thou hast been to Jan, cruel and unjust, but thou did not murder him. I do not think thou would do that, even though thou wert sure no man would know it. If I had believed thou hurt a hair of Jan's head, I would not be thy servant to-day."

"Thou judgest right of me, Snorro. I harmed not Jan. I never saw him. I did not want him brought to my house, and therefor I made no haste to go and help him; but I hurt not a hair of his head."

"I will maintain that everywhere, and to all."

"What do they think came of Jan?"

"What else, but that he was pushed over the cliff-edge? A very little push would put him in the sea, and the under-currents between here and the Vor Ness might carry the body far from this shore. All think that he hath been drowned."

Then Peter turned away and sat down, silent and greatly distressed. A new and terrible suspicion had entered his mind with Snorro's words. He was quite sure of his own innocence, but had Margaret pushed Jan over? From her own words it was evident that she had been angry and hard with him. Was this the cause of the frantic despair he had witnessed. It struck him then that Margaret's mother had ever been cold and silent, and almost resentful about the matter. She had refused to talk of it. Her whole behaviour had been suspicious. He sat brooding over the thought, sick at heart with the sin and shame it involved, until Snorro said—"It is time to shut the door." Then he put on his cloak and went home.

Home! How changed his home had become! It was a place of silence and unconfessed sorrow. All its old calm restfulness had gone. Very soon after Jan's disappearance, Thora had taken to her bed, and she had never left it since. Peter recognized that she was dying, and this night he missed her sorely. But he could not carry this trouble to her, still less did he care to say anything to Margaret. Her white despairing face angered him. He felt, too, that full of anxiety as he was, she was hardly listening to a word he said. Her ears were strained to catch the first movement of her child, who was sleeping in the next room. To every one he had suddenly become of small importance. Both at home and abroad he felt this. To such bitter reflections he smoked his pipe, while Margaret softly sung to her babe, and Thora, with closed eyes, lay slowly breathing her life away: already so far from this world, that Peter felt as if it would be cruel selfishness to trouble her more with its wrongs and its anxieties.

Four days afterward, Thora said to her daughter: "Margaret, I had a token early this morning. I saw a glorious ship come sailing toward me. Her sails were whiter than snow under the moonshine; and at her bow stood my boy, Willie,

my eldest boy, and he smiled and beckoned me. I shall go away with the next tide. Ere I go, thou tell me something?"

"Whatever thou ask me."

"What came of poor Jan Vedder?"

Then Margaret understood the shadow that had fallen between herself and her mother; the chill which had repressed all conversation; the silent terror which had perchance hastened death.

"Oh, mother!" she cried, "did thou really have this fear? I never harmed Jan. I left him on the cliff. God knows I speak the truth. I know no more."

"Thank God! Now I can go in peace." Margaret had fallen on her knees by the bedside, and Thora leaned forward and kissed her.

"Shall I send for father?"

"He will come in time."

A few hours afterward she said in a voice already far away as if she had called backed from a long distance, "When Jan returns be thou kinder to him, Margaret?"

"Will he come back? Mother, tell me!"

But there was no answer to the yearning cry. Never another word from the soul that had now cast earth behind it. Peter came home early, and stood gloomily and sorrowfully beside his companion. Just when the tide turned, he saw a momentary light flash over the still face, a thrill of joyful recognition, a sigh of peace, instantly followed by the pallor, and chill; and loneliness of death.

At the last the end had come suddenly. Peter had certainly known that his wife was dying, but he had not dreamed of her slipping off her mortal vesture so rapidly. He was shocked to find how much of his own life would go with her. Nothing could ever be again just as it had been. It troubled him also that there had been no stranger present. The minister ought to have been sent for, and some two or three of Thora's old acquaintances. There was fresh food for suspicion in Thora Fae being allowed to pass out of life just at this time, with none but her husband and daughter near, and without the consolation of religious rites.

Peter asked Margaret angrily, why she had neglected to send for friends and for the minister?

Mother was no worse when thou went to the store this morning. About noon she fell asleep, and knew nothing afterward. It would have been cruel to disturb her.

But in her own heart Margaret was conscious that under any circumstances she would have shrunk from bringing strangers into the house. Since Jan's disappearance, she had been but once to kirk, for that once had been an ordeal most painful and humiliating. None of her old friends had spoken to her; many

had even pointedly ignored her. In a score of ways Margaret Vedder had been made to feel that she was under a ban of disgrace and suspicion.

Some of this humiliation had not escaped Peter's keen observation; but at the time he had regarded it as a part of the ill-will which he also was consciously suffering from, and which he was shrewd enough to associate with the mystery surrounding the fate of his son-in-law. Connecting it with what Snorro had said, he took it for further proof against his daughter. Thora's silence and evident desire to be left to herself, were also corroborative. Did Thora also suspect her? Was Margaret afraid to bring the minister, lest at the last Thora might say something? Sometimes the dying reveal things unconsciously; was Margaret afraid of this? When once suspicion is aroused, everything feeds it. Twenty-four hours after the first doubt had entered Peter's heart, he had almost convinced himself that Margaret was responsible for Jan's death.

He remembered then the stories in the old Sagas of the fair, fierce women of Margaret's race. A few centuries previously they had ruled things with a high hand, and had seldom scrupled to murder the husbands who did not realize their expectations. He knew something of Margaret's feelings by his own; her wounded self-esteem, her mortification at Jan's failures, her anger at her poverty and loss of money, her contempt for her own position. If she had been a man, he could almost have excused her for killing Jan; that is, if she had done it in fair fight. But crimes which are unwomanly in their nature shock the hardest heart, and it was unwomanly to kill the man she had loved and chosen, and the father of her child; it was, above all, a cowardly, base deed to thrust a wounded man out of life. He tried to believe his daughter incapable of such a deed, but there were many hours in which he thought the very worst of her.

Margaret had no idea that her father nursed such suspicions; she felt only the change and separation between them. Her mother's doubt had been a cruel blow to her; she had never been able to speak of it to her father. That he shared it never occurred to her. She was wrapped up in her own sorrow and shame, and at the bottom of her heart inclined to blame her father for much of the trouble between her and Jan. If he had dealt fairly with Jan after the first summer's fishing, Jan would never have been with Skager. And how eager he had been to break up her home! After all, Jan had been the injured man; he ought to have had some of her tocher down. A little ready money would have made him satisfied and happy; her life and happiness had been sacrificed to her father's avarice. She was sure now that if the years could be called back, she would be on Jan's side with all her heart.

Two souls living under the same roof and nursing such thoughts against each other were not likely to be happy. Hour after hour, Peter sat at the fireside, and never spoke to Margaret. She grew almost hysterical under the spell of this irresponsive trouble. Perhaps she understood then why Jan had fled to Torr's kitchen to escape her own similar exhibitions of dissatisfaction.

As the months wore on, things in the store gradually resumed their normal condition. Jan was dead, Peter was living, the tide of popular feeling turned again. Undoubtedly, however, it was directed by the minister's positive, almost angry, refusal to ask Peter before the kirk session to explain his connection with Jan's disappearance. He had never gone much to Peter's store, but for a time he showed his conviction of Peter's innocence by going every day to sit with him. It was supposed, of course, that he had talked the affair thoroughly over with Peter, and Peter did try at various times to introduce the subject. But every such attempt was met by a refusal in some sort on the minister's part. Once only he listened to his complaint of the public injustice.

"Thou can not control the wind, Peter," he said in reply; "stoop and let it pass over thee. I believe and am sure thy hands are clear of Jan's blood. As to how far thou art otherwise guilty concerning him, that is between God and thy conscience."

Peter had his fisheries to look forward to, and by the end of May he had apparently quite recovered himself. Then he began to be a little more pleasant and talkative to his daughter. He asked himself why he should any longer let the wraith of Jan Vedder trouble his life? At the last he had gone to help him; if he were not there to be helped, that was not his fault. As for Margaret, he knew nothing positively against her. Her grief and amazement had seemed genuine at the time; very likely it was; at any rate, it was better to bury forever the memory of a man so inimical to the peace and happiness of the Faes.

The fishing season helped him to carry out this resolution. His hands were full. His store was crowded. There were a hundred things that only Peter could do for the fishers. Jan was quite forgotten in the press and hurry of a busier season than Lerwick had ever seen. Peter was again the old bustling consequential potentate, the most popular man in the town, and the most necessary. He cared little that Tulloch still refused to meet him; he only smiled when Suneva Glumm refused to let him weigh her tea and sugar, and waited for Michael Snorro.

Perhaps Suneva's disdain did annoy him a little. No man likes to be scorned by a good and pretty woman. It certainly

recurred to Peter's mind more often than seemed necessary, and made him for a moment shrug his shoulders impatiently, and mutter a word or two to himself.

One lovely moonlight night, when the boats were all at sea, and the town nearly deserted, Peter took his pipe and rambled out for a walk. He was longing for some womanly sympathy, and had gone home with several little matters on his heart to talk over with Margaret. But unfortunately the child had a feverish cold, and how could she patiently listen to fishermen's squabbles, and calculations of the various "takes," when her boy was fretful and suffering? So Peter put on his bonnet, and with his pipe in his mouth, rambled over the moor. He had not gone far before he met Suneva Glumm. Under ordinary circumstances he would have let her pass him, but to-night he wanted to talk, and even Suneva was welcome. He suddenly determined "to have it out with her," and without ceremony he called to her.

"Let me speak to thee, Suneva; I have something to say."

She turned and faced him: "Well then, say it."

"What have I done to get so much of thy ill-will? I, that have been friends with thee since I used to lift thee over the counter and give thee a sweet lozenger?"

"Thou did treat poor Jan Vedder so badly."

"And what is Jan Vedder to thee, that thou must lift his quarrel?"

"He was my friend, then."

"And thy lover, perhaps. I have heard that he loved thee before he ever saw my Margaret when she was at school in Edinburgh."

"Thou hast heard lies then; but if he had loved me and if I had been his wife, Jan had been a good man this day; good and loving. Yes, indeed!"

"Art thou sure he is dead?"

"Peter Fae, if any one can answer that question, thou can; thou and thy daughter Margaret."

"I have heard thou hast said this before now."

"Ay, I have said it often, and I think it."

"Now, then, listen to me, and see how thou hast done me wrong."

Then Peter pleaded his own cause, and he pleaded it with such cleverness and eloquence that Suneva quite acquitted him.

"I believe now thou art innocent," she answered calmly. "The minister told me so long ago. I see now that he was right." Then she offered Peter her hand, and he felt so pleased and grateful that he walked with her all the way to the town. For Suneva had a great deal of influence over the men who visited Torr's, and most of them did visit Torr's. They believed all she said. They knew her warm, straightforward nature,

and her great beauty gave a kind of royal assurance to her words.

Peter was therefore well pleased that he had secured her good will, and especially that he had convinced her of his entire innocence regarding Jan's life. If the subject ever came up over the fishers' glasses, she was a partizan worth having. He went home well satisfied with himself for the politic stroke he had made, and with the success which had attended it.

Margaret had seen her father talking and walking with Suneva, and she was very much offended at the circumstance. In her anger she made a most imprudent remark—"My mother not a year dead yet! Suneva is a bold, bad woman!"

"What art thou thinking of? Let me tell thee it was of Jan Vedder, and Jan Vedder only, that we spoke."

Not until that moment had it struck Peter that Suneva was a widow, and he a widower. But the thought once entertained was one he was not disposed to banish. He sat still half an hour and recalled her bright eyes, and good, cheerful face, and the pleasant confidential chat they had had together. He felt comforted even in the memory of the warm grip of her hand, and her sensible, honourable opinions. Why should he not marry again? He was in the prime of life, and he was growing richer every year. The more he thought of Suneva the warmer his heart grew toward her.

He was not displeased when next day one of his old comrades told him in a pawkie, meaning way, that he had "seen him walking with Glumm's handsome widow." A man nearly sixty is just as ready to suppose himself fascinating as a man of twenty. Peter had his courtiers, and they soon found out that he liked to be twitted about Suneva; in a little while a marriage between the handsome widow and the rich merchant was regarded as a very probable event.

When once the thought of love and marriage has taken root in a man's heart it grows rapidly. The sight of Suneva became daily more pleasant to Peter. Every time she came to the store he liked her better. He took care to let her see this, and he was satisfied to observe that his attentions did not prevent her visits.

In a few weeks he had quite made up his mind; he was only watching for a favourable opportunity to influence Suneva. In August, at the Fisherman's Foy, it came. Peter was walking home one night, a little later than usual, and he met Suneva upon the moor. His face showed his satisfaction. "Long have I watched for this hour," he said; "now thou must walk with me a little, for I have again something to say to thee. Where hast thou been, Suneva?"

"Well, then, I took charge of Widow Thorkel's knitting to sell it for her. She is bedridden, thou knows. I got a good price for her, and have been to carry her the money."

"Thou art a kind woman. Now, then, be kind to me also. I want to have thee for my wife."

"What will thy daughter say to that? She never liked me—nor have I much liked her."

"It will be long ere I ask my daughter if I shall do this or that. It is thee I ask. Wilt thou be my wife, Suneva?"

"It would not be a bad thing."

"It would be a very good thing for me, and for thee also. I should have thy pleasant face, and thy good heart, and thy cheerful company at my fireside. I will be to thee a loving husband. I will give thee the house I live in, with all its plenishing, and I will settle £70 a year on thee."

"That is but a little thing for thee to do."

"Then I will make it £100 a year. Now what dost thou say?"

"I will marry thee, Peter, and I will do my duty to thee, and make thee happy." Then she put her hand in his, and he walked home with her.

Next day all Lerwick knew that Peter was going to marry Glumm's handsome widow.

MYSTERY OF CHASTISEMENT.

"*We glory in tribulation also.*"—Rom. v. 3.

WITHIN this leaf, to every eye
So little worth, doth hidden lie
Most rare and subtile fragrancy.
Wouldst thou its secret strength unbind
Crush it, and thou shalt perfume find
Sweet as Arabia's spicy wind.

In this dull stone so poor and bare
Of shape or lustre, patient care
Will find for thee a jewel rare.
But first must skilful hands essay,
With file and flint, to clear away
The film which hides its fires from day.

This leaf? this stone? It is thy heart;
It must be crushed by pain and smart,
It must be cleansed by sorrow's art,
Ere it will yield a fragrance sweet,
Ere it will shine a jewel meet
To lay before thy dear Lord's feet.

—*Hymns of the Ages.*

SHALL WE ESTABLISH A SUSTENTATION FUND?

BY THE REV. J. S. ROSS, M.A.

"WE are of opinion that a Sustentation Fund should be formed at as early a period as possible, for increasing the salaries of ministers to the minimum sum of $750."—Toronto Conference, 1885.

"Whatever form of Sustentation may be adopted, this Conference sincerely trusts that some plan will be adopted by the General Conference to lessen the burdens which have been borne by many, and that hereafter there shall be a reasonable equalization of missionary and ministerial salaries."—Montreal Conference, 1885.

The Bay of Quinte Conference has appointed a committee of nineteen on the "Equalization of Ministers' Salaries," to report next Conference.—Minutes, 1885, p. 7.

The Nova Scotia Conference has appointed a similar committee of ten.

"The much discussed Children's Fund occupied most of the morning. It was eventually decided, in view of the effort to be made at next General Conference towards raising a Sustentation Fund, to delay for the present further action upon this question."—*Guardian* report of N. B. Conference, 1885.

"The net deficiency under the head of ministerial support [borne by 68 men] is $12,181."—Manitoba Conference Minutes, p. 34.

"We earnestly recommend to the General Conference such legislation as will provide * * * for the creation of a Sustentation Fund."—Action of General Mission Board at Halifax, October, 1885.

"There is not a skilled mechanic in our workshops, not an untutored stevedore on our wharves, not a cab-driver in our streets, but would scorn the allowance which the Methodist Church of Canada tenders to the honoured men who are to day toiling in fields impoverished, isolated, and compassed with discouragements."—Rev. Dr. Douglas, in *Guardian*, Dec., 1885.

"We are sadly in need of a Sustentation Fund."—*Guardian* editorial, Sept. 30., 1885.

"Any man who is fit to preach at all should receive $1,000 a year."—Rev. Dr. Cochrane (Presbyterian), before Niagara Conference, 1885.

Ever since we learned, some years ago, that the English Wesleyans had established a fund to secure to each minister a certain *minimum* salary, we have thought of the possibility of such a fund for Canadian Methodism. At each District Meeting, when the small salaries (which are nothing new) were reported, the feeling became intensified, but as nothing could be proposed having a reasonable hope of success, silence only remained. But now that the Children's Fund, in certain sections, is in a moribund condition, and several of the Conferences have awakened to the shame of the existing state of affairs, the time seems opportune to bring before our Church the possibility of establishing a Sustentation Fund.

Before proposing any scheme of our own, we will introduce the plans in operation in the Toronto Diocese of the Church of England, the Presbyterian Church in Canada, and in the English Wesleyan Conference. For information concerning the Church of England we are indebted to the kindness of the Rev. Septimus Jones, M.A., and respecting the Presbyterian Church, to the Revs. D. J. Macdonnell, B.D., and Dr. Cochrane.

I. Sustentation Fund of the Toronto Diocese of the Church of England.

The Synod of 1884 resolved: "That in view of the inadequate stipends received by many clergymen in this Diocese, the Executive Committee be instructed to take immediate steps to increase the Sustentation Fund, with the object of supplementing the stipends of those clergymen of fifteen years' standing whose clerical income may be under $1,000 per annum and a house."

The Synod of 1885 resolved: "That immediate action be taken to augment the stipends of our clergy so as to reach at least the following standard: Class A, consisting of clergymen who have ministered in this Diocese fifteen years and upwards, $1,200; Class B, ten years and upwards, $1,000; Class C, five years and upwards, $800. All in addition to parsonage, if any. Also that the amounts collected and the income of the present fund [$1,566] be distributed *pro rata* among those entitled to participate." Along with other methods of action, the following were decided upon: Sermons and addresses on the subject; soliciting individual subscriptions, and the taking of annual and other collections. Also that no parish is to participate in the benefits of the fund which has not contributed at least $200 per annum towards the support of its clergyman.

The committee appointed to carry out the decision of the Synod issued a circular in October last, from which we extract the following:—

"There are fifty-eight clergymen who will have to be considered under the classification referred to, and that at least $16,000 will be necessary to bring up the salaries to the figures aimed at. But of this number there are eleven parishes which do not fulfil the condition of contributing $200. The committee expects that the congregations whose clergy are to be benefited will raise $5,000 more than last year, and that the greater portion of the balance, $11,000, will be made up by congregations who can, without difficulty, support their own clergy. Collections are to be taken up on the third Sunday in November, and contributions asked to be enclosed in an envelope marked 'Augmentation of Stipends.' The committee believe that the required sum can be secured by vigorous and united action on the part of clergy and people, and especially the hearty co-operation and support of the strong and well-to-do congregations throughout the Diocese." We subjoin the remarks of the Bishop of Toronto to his Synod, June, 1885, on the stipends of the clergy, which will be found to have an application far wider than his own Church.

"I shall not trouble you again with a tabulated statement of the sums which congregations of well-to-do farmers think worthy to offer the ministers of God, for the maintenance of themselves and their families. [After recounting the contributions of 163 congregations, 120 of whom contributed less than $200, and the balance in sums ranging from $100 down to $5, and twelve contributing nothing at all, he proceeds:] All these are enjoying the ministrations of an ordained clergyman. Whilst receiving these reports, I read in the daily papers of English labourers being eagerly caught up on their arrival and hired at $12 and upwards a month, with board and lodging, and I feel humiliated for the degradation of my brethren and the dishonour of my Master. And these congregations are the most difficult to satisfy. * * * I ask whether it is to be expected that there should be a supply of educated gentlemen, possessing talents which can command both position and ample comforts, to offer themselves for a service so ill-requited. * * * If by classing contributions towards clergy stipends as *voluntary* we create or encourage the impression that they are of the nature of charitable subscriptions—that the payment for ministerial services is a matter of mere option, and not of most solemn obligation—then, I submit, we have been all along teaching and fostering what is a moral falsehood and a Scriptural heresy."

II. Augmentation Fund of the Presbyterian Church in Canada.

The design of this fund is to secure to every minister a *minimum* salary of $750, and a manse. In the Western Section, which embraces all west of the Maritime Provinces, there were before the scheme came into operation in October, 1883, 224 congregations giving less than the above amount. The committee estimated that it would require $35,000 per annum to secure the required minimum, and of this amount the congregations to be benefited would give $6,000 more than the previous year, leaving $29,000 to be raised by the Western Section of the Church generally. Last year they raised $26,305, by which, with the addition of a loan from the Reserve Fund, they were able to pay all claims in full. In the Eastern Section, after paying the full amount to all claimants, they begin the year with a balance on hand of $4,546!

The number of congregations on the list in the Western Section requiring aid is 169. In order to be placed upon this list, the congregations must pass through two portals. First, they must contribute from their own resources at least $400 and a manse or rented house. Secondly, they must contribute at a rate of not less than $4.50 per member per annum. As a matter of fact, the supplemented congregations in the West contributed last year an average of $6.62 per member, the lowest being $4.75, the highest $15.13. In the East the average was $6.52. No congregation can receive more than $300 from the fund. Exceptions are made, however, in favour of Manitoba congregations, which can be supplemented up to $950, and in cities where living is exceptionally high, up to $1,000. No grant is to be made to any congregation which is in arrears at December 31st, until such arrears shall have been paid. Collections and subscriptions for the fund are taken up on the third Sunday in November in envelopes marked "Augmentation of Ministers' Stipends." For the encouragement of those who bemoan the supposed fact that our Church is specially overburdened with numerous collections, it may be of interest to state that our Presbyterian brethren have no less than *eight* annual collections in addition to the above.

III. The English Wesleyan District Sustentation Fund.

Through the kindness of the Rev. Richard Roberts, President of the Wesleyan Conference, who forwarded our letter of inquiry to Thos. F. C. May, Esq., of Bristol, the founder of the fund, we are enabled to give the general working of the fund in England. The design is to secure to every married minister (counting the £ equal to $5,) a minimum sum of $750, (£150,) in addition to house rent; and a minimum sum of $400 (£80,) to every unmarried minister. Each District has its own fund, and any surplus goes to assist poorer Districts. The fund was established in 1874. In the Bristol District, for that year, the subscriptions ranged from $10 to $500. The laymen in their first report refer to "the amount of freedom from care and anxiety brought to our esteemed ministers" by the operation of the fund. The plan adopted was to obtain promises of subscriptions first for five years, and at the expiration of that time for another five years. The Committee of Management was generally composed of subscribers of $25, (£5) and upwards. The grants were made only as supplementary to the

usual grants from the Home Mission and Contingent Fund, and in full faith that such grants *would not be lessened* in consideration of the aid afforded by the Sustentation Fund. The Circuits to be benefited were expected to raise, specially for this object, one-half of the estimated deficiency, and the fund was intended to provide the other half. Unless in exceptional circumstances, no grant was to be made to any Circuit of a larger amount than the Circuit itself had specially raised for this object from their own resources, and it was liable to any reduction which the self-sustaining power of the Circuit might justify. During the second term of five years, the committee reduced the grants 10 per cent., and towards the last, 20 per cent. each year.

The District Sustentation Fund was never designed to be permanent. The ten years for which it was established expired in 1884, and it has now ceased to be connexional, but in some Districts, where still needed, it is carried on locally. By increased contributions to the Home Mission Fund, they expect to reach all the remaining needy cases.

The following is a condensed summary of the good work performed during ten years, in thirty-three out of the thirty-five Districts where the fund was established. The full report was presented to the Burslem Conference on the expiry of the fund in 1884. We have translated the pounds into dollars, counting the £ equal to $5.

SUMMARY OF TEN YEARS.

Total amount of subscriptions to the District Sustentation Fund	$123,200
Total amount of grants to Circuits	$122,185
Total of extra amounts raised in Districts in order to meet grants	$100,145
Total amount paid in augmentation of ministers' salaries through the establishment of the fund	$222,330
Total amount of grants made to General Sustentation Fund in aid of poorer Districts	$5,670
No. of Circuits that were paying less than the proposed minimum prior to the establishment of the fund	356
No. of Circuits that are now paying less than the minimum	182
No. of Circuits that have made themselves independent of this fund	123
No. of stipends that have been improved through the operation of the fund	228

There are eight Districts where there is not one Circuit below the minimum. Under the head of "Remarks" opposite some Districts are the following:—

"All stipends above minimum, therefore no need of fund;" "Fund expired three or four years ago;" "No longer any need of fund—closed last year."

Mr. May writes: "The fund has been worked without much trouble, and with great success. I wish you every success in this good movement in America."

In the remaining part of this paper we will introduce a plan for a Sustentation Fund; show what sum will be necessary; propose a method of raising the amount; and offer some suggestions for the management of the fund.

What We Propose.

The very first step in an inquiry of this kind is, what *ought* to be the minimum amount? The sum should not be penurious on the one hand, nor extravagant on the other, but what would commend itself to all reasonable persons as a fair living. Modifying circumstances should only come in later. We gain by starting with a right ideal, even if we have to work up to it afterwards. In the absence of all *ex cathedra* deliverances we will make a beginning by proposing the establishment of a fund that will secure, by supplementing the ordinary grants from the Missionary and Contingent Funds, the *minimum* sum of $750, with a parsonage (or house rent), to every ordained superintendent, (Class A.); $550 to every junior ordained minister, (Class B.); and $400 to every probationer, (Class C.). These amounts to be exclusive of horse-keep.

In a matter of this kind full information is of primary importance. This we have endeavoured to give below in tabulated form.

General Explanatory Notes on the Tables.

1. No attempt has been made to correct any errors in the Minutes of the Conferences, except palpable mistakes.

2. We have been quite unable to construct tables for the Maritime Provinces,* as the "Minutes" furnish no data whatever for such a calculation. Accordingly, even if not so stated, the tables presented have reference solely to the seven Western Conferences.

* *Home Mission Fund.*—The Conference of Eastern British America had previous to the first Union in 1874, a flourishing Home Mission Fund, which in design was somewhat similar to the proposed Sustentation Fund. During the year before the Union they raised by subscriptions and donations for this fund nearly $10,000. One of the Eastern ministers writes thus about it: "At the Union of 1874 the Home Mission Fund was abolished as being inconsistent with the new financial arrangements of the United Church. Several times since its abolition our Conference has wished to re-organize the Society, and several plans have been suggested, but we are always met with the Discipline or General Conference authority standing in our way. The Home Mission Fund was the most popular in our Conference, and each year was more effectively doing its work."

3. The reports of the French District are not printed in the Minutes of the Montreal Conference. We are indebted, therefore, to the Mission Rooms for the necessary information to complete the Conference record. Two Districts of the Manitoba Conference are not reported. We have estimated the amounts tabulated below by taking the general average of the other Districts in the same Conference.

4. It was impossible to mark the distinction between married and unmarried ministers. The nearest we could approach to it was by distinguishing the classes A. and B.

5. With the exception of column two (see table I.), no account whatever has been taken of Circuits paying *above* the proposed minimum. "Highest salary paid," "aggregate paid," etc., has reference solely to figures *below* the proposed minimum in each class.

6. The amounts in the tables in all cases include the grants from the Missionary or Contingent Fund, but in no case from the Children's Fund. "Aggregate amount received," means from all sources except the Children's

Fund. The latter fund, at present, is not in such a stable condition as to warrant permanent calculations being based upon it.

7. Where the salaries of superintendent and colleague have been reported in one bulk sum (as in some of the Conferences), we have divided the amount, giving ⅔ to the superintendent, and ⅓ to his colleague, which is probably near enough for practical purposes.

8. We are not so self-confident as to affirm that there are no mistakes. In such a multitude of figures, and numerous calculations, it would, indeed, be remarkable should none be discovered. The greatest care, however, has been taken to secure correctness. Even if a few mistakes should be disclosed, we think the general results will not be materially affected thereby.

TABLE I. CLASS A.—ORDAINED SUPERINTENDENTS.

NAME OF CONFERENCE.	Total No. of Circuits.	No. of Circuits which paid $750 or over.	No. of Circuits which paid under $750.	Lowest salary paid.	Highest salary paid (under $750).	Average salary paid.	Aggregate amount received.	Additional amount necessary to give each $750.
Toronto	158	49	109	$199	$700	$532	$58,753	$22,997
London	123	16	107	224	744	523	56,537	23,713
Niagara	116	24	92	280	700	540	49,323	19,677
Guelph	129	15	114	239	747	535	60,659	24,841
Bay of Quinte	110	15	95	199	735	530	49,793	21,457
Montreal	169	33	136	200	740	520	71,297	30,703
Manitoba	61	8	53	115	725	442	23,266	16,484
Totals	866	160	706	Av. 208	Av. 727	Av. 517	369,628	159,872

* Conference with lowest average, Manitoba, $442; highest, Niagara, $540.

TABLE II. CLASS A.—COMPARISON OF DISTRICTS.

NAME OF CONFERENCE.	District with Lowest Average.	District with Highest Average (under $750).
Toronto	Parry Sound, $403	Toronto, $622.
London	Windsor, $454	London, $584.
Niagara	Welland, $459	Hamilton, $606.
Guelph	Owen Sound, $476	Mount Forest, $569.
Bay of Quinte	Lindsay, $456	Belleville, $574.
Montreal	Pembroke, $444	Ottawa, $595.
Manitoba	Portage la Prairie, $412	Winnipeg, $495.

TABLE III. CLASS B.—JUNIOR ORDAINED MINISTERS.

NAME OF CONFERENCE.	Total No. of Circuits.	No. of Circuits which paid $550 or over.	No. of Circuits which paid under $550.	Lowest salary paid.	Highest salary paid (under $550).	Average salary paid.	Aggregate amount received.	Additional necessary to give each $550.
Toronto	12	6	6	$320	$505	$419	$2,519	$781
London	5	1	4	262	350	296	1,187	1,013
Niagara	5	..	5	252	431	338	1,693	1,057
Guelph	1	..	1	...	411	411	411	139
Bay of Quinte	13	..	13	180	366	291	3,794	3,356
Montreal	2	..	2	441	450	445	891	209
Manitoba	none	..	..	...	...	...	.....	.....
Totals	38	7	31	Av. 291	Av. 425	Av. 366	10,495	6,555

* Conference with lowest average, Bay of Quinte, $291 ; highest Montreal, $445.

TABLE IV. CLASS C.—PROBATIONERS.

NAME OF CONFERENCE.	Total No. of Circuits.	No. of Circuits which paid $400 or over.	No. of Circuits which paid under $400.	Lowest salary paid.	Highest salary paid (under $400.)	Average salary paid.	Aggregate amount received.	Additional necessary to give each $400.
Toronto	33	5	28	$156	$370	$274	$7,781	$3,419
London	15	1	14	156	334	266	3,778	1,822
Niagara	8	1	7	203	338	286	1,951	849
Guelph	14	1	13	152	380	275	3,498	1,702
Bay of Quinte	19	..	19	141	343	273	5,193	2,407
Montreal	26	3	23	123	375	270	5,941	3,259
Manitoba	16	1	15	217	308	250	3,727	2,273
Totals	131	12	119	Av. 161	Av. 349	Av. 270	31,869	15,731

* Conference with lowest average, Manitoba, $250 ; highest, Niagara, $286.

Scale of the General Mission Board.

While it would seem that no reasonable objections could be offered by any to the modest allowances proposed above, it is necessary in the discussion of this subject to take note of the scale of allowances adopted by the General Mission Board, viz., $750 for ordained married ministers, $400 for ordained unmarried ministers, and $350 for probationers. We have made an estimate of the amount that would be required on this basis. A

TABLE V.—TABLE OF COMPARISONS BY CONFERENCES.

ITEMS.	Class	CONFERENCES. Toronto.	London.	Niagara.	Guelph.	Bay of Quinte.	Montreal.	Manitoba.	TOTALS.
Rateable Membership, 1885		28,432	20,356	20,160	21,158	21,902	23,253	3,737	138,998
Children's Fund raised 1885		$7,176	$5,449	$5,578	$5,323	$5,925	$6,608	nothing.	$36,059
No. of Circuits paying over proposed minimum	A.	49	16	24	15	15	33	8	160
	B.	6	1	..	..	..	..	..	7
	C.	5	1	1	1	..	3	1	12
No. of Circuits paying below proposed minimum	A.	109	167	92	114	95	136	53	706
	B.	6	4	5	1	13	2	..	31
	C.	28	14	7	13	19	23	15	119
Lowest salary paid..	A.	199	224	280	230	199	200	115	....
	B.	320	262	252	411	180	441	...	....
	C.	156	116	203	152	141	123	217	....
Average salary paid.	A.	532	523	540	535	530	520	442	....
	B.	419	296	338	411	291	445	...	....
	C.	274	166	286	275	273	270	250	....
Aggregate amount paid	A.	58,753	56,537	49,323	60,650	49,793	71,297	23,266	369,628
	B.	2,519	1,187	1,693	411	3,794	891	.....	10,495
	C.	7,781	3,778	1,951	3,498	5,193	5,941	3,727	31,869
Additional amount necessary to reach minimum	A.	22,997	23,713	19,677	24,841	21,457	30,703	16,484	159,872
	B.	781	1,013	1,057	139	3,356	209	.....	6,555
	C.	3,419	1,822	849	1,702	2,497	3,259	2,273	15,731
Increase (on present givings by Circuits now below the minimum) necessary to reach minimum.	A.	per cent 39	per cent 41	per cent 39	per cent 40	per cent 43	per cent 43	per cent 70	Av. p.ct. 43
	B.	31	85	62	33	88	23	..	62
	C.	43	48	43	48	46	54	60	49

slight variation was found necessary to be made, as it is impossible to discover from the "Minutes" the number of ordained unmarried ministers. But as the number of junior ordained ministers can easily be ascertained, we have substituted them in place of the former, and allowed each $450, which, perhaps, is too small, as no doubt several are married. The amount required by this scale is $173,324 (or $8,834 less than on the scale we proposed, with 12 men less to provide for), and would require, on the part of those Circuits now paying below the minimum, an increase of 42 per cent. on present givings. While we consider the scale we proposed to be fair, reasonable and proportionate, yet in order to avoid the confusion arising from two sets of figures, we adopt, and now proceed to consider, the lower standard.

Development of Local Resources.

But how could this lower, yet very formidable, amount be raised? Ay! there's the rub. The first step of all, without which, indeed, any Sustentation Fund must ultimately fail, is to secure on those Circuits now below the minimum an increase of local resources. We would suggest that the

Financial District Meetings take a survey o such Circuits and Missions in the District, and appoint a deputation o minister and one layman, or perhaps better, two laymen, to visit thes Circuits and Missions, and at public meetings or in conferences with the officials urge and secure, if possible, the permanent advance of a sum equal to a general average increase of 25 per cent. on present givings by those Circuits now below the minimum. This would produce $101,591, leaving still a balance of $71,733 to be provided for—which is considered farther on. When parties personally disinterested present this question, and especially when it is known that this is part of a great general advance movement all along the line, we believe such enthusiasm will be developed as will secure the general increase desired. As an illustration of what can be done, take the Maritime Provinces of the Presbyterian Church. At the beginning of their augmentation movement there were 120 congregations below the *minimum*. In a very short time afterwards, however, sixty-four of these advanced their contributions, and made an aggregate increase of $5,515.

The Children's Fund.

Another step, and as necessary as the other, is the abolition of the Children's Fund. We are not at present, however, proposing either its abolition or continuance. We only mean to say that if, in the wisdom of the Church, the Children's Fund shall be continued, the proposition of a Sustentation Fund cannot seriously be entertained. Each fund is reciprocally exclusive of the other. Both could not exist in our Church at the same time. On the other hand, to sustain neither a Children's nor a Sustentation Fund means ultimately a raid on the Missionary Fund. Whatever the value of the Children's Fund in the past, its popularity, if not its usefulness, seems now to be gone. While the Montreal and Bay of Quinte abolished it.

Conferences retain it, the Toronto and New Brunswick Conferences keep it only on sufferance till the next General Conference, and the London, Niagara, Guelph and Manitoba Conferences have already practically

The Children's Fund often took money from the wrong parties (viz., from those on wretchedly poor salaries), and gave it to the wrong parties (viz., to those who did not really need it). A Sustentation Fund, on the contrary, would go straight to the right, that is, to the needy parties, and to no other. To make "assurance doubly sure," we would suggest that in the administration of the fund no other class of claimants whatever be considered till all who have received less than $600 shall have been provided for first, the balance then (if the fund should not be able to pay al claims in full) to be equitably distributed amongst all the claimants.

Assessment on Membership.

In order to raise a portion of the amount required, we would suggest an assessment on the ratable membership of 25 cents each. This alone in the seven Western Conferences would provide $34,749 annually. One reason in favour of this proposal is, that Quarterly Boards have long been

accustomed to a similar assessment, and, therefore, no new principle will be introduced. Another reason is, that the plan is likely to be generally acceptable to both the ministry and laity.

We can hardly imagine a minister having a salary above the proposed minimum begrudge a small assessment of this description, when he knows that it is going directly to benefit brethren poorer than himself, and when, moreover, he does not know but that at the next turn of the "iron wheel" he may himself sadly need such a fund. And we would confess to being much mistaken should we find the Quarterly Official Boards of well-to-do Circuits objecting to this part of the plan. 'Tis true they often murmured against the Children's Fund, but that was because of its real or apparent injustice in many cases. Such an objection, however, would not hold in the present scheme.

As for those Boards which pay less than the minimum, it would be, of course, quite absurd should they complain, as the assessment would go directly to supplement their own minister's salary.

In *addition* to the aggregate amount received as salary, and reported in the above tables, the Church in the seven Western Conferences contributed to the Children's Fund last year the sum of $36,059.

The ability to do the same is still in the Church. If the money was not placed to the best advantage, we can surely, in our united wisdom, discover "a more excellent way." The General Conference (Journal, 1883, p. 203,) declared its "opinion that the existence of a Children's Fund—or its equivalent—is desirable." How would a Sustentation Fund satisfy the latter alternative?

Direct Appeal for the Balance.

If the above methods produced all that was necessary, there would then be many Circuits practically untouched by the movement, and these the wealthiest of all. But more is required than even the above plans combined will be able to produce, and thus these Circuits will have the privilege of contributing directly towards the general fund. In the Presbyterian Church, the average contributions per member for salary in assisted congregations is $6.62, while in self-sustaining congregations the average is only $4.90. Probably something similar would be found true in our own Church, viz., that the payments per member in weak Circuits is greater than on strong ones. At any rate, it is only reasonable, in such a connexional system as ours, that the wealthier congregations should come to the rescue of the weaker ones, many of whom really do marvels, considering their poverty. In fact, without the liberal assistance of well-to-do Circuits the scheme cannot possibly succeed.

By the plan proposed we have estimated the increase of local resources to amount to $101,591, and the assessment of 25 cents on membership to produce $34,749, leaving still a balance of $36,984 (a little over 26 cents per ratable member), for which amount we propose to appeal directly to the generosity of the Church. We present no fancy scheme to obviate the necessity of actual giving.

Shall it be said of the leading Church of this Dominion, that such an

amount as proposed cannot be raised for her scantily supported ministry; that rather than attempt it, she will allow her faithful standard-bearers to suffer indefinitely? The Presbyterian Church raised last year, for their Augmentation Fund, an average of 20 cents per member, even after 235 congregations, with a membership of 29,405, failed to contribute anything This year the committee asks for $36,000, which is an average of 37 cents per member. In the Toronto Diocese of the Church of England, it is expected that $11,000 will be required, which from 11,527 communicants is nearly one dollar per member.

In order to exhibit more clearly our plan of developing local resources and its prospects of success, it will be necessary to classify those Circuits which are now paying less than the proposed minimum. This we endeavour to exhibit in the tables below.

TABLE VI. CLASS A.—ORDAINED SUPERINTENDENTS.

Classification of Circuits and Missions paying less than the proposed minimum of $750, $450 and $350, to Classes A., B. and C. respectively.

CIRCUITS CLASSIFIED.	Raised last year.	Should have raised in order to pay proposed minimum.	Balance necessary to bring each up to proposed minimum.	Percentage of increase necessary.
(1) 50 Circuits now paying between $700 and $749.....	$35,502	$37,500	$1,998	5½
(2) 51 Circuits now paying between $650 and $699.....	33,996	38,250	4,254	12
(3) 113 Circuits now paying between $600 and $649.....	69,780	84,750	14,970	21
(4) 492 Circuits now paying under $600.....	230,350	369,000	138,650	60
Total—706 Circuits paying below proposed minimum..	369,628	529,500	159,872	42

CLASS B.—JUNIOR ORDAINED MINISTERS.

27 Circuits now paying below $450.....	8,584	12,150	3,566	41

CLASS C.—PROBATIONERS.

111 Circuits now paying below $350.....	28,964	38,850	9,886	34
Grand Totals—844 Circuits paying below the minimum proposed above.....	407,176	580,500	173,324	42

It will thus be seen that the scale of allowances adopted by the General Mission Board would require the sum of $173,324, or an increase of 42 per cent. on present givings.

TABLE VII.—SHOWING THE PROPOSED METHOD OF RAISING THIS AMOUNT.

(*a*)	50 Circuits now pay salaries between $700 and $749; 5½ per cent. increase on their present givings ($35,502) would bring them up to the proposed minimum, yielding	$1,998	
(*b*)	51 Circuits now pay salaries between $650 and $699; 12 per cent. increase on their present givings ($33,996) would bring them up to the proposed minimum, yielding	$4,254	
(*c*)	113 Circuits now pay salaries between $600 and $649; 21 per cent. increase on their present givings ($69,780) would bring them up to the proposed minimum, yielding	$14,970	
(*d*)	30 per cent. increase on the balance of present giving ($267,898), and paid last year to classes A., B. and C., would yield	$80,369	
	Estimated increase on present givings		$101,591
(*e*)	Assessment of 25 cents on 138,998 ratable members would yield		$34,749
(*f*)	Balance to be raised directly by Collections and Subscriptions (a little over 26 cents per ratable member)		$36,984
	Total		$173,324

REMARKS. 1. The above amount would secure to each ordained superintendent $750; to each junior ordained minister $450; and to each probationer $350; but it does not include the expenses of management, which, of course, would depend upon the particular plan adopted.

2. The weaker Circuits in the above classification (*d*) would require to advance about 57 per cent. on present givings in order to reach the minimum. But by the above proposal they are expected to raise only 30 per cent. of the amount, the balance (27 per cent.), amounting to $71,733, to be raised (1) by assessment on membership ($34,749), and (2) by subscriptions and collections ($36,984), principally from those Circuits now near the minimum, and from the 160 Circuits now above it.

3. Any Mission that advances on this scale, or any other that may be adopted (which might reasonably be expected to take place in a few years), will, to the exact extent of that advance, permanently relieve the Missionary Fund. This is a very important consideration.

Our Connexional Polity.

In the administration of this fund we think the genius of our Church polity does not permit the application of the rule in operation in the Presbyterian Church and the Church of England, viz., to give no aid unless the charges themselves raise a certain definite amount. If our polity permitted vacant charges and voluntary ministerial acceptance or declinature, the

situation would be considerably changed. But *we are sent*, and a Circuit will certainly secure a preacher whether it treats him well or ill. Thus a rule like this would affect the minister in charge only, and not the Circuit. Probably our economy we can do but little better in than to appeal to the generosity and Christian sentiment of the people residing in such communities, without punishing the preacher who is stationed there through no fault of his own. Still, in order to encourage the development of local resources, the English Wesleyan plan of meeting the Circuits with a grant, the amount of which bears a certain proportion to the amount raised specially by the Circuit for this object, is worthy of careful consideration.

But this leads to another question. Is it not about time, for the protection of our men already in the work, that we call a halt in our methods of procedure, at least for a time? We refer to the cutting up of Circuits and the formation of Missions at starvation salaries simply to make places for more men. We accept all comers who are considered suitable candidates quite irrespective of any future considerations whatever. How they will crowd the older men or the Missionary Fund very shortly seems to occur to nobody. A Circuit goes into rebellion if a second married man is sent to them at the end of four years, ay, in some cases, at the end of twenty years. But these young ordained men must be stationed somewhere. At Conference the whole field is scanned in vain for a regular opening. The Stationing Committee is ready to report, say about midnight. The brethren have long been waiting. The Secretary, with solemn countenance, first proposes that X, Y or Z be constituted Missions. Of course it is done. Woe betide the luckless wight who should object to that or any other proposal at such a time of night. A similar evil follows from making stations too rapidly. The remaining appointments often make a very feeble Circuit, or they are forced upon the list of Missions. And thus our work is divided and subdivided until now we have the spectacle of 492 ordained superintendents who received last year from all sources (except the Children's Fund) less than $600 each, 407 of them receiving between $400 and $600, and the balance below $400. For the sake of the brethren already suffering in the work, could we not honestly now begin and continue (what none of us has ever yet seen) a genuine "list of reserve"; engage those placed upon it as paid local preachers; and admit the most suitable candidates to Conference, from time to time, only as circumstances required, similar to the usage of the English Wesleyan Conference. By this plan no injustice would be done to those now occupying the field; the Church would not be bound to provide new married men's stations at the end of four years, and the Circuits would have an opportunity to increase their strength. Instead of "Divide" for our watchword, suppose for a season we substitute "Develop." The present system certainly bears hard on the effective preachers, crowds ministers prematurely upon the already over-strained Superannuation Fund; draws heavily on the Missionary Society, and, under certain circumstances, such as the building of parsonages, often discourages enterprising Circuits.

How Should the Fund be Managed?

There are at least three possible methods. One is the English system

of each District managing its own fund, and being practically independent of all the others. In this country, however, we need a larger area, as some Districts themselves are almost wholly all missionary ground. This holds true indeed of some of our Conferences.

Another is to place the management of the fund under the General Mission Board. This Board is constituted for the whole Dominion. But we think the largest workable area is an Eastern and Western Section. Moreover, the Board meets some months after the close of the Conferences, and we think some plan should be devised that would provide for the payment of the year's claims long before that period. Our Presbyterian brethren pay every six months.

Could not some such plan as the following be worked? Authorize the Financial Secretaries to pay at the May District Meetings all claims, say, up to $600. Immediately on close of District Meeting send on the money in hand and statement of District account to the General Treasurer. Let the General Treasurer estimate the amount due and payable to each Conference, send on the amount to the Conference Treasurer, and a committee of the Conference finally distribute to the claimants the amount at its disposal. Of course this would require great promptness on the part of all concerned. The General Treasurer, especially, would be extremely busy, but by engaging competent assistance, and by dealing not with individuals but with Districts, we think the amount could be reported to Conference by the third or fourth day. The advantages of this plan would be (1) economy of management, (2) uniform *minimum* salaries in all the Conferences embraced in the section. This would assist in making transfers easier, by removing the dread of being transferred to a Conference poorer than one's own. (3) Greater interest in the fund, as the report would be presented to the Conference each year for consideration when the lay brethren were present, and (4) the receipt of the allowances by the claimants at a particularly needy period.

An Objection.

It is sometimes argued as an objection to the increase of ministerial salaries, that ministers could do no better in any other calling or profession. Occasionally this appears in a very offensive form. In reply we prefer to quote on this point the words of one of the most successful laymen in the Dominion. "If the man who can mantain himself in the work of the itinerancy for twenty, thirty, or forty years, ministering to the good of others, to the edifying and upbuilding of the Church, amid inconveniences, privations, fault-findings, lack of sympathy, and too often of ingratitude, yet undeterred, unmoved, and with a sure and settled trust in God, with an earnest love to God, to His Church and His people—if such a man does not possess elements in his character which would enable him respectably to take his part and creditably to sustain himself in any of the positions open to a man of fair average ability, and as a result do far better for himself and his family, from a monied standpoint, than in the ministry, then I know not from what other class such a man is to be found."—Mr. JOHN MACDONALD, in *Guardian*, Oct. 7th, 1885.

Place against this noble passage the saddening fact, that according to

the "Minutes" no less than eighty-five ordained superintendents in the seven Western Conferences received, last year, from all sources (except the Children's Fund) less than $400 each (an average of scarcely a dollar per day), out of which to provide a living, respectable clothing for their families, the education of their children, protection by insurance, and needed literature for their libraries. What a perfect mockery when appealing for the Superannuation Fund to hear men object by saying, "Why didn't these ministers save out of their salaries?" We know not which feeling is the stronger, admiration for the heroic self-denial of these faith ful preachers, or shame for the Church which, perhaps unwittingly, or for lack of proper method, permits such a humiliating state of things to exist.

Why should many good men be tortured as to their call to the ministry towards the close of every Conference year? How galling to be compelled to hear ungenerous remarks made without sufficient reason, and even to have one's little failings paraded as an excuse for penuriousness. There are not many ministers but have met occasionally with something very similar to this in their personal experience. Still any true minister can bear poverty better than unappreciative treatment of his labours.

But though the close of the year may find him with a discouraged heart, what recuperative power there is in Conference! The hearty greetings, the thrilling addresses, and the general *esprit de corps*, make him forget his depressed feelings and insufficient appropriations, and he finds himself beginning the new year with heroic plans of fresh conquests for Christ.

While the scale of the Church of England is higher than the others, it is interesting to notice that, without previous consultation, the English Wesleyans and the Presbyterians and Methodists of Canada all agree on the same amount as the minimum sum which a married man should receive, viz., $750 and a parsonage. And yet to provide that salary for this class alone (not to mention the others) requires $159,872. Are we discouraged at the large sum? Why not rather sympathize in a practical manner with the straitened circumstances which require such a large amount in order to reach even the modest minimum proposed? Have we room for another fund means, Can we afford to do an act of simple justice to devoted and laborious brethren? In this case we *can* do, as a Church, what we *ought* to do. What is wanted is not so much wealth as will. No service is so cheap as the minister's. He is the promoter of industry, sobriety and frugality. The principles he proclaims are the foundation of all true business prosperity, and affect beneficialy the moral, spiritual, intellectual and physical nature of man. We cannot believe that when the needs of the case are fully presented to the Methodist Church, she will turn a deaf ear to so urgent an application.

We appeal to our next General Conference to establish some form of a Sustentation Fund. Even an honest effort to do better will assist to wipe out our present reproach. We appeal to our wealthy and generous laymen to give this good movement a mighty impetus. We appeal to those of our ministers who themselves receive liberal salaries to come nobly forward to the assistance of their less favoured brethren by removing any groundless objections that may be offered, and by pleading the cause of the weak and struggling. "We are members one of another." "Ye that are strong, etc."

This effort, it is true, may not command such marked public attention as some other great enterprises of the Church. The good accomplished may never be paraded, and can certainly never be fully tabulated, but the consciousness that the financial honour of our Church will be properly protected; that the prestige of her institutions will be worthily maintained, and that 706 godly ministers and their families (not to mention 138 in the junior lists) will enjoy a permanent increase to the comforts and necessaries of life, more literature in their scantily-furnished libraries, greater self-respect in all their business transactions, and a most refreshing sense of freedom from harassing care, will liberally reward every advocate and patron of this long-neglected but most deserving cause.

TILSONBURG, Ont.

Book Notices.

Commentary on the Gospel of St. John, with Historical and Critical Introduction. By F. GODET, D.D. Translated from the Third French Edition. By TIMOTHY DWIGHT, D.D. 8vo. Vol. I. Pp. x—559. New York: Funk and Wagnalls. Toronto: William Briggs. Price $3.50.

This book is of special value to Biblical students at the present time. All Christendom is entering upon such a study of the Gospel of St. John as it never received since it was written. For the next six months and more two millions of teachers and twelve millions of scholars will bend with profoundest interest over this incomparable Gospel. Every help from every quarter that can throw light upon its pages will be gladly hailed. We know nothing in the range of Biblical criticism that so fully—so exhaustively—treats this subject as Professor Godet's Commentary, of which this is the first volume. The second and concluding volume is expected to be issued about the first of July.

This Gospel has been the subject of the most vigorous attacks of destructive criticism. This criticism is here frankly and fully discussed. Then follows a minute analysis of the book, its characteristics, relation to the Old Testament, style, origin, time, place, author and authenticity, occasion and aim, etc. Then begins on page 220 the Commentary proper. This is conducted with a fulness and minuteness not elsewhere paralleled. Dr. Dwight, the American editor, contributes some sixty additional pages of notes and criticism. This is a very important contribution to the publisher's valuable "Bible Students' Library."

The Ride Through Palestine. By the REV. JOHN W. DULLIS, D.D. Illustrated with 184 engravings and maps. Second edition, pp. 528. Philadelphia: Presbyterian Board of Publication; and Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal, and Halifax. Price $2.25.

We should like to see a copy of this book in every Sunday-school library, that teachers and schoiars alike might get clear and vivid conceptions from its graphic pages of those places made sacred evermore by the life and ministry of our blessed Lord. It gives in comparatively brief compass and at an inexpensive price, an admirable account of a visit to the scene of the principal events of Biblical interest in the Holy Land. Dr. Dullis' journey extended from Jaffa to Jerusalem, Bethlehem, Hebron, the Dead Sea, Samaria, Nazareth, Cana, the Sea of Galilee, and away north to Damascus and Baalbec, Lebanon to Beirut, and down the coast to Tyre and Sidon, thus covering, it will be seen, the entire extent of Palestine from Beersheba to Dan and far beyond. No one can understand with all their force the Bible narratives unless he has some clear conception of the "setting" of the story. Dr. Dullis' chapters on Jerusalem and its surroundings are particularly full and instructive, as well as interesting. The engravings are very numerous—175 in all, with nine maps—and very good, many of them being full page. We are not surprised that so admirable a book should have already reached its second edition.

Witnesses from the Dust; or, the Bible Illustrated from the Monuments. By the REV. J. N. FRADENBURGH, A.M., Ph.D. 8vo, pp. 467. Cincinnati: Cranston & Stowe. Toronto: William Briggs. Price $2.25.

As Dr. Newman strikingly remarked during his last visit to Toronto, "The spade is one of the greatest of commentators." Out of the very ruin mounds and dust heaps

of ancient cities it brings witnesses to testify to the truth of Holy Writ. Though the skeptic bring bricks from Babylon and hieroglyphs from Egypt, and medals from the buried cities of the Old World, and even the old geologic fossils, the ancient medals of creation, and say to them as Balak said to Balaam, "Come curse me, Jacob, come defy me, Israel, come bear me testimony against the Word of God," they have all replied, as Balaam said to Balak, "How shall we curse whom God hath not cursed? How shall we defy whom the Lord hath not defied?" And they have not cursed it at all, but have blessed it altogether. In this book are gathered some of the most striking of these testimonies concerning the great verities of revelation. Some of the distorted reflections, the "broken lights" of human tradition, are wonderfully instructive and suggestive. Such are those of the unity of the Godhead, the tree of life, the God-appointed guard, the Holy Day, the great flood, the Tower of Babel, Nimrod, the bondage in Egypt and the exodus, the glory of Babylon, its pride and fall. These and many other Biblical facts find strong confirmation in the sculptured records of Egypt, Assyria and other ancient nations. This book popularizes in a very interesting manner the result of many learned tours of archæological exploration. It is handsomely printed and bound, and illustrated by fifty-four engravings.

Getting on in the World; or, Hints on Success in Life. By WILLIAM MATTHEWS, LL.D. 12mo, pp. 365.

We would like to put a copy of this book into the hands of every young man setting out in life. A study of its wise counsels would contribute greatly to his success, and enable him to shun many perils and snares. Among the topics treated are the following:—

Success and Failure—Good and Bad Luck—Choice of a Profession—Physical Culture—Concentration—Self-Reliance—Attention to Details—Decision—Manner—Business Habits—The Will and the Way—Reserved Power—Economy of Time—Money, its Use and Abuse—Mercantile Failures—Over-Work and Under-Rest—True and False Success. Each of these chapters is freighted with the wealth of ripe wisdom, experience and thought. We have only one criticism to make. There is not, in our judgment, enough made of religious principles and motives. Not that they are ignored; but we think them not sufficiently emphasized. Dr. Matthews is one of the most successful of living writers, over 120,000 volumes of his works having been printed. The present volume is one of the most valuable of the series.

The Tobacco Problem By META LANDER (Mrs. Lawrence). Pp. 279. Boston: Cupples, Upham & Co.

This is the most tremendous indictment brought against the tobacco habit, since King James's famous "Counterblast," and is much more forcible and scientific. It shows the appalling and wicked waste of time and money it causes. It points out the physical injury it produces, the impaired digestion and muscular force and the shattered nerves which result from its use. It exhibits the social barbarism, selfishness, and invasion of the rights of others, especially the rights of women, that it causes. The author's strongest plea against the habit is, on moral and spiritual grounds, as the ally of intemperance and vice and as a great obstruction to the Gospel. She appeals to the pulpit and the press, and especially to Christian women, to wage unceasing war against it. The book is written in the fervid style of a woman who hates with a perfect hatred the obnoxious vice. We shall make this book an armoury from which to draw weapons for our fight with this habit. We wish the book could be in every Sunday-school library, and that by its study superintendents and teachers might be led to seek from every scholar an anti-tobacco pledge.

War and Peace. By COUNT LEON TOTSTOE. *Before Tilsit*, 1805–1810. Two vols. Pp. 322 and 357. New York: William Gottsberger. Toronto: William Briggs. Price $1.75; paper, $1.00.

The author of this historical tale of the Napoleonic war is one of the distinguished of the Russian writers. He has attracted much attention lately by his remarkable book, entitled "My Religion," in which he adopts literally the teachings on the Mount and shows how they would abolish war, Socialism, Nihilism, and would regenerate society. These volumes give a vivid picture of society during the storm and stress period of the Napoleons' conflict with Russia. It is full of life and movement. The earth-shaking Titans of to-day appear in its pages. Court and army life are delineated by one who is evidently familiar with both. The book is translated into French by a Russian lady, and from the French by Clara Bell, expressly for the present edition. Notwithstanding this double translation it reads in easy idiomatic English.

Alice Withrow; or, the Summer at Home. By LUCY RANDOLPH FLEMMING. Illustrated, pp. 241. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. Price $1.25.

The object of the writer of this volume was to prepare a Sunday-school book which should be instinct with direct religious teaching, and also be free from the sensationalism by which these books are often marked. She describes the efforts of a young girl to lead a Christian life, her frequent failures through infirmity of will and stress of temptation and the final triumph of religious principle. The sympathies of the reader are carried along with the gentle heroine throughout the story. A good deal of humour is developed in the account of her missionary efforts, and of the way in which she is egregiously imposed upon in her endeavours to do good through the duplicity of the objects of her misplaced confidence. The scene is laid in Virginia, and one of the most interesting characters is the pious old aunt 'Liza, the coloured nurse, whose wise sayings are couched in quaint Negro dialect.

The identity of the name with that of the writer of this notice led to inquiry, through the publisher, as to its selection. The author, who is the wife of a Presbyterian minister in Virginia, replies that the name is by no means an uncommon one in that State, and those who wear it are descended from Scotch Covenanting ancestry. This corresponds with the traditions of the Canadian branch of the family, who for their loyalty to King and country, left Virginia at the outbreak of the American Revolution, and received U. E. Loyalist land grants in Nova Scotia.

The World's Wonders as Seen by the Great Tropical and Polar Explorers. By J. W. BUEL. 8vo, pp. 768. Brantford: Bradley, Garretson & Co. Price, cloth, $3.75.

This is an age of compression. Busy people require that the results of discovery and exploration be condensed into small space so that he that runs may read. This is what is done in this volume. It gives the substance of many original books of travel, which cost too much time and money for the average reader, and which are unduly taken up with unnecessary details. Mr. Buel gives a clear abridged statement of the explorations of Livingstone, Sir Samuel Baker, Captains Speke and Grant, Stanley, Du Chaillu, A. R. Wallace, and Cummings, in Africa and other tropical countries; and of the adventures of Sir John Franklin, Dr. Kane, Dr. Hayes, Captains Hall and McClintock; Lieuts. Greely, DeLong and Schwatka and other Arctic explorers. The book is thus a cyclopedia of modern discovery, with the advantage of having more narrative interest than, from their fragmentary character, most such books possess. The book is illustrated by about 200 engravings. Some of these, however, are not as well printed as the general text of the work.

The Clerical Library—Platform and Pulpit Aids. 8vo, pp. 280. New York: A. C. Armstrong & Co. Tornto: William Briggs. Price $1.75.

More and more the influence of the Christian platform is widening so as to touch all the manifold interests of the race. The time was when almost the preachers' sole means of access to the public was the pulpit. Now he is expected to mount the rostrum and discuss the varied social, moral, and religious subjects that engage the mind of man. This demands a clear, strong, incisive style of discourse that will arrest attention and carry conviction to the minds of the speaker's audience. It is to furnish striking examples of this style of discourse that this volume is prepared. It contains about forty able addresses on social, religious, temperance, missionary and miscellaneous topics by some of the most eminent public speakers of the age. Among those here represented are Punshon, Wm. Arthur, Canon Farrar, R. W. Dale, Newman Hall, Spurgeon, Joseph Parker, Canon Fleming, Principal Rainy, Bishop Ellicot and others. The book meets a felt want, helps of this soft being rare.

Social Studies in England. By Mrs. SARAH K. BOLTON. Pp. 193. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Price $1.00.

This is a valuable contribution to the solution of the problem of woman's place and woman's work. We are apt to think the English ultra-conservative in this respect. Mrs. Bolton shows that they are extremely progressive. She gives a graphic account of life and work at Girton and Newnham Colleges at Cambridge and of the other women's colleges at Oxford, London, etc. Our young men will have to look to their laurels or their sisters will snatch them away. Young women, we think, are more apt, more docile, more industrious, than young men. They have leisure to keep up liberal studies longer. They don't waste their energies on cricket, lacrosse or baseball. The smoking and drinking and dissipation of certain college youths seriously handicaps them in this race with Atalanta. The intellectual mothers of the future are the brightest hope of the world.

Mrs. Bolton discusses also the various industries for women in which instruction is given—the art, needlework and cookery schools; nursing, music, painting and horticulture. The picture of the "sweet girl graduate" with cap and gown is very pretty.

LITERARY NOTICES.

The April number of the *Southern Quarterly Review* contains among other good things an elaborate article by the Rev. W. Harrison, of the New Brunswick Conference, on Church and State in England. He disproves the statement that the Church of England is really the Church of the nation. Although it derives much aid from the State, the Nonconforming Churches do far more for evangelizing the nation. Instead of being the bulwark of Protestantism, it is often the half-way house to Romanism. He claims that the interests of both justice and religion demand disestablishment.

We observe in a recent number of the Montreal *Herald* the report of an admirable address delivered at the Convocation of the Faculty of Medicine of McGill University by the Hon. Senator Ferrier, Chancellor of the University. For forty-one years he has been associated with that institution of learning, which reflects lustre not only on the city of Montreal but upon the entire Dominion. We hope that the venerable Senator may long continue to be the faithful chancellor and friend of the University.

The Illustrated Catalogue of the National Academy Exhibition, New York, edited by Charles M. Kurtz, is this year better than ever. It has 93 illustrations of the principal pictures and many valuable art notes. New York: Cassell & Co. Price 50 cents.