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TORONTO

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ON THE POST-ROAD—OVER THE SIBERIAN STEPPES—CARAVAN CONVEYING BRICK-TEA AND MERCHANDISE FROM CHINA.

Methodist Magazine and Review.

OCTOBER, 1897.

ACROSS SIBERIA.*

SIBERIAN EXILES.

From the port of Vladivostock, on the Pacific coast, across the vast Russian territory of Siberia, to the Ural Mountains, Dr. Wenyon, in the spring and summer of 1893, travelled on the great post-road which the Russian Government has constructed across Siberia. It is a wonderful achievement, says Dr. Wenyon. Even the Romans, renowned road-makers as they were, never attempted a task of the kind so formidable. It is a marvel to find any practical way at all across a country not only so unsettled, but so immense. "If 'Britannia rules the waves,'" said a Russian officer, "Russia rules the land."

Extending westward from the Pacific Ocean to the Ural Mountains, and northward from the Chinese frontier to the Polar Seas, Siberia covers an area of six millions of square miles, is at least a hundred times as large as England, and forms, with European Russia, the widest continuous stretch of empire in the world.

Trackless forests, lonely mountain ranges, dreary wastes of barren steppes, as well as much fertile territory, make up these 6,000,000 of square miles, with here and there some mighty river rolling toward the Polar Sea.

The construction of such a length of road, and still more of the Siberian railway which succeeds it, was made more difficult and dangerous by the rigour of the climate. There is not a river or lake in Siberia which is not frozen for about six months in the year. Though it has in most parts a warm, bright summer, beautiful with flowers, and musical with birds, its winters are long and cold. In the northern districts the frost never disappears, and in some of the settlements on the Lena the people use ice instead of glass for their window panes.

In travelling on the great post-road, soldiers, poor emigrants, and criminal exiles have to walk, and they spend from six to nine months upon the journey from Russia to the penal settlements. Travellers who can afford it use horses and a springless, four-wheeled waggon, half covered by a hood, called a tarantass.

The Russian Government, for

* "Across Siberia on the Great Post-Road." By Charles Wenyon, D.D. London: Charles H. Kelly. Toronto: William Briggs. In the preparation of this article we employ, in large part, the graphic language of this intrepid traveller and explorer.—ED.

military purposes, principally, has placed a cordon of post-stations from sixteen to twenty miles apart. A few yemschiks, as the post-keepers are called, are put in charge of the station, which is often situated in such a lonely region that they are the sole inhabitants for many miles. A few log huts which serve as yemschik's dwellings, travellers' house, and stables, surrounded by a rude stockade, constitute all the buildings of many a post-station. At these stations officials travelling on urgent business expect to find vehicles and teams ready for them on the shortest notice, and the communications between one military post and another are thus maintained in great efficiency. Civilians, wishing to travel, must apply to the Government for a license, or passport. Having obtained one of these, Dr. Wenyon humorously describes his start.

Good-bye, said one of my friends, I never expect to hear of you again.

One told me that I should be arrested as a spy, and perish miserably in a Siberian prison; another that I should get lost, and die of starvation in the depths of the forest; others feared that I should be drowned in some of the great rivers; or be devoured by wolves; or kicked to death by wild horses; or murdered by escaped exiles.

ON THE GREAT POST-ROAD.—INTERIOR OF SIBERIAN PEASANT'S HOUSE.

From one town to the next is sometimes as far as the whole length of England; and, when I thought I had covered at least half the ground between the Pacific Ocean and the Urals, I saw inscribed on the Government notice-board at a post-station—"To St.

Petersburg, 5,000 miles." But if you are a seasoned traveller, not depressed by solitude, tough as leather, patient as a mule, not at all fastidious about what you eat or drink, nor about the condition of your skin and clothing, nor about where you sleep at night,—whether in bed, or on the floor, or in a jolting cart,—if you are such a traveller, you may cross Siberia as the Russians cross it, and quite as much enjoy the journey.

into which he may be actually clambering, seized by some Russian officer with no word of explanation save that "the king's business requires haste."

The first stage of Dr. Wenyon's journey was to Lake Khanka, where he reached the great river system of the Amoor. This he followed for two thousand miles, to the town of Nertchinsk. In the winter the ice makes a splendid road, but while waiting

ON THE GREAT POST-ROAD.—VILLAGE OF SIBERIAN STEPPES IN WINTER.

At the post-stations no supplies or provisions can be obtained except milk, eggs, and coarse, black bread, so the traveller must carry with him all else that he may require. The sleeping accommodation is also very meagre,—a big, bare room, with no furnishings but two or three wooden benches, a small box stove, and possibly a lamp.

One of the commonest vexations of civilian travellers, but one of which they dare not complain, is to have the conveyance which has been prepared for one's self, and

for the ice to break up and the river open, he had to lodge for some weeks in a Siberian log house, sharing the privations and discomforts of the rude peasant people.

Black bread and salt fish seem to be the staple food of these Siberian peasants. The rye-flour, of which the bread is made, is said to be mixed with powdered pine-bark, and certainly its taste is pungent enough for anything.

The more one knows of these people, however, the more interesting they become. Beneath their

rugged features and coarse manners beat kind and honest hearts; and, dull and slow-witted as they seem, their energy of character reveals itself not only in their power of enduring hardship, but in the dogged determination with which they are subduing this wild country to their service. No sooner did the Government hear of a colony of Russians in a region beyond the frontier, than the frontier was extended to include it. The

GROUP OF RUSSIAN PRIESTS.

hardy Cossacks, living, eating, sleeping in the saddle, kept the forefeet of their horses on the receding frontier. And so the Czar's dominion, with the steadiness and persistency of an advancing tide, has spread itself over the vast territories of Northern Asia, until it has become conterminous with the Pacific Ocean and the Japan Sea.

Dr. Wenyon gives a very interesting account of village life in Siberia. The universal surveillance of the Government, he says, and the ease with which an innocent expression may be construed into heterodoxy, or high treason, make preaching too risky; and in the Russian churches sermons are omitted altogether. In celebrating the Eucharist, the bread and wine are mixed together, and the mixture is administered, both to children and adults, in a silver spoon. While the choir chanted, the frightened children, some of whom screamed outright, received, much against their will, the sacred elements. What tea-drinkers, the Doctor exclaims, these Russians are! The Siberian peasantry use what is called "brick-tea,"—which is simply pure tea-dust pressed by hydraulic power into slabs for convenience of transport. It is used in some parts of Siberia instead of money. To prepare a drink of it, a piece is cut off with an axe and boiled for at least a quarter of an hour; simple infusion

will not suffice to separate the hard-pressed particles.

The civilization of Russia, Dr. Wenyon remarks, may be less highly developed than our own, but it is very far ahead of the civilization of the Chinese; and what is spoken of as Russian encroachment in Eastern Asia may be not only the best thing for the welfare of our race, but, in the nature of things, inevitable. The military and religious music of Russian Siberia, now swelling again into exultation and triumph, seemed like the march music of that Christian civilization which some of us believe is destined to regenerate China and overspread the earth.

The only signs of human life on the Chinese bank of the Amoor were the wigwams of some wandering Tartars. The transference of this extensive, valuable, but altogether undeveloped territory from Chinese to Russian rule is only a question of time; and let us hope, in the interests of humanity, that the time will not be long.

It is only just to say, that in education and refinement, in frankness, intelligence, and commonsense, in uniform courtesy of demeanour, in freedom from bondage to the absurd conventionalisms of caste, Russian military officers appear to be at least the equals of any other members of their profession in the world.

The Russian Jews always complained bitterly of the treatment they received, and when I asked them why they were thus treated, they invariably replied, "Because we crucified Jesus."

At Nertchinsk, Dr. Wenyon left the Amoor. For the next two thousand miles, he writes, with the exception of one day's steamer trip across Lake Baikal, we must travel again by tarantass. But we went on continuously night and day, only remaining at a station long enough to change horses and conveyance; and from sunset to dawn not only was the temperature lower, but there was nothing to divert our attention from it. The wind was so cold it seemed to come direct from the North Pole. Eastward and westward there is not a town within hundreds of miles; southward are the waterless plains of Mongolia; and northward one might walk as far as the Polar Seas without meeting any sign of human habitation.

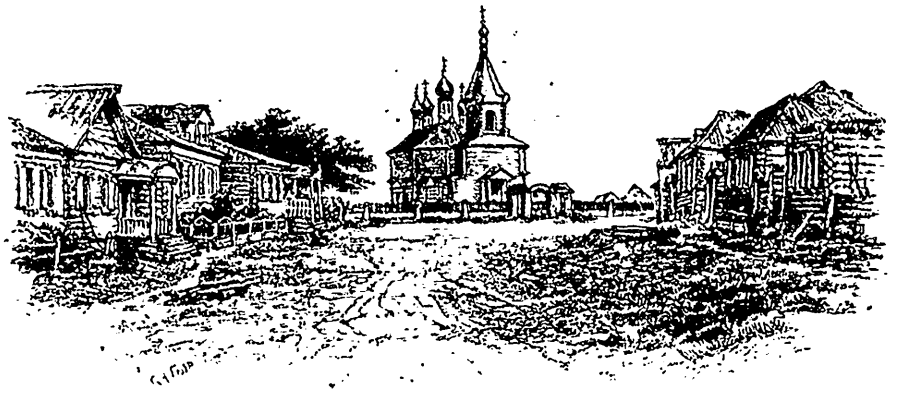
The Trans-Baikal is what Botany Bay and Van Diemen's Land were at the beginning of the century—a cesspool for the rascality and crime of the home provinces. Almost all the people engaged in menial employment—farm labourers, herdsmen, and yemschiks—are ticket-of-leave convicts.

The piety of these people is peculiar. It never occurs to them that there is anything at all incongruous in showing their respect for the teachings of the Church by getting drunk. The heaviest drinking is at Easter, which is perhaps the most popular religious festival in Russia. Whole villages then give themselves up for several days to wine-bibbing; and if an astonished stranger asks the meaning of such carousing, a chorus of voices instantly replies—and without the slightest intention of irreverence—"Why, because Christ has risen"; and at the word they clink their glasses and drink again.

Baikal is a fresh-water lake, 1,500 feet above the level of the sea; it is nearly a mile deep; its length is equal to that of England. The early Russian settlers, looking upon its surface from the gloom of the forest, were so impressed with the mystic silence of that vast solitude, that they named it "The Holy Sea."

The gold-mines on the Lena have long been, and are still, very productive; and large fortunes have been made. Irkutsk, though

ON THE GREAT POST-ROAD.—THROUGH A SIBERIAN FOREST.



A VILLAGE ON THE SIBERIAN STEPPES.

only a temporary halting-place, sometimes contains as many as two thousand convicts waiting to be drafted to the Eastern mines. From here is another tarantass journey of a thousand miles to Tomsk. Towns are still hundreds of miles apart, but villages are more numerous, and every fifteen or twenty miles there is a post-station.

The most numerous and destructive beasts of prey in Siberia are wolves. They commit great havoc among sheep, but with a sort of cannibal propensity prefer to all other food the flesh of a dog, and often succeed in snatching one from between the very knees of its master while travelling at full gallop in a sledge or tarantass. When pursuing a tarantass, the pack, if not too large, can be kept at bay by tying a garment to a cord and letting it trail behind the vehicle; the wolves shy at the mysterious object like a timid horse, and will not venture to run past it.

Apart altogether from the wolves, the sensation of being alone in a Siberian forest, especially at night, has a flavour of its own. The fir-trees, forever brooding over some great secret, made morose companions. The very air seemed to palpitate with supernatural life; and, with no chirp of bird or hum of insect to disturb the silence, one could almost hear the music of the spheres; the tread of spirits on the vault of heaven; the heart-throb of the universe.

At times we overtook caravans, or perhaps a hundred or more carts, carrying tea to Europe. Almost every one we met going eastward was a caravan of big-wheeled barrels, in which vodka, the favourite strong drink of the Russians, was being conveyed from Western Siberia to remote settlements.

Dr. Wenyon gives the following graphic account of the Siberian exiles :

Occasionally we were startled by a sudden clank of chains, and, coming round a bend in the forest road, we met a gang of exiles on their way to the prisons of Kara or Saghalien. There were seldom less than two hundred persons in a gang —women as well as men. They wore long coats of coarse, earth-coloured frieze, and were chained together as they walked, A file of soldiers with fixed bayonets marched on either side ; there were vehicles in front for those who were sick, and for the little children of the exiles ; and so, beneath the shadow of the pines, without a word, and with no sound but the confused tramp of feet, and the mournful clanking of the chains, the procession wended its way eastward never to return.

ON THE WAY TO SIBERIA.—EXILES IN CAGE ON CONVICT BARGE PURCHASING FOOD FROM PEASANT WOMEN.

Exiles were first sent to Siberia in 1591, and for the last hundred years they have been going there in an almost continuous stream. It is said that from seventeen to twenty thousand are now sent out there every year; but this number includes many of the near relatives of convicts who voluntarily go out into exile with them, and some who are banished for a few years only to the towns of Western Siberia.

The gangs of exiles we met on foot consisted entirely of criminals, and included amongst them some of the vilest of the human race. Capital punishment is extremely rare in Russia, and villains, who in England would receive a death sentence, and in some parts of the United States be lynched without judge or jury, are in this country sent out as exiles to Siberia.

The appearance of the women convicts shocked me most. Such faces I had never seen; some of them still haunt my memory—deceit and malignity and other evil passions had traversed them so often that they had trodden the features into a stony hardness from which nothing beautiful could grow. One woman I noticed in the gang, walking along, in spite of fetters, with a defiant air; with black, short-cropped hair, sun-bronzed countenance, high cheek bones, lips as

thin as paper, and eyes—with the very Devil in them.

Another was only three or four and twenty years of age, her face of pink and white was surrounded by a wealth of flaxen hair, and she had such large, light-blue, dreamy eyes, it was a puzzle for a while to tell whether the look in them was one of childish innocence or precocious maturity of crime. But the pity of it that the sweet angel-nature of a woman should be brought so low!

But some of the gangs of exiles that we met were not on foot, but riding in little carts. But a glance at their faces was enough to prove to us that morally they were of a different type; and I was not surprised to learn that these were not criminal, but political exiles. I met many others afterwards—men and women—in some cases of high character and blameless life, who, because within the circle of their acquaintance they have given expression to opinions which are considered to be unfavourable to the existing form of government, are sent out to spend the remainder of their lives in the desolate seclusion of some remote Siberian settlement.

It is illegal to give a public lecture in Russia, or to call together more than a very limited number of people for any private purpose whatever, even for a dinner-party in one's own house, without the special permission of the police, and, if such permission is granted, it is on the express understanding that detectives shall be admitted to the assembly. With a continually increasing pressure in the boiler, there is only one alternative; and if in Russian society the safety-valve of free discussion is to continue weighted thus with exile and Siberia, sooner or later the pent-up forces will release themselves by the explosive violence of revolution.

The Russian Church is so closely connected with the State that dissent from it is a political offence, and the object for which religious Nonconformists are sent into exile is not so much to extirpate false doctrine as to uphold the power of the government. It is said that there are not less than fifteen millions of Dissenters in European Russia, and this is evidence of a considerable degree of toleration.

But when, like the Stundists, a sect becomes aggressive, disseminating its opinions, and seeking to win outsiders to its fellowship, it comes at once into collision with the ruling powers.

The Russian clergy are very lenient to their parishioners. Habitual drunkenness, dishonesty, licentiousness, even atheism itself, if not too noisy, seldom provoke serious denunciation, and are regarded as venial offences compared with that of joining the Dissenters—a moral sin, which no amount of intelligence, education, or saintliness can palliate. The more Dissenters it sends out to Siberia, the more there are to send.

None of the exiles ever thinks of attempting to escape in the winter, nor when winter is approaching, but the spring seems to offer a favourable opportunity. So formidable are the difficulties which confront these fugitives that, of all those who escape from the convict stations, one-third come back and ask to be readmitted, and one-third perish in the forest, the remaining third only managing to maintain themselves in freedom.

These escaped exiles are the terror of the Trans-Baikal Province. They are said to number not less than twenty thousand. One by one, as they manage to obtain passports, they set out for Europe, keeping well hidden by the forest while following the direction of the post-road. Most are content to run the risk of travelling with forged papers. An escaped exile, who is determined to have a genuine passport, must murder, rob, and personate a man who has one. Such a "varnak" is to be feared. Every traveller I met in that region was armed; and one, who for a few hundred miles shared my tarantass, always sat for an hour or two at twilight, revolver in hand, looking down at the road from his side of the conveyance. "Any man who shows himself here is a bradyaga," he said, "so shoot him without a word."

Dr. Wenyon passed only two small towns in the six hundred miles from Irkutsk to the Yenisei. This river is the largest in Asia, and one of the largest in the world. Rising on the table-lands of Mongolia, 5,000 feet above the level of the sea, before it reaches that level it runs a course of more than 3,000 miles; 2,000 miles above its entrance to the Arctic Ocean it is half a mile wide, and it is navigable for several hundred miles above this place.

There are few other civilized countries in the world where all the necessaries of life can be ob-

ON THE MARCH TO SIBERIA.

tained so cheaply as on the Upper Yenisei. Ten pounds of Russian bread could be purchased for five cents, a pound of beef or mutton for two cents, a hundred cucumbers for four cents, thirty-six pounds of potatoes for five cents, a fowl for three cents, a duck for five cents, and a goose for twelve cents. Fresh eggs were regularly sold at five or six for two cents, and new milk at one cent per quart. This is a poor district for earning money, though such a good one for economically spending it.

The city of Tomsk is, after Irkutsk, the largest in Siberia, having a population of forty thousand. The largest building, or rather series of buildings, is the university—the only one in Siberia. It was opened in 1889. Here travellers usually commence their land journey to the East, and as many as fifty thousand sledges and tarantasses are manufactured in the city every year. The voyage westward from Tomsk to the Ural Mountains usually occupies a week by the Obi and Irtish rivers. The last is 2,500 miles long, and the Obi still longer.

Before I reached the Obi river I had hired for this journey not less than 360 horses.

As we proceeded northward, says Dr. Wenyon, the June days lengthened until there was no night at all. The sun just dipped below the horizon, but the sunset glory never faded, and as banners waving above hedgerows indicate the progress of an unseen procession, so the golden splendours of the evening followed the sun's movement round the north until again they brightened into day.

The farther one goes northward the more abundant do remains of fossil mammoths become. They are washed up with every tide upon the Arctic shores, and some extensive islands off the coast seem to consist almost entirely of fossil ivory and bones.

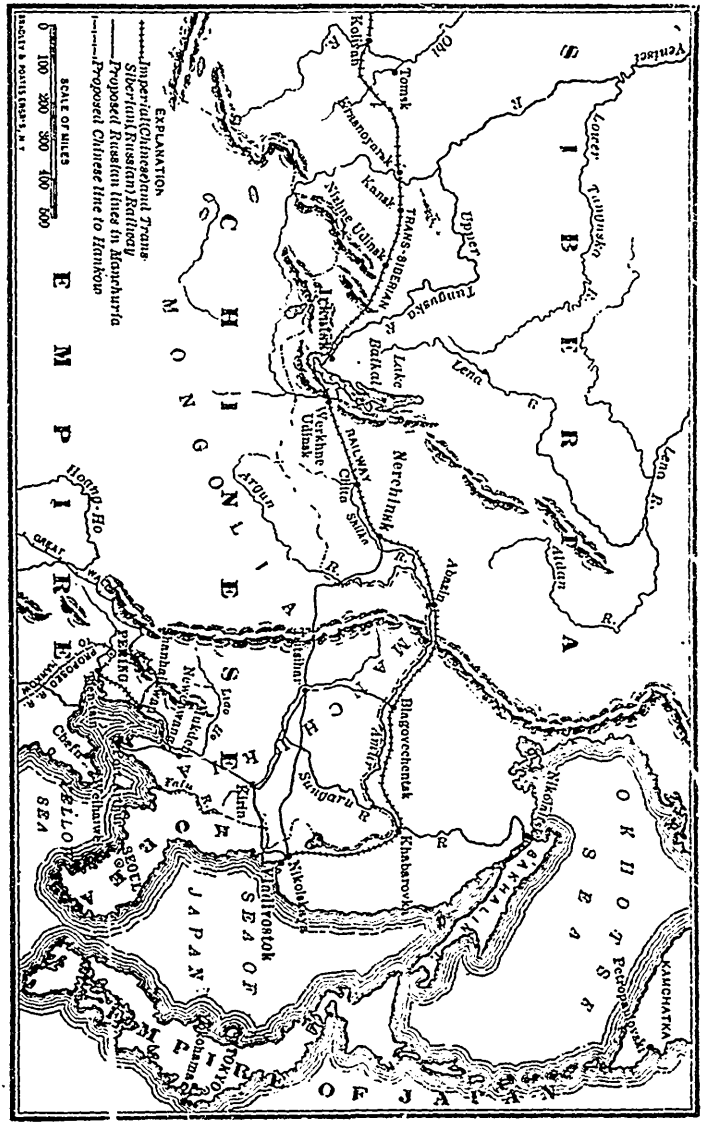
From Tiumen, the then western terminus of the Siberian railway, it was a journey of two nights and a day to the Kama river, on the western side of the Ural range. In the evening twilight, we stopped at a small station bearing the great name of "Asia." After a short run beyond it, we reached a precisely similar station, called "Europe." We had crossed the water-shed between two continents.

Approaching the Russian frontier at Wilna, our tourist was surprised at the attention shown him by the military guard, still more at his arrest. The soldiers plainly told me, he writes, that there was reason to believe me to be an escaped exile; and that my passport had no doubt been taken from some traveller whom I had murdered. When I called attention to my identity—a banker's letter of credit, visiting cards, pocket-book, and correspondence—the soldiers gave a knowing chuckle, and replied that of course when I took

the passport from the traveller I took his other papers too.

Dr. Wenyon was kept here for three days before orders came from St. Petersburg to permit him to leave the country. He was exhorted to be patient, as he would probably soon find himself on the way back to Siberia. When the order did come the frontier guards declared it was a forgery, and he had to get it again indorsed.

After crossing the frontier, he gave a hearty British cheer, and was soon en route for England, where a man may speak the thing he will and no man say him nay.



THE TRANS-SIBERIAN RAILWAY AND CONNECTIONS.

THE TRANS-SIBERIAN RAILWAY.

The great Trans-Siberian Railway,

which follows largely the route of the old post-road, is now nearing completion. The western end of the road is so far finished that travellers may proceed from St. Petersburg to Kolivan, a distance of 1,800 miles, in less than five days, without change of cars. When completed, the Trans-Siberian will be the longest stretch of continuous railway track ever laid—4,700 miles. The construction was begun in 1891. The western section of the road runs through the most fertile grain-growing part of Siberia, a region which is expected to be not only the granary of Russia, but which may also compete for the trade of the world. Other sections in Siberia have already been completed, and it is hoped that by next autumn the 1,100 miles through Central Siberia will be finished. Of the Pacific section 250 miles have been constructed. The hardest work has been done in the severest climate, that of the Yablonoboi Mountains, where in summer the temperature rises to 77 degrees in the day time, and falls to 23 degrees at night. Only during a quarter of the year is the temperature above freezing. In the valley of the Chita the depth to which the soil freezes is said to average 23½ feet. We are told that in the summer the top-soil is thawed to a depth of about twelve feet, the remaining depth being always frozen. The labour used on the railway has been partly imported; as many as 160,000 labourers have been employed at one time during the summer. It is estimated that the total cost of the undertaking will reach nearly $300,000,000. Both in military and in commercial possibilities this gigantic railway will be of surpassing importance.

Not only Siberia, with its great plains and mineral wealth, but Manchuria with its arable lands, rich pasture and energetic population, is brought into close touch with Europe. It is estimated that, by July 1st, 1904, trains will be running clear through to the Japan Sea. The distance from London will be reduced to nine days and two hours, instead of twenty-eight or thirty-eight days as at present. To-day a ticket from London by Brindisi and the Suez Canal to Yokohama costs $428. By the Siberian Railway it will cost, aside from food and berth, $119.

AUTUMN.

Thou burden of songs the earth hath sung
  Thou retrospect in time's reverted eyes,
  Thou metaphor of everything that dies,
That dies ill-starred, or dies beloved and young,
    And therefore blest and wise—
O be less beautiful or be less brief,
  Thou tragic splendour, strange and full of fear!
  In vain her pageant shall the summer rear!
At the mute signal, leaf by golden leaf,
    Crumbles the gorgeous year.

Ah, ghostly as remembered mirth, the tale
  Of summer's bloom, the legend of the spring!
  And thou, too, flutterest an impatient wing,
Thou presence yet more fugitive and frail,
    Thou most unbodied thing,
Whose very being is thy going hence,
  And passage and departure all thy theme;
  Whose life doth still a splendid dying seem,
And thou at height of thy magnificence
    A figment and a dream.

Stilled is the virgin rapture that was June,
  And cold is August's panting heart of fire;
  And in the storm-dismantled forest choir
For thine own elegy the winds attune
    Their wild and wizard lyre;
And poignant grows the charm of thy decay,
  The pathos of thy beauty, and the sting,
  Thou parable of greatness vanishing!
For me, thy woods of gold and skies of gray
    With speech fantastic ring.

—*William Watson.*

VILLAGE LIFE IN SWITZERLAND.

BY EWAN MACPHERSON.

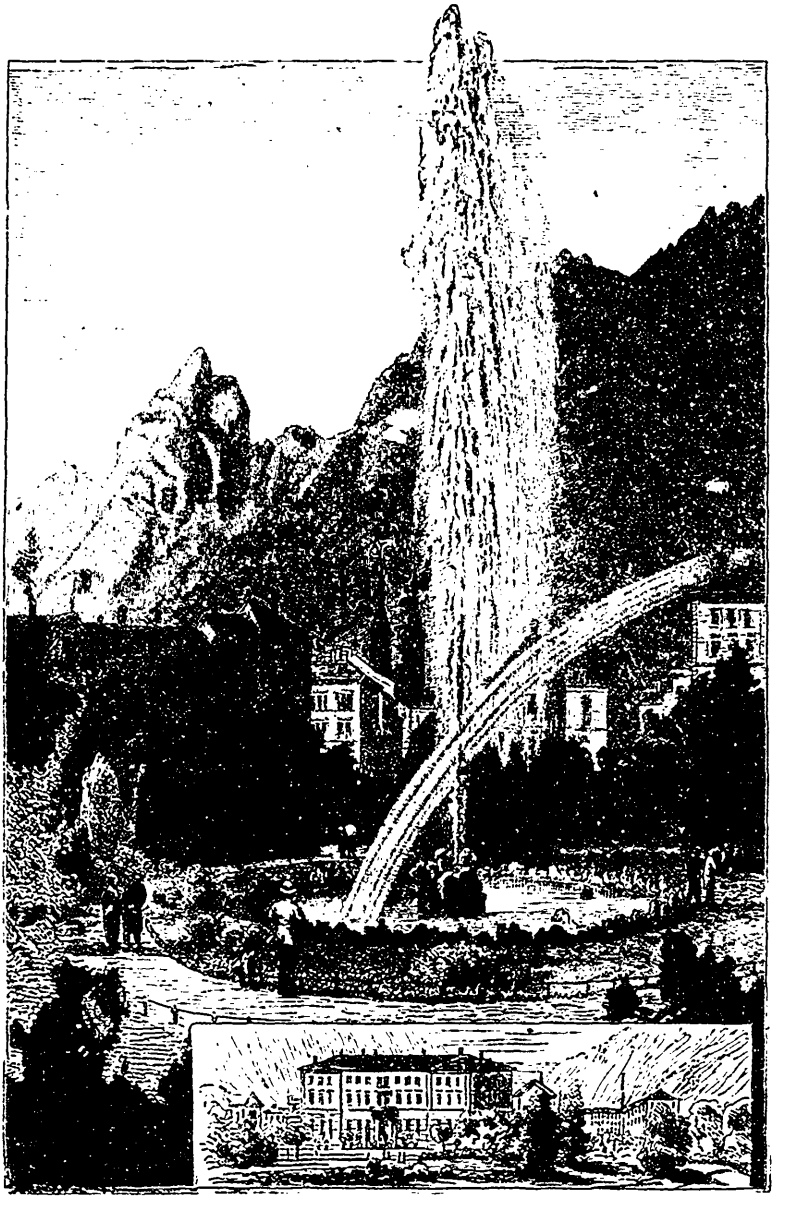
SWISS PEASANT.

The Swiss are not a people that dwell in cities. Although for three centuries they have been reckoned among the most skilful artificers in Europe, still the old love of free mountain atmosphere, as well as the fact that the Swiss are still mainly a pastoral people, has kept them from crowding into large towns. Besides the few great centres of population at Geneva, Basel, Berne, Zurich, and Neuchatel, there are here and there, as at Chaux-de-Fonds, with its houses almost all windows, where busy, delicate fingers keep working at hairspring and flywheel as long as daylight lasts, or at Saint Gall, where the exquisite Swiss muslins and embroideries are wrought in the homes of the people, communities large enough to be called important cities; but these are exceptions. Large factories of any kind are hardly to be found outside of Basel and Zurich.

But neither are the Swiss dwellers in isolated homesteads. Mutual protection was, most probably, the original reason for the existence of the thousands of villages that lie scattered over the slopes and along the valleys of the Alps. The village scheme of life, moreover, corresponds to two strong tendencies of the Swiss nature. The Switzer is economical to a marvel, and he loves the companionship of his fellow-men.

Those vast glittering ice-monsters creeping so deliberately, but so irresistibly, down from the giant mountain tops have left but little space for tillage or for grazing, so that the people who would win a subsistence from the soil of the Glacier Land can do so only by bestowing upon it infinite labour and infinite care.

Within an area of barely 15,500 square miles, Switzerland holds a population of nearly 3,000,000, made up from three distinct races, speaking three living languages with numerous dialectic variations, professing Catholicism and three different forms of Protestantism. Much diversity in manners and customs is only to be expected. Yet a strongly-marked character there is, common to life in all Swiss villages. The air of sober, though cheery, content, of quiet, unpretentious, democratic dignity, of studious thrift, belongs to the nature of the people; the signs of



THE PUBLIC GARDENS, GLARUS.—THE GLARNERHOF MOUNTAINS DEINSTOCK AND WIGGES IN BACKGROUND.

mutual dependence and helpfulness, of intimate community of interests, are everywhere apparent in the manner of their daily lives.

Suppose we enter on a fine summer day a village of about fifteen hundred inhabitants. There are no streets. The houses stand at irregular intervals along the road, and there are not so many

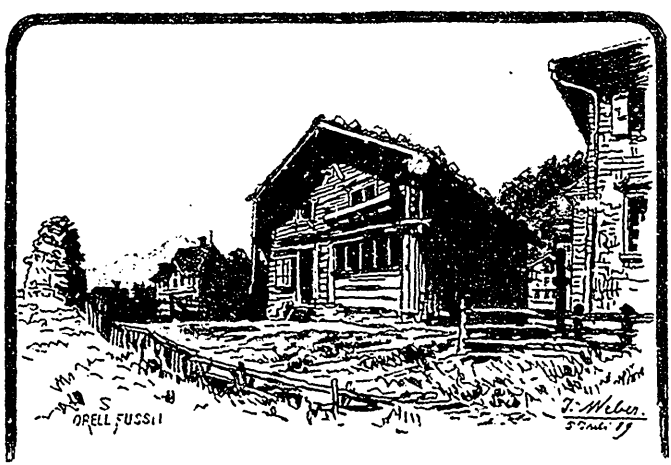
of them as the size of the community would lead us to expect. The most important, and most imposing, building is the communal schoolhouse. It is built of stone,

SWISS WAYSIDE INN.

three stories high, in the midst of pleasant playing-fields, with plenty of shade trees about it. The village courthouse, if there be one, is not easy to find; the "drink hall" is not conspicuous; the church is not worth coming a long way to look at, although people come many miles to worship there on Sundays, for its congregation numbers over 12,000 souls scattered through some half-dozen villages.

For the dwellings, here is one which may serve as a type: It stands about three yards back from the hard, smooth, scrupulously clean road, separated from it by a little conduit, on the far side of which stretch sundry square feet of grass, decked out with gentians, poppies, carnations, roses. At one side of the house stands a neat pile, built of alternate layers of straw and manure. The building itself is of wood only—Swiss pine—but never was wood used for building to finer advantage. There is hardly a sign of paint on the outside, nor will you find any when you enter. Two long, low windows, each divided vertically by heavy wooden mullions, and again by a horizontal beam, and each compartment filled with small panes, occupy nearly the whole width of the front. The shutters are outside, and slide up and down in grooves. Over these is another row of windows, yet another window filling in the wide triangular gable, and last, the broad projecting edges of the low-pitched roof, supported by rafters, the ends of which are reinforced by massive corbels.

Perched up on a shelf over the topmost window is an old-fashioned beehive, made of coiled



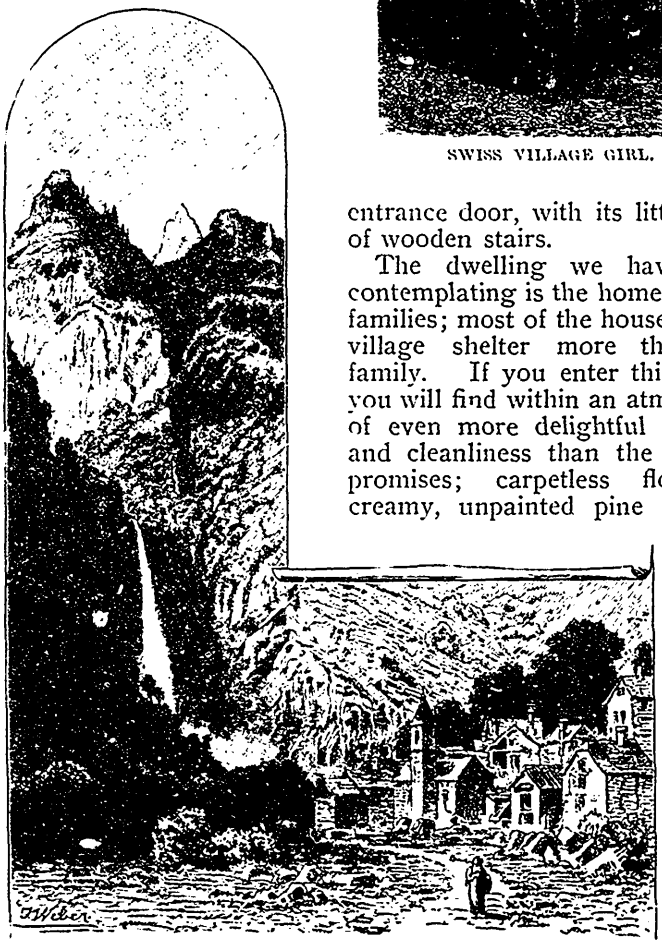
SWISS CHALET.

straw. The flowers, in boxes on all the window ledges, form a grateful relief to the mellow brown of the time-stained wood-work, for the only decorative colouring employed on the building is in the carved and painted inscriptions in German characters on the projecting ends of beams and the panels between the windows. Standing on the other side of the road, you can see that the heavy shingled roof is held in place by great boulders, and also that it is covered with soft green moss, an inevitable growth in this moist climate. There, at the side, is the

SWISS VILLAGE GIRL.

entrance door, with its little flight of wooden stairs.

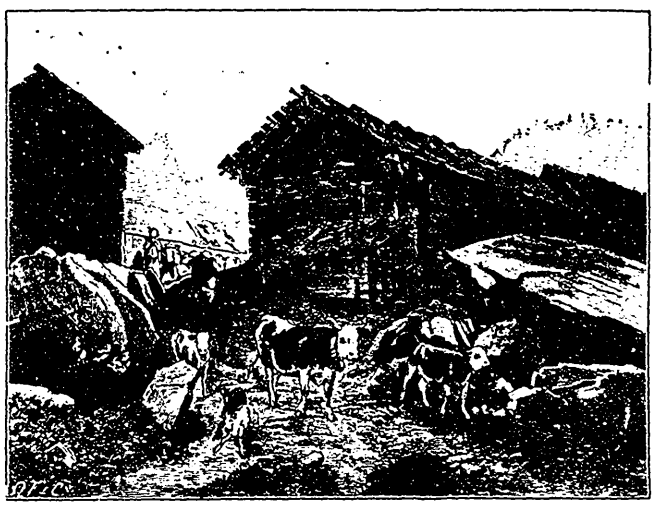
The dwelling we have been contemplating is the home of three families; most of the houses in this village shelter more than one family. If you enter this house, you will find within an atmosphere of even more delightful neatness and cleanliness than the exterior promises; carpetless floors of creamy, unpainted pine wood, a



SWISS VILLAGE.

low raftered ceiling of the same material, pine wood walls; but there is plenty of carving, cleverly wrought in maple, beech, or walnut from the lower valleys. In the far corner stands the most important object in the room,—the tall, cylindrical, white porcelain stove, ribbed with bands of polished brass. It stands near the partition wall to save space and to economize fuel by heating the next room as well as this.

Such is the sitting-room of one family; it is twice repeated on the upper floors of the house. The



MOUNTAIN DAIRY CHALET.

room is empty now, father and mother being both at work, while the two boys, not yet fifteen, are obliged by law to attend school, and the summer vacation has not yet begun. There is one grown son in the family, but he is a "wildheuer," that is, he earns three or four francs a day by mowing the wild grass which is to be found growing about, in patches of a few square yards together, on almost inaccessible ledges among the higher mountain peaks. On the date fixed by law to begin gathering this "wild hay," the wildheuer is away with his primitive scythe, his steel-shod staff, and his climbing-irons, and it may be a week longer before he drops down once more into the village to get a fresh supply of food and a change of linen.

As for the two grown-up daughters, they set out a month since with their milk pails of fine white wood, scoured until they shine like porcelain, packed with milking-stools, and other implements, on a waggon, and followed the village herd of cows to the mountain pastures. These pastures belong to the commune, and every member has the right to graze on them in the summer as many head of cattle as he has fed in his stalls through the winter. Through the summer the herd will graze from the lowest pasture to the highest and back again.

This annual migration of the cows, and, with them, sheep and goats, affords two important events to mark the passage of time in a pastoral village like this. We are supposing our visit to come between the great exodus to the Alps in the spring and the return of the herds in the autumn. By "Alps" is to be understood here not all that that term signifies in the geographies, but the original and more restricted meaning of the term, mountain pastures. While the herds are away on the Alps, then, the village is, necessarily, somewhat deserted. It is a jolly time, no doubt, for the herdsmen and milkmaids in their summer

chalets, thousands of feet above the village, where the deep, mellow tones of the herdsman's alp-horn sounds morning and evening over the glaciers, and the musical yodel mingles with the lowing of the kine and harmonious tinkling and clanging of their bells at milking-time; but those left at home in the village must long for the ranz des vaches—the return of the cows.

MOUNTAIN CHALET AND CHURCH.

Ranz des vaches is the name given to a class of melodies that recall to the Swiss mountaineer all the charm of his home; and no wonder. It is when the cattle come down from the mountains that an Alpine village quickens. The long procession of sleek, dappled beauties comes winding down the slopes, with variously pitched tones of bells, from the tiniest metal sphere not more than two inches in diameter tinkling under the throat of the yearling heifer, to the great round bell almost large enough for a steeple which the queen-cow proudly carries on her brazen-studded collar. There is much lowing as the cows recognize their homes. The alp-horns sound, to warn stragglers, if there be any, but still more by way of gratuitous contribution to the chorus of joy. For the cows, the days of their open-air holiday are ended; for the school children, the season of regular hours in the class-room is at hand; for all, the village life is about to recommence as a fully united and concerted whole. Swiss children, incredible as it may appear, do not regard school as the cruellest hardship in life, partly because their vacations mean hard manual labour, partly also because the system followed in Swiss schools is based upon the wisdom of Henry Pestalozzi.

From the home-coming of the cows dates the resumed even tenor of the village life. Henceforth, chained each in her own carefully-cleaned, well-sanded stall, where she is fed with hay and groomed like a pet horse, the cow will be milked at early dawn; the whole family will assemble at the simple breakfast of rye bread, cheese, and coffee, before the children set out for school, and their elders for the daily round of bread-winning labour; the family circle will be complete at every one of the five daily meals, when the stiff-looking wooden chairs are drawn up to the table, and the service of brilliantly-polished maple-wood bowls, pitchers, and cups, are set out.

SWISS BATH HOUSE.

Having taken note of the table-furnishings, it may be in order to glance at the dress—the every-day dress—of the family. Time was when each canton had its own very peculiar costume, but increased traffic has in Switzerland, as elsewhere, tended to obliterate

picturesque distinctions of this kind. The women still like to show, on Sundays and other holidays, their dazzlingly white chemisettes brimming over the tops of neatly-laced bodices; they have retained a fondness for long and massive silver chains looped under the arms and fastened before and behind with little silver rosettes, and all over Switzerland the wide-brimmed flower-decked feminine straw hat is common.

WOOD-CARVERS AT WORK.

But on the whole, as they sit here at their "daily bread," the feminine attire is a uniformly dark woollen stuff, of a sort well calculated to resist wear and hide dirt. That of the men is much the same as to material. One pair of boots lasts a man an indefinite time. They are heavy lace-ups, the sole and heel are made out of one solid piece of wood, studded with big, long-headed nails.

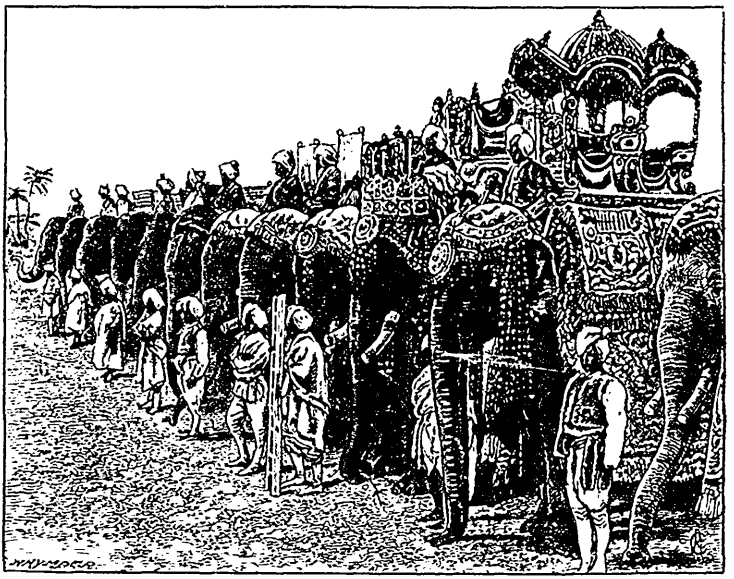
In the matter of underwear, a Swiss peasant is generally better supplied with linen than people of other lands who think themselves rich. But then, washing day in a Swiss village comes not oftener than three or four times in a year.

The family meal is brief and light, for the great principle of Swiss diet appears to be to eat often and sparingly.

When the day's work is over, and yet a little twilight remains, they gather by the roadside, or on the village green, if there be one, and sing. As there is a rifle-shooting club in every commune, so there is a singing club in every village of any size, and with the singing club goes the village band. This last is in requisition on the great day when the most deserving children of the school receive their prizes.

The village wedding shall bring down the curtain on this sketch of village life. The day fixed for the wedding is on Sunday. In the morning, before going to church, the guests meet at the bride's house to partake of wine, soup, and fritters. After the marriage ceremony, the party go in procession to the bridegroom's house, where dinner is served; the priest delivers a long discourse, and other orators hold forth. In the evening there is dancing, and at the stroke of midnight the guests form a ring round the wedded pair and take off their crowns, and, after a few words of encouragement, they are left alone.—The Chautauquan.

THE INDIAN FAMINE AND INDIAN MISSIONS.



ELEPHANT BRIGADE OF NATIVE PRINCE UNDER THE SUZERAINTY OF THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT.

II.

The Rev. Edward Storrow writes thus of the effects of Christian missions on the women of India :

In the closing decade of last century we find native Hinduism in its normal condition; society was hardly touched by the influence of Western civilization, British rule, or missionary proselytism. Female infanticide was very common. Here and there were schools for boys, and for them education was highly valued, but nowhere in native society was there a school for girls. Child marriage was customary. Perpetual widowhood was enforced, and all widows were regarded as accursed by destiny, a dishonour to their family, and therefore liable to be treated with lifelong insult and repression.* In some parts, especially in Bengal, the immolation of widows was encouraged as honourable and meritorious, conferring on the widow great honour in this life, and in a future state bliss for thousands of years.** Women everywhere were held to be inferior and subordinate to men,

* Of the 140,500,000 females of India, 22,600,000 were widows, according to the Government Census Report of 1890. Of these widows, 13,878 were under four years of age. The girls between the ages of ten and fourteen were upwards of 12,000,000, and of these more than 6,000,000 were married, and 174,500 were widows.

** Suttee seems to have been common in some parts of India from remote times, but it was not until the early part of this century that reliable information of its extent was collected. It seems to have been more practised in the great districts around Calcutta than anywhere else. In 1815 there were 253 suttees, in 1816 there were 289, in 1817, 442, in 1818, 544, giving an average of more than one a day for these four years.

AN INTERIOR, DELHI.

intellectually and morally. When the missionaries preached, the men resented the presence of women. If a school was established, it was a wonder if half a dozen girls, always young and of inferior rank, could be induced to attend. If they prepared books, probably not one woman in 20,000 could read them.

The first missionaries in South India and in Bengal saw at once the importance of education as a missionary agency, and so they established schools. They were attended only by children of the lowest castes, very few girls came, and these attended very irregularly, and left altogether at a very early age.

Subsequently schools for girls

NATIVE FORTRESS, MIR ALAM.

only were formed, but it is difficult for persons familiar only with Western sentiments and usages, to understand the difficulties confronting the workers, even beyond the middle of this century.

To secure an attendance of twenty-five girls was a great thing; these were usually of low caste, and a woman had to be paid to bring them to school and to take them home; the scholars were usually paid small sums; the merest trifles prevented their attendance, or caused it to cease altogether; and at the age of ten or eleven the child was supposed to be too big to go to school, or was taken away to be married.

To bring girls more entirely under Christian and educational influences, boarding-schools were established for orphans and the children of native Christian parents, as resident or day scholars.* These schools or asylums offered a wide field for exercise of benevolence, and opportunities for the Christian training of children rescued from heathen surroundings.

The first school for upper-class girls was founded by the zeal and liberality of the Hon. Drinkwater Bethune, in 1849. It gave instruction to about eighty young ladies belonging to some of the most influential families in Calcutta, and prepared the way for analogous movements elsewhere.

The question of family, or zenana, instruction had engaged the

* The terrible famines which swept over various parts of India during the latter half of the last century and the first of this, gave ample opportunity for gathering orphan children under the care of the missionaries with government aid.

MOSQUE AT LAHORE.

attention of a small number of advanced natives and Europeans. Here and there a native gentleman, privately, almost secretly, had his wife instructed, but the great mass of the people were timid, indifferent, or hostile. Missionaries, however zealous, were powerless to act. For them to enter zenanas was out of the question. It was in 1855 that the idea of zenana visitation by Christian women took practical and permanent form. But custom, prejudice, and distrust are so inveterate, that only slowly and cautiously were zenanas opened. Zenana visitation has broadened out. Zenana ladies are in great request. Men wish their families to be instructed. Women are eager to learn. Christianity is taught; fees are often paid. And since usually in respectable families there are several ladies, though monogamy is the rule, there is more than one to be taught, and often many to listen.

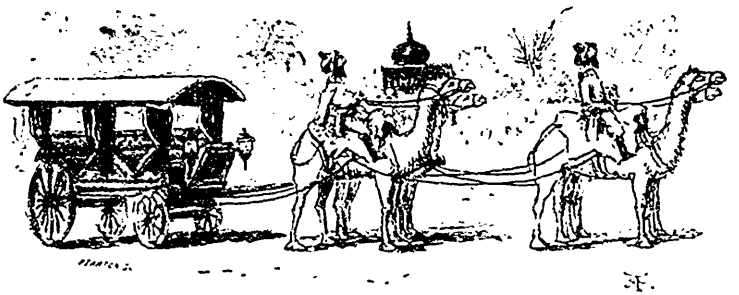
Allusion must here be made to medical work among women. The great lack of medical skill in native society led the Countess of Dufferin to inaugurate, in 1886, the important fund, which bears her name, "For supplying female medical aid to the women of India." It was greatly needed, has been productive of great good, and has in its constitution and aims the elements of permanent and widespread usefulness. Intrinsically her design was worthy of all the aid it obtained at once from natives of the highest rank and greatest wealth, which candour compels us to add it would not have obtained, had not the patroness been the wife of the Governor-General.

ENTRANCE TO MOSQUE.

India is an empire of villages, not of towns. In England, 53 per cent. of the whole population live in towns, but in India, only 4.34 per cent. Until recently women have had but the rarest opportunities to become acquainted with Christian truth, and probably not one in ten of all outside the Christian fold have ever had the Gospel adequately put before them. To reach these women, rural missions have been formed both in the north and south, and have met with encouragement and success. The usual plan is for two or more ladies, assisted by native Christian helpers, to reside where the rural population is dense and accessible.

No work is more Christlike. It requires good health, zeal, courage, tact, patience, love. But with these, it is far more promising than at first might be supposed. Hindus are seldom lacking in courtesy, and to ladies of Western race they are invariably respectful. Usually they accept as a distinction the visits of such to the ladies of their families. To the latter such visits are welcome for diverse reasons. They gratify their curiosity; relieve the monotony of their terribly dull, uninteresting lives; give them some idea of the wonderful, mysterious people of whom they hear so much and know so little. They hear expressions of love, sympathy, and

HINDU WOMAN.



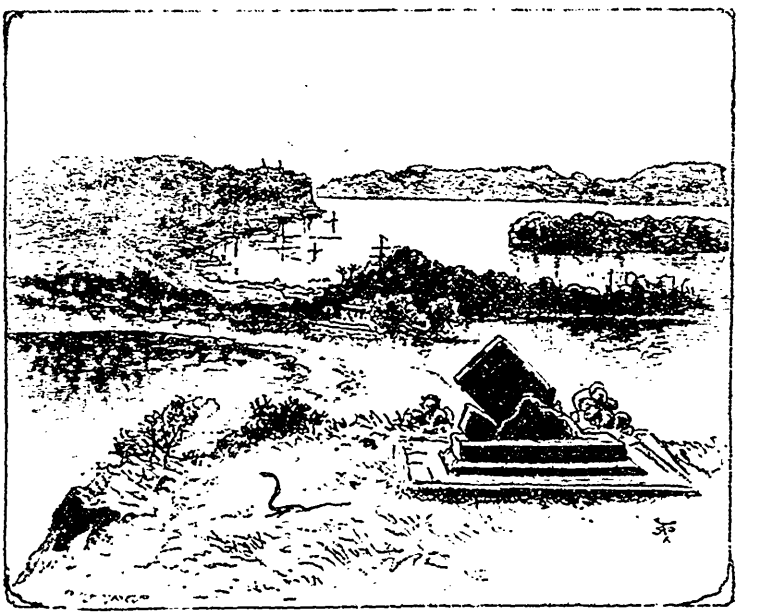
INDIAN CAMEL TEAM.

respect, and it may be, gain relief from pain, and hope in sickness. They hear of a God of love and a Saviour from sin, and a glorious life after death; and from innate disposition and unfavourable surroundings, probably no women in the world are so prepared to welcome the glad tidings of great joy as they.

Thus woman's work for woman has grown. On account of European influence and example, Calcutta, Bombay and Madras have been foremost alike in receiving Western ideas as to the position of woman, and in their willingness to give them practical effect. But there is no important mission station in India that is not an active centre for work in behalf of women.

The Rev. H. Grattan Guiness thus records his impressions received during a missionary journey in India :

First, as to the oppression of women. They are treated as beasts of burden. They pass by thousands carrying fuel, fruits,



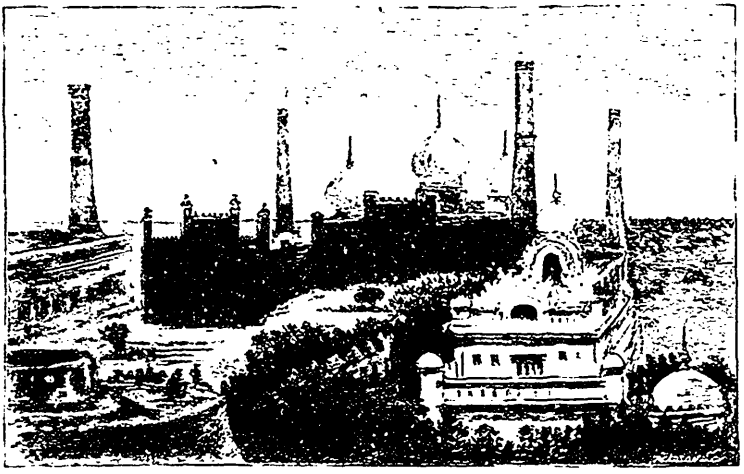
TRINCOMALEE HARBOUR, FROM BRITISH FORT.

manure, and loads of grass, or other vegetable produce, on their heads. They are mostly short, thin, worn looking, lightly clothed, with bare arms and legs, brown as a berry, walking with short, quick steps, and upright carriage. In the home the wife is a servant, and little better often than a slave. The treatment of widows is infamous. Woman is crushed here, and knows not how to raise herself out of ignorance, oppression, and degradation.

Next, as to the absence of home life. For the bulk of people the houses and shops are all open to the street. The rooms are rude in construction, often of unpainted boards, without ornament, with scarce any furniture, mere eating and sleeping places. The people sit in the streets. Privacy can hardly be said to exist, except in the dwellings of the rich. The effect of this on family life must be tremendous. The inmates swarm like bees in a hive, or ants in an ant-hill. Virtue and morality are thus loosened at their foundations, and independence and self-respect must suffer in proportion.

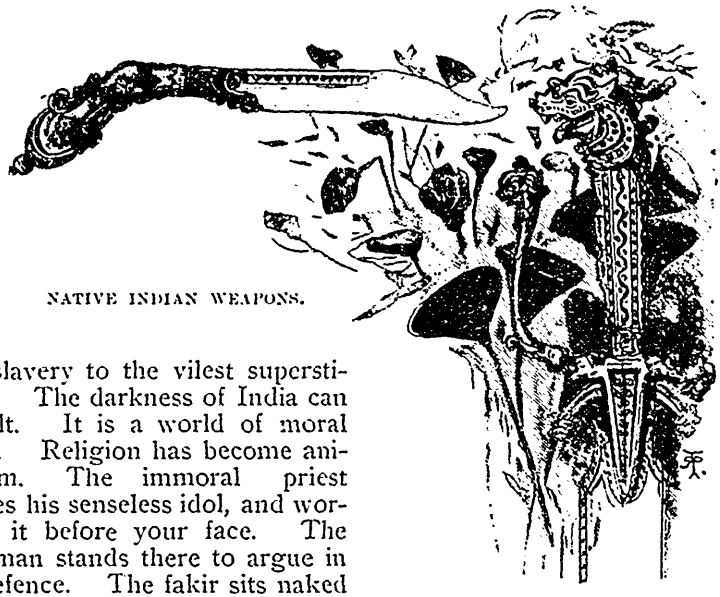
The sanitation of the towns seems deplorable. The plague, at present desolating Bombay, has its cause in this. It is no easy thing to get three hundred millions of people, who have lived without proper drains, to mend their ways. The country is hot and dry, or the results would be much worse. Still, under English rule, a better state of things is being brought about.

Yet there are striking signs of progress. Magnificent buildings, good shops, railways, post-offices, telegraph-stations, hospitals, libraries, schools, colleges, abound as evidences of immense progress. English rule in India is rapidly transforming social habits and civilization. The people breathe a free air, live under just laws, are protected from civil wars and cruel massacres, education is spreading, and a new nation is being born.



RUNJEET SINGH'S TOMB, LAHORE.

This vast people is wholly given to idolatry. Temples, small, dark, dirty, ugly and repulsive stand open everywhere. Vile images of men, monkeys, bulls and elephants are adored. The mind and conscience of the people are in ab-



NATIVE INDIAN WEAPONS.

ject slavery to the vilest superstitions. The darkness of India can be felt. It is a world of moral night. Religion has become animalism. The immoral priest washes his senseless idol, and worships it before your face. The Brahman stands there to argue in his defence. The fakir sits naked in the sun, smeared with ashes, with wild, uncombed locks, like a beast from the woods, and deems himself the most religious of mankind.

India worships three hundred millions of divinities. To her, God is everything, and everything is God, and, therefore, everything may be adored. Snakes and monsters are her special divinities. Her pan-deism is a pandemonium. The things she sacrifices to idols she sacrifices to devils. O for light! light! Millions grope at noon, and stumble into perdition without a warning voice. They know not the true God, and Jesus Christ, whom He has sent.

No door is shut in India. The cities are open, the towns, the villages, the streets, the shops, the zenanas, the halls, the market-places, the whole country and population. You may go where you will, and say what you will, none daring to make you afraid. The people sit by the wayside waiting for you. They wait, with their meek eyes looking out for the advent of the messenger of saving truth. A change has come over their thoughts. They have begun to scorn their priests and suspect their idols. They are willing to hear God's word when it is brought to them. But there are few to bring it. Scarce one Christian in a thousand has the heart to help them. Mammon is too mighty for our pity and piety. Our small home interests hide from us the immeasurable interests of a perishing world. The millions of the heathen to most of us are as though they had no existence whatever. Who shall roll away the dark reproach? Let each one roll it from his own door. Our responsibility is individual. As individuals, let us meet it in all its magnitude.

Our greatest good, and what we least can spare,
Is hope: the last of all our evils, fear.
—*Armstrong.*

BAYARD TAYLOR.*

BAYARD TAYLOR.

The hero of this charming biography was no ordinary man. One of the certain and vivid impressions which follows the reading of his life story is that we are standing in the presence of an engaging personality. As a traveller alone, had he never struck the poet's lyre, he would have been noteworthy. George Macdonald's representation of a desire, on the part of one of his characters, to climb the highest hills and the tallest steeples had its parallel in Taylor's disposition. "In looking back to my childhood," he once wrote, "I can recall the intensest desire to climb upward, so that without shifting the circle of my horizon I could yet extend it and take in a far wider sweep of vision. I envied every bird that sat swinging upon the topmost bough of the great century-old cherry tree; the weather-cock on our barn seemed to me to whirl in a higher region of the air; and to rise from the earth in a balloon was a bliss which I would have almost given my life to enjoy."

When fourteen years of age a phrenological lecturer said of Taylor to his father: "You will never make a farmer of him to any great extent; you will never keep him home; that boy will ramble around the world; and, furthermore, he has all the marks of a poet." True to the prophecy of the phrenologist, Taylor, we read, sailed for Europe when nineteen, with scanty and hard-gathered resources. The story of his enforced frugality, as it is told by Mr. Smyth, includes his living in Germany on thirty-three cents a day, and his subsistence sometimes on "bread, figs, and roasted chestnuts." At Marseilles, on his return from Italy, his fund had diminished to fifteen francs; and at

* "Bayard Taylor." By Albert H. Smyth. 16mo, pp. 320. New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price, cloth, $1.25.

Lyons he "lay in pawn" with his two companions until an expected remittance should come from Paris. At London the case was no better. "I stood," he afterward writes, "upon London bridge, in the raw mist and the falling twilight, with a franc and a half in my pocket, and deliberated what I should do. Weak from seasickness, hungry, chilled, and without a single acquaintance in the great city, my situation was about as hopeless as it is possible to conceive."

In 1852, while on his journey in the Orient, so thoroughly had he taken on the colouring of his environment that his very nationality was mistaken. He writes of himself to James T. Fields, while in Constantinople: "I wear the tarboosh, smoke the Persian pipe, and drop crosslegged on the floor with the ease of any tailor whatever. When I went into my bankers, they addressed me in Turkish. The other day, at Brousa, my fellow-Mussulmen indignantly denounced me as damned, because I broke the fast of the Ramazan by taking a drink of water in the bazaar. I have gone into the holiest mosques in Asia Minor with perfect impunity. I determined to taste the Orient as it was in reality, not as a mere outside looker-on, and so picked up the Arabic tongue, put on the wide trousers, and adopted as many Eastern customs as was becoming to a good Christian."

Thenceforward until 1878, when he, who had first sailed, a callow youth, in the second cabin of the "Oxford," "fitted with temporary berths of rough planks," last crossed to Germany with the honours of the United States Minister to Berlin, he never dropped, except for short intervals, the tourist's staff. Norway, India, Greece, Russia, and Japan in turn gave him welcome. He was an untiring, all-seeing, insatiable traveller, as this biography shows. His descriptions are breezy, unconventional, rich; and the world will not cease to be thankful that the old-time prophecy of phrenology regarding him came true, whatever other failures may be charged up against the science.

But as a man of letters Bayard Taylor was even greater than as a traveller. Through the choice pages of Mr. Smyth we wander in hopeless bewilderment, as we seek to quote the descriptions of Taylor's intellectual force. He was born for literature. As a lad "his verbal memory and his faciiity in rhymes were chiefly noticeable." His vocabulary was large and chaste. On his first visit to the Continent, before a half year had ended, "he was not only fluent in conversation, but had written rhyming German verse." Greek he studied at fifty. His acquaintance with Old World literature was exhaustive; and it is doubtful if any foreigner ever obtained more complete mastery than Bayard Taylor of the German language.

His knowledge of "men and affairs" was great. "He was once surprised at Cedarcroft," says his biographer, "with an order from The Tribune to prepare a sketch of Louis Napoleon 'to be used in the event of the Emperor's abdication.' Drawing almost entirely from the stores of his memory, Taylor wrote in three days an entire page of The Tribune."

But it was as a poet, rather than a prose writer, that Taylor preferred to go down to the future. His first poem, left anonymously at the door of The Saturday Evening Post, was published when he was sixteen. "If the sinking sun had wheeled about and gone up the western sky," he afterward wrote, "or the budding trees had snapped into full leaf in five min-

utes, I don't believe it would have astonished me." His way led past a little brick building, with a lawyer's tin sign on the shutter. "As I caught a glimpse of his head, silhouetted against the back window, I found myself, nevertheless, rather inclined to pity him for being unconscious that the author of 'The Unknown Bard' was at that moment passing his door."

His place among the poets of America is thus assigned him by Mr. Smyth: "When the extraordinary range of his interests and efforts is considered, and his variety and cosmopolitanism weighed, it appears that other poets of America have surpassed him in parts, but that no one has equalled him in all." He had fellowship with such men as Greeley, Whittier, and Lowell. Emerson, Curtis, Stedman, and Aldrich were his guests at Cedarcroft. Stoddard, Boker, and others were his friends. He was one of the choice spirits of his age, who went away too soon from his company and his work. In his funeral address Auerbach said of him that he was born in the New World, but ripened in the Old. There is, therefore, the flavour of European liberality in his verses, as there was in his personal life; and whoever understands him must realize first of all his cosmopolitanism. The lives of few American men of letters have come to fuller fruitage in the generation; and we turn away from the witchery of his presence as from a landscape on which the darkness has too soon settled down.

WORK.

If some great angel spake to me to-night,
In awful language of the unknown land,
Bidding me choose from treasures infinite,
From goodly gifts and glories in his hand,
The thing I coveted, what would I take?
Fame's wreath of bays? the fickle world's esteem?
Nay, greenest bays may wave on brows that ache,
And world's applauding passeth as a dream.

Would I choose love to fill my empty heart
With blissful sweetness, as in days of old?
Nay, for love's rapture hath an after-smart,
And on love's rose the thorns are manifold.
Would I choose life, with long-succeeding years?
Nay, earth's long life is longer time for tears.

I would choose work, and never-failing power
To work without weak hindrance by the way,
Without recurrence of the weary hour,
When tired, tyrant nature holds its sway
Over the busy brain and toiling hand.
Ah! if an angel came to me to-night,
Speaking in language of the unknown land,
So would I choose from treasures infinite.
But well I know the blessed gift I crave,
The tireless strength for never-ending task,
Is not for this life. But beyond the grave,
It may be, I shall find the thing I ask;
For I believe there is a better land,
Where will and work and strength go hand in hand.

—*All the Year Round.*

RELIGION IN HIGH PLACES.*

BY THE EDITOR.

I.

A conspicuous example of distinction in the service of his country and devotion to the service of God is the late Sir Arthur Blackwood. The Blackwoods were of Scottish origin, one of them being Privy Councillor to Mary Queen of Scots. Another became an ancestor of the present Lord Dufferin. Sir Arthur Blackwood's grandfather served with Nelson in the British navy and earned a K.C.B. His father was a country gentleman of ample means.

Young Blackwood shared the training of Eton College with some men who afterwards became famous. That he might know at least one foreign language well, his father sent him to live with a parish clergyman at Proseken, on the Baltic. But in the German parsonage he seems to have lost what religion he had. After attending church in the morning, the family spent Sunday going to the opera, playing cards, and the like. In the lad's diary such entries as this occur: "Read prayers in morning . . played vingt et un, which I am sorry for. God forgive me! Won four schelling."

After travelling as far as Prague and Vienna, he entered Cambridge University, but was too much addicted to sport to gain much profit. Through the influence of Lord John Russell he was appointed to a clerkship in the Treasury. The perfunctory duties of copying letters and sealing them with an enormous weight of red sealing wax left ample time for sauntering in the parks and enjoying gay London life. He frankly writes, "I am much too fond of balls and operas to give up the world without a great struggle. I shun religion, and fly from it as a bore."

In 1854, the Crimean War broke out. The Government organized a commissariat staff. Young Blackwood volunteered: "thought the trip to Malta and Constantinople would not be at all bad fun." He soon found out that it was not all fun—working from five in the morning till seven at night without even time for luncheon, issuing stores and rations—sometimes ten thousand loaves of bread, with other things in proportion. For every ounce of meat and other stores required for three regiments he had to account, and was "nearly worked off his legs."

The commissariat arrangements were very imperfect. The army lived from hand to mouth. Blackwood strained every nerve, sometimes getting only an hour's sleep in the night. "The rascally Greeks and Turks had a very bad habit of firing at one from behind the bushes—the very people we came to fight for trying to take our lives."

He threw his religious scruples to the wind and gambled heavily.

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* "The Life of Sir Arthur Blackwood, K.C.B." London: Hodder & Stoughton. 8vo. Pp. 595, with portraits.

This paper is expanded from an article in the *Methodist Review*. We have the more pleasure in presenting it inasmuch as the son of Sir Arthur Blackwood rendered us very valuable assistance for some months as stenographic secretary. He was a very bright and genial gentleman, who contributed several articles to this periodical. Like his father, he had been educated largely abroad, in Germany and Switzerland, and had a familiar acquaintance with the languages of those countries. His sister, Lady Kintore, wife of the Governor of West Australia, favoured us with a call *en route* to spend Christmas in England, and contributed to this magazine a very graphic account of her visit to the Sandwich Islands.

Cholera set in, and many died after an hour's illness. The town of Varna was burned, with vast supplies of forage and stores. The whole of the French ammunition for a time was in danger of explosion, enough to blow ten such towns in the air. "Yet, amid these horrors," he writes, "everybody was drunk. Champagne was flowing in rivers."

He gives a vivid account of the battle of the Alma. The whole sea was covered with ships, the finest sight he ever saw, and though a non-combatant, he was for a time under fire. He was an eye-witness of the famous charge of the "Light Brigade," in which out of eight hundred six hundred were slain.

He shared the hardships of the arduous siege of Sebastopol. A November gale wrecked fifty ships, and sent a million and a half pounds of bread and immense quantities of stores and clothing to the bottom of the Black Sea. Wind and rain and storm wrecked tents and plunged everyone into misery. The rain converted the roads into quagmires, through which bullock trains and pack mules struggled, or died. He could not sleep at night for thinking of breaking-down carts. Thirty horses were required to draw a field gun, and fatigue parties of six or eight hundred had to carry food from the transports for miles up hill on their backs. They had barely shoes for their feet, and went in their wet clothes for a month. The lack of transport caused the death of nearly two-thirds of the horses.

The sickness in the army was frightful. Men died by hundreds. Mr. Blackwood's division were never on short rations, but sometimes they were pretty near it, once with only a half a pound of meat in store. His name was mentioned with honour in the House of Commons, and commended in The Times. His mother was highly elated, and writes, "I tread on air, my heart is so proud; the pavement seems to bound with me."

The Guards, fifteen hundred strong, had five hundred in the hospital. The Sixty-third regiment was reduced to about forty men. Men worked sixteen hours out of twenty-four, and then, wet, tired, and hungry, received green coffee and raw pork with no fire to cook them.

Mr. Blackwood's diary gives a vivid account of the operations before Sebastopol: The storming of the Mamelon, attack of the Redan, and fall of Sebastopol. The town was literally knocked to bits, the streets ploughed up by shot and shell. Amid the horrors of war, the deaths of comrades and friends, yet did he not remember his God, but entirely neglected his Bible and prayer. In his private journal, the sad list of names of the slain, which fills half a page of the entry for Inkerman on 5th November, is immediately followed by the words, "Went to S——'s in the evening. Won £3." Another entry of about the same date is as follows: "Played vingt et un with W——, with the butchers' dirty cards, and lost £5 4s. Dined at D——'s. Played loo afterwards, and lost £45. Walked home again about one o'clock. Licked Antoine." (Antoine was his servant).

Among a consignment of books sent from home to beguile the tedium of the camp was "The Sinner's Friend," by Captain J. V. Hall. "I put it on one side," he writes, "not caring for it. But when at last I had nothing else to read, I took it up, and it pleased God to bless the reading of that book to my soul. It led me to seek the Saviour."

His father offered money to pay his gambling debts, £500 or more,

but he declined the offer and resolved to pay them off himself. A service by an army chaplain in an upper room at Balaclava seriously impressed his soul, and led to a resolve to amend his life and to his partaking of the Holy Sacrament. The death of a beloved sister almost broke his heart. "Shutting myself up in my tent," he writes, "I only emerged from it after dark, and then stormed up and down the camp like a madman. My grief was insupportable. I was in the most ungovernable rage against God for daring to take my sister."

Towards the close of 1855, in his twenty-fourth year, he was recalled to the Treasury department and assigned the responsible duty of conveying specie to the various ports. The old fascinations and snares of London life now put forth their power, heightened by the distinction gained by his services in the Crimea. He was the idol of society, tall and handsome, and known as "Beauty Blackwood." He writes:

"I began to lead a sort of half-and-half life—a Bible reading once or twice in a week, and a ball on several other evenings. At last, one evening at the Queen's ball, at Buckingham Palace, my eyes were opened to see what must be the result of the life I was leading, and how false I was playing to what I had felt and avowed."

Yet the world and its pleasures did not surrender their hold upon him. He was invited to three balls in one evening, and went to all three—the third at Willis' rooms, a fashionable resort. "The thought forced itself upon me," he says, "what folly!—and all these people have immortal souls to save!" He asked a lady to dance, and began to speak to her about the realities of eternity. That was the last ball to which he ever went. The next time he entered Willis' rooms, six years later, was to preach the Gospel.

He at once gave up plays and operas. He felt that they were destroying his soul.

"It was a hard struggle," he writes, "For at that time I was only seeking, and did not know Christ. Soon it was no longer a question of what I must give up in order to win Christ, but having won Christ, what can I do for Him?

"Captain Trotter gave me a good rule at starting. 'Never go anywhere where you cannot conscientiously ask the Lord Jesus to go with you. I would say further, If Jesus is your friend, you can't enjoy anything where you have not the society of your best of friends.'"

He forthwith began to work for Jesus, visiting the sick in the hospital and the poor in their homes. An attack of rheumatic fever, the result of exposure in the Crimea, gave him ample time to study the Word of God. This study became henceforth the consuming passion of his life. As soon as he was able, he went to the continent to recruit, going as far as Rome and Naples, and embraced every opportunity of doing good. He distributed hundreds of copies of "The Sinner's Friend," which had been such a benefit to himself—to servants, waiters, poor peasants, and casual travelling acquaintances—even against the interdict of Papal Rome. He resumed his study of Greek and Hebrew Scriptures. As he got more spiritual illumination he gave up his favourite practices of smoking and drinking wine. He also gave up pigeon shooting and hunting, and wrote to his dear old sporting father about his convictions of duty in this regard.

Returning to London, we find him engaged with "Rob Roy" McGregor in philanthropic work on behalf of the shoe-black brigade, and especially in the distribution of religious tracts in

French, Italian, and German. He engaged, too, in Bible reading among the workingmen, grooms, boatmen, navvies, policemen, and the like—at first with much physical impediment, but finally with great fluency and fervour.

The passion for soul-saving became intense. Writing to a friend he says :

"Once experience the joy of 'saving a soul from death,' and you won't rest content without winning others. You say it's not your gift. Have you tried? Oh, do try. . . I pray that God may so open the way for you, and give you such joy in the work of getting souls for Him, that you may realize to the full and continually the happiness he has sometimes given me."

He could faithfully warn his friends of their danger :

"You cannot pray daily, 'Lead me not into temptation,' and then rise from your knees, and go straight into it. Nothing of the nature of sin in one who has been washed in the blood of the Lamb can be exaggerated."

In 1858 he was offered an appointment as Colonial Treasurer in British Columbia, with a seat in the council, and with pecuniary advantages. He decided, however, that he could be more useful in England, and elected there to remain.

The same year witnessed his marriage to Sydney, Duchess of Manchester, a lady of like religious spirit with himself.

Before his marriage he wrote thus to the Duchess : "Oh, for an outpouring of the blessed Spirit, that we may be no ordinary common Christians, but living epistles and reflections of Jesus."

He writes again :

"Ours was a thoroughly Christian wedding. The night before, ourselves and families, about twelve in all, partook of the Lord's Supper together; and immediately after the wedding we met together with about twenty friends and relations, all devoted servants of the Lord Jesus, to ask a blessing upon our union, and to pray that our lives might be spent to His glory."

On their wedding tour he was taken for a clergyman, from his habit of distributing books and tracts. A union so begun could not fail to have the blessing of God. He became especially interested in soldiers and policemen, and at his pleasant country home gave a party on the lawn to a large number of both forces, with weekly meetings in his house, when two hundred and fifty people would fill the dining-room, library, and hall. The poor, the wretched, the forlorn, found in him a friend indeed. He attended also midday meetings of the workingmen in gas houses, iron works, and the like. Not a few conversions resulted from these efforts.

Travelling one day by rail with a Russian gentleman, after silent prayer, in a tunnel, he asked him, "Have you found Jesus?" And he gave him a tract. "To be frank with you," said the gentleman, "I will not read this." But that evening, in the hotel, the Russian came to him and said, "My friend, I have found Christ." He had read the tract, and found it God's message to his soul.

With Captain Trotter, of the Life Guards, Mr. Blackwood reentered, as the servant of Christ, the very Willis' rooms which he had quitted only six years before, a thoroughgoing votary of the world. In the very height of the London season the rooms were filled with a titled audience at revival meetings—a double row of fashionable carriages lining the street. Many people of rank were thus reached, as in the days of Whitefield's drawing-room preachings, who never would have gone near an evangelical service. One of the converts became a Baptist minister, who led over five thou-

sand persons to Christ. "Behold how great a flame a little fire kindleth."

But the work among the railway navvies, letter carriers and policemen was more congenial to his mind. One of the first trophies among these was the conversion of a man who rode in the death charge at Balaclava.

Having the tact and instincts of a gentleman, Mr. Blackwood was almost never repulsed in his religious conversations. Even worldlings were hungry for the Bread of Life and showed deep appreciation of his Christian sympathy and interest.

In one of his night journeys with specie, he had a conversation with his only fellow-traveller and proposed that they should pray together in the railway carriage. The gentleman spent the rest of the night in anxious prayers and tears, and was graciously brought to God.

Repeated visits to Brighton were the occasions of open-air preaching on the beach and in the famous pavilion erected by George IV. for fashionable routs, which was densely crowded. At a drawing-room meeting at Lord Kintore's over a hundred came in evening dress.

Notwithstanding high pressure of office duty at the Treasury, he found time for religious work, and writes thus :

"Such a day of joy and blessing! If you could have seen the widows and little ones! One blue-eyed laughing little thing of five years old, now so happy, had been kicked out of doors by her own father, and had slept a fortnight in the streets. A swell mobsman from Epsom 'in his right mind;' a boy-burglar of ten, who could effect his entrance into most houses in London; and then some aged, penniless, but rejoicing Christians, some blind. Gave each a nosegay and shook hands with every one of over two hundred."

In 1870 Mr. Blackwood was sent to Constantinople by the Government on official business. "The Foreign Office," he writes, "wish me to abstain from tract distribution to foreigners, whilst acting as a British Commissioner. But my tongue is free, and I can work amongst the English and in the hospital at Constantinople. So I thought it right to accede, as one has no right to compromise the Government."

His passport with a big red seal and white despatch bag, which he "hugged like a baby," secured attention. It was during the Franco-Prussian war. Traffic was impeded by trains of wounded Germans, "lying on straw," and by thousands of French prisoners, and he did what he could for his old Crimean comrades in arms.

At Constantinople, he had the entree to the highest circles. He dined with the Turkish admiral, Hobart Pasha, of whom he tells a good story. That officer said he could blow the Russian port, Odessa, to pieces in four hours. The Russian minister took offence, and asked an explanation. "Tell him," said the Pasha, "I will do it in two hours if it be necessary."

The British chaplains invited him to preach on the war-ships. He found in the merchant marine, captains who were earnest Christians and Sunday-school workers when at home. He preached by request at the Dutch Embassy, and at the hotel of Therapia.

On his return, we find him presiding at the church congress. He says, "It was nervous work, before four or five bishops, and nearly two thousand laity and clergy. I shrank from it dreadfully, until I was 'on my legs,' and the great Shepherd and Bishop stood beside me and made me as bold as a lion."

"He was," said Dr. Grattan

Guinness, "a Saul in stature, a David in spirit, a Jonathan in gentleness and grace."

In 1871, removing to a larger country manor-house, he gave a house-warming, to which all the peasant neighbours were invited to hear the Gospel. He soon began to raise funds for a workman's hall, where were held men's night-school and Bible-classes, mothers' meetings, temperance and band of hope assemblies, preaching on Sunday nights, and the weekly evening service.

At a navvies' tea in the village hall, Sir Arthur spoke kindly to a navvy and his dog. This kindness opened the way to the man's heart, and that night he was brought to the Lord. Sir Arthur was often to be seen in the brick-fields before 7 a.m. speaking to the men about their souls.

For a workman's institute at Dartford he gave £100, and collected £500 more. A workingman wrote to him as follows :

"Dear friend, please reseive this a little thank hoffering unto the Lord our God who hath done grate things for hus whearof we ar glad. I think it is about 14 years sence you stood on the bridge one Sunday night and sed God receves the Devil's castaways. That was good news for me, for our old friend S—— had taken hall my props away and let me down in the mire and clay. Oh, how I longed to get out. Then in the weak of speshel serveses in the iron church room you held up Rahab and the scarlet cord. I held that like a drowning man wuld a rope."

After Sir Arthur's death, another workingman sent a pound from the Orange Free State, South Africa, and wrote :

"I shall feel it a favour granted if I may conturbrut a mite towards any memoral that may be put forth in his dear name. I am to-day in a place of honour and trust, which I should never atained if not for him and the dear teachers. He could come and neal down in the midst of working-men and pray that there burdens might be made light. What was the Crayford Brickfield befor the night-school opened. It was nothink but drunkardness, disorder. But through the labour of the school nearly all the grate drinkers became Christians."

The Chancellor of the Exchequer offered him promotion, but the matter was taken out of the Chancellor's hands and another was appointed in his place. Mr. Blackwood writes : "I am not uneasy. Man's disappointments are God's appointments, and there can be no mistake with Him. I daresay you do not like ———'s appointment—but why ? I have a better portion which fadeth not away."

When ordered to Wiesbaden for his health, he got a permit from the German police to hold meetings, and on Sunday walked fifteen miles in the rain to hold the service—pretty good for a rheumatic invalid. He was "stiff next day, but soon all right."

He had wonderful resiliency of constitution. In one paragraph he announces : "I can touch the ground after four attempts, instead of after twenty. Yesterday I had a good six hours' walk and climb, and very enjoyable, too."

Dining with a German princess, he found that one of his books had been the means of leading her mother to Christ. At Homburg he preached in the Golden Saloon, where only a few months before the gambling tables stood.

His dear old father, who had been brought to Christ largely through his son's influence, passed away on New Year's Day in 1874, whispering with his dying breath, "Jesus is mine. Washed in His blood." The old gentleman used to squirm at his son's eccentricities, preaching and tract giving, but grew into thorough sympathy with his Christian work.

THE STORY OF JOHN FALK.

BY WILLIAM FLEMING STEVENSON.

Author of "Praying and Working."

The real founder of Home Missions, and the first to commence a reformatory, was a middle-aged man, attached to one of the petty German courts, and who had come in younger days to Weimar as a mere literary adventurer. Beginning life as a follower of Goethe, and a sentimental and often spasmodic writer, becoming afterwards councillor of the Embassy, and a bustling eager citizen, he died writing hymns for rough lads whom he had picked off the gaol steps.

John Falk was born in October, 1768, in an ordinary little house by the Fish Gate of Dantzic. His father was a wig-maker, a grave and diligent man, shrewd and steady in his business, "Godfearing, and very strict in all things;" his mother was a gentle Moravian, and a good manager; and from morning prayer till evening the household was ruled with a silent and easy order.

When he was ten, the boy left school and entered his father's workshop. For, to his father, life meant the right making of wigs—a limited view, but which satisfied him, and ought to satisfy his children! nor was it any contemptible calling a hundred years ago, when everybody went abroad in borrowed locks, and when Dantzic boasted of so many stately burghers.

Little Falk, perhaps, did not do his best at the wig-block. He was perpetually in disgrace, perpetually undergoing some quiet whipping. It must have been provoking to an expert curler of hair to see the boy dreamily singe it before his eyes, or to send him with a peruke for the burgomaster's party, and find, when the party was half over, that he had never got beyond that turn of the dock where the ancient mariners lounged about their weather-beaten ships.

At length, indeed, he so wearied his father about music that he was allowed to learn the violin with a master who lived in St. Peter's Churchyard, and with whom, it seems, he went on the Sundays to the Cathodic Church, and tried his hand as second violin in the choir. If he went to the Moravian Church with the rest, it would be thought no harm that he helped the Romish choir in a mass.

With the pence that his father's customers gave their little messenger he bought such poor books as he could upon the stalls, and then wandered into some silent street, or sat behind a cannon on the ramparts, devouring Goethe and Wieland and Burger. Many a time, when the snow was thick upon the ground, he would halt upon his rounds, and read under the lamp-post till the book fell from his frozen hands.

About this time a waggon rolled over him, and broke his leg; and to his unbounded delight he found himself in bed for weeks, and doing nothing but read. As soon as he got well, however, he came once more under strict motionless rule. The real nature struggled up within him, vehemently and passionately now as he grew older. It was beaten down by a stout hazel stick. He grew restless and troubled, and would have run away at length with a thoughtless sailor if the old spell

of music had not been laid upon him as he passed a church door through which the mellow organ swell rolled out upon the street, and made him think some solemn thoughts of God, and the father and mother He commanded him to honour.

Poor lonely dreamer, the sea was his companion, and answered him with its many voices, and by it he would sit pouring out his heart in murmurs of plaintive song like this, written one summer evening as he sat on the shore, and watched the sails dropping into the west, and the sea-birds flashing over the dance of the waves :

"Sea-birds,
That year by year
Fly up across our eastern foam,
Might I but mount with you and roam,
Till through the west some land appear!
Sea-birds, wild sea-birds!

"Sea-birds!
Year after year
I come and sit on this dull stone,
A weary child, unhappy, lone—
Spring-time and autumn, year by year!
Sea-birds, wild sea-birds!

"Sea-birds!
Year after year
Your wings will cleave our purple sky,
While under this cold stone I lie,
Forgot, unwept by dropping tear!
Sea-birds, wild sea-birds!"

Falk was now growing up, and his father was letting the truth slowly dawn upon him that his son would never make a good barber. There were others in Dantzic who took notice of the bright-eyed boy as he went his errands, book in hand. And among the rest there was a Mr. Drommert, an English teacher, who so entreated Falk the elder, that he allowed his son to learn English twice a week. The permission came just in time. Falk's struggle was becoming more than he could bear. He almost envied the wild Poles as he saw their watch-fires along the banks of the river, and heard them sing to wild, melancholy music.

The strict old man could hold out no longer, but consented that John should be a student. At the High School he was indefatigable; sat up at night with his feet in cold water; and went with a steady rush on to the first place.

The burghers of Dantzic took friendly counsel how they might send him to the University. "One thing only," they said, "if a poor child should ever knock at your door, think it is we, the dead, the old, grey-headed burgomasters and councillors of Dantzic, and do not turn us away." Falk's eyes filled with tears; the words sank into his heart. The next session his name was enrolled on the University books of Halle.

Falk went through his student life like the rest; its radical politics, Fatherland, German unity, speculations on Being and not-Being, wonderful socialisms, reforms of the world. It was the dawning of the day of revolutions. He mourned over the night that covered his country. There was no voice to call the people, no rallying centre. It was that icy, well-bred coldness which froze the heart of the century. It led him to God for help; for there was none on earth. And as he cried for the nation, he learned to cry for himself,—a slow process, the teaching of years and many sorrows; but at last he cried, God be merciful to me a sinner, and was caught to the Saviour's arms forever.

Falk chose his residence at Weimar. Goethe, Schiller, Herder, and many more, were making it famous. It became the point to which men looked for help, for true and profound thoughts, for truth itself, as opposed to the shallow, frivolous formalism of the time. The genius of the leaders attracted many minds of lesser note, and for literary brilliance the circle at Weimar rivalled the palmy days of Greece. Falk went to it

hopefully. He was warmly received, for young men of promise were welcome within that charmed circle. He joined himself mostly to Goethe, struck, like the rest, by his profound insight, his many-sidedness, his power over men. He was known as a satirist, and author of some odd, almost grotesque plays. He wrote novels and tales, and a Prometheus that is not undeserving of study.

When Jena was lost, and the wounded soldiers with blackened and bleeding faces poured into the streets, Weimar fell into panic. Its literary ease was rudely broken; its writing men were helpless; idealized mythologies and many-sided geniuses were poor shelter against the storm. Falk felt there was no living, saving power there. He had lifted up his own voice,—a John's voice in the wilderness he called it,—in loud prophetic warning; he had been bid forbear, he had drawn out no response. And now as the cannon-balls hissed through the deathly silent streets, while the birds sang sweetly under the calm October sky, he alone seemed to feel that the time was gone by for satires and lyrics and pleasant authors' readings in pleasant ducal boudoirs; that there must be some truth more radical and profound than the literary world had hit upon; that it became men first of all to bring practical wisdom into this social and political chaos, some help of human sympathy to the wide-spread suffering. It was then, while the French swept over the land, and through the troubled years of misery that followed, that, out of the depths, Falk cried unto the Lord, and found mercy and plenteous redemption.

The dark nights of winter were lighted with burning homesteads; the roads from village to village were thick with corn; horses were bought for a crown, and foddered on the unthreshed wheat; wool was sold for a farthing the pound, and the sheep were roasted by the score; the peasants were driven in at the point of the bayonet to roast and grind the coffee for breakfast; the air was rent with the cries of women and children, who fled from the brutal soldiery; and Ragusa, at the head of 20,000 brigands, filled the country with terror and blood. During nine months, 900,000 hostile soldiers and 500,000 horses were quartered on the Duchy of Weimar, with its population of 100,000. But one man preserved his head, bore up against the panic, spoke brave, cheery words, and acted with wisdom and vigour. The Duke made him a councillor, and hung an order on his breast. Falk was the good genius of the place.

Peace came at length, but like sunshine over the wreck of flood and storm. The land was desolated; those whom the war had spared were carried off by a pestilence; the way to the graveyards was marked by a continuous procession; mourning became the universal habit; in one village alone, sixty orphans wept both parents. Falk himself lost four out of six children, and buried, as he declared, the best part of his life in the grave. The same sickness that had stripped him of children had stripped hundreds of homes; and up to Falk's door in Weimar, the little ones came wearily, hungry and tearful and clamant, for he was the only one who they thought could help them. Then Falk thought of the burgomaster's solemn words; he thought of his own children in God's acre; "and he opened his door, and gave the orphans to eat and to drink, and clothed them, and went out and wept bitterly." This became the turning-point of his life.

The pressure from without soon compelled him to seek for a so-

ciety, and he founded the Society of Friends in Need, the beginning of that great work of Inner Mission which has spread so wide in our day. The Society was to lend money without interest to the peasants, to make them free money grants, to assist in rebuilding their houses, to support the orphans and sick. In the circumstances of the time this might be supposed sufficiently arduous work; but Falk's energy, once roused, was untiring. It was not the plague only that made orphans. The long years of war, by draining off the men to unwilling death in Russia and Spain, had made so many fatherless that the orphanages could not overtake a tithe of the need. He determined to enlarge his own. He gathered the children off the streets and waysides. "Come in," he cried; "God has taken my four angels, and spared me, that I might be your father."

Nor could he stop here. Brought as he was into close contact with the disorganized social life, he soon discovered a class of children more pitiable and neglected than any, a class that had been largely swelled by the troubles of the period. There were children practically orphans by vagabondage and crime, wandering from one prison to another, pests of their neighbourhoods, never hearing a kind word, shunned, and cast out by all. And as he grew better acquainted with this singular under-stratum of society, his pity deepened. He made shelter for these also; invited them as lovingly as the others; and by degrees established the first reformatory.

The children were depraved, and it was a principle of Falk's, that the root of the evil had its chief source not in ignorance but in sin; that it was not enough, therefore, to teach writing and arithmetic; that that was the least part of education; that it was more important to impart the secret of a righteous life.

The boys came in; they were trained; apprenticed out in Weimar and the neighbourhood; and every Sunday they returned to spend two hours with him and his faithful coadjutor, Pastor Horn. When they came they were wicked and hopeless enough. Horrid, cannibal-like faces had they all, with the image of the desert unmistakably imprinted on their foreheads. A boy of sixteen had murdered two little girls for a piece of flannel, which he afterwards sold for three shillings. Two little boys, of ten and twelve, set a village on fire, and burned eighty-eight houses with the church. A little later, in the first quarter of 1826, there were 162 juvenile criminals in the Prussian prisons, twenty of them for arson.

The results were satisfactory and convincing. The children of robbers and murderers sing psalms and pray. Hundreds of honest tradesmen left the reformatory. And in his pleasant way, Falk used sometimes to show at how much less cost his plan made them honest citizens, than the State plan would have kept them harmless criminals:

(1) Bread, water, shame, flogging, cost per boy in prison, £7 17s. 8d. per annum.

(2) Meat, bread, honour, the Bible, Christian teaching, cost in a Christian workshop in Weimar, once for all, £3 15s.

Falk's first principle of conduct was a saying ever on his lips—"Love overcometh." There was to be no compulsion. The lads might wander freely away, as freely as they came. There were no locks and bars. "We forge all our chains on the heart," he would say, "and scorn those that are laid on the body; for it is written,

If the Son shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed." If a vagabond showed uncontrollable restlessness, Falk would point out to him that the house was always open. The children were met by a love which bore all things, and endured all things—which never met their surliness by surliness—which kept open house for them—which did not rake up their offences—which was always kindly—never shrunk into itself. They regarded it with surprise; they were slow to believe in it; yet they could not deny it, and in the end it won from them some slow respect, and even love in return.

Singing was a prominent part of his system. It became one of the most effective elements of the training. It led them involuntarily to pure thoughts; and the choral harmony of itself exercised a remarkable influence, seeming to vibrate curiously along the chords of a nature which crime and neglect had degraded and thrust out of sight.

Falk was capital at a story; his mind was hung round with pictures. His stories were graceful, touched with poetical fancies; he brought out the truth in apologues and pretty parables, and caught his pupils thus under the poet's disguise. He had warmth of feeling, right natural instincts, homeliness, all dashed, perhaps, with a certain weak, old-fashioned sentiment, but not enough to hide the reality and heartiness of the man; and it was no uncommon sight to see the rough, restless boys spellbound at his feet, or eagerly leaning their hands upon his knee, while he improvised his quiet, pleasant tales.

When one of the boys had said the pious grace, "Come, Lord Jesus, be our guest, and bless what Thou hast provided," a little fellow looked up, and said,—

"Do tell me why the Lord Jesus never comes! We ask Him every day to sit with us, and He never comes."

"Dear child, only believe, and you may be sure He will come, for He does not despise our invitation."

"I shall set Him a seat," said the little fellow; and just then there was a knock at the door. A poor, frozen apprentice entered, begging a night's lodging. He was made welcome; the chair stood empty for him; every child wanted him to have his plate; and one was lamenting that his bed was too small for the stranger, who was quite touched by such uncommon attentions. The little one had been thinking hard all the time:

"Jesus could not come, and so He sent this poor man in His place; is that it?"

"Yes, dear child, that is just it. Every piece of bread and every drink of water that we give to the poor or the sick or the prisoners for Jesus' sake, we give to Him. Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

Among other ways to criminal reformation, Falk saw clearly that work was one of the chief. He was not so clear about the mode in which the work should be done. For many years the boys were apprenticed out as soon as a place was open. Later, necessity suggested that the boys should work together, and at a house for themselves. In a few days before his death, Falk would not suffer the ring of the boys' hammers to stop. It rung in his ears like music to the end.

"God has designed," he says, "to make me His instrument; He has moulded me in the fire of affliction, and prepared me in the valley of tears." "Go and ask," he says again, "why it was in the

bleeding heart of a father, who buried four children in one month, that God planted a tree to give fruit and shadow to many hundred children of the land." He felt that that first fourfold sorrow was God's call. Years passed, and he and his wife sat in the darkened room; a son of nineteen had died but an hour before, and they sat in the shadow, silent. A hand tapped at the door. "Oh, my Edward," cried the mother, "would that it wert thou!" It was a poor ragged lad of fourteen, and he struggled through his tears to say, "You have taken so many children from our place! Have pity upon me also! Since I was seven, I have had neither father nor mother;" and he could say no more. Then the mother lifted up her eyes to heaven, and cried, "Lord, Lord, thou sendest us stranger children without pause, and, oh, thou takest away our own!" And the father prayed, "Thy will be done," and took poor Bennewitz to his heart.

Two years, and again the room was darkened; Angelica had died at sixteen. "Pray for me," Falk had written, "for I must still be far from the Lord, when He needs to lay me again and again upon the anvil." All honour to that brave pair, who cared so truly for the stranger children, while their hearts' blood was slowly trickling into the graves of their own.

Falk had no fortune to spare on his fancies; and to provide for so many children involved a large outlay. He begged hard for subscriptions. Uncharitable people voted him a bore. He did not mind it much, but he learned that there was a directer begging and a simpler way. He never ceased laying his necessities before men, but he was more importunate with God; and though men should refuse him angrily, he had faith that God would refuse him nothing according to His will. "We began our work," he wrote, "with whole and half florins, yea, with groschen, and in peace, if we had only sufficient for the need of the current day. Our balance was, 'Take no thought for the morrow;' 'Behold the lilies of the field.'" Two instances may be worth record:

It was a time of great scarcity, almost famine, and prices were so high that Falk did not know how he was to get bread for the children, when a poor boy came into the Sunday-school on crutches, and said, weeping, "No one pities me. The dogs have often fallen upon me, and bitten me. Dear sir, for Christ's sake, pity me, and let me have some rest. Put me in a workshop. I will be good. I will be a tailor, or anything you like. Only take me in."

"Dear children," said Falk, "the times are hard, but I will send none of you away, and I will take the stranger from far off in. And I tell you—and now think of it—blessing will flow richly in upon our house, and God will provide bread for us all." And before the next Sunday the Prince of Rudolstadt had sent a donation of 500 crowns.

At the time of Falk's last family sorrow he was suddenly informed that his Reformatory had been sold over his head. In dismay he searched for a suitable house and could find none. At length, he remembered a proverb that the people in Weimar had got, they could not tell how: Let John Falk go into Luther's Lane. Into Luther's Lane he went, saw a large ruined palace, bought it, and determined that the boys would build a house on the spot. The price was nearly a thousand pounds; the building materials would cost as much more. But he undertook it. "Trust in God," he cried, "trust in God; and we have all

that we need, and often more." The project was made known, and in various ways the money was collected, and there was no debt. People laughed at the notion of his boys building. He had settled that also with God in his own way. He was determined that "every tile on the roof, every nail in the wall, every lock on the door, every chair and table in the rooms, should be a witness to the industry of Falk's children." And this was accomplished.

In the course of his inquiries, Falk came across an endowment for the education of sixty poor schoolmasters. It was of a singularly irregular kind. From one house they had dinner, from another lodgings, from a third their educational expenses, and so on.

With a boldness he had not hitherto shown, Falk exposed the negligence with which this charity was administered; and although it brought him into collision with the best families of the place, he succeeded in establishing a personal oversight, and making the foundation more of a home. The gambling, bad company and bad books were soon exchanged for evenings at Falk's house, practising of choral-singing, and quiet hours over the Bible. The next step was to secure that only those should be selected for the foundation who showed fitness for the work—a fitness to consist in the heart as much as the head. This department of his work was named, after the apostle of love, the Johanneum, and completed the circle of his labours. He stamped his own views upon the young schoolmasters, sent them out with the same principles that had become so fixed in his own life, and the impulse of that trusty, energetic faith with which they came in contact at his house. He had 300 children in his Reformatory, 60 schoolmasters in his Johanneum, hundreds of young men and women apprenticed out to various industries, beggar children provided for, and stray children of every description welcomed as they came. Next to the Grand Duke, and perhaps Geheimerath Goethe, no one was treated with so much respect.

At length sickness struck him down. He lay for six sleepless weeks racked with incessant pains. Out of these weeks proceeded the fullest and deepest spiritual letters to his friends, the best hymns for his Sunday-school, the richest in Divine grace, careful and wise plans for his Reformatory. Then he seemed to recover; for weeks his friends had hope; but the body was worn out and had no rallying strength, and he sank again. Three days before his death he completed a book of devotional thoughts and the preface to another, Martin Luther in Popular Rhymes. He thought he would write the old heroic life of Luther in popular ballads for the people, "that by the fire of song and prayer all that wooden framework that the schools called history might be burned down and left in ashes."

It was after the sunset of a brief February day in 1826 that the lips were sealed and the eyelids closed. Three days more, and the children bore him to the grave with singing of Christian psalms; and for epitaph remain his own words, quaint as Baxter's :

"Underneath this linden tree
Lies John Falk; a sinner he,
Saved by Christ's blood and mercy.

"Born upon the East Sea strand,
Yet he left home, friends, and land,
Led to Weimar by God's hand.

"When the little children round
Stand beside this grassy mound,
Asking, Who lies under-ground?—

"Heavenly Father, let them say,
Thou hast taken him away,
In this grave is only clay."

MR. GLADSTONE'S GIFT TO THE NATION.

A VISIT TO THE ST. DEINIOL'S LIBRARY AND HOSTEL, HAWARDEN.

BY REV. J. RITSON,

Author of "Lost and Won," etc.

THE CHURCH. THE HOSTEL. ST. DEINIOL'S LIBRARY.

The Warden of the Library, when fixing the date of my visit, had kindly expressed the hope that I should have a fine day, and see the neighbourhood under good conditions. The morning in Liverpool promised the very worst conditions possible. By the time we reached the Dee the sun was shining as it had not shone for days.

Arrived at Hawarden station, it was no difficult matter finding the St. Deiniol's Library. The Church of St. Deiniol is a convenient landmark, and a walk of less than ten minutes through the quaint and quiet village brought me to my destination. Possibly, to one unacquainted with the history of the Library its appearance may be a little disappointing. If he has heard something of the magnificence of this collection of books, he may expect to see a building whose architectural character shall harmonize with the solidity and worth of its contents. A soul so great and wonderful must surely have a noble temple. When, therefore, he sees, not a splendid temple, but a "tin tabernacle," he may feel a little mystified.

The explanation of this seeming incongruity is simple. The present structure is only temporary, and in due time will give place to a "Temple of Peace," that shall be a fitting home for the thirty thousand volumes forming the St. Deiniol's Library, many of which are among the rare literary treasures of the country. The building, as seen from the road, is hardly a thing of beauty, albeit its contents may be a joy forever to him who can make them his own. But it is at least beautiful for situation. Standing on a breezy hill-top, it commands a magnificent view of the well-wooded plain. A part of this view I had to take on faith, the mist shutting out the distant scene "across the sands of Dee."

Hawarden Church is a tempting theme, only my present concern is with St. Deiniol's Library. Many of my readers have seen the sacred edifice forever made famous the world over by the fact that Mr. Gladstone has worshipped there for over half a century. The significance of that circumstance all lies in the character of the man. It is because the great statesman has been first and foremost, in the eyes

of vast numbers of his countrymen, a profoundly religious man, and a sincere and humble Christian, that his association with the Church of St. Deiniol is of such deep interest. To the many pilgrims who every year attend evensong at Hawarden Church the sight of that reverent worshipper must be a religious object-lesson of the highest value.

Before we enter the Library let me ask the reader to hark back a little, that we may trace briefly the history of this wonderful collection of books. It is perhaps forty or fifty years since the idea came to Mr. Gladstone of founding a library of this kind. Long before even his own family knew anything of it the conception formed itself in his mind, and during all these years he has gone on buying books with a view to its realization. Not far short of ten thousand pounds have been spent in this way. That is a large sum for one who, considering the high position he has filled, has never been a very rich man. But the result has ever been counted its owner's most valuable material possession. And this valuable possession is his gift to the nation.

Here let it be remarked that Mr. Gladstone does not believe in posthumous charity. It is easy enough in his estimation to give away your possessions after you are dead, and want them no more. The right thing is for a man to be in this regard his own executor; he can then superintend the distribution of his charity himself. This Mr. Gladstone has done in the case of his library. His purpose cannot be better expressed than in the words he himself employed :

"Convinced that the future of the human race depends, in the main, upon the great question of belief, and that the most special and urgent of present needs is the need of sufficient means for the effective promotion of Divine learning, I am engaged in the foundation of a library, which I trust may serve as the nucleus of an institution under the name of St. Deiniol's, Hawarden, adapted to that end. . . Divine learning, in order to reach its fullest efficiency, has been, and ought to be, associated with the various branches of human knowledge, especially with History and Philosophy, and it is upon the widest basis that the library is being formed."

To secure the most favourable conditions for the pursuit of Divine learning it was deemed wise to locate the library in the peaceful and secluded village of Hawarden. Out of this grew another and complementary idea. The students using this Temple of Peace must be lodged and fed, and this ought to be done in such fashion as would aid them in their work. Hence the hostel. Here for the time being is the home of those who use the library. Originally the old Grammar School, the building has been converted to its present uses. It stands a short distance to the right of the library, and is pleasantly suggestive of olden times.

The hostel and the land around both it and the library to the extent of several acres has been bought by Mr. Gladstone, and the whole has been vested in eleven trustees. A sum of £30,000 has been included in the settlement for the maintenance and endowment of the institution.

The hostel adjoining (open all the year round) affords simple and comfortable board and lodging, twenty-five shillings weekly, or by special terms according to arrangement. Residence is invited for either a long or short period.

The institution is open to ministers and students of all denominations, and it has been stated that Mr. Gladstone has been disappointed that Nonconformists have

not more largely availed themselves of its advantages.

The library consists of two main sections, called respectively the Divinity and Humanity Rooms. What a vast number of books are here! It has taken two years to catalogue them, and the whole work has been carried out on lines laid down by Mr. Gladstone himself.

The arrangement of the books is the same as that adopted in Mr. Gladstone's private library at Hawarden Castle. Reference is facilitated by descriptive cards placed on each set of shelves. In the Divinity Room, for example, such cards as the following may be seen: Doctrinal Works; Bibles and works on the Holy Scriptures; Organization, Government, Discipline; Nonconformity, Historical, Doctrinal, Biographical."

This last attracts my attention and arouses my curiosity. Here is a remarkable collection to have been made by a High Churchman. Numerous Lives of Wesley are to be seen on the shelves; Penn's Life, and a good deal of Quaker literature; Dale's "Fellowship with Christ"; Dr. Parker's "Tyne Childe," and a mass of literature belonging to Methodism and Nonconformity.

The varied character of the literature in the Humanity Room may be gathered from the fact that it contains about 14,000 volumes; and also from the descriptive cards on the shelving. These are as follows: Medical Science, Fine Arts, Music, Poetry, Sculpture, Pottery, Architecture, Bibliography, Agriculture and Horticulture, Ireland, Scotland, Poetry and the Drama, Biographies, General Literature, Voyages and Travels, Social Science.

In connection with the building are five small private studies for such students as may find solitude necessary, and a room for the Warden. Everywhere there is at the hostel the same air of cosiness, restfulness and peace that is so marked a feature of the library. The total number of students received at once is eighteen, of whom two are accommodated at the library itself, and six are provided with sleeping accommodation in the village. November is the slack month of the year and only three students were in residence. There were twenty-one students in 1894; seventy-five in 1895; and seventy-seven in 1896; total, 173.

Among the last things I inspected were some of Mr. Gladstone's notes at the end of the volumes he has read. One of the rules is that no use is to be made of these annotations, a very necessary rule as will readily be perceived. The care with which thousands of these books have been read is astonishing. There are characteristic marks of which I may not speak, and marginal notes abound. At the end of the book is a sort of index, by means of which any passage that has specially struck the reader can be readily turned up.

I had heard and read a good deal of Mr. Gladstone's gift to the nation, but I came away feeling that to say the half had not been told was very imperfectly to express the truth. The gift is indeed a splendid one; not merely is it the donor's most valued possession, but one into which he has put much of his own higher life. In the many splendid reforms he has achieved Mr. Gladstone will have many monuments, and his own character and life will be his noblest bequest to the nation; but the St. Deiniol's Library and Hostel will ever be the most characteristic monument, and not the least valuable bequest to posterity of the greatest Englishman of his time.—Primitive Methodist Magazine.

HER TRIAL SERMON.

BY REV. J. DODD JACKSON,

Author of "The Secret of Giles Hamilton," etc.

Methodism was in the ascendant in Rowansdale, and it was Methodism that believed in preaching, and lived upon it, the week and month and year round. Consequently it was strong, and did not require much nursing. "What mak' o' preeacher is he?" was the question always asked on all hands concerning the minister-elect, and when he came for the first time, curiosity filled the chapel, and the brethren lingered in conference round the door after the service was over. In the congregation were half-a-dozen men, recognized as judges of sermons, and each man became the centre of a group of listeners. There was Aald Ben and Richard Wingarth, and lile Tom o' t' Ringhill, and Chip Sam the carpenter, with David and Michael Holme. These sat as a jury, and woe to the man against whom they pronounced—his day was done in the Dale. Notable instances are before us. Brother Dropper was a grand visitor, with an infinite capacity for tea. He had been known to walk five miles to condole with a farmer on the death of a sheep. But when Chip Sam came out of the chapel, and intimated his intention of staying at home in the evening, as "this mak' o' preeaching was neither fish, nor flesh, nor fowl, nor good blue milk," Brother Dropper's fate was sealed, and he left at the first year's end.

Brother Dubley—Samuel Dubley (2) was a grand organizer—classes, sales, bazaars, teas, entertainments, he was past champion of them all. But when Aald Ben remarked that there wasn't "enough religion" in his sermons "to grease a gimlet point," his reign was ended, and one changeful year saw his coming and his going. Dripper, too—poor Dripper! Ah! he had the gift of sympathy. How tender he was in the home, and what agonies of sorrow he endured over our griefs, while his tears in the pulpit were a study in hydraulics. "Weel, what think ye on him?" said David Holme to lile Tom o' Ringhill. "Wind and watter," snapped out the little man, "wind and watter." Dripper wept with us for twelve months, but wept least to say "Good-bye."

Still, critical as the valley was, it could be pleased and satisfied in preaching, and he who accomplished the feat, found a throne ready prepared, while his "subjects," texts, and heads passed into the traditions of the Dale. It is forty years since J—— preached his great sermon on "Faith, Hope, and Charity," and the old men and women talk of it still, until the young men and women grow almost envious, and conclude that the former days must have been better than these. Aald Ben could almost recite sermons of twenty years before, and Chip Sam was competent to correct him if he made a blunder. "There was Howler's sermon on t' valley o' 'dry beeans,'" he would say, "man, ye could fair see t' beeans; ye could see 'em stirring and coming together. When he gat to where t' wind blew, why ye could see 'em—aye, see 'em—louping up, and the way Howler shouted, 'Blow on the bones, wind!' made your hair stand up."

At other times he spoke of Clipper. Clipper was dead twenty

years, but with the name of Clipper you could conjure. It was worth five shillings to the collection to mention him in a missionary meeting, and if the deputation could say he had known Clipper, he created a prejudice in his own favour. Well, Aald Ben could talk of Clipper on "The White Stone," Clipper on "Paul's Shipwreck," Clipper on "Paul and Silas," Clipper on "The Pale Horse and His Rider." "Do I remember it?" he would say referring to this last-named effort. "Ay, whea could forget it? Why, you could hear t' horse comin' in t' garth, an' stoppin' afore t' dewr —then t' dewr oppening and t' rider coming up t' stairs. And you could see him standing wi' 's arrow in his hand by t' bed-edge, and saying, 'Come! Come! Come!' Man, there's now't like it nowadays." Whereupon Aald Ben and Chip Sam, and Ellen o' t' High Ing, and Tom o' t' Ringhill would all shake their grey heads and sigh for the departed days of Clipper.

From the above it will be inferred that the Dale liked its preaching strong, and that somewhat literal interpretations of figurative language would be popular. True enough! They were strong men, living on plain food earned by hard work, with an awkward habit of calling a spade a spade. They had their conception of what was "gospel," too, and they had a true scent for Methodist theology. When Powell was in the circuit he read a little metaphysics, and one day his evil genius prompted him to take it into the pulpit, but he did not repeat the experiment. "Preeacher," said "Chip," after the service, "I came hungry, but I'm hungrier now." Powell was wise, and redeemed himself in the evening. Pulpit confectionery and homiletic sugar-plums were also out of place in Rowansdale. Young Gibson talked once about "temples that might have been carved out of eastern sunsets," and David Holme stopped him at the chapel door to inquire, "Them theer temples, mister, what was there to sit down on in 'em?" and Gibson modified his descriptions henceforth. They loved Methodist preaching, the more thoughtful the better. But it must declare the plan of salvation, and have plenty of Scripture in it, and the Spirit behind it. Yes, they were strong men, and called for strong meat.

The preacher's work being esteemed so highly, it was not surprising that the ambition of new converts turned towards it. Young men coveted the best gift, and the Dale gave many preachers to each of the two orders in the Methodist ministry. To be "on the plan," was then-a-days the dream of many a Rowansdale lad, whose parents prayed in unison. Of course, the dream was often vain, and tradition is full of stories, half humorous, half pathetic, of ambitious youths who confidently tried and ignominiously failed. Young Capstick faced his trial-sermon with an assurance which was the envy of his companions, though not so favourably viewed by the fathers. He had chosen for his text the suggestive question, "Adam, where art thou?" "Old man, where art thou?" he impressively commenced. "Old woman, where art thou?" he went on. "Young man, young woman," he questioned more anxiously, "where are you?" Then he paused. The eye of Aald Ben was on him. He drank feverishly from the glass of water in the pulpit, Chip Sam regarding him with interest the while. Again he began, and the old man and the old woman, the young man and the young woman, were once more addressed in turn —then he turned to himself, "Jim

Capstick, where art thou? Where thou'll never be again." They sang a hymn as he returned to his seat. Will Middleton was at first even less fortunate, and after his "trial" confessed that "the room spun round an' it was a' dark." It must have been so, or else he had never announced a text from "the eleventh chapter o' that blessed book the Spasms o' David," for surely he knew better than that. There is much cruelty in the world, and people with mock anxiety would ask poor Will if he was suffering from spasms, until one day he rose and tried again, and succeeded to the silencing of the scoffers. Many are called but few are chosen.

Sometimes—say once in a decade—the aspirant for pulpit honours was a woman, and then more than ordinary interest was felt and displayed. The Dale believed in woman preachers, and St. Paul on that subject was ignored. "It's because he was now't but a rusty aald bachelor hissel'," said Ellen o' t' High Ing, "'at he talked about women keeping silence in t' kirk." To which Chip Sam, who was generally supposed to have domestic difficulties, replied: "I sud think it was because he was wedded and felt it;" while the others looked as nearly pitiful as Rowansdale can. The woman preacher found sympathy awaiting her, and criticism adopted new standards as she stood before it, while the Dale boasted the names of some who had risen from the milking-pail to the evangelist's vocation in their midst. There was Sarah Law, whose great sermon on "Is my beloved your beloved?" remained a living memory for years. Tabitha Sanders, unlike Sarah, who took to the wandering life of a revivalist, remained in the valley. She was a farmer's wife, but unequally yoked, for did she not stand six feet from the pulpit floor, while quiet John Sanders rose hardly five in the pew where he meekly stood singing the hymn. But Tabitha could preach, and with emphasis. There was energy in her style, and to hear her hearty blows on the sacred desk was to receive a lesson in earnestness. True, it was said by the sons of Belial, that she practised her elocution on John aforesaid, but this was untrue, and is only mentioned here that it may be once and for all repudiated. Glorious Tabitha! She preached on until seventy-five years of mortal life had passed away, and the last time she ascended the narrow staircase into the round pulpit, it was with feebleness so extreme that she perforce leaned upon the rail. "There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God," she said, and her voice came as a breath of eternity. The next morning, while yet the stars shone, John heard her at his side whispering, "and dying, clasp Him in my arms and cry, Behold the Lamb." So ceased her tireless life. A husband, nine sons and three daughters in the flesh, and many more who were children in the spirit, followed to her burial, and said she taught them of the Lord!

It was under the preaching of this Tabitha, then wearing on in her sixties, that Rowansdale Methodism one Sabbath night received a notable addition. This was no other than Miss Inwood of Mossgill, baptized Lilian, and only daughter of Squire Simon. The reader knows that the Inwoods were a family of age and importance in the valley, and church-going people of old time. But they were not religiously narrow, and, as this was the winter time, and the chapel stood nearer than the kirk, Lilian turned in thither out of falling snow and biting wind. The audience, because of the storm, was small, and Lilian, to quote Aald

Ben's account, was the only "sinner" present. Tabitha believed in a preacher's providence, and always said the Lord found her text for her that night. It was strange, certainly, that, having intended to speak on quite another subject, the words, "Behold I stand at the door and knock," should sound so persistently in her ear all the afternoon, and that in the pulpit she could not find the passage intended, while the book almost of itself fell open at Revelation, and the Lord's tenderest speech therein. So, fearful but trusting, she took the text.

"The Lord knocked at the door of the heart by the Scriptures," she said, "He knocked by the Spirit. He knocked by public and private calamities and bereavements." Lilian thought of her two brothers and her mother in the churchyard, and old Tabitha seemed a prophetess before her. Surely this solved the problem, why in the prime of young manhood, and the days of mellow motherhood they had been taken from her side—those dear ones. Oh! why had she not thought of this before? As the preacher went on to speak of the sin of keeping the heart's door closed, and the gentle, bleeding, thorn-crowned Saviour outside, her hearer trembled. Verily her life had been sweet and pure, yet what a sinner did she seem to herself as she listened. So it came to pass that in her silk dress, she knelt at the penitent-form, her golden hair falling over her face, and her tears running over her clasped hands—the white head of the old woman bending over her, and aald Izzabel whispering the way of faith in her ear. Then, though a few oil lamps only illuminated the sanctuary, it seemed to her full of a great light, and she walked home, not knowing the wild December night from a summer morning. "Old things have passed away, and all things have become new."

Of course, having "got good" among the Methodists, Lilian Inwood united herself with them, and old Simon raised no objections. "He was a churchman, of course," he said, "and would remain one, but they were a' gaan t' same rooad. And then if the Methodists were a bit peculiar and rayther noisy at times, they were respectable folk, an' some on 'em owned their own farms, and a gey bit o' grass beside. Ay, Lilian might gang to t' chapel if she liked it better. She was a good lass, an' he would nooan cross her in so lile a matter. But she must not think of preaching—not that he expected it."

So to the chapel the squire's daughter went, and her name was written in Aald Ben's class-book. She took her place in the Sunday-school, and long before the spring came had grown to love the corner where she sat in the old building on Sunday forenoon, a dozen rosy-cheeked country lasses around her. As for preaching—there seemed small probability of that, so quiet and shy did she seem as she sat there in her pew—so different from the women preachers they had known. Yet they heard her in the service, for she sang—sang until others paused, that she might be the better heard. Aald Simon came with her one day, and stood in a mist of tears. "It sounded like her mother's voice singing in Paradise!"

But Lilian had to preach, and the vocation came without seeking, as this vocation often does. Two events occurred which marked her out to spiritual eyes as a "chosen vessel." In themselves some might think them hardly worth recording, but out of them grew her life-work, so they must perforce go down for the divinity that is in them.

One morning as she sang over her butter-making, a tiny knock fell on the door of the "buttery," which opened on to a path through the fields. A wee lassie stood there with troubled face looking from beneath her russet hood. It was "lile Rosie." "Oh, miss!" the little messenger pleaded, "ye mun come, Fadther's ill, and says he's gaan to dee; and he keeps crying, he mun see ye, cos' I've telt him what ye say tul us in t' class. Dew, dew come!"

When Lilian heard these pleadings a strange fear filled her heart. Robert Allison, the child's father, was a cattle-dealer, and had lived, between drink and riot, a life that had terrified the Dale. Go, however, she must, and go she did. She found the man lying upon the bed, the wife he had ill-treated weeping over him. His dark face was drawn with pain and white with terror, for the doctor had said the end was near. "O woman!" he cried, "ye ha' telt summat to t' barne, summat about Jesus an' sinners; ye mun tell it to me!"

Then she spoke, and said the thing he wished to hear; told him about that night in the winter, and how she came a sinner to the Bleeding Lamb, and how she believed, and how He saved her. Then the Lord whispered to her to sing, and with trembling voice she lifted the hymn, "Would Jesus have the sinner die? Why hangs He, then, on yonder tree?" "I see it," shouted Robert Allison from the bed. "He died for me! for drunken Bob Allison." Then he took her hand and kissed it, and she came home as through a garden of roses. To the surprise of everybody the man recovered—recovered and remembered, and lived to call himself in the Methodist chapel a miracle of grace.

The other event was even more significant. It was the Lord's Day, and in walking up to the sanctuary she met a party of young men whom she knew. As they came near, one of them, Ralph Wingarth, uttered an oath that reached her ear. How she did it she never knew, but the shy, quiet girl stopped before them, and ere they had recovered from their surprise, had read from the book in her hand, "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain." Then suddenly becoming self-conscious, she fled—her audience looking after in silent amazement. Panting, she reached the chapel, and they wondered that she sat while the first hymn was sung. But young Ralph Wingarth told the story that very night at the penitent-form, and aald Tabitha shouted, "Glory!" loud enough to be heard as far away as Rindon Gill.

Kneeling by her bedroom window that night, Tabitha Sanders prayed long after John—honest fellow—had betaken himself to slumber. The blind was furled, and she could look away from the casement on the hillside, miles over the valley. Yonder was the chapel—how often had she prayed for "the cause" in this very spot! and yonder among its trees was grey old Mossgill, its windows shining as the beams of a full moon fell upon them. This woman had prayed here daily for years that one of her own children might preach the Word. But the petition had been denied. They had come to the Lord, but this gift was not upon them. It seemed now that an answer was coming, though not as she had hoped. But was not Lilian her child, begotten in the Lord? And turning her face towards the old home of the Inwoods, the dame cried to God that He might help her to lead out this fresh young spirit to the work she loved. She prayed and prayed, and white-winged angels bore her prayers upward through the night.

It was the next morning—for the date is still written in Lilian's heart—that the old woman sought the young, and found her, rake in hand, in the "Ten-acre," for it was the time of haying. Lilian was working distant from the others, and Tabitha broke in upon her like a veritable Deborah, with the light of visions on her face. "Lassie," she cried, "I ha' gitten a message, a message fra' the Lord; ye ha' to preeach the Word and be a winner o' mony souls. Ay! and some day wear a crown filled wi' gems—a gem for every sowl, lass—a gem for every sowl!"

"He told me the same last night," was the rejoinder. "But my father—and—and—" The sentence was never finished, for the old woman's arms were round her neck, and she was crying—"Next Sunday neet, Lilian, I preach i' yon dear aald spot, and ye mun gang, and the Lord lead ye," and before Lilian could decline she was gone.

And now that the call had come, I trow Lilian worked but feebly among the hay that day. Of refusing she never dreamed, but how—oh! how was she to do this thing—to stand up before these people who had known her, these old men and matrons to whom in spiritual matters she was but a babe? Then her father, and—ah! there was much in that conjunction! It was the story of her love—of young Nelson away yonder in the attorney's office at Redbergh. Next spring he was to pass his "final," and be admitted, and in the summer the wedding was to be. What would he—what would her father—dearer to her than she knew—what would they say to this? Could she bear to disobey the tender old man who thought no kindness too great, no gift too precious where she was the object and receiver? And if the worst came, and Herbert took the stand instinct told her he would take, would she—could she—give him up?

Fortunately, it was not long before one of these fears was dispersed. Old Tabitha had mentioned the matter to friends, and like wildfire it spread through the Dale. Simon Inwood heard the report, of course, and that same night in the garden asked his daughter of its truth. She could see it was bitterness to the old man, but she told him all and he, grand old soul, kissed her, and said, "that she might have her way, but this time he would not come and hear her." And so, he speaking, left her radiant among the flowers.

But if one obstacle had vanished, it only seemed, as the days of the weeks sped, oh! so quickly by, that the other increased in proportions. From Redbergh came no word. On Tuesday nights he was wont to come, but the evening passed without him. On Friday mornings, a letter always arrived, but on Friday the postman only nodded and said to the waiting girl, "Nothing to-day, miss," reminding her with a smile, that "the course of true love never did run smooth." Then Saturday was upon her. He must have heard, and it must be all over. Then she remembered how her conscience had told her that he was not a Christian, and felt that this was her punishment for not having given him up before.

At last the Sabbath dawned, and Lilian faced it from a restless night. On her pillow and on her knees alike she had sought to do two things—to put from her heart the thought of her lover—and to compose a little discourse, and she had failed in both. The lover would remain—the text would not come. That Sabbath was the first cloudy day of her new life. She spoke to her scholars with no delight. She sat under the sermon in the afternoon, and all was

dry and hard until they came to the closing hymn. And even the light that came then died out as the benediction was pronounced and they came homewards.

After tea she slipped away, and it is related that when Tabitha came she found her in the old summer-house in the garden and on her knees. Without a word she followed. She wondered, as she went, at the throngs upon the road, at the multitude at the chapel door, at the crowded pews and aisles within. Standing in the pulpit she looked around the sanctuary, and saw, as through a mist, a sea of upturned faces, recognizing none. But they sang and prayed, and Tabitha put before her a Scripture to read, and in the reading the Lord came. It was that chapter telling of the disciples of old time; how they had left all and followed Him. The reading should have proceeded to the end of the page, and a hymn should have been sung, but she forgot this. The message came to her lips, and speak of it she must when it came. It was simple enough—"They too must leave all to follow Christ; their sins, their sorrows, their evil habits, their companionships. Then the Lord was willing to be followed, nay, waiting for them to come. Following meant not walking a long way behind Christ, but with Him, —living with Him, eating with Him, laying one's head upon His breast. It occasioned sacrifice and pain, this following, but gave joy and usefulness and glory."

So she stood among them speaking, and they, hushed and silent, save that some sobbed, and some spoke gently words of praise, sat listening and gazing upon her fair young face glowing with the joy of the Lord, her eyes sparkling with the light of love. They said it was as if an angel spoke.

As she sat down her eyes made in the audience a discovery which had mercifully been delayed. Yonder, under the window, was a face, and it was his. What could have brought him hither, and, oh! how could she have borne it if she had known? Now, however, she cared no longer. She had left all, and leaving fully, mourned but little.

At the close of the service, when the larger company was dismissed, that the prayer-meeting might commence, she looked again for her lover. Would he remain? No; she watched him take his hat, and without looking in her direction, slowly leave the place. As she walked homewards she half expected to find him by the way, but he was not there, neither was he waiting at home.

But a few days afterwards there came a letter. Shall we give it? No! but it told her that the writer had entered the chapel hoping to find her in her pew, as, having been from home he had heard nothing of what was to take place. That when she ascended the pulpit his heart was angry, but that when she spoke—but why prolong the story? He, too, had made the great surrender.

So many years ago Lilian Inwood preached her trial sermon, and there was a wedding the following summer after all. In these days, Nelson—lawyer and farmer —lives at Dingill, and though he himself is no preacher, Lilian, white-haired, but lovely still, holds her place upon the plan, near, now, to the top thereof. Often on Sundays you will meet the aged couple on wild roads among the hills, he driving the old brown mare, she sitting by his side thinking of the message to be delivered yonder in some little sanctuary beneath the mountains. She says it will not be long now, but smiles as she adds, "there will be gems in the crown."—Primitive Methodist Magazine.

TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE.

TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE.

Francois Dominique Toussaint, surnamed L'Ouverture, a Haytian general, was born near Cap Francois, in Hayti, in 1743, and died in the dungeon of Joux, France, April 27, 1803. His parents were both slaves, and of pure negro blood. He was also a slave, first as a coachman, and afterwards held a post of trust in connection with the sugar manufacture of the estate to which he belonged. He had learned to read and write from a fellow slave, and after his promotion he read considerably.

He remained apparently contented with his lot till 1791, when the mulattoes appealed to the negroes for help in enforcing their rights; and even then, though many of the blacks rose in insurrection, Toussaint incurred the hostility of his race by refusing to join them till he had secured the escape of his master and his family. He then joined the negro army. Toussaint, at first employed in a medical capacity, was soon appointed a brigadier-general. When news came of the beheading of

Louis XVI. the black leaders accepted the aid of Spain, and repelled the offers of the French convention.

Toussaint soon captured the entire army of Brandicourt, the general of the whites, without bloodshed, and occupied several important military posts, among them Gonaives. The English, having in 1793 invaded the Island of Hayti, took Port-au-Prince, while the French, the Spaniards, the mulattoes, and the blacks were all contending with each other.

At this juncture Toussaint, who was already in effect the commander-in-chief of the black forces, became convinced that the only hope for Hayti lay in declaring for France, whose national legislature, while making Hayti an integral part of France, had proclaimed also the freedom of the slaves, He therefore declared his fealty to the republic, and applied himself so energetically to bring all parties to the same conclusion that Laveaux, the French commander, exclaimed : " Mais cet homme fait ouverture partout ;" and from this time he received his surname of L'Ouverture (the opening).

He formed a junction with Laveaux, and, though the Spanish and English forces united aginst him, he drove the English from nearly all their strong positions, took twenty-eight Spanish batteries in four days, maintained a long line of defences against the allied enemy, who possessed twice his force, rescued Laveaux, and finally closed the campaign by receiving the capitulation of the entire English force besieged at St. Marc (1797), and the abandonment of the effort by the Spanish to conquer the western portion of the island.

Toussaint, who had been appointed commander-in-chief of St. Domingo in 1786 by Sonthonax, the French commissioner, soon restored order and industry to the island, though opposed to Hedouville, the new commissioner. Hedouville, finding himself without influence, fled to France to make complaint of the negro chieftain, who sent to the Directory a statement of the true position of affairs. The French Directory justified Toussaint and censured Hedouville. But the latter, on the eve of leaving Hayti, had sown the seeds of discord between Rigaud, the mulatto leader, and Toussaint, and, by finally setting the former free from his obligations to the latter, had prepared the foundations of a new civil war; and for nearly the whole of the year 1799 the war between the blacks and the mixed race raged fiercely.

Toussaint captured Jacmel, subdued the mulatto insurrection, and on Nov. 26, 1800, assumed the government, amenable for his administration to the French Directory alone; and in January, 1801, the whole island became subject to his sway. He invited the steward of his old master's estate and other well disposed white colonists back to the island. He assumed great state in his public appearance, being richly attired and surrounded by a guard of 1,500 to 1,800 men, all in brilliant uniforms and admirably mounted; but in private life he was plain and temperate.

At the very beginning of his administration Toussaint selected an administrative council of nine, of whom eight were white proprietors and one a mulatto. A constitution was drawn up by the council, in which he was named president for life, and free trade was established. This constitution he sent with a letter to Bonaparte, then First Consul, whose reply was : " He is a revolted slave whom we must punish; the honour of France is outraged."

An act was passed restoring the French colonies to their condition previous to 1789. In a subsequent decree by Bonaparte, St. Domingo or Hayti was excepted—an exception, as the event proved, intended to be only temporary. General Leclerc, the husband of Pauline, Bonaparte's sister, was sent out with a force of 30,000 men and 66 war vessels. The expedition arrived on the coast of Hayti in January, 1802. Among those in command of it were Rigaud, Petion, and Boyer, all enemies of Toussaint. Without a declaration of war Leclerc attempted to enter Cap Francois with his force, and Christophe, who was in command there, rather than surrender, burned the city. Finding unexpected resistance at all points, Leclerc sent Toussaint's sons, who had been educated in France, and whom he had brought with him, to their father, with a letter from Bonaparte, and another from himself, couched in terms of mingled flattery and menace. The negotiation was ineffectual.

Leclerc then declared Toussaint and his generals outlaws, and a sanguinary conflict ensued, in which one-third of the French troops were killed or wounded; and though they possessed the seaports, yet the blacks from their mountain fastnesses were destroying them in detail. Finding it impossible to conquer the island in this way, Leclerc sought to win over the negro generals, and succeeded with Christophe and those under him, including Dessalines. He next made his propositions to Toussaint, offering as conditions of peace to respect the liberty of the people, and confirming this by the most solemn oaths to leave the government of the island in Toussaint's hands, and to employ the officers of his army according to their rank, while for himself he would only hold the office of delegate from France by Toussaint's side.

Toussaint accepted his offers, and a treaty of peace was concluded May 1. He avowed, however, his own determination to leave public life, and retired to his estate near Ennery. But Leclerc had determined upon his destruction. At his direction General Brunet, on June 7, sent him an apparently cordial letter, asking for an interview of an hour in relation to some arrangements for providing for the black troops, inviting him to bring his wife with him, and closing with assuring him of the sincerity of his friendship.

Toussaint went to Gonaives, and after a short conversation Brunet left the room, when an armed force entered and seized Toussaint, and at midnight put him on board a French frigate, with his family. On their arrival at Brest he was separated from his family, whom he was never allowed to see again. On August 17 he reached Paris under guard, and was at once confined in the temple, whence he was transferred, without trial and without any explanation of the cause of his arrest, to the dungeons of the castle of Joux, in the department of Doubs. Here, deprived of all society, subjected to the intense cold, with insufficient clothing, and with too little food to sustain life, he appealed repeatedly, but in vain, for a trial; and as well as his failing strength would allow, he began his defence, which was transmitted to Bonaparte, but elicited no reply.

Finally the governor of the castle went away for four days and left Toussaint without food or drink. On his return he found his prisoner dead, and the rats had gnawed his feet. An autopsy was held, and his death was said to have been caused by apoplexy. The treatment of Toussaint finds a parallel only in the murder of the

Duke D'Enghien. It was the remark of Godwin, in his lectures, that the West India Islands, since their first discovery by Columbus, could not boast of a single name which deserves comparison with that of Toussaint L'Ouverture.

Whittier, in his "Voices of Freedom," thus apostrophizes the noble black patriot:

O lovely was thine aspect, then,
Fair island of the Western Sea!
Lavish of beauty, even when
Thy brutes were happier than thy men,
For they, at least, were free!
Regardless of thy glorious clime,
Unmindful of thy soil of flowers,
The toiling negro sighed, that Time
No faster sped his hours.
For, by the dewy moonlight still,
He fed the weary-turning mill,
Or bent him in the chill morass,
To pluck the long and tangled grass,
And hear above his scar-worn back
The heavy slave-whip's frequent crack;
While in his heart one evil thought
In solitary madness wrought,—
One baleful fire surviving still
The quenching of the immortal mind—
One sterner passion of his kind,
Which even fetters could not kill,—
The savage hope, to deal, ere long,
A vengeance bitterer than his wrong!

Hark to that cry!—long, loud, and shrill,
From field and forest, rock and hill,
Thrilling and horrible it rang,
Around, beneath, above;—
The wild beast from his cavern sprang—
The wild bird from her grove!
Nor fear, nor joy, nor agony
Were mingled in that midnight cry;
But, like the lion's growl of wrath,
When falls that hunter in his path,
Whose barbed arrow, deeply set,
Is rankling in his bosom yet,
It told of hate, full, deep, and strong;—
Of vengeance kindling out of wrong;
It was as if the crimes of years—
The unrequited toil—the tears—
The shame and hate, which liken well
Earth's garden to the nether hell,
Had found in Nature's self a tongue,
On which the gathered horror hung;
As if from cliff, and stream, and glen,
Burst, on the startled ears of men,
That voice which rises unto God,
Solemn and stern—the cry of blood!
It ceased—and all was still once more,
Save ocean chafing on his shore,
The sighing of the wind between
The broad banana's leaves of green,
Or bough by restless plumage shook,
Or murmuring voice of mountain brook.

Brief was the silence. Once again
Pealed to the skies that frantic yell—
Glowed on the heavens a fiery stain,
And flashes rose and fell;
And, painted on the blood-red sky,
Dark, naked arms were tossed on high;
And, round the white man's lordly hall,
Trode, fierce and free, *the brute he made*;
And those who crept along the wall,
And answered to his lightest call
With more than spaniel dread—
The creatures of his lawless beck—
Were trampling on his very neck!
And, on the night-air, wild and clear,
Rose woman's shriek of more than fear;
For bloodied arms were round her thrown,
And dark cheeks pressed against her own!

Then, injured Afric!—for the shame
Of thy own daughters, vengeance came
Full on the scornful hearts of those,
Who mocked thee in thy nameless woes,
And to thy hapless children gave
One choice—pollution, or the grave!

Where then was he, whose fiery zeal
Had taught the trampled heart to feel,
Until despair itself grew strong,
And vengeance fed its torch from wrong?
Now—when the thunder-bolt is speeding;
Now—when oppression's heart is bleeding;
Now—when the latent curse of Time
Is raining down in fire and blood—
That curse which, through long years of crime
Has gathered, drop by drop, its flood—
Why strikes he not, the foremost one,
Where murder's sternest deeds are done?

He stood the aged palms beneath,
That shadowed o'er his humble door,
Listening, with half-suspended breath,
To the wild sounds of fear and death—
Toussaint l'Ouverture!
What marvel that his heart beat high!
The blow for freedom had been given;
And blood had answered to the cry
Which earth sent up to Heaven!
What marvel, that a fierce delight
Smiled grimly o'er his brow of night,
As groan, and shout, and bursting flame,
Told where the midnight tempest came,
With blood and fire along its van,
And death behind!—he was a MAN!

Yes, dark-souled chieftain!—if the light
Of mild Religion's heavenly ray
Unveiled not to thy mental sight
The lowlier and the purer way,
In which the Holy Sufferer trod,
Meekly amidst the sons of crime,—
That calm reliance upon God
For justice, in His own good time,—
That gentleness to which belongs
Forgiveness for its many wrongs,
Even as the primal martyr, kneeling
For mercy on the evil-dealing—
Let not the favoured white man name

Thy stern appeal, with words of blame,
Has *he* not, with the light of heaven
Broadly around him, made the same?
Yea, on his thousand war-fields striven,
And gloried in his ghastly shame?—
Kneeling amidst his brother's blood,
To offer mockery unto God,
As if the High and Holy One
Could smile on deeds of murder done!—
As if a human sacrifice
Were purer in his Holy eyes,
Though offered up by Christian hands,
Than the foul rites of Pagan lands!

. . . . . .

Sternly, amidst his household band,
His carbine grasped within his hand,
The white man stood, prepared and still,
Waiting the shock of maddened men,
Unchained, and fierce as tigers, when
The horn winds through their caverned hill.
And one was weeping in his sight—
The sweetest flower of all the isle,—
The bride who seemed but yesternight
Love's fair embodied smile.
And, clinging to her trembling knee,
Looked up the form of infancy,
With tearful glance in either face,
The secret of its fear to trace.

"Ha—stand, or die!" The white man's eye
His steady musket gleamed along,
As a tall Negro hastened nigh,
With fearless step and strong.
"What ho, Toussaint!" A moment more
His shadow crossed the lighted floor.
"Away," he shouted; "fly with me,—
The white man's bark is on the sea;—
Her sail must catch the seaward wind,
For sudden vengeance sweeps behind.
Our brethren from their graves have spoken,
The yoke is spurned – the chain is broken;
On all the hills our fires are glowing—
Through all the vales red blood is flowing!
No more the mocking White shall rest
His foot upon the Negro's breast:
No more, at morn or eve, shall drip
The warm blood from the driver's whip;
Yet, though Toussaint has vengeance sworn
For all the wrongs his race have borne,—
Though for each drop of Negro blood
The white man's veins shall pour a flood;
Not all alone the sense of ill
Around his heart is lingering still,
Nor deeper can the white man feel
The generous warmth of grateful zeal.
Friends of the negro! fly with me—
The path is open to the sea:
Away, for life!"—He spoke and pressed
The young child to his manly breast,
As, headlong, through the cracking cane,
Down swept the dark insurgent train—
Drunken and grim, with shout and yell
Howled through the dark, like sounds from hell.

Far out, in peace, the white man's sail
Swayed free before the sunrise gale.
Cloud-like that island hung afar,
Along the bright horizon's verge,
O'er which the curse of servile war
Rolled its red torrent, surge on surge,
And he—the Negro champion—where
In the fierce tumult, struggled he?
Go trace him by the fiery glare
Of dwellings in the midnight air—
The yells of triumph and despair—
The streams that crimson to the sea!

Sleep calmly in thy dungeon-tomb,
Beneath Besançon's alien sky,
Dark Haytien!—for the time shall come,
Yea, even now is nigh—
When, everywhere, thy name shall be
Redeemed from *colour's infamy;*
And men shall learn to speak of thee,
As one of earth's great spirits, born
In servitude, and nursed in scorn,
Casting aside the weary weight
And fetters of its low estate,
In that strong majesty of soul,
Which knows no colour, tongue or clime—
Which still hath spurned the base control
Of tyrants through all time!
Far other hands than mine may wreathe
The laurel round thy brow of death,
And speak thy praise, as one whose word
A thousand fiery spirits stirred,—
Who crushed his foeman as a worm—
Whose step on human hearts fell firm:—
Be mine the better task to find
A tribute for thy lofty mind,
Amidst whose gloomy vengeance shone
Some milder virtues all thine own—
Some gleams of feeling pure and warm;
Like sunshine on a sky of storm,—
Proofs that the Negro's heart retains
Some nobleness amidst its chains,—
That kindness to the wronged is never
Without its excellent reward,—
Holy to human-kind, and ever
Acceptable to God.

A bending staff I would not break,
A feeble faith I would not shake,
Nor even rashly pluck away
The error which some truth may stay,
Whose loss might leave the soul without
A shield against the shafts of doubt.

—*Whittier.*

WHAT IS CHRISTIAN SCIENCE?

BY GEORGE WOLFE SHINN, D.D.

One of the most remarkable movements in modern times is the growth of what is known to-day as Christian Science.

In some of its features it is not an absolutely new thing, although it claims to be entirely a new discovery, and presses itself upon the attention of the world as a substitute for views which have been long held and cherished. It antagonizes science, philosophy, and religion, and offers itself as a new revelation, which demands the allegiance of us all.

Although largely concerned with the healing of the sick, it does not confine itself to that one department, but would modify our conceptions of God, of man, of matter, of spirit, of sin, of the present life and of future destiny.

Its advocates, drawn largely from the number of those who have hitherto been in the active membership of the Church, declare that they have passed beyond the crude and erroneous views which they once thought were tenable to a newer and wider plane of thought, from whose heights they look with pity upon those who are held in what they now style the bondage of error.

It is, therefore, perfectly proper to examine this new movement, especially as its adherents are presenting their views industriously in many of our communities, and, by unsettling the religious faith of some, are seeking to withdraw them from their allegiance to the Christian Church. Whatever else may be said of Christian Science, most of its forms result practically in the presentation of a substitute for the Christianity of Christ and His apostles.

Let us see what Christian Science is. In doing so, we assume the honesty of many of its advocates, while deploring the errors into which they have fallen. The plan will not be to indulge in ridicule or invective, but to point out the fallacies upon which the system is built, that those who read may be warned.

While there are various bodies who call themselves Christian Scientists, it must be remembered that the claim to the discovery of Christian Science is made by one person, Mrs. Eddy; and that although there are different persons who call themselves Christian Scientists, the alleged discoverer of the system does not acknowledge any persons as genuine Christian Scientists except they cling absolutely to the views which she holds. She calls heretics all who do not set forth all its principles precisely as she does. She claims that no variation is possible. We are, therefore, compelled to think of the system as she and her friends publish its tenets.

But before we examine what Mrs. Eddy declares Christian Science is as she discovered it, it is helpful to study what it is not. First, then, it is not faith cure. It is not mind cure or hypnotism. It is not spiritualism. In the popular mind these are sometimes confounded with it. It radically differs from all these in its claims. It does not profess to cure sickness by the agency of faith nor by the transfer of will power from the weaker to the stronger, nor by the exercise of any magnetic influence resident in brain and nerves whereby a healing current is made to flow from one to another; nor does

it invoke the ministrations of disembodied spirits, whereby subtle spiritual aid is given to those who need it. No; its advocates think it something apart from all of these, and repudiate any explanations based upon them.

What is it? According to Mrs. Eddy, she discovered it in 1866, and called it Christian Science. Her own account of the discovery is contained in these words:

"In the year 1866 I discovered the science of metaphysical healing, and named it Christian Science. God had been previously fitting me during many years for the reception of a final revelation of the absolute principle of scientific mind healing. Christian Science unfolds the demonstrable fact that matter possesses neither sensation nor life; that human experience shows the falsity of all material things; the only sufferer is mortal mind, since being in God cannot suffer. All real being is the Divine Mind and Idea. Life, Truth and Love are all-powerful and ever-present. Sin, sickness, disease, and death is the false testimony of false material sense; that this false sense evolves in belief a subjective state of mortal mind which this same mind calls matter, thereby shutting out the true sense of spirit. My discovery that erring mortal, misnamed mind produces all the organism and action of the mortal body set my thoughts to work in new channels, and led up to my demonstration of the proposition that Mind is all and matter is naught, as the leading factor in Mind Science."

Here you have Mrs. Eddy's claim to an original discovery. It is not put into very intelligible phrase, but as for that matter, the whole book is not a model of perspicuous writing.

It is quite likely that this lack of simplicity and clearness in all the literature of Christian Science has commended it to some who have supposed there must be something wonderfully valuable back of such obscurity. It is not unusual to find disciples who express the hope that some day they may get hold of it. Just now it is rather beyond them.

Her book, which is a bulky volume of many pages, is not easy to read. It is written in stilted language, abounding in difficult and unusual words, to some of which she attaches definitions of her own. The book is a strange mixture of science, metaphysics, interpretations and applications of Scripture, startling statements of alleged facts, novel explanations of natural phenomena, and considerable which perhaps none but the initiated can hope to understand.

What are the principles of Christian Science?

1. The leading feature is that everything is Mind, and that there is but one Mind, which is God. Our bodies, the stars, the trees, the rivers, the walls of a building have no real existence, but are only ideas of mind, something like the visions that come before us in dreams, all unreal, without actual existence or properties.

2. As matter is unreal, matter cannot feel or know anything, and hence matter cannot be sick. Mind, being perfect, cannot be sick either. Hence there is no sickness in the world. What we call sickness is only a belief—not a belief of the All-Divine Mind, but of the mortal mind. That belief is unreal. It has no substantial reality. The mortal mind is unreal.

Once get the belief destroyed, and you have destroyed all sickness. You may go further than this and destroy death also, for there is no death. It is only a false belief which the Truth concerning life annihilates.

According to the alleged discoverer of this system, her theory has been verified. She claims to have prevented disease in others, and to have restored the sick by chasing away these baseless beliefs. The book abounds in a large number of cases of reported cures of sick persons, and contains the

claim that she has actually raised the dying. (Page 426, "Science and Health.")

But the philosophy of the book includes, as was said, other matters besides the cure of disease. It deals with the awful mystery of sin. Sin, according to Christian Science, is only another error similar to disease, and is to be cured in the same way—that is, you are to get rid of the belief in sin, and then you get rid of sin. It is only a false belief which the mortal mind cherishes. But sin and the mortal mind being equally non-existent, you chase both away when you bring truth to bear upon them. "Healing the sick and reforming the sinner" are processes of the same nature. Then the same process goes still further. It abolishes death. Even though people die now, the hope is cherished that as the principles of science are developed and are better understood there will come a period when there will be no more dying. There is no real need of dying now, they say; but somehow this false idea of death has so fastened itself upon the race that humanity cannot shake it off, and so people go on seeming to die just as from the beginning.

Let us put these leading beliefs into a brief sentence. It runs thus:

Christian Science teaches that there is no such thing as matter, or individual mind, or a personal God, or sin, or death.

That is Christian Science. If you accept it, you must cease to believe in the existence of matter. You must ignore your individual consciousness. You must not think of God as a personal Being. You must cease to think of the actuality of sin. You must ignore death. That is what is required of you.

Think of it. According to Christian Science you have no personality. God has no personality. God is simply the sum of the universe. Man is an emanation from God. Man is God, as one of the factors whose sum makes God. Matter is only a fiction of the mind. It comes into being only when we think about it. There is no matter until you think about matter. Then it seems to come into being, but it is non-existent.

Disease has no reality. It is only a physical thing, and physical things are only in the imagination. A man may think he is sick, or deformed, or crushed, or broken, but he is really none of these. He only thinks he is lame, or ill, or misshapen. Sickness or deformities are wholly imaginary, and hence need no material remedies. All you have to do is to get rid of the erroneous thought.

It may seem to some, in stating these points, that it was merely the vagary of some one's imagination, or the twisting out of shape the views which are advocated. But for every statement here put down there is the authority of the text-books themselves upon the subject, and the openly declared views of Christian Scientists.

Now, let us see where this new teaching stands. First of all, we find that it is absolutely antagonistic to all the learning of the day, as far as the study of the physical sciences go. If there is no matter, if matter is not real, why study astronomy? Those distant orbs have no existence if there is no matter. They but seem to be there in the heavens.

Why study anything? "Christian Science proposes the extinction of all belief in matter and the insistence upon the fact that matter is nothing but an illusion." If so, why study its properties?

Perhaps it has never occurred to some advocates of this system that the logic which would enable

one to prove the non-existence of matter would more certainly prove the non-existence of spirit. There is just as strong evidence that the body has a real existence as that the soul has a real existence. As one well said, "If my consciousness of my bodily members and their states be not trustworthy, then nothing to me is trustworthy, and I am left to flounder about in the darkness through the bogs of nothingness."

It is a somewhat new demand that we should be called upon to prove the existence of matter. The great difficulty hitherto has been to convince men that there is anything but matter in this world. The struggle has been to teach them to have faith in spiritual verities. Materialism has been the basis of most forms of unbelief. It has encouraged Atheism or the denial of God, and it has encouraged Pantheism inasmuch as if the personality of Deity be denied God becomes a mere force in matter. It has favoured Positivism, for that makes God and spirit mere matters of education.

Now, it becomes necessary to prove the existence of matter. A strange task indeed. Let those who deny its existence prove their denial. When that is done, we shall know what step to take next.

Christian Science, then, sets itself against human consciousness, and against all of the treasures of human learning relating to matter, its existence, and its properties.

2. Then, in the next place, Christian Science rejects the clear and simple teachings of the Sacred Scriptures. Although not always in words opposing or denying their teachings, and although freely quoting them and speaking approvingly of them, it virtually denies what the Scriptures seem to reveal.

It reduces the Bible from an inspired message to a collection of disjointed declarations capable of being twisted as you please. It puts meanings upon words which they never had before, and arbitrarily declares that such words mean thus. You can read anything you please into any book if you are permitted to change the meanings of words to suit your system.

Denying the existence of matter and changing the teachings of the Sacred Scriptures, they go on to deny personality, both human and divine. They tell us there is no such thing as the individual mind, and that God is divine principle. We must get rid of the idea of personality as usually understood in the Church.

What shall be said in reply to this denial of personality? It brings up the whole question of whether this universe has been formed and is upheld by abstract law or by a personal agency; whether there is a perfect God as the intelligent first cause, or whether God Himself is simply the sum of all things, a diffusive principle.

God's personality is shown in and through the material universe which He has made. He pervades and controls it. The universe exhibits a unity which would be impossible without a guiding intelligence back of it, and it exhibits a progressive advancement in better adaptation to higher ends. It seems to be moved along by some intelligence greater than itself, as if some plan were being realized.

Then the personality of God is shown by the manifestation of His spiritual attributes to man. Each man has some inward conviction that the will and purpose of a superior being are at work in the world. Each man has a sense of the distinction between right and wrong, and that implies a moral governor of the universe.

The personality of man is shown first through his own consciousness of having a distinct physical existence which through all the changes of the body remains the same. Then it is shown by the powers of thought and of will, by the consciousness of right and wrong, and by the sense of religion. The recognition of himself under varying circumstances is an evidence of personality.

To deny, then, a personal God and to deny personality to man is but a step toward the denial of everything. Follow it out to the end, and you must declare there is no God, no man, no universe, nothing but blankness.

The inevitable sequence of this reasoning must mean for some persons Atheism, and for others despair.

Now, if the fundamental principles of Christian Science are so fallacious, what is to be said about the claim it is making to be a great curative agency for the healing of diseases and the relief of the sorrows of our present condition?

1. If the principles of Christian Science are true, then they are always true, and there never should be any failures. Cures should follow wherever the principles are observed. But there are failures. Some die under the treatment; and no matter how thorough a believer in Christian Science any one may be, he is not exempt thereby from accident or disease, and some day he must die. It is in vain that blame is thrown on the patient, for it matters not whether he has faith or not, they say. According to its own principles, it ought always to succeed. If it fails in any attempt it shows that there is something wrong in its principles. Failure is not to be explained by reference to the will of God, for God cannot have any will if He is an impersonal being, and, according to Christian Science, He has no personality.

The failure of curative experiments all over the country has made it necessary to interpose the protection of the law over those who are the unhappy subjects of the mistaken zeal of others. It is pathetic to hear so continually the story of human suffering made worse by reliance upon Christian Science.

2. Then, in the next place, many of the cures supposed to be wrought by Christian Science can be accounted for in other ways. A large number of sick people get well when they are let alone. Some diseases must run their course, and when their course is run the patient recovers. That is all there is about it. The treatment is to wait and possibly assist the recuperative energies of nature. The patient will recover whether you use orthodox remedies or Christian Science, or mesmerism, or if you simply let him alone.

Another line of diseases is so dependent upon mental conditions that any change in the dominant mental state has a wholesome effect upon the bodily organism—that is to say, a large number of ailments are largely imaginary, or are made worse by a disordered imagination.

Two of the best tonics ever discovered are hope and fear. Administer one or the other, and you break the perverse hold the imagination has been holding over the will. Then the will being free, the bodily organs obey its behests, and the man is on the way to recovery. As has been said, "Mental impressions, however produced, act through the nervous system upon the organs of the body, so as to stimulate or to obstruct their functions. Thus, fright, grief, hope, cheerfulness, determination to get well, or de-

spair, all register themselves in the bodily condition."

Something might be said here of that strange power known as hypnotism, by which some curative property may be applied to the mind. Hypnotic suggestion is beginning to be a recognized agency, a sort of mind cure to be tried where such a treatment is suggested by abnormal mental conditions.

Something, too, might be said about the retarded influence of ordinary remedies. People grow impatient to get well. They try the regular physician, then they go to another and to another. Finally they reach the Christian Science treatment and get well. They would have got well just as fast had they clung to the first treatment. But they were impatient, and Christian Science gets the credit of the cure really begun by the regular practitioner. Cures are sometimes brought about by ceasing to take the nostrums of the quack doctor. People often get well when they give up hindering their own recovery.

Now, if we can account for many cures claimed by Christian Science, we are continually seeing that it fails to do what it declares it can do, and if we see that its principles are contrary to common sense and to revelation, then surely it can present no attractions for one who believes in a personal God who rules His world in love, and who at last will explain all this mystery of sorrow and suffering, and in His own good time will abolish sin and death. Christian Science has been a protest against the materialistic tendencies of the age. Its mission has been to call men's attention to the spiritual side, and with tender sympathy for suffering it has sought to lighten the woes of the sorrowful.

This is all that it means for some people who are thinking favourably of it. They have not yet seen the foundations upon which it is based or the consequences which must follow the adoption of its principles.

To others it seems to bring help by bidding them turn away from the contemplation of their own aches and pains and troubles to other thoughts. But it requires no new system to reinforce common sense in this regard, especially when it is one of the most elementary teachings of Christianity that the afflictions of the present are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed.

Why do we need Christian Science to teach us to look at the bright side when Christianity has always taught us that God is doing all things well, and that all the chastenings of the present are for our future welfare?

When a thunder-storm is rolling up, which is the better course, to deny that there is any storm at all, or to think of it as resulting in benefit?

Let it be said to all who are looking toward Christian Science that you will find in the Gospel of our Saviour Christ and in the Church He has established a nobler protest against materialism, a stronger plea for the supremacy of the spiritual life, and a deeper gratification of all kindly sympathies. It bids you to pity the sorrowing and to lift them up for the tender, healing touch of the benignant Lord and Father. It promises the time when He shall gather all His children home and death shall be no more.

The wretch condemn'd with life to part,
Still, still on hope relies;
And every pang that rends the heart
Bids expectation rise.

RHODA ROBERTS.

A WELSH MINING STORY.

BY HARRY LINDSAY.

Author of "Adam Cartright's Will," etc.

CHAPTER XIII.—Continued.

To their surprise Seth is accompanied by a stranger—a lady—who, the moment the door is fastened again, flings off a thick shawl, bounds into the parlour, and throws her arms round Edward's neck.

It is Lady Trethyn.

"My poor, poor boy!" she cries, as if her heart was breaking. "God Almighty protect you!"

It is a touching scene, the strong young man clasped to his mother's heart, while the two weep bitterly, and while Seth and his daughter, now retired to the sitting-room so that the two might be alone, weep also in heartfelt sympathy.

"Mother dear," whispers Edward, "it is very good of you to come."

"How could I stay from my poor boy?" she cries, pressing him closely to her bosom. "When Seth came and told me you were here I hardly knew what I was doing with my senses. Oh! how could people be so cruel, so cruel," and she repeats the words emphatically—"so cruel—cruel—cruel!"

"You never blamed me, mother?"

"My boy! Blame you, no! And, Edward, I don't think anyone's to blame. What the doctors say about poison I believe to be false. It was excitement killed your father, Edward, and I'll never believe otherwise."

"Oh, that it might be proved!" groans Edward. "I could bear everything else."

"Edward!" cries his mother, "your father has dealt harshly with you. But you shall not be penniless. I have provided for you. See! I've brought a cheque-book with me, and to-morrow I shall place £1,000 in Coates' Bank to your name. Use it, Edward, when you want it, and when it's all done write to me and I'll put another £1,000 in. Hush! No thanks, Edward; I'm your mother. Could you expect me to do anything else?"

"But, mother," pleads Edward, "I shall never need all this. The sum is far too large."

"Child!" she replies, "be quiet. And now I must tell you that I've not forgotten you in your deep trouble. Edward, my son, I've given little or no outward signs of what I've felt, but I've not been idling in your cause. I've been talking to Mr. Superintendent James—"

"When, mother?"

"Oh, some days past. Not since your escape," quickly catching his fear. "He believes you innocent. But he believes someone else guilty."

She utters the words in a deep, husky voice, which imparts an additional mystery to them, and makes Edward cringe within himself.

"Who, mother?" asked Edward, huskily, in return.

She holds up her finger, as if afraid of being overheard, and looks fearfully round the room.

"Stephen Grainger!" she says impressively. "That's Superintendent James' belief, and, although I cannot believe it, I must

act upon it. I must do what I can, and leave no stone unturned to prove your innocence."

He looks at her inquiringly, but cannot speak, so amazed is he.

"There's a skilful detective in Trethyn at present, come up from London," she goes on. "His name is Carlyle, and he has the reputation of being one of the most valuable officers of Scotland Yard. He has rarely been known to fail in the unravelling of criminal mysteries. Edward, I've engaged him to prove your innocence. How he's going to do it I don't know, for there doesn't seem anything tangible to get hold of, but Superintendent James has great conndence in him. And, though I cannot tell why, I have confidence also. P'raps it is his manner that inspires me. But something's being done, you see, Edward, and everything possible will be done to clear your character."

His eyes are blinded with tears of gratitude, and he murmurs his thanks with broken voice.

"But I must go now," says Lady Trethyn presently, "or I'll be missed. You'll manage to communicate with me?"

"Yes, as often as I can. And, mother, remember me to my sisters."

"They are heartbroken for your sake, Edward," she says. "Poor Madge cries night and day. But we must all look up."

She folds him in loving embrace, and then is gone, determinedly refusing the fireman's offer to go with her as far as the park gates.

Seth comes in, takes down the big family Bible, and reads a chapter from the life of Christ, that beautiful one which contains the heart-easing invitation, "Come unto Me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest." The words are healing and balm to each of them, and a sense of quietness and assurance fills their hearts. Then Seth kneels down and prays. He prays for all mankind, for all who are "in trouble or distress in mind, body, or estate"; then he comes nearer home, and particularizes those who are in trouble—the sorrowing family at the Manor, themselves knelt there before the throne of God, Edward—fervently, earnestly he prays that he may be defended by night and day, that he may not give way to despair, and that his innocence may speedily be proved in the sight of all men.

Edward does not go to bed that night, but sleeps on the sofa in the little parlour. When the dawn is breaking he rises and makes ready for his departure. Rhoda comes softly into the room, hangs weeping a while on his neck, and then murmurs her final "God keep you and bless you."

And then he is gone. And not a soul in Trethyn, save the fireman and his daughter, knows the truth of Edward's escape, or the brave, heroic manner in which it was effected.

CHAPTER XIV.

DETECTIVE CARLYLE'S SUSPICIONS.

"Good morning, sir."

"Good morning to you."

"Mr. Thornleigh, I presume?"

"Yes."

"I thought I remembered your face. I was in church on Sunday."

"Indeed. What might be your name?"

"Oh! I'm but a stranger in Trethyn. Am living here for a short time only. Am on a photographing tour. Some splendid views about here, sir. I was just about to take a view of your fine old church when you came up."

"You are quite right, sir," said

the rector. "It is a fine old church. That is a very apt description of it. Many photographers come here in the summer months to take it."

"And now it is autumn. Back end of it."

"Much nearer winter," said the rector, smiling. "We're well into the month of November now."

"Ah, so we are, so we are. But there are some splendid views to be got at this time of the year, you know. For myself, I like winter scenes."

"Well, yes," answered Mr. Thornleigh. "But I like summer scenes."

"Every man to his taste," remarked the photographer.

"Quite so," answered the rector. "You are an amateur, I judge ?"

"Yes," replied the stranger ; "I just do this thing for the love of it, you know. A man must have some hobby, especially in these days of great pressure, or else he'd soon break down, and I don't know of any hobby of so interesting a character as photography."

"H—m," muttered the rector meditatively, "I guess it's very nice."

"Nothing whatever to beat it, sir. It amuses and instructs, and it is also very profitable."

"You sell your pictures, then ?"

"Oh, dear, no. I mean that it is profitable in a saving sense. An amateur collects so many rare pictures at so little cost."

"P'raps you would like to take the interior of the church ?"

"Very much indeed," eagerly answered the stranger.

"It makes a really good picture," explained Mr. Thornleigh. "Looking towards the chancel, with the magnificent stained-glass window just over the altar, and the soft mellow light floating through it, I assure you it makes a very fine view indeed."

"I am quite sure of it, sir," enthusiastically agreed the stranger, "and I shall be only too delighted to have the opportunity to take it."

"How long will you be, then ?"

"Taking the church ? Two seconds. Oh ! you mean how soon will I be ready to go inside ? Only a few minutes. I think I've seen the point of most advantage from which to make the exposure, and I'll soon get the focus."

"Very well," answered the rector, "I'll just walk round to the rectory and get the keys while you are finishing outside here. Why, here comes Mr. Grainger. How do you do, Mr. Grainger ? You're just in time. This gentleman is about to take a view of the old church. You'd better get in it somewhere. Up against the door yonder would be a good place."

"The better place would be here," instructed the photographer, directing the agent to stand under the shade of a great tree, with a huge gravestone for a background. "You see, sir," he continued, "you must have something at your back, and the shade from the tree will prevent too strong a headlight. There—that's it. Now look pleasant while I get the focus."

A few moments with his head under the black cloth, and then the photographer showed again his smiling face.

"Now I think we are ready, sir. You have only to keep quite still. Look pleasant, Mr. Grainger. Don't screw your mouth up so. Do as the young ladies do; say the word "plum" quietly to yourself, and let your lips remain as they are formed after repeating the word. Yes; that's better. Now, quite still. One, two, three—thank you."

"Done ?" cried the agent in amazement.

"Done, and made beautiful for ever," laughed the photographer. "You're now immortalized, sir."

Readily entering into the humour of the thing, the agent laughed heartily, never dreaming that he had unwittingly done Mr. Detective Carlyle an inestimable service.

"Are you ready," asked the rector, who at that moment returned with the keys of the church. "Very well, this way."

He led the way through the churchyard to the back of the church, and opened a low-arched door which admitted them into the church through the vestry.

"What a pretty church!" burst from the detective in well-feigned rapture. "Dear me, Mr. Thornleigh, who would have thought it?"

"You like it?" simply inquired the rector.

"Very much indeed," said Mr. Carlyle. "This being such an out-of-the-way parish, one hardly thought to find so pretty and neat a church. What were your first impressions, Mr. Grainger?"

"To tell you the truth," said the agent, "I never gave the matter a thought."

"Ah! that's because you have not travelled, sir," said the detective. "If you had gone—"

"Travelled!" exclaimed Stephen Grainger, taking the detective up sharp. "Why, bless your soul, I've gone half over the world."

"You have?" queried the detective in well-assumed interest, while even Mr. Thornleigh looked inquiringly at the agent, as if expecting further particulars.

"Yes," answered Stephen Grainger, "I've been in Canada, lived at the Cape, visited Pekin, the capital of China, and done a good long—I mean I've passed several years in Australia."

"You amaze me!" exclaimed the rector. "I never knew before, Mr. Grainger, that you were so great a traveller."

"Been at the gold-diggings?" asked the detective.

"That's just where I was," answered the agent; but Mr. Detective Carlyle, whose head was now underneath his dark-cloth again focussing the chancel, made no further comment, and quietly took his view. His brain, however, was busy, and he made a mental note of several things.

The view taken, they all went out again, and walked leisurely together along the road.

"Anything yet known, Mr. Grainger," asked the detective, "of the whereabouts of the escaped prisoner?"

"Nothing, as far as I can hear," answered the agent in a tone of annoyance, as if the very mention of the subject plagued him. "Some say he is in London, other that he is in hiding in the parish, and some that he's got safely away from the country."

"It's very strange," said the detective.

"The whole thing is a complete scandal," said the agent.

"Everything considered," remarked the rector, "perhaps his escape is the best thing that could have happened. You see the evidence is so weak—"

"Weak!" exclaimed Stephen Grainger; "nothing was ever more conclusive."

"I'm not at all of that opinion," said the rector, "and as time goes on, and more and more opportunity is given me to study the evidence, I incline to think the whole evidence very, very untrustworthy."

"Do you mean that for a reflection upon me?" quickly asked the agent.

"In what way?" queried the rector.

"Do you impugn my evidence given on oath?"

"I'm inclined to think," quietly observed Mr. Thornleigh, "that more weight than was justified was given to it. It was all very circumstantial."

"What about what I saw?" demanded the agent, with an emphatic sneer. "Was that circumstantial?"

"You might have mistaken—"

"Could such a thing be possible?" cried the agent. "Of all men, could I possibly mistake Edward Trethyn?"

"It was very dark," said the rector; "but, however, let it pass. We don't want to argue the matter out here."

"How was the escape effected?" asked the detective.

"No one seems to know," answered Mr. Thornleigh.

"It's a complete mystery," moodily uttered the agent.

Just then Miss Rhoda Roberts passed them on her way to school, and the three gentlemen raised their hats.

"There goes one," said the agent, "who knows more about Edward Trethyn's doings than anyone else in the parish. He was fool enough to make love to that mincing doll."

"I'm quite sure," said the rector, "that you wrong Miss Roberts in speaking thus of her. She's a very estimable young lady."

"A very sly one," sarcastically said the agent.

The rector did not reply, and for several moments the three walked on silently together.

"I should like him to be taken," presently spoke the agent, reverting to the first subject of discussion. "He was a young man I very much disliked—detested, I might say. He was everlastingly meddling with the affairs of the estate and hindering me at every turn. We always were at daggers drawn."

"Still," said the detective, "the charge against him is a very serious one, and you wouldn't like even your enemy to be falsely condemned."

"He would not be falsely condemned," fiercely retorted the agent. "He's guilty."

Mr. Thornleigh strongly demurred. He said Mr. Grainger was too positive, too emphatic, and evidently spoke from prejudice. The cause of such prejudice he did not know, and could not divine, for Mr. Edward was a splendid young man, a worthy young man—perhaps a bit too much taken up with the lower orders, but an agreeable, honest, true-hearted young fellow—one in a thousand. That he should have interested himself in the affairs of the Trethyn estates was only natural. He was the heir, or the supposed heir, and anyone in a similar position would have done the same. And it was always well to be just, he added significantly.

"But if he's not guilty," queried Stephen Grainger, "why should he escape? Why didn't he stand his trial?"

Still Mr. Thornleigh demurred. "Innocent men sometimes were condemned," he said.

"A thing that happens once in a hundred years," said the agent sneeringly.

But Mr. Thornleigh would not admit it. "It happens that innocent men are condemned oftener than is supposed," he said. "And if a man was innocent he would surely strain every endeavour to escape."

Further discussion upon the subject was suddenly cut off by the appearance of a man who advanced, cap in hand, towards them.

"Mr. Grainger," he said humbly, "can I speak a word with you?"

"No, sir, not now," replied the agent haughtily. "I'll be round your way to-morrow, and I will listen to you then."

"But, sir," pleaded the man, "it'll be too late to-morrow. Missus is dying, sir, and I haven't got a scrap of nourishment in the house to give her. If you could

but grant me a part of my wages, sir, I, p'raps, would be able to get her a few comforts."

The man's voice was husky and shaking with emotion. His face was wan and thin, his clothes, though neatly brushed, were old and threadbare, and his whole condition one of palpable poverty.

"You ask me for what I can't grant, Tucker," said Stephen Grainger, coldly. "You must wait till Saturday."

"But, sir—"

"I've no more to say to you," thundered the agent. "Get you gone!"

But poor William Tucker had come upon a life-and-death message, and was not so easily to be denied. He had long enough been servile and obedient, but there was a straining-point even to his endurance, and he steadily stood his ground.

"It's three weeks now, sir, he said bitterly, "since I was paid a penny—"

"Silence!" cried the agent angrily, and stalked loftily away, just calling out a farewell to his erstwhile companions.

The poor man looked after him in amazement, and a strange fire suddenly lit up his eyes, which spoke volumes to the two silent onlookers of what was raging in his heart. He had not dreamt of being treated in such a manner. Well enough he knew that Stephen Grainger was a hard and cruel master, but that the agent could resist his earnest appeal—his uttermost need—poor William Tucker had never once suspected. And, after all, he was but asking for his due. He was not craving help as a pauper, but only seeking that which was his own—his hard-earned wages. What right had Stephen Grainger to refuse him? Nay, how dared he keep from him the money earned by the sweat of his brow! For once William Tucker's manhood was touched to the quick, and the sense of humiliation stole over him. But only for a moment. Quickly his shame passed into indignation and anger, and as the scornful agent was just disappearing from view round a turning of the road, William Tucker raised his fist and shook it menacingly, while he ground his teeth with vexation and rage.

"It'll not always be your turn," he muttered; "every dog has his day."

The Reverend Mr. Thornleigh approached and laid his hand kindly upon the poor man's shoulder.

"Is it a fact, Tucker," he asked, "that you haven't had any wages for three whole weeks?"

"Indeed it is, sir," said the man bitterly, "an' we're just clammed. Smith, the grocer, won't trust us for more provisions until we've paid up what we now owe him."

"Can you tell me why you haven't been paid?"

"Nothing but his wantonness," replied Tucker emphatically.

The rector stroked his shaven chin and stood awhile meditating. So did the lynx-eyed, quick-witted detective, who very soon formed a conclusion in his own mind not very favourable to the agent.

"Tucker," said the clergyman presently, "how much are your weekly wages?"

"I gets twelve shillings, sir, when I be working all the week," said the man, "but sometimes I gets docketed a sixpence or a shilling for off-days—when it rains, sir."

"Then thirty-six shillings are now due to you?"

"They be, sir."

"Well, look here, Tucker," said Mr. Thornleigh; "if I advance you the money, when can you repay me?"

The poor fellow's eyes sparkled with delight.

"Will you, sir? Will you indeed do it, sir?" he cried. "Oh, I should be ever grateful to you, and would repay it the very same day as Mr. Grainger paid me."

Mr. Thornleigh, his eyes filled with moisture, took his purse from his pocket, and then placed two bright sovereigns into the poor man's trembling hand.

"I shall be in no hurry for it, Tucker," said the clergyman. "I would give it to you but that I know your spirit."

"Oh, sir," exclaimed the man, "I would never think of taking it as a gift. I can manage very well if people would only do right by me."

"Yes—yes, I know," said the rector. "But you mustn't pinch yourself to repay me. I shall call you my bank, and I shall make a draw upon you of sixpence a week from my deposit;" and the rector laughed reassuringly. "Now run home and get what you can for your poor wife. I shall be round to see you directly."

Stupefied with astonishment, William Tucker was some minutes before he rightly realized the full blessing contained in the rector's words and generous deed; but when it did dawn upon him, just calling after the retreating clergyman his heartfelt thanks, he bounded away like a very hart and ran at his utmost speed towards his own humble home, eager to cheer his ailing, sickly, feeble wife with the good news, and to purchase her some needed delicacies.

Meanwhile the rector and the detective slowly pursued their way.

"Stephen Grainger's a hard man," said the detective, anxious to draw the minister out, and to learn all he could of the agent.

"He's evidently a bad man," declared Mr. Thornleigh by way of answer, "but I shall inquire into this thing. If Sir Charles Montgomery knew it he would dismiss Grainger at a moment's notice."

"Will you inform him?" asked the detective eagerly, for he quickly foresaw that it would not at all suit his plans to have the agent dismissed, and he was prepared to plead for his retention.

"It depends," answered Mr. Thornleigh. "I shall drop him a note this evening and tell him plainly that William Tucker must be at once paid his wages in full, or I will acquaint Sir Charles.

"You will be acting very considerately in so doing," said the detective, "and like a Christian gentleman."

"It is more than he deserves," said the rector.

Detective Carlyle heartily endorsed that sentiment, and then asked Mr. Thornleigh if he could divine the agent's reason for keeping back the money.

"No reason," answered the clergyman. "Simply an inhuman love of persecuting somebody. He's positively cruel."

"He may be in straitened circumstances himself," suggested the detective.

"And using the money?"

The detective nodded affirmatively.

"Impossible," responded the clergyman; "utterly impossible. His own income must be a princely one."

"Judging from his style of living?" queried the detective.

"Exactly."

But Detective Carlyle was by no means so satisfied upon the point as was the rector, and when, a few hours later, he was secretly closeted with Mr. Superintendent James in that gentleman's private office, he freely gave full expression to his own opinion on the matter.

"To me, Mr. James," he said, "it looks like fraud."

"Very like it," said the superintendent; "very like it indeed."

"You see," explained Mr. Carlyle, "if he does this with one poor fellow, the probability is he does it with others."

"Of course," said the superintendent; "there are so many others in his direct pay. William Tucker is one of the gardeners at the Manor, and—"

"Yes," interrupted the more skilful detective; "but don't you see that this game may be going on with things as well as men?"

"Just so," agreed the superintendent.

"There may be a dozen such transactions," went on the detective. "Who knows how such a man might cook his accounts?"

"There's no telling," said Mr. James; "but at present our business does not lie in that direction. We've no need to trouble ourselves—"

"Excuse me, Superintendent," exclaimed the detective, "but everything, even the smallest item of knowledge, goes to help us in our work. What does this bit of suspicion point to? The man's dishonesty. And to prove that is half the battle. Taken in conjunction with other things, we will find that much headway has already been made to the discovery of what we are seeking."

"What other things?"

"Listen."

Slowly, impressively, and in a dark and mysterious tone, Detective Carlyle related to the superintendent all that he had that day learned respecting Stephen Grainger and his doings.

"Gracious me!" exclaimed the superintendent when the detective had finished, "you have been busy! You've made a really good day of it."

"Fairly," said Mr. Carlyle. "The thing which impresses me most of all is the convict life of Grainger. I knew he was a rascal the moment I clapped eyes on him. To think of it!"

"To think of it!" echoed the superintendent. "What was it he said, again? How did you get at that information?"

"He was telling me of his travels. He had been in Canada, China, the Cape, and had done a good long—he was just going to say 'stretch,' a common phrase among criminals, when he recollected himself and stopped suddenly. But I saw through it. A man hasn't been in my line of business for twenty years without being able to see through a stone wall at times if necessary. That man's been a convict, I say. There cannot be the least possible doubt about it. To me it is as plain as daylight. The question now arises, How did he come to his present position? Fraud again, I say. He never got his present situation honestly. Has he forged a character? Or what has he done? There's something very serious about it, you may depend upon it. And we must fathom it. We must get to the very bottom of it, Mr. Superintendent. What do you say?"

"You certainly have got splendid material to work upon," answered the great man, "and I've no doubt you'll make good use of it. You say you've got his photograph?"

"Yes, and when it's developed I'll warrant it'll be a perfect likeness."

"Very good," said the superintendent, "but of course it would cause too much delay to send it to Australia for identification."

"It was not Australia that Grainger was in," said the detective. "It was Hobart Town, you may depend upon it. There's where the great convict station was. But I've a better plan than sending out the photograph.

Some years ago there used to be an officer in Scotland Yard who had served as something or other in the prisons out there. His name was—good gracious! his name was the very same as this man's—"

"Grainger?" asked the superintendent.

"Yes," replied the detective; "it hadn't occurred to me before. Now what does that mean? How comes this fellow to have the same name? There's another mystery here. What can you make of it?"

"You're sure the name was Grainger?"

"Positive."

"You're not confusing it?"

"No; I'm certain of the name."

"Then it is a mystery," said the superintendent emphatically, "a complete mystery; and it strikes me, Mr. Carlyle, that there's more villainy at the bottom of that man's character than we first guessed."

"That is another certainty," said the detective. "I was going to remark that my plan was to discover this officer, and submit the photograph to him for identification."

"Yes," mused the superintendent, "very good idea—if he can be found. How long is it since he left Scotland Yard?"

"P'raps five or six years since."

"Did you know him?"

"Yes—slightly. I can't say that I knew much about him. He wasn't long at Scotland Yard, and during his whole time there I was up and down the country with one case or another. Yes, and I went out to the West Indies at that time to bring home that fellow that committed the great frauds in the timber trade. You'll remember the circumstances."

"Perfectly," said the superintendent.

"Well, that and other such cases which necessitated prolonged absences from Scotland Yard," went on the detective, "account for my not knowing him intimately. But I know a man who did, and I will put the finding of him in that man's hands."

"Good," said the superintendent. "That means you will have to go up to London for a few days?"

"Yes."

"When will you start?"

"To-night, by the midnight express, and when I return I will again prosecute with vigour my inquiries."

"Very well," said the superintendent, "success and good luck attend you. I place every confidence in you, and I fully believe you'll yet fathom this mystery."

Mr. Detective Carlyle heartily thanked his superior officer, and took his departure. He did not, however, bend his steps towards his lodgings, but turned them in the opposite direction. Before he left for London he had a call to make. He desired to have half an hour's chat with Miss Rhoda Roberts, and to discover for himself what kind of a man was her father.

CHAPTER XV.

CHECKMATED.

The Reverend Mr. Thornleigh penned his note to the agent, and sent it by a messenger that same afternoon. It ran thus:

"The Rectory, November 15.

"Dear Sir,—When you left us this morning I stood talking a moment or two to William Tucker, and was soon convinced that his case is a most needy one—one of very great hardship. As he is one of my poor parishioners, will you therefore excuse my asking you to pay the full amount of the wages due to him this afternoon, so that his burdens may be lightened? By so doing you will not only bless him, but also oblige yours faithfully,

"PHILIP THORNLEIGH.

"To Stephen Grainger, Esq.,
"Trethyn House, Trethyn."

Stephen Grainger was standing on the hearthrug by his dining-room fire when the note was handed in to him. Curiously enough, he was cogitating upon the very same subject as the note spoke about. He was going over again in his mind the scene of a few hours ago, and breathing out threatenings against the poor unfortunate Tucker. He was angry and indignant—angry at the man for speaking of the overdue wages, indignant at his presumption in addressing him at all in the public streets. He felt that his pride had been touched. Hitherto he had been an exceedingly august personage, an unapproachable one to the skittles and small-fry of Trethyn, and that William Tucker, of all men, should have had the impudence to approach him made the agent intensely angry.

"I shall take a heavy reckoning for it," he was just muttering to himself, when the door opened, and his wife brought in to him the rector's note.

"From Mr. Thornleigh?" he queried, turning it over and looking at the crest.

"Yes."

"What's he want now?"

He broke open the sealing and glanced at the contents of the note. Amazed and half incredulous, he stood panting with rage. That the parson should write thus to him! To write to him as if he were a subordinate! What would happen next? Every petty nobody in the parish would be attempting the same cool impudence soon. But he would teach them differently, and Parson Thornleigh first of all. What right had he to pen him such a note?

These thoughts, and many more of such a character, flitted through the agent's excited brain, and roused him to the greatest anger.

"I will settle this question at once, Mary," he said to his wife. "I shall stand no meddling in my affairs by the parson or any one else."

"What is the matter, Stephen?" queried his wife, for as yet he had not informed her, being too angry to think properly of what he was doing.

"Matter! Read that," he cried, placing the parson's note in her hands.

"Why does he interfere?" asked his wife, presently returning the note.

"Heaven knows—I don't," he answered quickly.

"Stephen," she said, "the parson's a dangerous man. You must mind what you are doing. You mustn't let him get you into his clutches."

Stephen Grainger laughed ironically.

"I think," he said, "I am more than a match for him."

"Well, you'll be careful, Stephen? Be wary, you know."

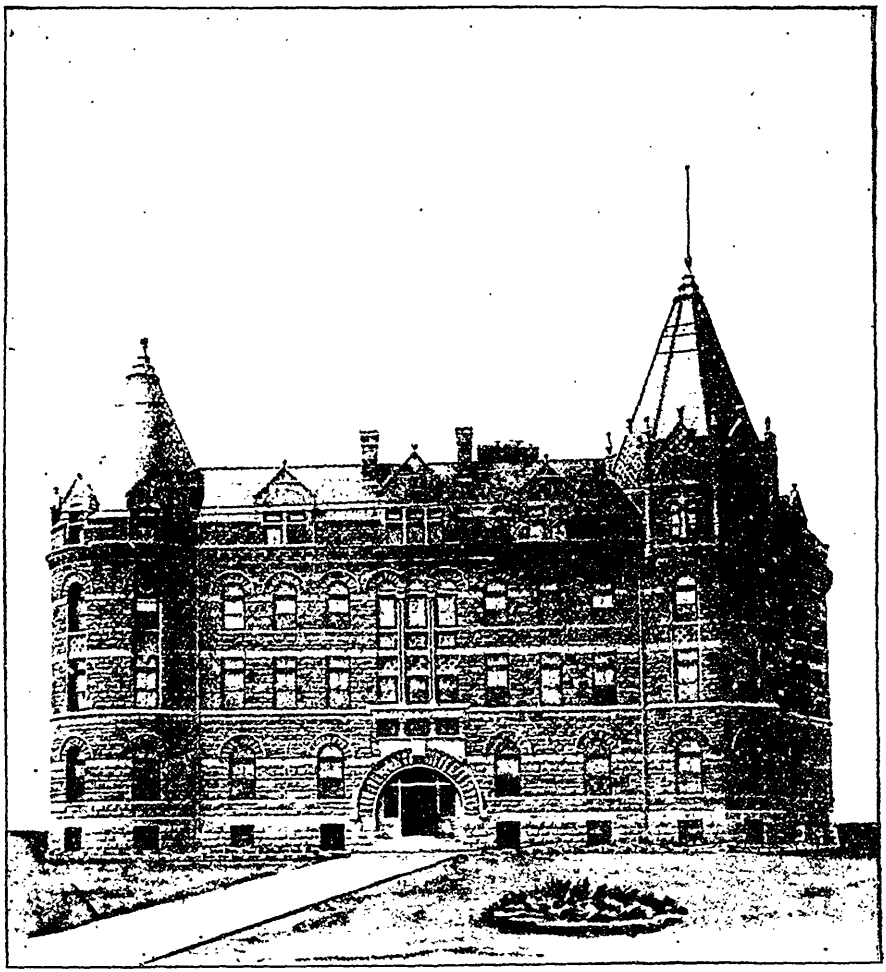
"Trust me," he said, snatching up his hat and stick, and striding to the door in a defiant manner. "I shall be back in an hour."

Ten minutes' rapid walking brought him to William Tucker's cottage. A gentleman would have knocked before entering, and a gentleman of kindly heart would have knocked very gently on remembering that one was lying sick and dying in the house. But Stephen Grainger discarded such slight acts of courtesy as these, and, opening the door, walked unceremoniously into the middle of the kitchen.

He looked scornfully round the kitchen. No one was in it.

"Tucker!" he called loudly, "where are you?" and as he shouted out the ungentlemanly words he beat the handle of his walking-stick angrily upon the door at the opposite end of the room, which opened into a tiny parlour.

WESLEY COLLEGE, WINNIPEG.



WESLEY COLLEGE, WINNIPEG, MANITOBA.

We have pleasure in presenting herewith an engraving of the new Wesley College at Winnipeg. It was a genuine surprise to us to visit such a magnificent and well-equipped institution.

It is handsomely situated on Portage Avenue, and is easily accessible from all parts of the city. The campus, five acres in extent, offers admirable opportunities for physical exercise, in addition to which arrangements have been made for a gymnasium in the basement of the building, so that even during unfavourable weather the opportunity for exercise, so needful to every student, may not be wanting. The ladies' private parlour and cloak-room on the second floor is richly furnished. A separate waiting-room and a reading-room have also been provided for the gentlemen. The bed-rooms will provide accommodations for about sixty students. The building is heated throughout with steam, and lighted by electricity; and,

on the whole, the directors claim, will be found to be as perfectly adapted to college work as it was possible to make it.

The lecture-rooms are large, well-lighted, provided with separate hardwood chairs and desks, and lined with the latest style of, not blackboard, but black plaster, which is much better. The chapel and convocation hall is a large, handsome room which would do credit to any college anywhere. Its dormitories and living apartments are comfortable and well furnished, and, what is a very important feature in Winnipeg, the heating apparatus is of the latest and most approved character. The college is so arranged as to be capable of extension when necessary from its rapid development. We judge this will be a necessity of the not very remote future.

Wesley College was affiliated in October, 1888, with the University of Manitoba, which, established by the Local Legislature in 1877, has the sole power of conferring degrees in the Province of Manitoba, with the exception of degrees in Divinity. In common with the other affiliated colleges, St. John's (Church of England), Manitoba (Presbyterian), St. Boniface (Roman Catholic), and the Manitoba Medical College, Wesley College has the entire control of its internal affairs, worship and religious teaching, and the right of appointing representatives to the University Council and the Board of Studies, also of recommending students for the examinations of the University, while its students enjoy all the rights and privileges of other undergraduates of the University.

Through the energy and ability of the Rev. Dr. Sparling and his accomplished staff of professors, this institution is destined to accomplish a great work in moulding the intellectual life and character of the North-West. Here will be trained many of the men of light and leading of the Prairie Province and regions beyond. It will be of special value as furnishing the necessary classic, scientific, and theological training for the future ministers of our Church in that very important part of the Dominion. Professor Stewart, B.D., is proving himself the right man in the right place in the department of systematic theology and Old Testament exegesis.

We were specially impressed with the broad and statesmanlike scheme of college federation, whereby the cost of duplicating expensive courses of lectures and scientific demonstrations is saved, and greater efficiency secured than by each college attempting to do the whole work itself. A further advantage is that instead of being hived off by themselves the students meet and mingle in the freedom of intercollegiate work, and form the strong and tender friendships of college life.

IN AUTUMN.

BY REV. THERON BROWN.

Let us sing of the sheaves, when the summer is done,
And the garners are stored with the gifts of the sun.
Shouting home from the fields, like the voice of the sea,
Let us join with the reapers in glad jubilee,—
Harvest home!

For the smile of the sunshine, again and again,
For the dew on the garden, the showers on the plain,
For the year, with its hope and its promise that end,
Crowned with plenty and peace, let thanksgiving ascend,
Harvest home!

We shall gather a harvest of glory we know,
From the furrows of life where in patience we sow.
Buried love in the field of the heart never dies,
And its seed scattered here will be sheaved in the skies,
Harvest home!

Labour is life! 'tis the still water faileth,
Idleness ever despaireth, bewaileth;
Keep the watch wound, for the dark rust assaileth.
—*F. S. Osgood.*

PROFESSOR C. D. ROBERTS AND HIS WORKS.*

PROF. CHARLES D. ROBERTS.

That clever Canadian writer, Professor Roberts, has done more to make the Canadian prose and verse better known abroad than almost any other of our native authors. He comes of a decidedly poetical family, several of his brothers and sisters also writing excellent verse. One thing we especially admire about him is his robust and sturdy Canadian sentiment. This is seen in several of his poems, especially in his "Collect for Dominion Day," and in his fine ode to Canada, from which we quote the following stanzas:

O child of nations, giant-limbed,
Who stand'st among the nations now
Unheeded, unadored, unhymned,
With unanointed brow,—

How long the ignoble sloth, how long
The trust in greatness not thine own?
Surely the lion's brood is strong
To front the world alone!

How long the indolence, ere thou dare
Achieve thy destiny, seize thy fame—
Ere our proud eyes behold thee bear
A nation's franchise, nation's name?

The Saxon force, the Celtic fire,
These are thy manhood's heritage!
Why rest with babes and slaves? seek higher
The place of race and age.

I see to every wind unfurled
The flag that bears the maple-wreath;
Thy swift keels furrow round the world
Its blood-red folds beneath;

Thy swift keels cleave the furthest seas;
Thy white sails swell with alien gales;
To stream on each remotest breeze
The black smoke of thy pipes exhales.

O falterer, let thy past convince
Thy future,—all the growth, the gain,
The fame since Cartier knew thee, since
Thy shores beheld Champlain!

Montcalm and Wolfe! Wolfe and Montcalm;
Quebec, thy storied citadel,
Attest in burning song and psalm
How here thy heroes fell! . . .

But thou, my country, dream not thou!
Wake, and behold how night is done,—
How on thy breast, and o'er thy brow,
Bursts the uprising sun!

These are also stirring lines from his "Ode for the Canadian Confederacy":

Awake, my country, the hour of dreams is done,

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* The works of Mr. Chas. G. D. Roberts:

"In Divers Tones,"	$1 00
"Songs of the Common Day,"	1 25
"The Book of the Native,"	1 00
"The Forge in the Forest," cloth, illus.	1 25
"Around the Camp-Fire," illustrated,	1 25
"Earth's Enigmas," a vol. of stories,	1 50
"Canadians of Old" (From the French of Philippe Aubert de Gaspé), ..	1 00
"Reube Dare's Shad Boat," illus....	0 75
"The Raid on Beauséjour," illus....	1 00
"The Canadian Guide Book," new edition (1896), illustrated.....	1 50

William Briggs, Publisher, Toronto.

Doubt not, nor dread the greatness of thy fate.
Tho' faint souls fear the keen confronting sun,
And fain would bid the morn of splendour wait;
Tho' dreamers, rapt in starry visions, cry
Till all the nations know
Us for a patriot people, heart and hand
Loyal to our native earth, our own Canadian land!

Professor Roberts has made Tantramar and the Bay of Fundy his own, as Words-

FROM "THE FORGE IN THE FOREST."

"Lo, yon thy future, yon thy faith, thy fame!"
And stretch vain hands to stars, thy fame is nigh,
Here in Canadian hearth, and home, and name;—
This name which yet shall grow

worth did the lake region of England. His descriptive verse is of photographic fidelity.

The same historic region is the scene of several of his stories, as "The Raid From Beauséjour," "Earth's Enigmas,"

and especially his most important book, "The Forge in the Forest."

This bears the sub-title, "The Narrative of the Acadian Ranger, Jean de Mer, Seigneur de Briart, and how he crossed the Black Abbé, and of his Adventures in a Strange Fellowship." It is an Acadian romance, in which he has caught the very spirit of the old colonial times, and of the conflict between the French and English for the possession of the continent. It contains some of the best work Prof. Roberts has yet done.

In another direction Professor Roberts has rendered important service to Canada in compiling an admirable Canadian guide-book, in which the magnificent scenery, historic associations, the stirring memories of our country, its vast and varied resources, and its sporting attractions, are gracefully set forth. We regard this as simply indispensable for any who would derive the greatest advantage, by having a thorough knowledge of the book, from his holiday trip through Canada.

MATTOCK, SHOVEL, AND BASKET: A RECORD OF RECENT WORK IN PALESTINE.

BY ALFRED COLBECK.

Sixteen miles from Gaza, a little to the north of east, and twenty-three miles from Hebron, westward, in the undulating country that lies between the lower hills of Judea and the flat land of the ancient Philistines, a mound or tell may now be seen, out of the north-eastern corner of which a great triangular section has been neatly cut to a depth of sixty-five feet. The hill itself rises about 120 feet above the surrounding valleys. On its western side it slopes gradually; on its northern and southern it is more precipitous; while on its eastern it descends almost sheer to the Wady-el-Hesy, the torrent bed below. It occupies no large area, being, on the summit, only three-quarters of a mile across. Major Conder has identified it as the site of the ancient city of Lachish, or rather cities, for when Dr. Bliss cut that great triangular section, going carefully down layer by layer, he found no less than eleven cities superimposed on each other, until he came to the original Lachish of the Amorites, built upon a sand-stone bluff sixty feet above the stream, not less than 3,500 years ago.

In April, 1890, Dr. Flinders Petrie examined the eastern face of the mound, where the torrents had washed it, and, to some extent, laid bare its artificial stratification. The theories formed by the skilful Egyptian excavator by this mere surface inspection of the mound have been abundantly established by the long, patient, and more detailed excavations of Dr. Bliss. An independent inspector was necessary, furnished by the Governor of Jerusalem, for the purpose of taking charge of all finds, and transmitting them to the Imperial Museum at Constantinople. A slow German carpenter at Jaffa undertook the construction of a little tram line and eight trucks. They were not very serviceable, however. Men, women, and girls from the surrounding district had to be selected and engaged for the excavation. On the 16th of March, 1891, the mattocks, shovels, and baskets were set to work, and the first ground broken on the top of the tell.

While the work was in hand, till the middle of December, 1892, interrupted only by the summer heats, and the reaping of the harvest, no less than four hundred people were employed, of whom two-thirds were women and girls. A splendid opportunity was thereby afforded for studying their characteristics, habits, language. The people were of two kinds, clearly differentiated in manner, speech, and physiognomy, distinct branches of the same Semitic race—the Fellahin, coarse featured, slow in movement and utterance, patiently and submissively occupying a subordinate position, as unmixed descendants of the original inhabitants of Palestine as can now be found; the Arabs, fine featured, active, independent, with a quick and clear enunciation, in their attitude towards a stranger proud and dignified, but exhibiting the pink of politeness, the sweetest courtesy, when the stranger was transformed into a friend. By perfectly fair dealing, and the quick detection and punishment of fraud, to which the people, like all Orientals, were specially addicted, Dr. Bliss managed them very well, and, before had done with them, secured their respect and confidence. He not only paid them

the regular wages every Saturday, from fivepence to eightpence a day to the women and girls, and from ninepence to fifteenpence to the men, but he gave *bakhsheesh* for every genuine discovery of pottery, scarabs, flints, tools, and other objects of importance.

The people worked well, especially the women and girls, who deftly handled the baskets. They mostly walked from Bureir, a village six miles away, where, in addition to their labours at Tel-el-Hesy, they had to perform their usual tasks. The water had to be drawn, the corn had to be ground, the bread had to be baked, and yet they worked at the tell cheerfully, emptying their baskets of earth into the little trucks, or down the steep eastern declivity. Two, and sometimes three, of the women and girls waited upon each man, and kept him busy with his mattock and shovel, relatives invariably working together, and earning well what we might consider to be scanty wages, but really good pay for this locality, and having regard to the people's needs.

One difficulty, requiring considerable tact, was to arrange with the owners of the tell, an old man called Abu Smada, and his three sons, to carry on the excavations, and reasonably compensate them for the damage done to their crops, wheat, or barley, or lentils, or beans, or whatever else they had sown in that part of the ground. During the two seasons that the work was in hand they were liberally paid for their losses, and presented with a showy pistol, much prized, as a proof of goodwill. The father was a curious character, apparently decrepit and slow of comprehension, but quick enough where money came in, and as tough as leather; and, while the excavations were going on, probably having nothing better to do, made the pilgrimage to Mecca. They had no reason to complain of their part of the transactions, for the excavations really enlarged the area of their arable ground, which was left at the close in a suitable condition for the plough. It was better to make these arrangements than to try to buy the land, which would have involved the questions of title deed, price, *bakhsheesh*, tormenting delays, and all the other usual troubles of land purchase under the so-called government, really lack of government, of the unspeakable Turk.

There were Bedawin encampments in the neighbourhood. Dr. Bliss feared at first that these might prove obnoxious, and complicate his dealings with the natives; but, beyond the taunts of a few boys flung at the women and girls, and the robbing of a tent in the first week of his arrival, he had no trouble with them, and these offences were readily punished by the all-powerful Sheik. They were pleasant neighbours enough, although there was something "uncanny" about the manner in which they were able to lay their hands upon any man that was wanted, fetching him out of the wilderness, where, to all appearance, there was no man at all.

These Arabs would not but believe that Dr. Bliss, in common with all European excavators, was digging for treasure hidden long ago by his ancestors, the Crusaders. Their impression was that the treasure was bewitched into potsherds, dug out, and carried home; there a counter spell was wrought, and the potsherds changed again into treasure. Said Dr. Bliss, "Shall I tell you the reason why I dig? Is it not possible for a man to go to Mecca as a pilgrim for a few pounds; but will not a man spend a hundred on a pilgrimage, with everything fine and grand, all for the sake of religion? Now, you know, this is the Holy Land. Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, David, Solomon lived here, and it is a matter of religion to come and unearth their towns and find out how they lived, and what they did, if we can. I don't expect you to believe me, but I am telling you the truth when I say that the purpose of the digging is not treasure, but one of religion."

"Wullah, we believe you," said they, "but what about the bewitched pottery?" Of course, this left the matter just where it was at the start.

The weather was not always fine. Sometimes the sirocco blew from the southern desert—then breathing was painful and work misery. Sometimes heavy rains would fall, soaking the tents, turning the dust into a puddle, and choking the erewhile dry *Wady* into a roaring torrent. But often the days were brilliant, the nights delicious, and mere living an indescribable luxury.

The ground to be excavated was about one hundred feet square. This was divided into smaller squares of ten feet, and the people were set to work in batches. For the first three feet down nothing was found except Arab graves and pottery, but when down four or five feet one of the diggers came upon a mud-brick wall. Soon another man announced a similar discovery in another square. The wall was carefully traced and found to be the same. Other walls were dis-

covered, and many pit ovens, and, in course of time, this section of the topmost city was opened to view, after having been buried for more than 2,000 years. When it had been thoroughly inspected, and photographed, and all the articles found in it marked and carefully set aside, the ground was cleared and the digging re-commenced.

Three feet below this came the next city. This was subjected to the same process. The next city, the third from the top, was ten feet below the second, showing that a considerable time must have elapsed between the destruction of the one and the rebuilding of the other. There were only four feet between the third and the fourth cities, but again ten feet between the fourth and the fifth. Five feet under the fifth was the sixth. Then came a great bed of ashes, the supposed remains of alkali burners, who must have used the hill for trade purposes for a long time. Under the ashes, eight feet below the sixth city, was the seventh, and the eighth three feet below that; then came the ninth five feet lower still, and the tenth three feet lower again, and, last of all, the original city, ten feet lower than the tenth, or sixty-five feet from the surface, under this was the native clay and sand resting upon the rock.

In this way were the skeletons of these successive cities of Lachish laid bare, so much of them, at any rate, as had continued vertebrate; for we must remember that these cities had been built of sun-dried bricks, common enough still in Egypt, and not uncommon in Palestine and Syria. No gigantic hewn stones were found like those that may be seen at Hebron and Jerusalem. The strength of Lachish must have consisted in its topographical position, perched upon a high sandstone bluff, difficult of access and further defended by the *Wady* on its eastern side. It is quite possible that there may be stone-work hidden under other parts of the mound, but we can only deal with the parts that have been excavated. Where the cities were close together, separated by only a few feet, the remains of the houses of the ruined city below were often made the foundations of the rising city above.

The materials of which these cities were composed mainly accounts for the large accumulations of debris, whether the cities were destroyed by war or simply fell through natural decay. The walls remaining were never more than about three feet above their bases. The buildings unearthed were of various kinds and forms: houses, citadels, town walls, and, in the lowest city of all, the remains of a great tower, whose foundations went down eight feet into the native clay. In the sixth city from the top the foundations of the buildings were placed in the bed of ashes, and in the fifth city, under the walls of a large house ran a fine layer of yellow sand, by means of which the plan of the house could be easily traced. The second city had been subjected to a fierce conflagration. There were many evidences of the fire: the bricks were turned into a salmon colour and the floor of one room was covered to a depth of from five to eight inches with burned barley.

Many ovens, similar to those now in use in Palestine, were discovered in many of the upper cities; and in the eighth city from the surface, a curious, well-constructed, and beautifully preserved blast furnace was found, dating back to between 1400 and 1500 B.C., the time when the Israelites under Moses marched out of the land of Egypt. Pottery in different kinds, in quantities smaller and greater, was unearthed in all the levels, also various articles in bronze and iron; flints were common; the tooth of a hippotamus, and a part of an ostrich egg were found, indicating communication with Egypt; the teeth and bones of animals and fish, and the pierced shells of a common bivalve, as if they had been worn upon a string; but the most important of the discoveries were the cylinders and scarabs, an inscribed jar handle, and a letter tablet similar to those found at Tel-el-Amarna.

It was hoped that more of these tablets would be found, and there may be more still buried in the mound. The man who picked it up, while digging in the seventh city from the top, called it "saboony," a bit of soap, and "the men were told to look sharp after more of the same brand." Professor Sayce had said to Dr. Bliss that he might reasonably expect to come across such like tablets at Tel-el-Hesy, and an impression of the one discovered was submitted to him for inspection and decipherment. The letter is an official communication in regard to certain spoil, the result of war, and the coming of a certain man and his brother to strengthen the country. Inscriptions were also found on the scarabs and cylinders, one reading "Good son of Amen Ra." One Phœnician inscription was found dating from the eleventh century, B.C.

After a very careful consideration of

all the articles, Dr. Bliss came to the conclusions in regard to the date of the building of the successive cities, reckoning from the top downward:

	B.C.	
First city.	400	Notable absence of coins.
Second city.	500	Prevalence of polished Greek ware.
Third city.	800	Great depth of accumulation over walls.
Fourth city.	1000	Phœnician pottery scarce.
Sixth city.	1300	Eighteenth and nineteenth dynasty scarabs, cylinder with twenty-second dynasty glazing, and much Phœnician pottery.
Seventh city.	1400	Phœnician pottery at its best.
Eighth city.	1450	Cuneiform tablet, and eighteenth dynasty scarabs.
Ninth city.	1500	From nature of accumulations cannot be much earlier than the eighth city.
Tenth city.	1550	Curious pottery works.
Eleventh city.	1600	Or earlier, the city of the Amorites, the great tower, possibly built as a defence against the advancing Egyptians.

Lachish joined with Jerusalem, Hebron, Jarmuth, and Eglon in a strong league, offensive and defensive, against the Hebrews under Joshua, after the fall of Jericho and Ai, and when the Gibeonites had become their friends. Along with the rest the men of Lachish suffered a crushing defeat at Ajalon, and their king, having taken refuge with the other kings in the cave at Makkadeh, was brought forth and slain. The city was captured and destroyed, notwithstanding that Horam, king of Gezer, came up to keep it, and that, after the city was taken, Joshua had to turn his arms against this new foe. It was probably the seventh or eighth city which thus fell at the Hebrew invasion.

To Lachish, the third city, Amaziah, the king of Judah, fled from Jerusalem to escape a conspiracy; but the conspirators were active and courageous. Messengers were sent to Lachish, and the king was slain. With that strange veneration, however, for a king disliked, they brought the body back to Jerusalem, and buried him with his fathers in the city of David.

Before this same third city of Lachish Sennacherib encamped, and sent his haughty messages to Hezekiah, king of Jerusalem. Isaiah said to the Jewish king, "Be not afraid of the words which thou hast heard, with which the servants of the king of Assyria have blasphemed thee. Behold, I will send a blast upon him, and he shall hear a rumour, and shall return to his own land; and I will cause him to fall by the sword in his own land." When the servants returned Sennacherib had departed from Lachish. Was it too strong for him to take? Or, had the rumour something to do with it? He had turned aside to Libnah. News came of the advance of Tirhakah, whose royal residence was far down the Nile, a king of Ethiopia as well as Egypt; and the news was followed by the blast, which, somewhere in the region of these rolling hills, where Lachish was situated, swept over the Assyrian army like a destroying angel, and hushed it in mysterious death. Sennacherib returned to Nineveh, but only to fall by the hands of his own sons, smitten with the sword, according to the word of the prophet of the Lord.

Was it the third city of Lachish or the fourth—probably the fourth—that was built by Rehoboam as an outlying city of defence for the Judean hills?

With this third city, Micah, whose home was not far away, and whose form might have been familiar in its streets, is associated by prophecy, crying, "O thou inhabitant of Lachish, bind the chariot to the swift beast: she is the beginning of sin to the daughter of Zion: for the transgressions of Israel were found in thee"—a grave charge, and a prophecy amply fulfilled. Lachish and Azekah were the last two cities to hold out, with Jerusalem, against the Babylonian conqueror; but they all three fell, and those who neglected to flee were involved in the common ruin.

There was a Lachish of the times of the restoration. Part of the captives who returned from Babylonia settled in "Lachish and the fields thereof." Was this the second city or the city nearest the surface? Or did they build another Lachish a little distance away, being unable to take the stronghold on the mound? Or were they scattered in tiny villages over these low hills, and became dwellers in the fields? We cannot tell. But it is a significant fact that the Lachish which was recently unearthed ended its existence at the same time that Lachish disappears from the Biblical history.—*Primitive Methodist Magazine.*

LIFE AMONG THE LOWLY.*

A characteristic of the age is the broadening of its sympathies to embrace all mankind. Stockton, in one of his humorous stories, satirizes the romantic maid who was so familiar with "lords and knights and ladies fair" that they entered into her daily life and led her to name her dog from one of her heroes. But the greatest literary artists of our time enlist our sympathies on behalf of the suffering and the sorrowing whose woes had long been unvoiced or unknown. Dickens stirs our feelings for a Tiny Tim and an Oliver Twist; Barrie engrosses our interest in the adventures of Sentimental Tommy, and Crockett with those of Cleg Kelly.

We have nowhere met pictures of the poor which have stirred our heart more than those of the Rev. Fergus Mackenzie, a new Scottish author, who is by no means an echo of Ian Maclaren or Barrie, as many of these sketches were written long before theirs. There is in them, moreover, a more earnest moral purpose than in the books of either Crockett or Barrie. Some of them are almost painful in their delineation of the sorrows and noble endurance of the poor. Note, for instance, the picture, which is as sharply etched as Millet's Angelus, of the figures in the first sketch, entitled "The Last Sheaf."

"When they left the stackyard, the road showed only a glimmer of dust in the darkness. This band of toilers might have stood for an emblem of humility and sorrow. All five were bowed with toil, and the night had wrapped the sombre garments of the women in its own garment of sombre hue, till they looked more severe and penitential than the austerest nuns. The old man and the boy were moving statues of jet. All were silent, for they were weary. When they thought, they thought wearily; their thinking was like their gait, heavy and clogged. Old Marget Hain was most bent of any: hers was not the stoop of weariness which would allow of her straightening up when the weariness left her; hers was a deformity, the permanent disablement of incessant toil. She was broken under the burden as others have been broken on the wheel; and on this torture-rack of toil she must be stretched till she reached that bourne 'where the weary are at rest.'

"She lifted her worn face, beautiful with patient suffering, and gazed vacantly at the dark night framed in her uncurtained window. The sputtering of the candle in the socket awakened her out of her reverie, and unclasping her hands she stretched up to the mantelpiece and took down a faded book. Then the mist and the darkness passed away, the dingy room was lost in the vision of that city that had no need of the sun, her weariness was forgotten in the promise of rest, and all her unfriendedness ceased in the presence of a most gracious Father. Her wrinkles and grey hairs were remembered no more as she turned to a favourite passage and read:

"'The sun shall be no more thy light by day; neither for brightness shall the moon give light unto thee: but the Lord shall be unto thee an everlasting light, and thy God thy glory. Thy sun shall no more go down; neither shall thy moon withdraw itself; for the Lord shall be thine everlasting light, and the days of thy mourning shall be ended.'

"The crooked old woman closed the Book, looked and listened: and as she listened, beyond the silence there broke on her soul the music of no earthly oratorio; visions of an enchanted land arose out of the darkness, and her imagination was filled with more splendour than all the galleries of Europe could yield. She was dowered with immortal youth, and crowned with unfading beauty."

The story, "By the Grace of God," recounts with true pathos the conversion of a drunken tramp through the singing of the hymn:

"From sin and from crime, and from feeding the swine,
Glory to God! we've come home."

The sketch, "A Commonplace Tragedy," illustrates the dourness of Scottish character, staunch and stern as one of its granite hills, yet containing the springs of feeling seldom revealed even in the sanctities of domestic life. Miller Ingram meets with a serious accident, giving rise to a touching scene, which our author thus describes:

* "Sprays of Northern Pine." By Fergus Mackenzie. Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, $1.25.

"Thank ye, doctor, thank ye kindly; ye are a true friend as well as a doctor," the invalid said, swallowing down his sobs. "I am thankfu' to say that I hinna left it to a deein' bed to mak' my peace wi' my Maker, for that has been settled mony a year an' day. As to my temporal affairs, I leave a'thing to the care and discretion o' my wife, wha for nearly forty years has been my comfort an' stay, an' next to God's grace itsel', the choicest blessin' He has bestowed on me. An' thank you, doctor, for your faithful word."

Marion Ingram's breast heaved, an expression of intense agony flashed into her eyes, and throwing herself on her knees before a chair, she bowed her head and wept. "Thank God, thank God for that word!" she moaned. "I hae lived wi' my man near forty years, an' never by word or deed till this moment did I ken I had done a single thing that pleased him!" and she sobbed as she would not have sobbed if her firstborn had been taken away.

"Oh, Wattie, Wattie, an' ye cared for me a' the time, an' never said it ainee, an' I thocht ye had forgotten a'thing but the mill an' the farm!"

He moved uneasily, took her hand in his, and pressed it. "Gude-wife!" he exclaimed, but his sobs choked him. "I didna think . . . I couldna speak. . . . I could only feel . . . But the hoose was never hame to me the mament ye were oot o't."

"An' ye never telt me, Wattie; an' me carryin' a broken hairt ilka day for near forty years!"

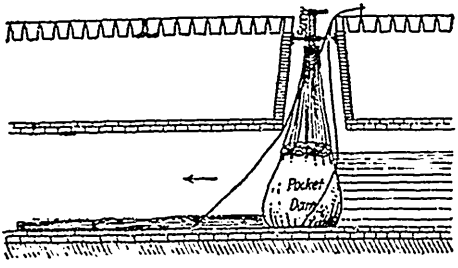
"Oh, Marion, Marion, I didna think! . . . I thocht ye kent . . ."

The rest was smothered, Two white heads were pressed close together, and tears flowed as freely from two pairs of aged eyes as from those of lovers making their peace after a first quarrel.

Daily for years, Walter Ingram, a twisted cripple, with Marion's arm about him for support, limped to the bridge, where the two gazed longingly at sky and distant hill; and daily they turned into Jeanie Eaton's to laugh with the children. Love had found them at last, like winter sunshine, welcome, although late.

"To the Land o' the Leal," and other sketches in this book are of intense and pathetic interest.

Seienee Notes.



BAG FOR FLUSHING SEWERS.

A Device for Flushing Sewers.

The following description of an ingenious device for flushing sewers, invented by M. G. Wittevrongel, city engineer of Antwerp, Belgium, and called by him a "pocket-dam," is taken, with the accompanying illustration, from *Engineering News* (April 29th):

"This device consists of a tarred canvas bag with dimension varying with the diameter of the sewer and of the manhole. The mouth of this bag is held by a number of small wire ropes attached to a nut which in turn has passing through it a strong screw, held in the mouth of the manhole by an adjustable clamp. The bag, lowered into the manhole and held in position as described, is then filled with water from the city mains. The sides of the bag are thus pressed firmly against the sides of the sewer and form a dam; when the water has been thus raised sufficiently in the sewer, the screw is released as quickly as possible and the bag falls to the bottom of the sewer under the pressure of the water. A cord attached to the bottom of the bag enables it to be withdrawn through the manhole.

"This device has been found to be very economical in sewers which have a sufficient water supply for the purpose. By this process a sewer, 6½ feet in diameter, 11,480 feet long, and having in it a mean depth of mud of 1.64 feet, was

cleaned out at a cost of 0.07 francs per lineal meter, or less than half a cent per lineal foot.

Electricity from the Nile.

The Egyptian Government recently employed Prof. George Forbes to examine the celebrated cataracts of the Nile during the period of high water, with a view to the establishment of electric power plants like that at Niagara Falls. Professor Forbes reports that during high water the available horse-power at the First Cataract is no less than 500,000, while it is only 35,000 when the river is low. He thinks the cost of utilizing this power to generate electricity for transmission to a distance would not be so great as to make the enterprise unprofitable. Perhaps within a few years the Nile will bestow new benefits upon Egypt by furnishing the energy to drive irrigation pumps, as well as machines of various kinds.

A Magnetic Island.

Everybody has read stories of mysterious islands exercising an irresistible attraction on ships passing near them. These, of course, are pure inventions; but there is an island named Bornholm in the Baltic Sea, near the coast of Denmark, whose rocks, according to a Vienna journal, *Der Stein der Weisen*, are so strongly magnetic that they affect the compasses of passing ships, even as far as nine miles away. In this manner Bornholm may be said to turn vessels out of their course, since an error of the compass needle may cause a corresponding error in the steering of a ship.

Sweeping With Wind.

In some of the Chicago railway yards compressed-air brooms are employed for sweeping and dusting the carpets and upholstery of the cars, and the results are said to be satisfactory. The compressed air is led from a power-house through an underground pipe, to which a hose is attached in the car-yard. Affixed to the end of the hose is an iron nozzle as long as an ordinary broom-handle, and having at its extremity a fixture of brass about a foot broad, and furnished with a long slit a thirty-second of an inch in width, through which issues the compressed air at the rate of seventy-five cubic feet a minute. The dust does not stay long in front of that current.

Paper Made From Grass.

Among the materials which have been substituted for rags in the making of paper is esparto grass, which was formerly obtained for this purpose from Spain, but is now largely imported by English manufacturers from the north of Africa. It is a very hardy plant, flourishing in deserts where other vegitable life is unable to exist; and the suggestion has recently been made that, by cultivating esparto grass in the Sahara, that great region of deserts might be partially reclaimed and turned into a source of profit for mankind.

An Under-Sea Tunnel.

The Italians are considering plans for the construction of a double tunnel, about two miles in length, between the toe of Italy and the island of Sicily. The tunnel is to run under the Straits of Messina, not far from the site of Scylla and Charybdis, the rocks and the whirlpool which were so dreaded by ancient mariners. It was at first proposed that a bridge be thrown across the straits, but it was thought that this would be too much exposed to the winds, which are occasionally violent between the opposing mountains of Sicily on one side and Calabria on the other.

A Minute Lamp.

Physicians occasionally use, for the purpose of illuminating parts of the interior of the body, a delicate electric lamp, called the "pea lamp," because its little glass bulb resembles a small pea in size, being only one quarter of an inch in diameter. It is, nevertheless, a complete incandescent lamp, having a carbon film one-eighth of an inch long, and about one-two-thousandth of an inch in diameter.

Science claims, remarks a writer of authority, that only one person in every fifteen has eyes of equal strength, and that only one in every ten has a left eye which is stronger than the right one.

By using the electric spark an exposure of less than .000001 of a second is required to make a picture. Illustrations of some of the most delicate natural phenomena are secured by this method. That is a delicate art, indeed, which registers with equal fidelity the unfolding of a morning glory or the collapse of a soap-bubble.

Current Topics.

WHO'LL GET THE "WISH"? THE EASTERN QUESTION WILL EVENTUALLY COME TO THIS.—*The Journal, Chicago.*

THE WORLD AND THE CHURCH.

The greatest peril to the Church of the future, we apprehend, is not from Infidelity, or Free Thought, as in the eighteenth century, nor from opposition and persecution, as in the first three centuries, and at sundry times since, but from conformity to the world and a consequent lowering of her spiritual life. The Emperor Constantine was really a greater enemy to Christianity than the persecuting monster whom he overthrew. Under ten persecutions the early Church, like the Israelites in Egypt, the more it was oppressed, the more it multiplied and grew. But raised to the purple and throned in power, it lost its primitive purity and sank, at times, to a depth of corruption but little better than the paganism which it supplanted.

From one danger, indeed, the Church of the future will be free. It will not be a State Church, nor will it exercise political power. Even that Church which for long centuries dominated Christendom, and placed her foot upon the neck of kings, has now no more political power in her ancient seat of empire than the weakest of sects. Outside of the walls of the Vatican its authority is defied, and when an attempt was made to gain political influence from the midnight burial of Pope Pius IX., the remains of the last temporal sovereign of a mighty line of Pontiffs narrowly escaped being hurled —a sacrifice to the popular hatred—into the Tiber. "A free Church in a free State," the dream and aspiration of Cavour, is now a fixed fact in Italy.

But we are thinking rather of the peril of evangelical Churches, and especially of Methodism, in English-speaking lands. The day of the early probation of Methodism when, winnowed by the fan of persecution, the false and fickle fell off, the tried and true alone remained, has passed away. No Church in Christendom exhibits such a development from a despised and persecuted sect, everywhere spoken against, to a world-wide organization of which all men speak well. Methodism is no longer the Church chiefly of the poor, but also very largely of the rich. Witty novelists can no longer describe its services as confined to little Bethels and Ebenezers in narrow lanes. It has, especially in the New World, its stately and magnificent churches, the peers of

any in the land. In wealth, in culture and refinement, its congregations are equal to any, and its pulpit need not shrink from comparison with that of Churches which were venerable and learned before Methodism was born.

In its prosperity is its chief peril. Avowed Agnostics and Infidels are comparatively few in number. Not one in ten thousand declares himself to the census commissioner as of no religion. It is not even respectable in polite circles not to belong to some Church. Hence, for social reasons, and from professional or business policy many will attend and support Church institutions who have little religious principle, and naturally these will carry into their church relations much of worldly spirit and worldly influence. They dress as fashionably as any, their amusements and entertainments are those of the world. They are in the Church, but not of it. They create an atmosphere of worldliness. They insensibly affect by their social influence those who seek to cultivate the inner and the higher life.

What are the antidotes to this danger? One is, sustained and increased spirituality in the pulpit. We rejoice to know that the wealthiest and most fashionable city congregations hear from the pulpit no uncertain sound, but the whole counsel of God declared with the same boldness, zeal, and love of souls, which have won such victories in the past. And looking beyond our own Church, we rejoice that from ten thousand Christian pulpits the great evangelical truths of the Gospel are proclaimed with apostolic zeal and power.

The social services of the Church must also be maintained with energy and vitality. The prayer-meetings and class-meetings are the moral furnaces of the Church which raise its spiritual temperature and ward off torpidity and death. And above all, a baptism of the Holy Ghost, a grand revival of religion will so endue the Church with spiritual life and power that frivolity and worldliness shall be consumed as flax in the flame, and Pentecostal fires shall glow in every heart.

We need not seek nonconformity to the world by a recurrence to drab bonnets and straight-breasted coats, to barn-like chapels and unadorned homes. Beneath these exteriors may hide as hateful and un-Christ-like a spirit as that of a Caiaphas or a Judas. We must live in our own age and subject to its environment. Have we wealth, culture, social rank? Let them be consecrated to the service of God. Let us, like the Magi, bring our gold and frankincense and myrrh, our richest gifts and rarest, to the Christ of Bethlehem. The vessels of gold and silver adorn more rightfully the temple of Jehovah than Belshazzar's impious feast. Let us not dwell in ceiled houses while the house of God lies waste. Let us have beautiful churches, "exceeding magnifical" and a seemly service. Let us have stately music to celebrate with Milton, "In glorious and lofty hymns the throne and equipage of God's almightiness—a sevenfold chorus of hallelujahs and harping symphonies." But let the glory of the Lord fill the house as it filled His temple of old; and let His presence there abide forever.

Let our homes be as bright and beautiful as they may. Let music, art, culture, refinement adorn our lives, and literature and science inform our minds. But upon every adornment and every enjoyment let there be written, "Holiness to the Lord," and may He who gladdened with his presence the marriage feast at Cana, and the happy home of Bethany, be the abiding guest of every home and every heart.

Equal Suffrage.

While all the world has been ringing with the praises of a woman sovereign, ruling for sixty years with skill and wisdom the mightiest empire the world ever saw, it is curious that many shrink at the idea of giving a womanly right to vote for a village school-master. We have got a little beyond that in Canada, and grant municipal suffrage to a limited number of women. This experiment has been attended with marked success. The woman vote can always be counted upon on the side of good morals, temperance and social reform. The most noted temperance victories in this country have been won largely by the organized efforts of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. The approaching gathering of the World's W. C. T. U. Convention brings before us the splendid record of this society, which has "belted the world with ribbons white," and everywhere exerted its benign influence "for God, and home, and native land." In two widely-severed commonwealths woman suffrage has been given practical experiments, in Wyoming, United States, and the British province of New Zealand. Hon. S. L. Sedden, the Premier of the latter country, on a recent visit to Canada gave most emphatic testimony as to the success of

woman suffrage in New Zealand during the last four years:

"I was rather surprised," he said, "just after I had entered a British country at Niagara to see a statement in a Toronto paper to the effect that woman suffrage in New Zealand had been disappointing because it had not conquered partyism, promoted social reform or pure administration. The facts are all against that article. In the first place, woman suffrage was introduced in 1893, not 1894. Mr. Ballance, the then premier, had given his pledge to bring in a bill conferring the franchise on women, and although personally opposed to it, I felt bound, on succeeding him, to carry out his pledge. The result has been such as to change my views on the question. I feared that to give women the right to vote would take them away from home life in a measure, unsex them and bring them down from the place they ought to have in the heart and home. Now, what has happened? The women of New Zealand, whose drawing-rooms were before that time like drawing-rooms all over the world, places where characters were talked of and dresses criticised, where there was much small talk that did not mean anything or perform any helpful function, are becoming less frivolous and very much more interested in questions of great social import, and especially those involving parliamentary action. Our women voters set a high standard. They demand representatives of clean moral life; and if there is ground to believe that a candidate is not of that sort, well, there is an end of him. And they are not contented merely with good morals, they pick on good representatives almost instinctively. They are just as eager to get good members of the House as good husbands. There are, of course, no women members, nor do the women desire that there should be. After four years' experience of woman suffrage, I have decided that it was not a mistake to grant it, and I should certainly say 'Yes' to a question as to whether Canada should go and do likewise."

The Great Wheel.

The practical wisdom of John Wesley in organizing the Methodist itinerancy has been amply vindicated by the logic of events. Indeed, every great religious movement has had an itinerant ministry. Our Lord and His apostles traversed the hill country and valleys of Judea, and Samaria, Galilee, and Perea from end to end. The missionary apostles went everywhere preaching the Word, confirming the churches, and planting new ones. The preaching friars in Wycliff's days, those "Reformers before the Reformation," planted the seeds of that sturdy Protestantism that has made England what it is. The friars white and friars grey of the continent, the Franciscans and Dominicans, the Canissards of France, the Covenanters of Scotland, were all itinerant preachers.

Methodism in this respect is but a revival of an ancient order tried and proved by time. But no such conspicuous phenomenon as the growth of Methodism has ever shown its success. Little more than one hundred and fifty years old its "line is gone out through all the earth, and its words to the ends of the world." The youngest of all the Churches of Christendom, it is the largest of the Protestant Churches of Christendom. Not less than five-and-twenty millions throughout the world enroll themselves under its banners.

It is said to be a fact that one-third of the Congregational churches in New England are without pastors, and one-third of the pastors are without churches. Yet no efficient means is in existence for bringing them together. There is a ministerial bureau in Boston, and a Presbyterian agency in Philadelphia, but these are confined to a small area and do not meet the needs of the Church at large. A writer in the New York *Observer*, a leading organ of the Presbyterian Church, boldly proposes that that Church shall adopt the essential features of the Methodist itinerancy. He writes as follows:

"The present system practically rules out every minister from the pastorate who is over fifty or fifty-five years of age. Congregations are unwilling to call a preacher who is up in years because they dislike to freeze him out in his old age, and there is no other way of getting rid of him. The old preachers would be more popular with the congregations than the young preachers, and they would always secure a good place if it were not for the unwise system of which they are the victims and to which they cling with such tenacity.

"An occasional change of the pastor lends wonderful life to the work of the church. No argument is called for on this point. Actual experience has placed it beyond the domain of argument. Our good preachers and successful pastors are needed so badly everywhere that we can hardly afford to let them stay in one place, even so long as one year. The eagle needs to stir up her nest. The idea of allowing one of our great preachers to spend all his life in one church is suicidal. Look at Dr. John Hall or Dr. B. M. Palmer, with his light hid under a bushel by the monopoly of a strong local church! Suppose either one of these men had spent two or three years in each one of a dozen different States. Such a course on the part of just these two men alone would have given us ten thousand more members than

we have to-day in the Presbyterian Church. They have done a good work, but it has been almost entirely local. The church at large has never seen them nor heard them preach.

"The limited pastorate means a life of work and not a work of ease to the preacher, but it is a work that yields the largest amount of fruit, and one that ends only with death or physical inability. I believe if the proposition for a limited pastorate were submitted to a vote of the laity in the Presbyterian Church, it would secure the vote of nine-tenths of the people, though it would find unanimous opposition on the part of the ministers. I am certain such a change in our policy would remove a root of bitterness and would lend a wonderful impulse to the life and progress of the Church."

Book Notices.

The Old Missionary. By SIR WILLIAM W. HUNTER, K.C.S.I., M.A., LL.D. Twenty-third thousand. Illustrations by MAJOR-GENERAL SIR CHARLES D'OYLY, Bart. London: Henry Frowde. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, 90c.

This book gives a vivid picture of Indian life by one who knew it well. Sir William Hunter is the author of fifteen separate works on India, one of them running to twenty-two volumes and another to fourteen volumes. The popularity of this book is shown by its having reached its twenty-third thousand. The old missionary, whose story is told, spent his youth as a middy in the British navy and saw Nelson's signal run up at Trafalgar, hence his nickname, "Trafalgar Douglas." Becoming a missionary, he was ordained by the Bishop of Calcutta, but would take no pay, and built a church and school at his own expense. One of his fancies was never to take a ride in a world over which his Master has journeyed on foot. The story of his devotion to the service of his dusky disciples and of his heroic life and death is of fascinating interest. This is an *edition de luxe*, with wide margins and illustrations.

Faithful Unto Death. A Story of the Missionary Life in Madagascar of William and Lucy S. Johnson. With Illustrations. Edited by P. DONCASTER. London: Headley Bros. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, $1.75.

The history of missions in Madagascar has more than the fascination of romance. The spread of the Gospel under bitter persecution, the conversion of the royal family and their fidelity to the faith, the recent disaster which has followed the conquest of the country by the French, all give intense interest to this latest volume on the subject, issued last December. While much has been accomplished for the evangelization of the people, yet a very large part is still in heathen darkness. The missionaries whose faithful career is here described were members of that energetic missionary organization, the Society of Friends. So great is the interest of this volume that we shall make it the subject of a special missionary article in the near future.

Soldiers of Fortune. By RICHARD HARDING DAVIS. With illustrations by C. D. GIBSON. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company Limited. Pp. 364.

This is a cleverly-written account of one of those periodical South American revolutions which so frequently occur, clearing the political atmosphere as the cyclone clears the sultry air. Robert Clay, an American engineer, is charged by Mr. Langham, a New York millionaire, with the development of the rich mines of the Republic of Valencia, a place one will not find on the map. The Langham family, including two young ladies, come down to Valencia just in the nick of time to take a very active part in the political outbreak which overthrows the Government and leads to some very interesting social relations of the chief actors in the story. A brave British officer plays an heroic part, with the forfeiting of his life. The value of the book consists chiefly in the verisimilitude of its incidents to the facts of South American public life.

Life and Work of D. J. Macdonnell, Minister of St. Andrew's Church, Toronto, With a Selection of Sermons and Prayers. Edited by PROF. J. F. MCCURDY, PH.D., LL.D. With portraits and illustrations. Toronto: William Briggs.

The life of a good man is the heritage of all churches. Dr. Macdonnell was a man of most attractive character, of

transparent sincerity of purpose, of noble and generous instincts. He was greatly beloved by all who came within his influence. His very punctiliousness of honour and extreme conscientiousness made him hesitate to subscribe to articles in the Confession of Faith which presented no difficulty to men of less subtle intellect and of less wide sympathies. So, also, though himself a practical abstainer, with a sense we think, of mistaken chivalry, almost Quixotic, he opposed, almost alone, the view that the liquor traffic was contrary to the Word of God. His ecclesiastical trial, which created intense interest throughout the country thirty years ago, is here fully recorded. This well-written biography is a contribution of permanent value to the ecclesiastical and social history of Canada.

Strategic Points in the World's Conquest. The Universities and Colleges as related to the Progress of Christianity. By JOHN R. MOTT. With map of his journey. New York, Chicago and Toronto. Fleming H. Revell Company.

The Students' Missionary Federation for the conquest of the world is one of the most striking recent signs of the times. The enlisting of the active sympathy and co-operation of the young and cultured classes of the community in this great movement gives promise of most important results in the near future. Mr. Mott, filled with Christian enthusiasm, has circumnavigated the world, preaching, like Peter the Hermit, a new crusade, not for the rescue of the tomb of Christ from the Infidel, but for the rousing a fresh spirit of consecration and zeal for the salvation of souls. It is a narrative of fascinating interest and will be an inspiration to missionary zeal.

The Martian. By GEORGE DU MAURIER, with illustrations by the author. New York: Harper & Brothers. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company, Limited.

A strangely pathetic interest accompanies this volume. The gifted pen and pencil which wrote and illustrated its pages have finished their work forever. It seems to be, in large degree, a transcript of the author's artist experience in Paris, a strange mixture of Bohemian lightness and a depth of human tenderness. The striking grace with which he outlines human face and figure in his inimitable drawings finds its analogue in the literary skill with which he sketches human sentiment and experience.

The Romance of a Jesuit Mission. By M. BOURCHIER SANFORD. Toronto: Fleming H. Revell. William Briggs.

It is a strange fact that 250 years ago, in the region north of Barrie and Orillia, were a score or more of populous Huron towns whose inhabitants had been converted from paganism by the self-denying labours of the Jesuit missionaries. The story of the destruction of that mission by massacre and persecution is one of painful interest. Some of the missionaries were burned at the stake, others perished beneath the ruthless tomahawk of the Iroquois. The story of the devotion and heroism of the missionaries has never been surpassed, but the scene of all that unavailing valour now presents little trace of their toil. Great forests have grown over the mission site, and only in the pages of history is the heroism of the missionaries recorded.

In the possession of William Beatty, Esq., Parry Sound, is a relic of unique interest. It is a bronze mortar dug from the roots of an old pine tree, bearing the date 1639. It was used by the Jesuit missionaries in pounding their grain for food 250 years ago.

It is this intensely interesting episode of Canadian history that is made the background of this stirring story. The theme is one that lends itself with readiness to romantic narrative. This is a tale of love and sorrow, of faithfulness, even unto death, that should stir the sympathetic pulses of every Canadian reader.

Klondike and the Yukon Country. A Description of our Alaskan Land of Gold, from the latest Official and Scientific Sources and Personal Observation. By L. A. COOLIDGE, with a chapter by JOHN F. PRATT, Chief of the Alaskan Boundary Expedition of 1894. New maps and photographic illustrations. Philadelphia: Henry Altemus. Toron'o: William Briggs. Price, 50 cts.

Many things have transpired to advertise Canada throughout the world as she was never advertised before. One of the most striking of these is the discovery of gold in vast quantities in the Klondike River. Many of the newspaper reports of these rich finds are exaggerated or inaccurate. It is, therefore, of much importance to find a well-digested book giving trustworthy information with maps and photographic illustrations. Both the author and publisher of this well-printed pamphlet have supplied a keenly-felt want by this seasonable issue.

The Early History of the Scottish Union Question. By G. W. T. ORMOND, Author of "Fletcher of Saltoun." Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, 90 cents.

It is exceedingly interesting in this jubilee year, when the integration of the empire has become such a prominent idea, to note the steps by which the kingdoms of England and Scotland, so long in deadly feud, became united under one Crown. Earlier attempts at union were made, from Edward I. of England down to William III. In all these movements ecclesiastical questions bulk very largely, as was inevitable in view of the intimate connection of Church and State, and from the strong religious convictions of the Scottish people. Whoever would read a clear, succinct and, we judge, eminently just *résumé* of this stirring tale of mutual hopes and aspirations, and also of jealousies, recriminations and misunderstandings, will find it in this modest and inexpensive volume.

John Armiger's Revenge. By J. HAY HUNTER. Author of "James Inwick," etc. Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, $1.25.

Tales of Scottish life, especially of Scottish ministerial life, possess an unfailing interest. This results largely from the intense moral earnestness of Scottish character and its religious principles, staunch and unyielding as the auld Scotia's granite hills. This story of humble peasant life, of the sore temptation of John Armiger to a selfish and stern revenge on the man who wrought him a bitter wrong, of his wrestle with the mounting devil in his heart, of his victory and the nobility of the Gospel revenge whereby he heaped coals of fire upon his enemy's head, are all recorded with rare insight into character, with much dramatic ability, and at times with intense pathos, will well repay the reading and will leave wholesome lessons behind.

Library of Biblical and Theological Literature. Edited by GEORGE R. CROOKS, D.D., and JOHN F. HURST, D.D. Vol. VII. History of the Christian Church. Vol. I., octavo, pp. xxvi.-948. New York: Eaton & Mains. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, $5.00.

We have reserved this monumental book for a more adequate notice than we have here room for.

LITERARY NOTE.

William Briggs has just published an interesting volume entitled "Louisbourg in 1745." This is the letter of a French inhabitant of Louisbourg, Cape Breton, written during the siege of Louisbourg, in 1745, by New England militia troops —one of the most striking military exploits in history. The letter contains a vivid narrative of events from the French standpoint. It was first printed in 1745 and is now extremely rare, only three or four copies being known to exist. Parkman made great use of it, having had access to a manuscript copy of the exemplar of the original edition in the Bibliothèque Nationale at Paris. The small volume bears the curious imprint: "Quebec, Published by William the Sincere, at the sign of Truth." The book was probably, however, printed in France, for no books were printed in Canada prior to the British conquest. The reprint is now edited and translated into English by George M. Wrong, M.A., Professor of History in the University of Toronto. It contains seventy-five pages, large octavo, on heavy card paper, rough finish. Only four hundred copies are offered for sale. The price (paper cover) is seventy-five cents.

AUTUMN.

Thou comest, Autumn, to unlade
Thy wealthy freight of summer shade,
Still sorrowful as in past years,
Yet mild and sunny in thy tears,
Ripening and hardening all thy growth
Of solid wood, yet nothing loath
To waste upon the frolic breeze
Thy leaves like flights of golden bees.

Have I laid by from summer hours
Ripe fruits as well as leaves and flowers?
Has my past year a growth to harden
As well as fewer sins to pardon?
Is God in all things more and more
A king within me than before?
I wish more simply, Lord, to be
Ailing or well, always with Thee.

—*F. W. Faber.*

Religious and Missionary Intelligence.

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

Wesleyan Methodist.

The annual Conference of 1897, being the 154th, was held in Leeds. Rev. M. Randles, D.D., the retiring President, opened the proceedings. The attendance for the commencement was unusually large. The ranks of the "Legal Hundred," contained four vacancies. The following were elected: Rev. H. Burton, John Hornbrook, Peter Hargreaves and J. T. F. Hallagey.

Rev. W. L. Watkinson was elected President on the first ballot.

Rev. Marshall Hartley was re-elected Secretary.

Rev. Valentine Ward Pearson, B.A., was re-appointed Head-master and Chaplain of Wesley College, Sheffield.

The addresses of the ex-President and the President were well received. The Conference prayer-meeting followed.

There were several applications for ministers to remain on their circuits beyond the allotted time, but only a few special cases were allowed. The Conference almost unanimously agreed to abide by the old rule.

The number of candidates for the ministry was greater than the demand, only seventy-five were accepted, fifty for home work and twenty-five for missions.

Among the visitors present were the Revs. W. H. Milburn, D.D., and Hugh Johnston, D.D., from Washington, both of whom delivered able addresses.

Fifty deaths were reported, including those who had died abroad. Three deaths occurred during the sittings of Conference.

Dr. H. J. Pope was elected Home Missionary Secretary, and Rev. J. Hornbrook was assigned to the position so long held by Dr. Pope, namely, Secretary to the Chapel Committee.

Prof. Slater was appointed fraternal delegate to the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, which meets in Baltimore in May, 1898.

The religious services, such as the Holiness Meeting, the Lovefeast, Sacramental Meetings, the Reception and Ordination Services, and all the Sabbath Services were seasons of spiritual refreshing. Some social gatherings of an unusul character were also held. One by the Lord Mayor of Leeds, the Wesley Guild, Temperance Rally, at which Miss Slack was one of the speakers, and the Conference Missionary Meeting, were immense gatherings, all of which were seasons of great enthusiasm. An open-air service was held in one of the market squares, which created great interest.

Probably the most animated debate was "The Order of Sessions," during which speeches of great power were delivered, but it was ultimately agreed for things to remain as they were. The conservatism of the majority looks strange to many who are outside of Conference.

There was a strong desire among ministers and laymen for an increase of spiritual power. All regretted the intense worldliness that had crept in everywhere. Great pleasure was expressed at the continued progress of the "Forward Movement." It was the universal opinion that increased attention must be given to the young, and evangelistic services must receive proper support.

"Out-and-Out" Mission Cars, which had already been used to a limited extent with satisfactory results, are still to be employed in rural districts.

The Open Session is always one of the most interesting, and this year it was no exception. The representatives were from France, Ireland, South Africa and Australasia. The venerable Pastor Hocart was from France. He said the Star Life Assurance Company refused to insure his life fifty-three years ago, as he was deemed an unfit subject, but for sixty-three years he had been identified with Methodism in France.

The Right Hon. Chief Justice Way, of South Australia, was greeted with great cheering. His speech related altogether to Methodist Union in the Southern World, and was most cordially received. The other fraternal addresses from the Moravian Synod, the Primitive Methodist, the New Connexion, the Bible Christian Conferences, and the Nonconformist Council, were also well received.

The Wesleyan Trust Association gave $6,000 to the Worn-out Ministers' Fund,

the publishers of the *Methodist Times*, $1,552, and $625 from the *Methodist Recorder* Company to the same fund.

Better provision is to be made for needy local preachers. Dr. Stevenson, of Children's Home fame, contemplates taking all Methodist children who may be in Parish Poor Houses under his special care.

The Fernley Lecture, by Rev. J. Scott Lidgett, was one of more than ordinary ability. The theme was "The Spiritual Principle of the Atonement."

Primitive Methodist.

Rev. P. C. Cossum has gone to New Zealand, and Revs. R. Fairley and C. F. Gill to West Africa. Rev. J. Melbourne has been accepted for foreign work.

The Right Hon. R. J. Seddon, Premier of New Zealand, who was representative at the Queen's Jubilee, was formerly a scholar in the Primitive Methodist Sunday-school, at St. Helen's, Lancashire. He has given instructions for the erection of a marble slab in the new school in honour of his sainted mother.

The corner-stone of a memorial church, in honour of Rev. S. Antliff, D.D., has been laid at Draycott, Derbyshire. The cost will be about $3,650.

During the past year more than $200,000 were paid towards reducing the debts on the churches, and sixty new ones, costing $458,680, had been built, towards which $179,270 were paid. There is now church accommodation for 1,003,626 persons. The present value of church property is estimated at $18,591,470.

Principal Watson has been appointed to deliver the Hartley Lecture at the Conference of 1898, on the "Fatherhood of God."

The Jubilee Fund is to be wound up in November, by a self-denial week.

Bible Christian.

The returns made at the Conference are very satisfactory. Taking in the increase of members at home and abroad the total is 1,150.

The missionary income is largely ahead.

It is contemplated to form a "Sisterhood" to prosecute social and evangelistic work in large towns.

The Missionary Meeting, at which the Right Hon. Chief Justice Way presided, and Rev. W. Reddy, from Australia, and Rev. F. J. Dymond, from China, were the speakers, was one of unusual interest.

A Deputation from the Primitive Methodist Conference was most cordially received, and there is every probability that a union will be effected between the Primitive Methodist and the Bible Christian Churches.

Rev. A. Trengrove was elected President of Conference for the second time.

A new church has been built at Launceston, costing $8,000; about one-half of which has been raised. Rev. F. W. Bourne preached at the dedication, when the Mayor and Corporation attended.

Fourteen candidates for the ministry were received.

The Methodist Church.

Miss Washington, daughter of the Rev. W. C. Washington, M.A., of Toronto Conference, and Miss Sifton, cousin to the Hon. Mr. Sifton, have gone to Japan to labour in connection with the Woman's Missionary Society. They are pledged to remain five years if their health permits.

The Young Men's Missionary movement is being prosecuted with vigour. Rev. D. Norman, B.A., has gone to Japan. Rev. R. D. Ewan expects to be sent to China. Some of the young men are visiting the Leagues on behalf of missions.

Oneida Mission.—The church was destroyed by fire some time ago, but means are being adopted for the erection of a better structure. The people who belong to the Chippawas have agreed to give $500 to the building fund. They hope that the Mission Board will contribute an equal amount. The missionary, the Rev. Thomas Mason, is busy trying to secure the balance.

Dr. Sutherland is away visiting the Indian Institutes in the Conferences of Manitoba and British Columbia.

Camp-meetings of the old-fashioned type are not quite extinct. Some are appointed to be held in the North-West. Another will be held at Rama. A very successful one is reported from Berwick, N.S., where in addition to local talent, Revs. Crossley and Hunter, and the Rev. G. W. Kerby, from the Hamilton Conference were in attendance.

Albert College, Belleville, has had a most successful term. Out of a total of thirty-one candidates prepared for senior matriculation into Toronto University, twenty-eight were successful; and of fourteen candidates for senior leaving teacher's certificates, twelve were successful. Of this year's class of five senior

matriculants all were successful; of eight candidates for senior leaving, seven were successful, and of eight candidates for junior leaving seven were successful, and the eighth will, without doubt, receive his certificate, his name not appearing because of an error in the report. Over ninety per cent. of the candidates have been successful. This is certainly a phenomenal report.

The Rev. Dr. Withrow has just returned from his very successful excursion to Europe. His excursion covered the most attractive tourist routes through France, Switzerland, Italy, Germany and Belgium. On shipbroard, before separating, a highly appreciative testimonial was presented to Dr. Withrow, signed by every member of his party, as well as a very handsome present in recognition of his services.

Methodist Episcopal Church.

The New England Conference Woman's Home Missionary Society supports a Medical Mission in Boston at an expense of $1,000 annually.

Bishop Fitzgerald has been elected superintendent of the Ocean Grove Camp-meeting Association, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Rev. Dr. E. H. Stokes.

Rev. H. A. Crane, D.D., representing Indian Methodism in the great Epworth League Convention recently held in Toronto, said: "Methodism of India today is 100,000 strong, and that from Singapore to the Himalayas the League motto, "Look up, lift up," is spoken in ten different languages.

Rev. Dr. and Mrs. S. L. Baldwin sailed by the steamer China for Shanghai. Dr. Baldwin as Recording Secretary of the Foreign Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church is sent to attend and report to the Society the semi centennial celebration of the founding of the Methodist mission work in China. The celebration will be held in Foo-Chow where Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin had previously laboured in mission work. These two missionaries were joined in Chicago by Rev. Dr. and Mrs. H. H. Lowry, who are returning to their work in North China, where they have spent the last thirty years in missionary labours.

The *Michigan Christian Advocate* divides $4,000 among the superannuates of the Michigan and Detroit Conferences.

Recent Deaths.

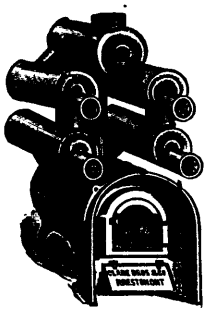
Rev. John Hough, of the Hamilton Conference, was one of the veterans who did good service for the Master in the early days of Methodism. For thirty-seven years he toiled on hard fields, and was the means of turning many to righteousness. The evening of his life was spent in Guelph, where he was revered as one of "the fathers in Israel." His family who survive him have a rich treasure in the remembrance of his holy life. He entered into rest July 18th, 1897.

Rev. James Greener, another of the fathers, who gave twenty-nine years to the itinerancy, when failure of sight compelled him to retire from the active work. For about twenty-five years he sustained a superannuated relation and resided in Lindsay. He was very useful and acceptable in many ways to the church. His beloved widow survives him.

Another of the fathers passed away in the person of Rev. John Woods. He was on the superannuated list and lived in retirement at Norwich, so that he was not extensively known beyond the circle of his relatives. He was a faithful servant of the Church, and sought to the best of his ability to perform the duties of the ministry in such a manner as to merit the approval of his brethren and the smile of God. He finished his course August 14th, 1897.

Rev. Wm. Shannon, another superannuated minister in Toronto Conference, was called to his reward suddenly in August, 1897. He was about to commence a cottage prayer-meeting at Sault Ste. Marie when the summons came for him to go up higher. Bro. Shannon was in the ministry more than forty years. He was one of the best read men in Methodist theology we ever knew. It was the writer's privilege to know him intimately, and he can testify to his deep piety.

As these notes were passing though the press news reaches us of the death of the Rev. James Kines, Bay of Quinte Conference. He entered the ministry in 1863. Was president of the Montreal Conference, and pastor of some important circuits. Sherbrooke (Quebec) enjoyed his labours two terms. For some years his health had been declining, and he went to Clifton Springs hoping to recuperate, but instead he was summoned to where the inhabitants never get sick.



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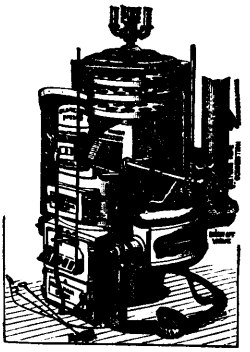

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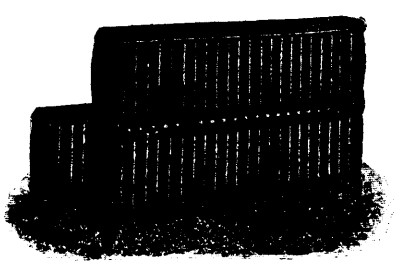

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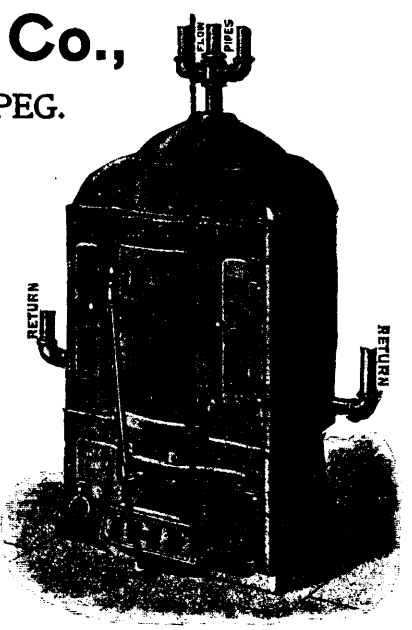

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