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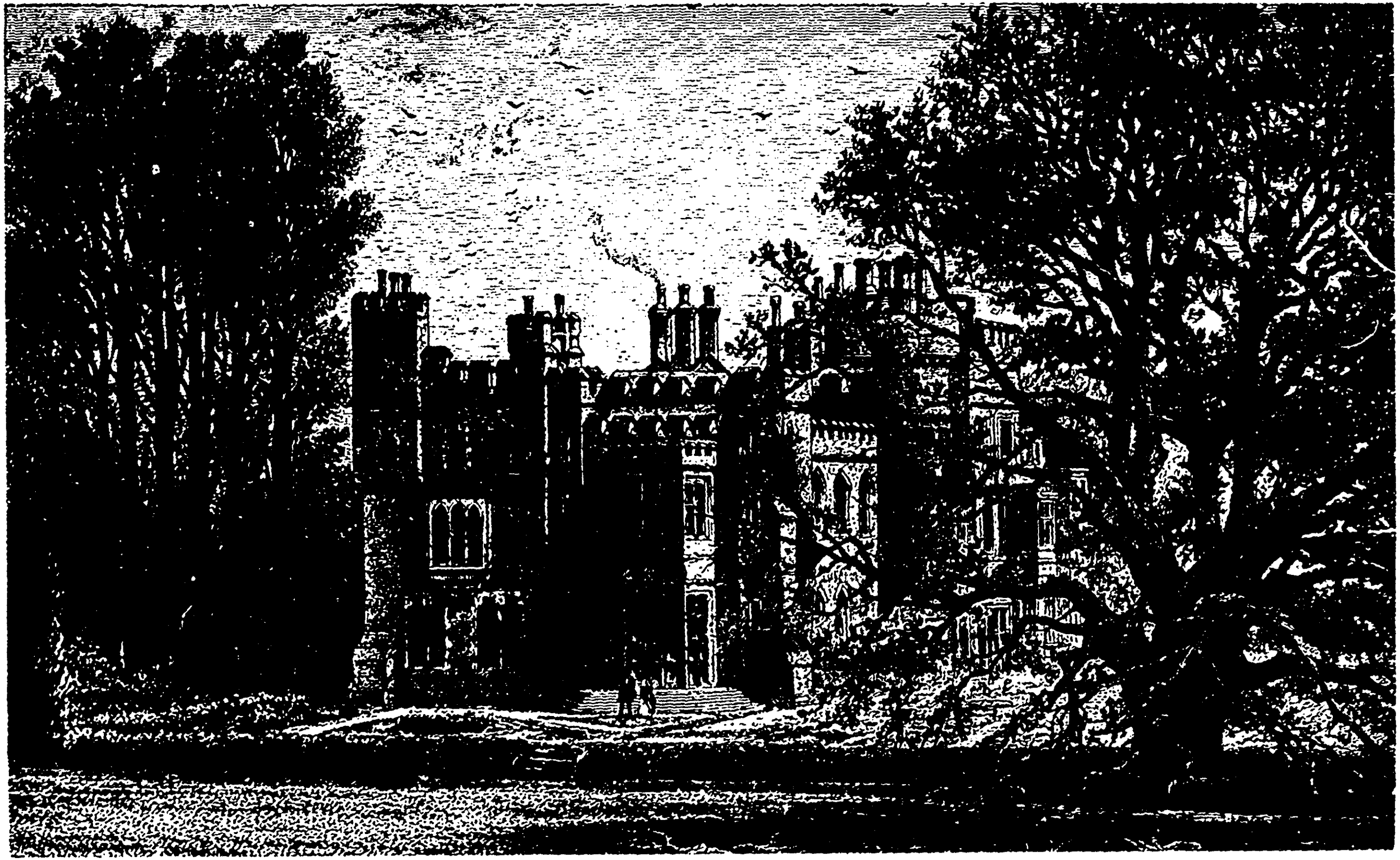


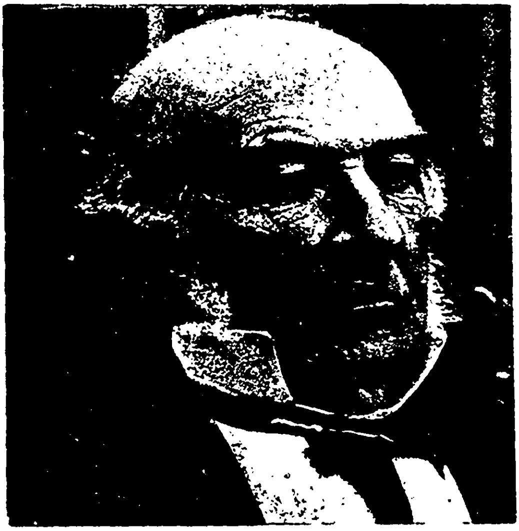
HAWARDEN CASTLE RESIDENCE OF THE LATE RIGHT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE.

Methodist Magazine and Review.

JUNE, 1898.

WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE.

BY WILLIAM T. STEAD.

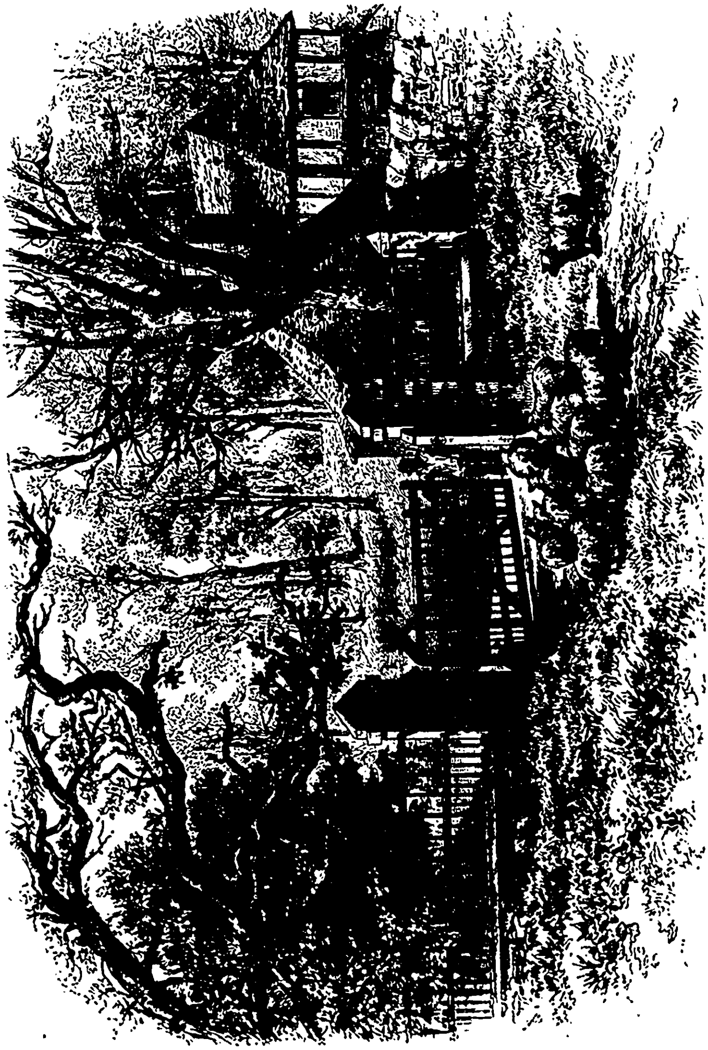


RECENT PORTRAIT OF MR. GLADSTONE.

Mr. Gladstone appealed to the men of to-day from the vantage-point of extreme old age. Age is so frequently dotage, that when a veteran appears who preserves the heart of a boy and the happy audacity of youth under the "lyart haffets wearing thin and bare" of aged manhood, it seems as if there is something supernatural about it, and all men feel the fascination and the charm.

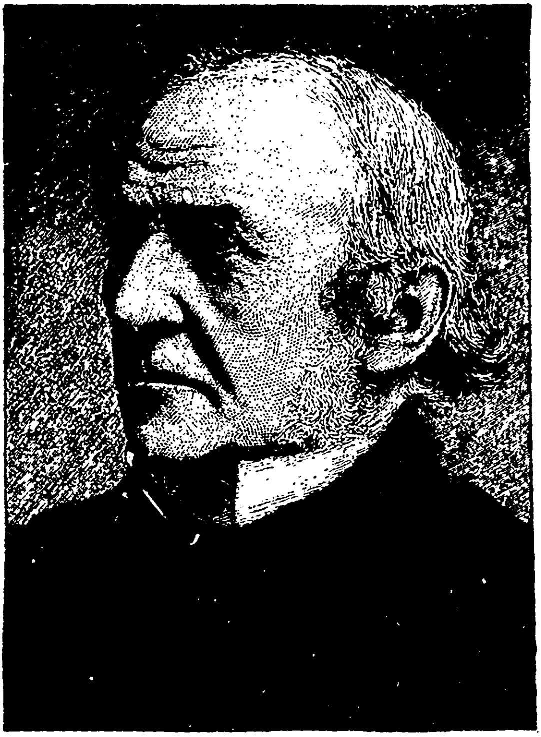
There is something imposing and even sublime in the long procession of years which bridge as with eighty-eight arches the abyss of past time, and carry us back to the days of Canning, and of Castlereagh, of Napoleon, and of Wellington. His parliamentary career extends over sixty years—the lifetime of two generations. For over forty years he had a leading part in making or in unmaking Cabinets, he served his Queen and his country in almost every capacity in office and in opposition, and yet, despite his prolonged sojourn in the malaria of political wirepulling, his heart seemed to be as the heart of a little child.

"There is no man," remarked a naval officer some time ago, "who would have made so splendid an admiral of the old type as Mr. Gladstone if he had only been in the navy. Once let him be convinced of the righteousness of his cause, and he would fight against any odds, nail his colours to the mast, and blow up the powder magazine rather than surrender." The more difficulties there were to be overcome the more pleased he seemed to be.



ENTRANCE TO FARM AT HAWARDEN.

But it was not as an Admirable Crichton of the nineteenth century that he commanded the homage of his countrymen. The English and Scotch seldom are enthusiastic about mere intellectual versatility in the smartest mental gymnastic. We are at bottom a profoundly religious race, and those who would arouse the enthusiasm of our people must touch the heart rather than the head of the nation. Mr. Gladstone was great in Parliamentary cut and thrust and parry. He was wonderful in a great debate, and beyond all rivalry as a platform orator, but the great secret of his hold upon the popular heart was the popular conviction that he was at the bottom not a mere old Parliamentary hand or cunning lecturer, but like a knight and a hero whenever there was any knightly or heroic task to be done. If a gulf opened in our forum and the cry went forth for an English Quintus Curtius, it was from Hawarden that most people would expect the answer to come. He was the statesman of aspiration and of enthusiasm; he was the man of faith, the leader of the forlorn hope, the heaven-sent champion of the desolate and the oppressed. Many of us for years needed no other watchword than "Gladstone" to nerve us for the fray.



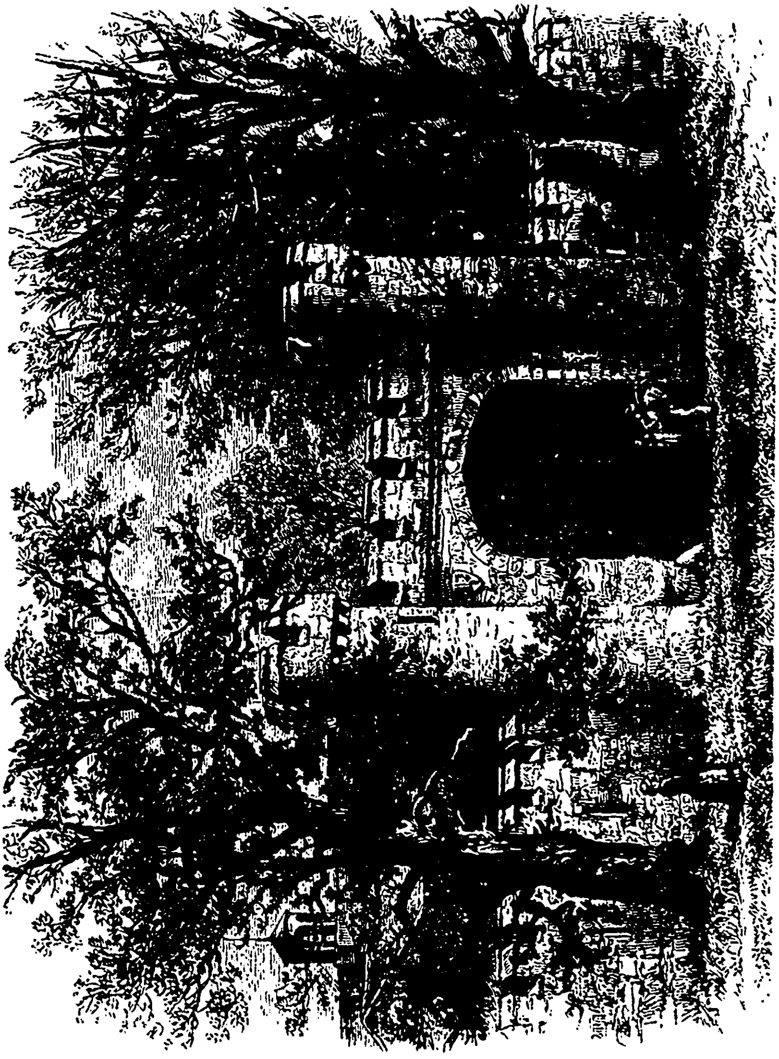
MR. GLADSTONE AT SEVENTY.

> Press where you see my white plume shine
>   amid the ranks of war,
> And be your oriflamme to-day the helmet
>   of Navarre,

always recurs to my mind when thinking over the most famous of those dashing, headlong charges which Mr. Gladstone led against the serried ranks of the supporters of the oppressor.

THE SECRET OF HIS POWER.

The great secret of Mr. Gladstone's hold upon the nation's heart was the belief which had become a fixed conviction with the masses of the voters that he was animated by a supreme regard for the welfare of the common people, and an all-constraining conviction of his obligation to God. Formerly he would have divided the honours with Lord Shaftesbury, Mr. Spurgeon, Mr. Bright, and Cardinal Manning. To the ordinary voter here and beyond the seas it was more important that Mr. Gladstone was unshaken in his assent to what he regarded as the eternal verities than that all the bishops in all the churches should unhesitatingly affirm their faith in the creed of Athanasius. So the services in Hawarden parish church, where

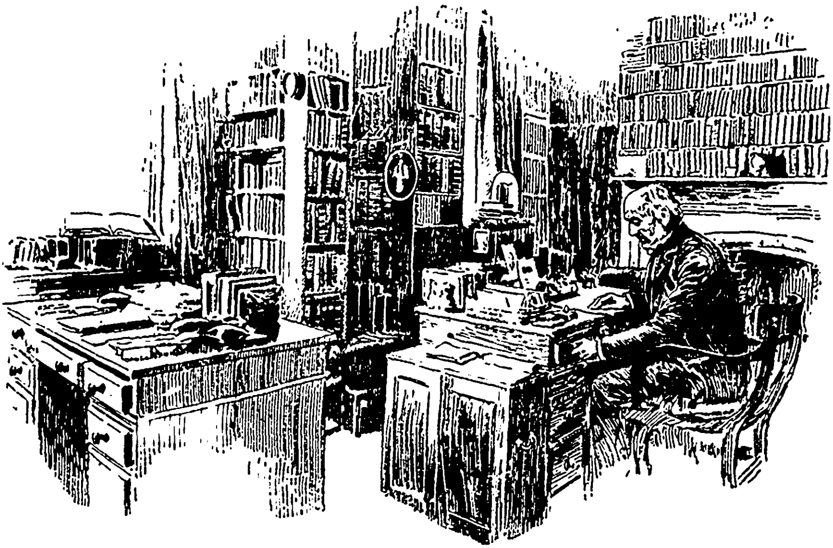


THE PARK GATE AND ORPHANAGE, HAWARDEN.

Mr. Gladstone read the lessons, much more than any cathedral service, came to have a religious importance that was felt throughout the empire. What Lowell said of Lamartine represents what most of those who believe in Mr. Gladstone thought of him :

No fitting mete-wand hath To-day
  For measuring spirits of thy stature—
Only the Future can reach up to lay
  The laurel on that lofty nature—
Bard who with some diviner art
Has touched the bard's true lyre, a
    nation's heart.

The great moments in our recent history, when Englishmen felt that it was worth while to live, have most of them been associated with his name. He has touched, and he alone, with the exception of Mr. Bright, the higher nature of man. His appeal, as Emerson would say, is always to the over soul. Said one of his colleagues recently : "If I were asked what was the distinguishing characteristic of Mr. Gladstone's power I should say that he never for a moment forgets or allows his hearers to forget that he regards man as a moral being. He does not forget that they are soldiers, voters, toilers, merchants, but over and above all there is constantly present to his mind the fact that they are moral beings." It was this higher note, distinctly audible above all the dust and din of the party fight, which constituted the secret of his charm.



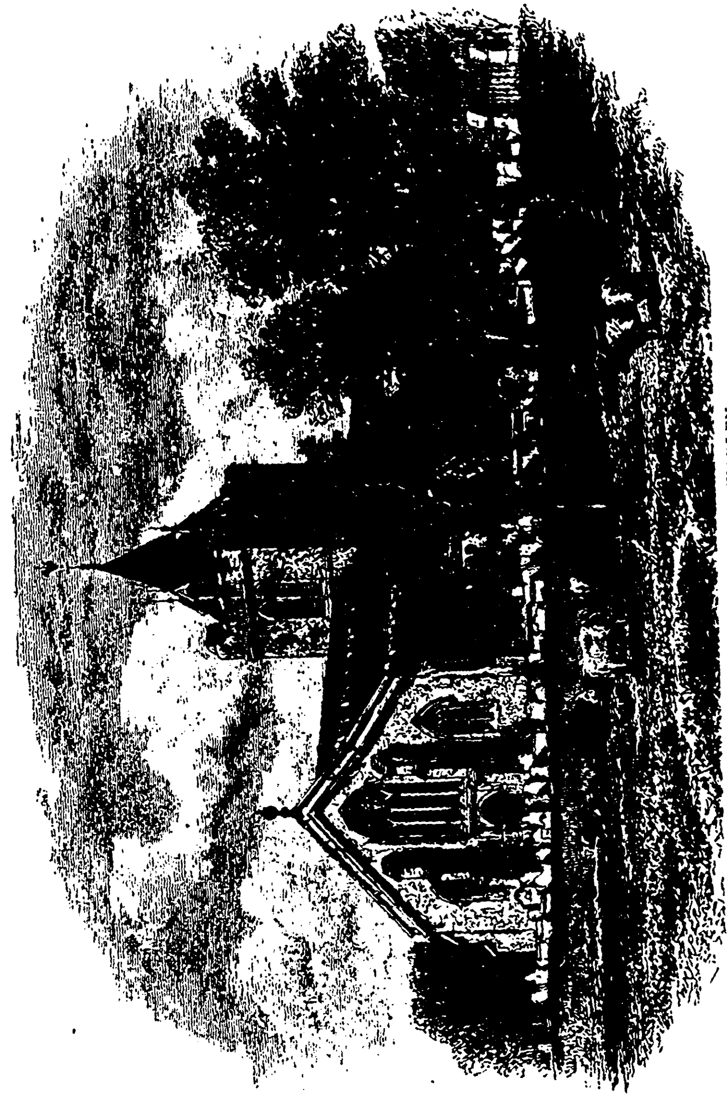
MR. GLADSTONE IN HIS STUDY.

THE KNIGHT ERRANT OF LIBERTY.

To those who knew him best and to those who knew him least he was ever the Knight Errant of the World, ever ready to ride off on some feat of high emprise at the summons of distressful innocence or outraged justice. The man whose voice, clear as a silver trumpet, rang through Europe in denunciation of the horrors of Neapolitan dungeons and the atrocities of the Turks in Bulgaria, needs no other title to enduring fame. His two pamphlets paved the way for the liberation of two peninsulas. Italy free and indivisible rose from the grave of ages at his kindling summons; and

Bulgaria free, but not yet undivided, is the living monument of the vivifying might of his spoken word. He was in both the Italian and the Balkan Peninsula, Heaven's Herald of the Dawn. Like Prometheus he became

> A name to fright all tyrants with, a light
> Unsetting as the Pole star; a great voice
> Heard in the breathless pauses of the fight
> By truth and freedom ever waged with wrong.

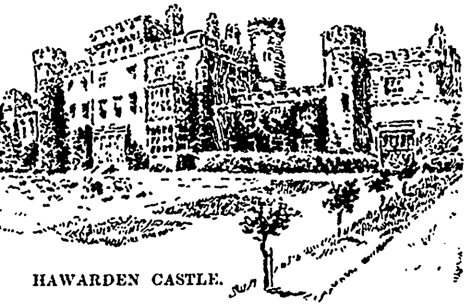


THE CHURCH AT HAWARDEN.

Nor can it be ignored that his devotion to the cause of Ireland has been marked by the same passionate enthusiasm which, if it had been displayed in relation to other lands, would have excited their highest admiration. As the Knight of Liberty, sworn to the cause of the oppressed, Mr. Gladstone has done inestimable service to the men of his generation.

HIS MORAL GREATNESS.

Until he had convinced himself that a thing was noble and righteous, and altogether excellent either in itself or because it was the destined means to a supremely righteous end, he would not hear of it. The main warp and woof of his life's work has been simply honestly sincere. This is obscured from many by Gordon and Home Rule. But there was no insincerity in his dealings with Gordon. Mistakes there were, no doubt, many and grievous, but they were mistakes of honest conviction based on imperfect acquaintance with facts.



HAWARDEN CASTLE.

It is ridiculous to pretend, with Mr. Gladstone's career before us, that his course was swayed by calculating self-interest. He was the very madman of politics from the point of view of Mr. Worldly-Wiseman. "No man," said he, "has ever committed suicide so often as I," and that witness is true. Mr. Gladstone all his life was the very Quixote of Conscience. Judged by every standard of human probability, he ruined himself over and over and over again. He was always ruining himself, and always rising, like the phoenix, in renewed youth from the ashes of his funeral pyre. From a merely human standpoint it was inexplicable. But

If right or wrong on this God's world of ours
Be leagued with higher Powers,

then the mystery was not so insoluble. He believed in the higher Powers. He never shrank from putting his faith to the test, and on the whole, who can deny that for his country and for himself he had reason to rejoice in the verification of his working hypothesis?

"We walk by faith and not by sight," he said once; "and by no one so much as by those who are in politics is this necessary." It is the evidence of things not seen, the eternal principles, the great invisible moral sanctions that men are wont to call the laws of God, which alone supply a safe guide through this mortal wilderness.

Men of a thousand shifts and wiles, look here!
See one straightforward conscience put in pawn
To win a world: see the obedient sphere
By bravery's simple gravitation drawn!

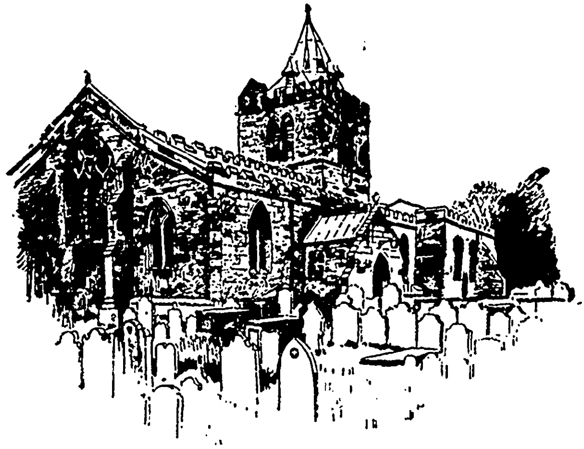
Shall we not heed the lesson taught of old,
And by the Present's lips repeated still?
In our own single manhood to be bold,
Fortressed in conscience and impregnable.

Mr. Gladstone no doubt was often and marvellously successful. But sometimes, when he was most right, he was most hopelessly beaten. The certainty of failure did not daunt him in his strenuous struggle. When he saw clearly what ought to be done, he did it; and it is this habit of walking according to the light that was given him, turning neither to the right hand nor to the left, that has given him his unique hold upon the minds and the imagination of his countrymen.

One point in which Mr. Gladstone was subject to much misapprehension was the result of his exceeding conscientiousness. He was so over-accurate that he often seemed not to be accurate at all. He was so careful to make the finest distinctions, to convey to a hair's breadth his exact meaning, that sometimes he seemed to be refining and quibbling, and creating loopholes for escape at some future time. In reality, he always told the truth exactly as he saw it; but he saw it so clearly and with such mathematical accuracy that to the ordinary man who never sees anything as it is, but only as it appears, the difference between what Mr. Gladstone saw and what Mr. Gladstone said he saw, is often quite inexplicable.

HIS GIFTS OF EXPOSITION.

Like all great orators Mr. Gladstone's personality was a kind of hypnotism to which an audience temporarily succumbed. In the House of Commons, except when concluding a great debate, that peculiar magnetic power was less plainly manifest than when he was swaying at will the fierce democracy. But for argumentative cogency and sledge-hammer weight, some of his great Parliamentary performances were unrivalled.



HAWARDEN CHURCH.

As an expositor of an intricate and involved subject Mr. Gladstone was a veritable genius. In his Budget speeches he made financial figures as fascinating as a fairy tale, and he could make even a speech on the Irish Land question interesting. As a sophist no one could beat him. The marvellous subtlety of his intellect enabled him to make whatever cause he undertook to defend appear for the time the only possible cause that a decent man could espouse.

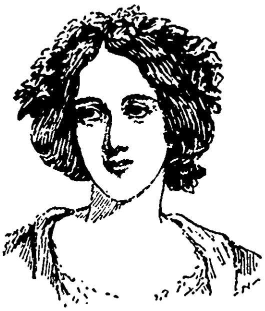
As an orator Mr. Gladstone had every grace but one. He never cultivated the virtue of brevity. But in him this was no defect, for so sweet and silvern was his speech that his hearers regretted when the stream ceased to flow. The mere physical endurance entailed by some of his great speeches is in itself wonderful. Mr. Gladstone has repeatedly spoken three hours and even five, at the close of a long and exciting debate, which came on the heels of a day full of arduous and exhausting ministerial work.

Mr. Gladstone was all his life long so sedulous an opponent of swashbucklerism in all its moods and tenses that some of us have felt that he underestimated the mission of Britain in the affairs of the world. Whether or not Lord Salisbury believes in England as the old Elizabethans believed in England, there are very few even of the most devoted disciples of Mr. Gladstone who feel that he shared the life and inspiration that come from a contemplation of the great role which we have played, and are playing, in the history of the world. He was usually so bent upon mortifying the Old Adam of national pride, that he had hardly time to devote a sentence to the expression of the awe and gratitude with which he recognized the immense vocation of Britain in the outer world. "But I fully recognize," he said, "that we have a great mission. The work of England has been great in the past, but it will be still greater in the future. This is true, I believe, in its broadest sense of the English-speaking world. I believe it is also true of England herself. I think that the part which England has to play, and the influence of England in the world will be even vaster in the future than it is to-day. England will be greater than she has ever been." Mr. Gladstone always seemed to be too much awed by the responsibilities ever to have a thought for the glories of Empire.

AS A STATESMAN.

Mr. Gladstone as a statesman has done several notable things at home and abroad, to live in history. He has contributed more than any single man with a pen and a voice has done, to create Italy and to destroy the dominion of the Turk in Europe. As Prime Minister or Plenipotentiary, he enlarged Greece, transferred Corfu, and established British influence in Egypt. He familiarized the public with the idea of the European concert, not merely as for debate but for action, and maintained in times of the greatest stress and storm that Russia was not outside the pale of human civilization or of Liberal sympathy. In Imperial politics he constantly condemned the strong creed of the swashbuckler. He annexed New Guinea, North Borneo, and Bechuanaland, but he sedulously condemned every extension of the empire that was not forced upon us by inexorable necessity. He cleared out of Afghanistan and retreated from the Transvaal. He established the great precedent of the Alabama arbitration. He was a home-keeping Scot, whose sympathies have never really strayed far beyond these islands except in the case of those nations struggling and rightly struggling to be free.

At home his chief exploits have been the reform of the tariff, the establishment of free trade, and the repeal of the paper duty. He was the real author of the extension of the franchise to the workmen of the towns, and the actual author of the enfranchisement of the rural householder. He established secret voting. It was in his administration that purchase in the army was abolished. He did his share in the liberation of labour from the Combination Laws, in the emancipation of the Jews, and in the repeal of University Tests. He was the first to disestablish and disendow a National Church, and to compel the British public to consider the feasibility of establishing subordinate and statutory parliaments within the British Isles. Over and above all else he, the scholar, the statesman and the Nestor of Parliamentary tradition, was the first to bring the most difficult and delicate questions of foreign policy to the rude but decisive test of the mass meeting, and transferred the motive force of the British State from Parliament to the platform.



MISS GLYNNE (MRS. GLADSTONE.)

HIS PLACE IN HISTORY.

"He alone combined the eloquence of Fox, the experience of

Chatham, the courage of Pitt, with the financial and administrative capacity of Sir Robert Peel, and combined all those qualities with a many-sided catholicity of mind to which none of the others could lay claim. Cavour, Thiers and Guizot are men with whom Mr. Gladstone can be compared either for the work which they accomplished, the speeches which they made, or for width and subtlety of mind, but none of them, not even excepting Cavour, will figure so prominently in the history of our times. More than any single Englishman Mr. Gladstone's influence was operative in Europe. It was he whose fateful words brought down the avalanche of the revolution upon the decrepit Bourbons of Italy. It was the lightning of his speech which dealt the deathblow to Turkish dominion in the Balkan Peninsula, and it was his action which, equally in matters of arbitration, of the European concert, and of foreign policy generally, first familiarized the mind of mankind with the conception of statesmanship based on moral principle as opposed to the mere expediencies of self-interest. He was the link between the old order and the new, standing, as it were, between the living and the dead—the living democracy of the future, and the dying castes and hierarchies of the past.

MR. GLADSTONE AND HIS GRANDDAUGHTER, DOROTHY DREW.

No British minister since Canning, said the Rev. Canon Malcolm Maccoll, has left such wide and lasting influence on foreign affairs as Mr. Gladstone. There is not an Italian who does not regard him, next to Cavour, as the most potent factor in the unification of Italy. In Greece, too, and in Roumania, Bulgaria, and the European provinces of Turkey, it is Mr. Gladstone's policy that has prevailed.

MR. GLADSTONE'S MAGNANIMITY.

It has been the rule among our public men—long may it last—to exclude political antagonism from the sphere of private life. Nobody was more ready than Mr. Gladstone to defend in private a political opponent with whom he may have been a few hours before in hot conflict. He has always maintained, for example, that Lord Beaconsfield was a man devoid of personal animosities, and he has often in private expressed his admiration of his devotion to his wife, his loyalty to his race, and "his splendid parliamentary pluck." The moment he heard of his great rival's death he telegraphed to Lord Rawton an offer of a public funeral. Once when Lord Salisbury was somewhat violently attacked in his presence, Mr. Gladstone said: "I believe him to be perfectly honest, and I can never think unkindly of him since the day I first saw him, a bright boy in red petticoats, playing with his mother."

AT WORK AND AT PLAY.

Mr. Gladstone was one of the most unwearying of workers. Whether at work or at play he was always on the go. The coil of that tremendous energy never seemed to run down. He was always doing something or other, and even when he was talking he was acting, using every muscle of the body to express and emphasize his ideas. When Prime Minister Mr. Gladstone kept three private secretaries constantly going, and the whole business of the office went with the precision and regularity of a machine. The first essential of a private secretary is to have plenty of pigeon-holes, and Mr. Gladstone used to keep six nests of pigeon-holes constantly going.

All the elaborate apparatus of pigeon-holes would have been useless had it not been combined with a phenomenally retentive memory. Mr. Gladstone not only remembered everything, but he also knew where every fact could be verified.

No one believed more than Mr. Gladstone in taking care of the odds and ends and fringes of time. The amount of correspondence he got through in the odd fragments of leisure which would otherwise pass unutilized, exceeded the total correspondence of most of his contemporaries. Mr. Gladstone did a great deal of his own correspondence, and his autograph is probably more familiar than is that of any English statesman. He did a great deal to popularize the post-card, for no one could appreciate more than he the advantage of that economizer of time and abbreviator of formality. The little pad on which he could be seen writing during his term of office in the House of Commons on his knee, enabled him to work off a mass of correspondence, which most men in his position would have regarded as wholly impossible.

Another enormous advantage which Mr. Gladstone possesses for the dispatch of business is that he is capable of entirely changing the current of thought. His head seems to be built in water-tight compartments, and after tiring the lobe of the brain which dealt with Ireland he would turn off the tap for Irish affairs and plunge headlong into ecclesiasticism or ceramics or archaeology or any other subject in which he might at that moment be interested. In chopping down a tree you have not time to think of anything excepting where your next stroke will fall. The whole attention is centred upon the blows of the axe, and Mr. Gladstone was as profoundly absorbed in laying the axe at the proper angle at the right cleft of the trunk as ever he was in replying to the leader of the Opposition in the course of a critical debate.

Mr. Gladstone was capable of sitting down in a chair, covering his face with a handkerchief, and going to sleep in thirty seconds; and after sleeping for thirty minutes or an hour, waking up as bright as ever, all drowsiness disappearing the moment he opened his eyes. During all Mr. Gladstone's career he has never lost his sleep excepting once, and that was during the troubles that arose about Egypt and General Gordon. Seven hours sleep was Mr. Gladstone's fixed allowance, "and," he added, with a smile, "I should like to have eight. I hate getting up in the morning, and hate it the same every morning."

Sir Andrew Clark, who was his physician for years, says that he has no more docile patient. Mr. Gladstone enjoyed singularly good health from his youth upward. Like Mrs. Gladstone he hardly had a day's illness since he was married. He was a kind of steam-engine on two legs, with heart of fire and lungs of steel, pursuing his unhasting and unresting way at a pace which left all other men far behind.

Mr. Gladstone usually had three books in reading at the same time, and changed from one to the other, when his mind reached the limit of absorption. When he read a book he did so pencil in hand, marking off on the margin those passages which he wished to remember, querying those about which he was in doubt, and putting a cross opposite those which he disputed. At the end of a volume he constructed a kind of index of his own, which enabled him to refer to those things he wished to remember in the book.

Not, indeed, for naught and in vain has this great life been lived openly before all men, an object lesson unequalled in our time, of loftiness of aim, of integrity of purpose, and of unfaltering faith in God and trust in man. He has taught us that it is the high-souled man who has the greatest power, even over the poorest and most ignorant of the toilers of the world; that supreme capacity in Parliament is compatible with the most simple-hearted devotion; and that the most adroit and capable of statesmen can be at the same time as chivalrous and heroic as any of the knights of Arthur's Round Table. Amid the crowd of contemporary statesmen, he towered like a son of Anak above his peers.—*Review of Reviews.*

GLADSTONE'S GREATNESS.*

We regard William Ewart Gladstone as the greatest European statesman of the present century. In so saying we do not forget Gambetta, who led France from chaos into republicanism, nor Bismarck, whose wise and invincible purpose united the before jealous German States into one German Empire, nor Cavour, who even more than Garibaldi deserves the ever honourable title of Liberator of Italy. In the singleness and earnestness of his purpose Gladstone has not been inferior to either of these his contemporaries; in complexity his problem exceeded that of either the French, the German, or the Italian statesman.

Dr. Elisha Mulford, by the felicitous phrase, "The Republic of God," has happily expressed the modern faith, which we fully share, that the development of the kingdom of heaven and the growth of popular institutions are inextricably interwoven, if not absolutely identical. If space allowed, it would be interesting to trace in English history the growth of democracy inspired by religion, of popular sovereignty founded on the Sovereignty of God, from the days of Alfred the Great to those of Queen Victoria. In that growth the nation has freed itself from ecclesiastical control at home and abroad, has converted a Royal Council into a House of Commons, has established the right of the meanest citizen to a trial by his peers, has secured forever inviolate the right of free speech, free press, and free worship, has transferred executive authority from an irresponsible king to a responsible ministry, amenable to the people for every act and every neglect to act. Jesus Christ laid two foundation-stones of future society in the two principles give to His disciples: Call no man master; and He that would be greatest among you, let him be servant of all. It is because Great Britain has moved so steadily, so gradually, but also so surely toward the realization of these principles that she has attained her present imperial proportions. It is because Mr. Gladstone has been her pre-eminent leader in this forward movement during the past half-century that we count him the greatest of European statesmen.

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* We have much pleasure in quoting from *The Outlook*, New York, an American appreciation of the great statesman, whom not Britain only, but the whole world mourns.—ED.

The story of Mr. Gladstone's life is the history of European liberty during the years of his public service. The condemnation visited upon him by his critics is his glory. His political inconsistencies are those of a man who dares to grow. By tradition and temperament a Conservative, he has been a Liberal rom principle, and his Liberalism in principle has been wisely moderated by his temperamental Conservatism. With that felicity of phraseology which distinguishes his unique eloquence, he has described the age in a single compact sentence as one characterized by "the gradual transfer of political power from groups and limited classes to the community, and the constant seething of the public mind in fermentation upon a vast mass of moral and social as well as merely political interests."

In promoting this transfer Mr. Gladstone has been the most potent influence in Great Britain; to his moderation is largely due the fact that this transfer has been gradual, by evolution, not by revolution. In this fermentation of the public mind he has been kept calm by his profound Christian faith. In the resultant mists and fogs his mind has been kept clear by the pre-eminence which he has always given to moral over merely political considerations. In the transition age in which he has lived he has been an object of historical interest and of moral admiration on two continents. He was probably the most warmly beloved and the most hotly hated man of modern times—unless Bismarck rivals him. But there was this difference: feudalism loves Bismarck and democracy hates him; feudalism hated Gladstone and democracy loved him.

So far we have spoken of him only as a statesman and in his relations to his age and nation. But, in addition thereto, the singular contradictions of his nature made him the most noteworthy figure in modern English if not in all modern history. His mastery of minute details and his grasp of great principles, his philosophical temperament and his marvellously accurate memory, his executive and administrative skill and his persuasive eloquence, his gentleness and his courage, his self-depreciation and his authoritative leadership, his skill in affairs and his classical scholarship, his political sagacity and his theological learning, his intense and even narrow churchmanship and his catholic appreciation of all that is good and true in denominations not only different from but openly hostile to and jealous of his own, his uncompromising identification of himself with the conservative forms of Christian thought, and the admiration he has evoked in men of rationalistic temper and agnostic philosophy, make him the most interesting character study, as his career makes him the most interesting historical study, of our times. What he has done constitutes him a model for the study of statesmen; what he was, a model for the study of all men.

GLADSTONE'S REVENGE.

Our own Canadian J. W. Bengough pays this generous tribute to Gladstone's greatness of soul :

In the course of Gladstone's great speech on the second reading of the Home Rule bill he went out of his way to pay a graceful compliment to the son of Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, who had delivered his maiden speech in this debate. "The speech was one," said Gladstone, "that must have been dear and refreshing to a father's heart." The effect of these generous words on Chamberlain, who had of late lost no opportunity to affront and offend his former leader, was very marked. "He covered his face with his hands," says the account, "and remained motionless for fully five minutes, while those near him said there were palpable tears in his eyes."

The greatest moment in a great career !
A crowded chamber, anxious and intent,
The focus of an anxious, listening world,
Awaited Gladstone's speech.
The Old Man rose,
But seemed no longer old ;
Upon that mountain top of a good cause
He stood transfigured : like a cloak
His years dropped from his shoulders,
And his form, erect, alert, in glorious second youth,
Astounded all who looked ; and youthful power
Shone in his eyes and sounded in his voice
As deep and rich it bore his rapid words
From his full soul ; his matchless plea
For Justice, Union, Peace.

Not many hearts were proof against that plea ;
But there was one, reflected in a face
Of cynic aspect, surly, grim and hard,
That no word touched—the heart of Chamberlain.
This man, once Gladstone's friend and follower,
Had now become the champion of his foes,
Outstripping every natural enemy
In fierce, malignant hate.
And now, indifferent to the orator,
He sat conversing with his stripling son,
Whose maiden speech as member of the House
Had just been made. And as the grand old man
Poured forth his heart, no word seemed like to pierce
That grim indifference.
Then suddenly he raised his head and glared
Upon the speaker, from whose lips there fell
The young man's name. What would this critic say ?
What scorching phrase was coming ? What keen thrust
Would this past master of invective deal
To wound the father's feelings through the son ?
All's fair in war and politics, and he
Who never spared the old grey head his scorn
Now braced himself to bear retaliation.
Hark ! In an earnest, deep-toned voice,
With gracious bow, the speaker simply said
"The young man's speech was one that must have been
Dear and refreshing to a father's heart."
The listener was crushed !
He stared an instant in confused amaze,
Then flushed, and bowed, and covered up his face
To hide remorseful tears !
All's fair in war and politics : but ah !
The bitterest taunt, the keenest stroke of wit,
Could not have broken this opponent's heart
As did that Christlike blow !

THY BURDEN.

To every one on earth
God gives a burden to be carried down
The road that lies between the cross and crown.
No lot is wholly free :
He giveth one to thee.

Thy burden is God's gift,
And it will make the bearer calm and strong.
Yet, lest it press too heavily and long,
He says, "Cast it on Me,
And it shall easy be."

—*M. Farningham.*

A GREAT CANADIAN INDUSTRY.

THE LARGEST
MAKERS
OF FARM IMPLEMENTS
UNDER THE BRITISH FLAG

It is very gratifying to our patriotic pride to know that we have here in Canada the largest implement manufacturing concern operating under the flag of Great Britain, namely, the Massey-Harris Company. This great industry, employing in its various departments 2,000 men, is a growth, an evolution from very small beginnings.

When, in 1847, Daniel Massey purchased the little foundry at Bondhead, Newcastle, Ont., and began the manufacture of ploughs and farm utensils, he probably little dreamed of what the Canadian implement industry was destined to become.

In 1851, Hart A. Massey, a son of Daniel, joined his father in the business, and shortly afterwards became sole proprietor, Mr. Daniel Massey retiring. Mr. H. A. Massey decided to go into the manufacture of implements more extensively, and in 1852 he made and sold two hundred Ketchum mowers—the first mowing machine built in Canada. Changes and improvements were made in rapid succession, and other and better styles of mowing machines were soon introduced. The first reaper from the Massey shops was known as the Burrell, turned out in 1852.

Ever on the alert for the latest and best, with his wonderful store of energy and great business sagacity, never knowing discouragement, it is not surprising that Hart A. Massey became a leader in the manufacture of farm implements and the head of the industry in Canada.

Mr. Alanson Harris and his son John began the implement business at Beamsville in 1864, and the company organized, as the outcome of the growth of their enterprise upon removal to Brantford, did much towards building up and extending Canada's reputation as a producer of farm labour-saving machinery.

The institutions built up by the Messrs. Massey, Harris, Patterson and Wisner have done much toward the progress and development of agriculture in the Dominion of Canada, and since their amalgamation have brought out great improvements and extended the industry to the remotest parts of the globe.

Among the places of interest visited by the members of the British Association, during its recent meeting at Toronto, were the Massey-Harris works. The visitors included a member of the staff of the London Daily News, one of the great journals of the world. The attention devoted by The Daily News to its representative's visit to the Massey-Harris establishment is evidence of the keen interest that is being taken in the

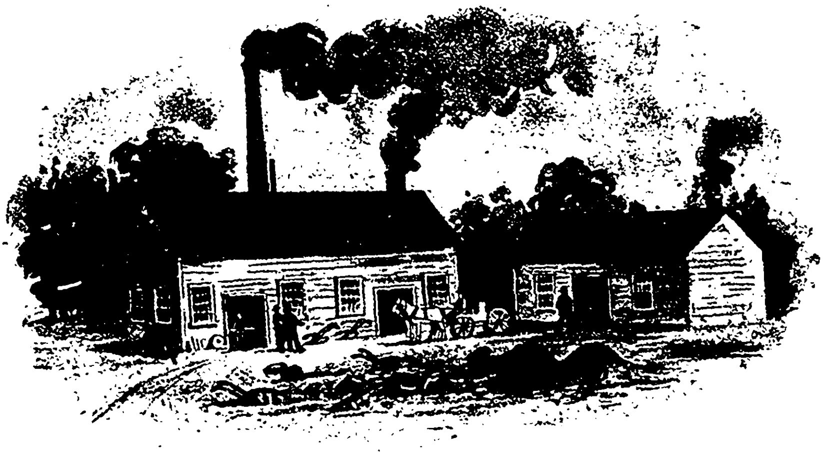
WORKS OF THE MASSEY-HARRIS CO., LTD., TORONTO.

Old Country in the detail of the industrial and commercial life of Canada.

The London Daily News says: "Many of the members of Section G. have paid a visit to the works of the Massey-Harris Company to see for themselves the equipments by which are produced the agricultural implements which are exported to all quarters of the world. It is certainly a remarkable establishment, and one was curious to see the place from which certain implements are sent even to Great Britain. The Majestic, on her last voyage, for example, took over twelve railway car loads of harvesters and binders for Scotland. I saw goods ready for Australia, France, and Germany. The works cover about ten acres of ground, and with sidings in direct communication with the Canadian Pacific and Grand Trunk Railways, about 1,200 hands are employed, and there are 800 more in branch establishments. The specialties are harvesters, binders and mowers.

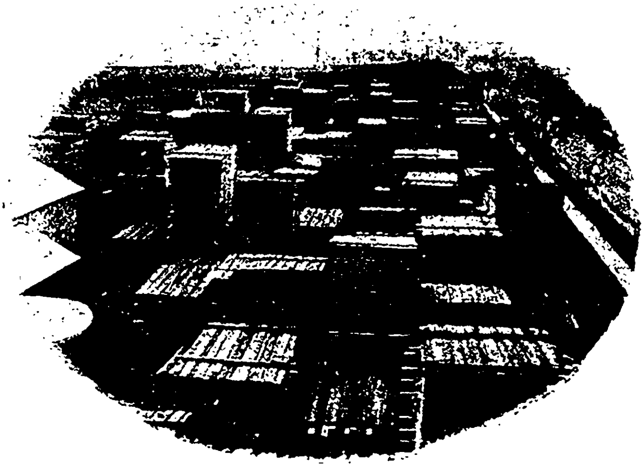
"The works are a marvellous study in labour-saving machinery; it really looks as if it was the machines that were human, and the men that were machines. The steam-driven tools pick up bars and rods of iron, bend them, and shape them as if they were bits of tin. They cannot here, however, do without our good Sheffield steel for their tools, though much metal comes from Nova Scotia and Pittsburg. An enormous amount of grinding is done to produce the teeth and knives by which the wheat at this moment is being reaped in bountiful harvest from the grain-growing parts of Canada.

"I was shown a number of giant grind-stones, each six feet in diameter, and a foot thick, and this trifle of two tons is whisked into its place by a specially devised crane. A man in full work wears out one of these stones in three days; 600 were so worn out last year in the works. The 'lumber' room was fragrant with the smell of clean wood in the turner's hand; spokes and rims are rattled off by the tens of thousands. The hickory for spokes is split and never sawn; in this way perfectly grained wood is insured. The paint shop



ORIGINAL SHOPS IN WHICH DANIEL MASSEY BEGAN BUSINESS AT BONDHEAD (NEWCASTLE) IN 1847.

again was a curious illustration of the new methods; the honest old paint brush is not wanted here; a wheel, bar or pole is simply put into a tank of paint, red, blue or yellow, as the case may be, and the brush is only used for the ornamental striping. The firm once published The Massey Magazine; now to the agricultural machinery has been added the Massey-Harris wheel, a bicycle pattern, of which 6,000 were made last year. The warehouse floor was heaped with a consignment for Sydney by the next ship.



A CORNER IN ONE OF THE MASSEY-HARRIS LUMBER YARDS.
OVER 5,000,000 FEET USED ANNUALLY.

"Daniel Massey, the founder of the firm, was a comparatively poor man when he set up his little weather-bound shanty in 1847 in the little, Ontario town of Newcastle. The company now turns over four million dollars per annum."

From a copiously illustrated article in The Exporters' and Importers' Journal we glean the following facts concerning this great Canadian industry :

In the pig-iron storage yard is kept constantly a stock of from 1,200 to 1,500 tons of iron. Besides this, a stock of hundreds of tons of bar and rod steel is maintained in a storage department within doors.. The pig-iron, of course, goes for consumption to the foundry, which has a melting capacity of twenty tons a day. The ladles of molten iron are carried by overhead travelling cranes to the flasks at various parts of the floor. From the moulds the castings are taken to the "tumbler," and after being thoroughly cleaned therein, they go through an underground passage-way to the cellar beneath the main building, where they are held in storage until such time as they are wanted in the construction of implements, when they are raised to the assembling-rooms above. All frame angle-bars and parts that require bending are formed by power presses, using dies, which make every piece of a given pattern exactly alike, permitting all parts to be interchangeable. All pieces which are to be subjected to strains too great for castings to withstand and of too heavy a size to be stamped out are forged to shape in the drop-forging department.

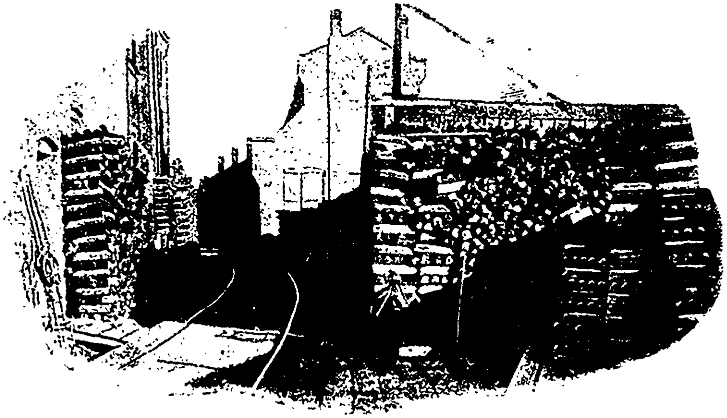
One of the most interesting features of the metal-working departments is the automatic tooth-hardening machine. This machine tempers disks, teeth, etc., without any attention further than putting in the pieces to be tempered. A similar machine is the one used for tempering knife sections. This arrangement gives a perfectly uniform temper to each tooth, leaving a hard edge and a soft centre, insuring long life and effective service.

In the lumber yard lumber is stored for two years before it is used. The shavings and sawdust are taken automatically from each wood-working machine to the boiler-room and used for fuel. Nothing but split hickory spokes are used in the wheels of the Massey-Harris implements, and the spoke-making machinery has not stopped one working hour in over twelve months.

The spokes are driven into the iron hubs by power, an entire wheel being filled in, trued, and the tenons cut on the end of the spoke ready for the felloe, in one and one-quarter minutes. Over 25,000 feet of lumber passes through the wood-working department of the Toronto works every day, to say nothing of the large consumption at the company's Brantford factory.

The tests of finished machines are rigid and thorough, and many of them are very interesting.

An experimenting department is maintained, with a corps of efficient workers, where new ideas are tried, improvements are developed and the simplification of existing devices is studied. No attachment, improvement or change of any kind is adopted until it has passed the fire of this department and has been found desirable. Thus no experimental, untried piece of mechanism is put out at the expense of the purchaser, but every single mechanical device is proved before it goes into a machine that is offered for sale.

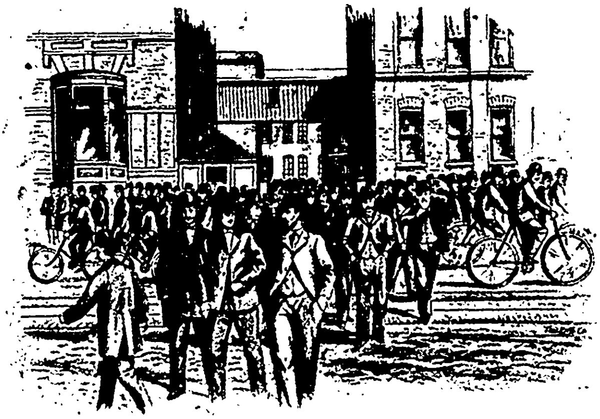


OVER 1,200 TONS OF IRON IN STORAGE AT ONE TIME AT THE TORONTO FOUNDRY OF THE MASSEY-HARRIS CO., LTD.

One of the busiest departments is that in which extras are boxed for foreign shipments. The extent of the export trade enjoyed by this factory is indicated by the fact that this work of boxing extras for export keeps busy a separate department, employing a goodly number of hands and necessitating a considerable allotment of space in one of the factory buildings.

Another indication of the magnitude of the operations of this establishment is its printing department, comprising an outfit of job presses, large cylinder presses, paper cutters, type and other appliances for use in printing circulars, catalogues, in different languages, instruction sheets, labels and all sorts of advertising and business stationery. The factories are provided with fire protection in the shape of chemical extinguishers, together with an overhead sprinkler system, supplied from a reservoir capable of holding 100,000 gallons of water. The factory buildings are lighted throughout by electricity, four dynamos being operated on the premises to furnish the necessary current.

The quantity of lumber annually consumed by the company is over 7,000,000 feet, the greater part of which is hard-wood, though every season it takes several hundred thousand feet of soft-wood lumber to make the packing cases for the machines exported, which have to be carefully boxed. From 4,000 to 5,000 tons of pig-iron are melted down in the company's furnaces during every twelve months; while 3,000 to 4,000 tons of malleables go into a season's output of Massey-Harris machines. Of bar iron the annual purchase is from 2,500 to 3,000 tons; while nails, rivets, tacks and wire run into nearly 500,000 pounds; paints, 250,000 to 300,000 pounds; oils and varnishes from 50,000 to 60,000 gallons. The preparation, handling and transportation of this great quantity of raw material gives employment to a very large number of men.

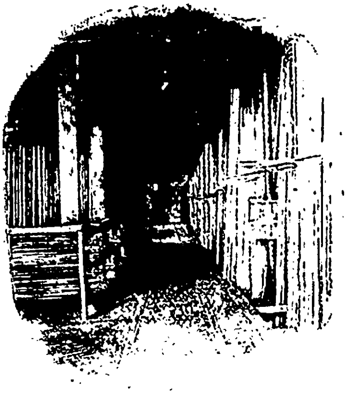


GOING HOME AFTER THE DAY'S WORK. EMPLOYEES' ENTRANCE AND EXIT AT THE TORONTO WORKS.

Important affiliated branches of the Massey-Harris manufacturing industry exist at Brantford, Woodstock, and Hamilton. In these busy factories from five to six hundred men are actively employed. By the most disastrous fire which has occurred in the history of Brantford the Verity Plough Works in that city were destroyed on the 26th of October last. Of this dramatic event we give a graphic illustration.

But scarcely had the firemen's

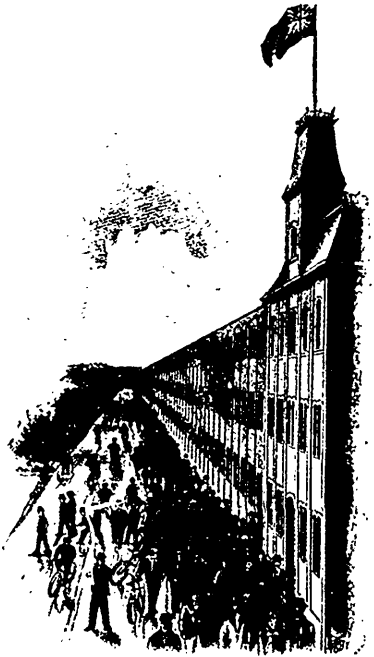
hose ceased to play on the smoking embers ere the long-distance telephone was made to do duty, and telegraph messages, too, were sent hither and thither, purchasing a full line of the newest and best machinery and tools, also fresh supplies of raw material. This new machinery was erected in the large buildings not long since vacated by the Bain Waggon Company, Limited, on account of their removal to more commodious premises at Woodstock. In these newly equipped premises Verity ploughs were again being turned out in three weeks' time from the day of the fire—a marvellous achievement.



AN AISLE IN ONE OF THE STEEL STORAGE ROOMS.

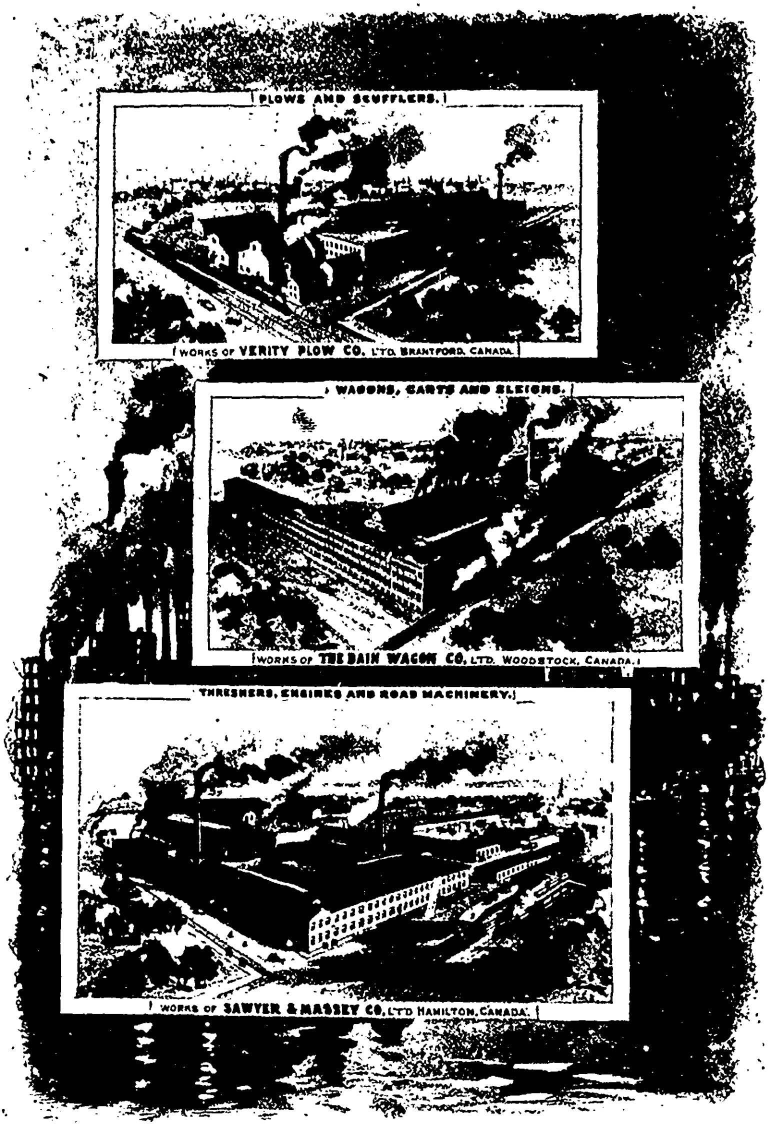
It is a matter for patriotic pride that the Massey-Harris Company, Limited, a truly Canadian industry, has carried off the highest prizes in the severest test of international field trials and exhibitions in various parts of the world. The company has the largest foreign trade of any existing agricultural implement manufacturers. It exports its implements largely to Great Britain and Ireland, Australia, Tasmania, New Zealand, Austria, France, Russia, Germany, Hungary, Holland, Belgium, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Greece, Switzerland, Turkey, Roumania, Bulgaria, Algeria, Tunis, and several of the countries of South America and South Africa.

The works at both Toronto and Brantford were never busier in their history than the present season. For many weeks there have been over 1,000 wage earners in the Toronto works alone, and the Massey-Harris Company, Limited, is paying over $2,500 per day in wages. This does not take into account the head office staff of officers, clerks, accountants, of nearly a hundred men. For weeks the works have been turning out a complete machine or implement ready to hitch to the team in every two minutes, i.e., more than 300 per day of ten hours. This increase in business is largely due to foreign trade, though the home trade is also reviving.



AFTER THE WHISTLE BLOWS, BRANTFORD WORKS.

By the business ability that has built up this great manufacturing

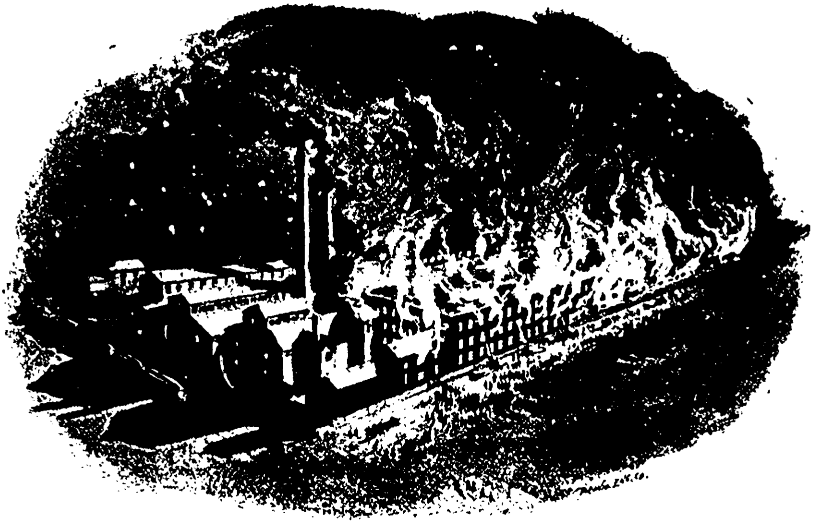

PLOWS AND SCUFFLERS.
WORKS OF VERITY PLOW CO. LTD. BRANTFORD, CANADA.
WAGONS, CARTS AND SLEIGHS.
WORKS OF THE BAIN WAGON CO. LTD. WOODSTOCK, CANADA.
THRESHERS, ENGINES AND ROAD MACHINERY.
WORKS OF SAWYER & MASSEY CO. LTD HAMILTON, CANADA.

enterprise, Mr. Hart A. Massey, its chief founder, has conferred much benefit upon his native country; many hundreds of persons are employed directly in the offices and factories, and many more in the preparation of the materials required in the manufacture, and in the agency of their distribution.

About 11,000 or 12,000 people, it is estimated, are thus indirectly or directly sustained by the manifold operations of this great manufacturing industry.

In an In Memoriam address of the late Hart A. Massey, his pastor, Rev. James Allen, D.D., spoke as follows :

Mr. Massey possessed in a mark-

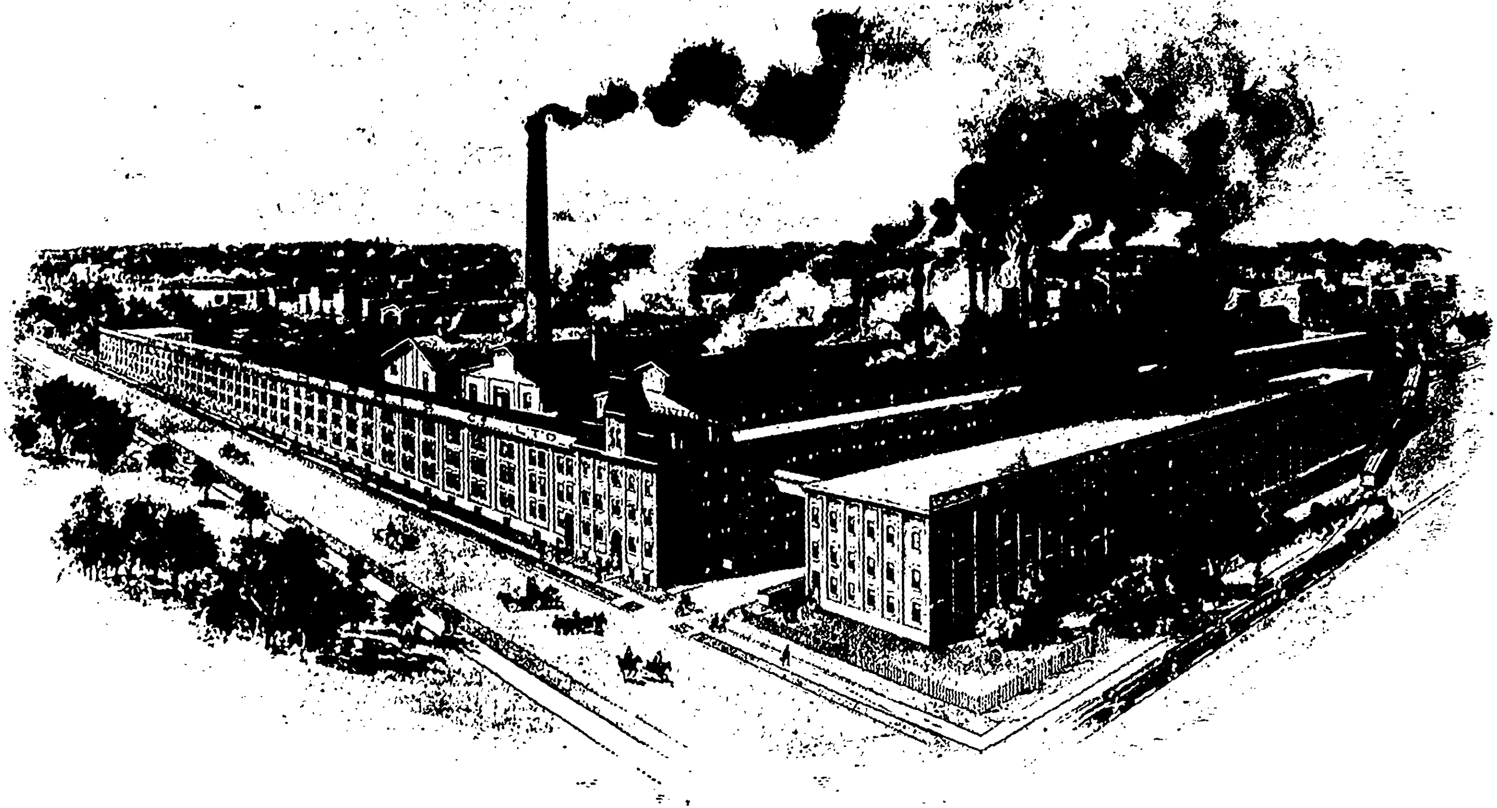


WORKS OF VERITY PLOW CO., LIMITED, BRANTFORD, ON THE EVENING OF OCTOBER 26TH, 1897.

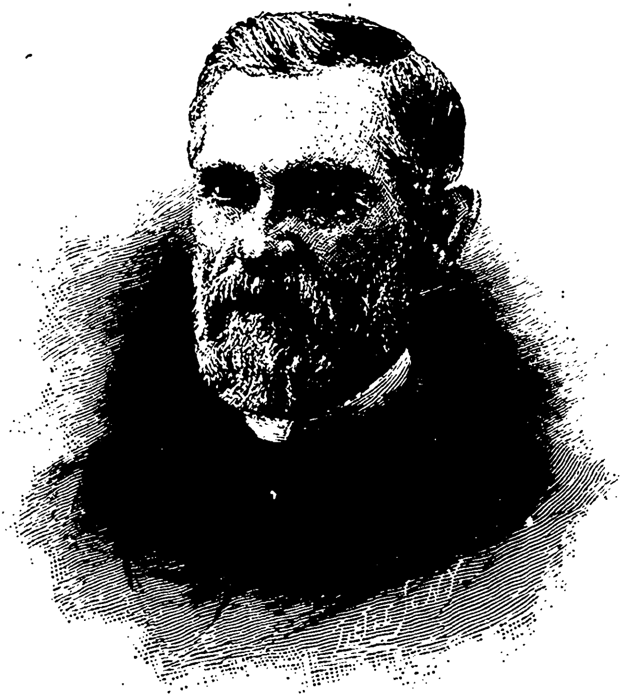
ed degree the qualities and the ability to seize opportunities which others let slip, and which caused him to succeed where others failed. His quickness of judgment and perception, power of will and capacity for endurance formed a combination of qualities which led to his becoming one of the leading manufacturers in the Dominion. These qualities were largely due to heredity. When Mr. Massey first saw the light, idleness was looked upon as the mother of guilt, and his father, the late Mr. Daniel Massey, being an extensive farmer, found plenty of work for the boy to perform. He early threw his son on his own resources, thus instilling in him that strength of character which was afterwards one of his chief characteristics.

When a boy he went to the backwoods school-house; at fifteen he had got into the Upper Canada Academy; at seventeen he went to Waterdown, and at twenty-one he was at Victoria College, his vacations being spent on the farm or in the lumber woods, for it is worthy of note that Daniel Massey did nothing for his son which the boy could do for himself. During the year he spent in Upper Canada Academy young Mr. Massey paid for his board by cutting wood, and at a later period at the college paid his own expenses out of the proceeds of cutting and drawing cordwood. Daniel Massey was both able and willing to pay, but the boy desired to stand on his own resources, and the father did wisely in letting him, and encouraging him to do so. His father used to say to him, " My boy, you are very dear to me, but I cannot make character, I can only set an example," and, continued the speaker, if our children are to be self-reliant when they reach manhood and womanhood they must learn in childhood to bear their own burdens.

Mr. Massey, in great part, became his own executor in the administration of his large estate. His benefactions were on a liberal and comprehensive scale. They were designed to accomplish the greatest good for the greatest num-



WORKS OF THE MASSEY-HARRIS CO., LTD., BRANTFORD.



HART A. MASSEY.

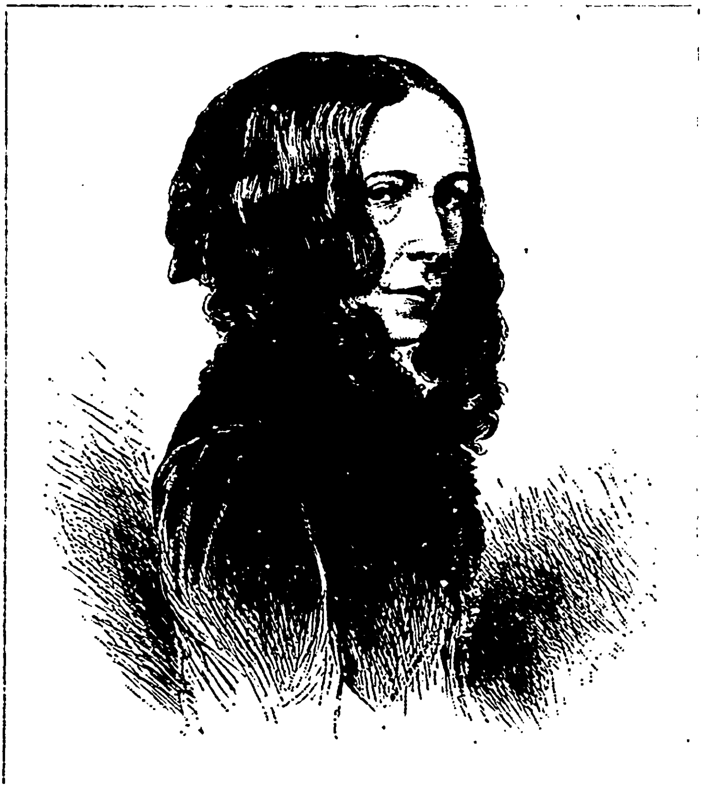
ber. Mr. Massey not only gave money, he gave what was far more valuable, he gave himself, his thought, his experience, his business ability to these charities.

"When his hand was closed by death," continued Mr. Allen, "he had given more than $300,000, and he left instructions to his executors to continue this policy until the entire balance of the estate (about $1,700,000) was distributed. Such generosity is without parallel in this country."

The Massey Music Hall, Toronto, was a wise and philanthropic endeavour to furnish for the people opportunities for religious services and high-class intellectual, musical, and literary entertainments. The result is that Toronto has a great auditorium, whose capacity, whose internal beauty, whose acoustic properties, ventilation, and sanitary arrangements are equalled by very few similar buildings on the continent or in the world. Mr. Massey was intensely interested in the great religious gatherings held in this hall, especially in the Moody evangelistic services, by which it was crowded twice a day for week after week.

The Fred Victor Mission is a beautiful memorial of his son, a noble Christian youth, called away on the very threshold of manhood from the prospect of a life of brilliant usefulness and success. In the opinion of experts it is the best equipped building for its purposes in America, and, doubtless, in the world. This has already become a centre of moral reform, with its manifold Christian and soul-saving agencies. It has also become a training-school in Christian philanthropy of Toronto Methodism.

THE LOVE STORY OF ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.*



ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

"Not a finer genius ever came into this world, or went out of it; not a nobler heart ever beat in a human bosom; not a more Christian life was ever lived; not a more beautiful memory ever followed the name of man or woman after death." These lines were written concerning "the most inspired woman of all who have composed in ancient or modern tongues or flourished in any land or time."

I will not tell where and when Elizabeth Barrett was born, for I do not know. And I am quite sure that her husband did not know. The encyclopaedias waver between London and Herefordshire, and the year, 1809, the birth year of the kindred spirits of Gladstone and Tennyson.

The early years of Elizabeth Barrett's life were spent at Hope End, near Ledbury, Herefordshire. Here she lived until she was twenty. She never had a childhood—'twas dropped out of her life in some way, and a Greek grammar inlaid instead. Of her mother we know little. She glides a pale shadow across the diary pages. Her husband's will was to her supreme; his whim her conscience.

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* This sketch is a mosaic from many writers, chiefly from Elbert Hubbard, author of "Little Journeys to the Homes of Famous Women."

Edward Moulton Barrett had a sort of fierce, passionate, jealous affection for his daughter Elizabeth. He set himself the task of educating her from her very babyhood. When six years old she studied Greek, and when nine made translations in verse. Mr. Barrett looked on this sort of thing with much favour, and tightened his discipline, reducing the little girl's hours for study to a system as severe as the laws of Draco. Of course the child's health broke. From her thirteenth year she appears to us like a beautiful spirit with an astral form; or she would, did we not perceive that this beautiful form is being racked with pain. A fall from her horse seriously injured her spine and made her a life-long invalid. Being thus cut off from out-door life, her passion for reading increased; she studied the great poets, and "ate and drank Greek and made her head ache with it." To spur her on and to stimulate her, Mr. Barrett published several volumes of her work—immature, pedantic work—but still it had a certain glow and gave promise of the things yet to come.

One marked event in the life of Elizabeth Barrett occurred when the Rev. Hugh Boyd arrived at Hope End to take Mr. Barrett's place as tutor. The young girl was confined to her bed through the advice of physicians; Boyd was blind.

Here was at once a bond of sympathy. The gentle sightless poet relaxed the severe hours of study. Instead of grim digging in musty tomes they talked; he sat by her bedside holding the thin hands (for the blind see by the sense of touch), and they talked for hours—or were silent, which served as well. Then she would read to the blind man and he would recite to her, for he had blind Homer's memory. She grew better, and the doctors said that if she had taken her medicine regularly and not insisted on getting up and walking about as guide for the blind man she might have gotten entirely well.

In that fine poem, "Wine of Cyprus," addressed to Boyd, we see how she acknowledges his goodness.

"Ah, my gossip! you were older,
And more learned, and a man!—
Yet that shadow, the enfolder
Of your quiet eyelids, ran
Both our spirits to one level,
And I turned from hill and lea
And the summer-sun's green revel,
To your eyes that could not see.

"Now Christ bless you with the one light
Which goes shining night and day!
May the flowers which grow in sunlight
Shed their fragrance in your way!
Is it not right to remember
All your kindness, friend of mine,
When we two sate in the chamber
And the poets poured us wine?"

Mr. Barrett's fortune was invested in sugar plantations in Jamaica. Through the emancipation of the blacks his fortune took to itself wings. He had to give up his splendid country home—to break old ties. It was decided that the family should move to London. Elizabeth had again taken to her bed. Four men bore the mattress on which she lay down the steps; one man might have carried her alone, for she weighed only eighty-five pounds, so they say. She lived for years a life of seclusion.

Her natural shrinking from publicity is expressed in these words to a friend: "All my favourite passages in Holy Scripture are those which express and promise peace, such as, 'The Lord of peace Himself give you peace always and by all means;' 'My peace

I give unto you;' 'He giveth his beloved sleep.'"

Edward Barrett devoted himself to his beloved sister with unwearied devotion. During a visit to Torquay he was drowned before her eyes while taking a sail on a yacht. More than three weeks passed before his body was recovered. The suspense and shock almost put an end to his sister's existence and "gave a nightmare to her life forever." In the heart-rending pathos of "De Profundis" she gives some idea of what this loss was to her. But her faith sustained her, so that she could say,

"Through dark and dearth, through fire and frost,
With emptied arms and treasure lost,
I thank Thee while my days go on."

With returning health she resumed her literary labours, and about this time wrote "The Cry of the Children," which was inspired by reading the report on "The Employment of Children in Mines and Manufactories." This poem appealed so strongly to all humane Englishmen that it is believed to have hastened the passing of the bill in Parliament restricting the employment of young children.

John Kenyon, a literary friend of Miss Barrett's, wrote a few bright little things, but his best work was in the encouragement he gave to others. He sought out all literary lions and tamed them with his steady glance. No doubt John Kenyon sincerely admired Elizabeth Barrett, and prized her work, and she was grateful for his kindly attention and well-meant praise. He set about to get her poems into better magazines and find better publishers for her work. He also brought his friends to call on Miss Barrett; and many of these friends were men with good literary instincts. The meeting with these strong minds was no doubt a great help to the little lady, shut up in a big house and living largely in dreams.

Much of the time Miss Barrett lived in a darkened room, seeing no one but her nurse, the physician, and her father. The brilliant daughter had blossomed in intellect until she was beyond her teacher. Loneliness and solitude and physical pain and heart-hunger had taught her things that no book recorded nor tutor knew. Her father could not follow her; her allusions were obscure, he said, wilfully obscure; she was growing perverse.

Edward Barrett's daughter, she of the raven curls and gentle ways, was reaching a point where her father's love was not her life. Her fame was growing; someone called her the Shakespeare of women. First her books had been published at her father's expense; next, editors were willing to run their own risks, and now messengers with bank-notes waited at the door and begged to exchange the bank-notes for MS. John Kenyon said, "I told you so," but Edward Barrett scowled. He quarrelled with her to ease the love-hurt that was smarting in his heart.

Poor little pale-faced poet! earthly success has nothing left for thee! Thy thoughts, too great for speech, fall on dull ears. Even thy father, for whom thou first took up pen, doth not understand thee, and a mother's love thou hast never known. And fame without love—how barren!

"My family," she writes, "had been so accustomed to the idea of my living on and on in that room, that while my heart was eating itself, their love for me was consoled, and at last the evil grew scarcely perceptible. It was no want of love in them, and quite natural in itself; we all get used to the thought of a tomb; and I was buried, that was the whole. But God knows what is within, and how utterly I had abdicated myself and thought it not worth while to put out my finger to touch my share of life. Even my poetry, which suddenly grew an interest, was a thing on the outside of me, a thing to be done, and then done! What people said of it did not touch me. A thoroughly morbid and desolate state it was, which I look back now to with the sort of horror with which one would look to one's graveclothes, if one had been clothed in them by mistake during a trance."

A voice said in a mastery while I strove . .
"Guess now who holds thee?"
"Death," I said. But, there,
The silver answer rang, "Not Death, but Love."

Elizabeth Barrett was thirty-seven. John Kenyon had turned well into sixty, but he carried his years in a jaunty way. The physicians allowed Mr. Kenyon to visit the Darkened Room whenever he chose, for he never stayed so very long, neither was he ever the bearer of bad news.

Did the greatest poetess of the age know one Browning—Robert Browning, a writer of verse? Why, no; she had never met him, but of course she knew of him, and had read everything he had written. He had sent her one of his books once. She had referred to it in one of her own. He surely was a man of brilliant parts—so strong and far-seeing! Mr. Browning had expressed a wish to see her. Mr. Kenyon would fetch him—doctors or no doctors.

Now Robert Browning was not at all of the typical poet type. In stature he was rather short; his frame was compact and muscular. His features were inclined to be heavy; in repose his face was dull, and there was no fire in his glance. He wore loose-fitting, plain grey clothes, a slouch hat, and thick-soled shoes. At first look you would have said he was a well-fed, well-to-do country squire. But did you come to know him you would see that beneath that seemingly phlegmatic outside there was a spiritual nature so sensitive and tender that it responded to all the finer thrills that play across the souls of men. Yet if ever there was a man who did not wear his heart upon his sleeve, it was Robert Browning. He was clean, wholesome, manly, healthy inside and out.

The love of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett was a resemblance of the Divine Passion. Take off thy shoes, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground! This man and woman had gotten well beyond the first flush of youth; there was a joining of intellect and soul which approaches the ideal. They met, looked into each other's eyes, and each there read his fate; no coyness, no affectation, no fencing—they loved. Each at once felt a heart-rest in the other. Each had at last found the other self.

That exquisite series of poems, "Sonnets from the Portuguese,"—which are rather confessions from her own heart—the purest, the tenderest confessions of love ever written—were all told to him over and over by the look from her eyes, the pressure of her hands, and in gentle words (or silence) that knew neither shame nor embarrassment.

"If thou must love me, let it be for nought
Except for love's sake only. Do not say
'I love her for her smile . . . her look . . . her way
Of speaking gently . . . for a trick of thought
That falls in well with mine, and certes brought
A sense of pleasant ease on such a day—
For these things in themselves, beloved, may
Be changed or change for thee,—and love, so wrought,
May be unwrought so. Neither love me for
Thine own dear pity's wiping my cheeks dry,—
A creature might forget to weep, who bore
Thy comfort long, and lose thy love thereby!
But love me for love's sake, that, evermore

Thou may'st love on, through love's eternity.

"I never gave a lock of hair away
To a man, dearest, except this to thee,
Which now upon my fingers thoughtfully
I ring out to the full brown length and say,
'Take it.' . . . It only may
Now shade, on two pale cheeks, the mark of tears,
Taught drooping from the head that hangs aside
Through sorrow's trick. I thought the funeral shears
Would take this first, but love is justified,—
Take it thou, . . . finding pure, from all those years,
The kiss my mother left here when she died.

"A heavy heart, belovèd, have I borne
From year to year until I saw thy face,
And sorrow after sorrow took the place
Of all those natural joys as lightly worn
As the stringed pearls . . . each lifted in its turn
By a beating heart at dance-time. Hopes apace
Were changed to long despairs, till God's own grace
Could scarcely lift above the world forlorn
My heavy heart. Then thou didst bid me bring
And let it drop adown thy calmly great
Deep being! Fast it sinketh as a thing
Which its own nature doth precipitate,
While thine doth close above it, mediating
Betwixt the stars and the unaccomplished fate.

As for poor Edward Moulton Barrett—he raved. He tried to quarrel with Robert Browning, and had there been only a callow youth with whom to deal Browning would have simply been kicked down the steps, and that would have been an end of it. But Browning had an even pulse, a calm eye, and a temper that was imperturbable. His will was quite as strong as Mr. Barrett's.

What helped Miss Barrett to the final determination to take her fate into her own hands was the fact that, though the doctors had ordered her to Italy for the winter as the only hope of a restoration of health, and although Mrs. Jameson, the well-known writer on art, had offered to take charge of her on the journey, her father obstinately refused to consider the idea. This strangely heartless indifference removed her lingering hesitation. She had no idea that his anger against her for the step she took would be so unyielding as it proved to be. So it was just a plain runaway match. One day when the father was out of the way they took a cab to Marylebone Parish Church and were married. The bride went home alone, and it was a week before her husband saw her, because he would not ask for her by her maiden name. At the end of the week the bride stole down the steps alone, leading her dog Flush by a string, and met her lover-husband on the corner. Next day they wrote back from Calais, asking forgiveness and craving blessings after the good old custom of Gretna Green. But Edward Moulton Barrett did not forgive. Old men who nurse wrath are pitiable sights. Why could not Mr. Barrett have followed the example of John Kenyon?

Kenyon commands both our sympathy and admiration. When the news came to him that Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett were gone, it is said that he sobbed like a youth to whom has come a great, strange sorrow. For months he was not known to smile, yet after a year he visited the happy home in Florence. When John Kenyon died he left by his will fifty thousand dollars "to my beloved and loving friends, Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett, his wife."

Immediately after their marriage Mr. and Mrs. Browning started for Italy, and in Pisa they at first resided, but later chose Florence as their home. For many years, with intervals of absence, they lived in that beautiful city, in the romantic old palace Casa Guidi, which will always be associated with the gifted husband and wife. They passionately identified themselves with the cause of Italy, and their home was a meeting-place for the patriots who were working to free their beloved country and unite the nation.

The delicate invalid recovered her health marvellously in this atmosphere of love and happiness, and she often had to chide her husband for his exuberant satisfaction and triumph, whenever she was able to accompany him on a longer expedition than usual, telling him that he must not behave as though it were something phenomenal to have a wife who could walk. Her joy and pride in him are expressed with touching naivete in everything she wrote.

The birth of their little boy, the "Penini" of the letters, would have filled up their cup of happiness save for one thing. Mr. Barrett obstinately refused to forgive his daughter, or to notice in any way her repeated letters, and this was a sorrow which was to last her life. Death took him from her unreconciled. This circumstance, and the memory of that other bereavement, which had darkened her life for so long, made England seem an alien land to her. She attached herself with all the force of her passionate nature to her adopted country.

A sympathetic writer thus describes her last days:

> "The activity of the spirit was too intense for the delicate frame that enshrined it. Day by day the earthly vesture seemed to wear thinner. Those who saw her in Rome during the last few months of her life speak of the extreme fragility of her appearance, the tiny figure with the wonderful eyes, and long curls shading the wide forehead, and the little thin hand that fluttered like a bird in the clasp of yours. Her life was a sweet and passionate song, that stopped at last for want of breath to sustain it. Her family always thought it was the death of Cavour, in a moment critical for the fortunes of the new kingdom of Italy, that gave her her death-blow. 'That noble soul who meditated and made Italy,' she wrote, 'has gone to the diviner country. If tears or blood could have saved him he should have had mine.'
>
> "Her death was the fit close of such a pure and tender life. Even at the very last she knew not that the end was so near, and smilingly chid her husband for his anxiety. She passed away in his arms, in such peace as lingered for long, a consoling reflection, in the minds of those who had lost her and who otherwise would have mourned too bitterly. 'God took her," so Browning wrote to her dearest friend after all was over, 'as you might lift a tired, frightened child out of the dark into your arms and the light.'"

On the wall of the Browning residence, Casa Guidi, the city of Florence placed a marble slab upon which is inscribed, in letters of gold, "Here wrote and died Elizabeth Barrett Browning, who in her woman's heart united the wisdom of the sage and the eloquence of the poet, with her golden verse linking Italy to England. Grateful Florence placed this memorial."

Mrs. Browning's was one of the purest and most spiritual souls that ever dwelt in mortal body. It gleamed on her countenance, like a lamp through an alabaster vase. It breathed in her verse, like the breath of heaven. We wish we had room to quote from her "Confessions," "Loved Once," "Catarina to Camoens," "Cowper's Grave," and other poems, that seem to have strayed outside the gates of heaven. Take this tender sonnet for an example:

COMFORT.

"Speak low to me, my Saviour, low and sweet
From out the hallelujahs, sweet and low,
Lest I should fear and fall, and miss thee so
Who art not missed by any that entreat.

Speak to me as to Mary at thy feet!
And if no precious gums my hands bestow,
Let my tears drop like amber, while I go
In reach of thy divinest voice complete
In humanest affection—thus, in sooth
To lose the sense of losing. As a child,
Whose song-bird seeks the wood for evermore,
Is sung to in its stead by mother's mouth,
Till, sinking on her breast, love reconciled,
He sleeps the faster that he wept before."

Her own words, which were sung at her husband's funeral in St. Paul's, and at Miss Willard's, at Evanston, are the most fitting close to this imperfect sketch :

"And friends, dear friends,—when it shall be
That this low breath has gone from me,
And round my bier ye come to weep,
Let one, most loving of you all,
Say, 'Not a tear must o'er her fall;
He giveth His beloved sleep!'"

"LOVED ONCE."

BY ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

I classed, appraising once,
Earth's lamentable sounds,—the welladay,
The jarring yea and nay,
The fall of kisses on unanswering clay,
The sobbed farewell, the welcome mournfuller;—
But all did leaven the air
With a less bitter leaven of sure despair,
Than these words—"I loved ONCE."

And who saith, "I loved ONCE?"
Not angels, whose clear eyes, love, love foresee,
Love through eternity!
Who by To Love, do apprehend To Be.
Not God, called LOVE, His noble crown-name,—casting
A light too broad for blasting!
The great God changing not from everlasting,
Saith never, "I loved ONCE."

Nor ever the "Loved ONCE,"
Dost THOU say, Victim-Christ, misprized friend!
The cross and curse may rend,
But, having loved, Thou lovest to the end!
It is man's saying—man's! Too weak to move
One sphered star above,
Man desecrates the eternal God-word Love
With his No More, and Once.

How say ye, "We loved once,"
Blasphemers? Is your earth not cold enow,
Mourners, without that snow?
Ah, friends! and would ye wrong each other so?
And could ye say of some, whose love is known,
Whose prayers have met your own,
Whose tears have fallen for you, whose smiles have shone,
Such words, "We loved them once?"

Could ye, "We loved her once,"
Say calm of me, sweet friends, when out of sight?
When hearts of better right
Stand in between me and your happy light?
And when, as flowers kept too long in the shade,
Ye find my colours fade,
And all that is not love in me, decayed?
Such words—Ye loved me ONCE!

Could ye "We loved her once,"
Say cold of me, when further put away
In earth's sepulchral clay?
When mute the lips which deprecate to-day?—
Not so! not then—*least* then! when life is shriven,
And Death's full joy is given,—
Of those who sit and love you up in Heaven,
Say not, "We loved them once."

Say never, ye loved ONCE!
God is too near above, the grave below,
And all our moments go
Too quickly past our souls, for saying so!
The mysteries of Life and Death avenge
Affections light of range—
There comes no change to justify that change,
Whatever comes—Loved ONCE.

FAMOUS HYMNS, AUTHORS AND INCIDENTS.

BY THE REV. OSBORN R. LAMBLY, M.A., D.D.

Sacred song is of divine appointment. More than a thousand years before the heavenly choir sang their midnight chorus of "Glory to God in the highest," the old-time Psalmist said, "Sing unto the Lord all the earth," and all through the world's ages "psalms, hymns, and spiritual songs" have been wings of devotion to lift the soul into communion with God. Some of these sacred lyrics have gained widespread popularity and undying fame, not because of the genius of their authors, but because they have been the "heart songs" of a common brotherhood. Foremost among these stands Hedge's translation of Luther's "Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott."

"A mighty fortress is our God."

This magnificent hymn was composed by the Great Reformer for the Diet of Spires, which was held in April, 1529. It has been aptly called "The Marseillaise Hymn of the Reformation." Born amid the fierce struggle for emancipation from spiritual bondage, it forthwith became the battle-cry of Protestantism throughout the Fatherland. No hymn ever so captured the German heart. It was sung everywhere; in their homes, on the streets, in their public gatherings, and on the battle-field. And everywhere it was a clarion-call to courage and to victory. It was used with marvellous effect just before the battle of Lutzen, on the morning of November 16, 1632. The contending Catholic and Protestant forces were encamped face to face, when Adolphus—the Champion of the Reformation—summoned his whole army to a service of praise and prayer. While thus engaged, a heavy mist fell upon the field, completely concealing each army from the other. Riding throughout the encampment, Adolphus commanded the bands to strike up Luther's hymn, whereupon the whole force joined in the exultant strain,

"A mighty fortress is our God."

As they sang the fog lifted, and the sun shone forth bright and clear. A fierce and bloody battle ensued. Before noon Gustavus Adolphus received a mortal wound. But ere the evening shadows fell upon that scene of carnage, the Catholic cause had suffered a crushing defeat, while the dead king and his singing soldiers triumphantly held the field.

In all the great German battles for more than three hundred and seventy years, the soul-stirring words of this grand old hymn have "strengthened hand and heart and nerve" for heroic and victorious action. During the Franco-German war this was the favourite song of the German troops. Around their camp-fires, in the valley of the Meuse, and as they marched to meet the foe, this inspiring hymn filled every heart with hope and cheer.

The day after the battle of Sedan, a contingent of the German army was marching on to the French capital. At night they were lodged in a large parish church. The intense strain and excitement of the battle-field were upon them. The memory of that bloody fray, and of their fallen comrades, unmanned them, and they could not rest. Suddenly in the stillness of the evening hour came from the organ loft, at first very softly, but with increasing volume, the strain of this majestic hymn, "A mighty fortress is our God." The officers and men caught up the stirring melody, until, from a thousand hearts and voices, the vaulted aisles re-echoed with holy song.

Another of these strong, inspiring hymns, and one that is scarcely second to Luther's great masterpiece, is Paul Gerhardt's

"Give to the winds thy fears."*

The story of its origin is no doubt prophetic of the comfort and courage its faith-filled stanzas have brought to many a hard-pressed soldier of the cross. Gerhardt's forceful preaching of the Lutheran doctrines greatly displeased his royal master, the Grand Elector, and he sought to silence him. Between the throne and the pulpit a conflict was waged for several years, but the separation between them grew wider all the while. Gerhardt's conscience spoke with weightier authority than Gerhardt's king. At length, in 1659, the unyielding pastor was transferred from his church and home in Berlin to the Archdeaconship of Lubben in Saxony. To this far-off appointment, with his delicate wife and helpless children, he began a journey, which was destined, on account of sickness and delays, to be protracted for several years.

One night the sorrows and sufferings of his loved family pressed upon him sorely, and he went out into a neighbouring wood to gather strength in prayer. While thus engaged, these words of gracious promise, "Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in him and he shall bring it to pass," came to his soul with such blessed assurance that he received immediate comfort and strength. Rising from his knees, and walking to and fro in the quiet of the night, he began the composition of this hymn, which has brought such abounding comfort to many another care-laden soul. Returning to the hostelry, he found his wife greatly cast down, and he sought to cheer her with his text and hymn. At length, with trust and confidence in their heavenly Father's love and care, they retired to rest, purposing to

"Leave to His sovereign sway
To choose and to command,"

but "ere sweet sleep their eyelids closed," a thunderous knock at their door filled them with renewed apprehension. Soon, however, fear gave place to joy, when they learned that their midnight visitor was a messenger from Duke Christian of Mensburg offering to the faithful preacher "a church, people, home and livelihood, and also liberty to preach the Gospel as his heart might prompt him."

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*John Wesley's translation.

To many an anxious child of earth have the strong and stirring lines of this inspiring hymn brought hope and cheer. One such instance is deserving of special notice. Near the village of Warsaw lived a pious peasant named Dobyr. Through manifold misfortunes this good man was unable to pay his rent for three successive years. Winter's cold was now upon the land, and eviction stared him in the face. On the morrow he and his family were to be turned out into the snow. That evening, gathering his little household around him, they sang Gerhardt's hymn of trust, and knelt in prayer. While thus engaged, there was heard a "rapping at the window lattice." On opening the window, "in there stepped a stately raven," carrying in his bill a golden band, set with precious stones. This the peasant took at once to his pastor, who informed him that it belonged to Stanislaus, their king, to whom the preacher returned it, and told the story of his unfortunate parishioner. Dobyr was immediately summoned to the palace, where he received royal thanks and large reward. In the following spring Stanislaus built the peasant a comfortable home, and stocked his stalls from the royal stables. Over the portal of this princely homeplace, a tablet was erected, on which was carved a raven, holding in its beak a ring. Underneath were inscribed these lines from Gerhardt's immortal hymn,

"Thou everywhere hast sway
  And all things serve Thy might,
Thy every act pure blessing is,
  Thy path unsullied light."

The most famous and best loved metrical arrangement of the twenty-third Psalm is that of Francis Rous, "The Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want."

Rous was a native of Halton, in Cornwall. He received his education at Broadgate Hall, now Pembroke College, Oxford. He studied law, and was a member of Parliament under Charles I. In 1657 he was a member of the House of Lords, and was one of Oliver Cromwell's Privy Council. Although a layman, he was chosen a member of the Westminster Assembly of Divines. To this august body Rous' version of this psalm was presented, in 1643, and three years later it was adopted. Three years afterwards it was approved by the General Assembly of the Kirk of Scotland, and has been the standard version in use ever since.

Dr. John Ker says: "Every line of it, every word of it, has been engraven for generations on Scottish hearts, has accompanied them from childhood to age, from their homes to all the seas and lands where they have wandered, and has been to a multitude no man can number, the rod and staff of which it speaks, to guide and to guard in dark valleys, and at last through the darkest."

Among the many touching incidents that might be cited in connection with this famous hymn we may mention the following from Crockett's "Men of the Moss Hags." The Claverhouse troops were scouring the hill country and haling the supposed enemies of King Charles to imprisonment and death. One day a company of red-coats, under command of a certain Captain Johnston, came upon a group of children, whose parents had gone into hiding for fear of the king's men. The leader of this soldier-band sought to make the little people disclose the hiding-places of their sires. But threats and curses were alike in vain; whereupon the command was given to blindfold the little group, and men were detailed to shoot the "bairns." The first volley was fired above their heads. The children were greatly alarmed, but unfalteringly held to their purpose of secrecy. The enraged leader then bade them pray, as their last moment had come. "Oh, sir," said a little lass of about ten summers, "we canna pray, but we can sing." Then, rising from her knees, still clasping the hand of her little brother, whom she sought to cheer, her voice trembling with fear and sweetness, she began to sing,

> "The Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want."

Immediately the whole group of little ones joined in the well-known psalm of holy trust. Amazed and awe-stricken, the troopers listened for a while, then pity took the place of passion in their hearts and one by one they silently rode away, followed last of all by Capt. Johnston himself. Thus the presence of the Divine Shepherd, in whom the children trusted, quickly changed what seemed to be "death's dark vale," into "green pastures the quiet waters by."

Among the many hymns that have come from the heart and pen of Cardinal Newman, "Lead, kindly light, amid the encircling gloom," is deservedly the best known and most highly prized. The author was the son of a London banker, born in 1801. From a child he was brought up to take great delight in reading the Scriptures. At nineteen he graduated from Trinity College, and spent the next eight years in the teaching profession. In 1828 he was appointed incumbent of St. Mary's Church, Oxford. Here his ministrations exerted a powerful influence upon the students of the university. The next five years was a period of great literary activity and much spiritual unrest.

Newman was by nature a ritualist. What was known as the "Oxford Movement," which occasicned a vast amount of agitation in the Anglican Church, was originated by him. He was also the leading writer in "Tracts for the Times." In one of these he sought to obliterate all lines of distinction between the English and Roman Catholic Churches. From his pulpit utterances as well as from the literary offspring of his fertile brain, it soon became apparent whither he was drifting. Finally, in 1845, failing to persuade the Church of his fathers to forsake the Protestant faith, he left its fold, to enter the Church of Rome. His brilliant talents and commanding influence were at once recognized and honoured.

This popular hymn was composed about twelve years before Newman severed his connection with the English Church. He had been travelling in Italy, and was prostrated with severe illness. As soon as he was sufficiently restored he took ship at Palermo for Marseilles. During this voyage his vessel was becalmed for a week in the Straits of Bonifacio. It was during this enforced pause in his journey homeward that his restless spirit, groping in the night of darkness, and "far from home," breathed the earnest prayer,

> "Lead, kindly light, amid the encircling gloom."

Since then many a weary and way-worn traveller on life's pilgrimage has with these expressive words framed an earned prayer for help and guidance. In the great gatherings of the "World's Congress of Religions," there were two parts of the daily exercises in which all could heartily unite, namely, the repetition of the Lord's Prayer, and singing Newman's "Lead, kindly light." Multitudes of every creed, and multitudes without creed, joined with great heartiness in singing this song-prayer for light and direction.

Some time ago, when The Sunday at Home requested its readers to name the best hymns now in use among the churches, Toplady's "Rock of Ages" was with practical unanimity accorded the first place. Out of 3,500 votes, 3,215 gave the palm to this now world-famous hymn. It is generally conceded that the hymn was composed and published in a spirit of bitter opposition to the Arminianism of the Wesleys. The Rev. Augustus Montague Toplady, Calvinistic rector of a Devonshire parish, was the son of a soldier, and the martial spirit dominated the spirit of the divine. He was the most brilliant as well as the most bitter opponent of the Wesleyan doctrine of sanctification. Many controversial pamphlets were published by this militant preacher during those troublous times. But those witty philippics which afforded their author so much self-gratulation at the time, are now forgotten or unknown. To-day the world knows Toplady only as the author of "Rock of Ages," and this one hymn has made his name immortal.

In all stations in life, and by all classes of people, the prayer of this hymn has been breathed into the ear of One who is our "refuge and strength." Over and over again were its words repeated by the illustrious consort of our gracious Queen, as he was going down into the shadowy vale. "For," said he, "if in this hour I only had my worldly honours and dignities to depend upon I should be poor indeed."

On the 11th of January, 1866, the steamer London foundered in the Bay of Biscay. The last sound that fell upon the ears of those who made their escape from that doomed vessel, was the voice of the imprisoned passengers singing, while sinking

"Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee."

A few years ago a crowded steamer was entering New York harbour. Eager eyes were peering through the darkness to catch the forms of loved ones on the shore. Suddenly a sheet of flame issued from the hold, near the prow, and sweeping aft, forced many of the passengers into the sea. On that ill-fated vessel was a noted singer and his wife. While he was in the act of fastening upon her a life-preserver, a man crazed with fear snatched it from his hand and leaped overboard. The famous singer was also an excellent swimmer, and assuring his wife that he could bear her safely to land, together they dropped into the waters, and soon were battling with the waves. A little while sufficed to exhaust the wife's strength, and she said to her husband, "I can hold on no longer." In that moment of supreme agony, he said, "Let us sing," and began: "Rock of Ages." His wife joined him, and gathered strength as she sang. All around them, scores of fellow-passengers were struggling in the waters, while the flames of the burning craft cast their mocking glare upon that midnight scene. Voice after voice, caught up the hope-inspiring strain, until a great multitude were singing, "Simply to thy cross I cling." Some of them, with these words of trust upon their lips, went down in the waters of death. Others were rescued to tell how, in those terrible moments, strength and hope were inspired, while they sang Toplady's immortal hymn :

> "Rock of ages, cleft for me,
> Let me hide myself in Thee."

Among the many hymns that have won their way into world-wide usage, is that majestic lyric, whose opening stanza is a clarion call to earth's redeemed hosts, and heaven's unfallen angels, to join in the coronation of their King.

> "All hail the power of Jesus' name."

This famous hymn was written in 1779, by Edward Perronet, son of the Vicar of Shoreham, in Kent. In his young manhood Mr. Perronet was a friend and helper of the Wesleys. But when the question of separation from the Anglican Church was under discussion, the founder of Methodism and the author of this hymn were so strongly opposed to each other that the separation between them became complete, and Mr. Perronet accepted the pastorate of a dissenting congregation in Canterbury.

"Billy Dawson," though a plain Yorkshire farmer, was one of the most powerful and popular preachers in Methodism less than a hundred years ago. On one occasion he was preaching in London on the divine offices of Christ. This theme afforded full scope for his descriptive genius. In the most hope-inspiring manner he set forth our Saviour as our prophet and priest, then proceeded to speak of His exaltation and glory as sovereign Ruler of men and angels. His regal imagination kindled with his lofty theme, and with a marvellous wealth of imagery and forceful diction, he sketched the picture of a coronation pageant. Patriarchs, prophets, apostles, martyrs, and a countless multitude of redeemed mankind, moved forward in processional array. Into the temple, and up to the throne of the conquering King they were triumphantly marshalled. Reaching this glorious climax, when every eye was fixed upon him, and every soul stirred to its deepest depth, the preacher suddenly broke from the graphic portraiture of the coronation scene, and sang :

> "All hail the power of Jesus' name!
> Let angels prostrate fall ;
> Bring forth the royal diadem,
> And crown Him Lord of all."

The effect was overwhelming. The vast congregation sprang to their feet, and joined in this song of exulting triumph. Feeling and power became more intense as each successive verse was sung, until it seemed as if the material structure around them had vanished, and they were transported to the upper sanctuary—and—

> "Now with yonder sacred throng
> They at His feet did fall ;
> Joined in the everlasting throng,
> And crowned Him Lord of all!"

Brooklin, Ont.

WAGES.

Glory of warrior, glory of orator, glory of song,
Paid with a voice flying by to be lost on an endless sea ;
Glory of virtue, to fight, to struggle, to right the wrong—
Nay, but she aim'd not at glory, no lover of glory she.
Give her the glory of going on and still to be.
The wages of sin is death ; if the wages of virtue be dust,
Would she have heart to endure for the life of the worm and the fly ?
She desires no isles of the blest, no quiet seats of the just,
To rest in a golden grove, or to bask in a Summer sky ;
Give her the wages of going on, and not to die.

—*Alfred Tennyson.*

SELBY'S THEOLOGY OF MODERN FICTION.

BY THE REV. THOMAS BROWN, B.D.

Shortly after the appearance of Mr. Selby's volume of sermons, "The Imperfect Angel," the present occupant of the presidential chair of the Wesleyan Conference, England, said "that Methodism had now in her midst one of the best sermon-makers in modern Christendom." The logical argument, thorough analysis, and felicitous illustration apparent in that volume and subsequent work, fully justify the praise given, not by Mr. Watkinson alone, but the religious press generally.

It was conceded that when Mr. Selby was apointed to deliver the twenty-sixth Fernley lecture at Liverpool, on "The Theology of Modern Fiction," that the choice was a wise one, and that the subject chosen would receive careful and thorough handling from one who is attaining a distinguished place in the world of letters. The work under discussion shows how well grounded was the anticipation. It indicates wide reading, and a keen insight into the problems that modern fiction presents.

The discussion of the work of such authors as George Eliot, George Macdonald, and Mark Rutherford throw us back to seek a good working definition of a novel; and whether that "bete noir" of modern fiction—the theological novel—be not illegitimate under that heading.

A novel we take to be primarily a representation of life. "It gives us pen-and-ink sketches of men and women, set upon a background of circumstance;" it shows us the conflicts and the passions, the pains and the pleasures, the duties and the joys of life; and how these affect character, and how character modifies circumstances. It takes a bit out of the world's life, and, clothing it in a drapery of imagination, sets it in a framework of language. It is, or ought to be, a poem of life, moving us to laughter or to tears, because it is akin to poetry, in that it is a creation of the imagination. Its theme is man; its aim to show us the throbbing life of humanity. I take it that the novel must be a novel, not an essay, historical, political, or theological, with a thin disguise of story, a species of literary jam by means of which the many-headed public may be induced to swallow the intellectual pill.

The true novel is a story, a work of the imagination. The story must not be a peg on which to hang history or theology. Yet this is just what is being done by a large number of fiction-writers who are making theology the mainspring of their books, setting it in a very thin casing of story.

In the limits of such a paper as this there is not time to enter into a lengthy criticism of this species of literature, but this perhaps ought to be said, that on the ethical side the theological novel-writer has no justification for the manner in which he appeals for votes and seeks disciples among those who are neither entitled to vote or qualified to make a decision. For the public, for whom the novel is written, is, for the most part, profoundly ignorant of even the A B C of theology, while of higher criticism it knows little and cares less.

Now, thanks to the theological novel, this has become the small talk of the drawing-room, the babble of the street corners, the edged tools in the hands of the babes of knowledge, but with which they may do damage both to themselves and their neighbours.

The theological novel has not erred on the side of orthodoxy, it has been the champion of a "God without religion," or a "religion without God," or else it has caricatured where it should have expounded. It has awakened doubt in the minds of those who, while they may question, have not the means or time for the research necessary to a full and proper answer. It asserts without proving, it gives forth as an ascertained result what is tentative only. It brings forward the doubts of one school without suggesting how these have been met by another. The novelist is not an equipped theologian, therefore his work will necessarily be rather criticism than construction. The facility with which he raises doubts is equalled only by his inability to lay them. The doubts that are laid by any amount of novels are necessarily small, but it by no means follows that the faith of many in the eternal verities is strengthened by a reading of such works. There is thus created a cheap scepticism in some, and a real and sorrowful incertitude in others, both alike without the foundation of real study and research, and none the less dangerous for that. Such books are generally short-lived. On the other side, as Mr. Selby points out, "The books which with due care and comprehensiveness portray human character and its issues will live, and in proportion to their truth to fact must surely illustrate some of those great principles of religious faith which are bound up with the constitution of man and the history to which he contributes.

Our lecturer's aim is not to invest modern fiction writers with cap and gown and give them a chair of systematic theology; but rather to put them in the witness box, and receive their testimony to the existence of those truths which are fundamental in the Christian religion. George Eliot, Thomas Hardy, and the Scottish school, are examined, and their conclusions on human depravity, the distinction between vice and virtue, and the reward for good and the punishment for evil are noted. The key-note of Mr. Selby's work is in the following paragraph:

> "A writer may chance to be without fixed religious belief, and the theology which pervades his chapters will be identical with an inevitable theology in his own sub-consciousness, which he cannot cast off or ignore. In some respects, especially, when days of questioning and controversy are upon us, literature of this type may be of a higher religious value than that which is conceived with the direct object of pointing a pious moral or advocating some formulated scheme of belief and church government. This theology in solution, which is diffused through all the higher literature of fiction, has evidential force about it of no mean order, inasmuch as it shows that man is religious in spite of himself, and that even in the writer who has repudiated dogma there is an irreducible minimum of theology out of which some of the cardinal articles of the faith may be built up in new forms."

With this aim of finding "theology in solution," Mr. Selby takes a number of representative writers, goes through their work carefully, and gives us results. There is searching, trenchant criticism, and just, candid appreciation of those under review.

George Eliot is introduced to us as "one whom Nature meant for a great theologian as well as a superb interpreter of human life • and character; but the Coventry Socinians, the task of translating Strauss, and the sinister influence of George Henry Lewes turned her into a nominal agnostic not altogether content with her role."

A brooding, reflective temperament was the characteristic of George Eliot. She is the philosopher in fiction, portraying in most sympathetic fashion country life and scenes, but at heart never entirely losing the Christian sympathies of her girlhood. Essentially she was a believer without a creed, a mystic without faith, and withal "in some attenuated sense an illustration of the doctrine of final perseverance."

In all her books, from "Scenes From Clerical Life," to "Daniel Deronda," there is an undercurrent of religion, indeed more than an undercurrent; for they force us to the conclusion that her prime force after all was spiritual. She thought well to put away from her the Christian religion as undeserving of her acceptance, and yet there is not one of her writings in which there may not be found many illustrations of principles that are precise parallels and analogies of the faith she rejected. These illustrations of a repudiated belief suggest what she might have done had her lot been different, if she had kept her faith instead of losing it, if she had never met George H. Lewes; in a word, had she remained Marion Evans, how much happier had she been, and how much richer we!

She gives us a number of clerical portraits; a study of them furnishes us with her standpoint. "She has no over-weening fondness for parsons who either magnify their office or burn with zeal for special dogmas." Her clergymen of the Established Church are generally surpliced Laodiceans; given either to mild betting, or to graceful indolence, or to swearing round oaths on fitting occasions.

In a number of quotations Mr. Selby shows how George Eliot taught the trustworthiness of the moral instincts; though the light of heaven may seem to have been hidden from her vision, there was vouchsafed an inner light which gave a genuine guidance in practical affairs that could not betray the dutiful soul.

It is pointed out that the author under review declares with no uncertain sound the fact of moral responsibility and a day of grace. Fate and heredity are not the only factors that make up human life. She has nothing but scorn for those who would "tell a story of tragic shame and then describe it as the history of a pure woman."

The story of Tito in Romola is of terrible significance. Here again it is the spiritual tragedy of the two main characters of the book that make it great and memorable. The sinning youth, with the best opportunities before him, flinging aside duty and honour, finds punishment follows quickly and surely on the heels of sin. "In George Eliot's pages those who go down into the pit go with their eyes open and after due admonition. The doctrine of retribution is preached with such iteration in her pages as would wreck a modern pulpit."

However severe and caustic George Eliot may be in her criticisms of evangelical theology, she recognizes the need of burdened hearts for help—"for a wise, holy personality on which to lean." Mr. Selby points out how Methodist doctrine is spared in her satire, giving as the reason that the theology of Dinah Morris had to bear the stigma of unduly emphasizing good works. Ceasing to believe in divine mediation she sought the best human substitute for it which her imagination could devise. Most of the mediators she sends to those whose lives are blighted with sin are women, perhaps a concession to the Comtist belief of George Lewes and his school.

Nathaniel Hawthorne is justly credited as the greatest of American prose writers. This is one of the best chapters in the lecture. A quotation will show its value.

> "Nathaniel Hawthorne was scarcely less than George Eliot, but with a genius of a distinctly different order. His writings are as rich in veiled religious teachings as the other, only they are given first-hand and not broken up among the characters sketched. Hawthorne is a vivid chronicler of introspective processes and does not spend himself on scenes of action. Steeped through and through with a moral seriousness, he gives the first place to ethical and religious problems, and all else are subsidiary. There is no rest for the human spirit according to his teaching but in the highest duty and the holiest love.
>
> "His imagination is so eerie and fearsome that we sometimes doubt its perfect sanity. Some of his stories which he labels as moralities, parables, allegories, romances, are not infrequently set in a framework of psychological occultism and semi-scientific marvels. We find ourselves groping along the intricate paths of a sombre borderland, where it is neither light nor dark. But through all his scenes the book of remembrance looms vaguely in view; a sense of judgment is ever in the air—self-judgment mysteriously forced upon the mind by a hand from the unseen. He has a scheme of retribution which asserts itself with almost monotonous consistency through his plots and ghostly dramas. Its processes are inward; but the wounded conscience is not alone in the revenge it inflicts upon sin. It leagues itself with a relentless memory, and the unknown powers of a boundless imagination, and these combined influences imprint upon the very flesh brands and stripes as real as though some machinery of torture had been applied from without. The instruments of judgment all lie ready to hand within the unseen half of man's personality.
>
> "Hawthorne's lack of the idea of the doctrine of sacrifice and mediation make the introspection of his subjects to end in a remorse scarcely distinguishable from insanity.
>
> "The wise, solemn, sagacious ethics of this leader in American prose, hidden not infrequently under the veil of fantasy and romance, is a much-needed corrective to the ribaldry of those fools of an ephemeral fiction who make a mock at sin and have no sense of its criminality before God. He dramatizes with transcendent skill some of these great facts of human nature which are at the very roots of all theology."

Such a work as this would be incomplete if the trend of modern pessimism were not examined. The lecturer has dealt fairly with the school in putting into the witness-box its most brilliant representative, a realist of the first rank, Mr. Thomas Hardy, who stands among the first of his contemporaries. There is a hopeless note in his writings in strange contrast to the authors dealt with in the first part of the book. He seems to teach that the odds are always against virtue, innocence, and unselfishness. Things could only turn out as Thomas Hardy represents them if the universe were in the hands of mere chance, or under the rule of the Evil One.

> "A prince in modern literature, attired in the noblest purple and fine linen, this author has a curious mania for exploiting sewers and acting Parisian ragman. Filth and defilement he faces with the calm, unshrinking countenance of a Local Board labourer, and, amazing sight! the implements of his unholy toil are shod with beaten gold and encrusted with rubies and pearls. Thomas Hardy has made his home in the slime-pits of Siddim, as early ascetics betook themselves to the caves of the wilderness, and studiously cultivated the most lachrymose and intractable types of pessimism that a morbid ingenuity can devise.
>
> "He is the realist who can only see the dirty side of life, he seems to have set himself the task of re-writing the book of Ecclesiastes with the cheerful moral, 'Fear God and keep His commandments,' dropped out. Whether he guides us over the purple heath, or through the lush, pastoral valley, or by the restless sea, we are never quite away from the refrain, 'vanity of vanities.'"

Mr. Selby now turns to George Macdonald and the Scottish school, the latter including such universally popular writers as Ian Maclaren, J. M. Barrie, and Crockett. This school has created one of the great purifying forces of our generation.

> "They are entirely sweet in their ethical temper, and its chief representatives are not ashamed to confess that they cherish the high hope and faith of the Gospel. Perhaps its foundations do not always go down to the roots of the mountains. It may be compared to one of those floating islands which are adorned with fair flowers and delightful fruits, but they lack secure anchorage amidst the drifting seas.
>
> "Delighting to depict the gracious and beautiful sentiments and dispositions which have been nurtured in the homes where the Bible is read and its teachings reverently discussed, this body of writers is prone to constitute such sentiments the tests and the determinative forces of Christian theology. The hardness of the old doctrine of decrees, of the abstract rights of divine sovereignty, and of limited redemption, have been softened to the point of almost complete maceration."

It is pointed out that among the earliest and latest workers of this school, salvation outside the Church is no uncommon thing. Some of the best types of religious life are to be found outside kirk and meeting-house. This may be a protest against High Calvinism, and a testimony to the breadth and perennial energy of the Gospel; but as a result of this kind of teaching is there not a danger of our too readily assuming the presence of Christian character apart from the Christian Churches?

No careful reader, particularly of George Macdonald's works, can have failed to notice the emphasis that is put on natural processes in the work of man's salvation—fiddles, kites, landscapes, music, and friendship, all are used in turn for man's moral and spiritual moral and spiritual uplifting. Readers of "Robert Falconer" will remember the part that the skilful violin playing of Robert had in the restoration of his father to moral manhood. There is danger lest we should think that the centre of regenerating force has been shifted from the cross of Christ to the phenomena of Nature, or the works of men's hands.

But especially is this school open to criticism in its conception of the Divine Fatherhood, which is a mere confection of spongy sentiment.

> "From the time of the Reformation onwards, the conception of God has been one-sided; but the peril of fragmental and unsymmetrical views is now as great in another direction. The modern temper is inclined to interpret the Divine Fatherhood from a sentimental standpoint, and to make domestic emotions a scale by which to measure God and the principles of His government. The eternal mystery is built up out of thin, delicate sections of flesh-and-blood sensibilities, and then we are told we have a true view of God; and that at the sound of sackbut, psaltery and harp, we are to fall down and worship the image. But it is not possible to create the ideal Fatherhood which is synonymous with God out of any number of superfine and rarefied human feelings, for ideal Fatherhood must include righteousness. The theology of modern fiction often treats God's relation with mankind as though it were the parenthood which rules a French family consisting of one child only; and such an error could perhaps take its rise only in a generation habituated to look at things from a standpoint of overweening individualism. When paternal love has two or more children to deal with, it must take the scales of justice into one hand and the sword into the other, and become august and unswerving righteousness."

The genesis of redemptive work is to be found in the Fatherhood of God; but that is a different thing from the effeminate type of domestic love which is forgetful of moral equity, and which modern fictionists depict as the God of the Bible.

This paper is now too lengthy to enter into the conception of sin held by members of this school. Suffice it to say that George Macdonald's denial of the eternity of future suffering, and that the future life will give opportunities of repentance, has proved itself as somnolent to the senses of many nominal Christians as a vast poppy harvest.

> "Tens of thousands who have come under the influence of this type of teaching have ceased to be intent on working out their salvation here, and have hailed the notion that salvation hereafter will do quite as well. It is a fine dining-out theology, but it awaits not only the sanction of Christ's word, but the seal of its effectual virtue in the conversion of the unsaved."

We owe much to Ian Maclaren for his vivid and noble sketches of Scotch life and character. We should certainly be poorer without the companionship of Dr. Maclure and "Drumsheugh." His power seems to be in his unborrowed faculty of insight into the greater and deeper emotions of human life. He has a faculty for details, and a power of suggesting little facts, which makes a story live. He does not lump his theology into masses, as does George Macdonald, for, as Mr. Selby points out, his realistic, sententious, swiftly allusive style scarcely permits such a course. It is to be regretted that one so widely read should have fallen into the error of at least expressing his sympathy with the modern school that make death a line of negligible significance in the destiny of the soul.

"We may rightly cherish a spirit of charity towards those of whom poor Posty is the type, but we carry charity into unlawful spheres when we constitute ourselves into a grand jury to cut out work for the all-wise God at the great assize.

"Ian Maclaren has fallen into error in attempting to read the eternal destiny of Posty in the light of the larger hope. The only practical effect of such representations is to make other dram-drinkers feel perfectly comfortable in their excess, and to minimise to a vanishing point the significance of our present opportunities."

In the last chapter Mr. Selby treats of "Mark Rutherford," who has proved himself to be a master in the use of the English language. His style is wonderfully effective—"brief, virile, and clean-cut Saxon phrasing." There is no labour after effect, yet his books are very effective. The scenes of his works are laid among the old-fashioned Independents of the Midlands—a country made immortal by John Bunyan. He represents a recoil from the old doctrine of decrees somewhat parallel to the Scottish school previously dealt with, though the revolt is carried to its logical extreme in the case of this author.

At the close of this exceedingly able lecture, Mr. Selby deals with the fiction of the future: What place novels will occupy in the future, or how much they will be pervaded by the theological element, it is impossible to say. Most of the books at present pouring hot from the press cannot live because they deal with the accidental rather than the fundamental features of human nature. The book that survives the test of years will be that which is true to the best and truest in human life, and is therefore in accordance with a sound and trustworthy theology; that is, is based on the Word of God.

Seeley's Bay, Ont.

IN HIS STEPS.

BY CHARLES M. SHELDON.

Author of "The Crucifixion of Phillip Strong.

CHAPTER VII.

" He that followeth me shall not walk in darkness."

The body of Loreen lay at the Page mansion on the avenue. It was Sunday morning, and the clear, sweet air, just beginning to breathe over the city the perfume of opening blossoms in the woods and fields, swept over the casket from one of the open windows at the end of the grand hall. The church bells were ringing, and the people on the avenue going by to service turned curious inquiring looks up at the great house and went on, talking of the recent events which had so strangely entered into and made history in the city.

At the First Church, Henry Maxwell, bearing on his face marks of the scene he had been through the night before, confronted an immense congregation, and spoke to it with a passion and a power that came so naturally out of the profound experiences of the day before that his people felt for him something of the old feeling of pride they once had in his dramatic delivery. Only, this was a different attitude. And all through his impassionate appeal this morning there was a note of sadness and rebuke and stern condemnation that made many of the members pale with self-accusation or with inward anger.

For Raymond had awakened that morning to the fact that the city had gone for license after all. The rumour at the Rectangle that the second and third wards had gone no license proved to be false. It was true that the victory was won by a very meagre majority. But the result was the same as if it had been overwhelming. Raymond had voted to continue another year the saloon. The Christians of Raymond stood condemned by the result. More than a hundred Christians, professing disciples, had failed to go to the polls, and many more than that number had voted with the whiskey men. If all the church members of Raymond had voted against the saloon, it would to-day be outlawed instead of crowned king of the municipality. For that had been the fact in Raymond for years. The saloon ruled. No one denied that. What would Jesus do? And the woman who had been brutally struck down by the very hand that had assisted so eagerly to work her earthly ruin, what of her? Was it anything more than the logical sequence of the whole horrible system of license that for another year the saloon that received her so often and compassed her degradation, from whose very spot the weapon had been hurled that struck her dead, would by the law which the Christian people of Raymond voted to support, open its doors perhaps to-morrow, and damn with earthly and eternal destruction a hundred Loreens before the year had drawn to its bloody close?

All this, with a voice that rang and trembled and broke in sobs of anguish for the result, did Henry Maxwell pour out upon his people that Sunday morning. And men and women wept as he spoke. Donald Marsh sat there, his usual erect, handsome, firm, bright, self-confident bearing all gone; his head bowed upon his breast; the great tears rolling down his cheeks, unmindful of the fact that never before had he shown outward emotion in a public service. Edward Norman sat near by with his clear-cut, keen face erect, but his lip trembled and he clutched the end of the pew with a feeling of emotion that struck deep into his knowledge of the truth as Maxwell spoke it. No man had given or suffered more to influence public opinion that last week than Norman. The thought that the Christian conscience had been aroused too late or too feebly lay with a weight of accusation upon the heart of the editor. What if he had begun to do as Jesus would long ago? Who could tell what might have been accomplished by this time? And up in the choir, Rachel Winslow, with her face bowed on the railing of the oak screen, gave way to a feeling she had not yet allowed to master her; but it so unfitted her for her part that when Henry Maxwell finished and she tried to sing the closing solo after the prayer, her voice broke, and for the first time in her life she was obliged to sit down sobbing and unable to go on.

Over the church, in the silence that followed this strange scene, sobs and the noise of weeping arose. When had the First Church yielded to such a baptism of tears? What had become of its regular, precise, cold, conventional order of service, undisturbed by any vulgar emotion and unmoved by any foolish excitement? But the people had lately had their deepest convictions touched. They had been living so long on their surface feelings that they had almost forgotten the deeper wells of life. Now that they had broken to the surface the people were convicted of the meaning of their discipleship.

Henry Maxwell did not ask this morning for volunteers to join those who had already pledged to do as Jesus would. But when the congregation had finally gone, and he had entered the lecture-room it needed but a glance to show him that the original company of followers had been largely increased. The meeting was tender, it glowed with the Spirit's presence, it was alive with strong and lasting resolve to begin a war on the whiskey power of Raymond that would break its reign. Since the first Sunday when the first company of volunteers had pledged themselves to do as Jesus would do, the different meetings had been characterized by distinct impulses or impressions. To-day, the entire force of the gathering seemed to be directed to this one large purpose. It was a meeting full of broken prayers, of contrition, confession, of strong yearning for a new and better city life. And all through it ran the one general cry for deliverance from the saloon and its awful curse.

But if the First Church was deeply stirred by the events of the week gone, the Rectangle also felt moved strongly in its own way. The death of Loreen was not in itself so remarkable a fact. It was her recent acquaintance with the people from the city that lifted her into special prominence and surrounded her death with more than ordinary importance. Every one in the Rectangle knew that Loreen was at this moment lying in the Page mansion up on the avenue. Exaggerated reports of the magnificence of the casket had already furnished material for eager gossip. The Rectangle was excited to know the details of the funeral. Would it be public? What did Miss Page intend to do? The Rectangle had never before mingled even in this distinctly personal manner with the aristocracy on the boulevard. The opportunities for doing so were not frequent. Gray and his wife were besieged by inquirers wanting to know what Loreen's friends and acquaintances were expected to do in paying their last respects to her. For her acquaintance was large, and many of the recent converts were among her friends.

So that is how it happened Monday afternoon at the tent, that the funeral service of Loreen was held before an immense audience that choked the tent and overflowed beyond all previous bounds. Gray had gone to Virginia's and after talking it over with her and Henry Maxwell the arrangements had been made.

"I am and always have been opposed to large public funerals," said Gray, whose complete wholesome simplicity of character was one of its great sources of strength, "but the cry of the poor creatures who knew Loreen is so earnest that I do not know how to refuse their desire to see her and pay her poor body some last little honour. What do you think, Mr. Maxwell? I will be guided by your judgment in the matter. I am sure that whatever you and Miss Page think is best will be right."

"I feel as you do," replied Mr. Maxwell. "Under most circumstances I have a great distaste for what seems like display at such times. But this seems different. The people at the Rectangle will not come here to a service. I think the most Christian thing will be to let them have the service at the tent. Do you think so, Virginia?"

"Yes," said Virginia sadly. "Poor soul. I do not know but that some time I shall know she gave her life for mine. We certainly cannot and will not use the occasion for vulgar display. Let her friends be allowed the gratification of their wishes. I see no harm in it."

So the arrangements were made with some difficulty for the service at the tent; and Virginia with her uncle and Rollin, accompanied by Henry Maxwell, Rachel, and President Marsh, and the quartette from the First Church, went down and witnessed one of the strange scenes of their lives.

It happened that that afternoon a noted newspaper correspondent was passing through Raymond on his way to an editorial convention in a neighbouring city. He heard of the contemplated service at the tent and was present that afternoon. His description of it was written in a graphic style that caught the attention of very many readers the next day. A fragment of his account belongs to this part of the history of Raymond:

"There was a very unique and unusual funeral service held here this afternoon at the tent of an evangelist, Rev. John Gray, down in the slum district known as the 'Rectangle.' The occasion was caused by the killing of a woman during an election riot last Saturday night. It seems she had been recently converted during the evangelist's meetings and was killed while returning from one of the meetings in company with other converts and some of her friends. She was a common street drunkard and yet the services at the tent were as impressive as any I ever witnessed in a metropolitan church over the most distinguished citizen.

"In the first place, a most exquisite anthem was sung by a trained choir. It struck me, of course, being a stranger to the place, with considerable astonishment to hear voices like those one naturally expects to hear only in great churches or concerts at such a meeting as this. But the most remarkable part of the music was a solo sung by a strikingly beautiful young woman, a Miss Winslow, who, if I remember rightly, is the young singer who was sought for by Crandal, the manager of the 'National Opera,' and who for some reason refused to accept his offer to go on the stage. She had a most wonderful manner in singing and everybody was weeping before she had sung a dozen words. That, of course, is not so strange an effect to be produced at a funeral service, but the voice itself was one of ten thousand. I understand Miss Winslow sings in the First Church and could probably command almost any salary as a public singer. She will probably be heard from soon. Such a voice could win its way anywhere.

"The service aside from the singing was peculiar. The evangelist, a man of apparently very simple, unassuming style, spoke a few words and he was followed by a fine-looking man, the Rev. Henry Maxwell, pastor of the First Church of Raymond. Mr. Maxwell spoke of the fact that the dead woman had been fully prepared to go, but he spoke in a peculiarly sensitive manner of the effect of the liquor business on the lives of men and women like this one. Raymond, of course, being a railroad town, and the centre of the great packing interests for this region, is full of saloons. I caught from the minister's remarks that he had only recently changed his views in regard to license. He certainly made a very striking and yet it was in no sense an inappropriate address for a funeral.

"Then followed what was perhaps the queer part of this strange service. The women in the tent, at least a large part of them up near the coffin, began to sing in a soft, tearful way, 'I was a wandering sheep.'

"Then while the singing was going on, one row of women stood up and walked slowly past the casket, and as they went by, each one placed a flower of some kind on it. Then they sat down and another row filed past, leaving their flowers. All the time the singing continued softly like rain on a tent cover when the wind is gentle. It was one of the simplest and at the same time one of the most impressive sights I ever witnessed. The sides of the tent were up, and hundreds of people who could not get in stood outside, all as still as death, with wonderful sadness and solemnity for such rough-looking people. There must have been a hundred of these women, and I was told many of them had been converted at the meetings just recently. I cannot describe the effect of that singing. Not a man sung a note. All women's voices, and so soft and yet so distinct that the effect was startling.

"The service closed with another solo by Miss Winslow, who sang, 'There were ninety and nine.' And then the evangelist asked them all to bow their heads while he prayed. I was obliged in order to catch my train to leave during the prayer, and the last view I caught of the scene as the train went by the shops was a sight of the great crowd pouring out of the tent and forming in open ranks while the coffin was borne out by six of the women. It is a long time since I have seen such a picture in this unpoetical Republic."

If Loreen's funeral impressed a passing stranger like this, it is not difficult to imagine the profound feelings of those who had been so intimately connected with her life and death. Nothing had ever entered the Rectangle that had moved it so deeply as Loreen's body in that coffin. And the Holy Spirit seemed to bless with special power the use of this senseless clay. For that night at the meeting He swept more than a score of lost souls, mostly women, into the fold of the Good Shepherd.

It should be said here that Henry Maxwell's statement concerning the opening of the saloon from whose window Loreen had been killed proved nearly exactly true. It was formally closed Monday and Tuesday while the authorities made arrests of the proprietor charged with the murder. But nothing could be proved against any one, and before Saturday of that week the saloon was running as regularly as ever. No one on the earth was ever punished by earthly courts for the murder of Loreen.

No one in all Raymond, including the Rectangle, felt Loreen's death more keenly than Virginia. It came like a distinct personal loss to her. That short week while Loreen had been in her home had opened Virginia's heart to a new life. She was talking it over with Rachel the day after the funeral. They were sitting in the hall of the Page mansion.

"I am going to do something with my money to help these women to a better life." Virginia looked over to the end of the hall where, the day before, Loreen's body had lain. "I have decided on a good plan, as it seems to me. I have talked it over with Rollin. He will devote a large part of his money also to the same plan."

"How much money have you, Virginia, to give in this way?" asked Rachel. Once she would never have asked such a personal question. Now, it seemed as natural to talk frankly about money as about anything else that belonged to God.

"I have available for use at least four hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Rollin has as much more. It is one of his bitter regrets now that his extravagant habits of life before his conversion practically threw away half that father left him. We are both eager to make all the reparation in our power. 'What would Jesus do with this money?' We want to answer that question honestly and wisely. The money I shall put into The News is, I am confident, in line with Jesus' probable action. It is as necessary that we have a daily Christian paper in Raymond, especially now that we have the saloon influence to meet, as it is to have a church or a college. So I am satisfied that the five hundred thousand dollars that Mr. Norman will know how to use so well will be a powerful factor in Raymond to do as Jesus would do.

"About my other plan, Rachel, I want you to work with me. Rollin and I are going to buy up a large part of the property in the Rectangle. The field where the tent now is has been in litigation for years. We mean to secure the entire tract as soon as the courts have settled the title. For some time I have been making a special study of the various forms of college settlements and resident methods of Christian work and institutional church work in the heart of great city slums. I do not know that I have yet been able to tell just what is the wisest and most effective kind of work that can be done in Raymond. But I do know this much. My money (I mean God's, which He wants me to use) can build wholesome lodging houses, refuges for poor women, asylums for shop girls, safety for many and many a lost girl like Loreen. And I do not want to be simply a dispenser of this money. God help me! I do want to put myself into the problem. But do you know, Rachel, I have a feeling all the time that all that limitless money and limitless personal sacrifice can possibly do, will not really lessen very much the awful conditions at the Rectangle as long as the saloon is legally established there. I think that is true of any Christian work now being carried on in any great city. The saloon furnishes material to be saved faster than the settlement or residence or Rescue Mission work can save it."

Virginia suddenly rose and paced the hall. Rachel answered sadly. And yet with a note of hope in her voice.

"It is true. But, oh, Virginia, what a wonderful amount of happiness and power can come out of this money! And the saloon cannot always remain here. The time must come when the Christian force in the city will triumph."

Virginia paused near Rachel, and her pale, earnest face lighted up.

"I believe that too. The number of those who have promised to do as Jesus would is increasing. If we once have, say five hundred such disciples in Raymond, the saloon is doomed. But, now, dear, I want you to look at your part in this plan for capturing and saving the Rectangle. Your voice is a power. I have had many ideas lately. Here is one of them. You could organize among the girls a Musical Institute. Give them the benefit of your training. There are some splendid voices in the rough there. Did any one ever hear such singing as that yesterday by those women? Rachel, what a beautiful opportunity! You shall have the best of opportunity in the way of organs and orchestras that money can provide, and what cannot be done with music to win souls there into higher and better and purer living?"

Before Virginia had ceased speaking, Rachel's face was perfectly transfigured with the thought of her life work. It flowed into her heart and mind like a flood and the torrent of her feeling overflowed in tears that could not be restrained. It was what she had dreamed of doing herself. It represented to her something that she felt was in keeping with a right use of her own talent.

"Yes," she said, as she rose and put her arms about Virginia, while both girls in the excitement of their enthusiasm paced the hall. "Yes, I will gladly put my life into that kind of service. I do believe that Jesus would have me use my life in this way. Virginia, what miracles can we not accomplish with humanity if we have such a lever as consecrated money to move things with!"

"Add to it consecrated personal enthusiasm like yours, and it certainly can accomplish great things," said Virginia smiling. And then before Rachel could reply, Rollin came in.

He hesitated a moment and was passing out of the hall into the library when Virginia called and asked some questions about his work.

Rollin came back and sat down and together the three discussed their future plans. Rollin was apparently entirely free from embarrassment in Rachel's presence while Virginia was with them. Only his manner with her was almost precise if not cold. The past seemed to be entirely absorbed in his wonderful conversion. He had not forgotten it, but he seemed to be completely caught up for this present time in the purpose of this new life.

After a while, Rollin was called out, and Rachel and Virginia began to talk of other things.

"By the way, what has become of Jasper Chase?" Virginia asked the question innocently enough, but Rachel blushed, and Virginia added, with a smile, "I suppose he is writing another book. Is he going to put you into this one, Rachel? You know I always suspected Jasper Chase of doing that very thing in his first story."

"Virginia," Rachel spoke with the frankness that had always existed between the two friends, "Jasper Chase told me the other night, that he—in fact—he proposed to me—or he would, if—"

Rachel stopped and sat with her hands clasped on her lap, and there were tears in her eyes.

"Virginia, I thought a little while ago that I loved him, as he said he loved me. But when he spoke, my heart felt repelled, and I said what I ought to say. I told him, No. I have not seen him since. That was the night of the first conversions at the Rectangle."

"I am glad for you," said Virginia, quietly.

"Why?" asked Rachel a little startled.

"Because I have never really liked Jasper Chase. He is too cold and—I do not like to judge him, but I have always distrusted his sincerity in taking the pledge at the church with the rest."

Rachel looked at Virginia thoughtfully.

"I have never given my heart to him, I am sure. He touched my emotions, and I admired his skill as a writer. I have thought at times that I cared a good deal for him. I think, perhaps, if he had spoken to me at any other time than the one he chose, I could easily have persuaded myself that I loved him. But not now."

Again Rachel paused suddenly, and when she looked up at Virginia again there were tears on her face. Virginia came to her and put her arm about her tenderly.

When Rachel had left the house, Virginia sat in the hall thinking over the confidence her friend had just shown her. There was something still to be told, Virginia felt sure from Rachel's manner, but she did not feet hurt that Rachel had kept back something. She was simply conscious of more on Rachel's mind than she had revealed.

Very soon Rollin came back and he and Virginia, arm in arm, as they had lately been in the habit of doing, walked up and down the long hall.

It was easy for their talk to settle finally upon Rachel, because of the place she was to occupy in the plans which were being made for the purchase of the property at the Rectangle.

"Did you ever know a girl of such really gifted powers in vocal music who was willing to give her whole life to the people as Rachel is going to do? She is going to give music lessons in the city, have private pupils to make her living, and then give the people in the Rectangle the benefit of her culture and her voice."

"It is certainly a very good example of self-sacrifice," replied Rollin a little stiffly.

Virginia looked at him a little sharply.

"But don't you think it is a very unusual example? Can you imagine—" Here Virginia named half a dozen famous opera singers —"doing anything of this sort?"

"No, I can't," Rollin answered briefly. "Neither can I imagine Miss—" he spoke the name of the girl with the red parasol who had begged Virginia to take the girls to the Rectangle—"doing what you are doing, Virginia."

"Any more than I can imagine Mr.—" Virginia spoke the name of a young society leader—"going about to the clubs doing your work, Rollin."

The two walked on in silence for the length of the hall.

"Coming back to Rachel," began Virginia, "Rollin, why do you treat her with such a distant, precise manner? I think, Rollin, pardon me if I hurt you, that she is annoyed by it. You used to be on easy terms. I don't think Rachel likes this change."

Rollin suddenly stopped. He seemed deeply agitated. He took his arm from Virginia's and walked down to the end of the hall. Then he returned, with his arms behind him, and stopping near his sister, he said,

"Virginia, have you not learned my secret?"

Virginia looked bewildered, then over her face the unusual colour crept, showing that she understood.

"I have never loved any one but Rachel Winslow," Rollin spoke calmly enough now. "That day she was here when you talked about her refusal to join the concert company, I asked her to be my wife—out there on the avenue. She refused me, as I knew she would. And she gave as her reason the fact that I had no purpose in life, which was true enough. Now that I have a purpose, now that I am a new man, don't you see, Virginia, how impossible it is for me to say anything? I owe my very conversion to Rachel's singing. And yet that night while she sang I can honestly say that for the time being I never thought of her voice except as God's message. I believe all my personal love for her was for the time merged into a personal love to God and my Saviour." Rollin was silent, then he went on with more emotion. "I am still in love with her, Virginia. But I do not think she could ever love me." He stopped and looked his sister in the face with a sad smile.

"I don't know about that," said Virginia to herself. She was noting Rollin's handsome face, its marks of dissipation nearly all gone now, the firm lips showing manhood and courage, the clear eyes looking into hers frankly, the form strong and graceful. Rollin was a man now. Why should not Rachel come to love him in time? Surely the two were well fitted for each other, especially now that their purpose in life was moved by the same Christian source.

She said something of all this to Rollin, but he did not find much comfort. When they closed the interview, Virginia carried away the impression that Rollin meant to go his way with his chosen work, trying to reach the fashionable men at the clubs, and while not avoiding Rachel, seeking no occasion for meeting her. He was distrustful of his power to control his feelings. And Virginia could see that he dreaded even the thought of a second refusal in case he did let Rachel know that his love was still the same.

The next day she went down to The News office to see Edward Norman and arrange the details of her part in the establishment of the paper on its new foundation. Henry Maxwell was present at this conference, and the three agreed that, whatever Jesus would do in detail as editor of a daily paper, He would be guided by the same general principles that directed His conduct as the Saviour of the world.

"I have tried to put down here in concrete form some of the things which it has seemed to me Jesus would do," said Edward Norman. He read from a paper lying on his desk and Henry Maxwell was reminded again of his own effort to put into written form his own conception of Jesus' probable action and also of Milton Wright's attempt in his business.

"I have headed this, 'What would Jesus do as Edward Norman, editor of a daily newspaper in Raymond?'"

"1. He would never allow a sentence or a picture in His paper that could be called bad or coarse or impure in any way.

"2. He would probably conduct the political part of the paper from the standpoint of non-partisan patriotism, always looking upon all political questions in the light of their relations to the welfare of the people, always on the basis of, 'What is right?' never from the basis of, 'What is for the best interests of this or that party?' In other words, He would treat every political subject from the standpoint of the advancement of the kingdom of God on the earth."

Edward Norman looked up from the reading for a moment. "You understand that is my interpretation of Jesus' probable action on political matters in a daily paper. I am not passing judgment on other newspaper men who may have a different conception of Jesus' probable action from mine. I am simply trying to answer honestly, 'What would Jesus do as Edward Norman?' And the answer I find is what I have put down."

"3. The end and aim of a daily paper conducted by Jesus would be to do the will of God. That is, His main purpose in carrying on a newspaper would not be to make money, or gain political influence, but His first and ruling purpose should be so to conduct His paper that it would be evident to all His subscribers that He was trying to seek first the kingdom of God by means of His paper. This purpose would be as distinct and unquestioned as the purpose of a minister or a missionary or any other unselfish martyr in Christian work anywhere.

"4. All questionable advertisements would be impossible.

"5. The relation of Jesus to the employees on the paper would be of the most loving character."

"So far as I have gone," said Norman, again looking up, "I am of the opinion that Jesus would employ practically some form of co-operation that would represent the idea of mutual interest in a business where all were to move together for the same great end. I am working out such a plan and I am confident it will be successful. At any rate, once introduce the element of personal love into a business like this, take out the selfish principle of doing it for the sake of personal profits to a man or company, and I do not see any way except the most loving personal interest between editor, reporters, pressmen and all who contributed anything to the life of the paper. And that interest would be expressed, not only in the personal love and sympathy but in a sharing with the profits of the business.

"6. As editor of a daily paper to-day, Jesus would give large space to the work of the Christian world. He would devote a page possibly to the facts of reform, of sociological problems, of institutional church work and similar movements.

"7. He would do all in His power in His paper to fight the saloon as an enemy of the human race and an unnecessary part of our present civilization. He would do this regardless of public sentiment in the matter, and, of course, always regardless of its effect on His subscription list."

Again Edward Norman looked up. "I state my honest conviction on this point. Of course I do not pass judgment on the Christian men who are editing other kinds of papers to-day. But as I interpret Jesus, I believe He would use the influence of His paper to remove the saloon entirely from the political and social life of the nation."

"8. Jesus would not issue a Sunday edition.

"9. He would print the news of the world that people ought to know. Among the things that they do not need to know and which would not be published would be brutal prize-fights, long accounts of crimes, scandals in private families, or any other human events which in any way would conflict with the first point mentioned in this outline.

"10. If Jesus had the amount of money to use on a paper which we have, He would probably secure the best and strongest Christian men and women to co-operate with Him in the matter of contributors. That will be my purpose, as I shall be able to show you in a few days.

"11. Whatever the details of the paper might demand as the paper developed along its definite plan, the main principle that guided it would always be the establishment of the kingdom of God in the world. This large general principle would necessarily shape all the details."

Edward Norman finished reading his plan. He was very thoughtful.

"I have merely sketched a very

faint outline. I have a hundred ideas for making the paper powerful that I have not yet thought out fully. This is simply suggestive. I have talked it over with other newspaper men. Some of them say I will have a weak, namby-pamby Sunday-school sheet. If I get out something as good as a Sunday-school it will be pretty good. Why do men when they want to characterize something as particularly feeble always use a Sunday-school as a comparison, when they ought to know that the Sunday-school is one of the strongest, most powerful influences in our civilization in this country to-day. But the paper will not necessarily be weak because it is good. Good things are more powerful than bad. The question with me is largely one of support from the Christian people of Raymond. There are over twenty thousand church members here in the city. If half of them will stand by The News, its life is assured. What do you think, Maxwell, is the probability of such support?"

"I don't know enough about it to give an intelligent answer. I believe in the paper with all my heart. If it lives a year, as Miss Virginia said, there is no telling what it can do. The great thing will be to issue such a paper as near as we can judge as Jesus probably would, and put into it all the elements of Christian brains, strength, intelligence, and sense, and command respect by the absence of bigotry, fanaticism, narrowness, and anything else that is contrary to the spirit of Jesus. Such a paper will call for the best that human thought and action are capable of giving. The greatest minds in the world would have their powers taxed to the utmost to issue a Christian daily."

"Yes," Edward Norman spoke humbly. "I shall make great mistakes, no doubt. I need a great deal of wisdom. But I want to do as Jesus would. 'What would He do?' I have asked it daily, and shall continue to do so and abide by results."

"I think we are beginning to understand," said Virginia, "the meaning of that command, 'Grow in the grace and knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.' I am sure I do not know all that He would do in detail until I know Him better."

"That is very true," said Henry Maxwell. "I am beginning to understand that I cannot interpret the probable action of Jesus until I know better what His spirit is. To my mind the greatest question in all of human life is summed up when we ask, 'What would Jesus do?' if, as we ask it, we also try to answer it from a growing knowledge of Jesus Himself. We must know Jesus before we can imitate Him."

ONLY A CURL.

BY ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

"God lent him and takes him," you sigh . .
  Nay, there let me break with your pain.
God's generous in giving, say I,
And the thing which He gives, I deny
  That He ever can take back again.

He's ours and forever. Believe,
  O father!—O mother, look back
To the first love's assurance! to give
Means, with God, not to tempt or deceive
  With a cup thrust in Benjamin's sack.

He gives what He gives: be content.
  He resumes nothing given,—be sure.
God lend?—where the usurers lent
In His temple, indignant He went
  And scourged away all those impure.

He lends not, but gives to the end,
  As He loves to the end. If it seem
That He draws back a gift, comprehend
'Tis to add to it rather . . . amend,
  And finish it up to your dream.

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN.

BY THE REV. W. H. ADAMS.

England's Secretary of State for the Colonies is an evolutionist. Not that he is an exponent of the nebular hypothesis, or of the doctrine of the descent of man. He knows little about either, and cares less. He is not of that order of men who love to linger in the depths of the dead and buried past. Neither swirling molecules nor gibbering progenitors have any fascination for him. Every-one to his taste. Mr. Chamberlain takes the world as he finds it and man as he meets him, and he is amiably resigned to leave it to the philosophers to postulate and fuss over the origin of either. As they are they furnish him with his outlook and study. And he desires no better.

Mr. Chamberlain is not an evolutionist in creed. But he is an evolutionist in his conduct. He has himself evolved. His career wonderfully illustrates the captivating theory by which we are now commanded to interpret everything in the heaven above, the earth beneath, and the waters under the earth. He has passed through eras that are as easily defined as those of the geologist, though they are not to be measured by the geological chronometer. And the "hipparion" is not a whit more interesting as a subject for contemplation, than is one of Mr. Chamberlain's dead selves; which, by the way, you will not find in the Oxford clay or the Thanet sands, but which may be turned up in the newspaper strata of the publishing-house of any reputable English daily.

When, twenty-two years ago, Birmingham sent Mr. Chamberlain to Parliament, it was universally held to have forfeited its already attenuated claim to respectability. He was a demagogue; a veritable Jack Cade. With confidence and unction he had prophesied the downfall of the House of Brunswick, and the establishment of a republican regime in England. Backed by his zeal and audacity, these harum-scarum theories might soon bring danger to the State. Apprehension seized many a man; and no condemnation was deemed too severe for "Brummagem" (so the name is often contemptuously pronounced) which had returned him, and no abhorrence too great for "Brummagem Joe" who had been returned.

The Chamberlain of those days and the Chamberlain of to-day are wholly different men. They present a fierce and striking contrast. No Hindu reincarnation could mean more. The quondam revolutionist now sits as the ruling spirit in a Conservative Cabinet, takes tea with duchesses and dowagers, and hob-a-nobs with royalty itself.

But this great transition does not imply that Mr. Chamberlain has played the part of the unconscionable character who will act any role if he can advance a selfish cause. Far from it. Whether we praise him or not, whether we censure him or not, we must admit that Mr. Chamberlain has throughout been strictly conscientious. This wonderful change from the Republican to the Royalist has been a truly natural process, and it has been as free from all strain and violence as the transformation of the creeping caterpillar into the free and swiftwinged butterfly. He has not deflected, he has not "backed down," he has simply evolved!

Hide-bound party men cannot understand this. Of course not. Nor, in matters of divinity, can hide-bound theologians, be they popish priests or evangelical preachers. It is not esteemed good form to rise out of ruts or to refuse to shout old shibboleths. This dense world requires that we make our creed our gaoler, and he who will do otherwise must expect to be misinterpreted and maligned, and his devoted pate must crack beneath the cudgel.

Mr. Chamberlain has lived down the opprobrium that was heaped upon him in the years when he was advancing from stage to stage in his political development. He is now one of the best respected men in England, and by far the most consummately competent of all those who have adorned the high office he holds. The independence of thought which has always characterized him has served the empire well.

Instead of being trammelled by precedent, bound by red-tape, and obfuscated by the insular prejudice of the "little Englander," Mr. Chamberlain has been broad-minded and free, and his administration has been refreshing and benign,—as the colonies have good reason to know. His great business ability, which enabled him to make a fortune while still a young man, and subsequently to place Birmingham in such a position that in course of time it will be the richest borough in the world, is also now at the service of the empire. He calls a spade a spade, and knows its honest value. If now and then a newspaper cynic does charge him with "privately reconstructing the Empire," one thing is very certain, that he is opening a new page in England's colonial history.

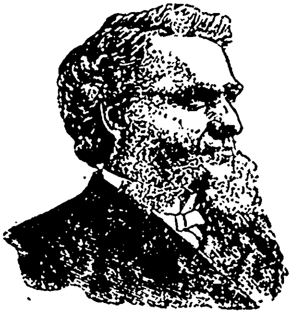
Mr. Chamberlain comes of Nonconformist stock, and is justly proud of his ancestry. He was born in London, on July 8th, 1836. As a boy at school he distinguished himself, we are told, in mathematics, natural philosophy, and French. At the age of sixteen he entered his father's business,—that of a boot and shoe manufacturer. But at the end of two years he moved to Birmingham, where he has since resided, and where for a length of time he was connected with a firm of screw manufacturers. The city owes much to his untiring labours, and he was three times elected its mayor. The measures he matured have changed the aspect of the place, and reduced the annual mortality from thirty to twenty in the thousand. He advanced his own money to effect some of these reforms, and his public spirit has secured him a lasting place in the hearts of the citizens.

Mr. Chamberlain lacks that indefinable but easily-recognized "ethos" of the English college-bred man; and his quotations are always from Dickens or some such popular source. Yet in debate he is often more than a match for some omniscient savant who can pour out torrents of Horace or Homer. His wit is keen, his sarcasm terrible, and his hard, clear voice penetrates to the remotest corner of the Commons chamber. He is no "plugless word-spout," but is noted for the singular lucidity and terseness of his periods. There is no mistaking his meaning, however obtuse the hearer may be. With his monocle in his eye he at times assumes an attitude that is most exasperating. On some occasions, indeed, his air and rhetoric have worked directly against him and his party, and men who would have voted for the measure he advocated, have, through sheer malevolence towards him, marched off into another lobby.

Whether Mr. Chamberlain will remain a Unionist and so furnish a party argument on the analogy of "the survival of the fittest," none can, of course, divine. But Birmingham, which has watched him advance from Republican to Radical, Liberal, Liberal-Unionist, will continue to demideify him whatever political connection he may sustain. He has made his mark upon that city and he deserves well of it. Perhaps it is not too much to say also that as a Colonial Secretary he has given a turn to events in general which will go far towards perpetuating his memory in the history of the British Empire.

Orono, Ont.

THE BISHOP OF THE LARGEST DIOCESE IN THE WORLD.



BISHOP HARTZELL.

Bishop Hartzell did not make his first acquaintance with black men by any means when he landed in the Gulf of Guinea. For years past he has been recognized as the first authority on all questions relating to the coloured men of the United States. He is emphatically the Bishop of the Blacks, and it was therefore felt, when his predecessor in Africa was retired, that Bishop Hartzell was made for the post. Bishop Hartzell first visited Monrovia, Liberia, and then went to Sierra Leone. At Sierra Leone he was down for a week with fever, but fortunately escaped with his life from "The White Man's Grave." From thence he went down the coast to the mouth of the Congo, travelled as far inland as the Falls, and then coming back he launched into the heart of Angola. He was delighted with the prospect in Africa. He travelled more than six hundred miles into the Hinterland of Angola, and found himself in the midst of a Bantu race, which has profited largely by the enterprise of the American missionaries, and seems to the Bishop as good material for creating a Christian State as Uganda itself. The American missionaries have it all to themselves, and the Bishop himself longs to go into it and possess it; that is to say, to Christianize and civilize a race that is eminently susceptible to such influences. There is no travelling in first-class carriages for African bishops. Bishop Hartzell visited these outlying parts of his diocese mounted upon an ox.

From Portuguese South-West Africa he returned to England, where he met his wife, and received a reinforcement of four additional missionaries, with whom he departed on October 2nd for Cape Town. The American missionaries are already in Cape Colony, but Bishop Hartzell sees openings for further developments. He intends to prospect the land, and then, travelling round the eastern coast, call at Natal and make his way into Nyassaland.

Bishop Hartzell is just the man for his diocese, with a heart as big as the continent, and ambition for the success of his work even more continental in its magnitude.

THE BISHOP ON THE BLACK MAN'S CHANCE.

Before he departed, Bishop Hartzell was good enough to send me the following observations upon his mission and its prospects :

THE BISHOP ON THE BLACK MAN'S CHANCE.

I firmly believe that the day for the black races of the world has really dawned. Slavery no longer exists in any civilized land, and the black man is accorded, technically at least, his civil rights in the institutions and laws of all great nations, so that he has a chance to make a record on his own account. The veil of mystery has been held over Africa until within a comparatively few years, when, with a suddenness unparalleled in history, the whole of the continent has been explored. Besides this, the nations of Europe, led by England—which up to date has been the nation-builder of the world—have parcelled out the continent, and with marvellous quickness inaugurated great commercial enterprises touching every section of both coast lines. Already the era of exploration and loose occupation of the whole continent is giving place to permanence in national outlines, commercial highways, and philanthropic movements. The sons of Shem had their chance as a governing people and lost it ; the sons of Japheth now rule : and I believe that the sons of Ham, in God's good providence, are to be given a chance. Whether there will be any black nationalities in Africa, or whether there can be any large advance among its native peoples outside of white superintendence, and whether Christian civilization will be accepted and made permanent among them, are questions which only time will settle. The real genius of the negro has not yet been tapped. Africa presents evidence of an arrested development.

It is evident that the nearly nine millions of negroes in the United States of America, freed men and their descendants, are to have much to do with the civilization of Africa, their fatherland. There will probably never be any great migration of blacks from America, but from America will go thousands of ministers, teachers, artisans, and emigrants from the black masses of that great Republic. There are now nearly one million five hundred thousand black boys and girls in the public schools of America. There are over fifty thousand young black men and women in the schools of higher grade, supported some by the States, but up to this time principally by great education societies. Four-fifths of the black population of America is in the sixteen Southern States, and that number will probably remain there ; and it now looks as if in the very section of the Republic where the blacks of America had their great humiliation in slavery their future is to be chiefly worked out under American Christian civilization.

The Methodist Episcopal Church, the largest Protestant denomination in the world, proposes to have a share in the great work of redeeming Africa. The great body of her membership, institutions of learning, and wealth, are in the United States, but she has one hundred thousand communicants in India, five Annual Conferences with large followings in China, Conferences in Japan, Bulgaria, Finland, Denmark, Sweden, Norway, Italy, Germany and Switzerland, as well as Mexico and South America.—*Review of Reviews.*

FOR HIS GLORY.

BY J. H. CHANT.

Full many things we do
 We may not analyze,
Yet be approved of God, and true,
 If we forever prize
The Master's will above our own,
For in *this* character is shown.

I need not stop to ask,
 "Is this done for His sake ?"
That would on me impose a task
 Which oft weak faith would shake ;
All things are for His glory done,
If He and I in heart are one.

Newbury, Ont.

A FAMOUS WELSH ORATOR.

BY THE REV. HENRY LEWIS.

Early in January of 1897 death chose as its mark one of the grandest preachers Wales ever produced. We know that is saying *much; for* when we remember that Wild Wales produced such preachers as John Elias, Christmas Evans, Henry Rees, and others, it behooves us to be cautious whom we place in the niche of fame alongside of such giants of the pulpit. But Dr. Heber Evans, of Bangor, was worthy of such an honour. For years past his name has been a household word in Wales. Though a Congregationalist, denominationally, he belonged to Evangelical Christendom, in the same peculiar sense as the great Spurgeon did. Indeed, Heber Evans was designated the "Spurgeon of Wales."

Dr. Evans came from a quiet little Welsh hamlet. The Evangelical Churches of Great Britain owe much to the villages, and Wales especially owes much to the secluded hamlets among its rugged hills. A very lonely spot called Pant-yr-Onen gave to Wales Heber Evans. The place is situated at the juncture of three Welsh counties, Caermarthen, Cardigan and Pembroke. Within the past three generations this little out-of-the-way village has given to Welsh Nonconformity several very able ministers—some three or four of them have and are filling English pulpits with good success. To be born in Pant-yr-Onen was a thing to be lived up to, and Dr. Evans did that grandly.

He served his apprenticeship as linendraper in a village called Rhydlevis; from that he eventually found his way to Liverpool. Like most young men of the villages he wanted to try his fortune in a city. It was in Liverpool, under the pastorate of Dr. John Thomas, a learned, saintly, and eloquent Welsh divine, that Heber Evans began to preach in 1857.

There was no position of honour or trust within the gift of the Congregational Church of England and Wales but was bestowed upon him. In 1892 he filled the chair of the Congregational Union of England and Wales. His addresses while in that office were such as no other living preacher—so it was said—could equal. They were simply of overwhelming eloquence.

Dr. Evans was for twenty-two years editor of The Dysgedydd—a monthly magazine circulated largely among the Welsh churches. He was a lecturer, hymn-writer, president of a theological college, member of the school board, member of the court of the Welsh University—all these and other positions he filled with honour to himself, credit to the Church, and benefit of his country.

But it was in the pulpit Heber Evans found his throne. To hear and see him in the pulpit—especially at the great religious gatherings—was something not to be forgotten. His words flamed from his lips like liquid melody. His soul was afire with his Master's passion for souls. Every thought was a new revelation, every sentence a gem, every faculty of the soul, every art of the orator, every power of the preacher, was brought into play to produce effect. To find material to wing his messages he ransacked the fields of theology, the territories of science, the recesses of human experience, and the realms of the imagination. The whole range of literature, ancient and modern, sacred and profane, was taxed, traversed and gleaned for illustrations to carry home to the minds and consciences of his hearers the Gospel message which he loved to proclaim.

Some years ago, Dr. Maclaren, of Manchester, England, with some other English ministers, were enjoying a holiday at a seaside resort in Wales. They heard that Heber Evans was to preach at Cymonfa—a Welsh camp-meeting. They went. No less than 20,000 people were there. Dr. Evans preached third at that service. The Welsh can stand more than one sermon at a service, and even then not limit the preacher to half an hour—but then it is preaching.

Standing with his back to a rock, the great preacher began to talk as if to the people nearest him. It seemed to the Englishmen as if he was catechising his hearers, and they responded. The responses got general; the preacher became animated—his voice caught fire. The whole vast congregation became absorbed in the theme, as if the preacher was addressing one man. Dr. Maclaren confessed that even to those who understood not a word, there was a holy unction.

Preaching ten or twelve times a week, with other hard work, was too heavy a strain, though he did have a robust frame. Wherever he went—with his huge frame, his genial face, his unobtrusive manner, his frankness—his evident sympathy for every good cause gave him a right of way to the hearts of his hearers and made him a power in the land.

Like his great Master, Dr. Evans was prolific in the use of parables and similes, in setting forth his ideas concerning the kingdom. The entire warp and woof of the man's make-up was poetic. The commonest things and most trivial incidents would be clothed in his hands with beautiful allegorical garb.

Preaching on the temptations of Christian workers and ministers, he said :

"In earthly wars the command is often given : 'Pick out the officers,' and once the officers are slain the battle is easily won. So it is one of the tactics of the Prince of Darkness to pick out the leaders; let Peter be tempted, let the old Christian fall, and there will be scoffings even among devils. The pirate ship never attacks a vessel filled with sand or coal, but the one heavy laden with silver, gold, or precious cargo. It is those who have been in the garden with Him, who have partaken of the Holy Supper with Him, that are oftenest sifted and tried by Satan. Oh, ye faithful workers, beware of the foe ! For many a flaming comet has been quenched in darkness, many a bright star been lost in night, many a mighty one fallen on dry Gilboa."

Again : "We are told that in olden times those who held farms on the borders between England and Scotland were in constant misery because they were robbed and attacked by the invaders of both countries. The most miserable is he who tries to live on the borders dividing the Church and the world ; he is constantly plagued, and never knows what true rest is, and is deprived of the joys of a decided servant of Christ."

But no quotations can convey a true idea of Heber Evans' preaching. Whenever did cold type reproduce the burning words of a man of God in the pulpit ? It is the man himself one has to reproduce, because, as Dr. Evans once rightly said, "The true preacher must himself be something to tell on the world, that character makes the preacher."

Dr. Evans often preached in English, and more than once preached for the late Mr. Spurgeon at the Metropolitan Tabernacle. Indeed, the Welsh people called Heber Evans the Spurgeon of Wales.

His end came all too soon. When the news of his death came strong men wept among the quarrymen of Caernarvonshire, the colliers and miners of South Wales, and the farmers on the Welsh hills. The Churches felt that a pillar was gone. Dr. Evans had for years before his death a sense of the nearness of the eternal world, and was not loath to talk with his friends concerning it. He was a very humble man—his popularity did not turn his head—his position of power in the Church did not make him autocratic—but he was a most lovable man—sincere and kind, warm-hearted and genial. Those who are left behind will often "vehemently desire him in the day of battle"—but he has his rest and crown, and in his case, his grave, to quote Browning's phrase, "was thoroughly earned."

Roland, Man.

COWPER'S GRAVE.

BY ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

O poets, from a maniac's tongue was poured the deathless singing !
O Christians, at your cross of hope, a hopeless hand was clinging !
O men, this man in brotherhood your weary paths beguiling,
Groaned inly while he taught you peace, and died while ye were smiling !

He shall be strong to sanctify the poet's high vocation,
And bow the meekest Christian down in meeker adoration.
Nor ever shall he be, in praise, by wise or good forsaken,
Named softly as the household name of one whom God hath taken.

And though, in blindness, he remained unconscious of that guiding,
And things provided came without the sweet sense of providing,
He testified this solemn truth, while phrensy desolated,—
Nor man nor nature satisfy whom only God created.

Like a sick child that knoweth not his mother while she blesses
And drops upon his burning brow the coolness of her kisses,—
That turns his fevered eyes around—"My mother ! where's my mother ?"
As if such tender words and deeds could come from any other !—

The fever gone, with leaps of heart he sees her bending o'er him,
Her face all pale from watchful love, the unweary love she bore him !—
Thus, woke the poet from the dream his life's-long fever gave him,
Beneath those deep pathetic eyes, which closed in death to save him.

Thus ? Oh, not thus ! No type of earth can image that awaking,
Wherein he scarcely heard the chant of seraphs, round him breaking ;
Or felt the new immortal throb of soul from body parted,
But felt these eyes alone, and knew,—"My Saviour ! not deserted !"

Deserted ! God could separate from his own essence rather ;
And Adam's sins have swept between the righteous Son and Father.
Yea, once, Immanuel's orphaned cry his universe hath shaken—
It went up single, echoless, "My God, I am forsaken !"

RHODA ROBERTS.

A WELSH MINING STORY.

BY HARRY LINDSAY.

Author of "Methodist Idylls," etc.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE GHOST IN THE PARK AGAIN.

Next day, Sunday, Stephen Grainger surreptitiously sent to Superintendent James requesting him to call upon him at his house, as he particularly wanted to see him, " upon momentous business." Mr. Superintendent James, however, did not feel disposed to obey the agent's curt message, thinking that the " momentous business " could be just as well discussed at the police offices, and that that indeed was the proper place for any complaint to be made; but, on a second and urgent message from the agent, he sent Constable Churchill to learn the agent's complaint. That worthy officer soon returned with sufficient information to make Superintendent James consent to visit the agent's house, though still much against his will. But at this juncture, Mr. Detective Carlyle having come into the police offices, he at once suggested that he should be sent to the agent, and make some suitable apology for the superintendent's inability to attend. To this Mr. Superintendent James gladly assented, and the detective at once bent his steps in the direction of the agent's house.

It may be at once guessed that Detective Carlyle's presence was not at all welcome to the agent, but it was something he could not openly object to, and soon he was discussing his complaint with the detective.

" Yes," said the detective, shaking his head ominously, " it's very serious —very serious indeed."

" It's an outrage !" exclaimed the agent. " I go in peril of my life."

" If you'll make that statement to the superintendent," said the detective, " he'll without doubt give you a bodyguard."

Stephen Grainger knit his brows in thought and vexation.

" I'm afraid," he said presently, " that I dare not ask for it. These desperate men would be sure to find a dozen ways to get at me alone if I did, and once they did so my life wouldn't be worth a moment's purchase."

" Then what can we do for you ?"

" Could not extra constables be sent for ?"

" Extra constables !"

" Yes ; if more men could be spread throughout——"

" But what earthly good would that do ?" asked the detective impatiently, interrupting him.

" It would ensure people from molestation."

" People !" smiled Detective Carlyle ; " yours is the only complaint."

" Well, what am I to do ?" demanded Grainger.

" Do as I suggest to you."

" No, sir," he replied emphatically, " I won't do that. I wouldn't venture upon that course for worlds. You don't know the desperate and determined character of these men, Mr. Detective."

" Who are the men ? Do you know them ?"

" I've my suspicions," said the agent with slow expression ; " grave suspicions, indeed—almost amounting to certainty."

Detective Carlyle raised his eyebrows.

" Suspicions, you know, won't do," he said ; " you must be absolutely certain in such matters. It's always a dangerous thing to arrest men on suspicion, and worse still if you cannot afterwards prove your suspicions. But I will tell you what we can do for you. Give me the list of characters you suspect, and we'll investigate the whole affair."

That seemed to the agent by far the most satisfactory way of proceeding, and he instantly took up his pen to write out the list. But even then he hesitated, and finally pushed the sheet of paper from him.

" No," he said, " I dare not do it. There's really no telling what might be the upshot of it all if I did."

" Then what will you do ?"

" I think I'll let the affair blow over, and see how things turn out."

That was just the conclusion the

detective expected the agent to come to, and he smiled with grim satisfaction at the decision.

"But there is one thing that I request you to do," said the agent, "and it won't require extra constables. I want you to protect the park. It is in the park itself that I am subject to so much annoyance, and, for the future, I shall prohibit anyone from passing through the gates after sundown."

"Can't you shut the gates and lock them?"

"No," said the agent; "there might be those passing to and from the Manor that thus would be hindered in doing so. But a constable stationed at the gates at dusk could prevent people entering who could have no possible business in the park, except they were coming for outrage."

"Very well," said the detective, "your wishes will be met in this respect at once."

It did not occur to the agent in the remotest that the detective's ready consent was due to anything beyond an obliging spirit. But another and secret motive lay underneath his ostensible one. Like a flash of lightning it at once struck the detective that the guarding of the park gates would materially strengthen the effect of the plan he had made for wringing the truth from the agent with respect to the murder of Squire Trethyn; and so he at once jumped at the idea. Within an hour afterwards he had visited Lawyer Jeffries and Edward Trethyn, and had arranged with them to meet him in the park at ten o'clock the following night.

"How do you know the agent will venture out of doors?" queried the lawyer. "After his experiences of last night I fancy he will be rather timorous of doing so, and may not put his nose outside the door."

"That he will do so," said the detective, "I'm confident."

"Have you any ground for your confidence?"

Detective Carlyle laughed.

"I think I know a little of human nature, Mr. Jeffries," he said. "The man is at present tortured with anxiety, and no house could detain him long; he must walk abroad, he must get out into the air; that's the tendency of a burdened mind."

The lawyer smiled, remarked about the detective "growing quite philosophical," and promised to be at the park at the time arranged with Edward Trethyn.

"Be most pointed in reference to the murder," said the detective impressively to Edward. "Drive it home, and draw from him whatever he knows."

Ten o'clock came, and the three gentlemen duly arrived in the park by way of the Manor. It was a moonlight night, but dark masses of clouds were sailing above, and occasionally obscuring the moon, so that at times there were moments of intense darkness.

"The fates favour us," said Detective Carlyle. "Now, let's sit down on the grass until the moment of action arrives."

They did so, and sat there half an hour, all expectant of the coming of the agent.

"Look," whispered Mr. Edward, pointing in the direction of the agent's house.

"Look," repeated the detective.

Next moment the three watchers observed Stephen Grainger walking, with bent head, slowly through the park. Almost breathlessly they watched the agent come slowly and thoughtfully towards them.

"When he gets near the beech tree cross his path, Mr. Edward," whispered the detective; "there is a ghostly shadow there, and it will help your purpose. You had better stand a moment or so in the path until he realizes your presence there, then glide swiftly and softly behind yonder clump of trees. Stand perfectly still and hushed; don't speak."

On came the agent slowly, his eyes still bent on the ground. Soon he was within a few yards from the great silver beeches.

"Now," whispered the detective.

At the word out glided Edward, and stood in the path. He had taken care to dress himself in a light-coloured suit, and the pale moonbeams, struggling through the leaves, made his clothing appear strikingly white against the deeper shadows which enveloped the trees. His face, too (probably through the excitement of the part he was playing), was abnormally pale, and altogether his appearance was decidedly favourable to the general and orthodox idea of a ghost. And especially so to the agent's imaginative brain.

Rigid and motionless stood Edward in the path until the unsuspicious agent was within a few feet of him. Then he glided away.

"What was that?" the agent exclaimed fearfully, and then stood listening awhile in greatest dread. "I could almost be certain," he said presently, "that I heard somebody behind those trees." He stood again for a few moments listening, and his heart palpitating violently. "I must have been mistaken," he said again; "no one could get in here to-night. It's nothing; only my own stupid fears. How weak my nerves have grown since the outrages of that desperate gang!" He resumed his walk. He had not gone many steps, however, before he came to another halt, and stood in terrible agitation. On in front of him, half a dozen yards or so away, motionless, hushed, and scaringly pale, stood a figure resembling the dead Edward Trethyn. Stephen Grainger's hair almost rose on end, and his breath came and went in short, fitful gasps. Several moments he stood there as one transfixed to the spot. Was the startling image before him one of his fancy only, or was it—was it really—really Edward Trethyn's ghost? He was really in terrible trepidation. Presently, however, the ghost glided away and the agent breathed more freely.

"What to make of it I don't know," muttered he to himself, as he wiped with his handkerchief the cold perspiration from his brow. "I've heard of a man's fancy playing him strange tricks, and it seems to me that mine is creating all my fears. If it comes again I'll approach it and fathom the mystery."

He walked on again slowly and cautiously. His fears were by no means gone, but he was endeavouring to dispel them.

"Pooh!" he cried out rather boldly; "ghosts! What nonsense! If there is anything substantial in yonder image it's Edward Trethyn himself and no ghost. Dear me, dear me, I wonder now whether the squire's son is really dead. Goodness knows! I've only Thomas' word for it, and he may have played me false. He's capable of it."

"Do you hear that?" queried the detective in a whispering voice.

The lawyer nodded his head.

"That Thomas is the late squire's butler. He keeps the Trethyn Arms at Netton now. Stephen Grainger set him up. Make a mental note of that observation; it's one of the keys to this great mystery."

Stephen Grainger slowly pursued his way again, and the two men, within a few feet of him, on the grass and behind the avenue of trees, stealthily crept along after him.

"It's really a strange thing indeed!" muttered the agent, "and I really must go over to Netton to-morrow and make further inquiries into this matter. Thomas' distinct statement was that he had drowned him in the Avon——"

The words almost caused the lawyer to give vent to his feelings, and he clutched the detective's arm in profound excitement.

"Hush!" hoarsely whispered Carlyle! "Listen!"

"And the marking on the linen corroborated his statement," went on the agent. "Can he therefore have played me false? Stay! Could Thomas have concocted the whole thing? I can see now that he could easily have procured some of the linen—— Mercy! there's that frightful image again."

"Edward plays his part well," whispered the lawyer.

"Yes; make a note of the statement as to the linen. Watch!"

Stephen Grainger stood trembling in the moonlight. For the moment all his late resolution seemed gone, and the two watchers could see his knees smiting each other in the very weakness of fear.

The figure stood motionless and hushed.

"Is it a delusion?" muttered the agent. He advanced a few steps as if he were about to put into execution the brave determination he had come to a few moments before, but the figure remained rigid and still, and he feared to advance further. Suddenly the image vanished, and, with a great sigh of relief, the agent leaned against the very tree behind which the lawyer and the detective were hiding, and again wiped the cold sweat from his brow.

Now the lawyer and the detective were in trepidation. Not for gold would they have had themselves discovered at that moment. Though they had heard sufficient to have the agent at once thrown into prison on the charge of conspiracy to murder, there was the great mystery, out of which all this sprang, still lying unsolved, and their hopes ran high for its solution. Suddenly a loud, piercing cry startled the echoes of the night, followed by a unearthly wailing sound, and Stephen Grainger sprang into the path. The lawyer and the detective exchanged glances, and softly glided into a safer position.

"What can that be?" asked the lawyer.

"That's only part of the plan," explained the detective. "Listen! Everything seems going according to rule."

Stephen Grainger was standing in the path. But only for a moment, and this last terror had fully decided his mind on returning home. With a hasty yet cautious step he turned in the direction of his house, but he had not proceeded very far when the image suddenly appeared again in the path. All his resolution had gone for good now, and he was more terrified than a child would have been. He could have sunk into the very ground in his fear. Next moment his fears were greatly intensified by the figure pointing to him, and speaking in hollow, sepulchral tones—

"Judgment is at hand! Judgment is at hand! Prepare!"

At this juncture the agent's palpable terror was so great that both the lawyer and the detective feared for the successful issue of the scheme after all, and they every moment expected him to give way under the strain.

"Judgment is at hand!" cried the ghost. "Doom has come. What have you to say, Stephen Grainger, for yourself?"

The words were uttered slowly and solemnly, and their effect was heightened by their dreadful intonation.

"Oh! spare me, spare me!" groaned the agent in painfullest anguish.

"Spare you? At what time did you ever spare anybody? Have you spared the poor people of Trethyn? What is all this misery I see? Did you spare me? Did you spare my father, Stephen Grainger?"

Unable any longer to bear the fearful visitation, the agent sank to the ground and moaned and groaned in agony.

"Listen, Stephen Grainger. Look up!"

His face was directed towards the ground, but he was fearful of disobeying the ghost's imperious commands.

"Who murdered Squire Trethyn, Stephen Grainger?" demanded the ghost in terrible terms. "Murdered him, I say. Do you think I don't know? You've kept it a profound secret, but who can keep such a secret?"

The awful words, carrying with them as they did a terrible accusation, brought the agent suddenly to his feet. Without a moment's hesitation he rushed to fling himself at the feet of the ghost, crying all the while——

"Oh, spare me, spare me!"

His sudden movement was quite unexpected, and the ghost glided away. The next moment Stephen Grainger was again on his feet, and running with all his might towards home.

"There!" exclaimed the detective, when he had recovered from his surprise, "that's an end of it. And just when we were getting to the very thing we so much wanted to know. Isn't it vexing?"

At that moment the two men were joined by Edward Trethyn.

"He's gone home," said Edward. "And nothing has been gained after all."

"You are mistaken there, Mr. Edward," said the detective, "much has been gained."

"Much may be inferred," said Edward, "from his manner, but that is all. It is nothing definite."

"We have got much more than inferences," exclaimed the detective, "we've got positive statements."

"Indeed."

"Yes; and it may be as well at once, Mr. Jeffries, to note them while they are fresh on our minds. Let us do so as we walk along."

"First of all," said the detective, "I think I may tell Mr. Edward that we've four positive statements of Grainger which reflects damagingly upon his innocence in the matters we have under consideration."

"The first," remarked Mr. Jeffries, "is his statement concerning the man Thomas."

"Thomas!" cried Edward. "Our old butler?"

"The same," replied the detective. "After your first appearance to-night he was considerably exercised in his mind as to the reality of what he saw, and as to ghosts in general. Now came a most surprising statement. First wondering after all whether Edward Trethyn was indeed dead, he muttered these words, 'Goodness knows; I've only Thomas' word for it, and he may have played me false.'"

"And he added," said the lawyer, "the words, 'He's capable of it.'"

"Oh, yes," said Detective Carlyle, "we mustn't forget those. Now, I call that a most startling statement, and it must at once be investigated."

"Terrible, terrible," said Edward.

"Wait a moment," said the detective. "The next statement explains and expands the first. These were the words: 'Thomas' distinct statement was that he had drowned him in the Avon.'"

"That is, drowned you, Mr. Edward," explained the lawyer.

"I'm right in my memory of the words?" queried Detective Carlyle.

"Perfectly," replied Mr. Jeffries.

"Now as to statement number three," pursued the detective. "'The marking of the linen corroborated his statement.' Are not those the words, Mr. Jeffries?"

Lawyer Jeffries said "Yes."

"The fourth statement then was this: 'Could Thomas have concocted the whole thing? I see now that he could easily have procured some of the linen.'"

"With the design," explained the lawyer to Edward, "of one way or another personating you, at the expense of some other person."

"Now, taken all together," said the detective, "these four statements amount to conspiracy to murder. Whether or not Thomas played his employer false, the charge still remains. And it is clear to my mind that the men who could plot this diabolical piece of work could go further."

"To me," said the lawyer, "this plot is the corollary of the former one, and follows it as a matter of course."

"That is also my opinion," said the detective.

"And on those grounds alone, would it not be well to arrest the two men at once?" queried the lawyer.

Detective Carlyle shook his head.

"Not yet," he said. "Mr. Edward, however, will now see that the night's adventure has brought us more than inferences."

"Still," said Mr. Edward, as they slowly pursued their way, "I wouldn't care to repeat to-night's performance. To me it is highly objectionable, and I only consented to it as a necessity."

"Exactly," said the detective, "as a necessity. But now I think that necessity is removed, and it wouldn't be needful to repeat the experiment. Other plans must be tried now."

They had come to the stile, and the conversation paused a moment while they got over it.

"My future plans," said the detective, "are already formed, and will not need the assistance of either of you gentlemen. I must go to Netton to-morrow, and interview this landlord of the Trethyn Arms."

"You heard Grainger say that he also was going," remarked the lawyer.

"Yes," vigorously nodding his head, "I heard it, and it is my purpose, if possible, to meet the two gentlemen together."

And with these significant words Detective Carlyle bade the two gentlemen, who were both staying at the Manor for the night, a hearty farewell.

CHAPTER XXIX.

AN ARREST.

Very early on Monday morning the good people of Trethyn were aroused from their slumbers by the loud ringing of a bell. It was still dark, but on throwing open their windows they heard the town-crier's voice proclaiming to all whom it concerned that all the money withheld from miners at the Saturday's pay would be restored to them, at the offices at seven o'clock that morning, and that all miners would then be expected to resume work. The condition imposed was not one with which any of the men were likely to disagree, for work had been too long stagnant in that neighbourhood, and there was much jubilation at the announcement. What had caused this sudden change of front on the part of the agent? Most men put it down to their great meeting on Saturday, and drew the lesson from it that big demonstrations were the best methods of settling all labour disputes, but the reader is better informed.

Of course, Stephen Grainger was not at the offices at the early hour of seven. Usually he left home at ten o'clock, and that hour had already arrived when a strange woman, tripping lightly up the steps of the agent's house, knocked at the door, handed in a small parcel addressed to Stephen Grainger himself, and then made quickly away again. The woman was out of sight long before the agent's messenger could overtake her, or discover who she was, but on opening the parcel the agent found in it his gold watch and chain, his rings, his scarf-pin, and his purse—empty! Empty, and all the bank-notes gone from his pocket-book! For several moments Stephen Grainger's rage knew no bounds, but presently he discovered a small slip of paper, on which were scrawled the following words:

"All your money and the notes have been placed in the Trethyn Bank to the account of the Trethyn estate."

Stephen Grainger breathed more freely on reading the words, and it never once occurred to him to doubt their veracity. Somehow he gave the men who had thus treated him credit of their words, and in this he was not afterwards disappointed, for, as the slip of paper read, all the money and the notes were faithfully banked. But he felt the men had slighted him in thus banking the money, and, at the same time, inflicted upon him bitterest humiliation.

"H—m," he contented himself with, "it's well it's no worse;" and, indeed, that was the only philosophical way out of the difficulty.

Let us leave affairs at Trethyn for awhile, and follow the fortunes of that shambling tramp who is slowly trudging along the high road which leads to the little village of Netton. You don't know him; at least, you could not recognize him if you tried, but he is an old friend of yours. His jacket is dusty, his threadbare trousers are greasy, his boots are worn down to the upper, his crownless hat—like poor Hood's of yore—"lets the sunshine still repose upon his head."

On the wretched-looking individual trudges, until, near the village of Netton, a horseman overtakes him, and presently reins in at the Trethyn Arms. Quickly throwing the reins to a loiterer, who immediately begins to walk the horse up and down the road, the horseman hurriedly enters the inn.

You cannot fail to recognize that horseman as Stephen Grainger, the agent of the Trethyn estate.

"I've come for a little private conversation with you," he says, addressing the landlord. "Is the parlour at liberty?"

"Yes; enter."

They have not been together in the parlour more than three minutes when the shambling tramp enters the inn and takes his seat on the settle. Only a thin lath partition wall separates him from the bar-parlour, and he is within possible hearing of any conversation likely to take place in the parlour. Just above his head is a small window; it is partly opened, and a low blind is drawn across the lower part of it. You have doubtless already guessed that that shambling tramp is none other than Mr. Detective Carlyle, disguised out of all possible recognition.

Mr. Carlyle sits there several moments waiting the entrance of the landlord. Presently he hears the murmuring of low conversation being carried on in the adjoining room, and he readily takes in the situation.

"In that room," he mentally observes, "sit Stephen Grainger and the landlord, Thomas, in counsel, and I've only to sit still to hear all."

To hear all! Not all, however, for at first the conversation is carried on in low whispering, and the words thus spoken cannot be distinctly caught. But presently the spirit of anger enters both of the men, and their talk is proportionately increased in tone.

"My point is this," says Stephen Grainger, in a voice quivering with passion: "Is Edward Trethyn dead?"

"And my question is this," retorts the landlord: "Why have you come to question it?"

"That's a question, Mr. Landlord," thinks Detective Carlyle, "that Mr. Stephen Grainger will not answer."

And Mr. Detective Caryle is right.

"Let me tell you this, sir," says Stephen Grainger, "it has come to my knowledge that you have played me false. One hundred pounds was the sum of money paid to you for that business, and you've duped me."

"Listen," exclaimed the landlord; "I'm not going to sit still here and be insulted in this manner. You ought to know me well enough by this time, and if you don't change your mood soon, well——" And the landlord shakes his head significantly.

"Well, tell me," pleads Stephen

Grainger, "is Edward Trethyn dead ?"

"He is."

"You're quite sure of it ?"

"I haven't the smallest possible doubt."

"And was it his body that was found in the Avon ?"

"If not, whose was it, then ?"

"May there not have been a mistake ?"

"Wasn't his linen, which you yourself saw, positive proof that there could be no mistake ?"

"But others may have had the same initials."

"What did you pay me the hundred pounds for ?"

"Why, to assure me of his death."

The landlord laughed.

"That's a delicate way of putting it," he says. "But what's the use of discussing this matter further ? If I tell you the story all over again you won't believe it."

"I only want to be assured of its entire veracity."

"Then I assure you of it," exclaims the landlord, in an irritated voice; "and now change the subject."

All this time Mr. Detective Carlyle sits drinking in every word of the conversation, making notes, and forming his own conclusions; but, saving that he learns that £100 was the price paid for the "assurance" of Edward Trethyn's death, the conversation he has listened to has given him no new light upon the all-enshrouding mystery.

"Change the conversation," ill-humouredly repeats the landlord.

"But first," urges Stephen Grainger, "let me tell you my reasons for again opening this subject," and he at once commences to relate the ghost-story. It takes him a long time to tell it, and during the whole time the landlord never moves a hair, nor even once interrupts him. The waiting customer on the other side of the partition has gently risen from his seat, and is now peeping through the little window into the room. There he sees the landlord listening with all his ears, his mouth and eyes wide open in astonishment, while Stephen Grainger slowly tells the horrifying tale.

"Now," he says, when he has finished, "what do you think of that ?"

For a few minutes the landlord sits in complete silence, puffing the smoke from his long clay pipe and cogitating.

"I don't know what to think of it," he says at last. "It's a complete mystery to me."

Then for awhile the two sit cogitating again. Presently Stephen Grainger breaks the silence.

"Do you believe in ghosts ?" he asks, with apparent hesitation in his tone.

"No; at least, I never did until now."

Stephen Grainger pauses a moment and then says:

"And you now think that this really was Edward Trethyn's ghost ?"

"Unless, indeed," replies the landlord, "it was some one personating him."

"But with what possible object ?" queries Stephen Grainger.

"That's the mystery," answers the landlord, and again enters upon his cogitations.

To Mr. Carlyle, peeping through the window, it is quite plain that the landlord is troubled. And indeed the landlord has sufficient reason for it.

This was what he had done. Upon Edward Trethyn's arrest and flight, surmising that his young master was utterly ruined, and that he would never more venture back to Trethyn, the quondam butler took it into his head to generously help himself to his master's clothing, linen, etc. Then one night came the proposal from Stephen Grainger for the "assurance," as he was pleased to term it, of Edward Trethyn's death, and for weeks afterwards the butler sought out Edward Trethyn high and low, but all in vain. Then there came a rumour that a young gentleman, tallying in all respects with Edward Trethyn in appearance, had drowned himself in the Avon.

The butler read that rumour with a strange rush of feeling, and shortly afterwards set out for the Avon. When he got there the body was still unfound. "In three days," said the authorities, "the body will float, and then it can be recovered." Now, it is a marvellous fact, but not so marvellous after all, that on the third morning, at a very early hour indeeed, when the butler was walking along the banks of the Avon, what should he see floating upon the placid waters but the very body for which the men had so tediously dragged the river! The butler's mind was made up; he had come from Trethyn for the very purpose, though he could not have any hope that things would have turned out so much to his wishes; he had resolved, if possible, to impose the lie upon the world that the young man drowned in the Avon was none other than Edward Trethyn. It was a dastardly deed, but the thing was soon effected, and the body thrust into the water again dressed in Edward Trethyn's clothes. The rest is soon told. When the body was discovered by the river-draggers, it was the butler who identified the body as that of his late master, whom, he said, he had come sorrowfully seeking, and he substantiated his tale by the marking of the linen.

The reader can now have some idea of the landlord's feelings as he muses over the story just told him by Stephen Grainger. Is Edward Trethyn alive? If so, will he return to Trethyn? and if he does what will it mean to him (the landlord) personally? It is not Stephen Grainger's wrath that he fears; he would snap his fingers at that. The landlord knew he had a weapon in his hands which would soon silence all the agent's wrath. But, when all the circumstances of the report he had so industriously spread of Edward's body being found in the Avon came to be examined, how would it affect him? As he sat thinking over it, the possibility of his crime coming home to him tortures him exceedingly, and he feels half inclined to make a clean breast of it all to Grainger. "It could do no harm," he observes to himself, "and it might avert coming doom."

"Hello!" shouts a voice at that moment from the bar. It is the tramp's voice. He thinks he has waited long enough without attention, and he now calls for his mug of beer.

The landlord comes out from the bar-parlour and supplies the wants of his customer, and again goes back into the parlour, walking like a man in a dream.

Presently the tramp hears whispering voices again, and strains his ears to listen to what is said. Soon the whispering grows louder, and the voices become natural. In the enthralling topic of their conversation the two men have plainly forgotten the customer at the bar.

"I've heard of apparently drowned men coming to life again," says the landlord.

"But not after having been three days in the water," replies Stephen Grainger.

The landlord is nonplussed. He feels he has made a bad beginning, and strains his ingenuity to make a new trial. But he sees no way out of the difficulty, and at length blurts forth a portion of the truth.

"I begin to think," he says, "that Edward Trethyn is not dead."

Detective Carlyle is again peering through the corner of the window.

"Not dead?" exclaims Grainger, after a moment's painful pause, and his face expressing his great fear.

"Not dead!" repeats the landlord. "But you——"

Stephen Grainger's agitation encourages the butler, and he hides the truth no longer.

"I may as well tell you the truth," he says. "I know he is not dead; at least, I mean to say that I know that the body which was found in the Avon was not my young master's."

Stephen Grainger rises to his feet white and trembling. Words would fail to describe either his appearance or his agitation at this moment; anger alternates with fear, passion with terror, while he has to clutch the table for support.

"You've deceived me," he says fiercely. Then, in terror, he exclaims, "If Edward Trethyn is alive it means ruin!"

"Why?" pointedly demands the landlord.

"Do you ask me why?" he queries hoarsely.

"Is anything known of the other?" says the butler with alarm.

"The other? What other?"

The landlord lays his hand upon Stephen Grainger's arm, and gently forces him into his chair again.

"Have you taken leave of your senses?" he asks. "I mean, is it known that Edward Trethyn is not responsible for his father's death?"

(Detective Carlyle pricks up his ears, and his breath comes thick and fast as he hears these words. Already he feels within measurable distance of the key to the Trethyn mystery.)

"No," replies Stephen Grainger.

"Then what do you fear?"

"Unless Edward Trethyn has returned to—to——"

"To what?"

"I really don't know," says the agent in confusion. "But perhaps Edward Trethyn knows all about——"

"Hush!" interrupts the cooler landlord. "How can he? Have you told him?"

"No," he replies in the greatest surprise.

"Have you told anyone?"

"Thomas, do you think I am a fool?"

"I do when I see you trembling like a kitten. You've told nobody; I've told nobody. Who, then, knows our secret? And if no one knows—if no one can know—why this cowardly fear?"

"Well," says Stephen Grainger, presently, and rising to go, "keep your eyes and ears open, Thomas, and if you discover anything let me know."

"And what you must do," returns the landlord, "is to clap Edward Trethyn in prison again the moment he reappears."

They come out of the bar-parlour again, Stephen Grainger calling for his horse. They find the tramp still sitting on the settle sipping his mug of beer, and when the two confederates see him they exchange terrified glances with each other.

"I say, man," cries the landlord, "I thought that you were gone?"

"Not yet," replies the tramp.

"How long have you been here?" demands Stephen Grainger.

"A goodish bit, mister," says the tramp, pulling his forelock.

"But what keeps you here so long?" asks the agent.

"I'm resting, sir."

"Resting! What business have you resting here so long?"

The tramp looks up into his questioner's face.

"My business is my own," he says.

"I've half a mind," replies Grainger, "to give you into custody for a vagrant."

"That would hurt you more than me," says the tramp saucily. "Goodness, mister, who are you to talk in this manner to a poor workingman?"

"Workingman!" cries Grainger.

"One would think," pursues the tramp, "that you were that Stephen Grainger, the agent of Trethyn estate, to hear you talk."

Stephen Grainger is furious, but is checked by this parallel, and his discretion returns to him.

"Here, my man," he says, throwing a florin on the table, "I meant no wrong to you. The landlord and I were talking over a few business matters inside there," nodding in the direction of the bar-parlour, "and I was only fearful lest the business we've been engaged upon should have been overheard."

"If it had been murder you couldn't appear more alarmed," answers the tramp, at the same time pushing the florin back to the agent.

"Murder! What put that into your head?"

"You did."

"I?" and Stephen Grainger utters the word in dread. "Did you overhear our conversation?"

That amounts almost to a confession, and the astute landlord hastens to relieve his companion's dilemma.

"What the gentleman means," he says, addressing Stephen Grainger, "is that your apparent alarm suggested to him his gruesome idea."

Stephen Grainger turns on his heel to move away.

"Here," cries the tramp, "take this money back. I want no money from such a man as you."

Muttering something about the impudence of the man, Stephen Grainger took up the florin again, mounted his horse and rode away.

"He's an ecentric fellow," says the landlord in a conciliatory tone when the agent had gone, "and you must excuse him."

"He's no gentleman," answers the tramp rising, "and I shall hope to have the pleasure of meeting him again some day."

The landlord laughs long and loudly at this extraordinary statement, and when the tramp is gone laughs over it again and again.

Half an hour or so passes away, and the landlord has repeated the joke with certain variations to the intense amusement of his customers, and he is now alone behind his bar still meditating upon it when the tramp suddenly returns.

"Hello!" cries the landlord, "back again?"

Detective Carlyle glances round the place as if looking for somebody.

"No," jeeringly laughs the landlord, "he's not here. You must call some time again, old boy."

"You're quite alone?"

"Quite alone," laughs the landlord.

"Well, will you just kindly step into the bar-parlour here?"

"Why, old joker? You seem full of fun."

"The fact is," and the landlord quickly notices an alteration in the tone of the tramp's voice, "I've come to make a confession."

The landlord's mood suddenly changes. As yet, however, he has no suspicion that the tramp is other than he pretends to be, but it dawns upon him that all his late conversation with the agent has, after all, been overheard. With a more serious disposition he now conducts the tramp into the parlour, and motions him to a chair.

"Then you did hear our conversation?" he asks feverishly.

"Every word of it."

"Why didn't you say so when the gentleman asked you?"

"Then," with significant emphasis, "I was not in the position to confess my having heard it."

"Why?"

"Well, one thing was, you were two against one."

"But he would have paid you handsomely to promise secrecy. What will you take to keep it to yourself?"

"Nothing."

"Nothing?"

"Not a cent. I intend to make it all known."

"Come; that's a threat—a needless threat, for you've only to name your own price."

"No money will buy me," says the tramp. "What I've heard is so very serious that——"

"Bosh!" exclaims the landlord. "You cannot understand what the matter was we were talking about, even if you heard the words."

"I tell you this," replies the tramp, "you two between you have murdered the late Squire Treth——"

"Scoundrel!" yells the landlord, springing at the tramp's throat and almost choking him with his strong grip. "Unsay those words, or I'll be the death of you."

The next moment the door of the bar-parlour is suddenly flung open; the noise within has attracted the attention of the two constables whom the detective had left at the street door, and the landlord now finds himself flung violently to the ground. A moment afterwards he feels cold steel wristlets being fastened on his hands.

"What is the meaning of this?" he demands.

Quickly Detective Carlyle removes his false hair and whiskers, and replies:

"It means, sir, that you are my prisoner."

"On what charge?"

"You are arrested on two charges. First, for conspiring with another to do away with Edward Trethyn, the heir to the Trethyn estate; and, secondly, for being concerned with another in the murder of Squire Trethyn, of Trethyn Manor. And now, my men, remove this man to Trethyn Bridewell, and then meet me at the colliery offices."

An hour afterwards Detective Carlyle, closely followed by the two constables, is bending his steps towards the colliery offices for the purpose of making another arrest, when a loud report, and then a low, rumbling noise, which shakes the ground, suddenly brings them to a standstill. What is it? Those who live in colliery districts have no reason to ask what such terrible noises mean. Too well they know the dread meaning, but had the detective not known it now, the hundred shouts that rent the air the next moment would have painfully told him.

It was plain that an explosion had taken place in the mine.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE EXPLOSION IN THE MINE.

Yes, it was, alas, too true! An explosion had occurred in the mine. The dread sound which shook the ground beneath the feet, and almost paralyzed everyone with fear, needed no explanation, for, unhappily, those who live in colliery districts know too well the awful meaning of such sounds—sounds which spread panic and desolation on every hand, and often, as the result of them, misery, suffering, and painful bereavements.

The first great shock of the explosion seemed to strike all Trethyn dumb with fear, and people stared at each other aghast. It was many moments before they could find their voices, but when they did manage to overcome their inability to give articulation to their feelings, one loud, despairing wail broke from hundreds of throats, and men and women were seen all running in the one direction of the mines.

The night shift had not long before returned to their homes, and therefore very few of the men had as yet gone to bed, but, having washed, they were mostly sitting in their shirt sleeves at home, enjoying a pipe of tobacco or a little comfortable chat with their families, after their morning meal. But at the dread sound out they rushed from their homes, many of them not waiting to put on either coat or hat, and ran in wild haste to the scene of the disaster. Leaving their homes to their fate in their absence, out rushed the panic-stricken women also, their faces pale as death from the great shock. Some of those women had husbands in the mines, some had sons, others had brothers and lovers ; all had some one down in the dark mine, some one probably, at that moment, lying mangled or dead ; and, in this overwhelming crisis, in this all-absorbing fear, what was home or what was anything else to them if their dearest and best were in peril of their lives ?

Detective Carlyle was on his way to the general offices, and the reader well knows his errand, but, in the general excitement of the moment, his errand was either forgotten or deferred, and, in a few moments, he was chasing in the same direction as everybody else, full of eagerness to learn all the news of the sad disaster. As he passed the general offices, Stephen Grainger rushed out and crossed the detective's path. Mr. Carlyle stopped, turned round, and beckoned to his two officers.

" Don't arrest him yet," he said, "he will be of invaluable service yonder," pointing towards the mines ; " his arrest can be made safe enough afterwards."

Scarcely three minutes had passed by since the terrible explosion, and yet literally hundreds of people were hastening towards the pits. The roads were thronged with a dense mass of human beings, all urging their way to the mines, and all worked up to the highest pitch of almost uncontrollable excitement. Almost uncontrollable, for in this dread moment both men and women seemed to exercise their utmost strength to subdue their feelings as much as possible. There was no wailing or crying now ; men ran with countenances indicative of strongest determination to trample down every feeling that would hinder them doing their best for their comrades in the mine. Then was not the time for giving way to sorrow and feeling ; there would come a time for those things afterwards, when the last man had been brought up out of the mine, but just then was the time for work and rescue. The women, too, poor things, put on their fluttering hearts a strong restraint, and ran without crying, their faces set and robbed of every particle of color, their hands pressed to their heart, their eyes glaring with wildest fear, while the tenderest pity and anxiety marked every countenance. At the moment of the explosion most of the women had been attending to their household duties, and were in little form for running thus through the public streets, but who thinks of dress or form at such times as these ? Bonnetless some, and with streaming hair flying in the wind, others with sleeves tucked up and soapy hands just out of the wash-tub, others from kneading the bread, from scrubbing the floors, from cleaning up the fireside, or dressing the baby (the baby in many instances being still half-dressed, but carried in the mother's arms), one and all, just as they were at the moment, they rushed towards the mine to learn the fate of their beloved ones, who but an hour or so ago had kissed them good-day.

" At which of the pits has the explosion occurred ?" asked Detective Carlyle from one of the overmen, as he sped along.

" At the Big Pit," was the answer.

Soon the detective reached the pit, and the scene which met his eyes beggars all description. Although an incredibly short time had elapsed since the explosion was first heard, the approaches to the mine were thronged with a vast crowd of people, and still hundreds more were augmenting it every moment. And this vast crowd, though worked upon to the highest degree, was orderly, tractable, and, marvellous to relate—hushed !

Round the pit's mouth a strong cordon of men was already drawn, and standing amongst them Stephen Grainger was giving orders for the rescue. The explosion had been so terrific, that the cage used to lower the men into the mine was all blown to pieces. The shaft, too, was considerably damaged, and, on looking down, it could be seen that huge pieces of stone had been loosened from the side walls, and, falling to the bottom, must have blocked up the shaft below, rendering the way of escape both difficult and dangerous. The question now arose, how to get down into the pit. It would take two hours to repair the cage, and the imprisoned miners below could not be left so long without some efforts being put forth to their rescue. But how could they be reached ?—that was the all-important question. A few brave spirits instantly put a loop in the wire chain which still swung over the great wheel at the head of the pit, and thus formed a rough means for rescue.

Then came the call for volunteers.

"Who will go down ?"

"I'll be one," said Rake Swinton, who for some mysterious reason or other had not gone down the shaft that morning.

"An' I'll be another," said Seth Roberts, the fireman.

"An' me, too," cried George Ford, who, from one of the neighboring pits had come to render what aid he could.

"Me, also," cried some one else.

"An' here's another man," cried a score of ready voices.

There was no lack of willing workers, and in a very short time both a rescue party and reliefs were formed.

The descent could only be made, properly speaking, by one man at a time, by placing his feet in the loop at the end of the rope, standing upright in it, and clinging to the rope with his hands above him, but so eager were the rescuers to get below that two men went down together at a time, Rake Swinton and Seth Roberts taking the lead.

They had already descended some distance when the cry was raised at the pit's mouth for a leader—an experienced underground agent who could direct the rescuers. All eyes were directed towards Stephen Grainger, as if imploring him to go down, but he made no offer. Nor would he have been much use had he offered, for he was only a land-agent, not an experienced mining engineer such as is employed on every colliery works, and Mr. Tomkins, the Trethyn engineer, was already in the fated mine, and perhaps dying or dead. Still some one was needed, and the anxiety of the people grew terrible to behold.

"Who will go ? Who will go ?" they cried. "Can't some one be sent for ?"

But for whom could they send ? The nearest pits were miles away, and it seemed as if the people were at their wits' end with excitement.

"Send for Sir Charles Montgomery," purposelessly cried some.

"What good could he do ?" asked others ; "we want a practical man here."

"Where's the heir of Trethyn ?" some one cried from the crowd.

Stephen Grainger looked towards the place where the cry came from, and replied loud enough for all to hear :

"If he were here he could do no good. He knows nothing about collieries."

"It's Edward Trethyn we want," some one said. "If he were here the men wouldn't want a leader."

"Is he a practical man ?" shouted some one from the crowd, and looking towards the speaker, the people recognized Detective Carlyle. Stephen Grainger recognized him, too, and his eyes blazed with annoyance.

"Is Edward Trethyn a practical man ?" repeated the detective eagerly.

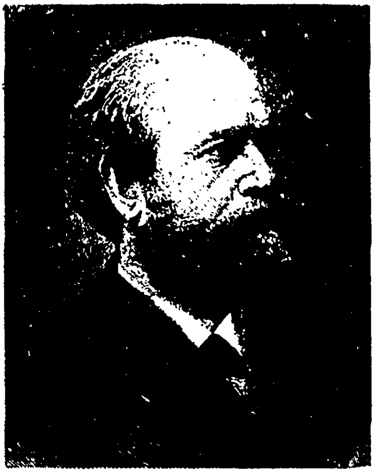
"Aye, that he were," answered a score of voices. "There were few his equal in this part of the country."

Without another moment's hesitation, Detective Carlyle pushed his way out through the crowd, and was soon hurrying away as for his life. Where was he going ? No man knew, and few men heeded ; indeed, excepting Stephen Grainger himself, no man in the vast crowd took any more notice of the detective after having answered the question. But Stephen Grainger marked the detective's hurried flight, and all his fears of that morning in the Trethyn Arms at Netton returned with renewed force. Was Edward Trethyn then alive, after all ? And did Detective Carlyle know of it ? And was he even now hastening away to bring Edward Trethyn to the mine ?

THE SCIENCE OF POLITICAL ECONOMY.

*A REVIEW OF THE LATEST WORK OF HENRY GEORGE.**

BY W. A. DOUGLASS, B.A.



HENRY GEORGE.

In the faith of Henry George there was something sublime. A sailor boy, a printer, a hard-working editor, self-educated, struggling with poverty, he steps into the arena with a work on economics; he challenges the acknowledged masters on that subject, and some day posterity will pronounce judgment that in some of the most important respects he outstripped them all.

Christ beheld the city and he wept over it. It was the same sight that aroused the spirit of Henry George. It was the misery that he saw amid the affluence of New York that determined the purpose of his life. "There," as he describes in his own eloquent language, "where the machinery of production and exchange is *at the highest point of efficiency*, where bank vaults hold millions, and show windows flash with more than a prince's ransom, where warehouses and elevators are gorged with grain, and markets are piled with all things succulent and toothsome,—in these centres of wealth and power and refinement, there are always hungry *men and women and little children.* Never the sun goes down but on human beings prowling like wolves for food, or huddling together for shelter and warmth." It was this spectacle that led him to devote his life to the investigation of the cause of this miscarriage of civilization.

Columbus set out to discover a new route to the Indies, but he did vastly more, he revealed to humanity the existence of an unknown continent. James Watt set out to repair a toy of a laboratory and he also did more, he gave to the world the modern colossus, the steam engine. Henry George set out to find the cause of poverty in the midst of plenty and he accomplished something manifold better, he gave to humanity a Christian science of political economy. Columbus wrought a revolution in leading the way to the settlement of a new continent. *Watt wrought a revolution in the methods* of producing wealth. George will produce a still greater revolution in teaching how to realize the relationship of brotherhood among men.

Describing the scope of this subject he says, "political economy is that science which to civilized men of to-day is of *most practical importance; for it is the* science which treats of the nature of wealth and the laws of its production and distribution; that is to say, of matters which absorb the larger part of the thought and effort of the large majority of us—the getting of a living. It includes in its domain the greater part of those vexed questions which lie at the bottom of our politics and legislation, of our social and governmental theories, and even in larger measure than may at first be supposed, of our philosophies and religions. It is the science to which must belong the solving of problems, which at the close of a century of the greatest material and scientific progress the world has ever seen, are in civilized countries clouding the horizon of the future—the only science that can enable our civilization to escape already threatened catastrophe."

It was the appreciation and the demonstration of these truths that has made the work of George of such great value to humanity.

While Henry George accepts the earlier definition of political economy as the science which treats of the nature of wealth and the methods of its production and distribution, he shows, however, by his discussion, that its scope is much wider, including considerations of human nature, social relationships and ethical philosophy. He rejects the doctrine assumed by Adam Smith that the fundamental principle of economic philosophy is, that in the pursuit of wealth, man is following solely his selfish instincts. George, on the contrary, assumes that the primary postulate of human action is that all men seek to gratify their desires with the least possible exertion. It is this fundamental postulate that makes it possible to reduce human activities to a science.

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* "The Science of Political Economy." By Henry George. Toronto: George N. Morang. Pp. 585. Price, $2.00.

In his last work George shows the same pains-taking care as in his preceding books. Nothing is slurred over, but everything is examined with scrupulous thoroughness and expressed in that luminous style and illustrated with that beauty which marks him as a master among English writers.

As political economy deals with wealth, he reviews the definition of that term given by a number of leading writers on this subject, and he points out the unsatisfactory character of many of these definitions. Most of the writers would include as wealth "all those things which have exchange value." But the moment we come to question this definition it proves its utter inadequacy.

What are the conditions necessary to exchange value? First utility, the power to satisfy some want; Second, limitation in quantity so that we must toil to procure a sufficiency. Therefore, according to the common definition, air, though possessing utility, is not wealth, because it is immediately accessible and supplied to us without effort. But suppose the supply of pure air became limited as in deep mines, or in diving bells, then, as toil would be necessary to procure a sufficiency, it would be called wealth. Thus, as the supply diminishes, as we become poorer in air, it becomes wealth. This assumption makes poverty and wealth synonymous, a *reductio ad absurdum*. If it were a mere matter of verbal interpretation, this discussion would not be worth the time spent over it; but when we consider that every legislative body in the world has to deal practically with the term, and that on its correct interpretation depends the success or failure of our civilization, then we see the importance of adequate investigation.

To understand properly what should be included in the term wealth, George first examines the nature of value, and he points out the fact, overlooked or inadequately appreciated by so many other writers, that value is not simple but dual in character.

A number of men by various processes convert some valueless ore into valuable machinery. Here is an increase of value concurrent with an increase in commodities. This indicates an increase in wealth. A hundred years ago fuel on this continent was exceeding abundant. The forests have been swept away, thus diminishing the supply; population has increased enormously, thus increasing the demand. In fuel, therefore, we are much poorer than we were a century ago. Meanwhile the value of the coal mines has risen from a mere trifle till now they are worth millions. This increase in value does not result from increase in quantity but from diminution and is a sign of impoverishment.

Labour always strives to convert the scarce into the abundant. Where the farmer puts in one bushel he hopes to reap twenty. Increased population on the contrary must make land, forest, fuel and minerals relatively more scarce. Thus we have increase of value in two different ways. The first is concurrent with an increase of commodities caused by labour, the second is concurrent with a diminution of raw material caused by increased population. Were we to place these two values in the same category, would we not be setting at defiance all correct scientific distinction?

The first value George calls the "value from improvement," the second he calls the "value from obligation."

In economic science probably this distinction is the most important that has ever been elucidated, and is destined to work a revolution in human affairs.

Correct definition is not always necessary to correct understanding. It may be that George spent too much time in trying to get a correct definition of wealth; but he could not spend too much time in trying to work out correct distinctions, and proper understanding of these distinctions.

To treat the earth, the raw material on which labour has expended no effort, as belonging to the same category as the articles which labour has produced from the raw material, is to make a grave mistake. Therefore, any definition of wealth must take cognizance of this difference. Then, again, as has been pointed out, humanity can affect the material of the earth in two different ways, first, individually, by the application of labour, or, second, conjointly by increase of population. A number of men may mine some coal and apply it to manufacturing purposes whereby they increase the number of human comforts or conveniences. On the other hand population comes to the continent, consumes the forests and enormously diminishes the supply of fuel. The first operation gives us an increase of value from an increase of products, the second gives an increase of value from diminution of raw material. Here again any definition of wealth must take cognizance of this difference. And it is because the political economy of the past has taken insufficient notice of these differences that the study of this science has been so confusing and unsatisfactory.

One of the most interesting chapters of the whole book is that which treats of co-operation, not of that narrow co-operation of which the Rochdale Pioneers is a sample, but the world-wide co-operation, which is shown in the commerce that girdles the continents with railroads and makes the oceans its paths. Here, with wonderful eloquence and beauty, he shows the difference of the "co-operation under direction" and the "co-operation without direction, or spontaneous."

In a ship the sailors co-operate under the direction of the captain and by their combined efforts produce results which could not be accomplished if each acted spontaneously for himself. Again, in the building of a ship we have "co-operation under direction." But this co-operation would be helpless, were it not for the much wider and vastly more important spontaneous co-operation. Ask the directing mind that governs the building of a ship to see after the preparation of the timber in the forests, its conveyance across continent and ocean, the taking of the iron ore from the mines, and its elaboration into the finished article, the preparation of the sextant and chronometer, the preparation of the various nautical or astronomical tables, ask him to do all this and he would be helpless. A mere master of men, though he could command the services of millions could not make such a ship unless in a civilization prepared for it.

With respect to the doctrine of some people that all kinds of co-operation should be placed under direction, instead of being left to the intelligence of individuals, George asserts: "To attempt to apply that kind of co-operation which requires direction from without to the work proper for that kind of co-operation which requires direction from within, is like asking the carpenter who can build a chicken-house, to build a chicken also."

But it is when he comes to the discussion of the Distribution of Wealth that George shows his critical acumen at its best. Speaking of the production of wealth, John Stuart Mill says, "The laws and conditions of the production of wealth partake of the character of physical truths." Here he is undoubtedly correct. Production is always working with physical forces according to physical laws. "But it is not so with the distribution of wealth," says Mill, "this is a matter of human institution solely. The things once there, mankind, individually or collectively, can do with them as they like."

This doctrine George demolishes most effectively. "In considering the production of wealth," he says, "we are concerned with natural laws of which we can only ask 'what is.'" But the moment we turn to the consideration of the laws of the distribution of wealth, the idea of "right or duty becomes primary." Production, he teaches, belongs to physical law, while distribution belongs to moral law.

In pursuing John Stuart Mill in this discussion, George exposes the contradictory character of some of the teachings of that philosopher. After laying down the doctrine that distribution of wealth, "is a matter of human institution only," Mill proceeds to discuss "property" and at once shows that he recognizes that behind all human law is a higher law: for he refers to "justice," "right," and "ought," all which terms assume a law of right, a moral law, antecedent to, and superior to, all human law.

It is in this discussion that we see the importance of the examination of the meaning of the term "wealth" for the distinctions that determine the application of that word must apply also to the meaning of the word "property."

Where a man has bestowed labour in adding "value" to raw material, there can be no question as to his "property" in this value, and, therefore, he is quite right in demanding payment for his labour or service. But can this apply to the raw material itself to which he has added no value by his labour? Who has a right to demand payment for that?

Then, again, between the effect of individual effort in adding value to raw material and the effect of communal growth in giving value to land, forests, mines and water powers, we must note the distinction as to the rights of property.

These are distinctions to which George

has tried to give emphasis. So far as the individual is concerned, the teaching of George is that he can claim property in value only where he has produced value, and that the value caused to land by the increase of population and by public improvements belongs of right, not to individuals, but to the community.

"Natural law, the moral law," George claims, gives the product to the producer; but this cannot be made to cover property in "that value which society gives to land."

The student who wishes to see a capital specimen of skilful critical analysis, of inexorable logic, of masterly dissection and detection of subtle fallacies, will find an admirable example in the merciless manner in which George lays bare some of the careless teachings of John Stuart Mill.

In the reading of this book there is a tinge of sadness. The work was left unfinished. Pages appear at times in blank. That brain so gifted, that power of expression so skilled, that spirit so devout, was stricken down in the midst of its labour; and, while perusing this work, those of us who had watched the earnestness of his life, the loftiness of his aims, the singleness of his purpose, feel their deprivation.

It is possible that the success of his life will not rest so much on the enunciation of his doctrines as in the fact that he has aroused an interest in this discussion which will not cease till the solution for our social ills is discovered.

DIVINE COMPASSION.

BY ALFRED H. HENRY.

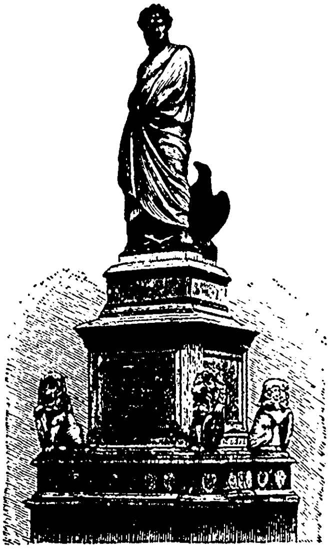
Christ is weeping o'er the city,
  On his heart, compassionate,
All the burdens, all the sorrows,
  All the sins of men, the hate,
Born of hate, and breeding hatred
  In the hearts of others; the want,
Clamouring, imperative,
  Always present, grim and gaunt.
Men lose manhood through the stress
  Of hunger, thirst and biting cold.
How the Saviour longs to gather
  These poor sufferers to His fold.

Like a human life—the city!
  With its sorrows buried deep;
With its pain and sin and anguish;
  With its guilt that murders sleep:
With its pride of vain concealment,
  Smiling, acting well its part
In the daylight; bold, defiant,
  While the worm is at its heart;
Eager in its search for pleasure,
  New sensation, anything—
Business, passion, vain excitement—
  That will take from pain its sting,
And will purchase, for a moment,
  Half forgetfulness at least,
Of its consciousness of weakness,
  And of guilt each day increased.

Every human heart is needy,
  None have strength to stand alone,
'Mid the shock, the storm, the battle,
  All life has an undertone
Sad and mournful, breathing failure,
  Conscious need, unconscious prayer,
Sin and sadness, eager striving,
  Disappointment, everywhere.
But within the crowded city,
  'Mid the bustling herd of men,
Where the clamour is the loudest,
  And the eager strife for gain
Stifles every thought of pity;
  Where the strenuous race for life
Gives no racer pause for breathing
  Or for respite in the strife;
Where the one who halts is falling,
  And the one who falls is lost
Like a piece of rotten driftwood
  By a swollen current tossed;
Where bewildering enticements
  To a life of shame and sin,
Face the foolish and unwary,
  And beguile the wanderer in;
Where the voice of God is silenced,
  By the clamour of the crowd,
Mad with lust and thirst for pleasure;
  Where the weak, the lame, the proud,
All are pushed and packed together,
  Left to die or fight it out;
Where a man must trample others,
  Or be crushed amid the rout;
Where the human throng is densest,
  There's the greatest human need,
And prevailing prayer goes heavenward
  From these hearts that rage and bleed.

Christ is weeping o'er the city,
  He has power to bring relief,
These are not the tears of weakness,
  Or of helpless, hopeless grief.
Tell to him your tale of failure,
  He can restoration bring;
He can give the palsied power,
  And can make the dumb to sing.
He can calm the storms of passion,
  As He calmed the raging sea,
From the chaos of life's struggle
  He can bring tranquillity.
He can heal the broken-hearted,
  He can speak away your sin,
Through the stress of life's temptations.
  He can cause your soul to win,
Hear you, now, his words of pleading
  To the burdened and defiled:
"Come to Me, ye heavy-laden,
  Come, and let me save, my child."

DANTE'S "DIVINE COMEDY."*



STATUE OF DANTE, FLORENCE.

Dante was the greatest writer of the Middle Ages, and one of the very greatest of all the ages. He may be said to have created the Italian language, and to have largely moulded the religious literature of all Europe. Born in 1266, he antedated Chaucer, the father of English poetry, by seventy-four years. He was not, however, the serene and sunny poet of life and love, but the austere and sombre prophet who "wandered through realms of gloom."

In a narrow street of Florence one may still see the house in which the "divine poet" was born, and near Giotto's tower they showed, till recently, a stone with the inscription upon it, "Sasso di Dante," on which he used to sit and watch the building of that miracle of art.

"Longfellow," says our author, "compares his great poem to a cathedral with dim aisles and sombre vaults. As we enter, we seem to hear the voice of lamentation from the crypts below, and the story of forgotten tragedies from the confessionals; while the light, sifted through the painted windows, trembles and shakes as the air is filled with the

'Old Latin hymns of peace and love,
And benedictions of the Holy Ghost.'

"And so we, too, of this present, far-off time—when weary and discouraged in the battle of life, when stung by defeat and hurt by evil tongues—can gain new strength and new courage from this book. We, too, can enter its serene and tranquil precincts, and as we leave our burden at this minster-gate—

'Kneeling in prayer, and not ashamed to pray,
The tumult of the time disconsolate
To inarticulate murmurs dies away,
While the eternal ages watch and wait.'"

Dante knew heart-breaking sorrow and trial. "When all earthly happiness failed him," says our author, "and the star of hope had set forever, he turned to thoughts of the eternal world and became a humble seeker after divine wisdom and illuminating grace. Converted and shuddering at the horrors of eternal perdition which he had escaped, he wrote the "Divine Comedy," to warn others of the inevitable consequences of their sins, to lead them up the steep heights of purgatory, to the life with God on high."

So sad and stern was his countenance, the women in the streets whispered to each other, "Ecco l' uomo che è stato nell' Inferno"—"Behold the man who has been in hell."

"A book, parts of which Ruskin has declared to be little short of the miraculous, a book containing passages that Walter Savage Landor and Goethe have placed far above all other poetry; a book that has won the life-long devotion of such scholars as Hegel and Schopenhauer, Tholuck and Schelling, Longfellow and Lowell—such a book must surely be worthy of study."

The Latin inscription on his tomb is said to have been composed by the poet himself. The last two lines breathe a bitter melancholy:

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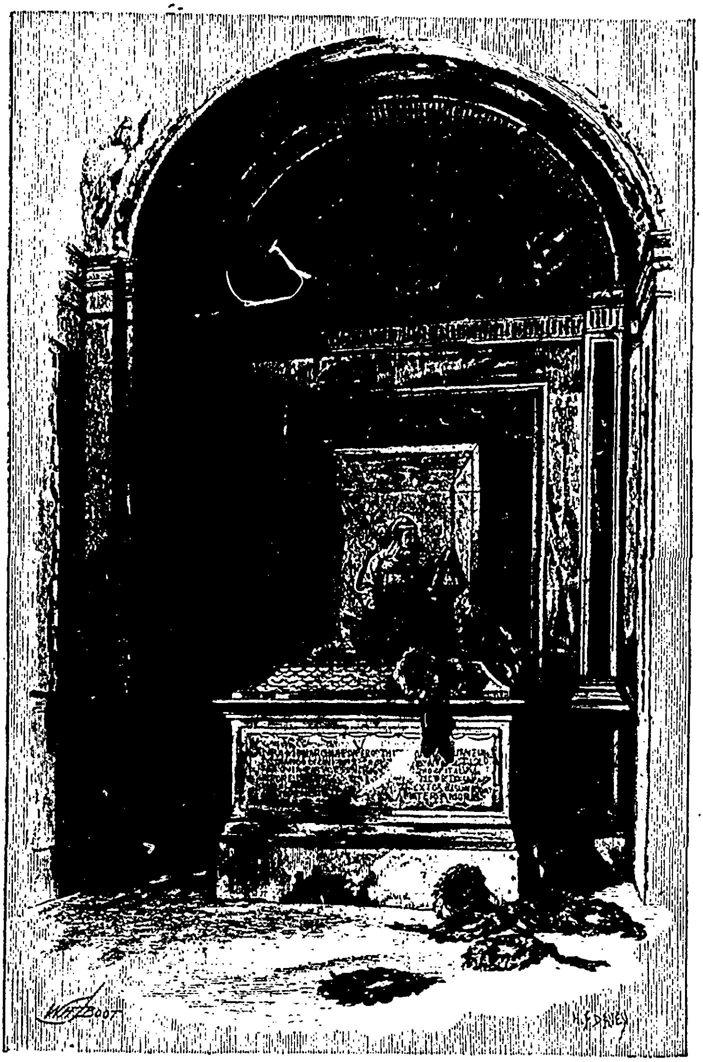
* "The Divine Comedy of Dante Alighieri." Translated by the Rev. Henry F. Cary. Together with Dante Gabriel Rossetti's Translation of the New Life. Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by Oscar Kuhns. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. xxxiv-476. Price, $2.00



TOMB OF DANTE, RAVENNA.

“Hic Claudor Dantes, patriis extorris ab oris,
Quem genuit parvi Florentia mater amoris”—

“Here lie I, Dante, an exile from my native land; born of Florence, a mother of little love.”

It is a credit to Methodist scholarship that a professor in Wesleyan University should have produced one of the best editions of this great author, with some of the best illustrative notes and comments on the obscurities inevitable in a poem six centuries old. The book is admirably printed and has seventeen illustrations, including the recently discovered portrait of Dante by his contemporary Giotto.

“Who will not mercie unto others show,
How can he mercie ever hope to have?”

METHODISM AND THE IRISH REBELLION OF 1798.

It is a very happy omen that the anniversary of the great Irish Rebellion of 1798 finds the relations of Great Britain and Ireland more harmonious than they have ever been. The labours of the great British statesman, about whose deathbed the world may be said to watch, have largely contributed to this result. They have created a more sympathetic feeling as to the needs of Ireland and a resolve to do her amplest justice. A bill giving Ireland the same kind of local self-government as England and Scotland enjoy has passed the House of Commons without a dissenting vote. The leaders of the Irish party, both Protestant and Catholic, agree to waive their extreme views for the common weal. This is an augury that, instead of the strife and alienation of centuries, an era of peace and good-will and brotherhood will prevail, that the "union of hearts," for which Mr. Gladstone so long strenuously endeavoured, may date from this happy anniversary of an unhappy rebellion.

The following account of the relation of Methodism to the Rebellion of 1798 is not quoted to perpetuate the memory of that long-past strife, but to show how the faith and valour and loyalty of the Irish Methodists sustained them amid persecution even unto death, as their fellow-Methodists of England were sustained under similar adversities.

Methodism won some of its most remarkable triumphs among the warm-hearted and sympathetic Irish people. John Wesley crossed the Irish Channel forty-two times, and Dr. Coke more often still. In Cork, where Wesley was mobbed, and maltreated, and burned in effigy, he was afterward received with gladness as a popular hero. Dr. Coke, Gideon Ouseley, Charles Graham, Barkley Campbell, Adam Clarke, and many another preached with power throughout the island. Some of the most devoted, eloquent, and successful Methodist preachers have gone from the Green Isle to every land where Methodism is known. Few lands have profited more by their ministry than the United States and Canada, where the germs of Methodism were planted by Barbara Heck and the Irish Palatines. The following paragraphs are quoted, not from an English writer, but from Dr. Abel Stevens, the American historian of Methodism. W. E. Hartpole Lecky, M.P., the famous historian, devotes nearly the whole of the eighth volume of his "England in the Eighteenth Century" to this event, sustaining essentially the statements of Dr. Stevens. For a short account see Dr. P. W. Joyce's recent "History of Ireland," from which we also quote.

Irish Methodism was to struggle with the terrible evils of the memorable Irish Rebellion, the result of those anarchical tendencies, political and moral, which the French Revolution had spread over Europe. The "United Irishmen" became a formidable combination; and for a time the Protestants of Ulster were inveigled into the treasonable scheme, chiefly by the agency of Theobald Wolf Tone, a professed Protestant, but a disciple of Thomas Paine.

From 1795 the rebellious spirit rapidly spread till, about the end of 1797, the whole island was in agitation, and the next year the conspiracy exploded, May 24th, in desolating mobs and civil war.

French invasion was invited, and was attempted under the command of General Humbert. The horrors perpetrated, in the name of liberty, can never be fully recorded. The shrubberies were gleaned for pike-handles, and Protestants were "piked," their houses were burned, and their farms devastated. Signal fires gleamed on the hills at night, and armed ruffians marched to and fro in the country, desolating it with fire and sword. On June 21st, thirty-seven thousand of them encamped at Vinager Hill. They were attacked by 20,000 royal troops, and seven thousand were slain on the field. England employed an army of 137,000 men to suppress the rebellion, at a cost, it is estimated, of £30,000,000, beside the loss of 20,000 men. Of the insurgents, 50,000 one writer says 150,000 perished.

Methodists, particularly Methodist itinerants, were, of course, objects of the special malignity of the rebels, for they were noted for their loyalty. Their societies were thrown into general confusion, their families scattered, and their preachers, travelling and local, hunted and imprisoned. Among these were George Taylor and William Gurley. The rebels had stripped Taylor for his clothes and had led him, arrayed in his military rags, to be shot. While in a line with other victims, ranged on their knees for execution a proclamation arrived from the rebel commandant which saved him. He was at last led back to prison. There he and Gurley prayed at night with their fellow-sufferers. The guards were affected by his piety and treated him with kindness. When the hair of the prisoners was cut off, and "pitched caps" put upon their heads, he was spared that indignity, though it was imposed upon a clergyman of the Established Church, who became insane by his sufferings.

"The number," says Gurley, "of Protestants taken out from time to time to be put to death, caused my prayer-meetings, morning, noon, and evening, to be thronged , and after we were locked up at night we had prayers by ourselves in the cell." He adds, "that a Divine power attended-these meetings, such as he never saw before ; and several were enabled to believe with the heart, and to trust in a present Saviour, and were happy in their bonds. Some who hitherto had been lukewarm were now quickened and made alive in Christ, rejoicing in their Redeemer."

The two Methodists were at last led forth with others to be murdered on a bridge and cast into the river. Gurley with others passed out and were received by the "murdering band." This was a company of insurgents who stood in two rows to take the victims as they left the prison. They were armed with pikes, which were red with the blood of those whom they had just murdered. They set up a shout : "Here comes Gurley, the heretic ! Pike him ! Pike the heretic dog !"

He heard his doom pronounced with the spirit of a martyr. "I felt," he says, "the moment the ruffian's hand was laid on my neck, the power of God come on my soul, and I was filled with unutterable joy. I had no doubt but that in a few minutes I should be with Jesus in paradise." They were conducted with curses and yells to the "bloody bridge." The prisoners, arranged in a row on their knees, awaited their fate.

A young priest, Father Corrin, returning from some parochial duties, rushed in at the risk of his life and commanded the executioners to their knees. Down they knelt instinctively, when in a loud voice he dictated a prayer which they repeated *after him—that God might show to them* the same mercy that they were about to show to the prisoners ; which so awed and terrified them that they immediately stopped the executions.

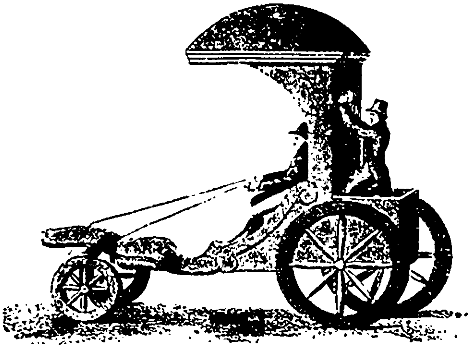
The Irish Conference wrote to the British Session of 1798 : "Never did we expect to see so awful a day as we now behold ! The scenes of carnage and desolation which open to our view in every part of the land are truly affecting ; we cannot help crying, 'O God, shorten the day of our calamity, or no flesh can be saved !' However, in the midst of this national confusion, we, and our people in general—blessed be God ! have been wonderfully preserved ; though some of us were imprisoned for weeks by the rebels, exposed also to fire and sword in the heat of battle, and carried, surrounded by hundreds of pikes, into the enemies' camp, and plundered of almost every valuable, yet we have not suffered the least injury in our persons. Moreover, God, even our own God, has brought us through all, to see and embrace each other in this favoured city. For while we bless God for our preservation, we have to lament that on the Carlow and Wicklow Circuits, and several others, many societies have been scattered, and many of our people left without a place to lay their heads. This may, in some measure, account for the diminution of our numbers this year ; yet we bless God that in other parts of the kingdom there has been an ingathering of souls, as well as a deepening of his work in the hearts of His people."

Irish Methodists justly boast of the loyalty and courage of their fathers in those terrible days. Preachers and laymen generally stood firm on the side of order, at the risk of all things. It is claimed that "Methodist loyalty" saved Dublin from being sacked. A Methodist citizen received secret word, from his brother in the country, that the rebels were about to precipitate themselves upon the capital. The information was communicated to the Lord-Lieutenant when no apprehension of the danger was entertained ; preparations are immediately made, the cannon of the Castle gave the alarm, and the drums beat to arms through the streets. During the night the troops left the city, met the rebel army near at hand, and defeated it. The authorities appreciated the fidelity of the denomination.

Coke, who hastened to Ireland to encourage the Church in its struggles, obtained the protection of the Lord-Lieutenant for its preachers, and special permission for them to assemble, from all parts of the country, in Conference at Dublin, at a time when all assemblages of more than five men, except the military, were prohibited.

Science Notes.

THE MOTOR CARRIAGE.

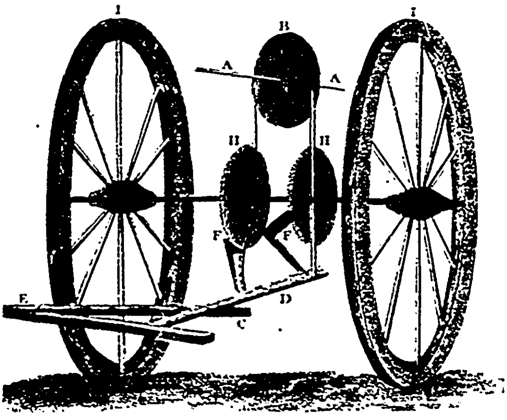


. THE EARLIEST MOTOR CARRIAGE--1798.

"Cheap means of transport is one of the most important of all the subjects occupying engineers to-day." The motor carriage shown in the cut above was not strictly an autocar or automobile, but rather a manomotor, and the man who "moted" was in a double sense a footman. The pedals are crude bicycle pedals, therefore this curious old engraving represents the ancestor not only of the modern motor carriage, but of the bicycle. As for the sailing chariot* or air-motor, the present-day prairie schooners would stand no chance in a cyclone-race with this Flying Dutchman. It was, too, picturesque, and had no massive storage batteries to be charged; no ponderous fly-wheels—though all four wheels fly; no water-jacket; no odours to offend the passers-by, or noise of escaping steam or exhausting gases to frighten horses. This chariot was constructed in the last century by Stephinus, at Scheveling, in Holland, and would carry eight or ten persons from Scheveling to Putten, forty-two English miles in two hours. The wheels require to be farther asunder, and the axletrees longer than in ordinary carriages, to prevent overturning. Carriages of this kind are said to be frequent in China. In any wide level country their use must be sometimes both pleasant and profitable, when the wind is right. So much for the past: these old engravings certainly mark the first definite attempts at the solution of the motor-carriage problem.

What about the present? It is a time of unwonted activity among the inventors, engineers and mechanics. Thousands of the brightest brains in the world are struggling with the complicated problem of mechanical traction. Engineers who have made a special study of this question are aware of the peculiar difficulties it presents.

One of the most hard-working students of the motor problem is W. J. Still, who for nearly seven years has been experimenting in Toronto with the various types. The history of his failures would make interesting and profitable reading, but it is only of his success we have room to tell. Mr. Still's first experiments were with electricity, but although his work in this connection encouraged the young inventor, he fully recognized that electricity has severe limitations, the most serious of which is the absolute necessity for recharging. This consideration alone puts the storage battery out of the race for running through districts where charging stations do not exist. Mr. Still's attention was therefore turned



MECHANISM OF 1796 MOTOR CARRIAGE.

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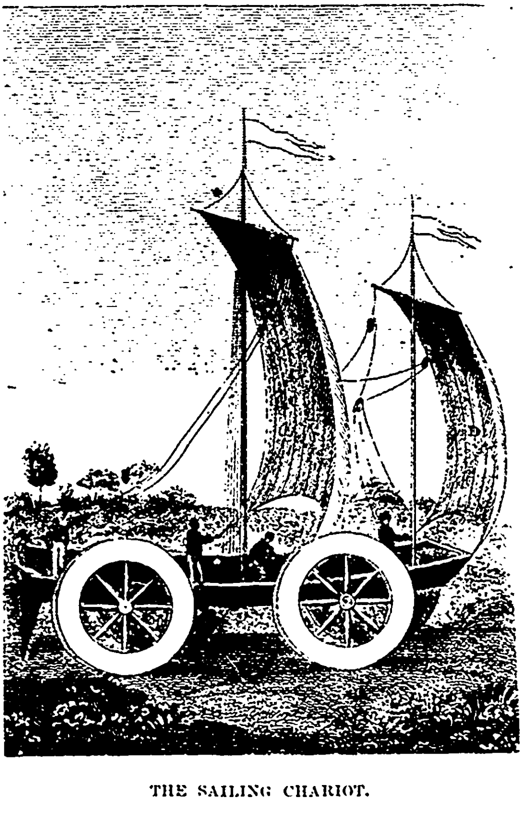
*For the engravings of the "Earliest Motor Carriage, 1798," and the "Sailing Chariot," we are indebted to Thomas Bengough, of Toronto, who, having the motor-mania, and being a book collector, recently captured the old volume containing the original engravings on steel.

to gasoline engine construction, and following his radical bent, he determined to avoid altogether the weak points of all gasoline engines, viz., rapid piston movement, complicated cycles, and differential gearing: for these features involve practically all the troubles that beset the motor carriages to-day.

The Still system of motor power, as it stands to-day, is unique in the fact of being able to place and maintain a rig in any desired position on any grade. This feature is admirably shown in the photograph representing the carriage standing on a grade of 1 in 3, the draw-bar strain being exactly proportioned to gravity and friction. No brake is involved in the operation: it is simply a question of a balance of the motive force.



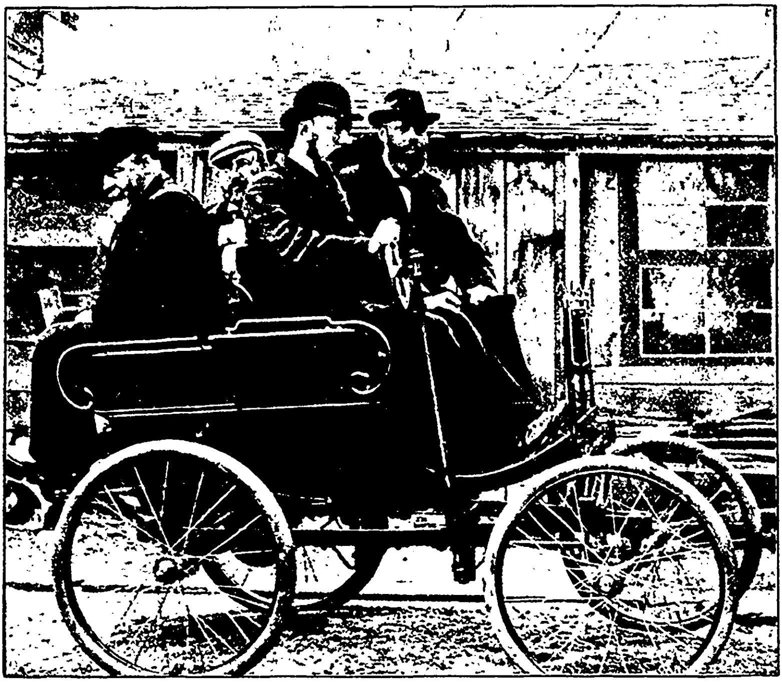
THE SAILING CHARIOT.

Steering is controlled by a hand-wheel on the controlling lever. Two separate powerful brakes are also provided, one operated by the foot and one by the left hand. Mr. Still's motor is a new departure. There is no sound of an exhaust; there is no odour of combustion, there is no heat; there is no necessity for the cooling water-jacket. In the rig as now standing, there is no water used or required. High speeds can be maintained, or the governor can be so adjusted that no speed above a certain maximum can be obtained, so that in case of delivery vehicles driven by careless Jehus, reckless driving will be impossible.

The motors used in this vehicle may be extended along the whole line, from a small bicycle unit to the unit necessary to drive ocean liners, including invalid chairs, all kinds of road vehicles, launches, street cars, railway engines and stationary engines.

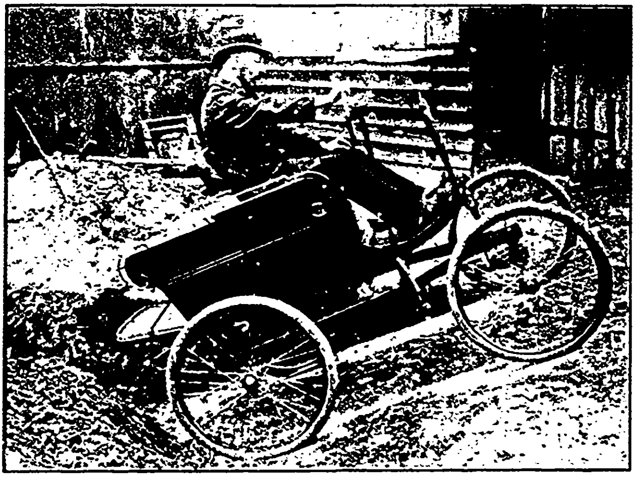
It will be noted that the machinery in connection with the Canadian motor carriage is almost invisible, and not a line of the construction of the body has been changed. This carriage body is one of the regular make of the Canada Carriage Company, Brockville. Nothing has been done with it excepting that part of the flooring has been removed to allow room for the motor. The total weight of the engine is 300 lbs.; engine and truck together (including wheels), weigh 600 lbs.; the body of the carriage, controller and springs, add about 150 lbs., so that the total weight complete without load is 750 lbs. The load shown in the engraving (four persons) is somewhat over 600 lbs. The carriage would easily accommodate its equal weight of load. The power of this 300 lb. engine is equivalent to five horse-power. Thus the Canadian motor carriage combines the maximum power, with minimum weight, and marks an epoch in motor carriage construction.

A development of the motor carriage industry in Canada has just commenced. A. H. St. Germain, of North Toronto, has for over a year past been investigating the question of autocars, with a view of putting a service on the line between the city of Toronto and Richmond Hill. Mr. St. Germain is a wealthy gentleman who lives at Bedford Park, about four miles north of the city. He had been corresponding with English autocar makers in reference to a number of storage battery omnibuses, but after having a private view of the Still engine as running upon the truck before the



CANADIAN MOTOR CARRIAGE.

Gladstone carriage shown in the engraving was completed, Mr. St. Germain was convinced that his was the power he needed, and at once closed a contract with the Canadian Motor Syndicate, who control the Canadian business in connection with Mr. Still's inventions. This contract provides for the immediate construction of an autocar which we have described elsewhere. This autocar is being constructed with all possible speed, and will take the road in the early



CANADIAN MOTOR CARRIAGE.

summer. The grade in places amounts to 8 and 10 per cent. These grades would require a hauling power "six times that required on an average nearly level road." The conveyance which is to run over these grades is not an ordinary road carriage carrying a few people, but is a passenger and parcels van, seated for twenty-five persons, in addition to baggage on the roof. No such van is now running in any part of the world; and it speaks volumes for the courage of the promoters of the Canadian Motor Syndicate that they should be prepared to undertake such a task. Mr. Still, however, with an autocar equipped with his engines, capable of twenty horse-power, is satisfied that the car will be able to surmount them without the slightest difficulty.

It is interesting to note in connection with the name of Mr. St. Germain, the promoter of the pioneer line of autocars, that the town of St. Germain, in France, about seventeen miles from Paris, from which his family originally came, had the honour of possessing the first railway in France; and true to its traditions, it was also the first to carry out trials of mechanical vehicles for public transport. A company has been formed in that ancient town to start a line of autocars. Mr. St. Germain, although past the allotted three-score and ten, has shown great enterprise and enthusiasm in this matter, and is keeping the Canadian public posted constantly as to his proposed autocar service. He has purchased an interest in the Canadian Motor Syndicate, and to show his confidence and good faith in the enterprise, has on deposit the sum of $100,000 to invest in the autocar business.

The president of the Canadian Motor Syndicate is Thomas Bengough, court stenographer, Toronto; the mechanical engineer is W. J. Still, and the secretary is L. W. Dorling. At present writing, the business is being rapidly developed, patents having been applied for in all countries of the world.—*Canadian Engineer.*

HIS OWN.

BY AMY PARKINSON.

His, His are we!—oh, thought supremely sweet!
His, Who is pledged that He will keep the feet
Of His redeemed ones: His, beneath Whose wing
They are secure from every hurtful thing:
His, Whose compassionate heart toward them doth move,
With truest sympathy and tenderest love,
In every time of woe: His, His alone,
Who is, in all things, mindful of His own.
He ne'er will fail us, nor will He forsake;
No single step shall we unguarded take
Of our life-journey: we shall never face
One suffering hour, without sustaining grace.
Gloom, as of midnight, over us may fall,
And perils thick surround; but safe through all
His hand will lead us; pains and sorrows may
Our portion be; but He will let us lay
Our weary heads upon His loving breast,
And so find soothing for our sad unrest.
Yes, we are His!—oh, happy, happy thought!
Oh, words with richest consolation fraught!—
His, for all days of time, His tender care
To prove *in every trial we must bear*;—
And more than this: we still His own shall be
Throughout a sorrowless eternity.

Toronto.

THE TRUMPET HAS BLOWN.

For the first time in the history of Canada we are invited to give a verdict as a nation on the liquor traffic. Several of the provinces and legislatures have already expressed their strong sense of its guilt. We have now a chance to record our condemnation as a commonwealth of the greatest crime of the age. This summons rings like "a trumpet's peal far-blown among the hills"—like the horn of Roland at Roncesvalles. It is a call to action—to action prompt, united, intense.

If we fail to record an overwhelming vote against this traffic in the bodies and the souls of men, it will give the cause of temperance such a set back as it has never known before. The eyes of the world are upon us. Other less favoured peoples are longing for our opportunity, are envying our privilege. They will rejoice in our success, or be disheartened by our failure. The eyes of unfriendly critics are upon us. If, through lethargy, or cowardice, or time-serving, or self-seeking, we neglect our duty, and miss this great chance of the century, they will exult in our defeat.

We have now a chance of carrying into practical effect what we have long declared for in our Conferences and Conventions. Our churches, our Sunday-schools, our Epworth Leagues and Endeavour Societies should rouse at once, should appoint delegates to the Convention to be held in Toronto on July 5th, and report action promptly to Mr. Frank Spence, or Dr. J. J. Maclaren, Secretary and Chairman respectively of the Dominion Temperance Alliance. The next few months should see a great Prohibition campaign, one which shall be a thorough education of the people in every aspect of this great question.

A recent writer describes temperance literature as the "battering-ram" for the assault of the ramparts of error, and adds, "Let us sow the country knee deep with it." The figure is somewhat mixed, but the meaning is all right. Our Connexional press will be a perfect armoury of weapons for this warfare. The Dominion Alliance will be happy to furnish literature well adapted for carrying on this crusade. It is of infinite advantage to have an enemy in sight—to come down from the clouds to the solid earth—from the abstract to the concrete, from vague generalities to a particular object and aim.

If there must be a temporary readjustment of tariff to meet the loss of the revenue from the prohibition of the liquor traffic, let us cheerfully accept it. The diversion of the many millions of hard-earned wages of the poor from the waste, and worse than waste, in that which debauches body and soul to productive employment, will make the wheels of every industry in the country to hum with activity. Twenty millions less spent in liquor, in whose manufacture but a few hundreds of men are employed, means twenty millions more spent in bread and beef, and boots, and books, in furniture, and clothing—giving work to many thousands. It means better fed and better garbed, and better housed men, women and children—more general employment, nobler lives, and happier homes.

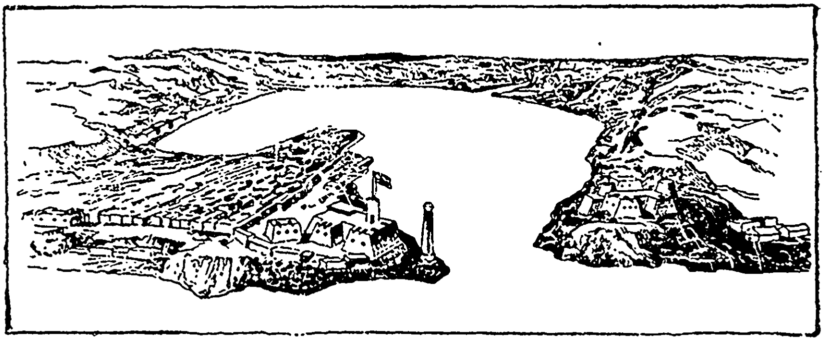
Do not let the bug-bear of alternative taxation trouble anyone. It is poor policy to save at the spigot and waste at the bung hole. The millions which are now wasted in this guilty traffic if employed in profitable manufacture, will become a perfect stream of Pactolus, enriching every part of the community.

Even though we should pay a trifle more for our tea, coffee or sugar we can all the better afford it. Even if we could not, shall we coin into gold the widow's tears and orphan's cries, the blood of souls for the wretched revenue needed chiefly to defray the cost of the prisons, the asylums, the court houses, the expense of punishing the crime, or relieving the want caused by this guilty traffic?

If, as that cautious statesman, Sir Oliver Mowat, has said, this traffic is the cause of three-fourths of the crime and want and woe of the country, it will be a very good bargain to get rid of it in exchange for the thrift, prosperity, and happiness which will follow its abolition. Now is a time for action and not for words. Money will be needed to carry on this moral crusade. The liquor traffic will make a hard fight for its life. The craft is in danger as never before. It can afford millions of dollars for its selfish defence. The friends of temperance have no sinister or selfish motives to inspire them, only love of their country and love of their race, and their duty to God and man. Let them be prepared to give generously for the needful expenses of this campaign—to pray earnestly, to work hard.

Let all divisions, jealousies, and rivalries—if such exist—be suppressed. Instead of pouring their fire into each other's ranks, let them reserve it for the common foe. Let there be wise councils and unity of action. If the trumpet give an uncertain sound, how shall a man prepare himself for the battle. It is to most of us the opportunity of a life-time. Let us beware lest we betray this sacred cause and incur the malediction, "Curse ye Meroz, curse ye bitterly the inhabitonts thereof; because they came not to the help of the Lord, to the help of the Lord against the mighty."

The World's Progress.



HARBOUR OF SAN JUAN.

THE HARBOUR OF SAN JUAN.

The city of San Juan, Porto Rico, has one of the prettiest harbours in the world. The anchorage is twelve miles long and eight miles wide, and is said to be fairly well defended. The city proper, at the entrance to the harbour, is protected by an old wall and several ancient fortifications in which are mounted antiquated cannon. The forts in the foreground are those recently destroyed by Admiral Samson.

AMERICA'S REPLY TO GREAT BRITAIN.

O Voice from over the Sea!
It gladdens our hearts to hear,
From the far-off coast of the Mother-land,
A word so true and clear.

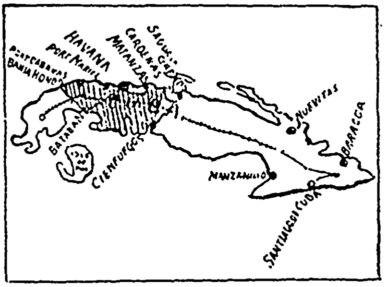
O Hands from over the Sea!
We reach for your friendly clasp;
As the Poet sings, his message rings
With the faith of a brotherly grasp.

O Flag from over the Sea!
We are strong to face our foes,
If we twine with our Star-Spangled Banner
Your Shamrock and Thistle and Rose.

O God of the land and the sea!
Give Peace in our time, we pray:—
"Lest we forget," O keep us yet
Close to Thy heart to-day.

—*Marie Conarroe Vinton*

THE WAR.



THE BLOCKADE OF THE CUBAN COAST.

The shaded portion of this map of the Island of Cuba indicates the ports and the portions of the coast which have been blockaded by the United States.

A great soldier has said that there never was a good war nor a bad peace. Those who know the most about war are the most adverse to it. General Sherman says, "war is hell." We believe it was General Grant who said that there never was a war that could not have been averted by peaceful arbitration. We believe that if President McKinley had only been allowed one month longer he could have secured the pacification of Cuba without the loss of a single life and without the cost of the present war expenditure for a single day. The yellow journals and the jingoes and the feeling of revenge for the loss of the *Maine*, and, it must be added, a righteous indignation at the wrong-doing of Spain, and a generous purpose to relieve the *reconcentrados*, forced the United States into war.

A Right and a Wrong Way.

The dignified language of Senator Hoar, of Massachusetts, in the Senate, expressed the better sentiment of the American Republic:

"When I enter upon this war I want to enter upon it with the sanction of international law, with the sympathy of all humane and liberty-loving nations, with the approval of our own consciences and with a certainty of the applauding judgment of history. I confess I do not like to think of the genius of America angry, snarling, shouting, screaming, clawing with her nails. I like rather to think of her in her honest and serene beauty inspired by sentiments—even toward her enemies—not of hate, but of love; perhaps a little pale about the eyes and a smile on her lips, but as sure, determined, unerring, invincible, as was the Archangel Michael when he struck down and trampled upon the demon of darkness."

In marked contrast with these words were the violence and virulence of the fire-eating, blustering senators who disgraced the nation on the floor of the Senate chamber.

The final settlement will have to be made by plenipotentiaries of the powers affected, sitting round a green table. Could the settlement not have been made before months of war have cost hundreds, perhaps thousands, of lives by mutual slaughter or by disease, and left a heritage of hate and physical mutilation?

Great credit must be given the Executive for the patience and forbearance exhibited. A few weeks more of the same policy, with a little more tact and skill in dealing with the proud Spanish race, would have secured all that the sounder judgment of the United States desired.

Heroic Chivalry.

Not since the time of the crusades has the world, we think, witnessed a war declared for more unselfish ends. The American nation at great cost of treasure, and at great peril of death by yellow fever, small-pox, and the deadly wounds of modern war, seeks to rescue not the empty sepulchre of our Lord, but His living image. In the spirit of the noblest chivalry it sends forth its bravest and its best, and pours out its treasure like water, not to succour men of the same faith and of the same blood, but men of a different religion from that of the majority of the nation, and of alien and mixed blood. The world has never seen anything like it before. No wonder that the warm sympathy of Great Britain, of Canada, of the Anglo-Saxon race throughout the world recognizes the chivalrous self-sacrifice of the deed. No Sir Launcelot or Sir Galahad, who rode abroad redressing human wrong, ever surpassed, or ever equalled it.

The Pity of It.

But the pity of it is that many innocent persons must suffer with the guilty, that many brave men must die defending a bad cause. While war is war we suppose the most merciful plan is to have it over as soon as possible. Says old Polonius,

> "Beware,
> Of entrance to a quarrel; but, being in,
> Bear it, that the opposer may beware of
> thee."

"We cannot cook an omelette," says Napoleon, with his cruel cynicism, "without breaking the eggs." War cannot be made with rose water. Yet we cannot withhold the meed of praise from the brave sailors who went down with their ships in Manila Bay. *Harper's Weekly* well expressed the situation in the phrase, "There is no glory in a stalwart young giant beating an old cripple." But sometimes the giant must do police work in suppressing the malice of the old cripple, or the mischief of the small boy.

Anglo-Saxons Solid.

Under this head the *Daily Mail* extracts from the press of Canada, Newfoundland, Shanghai, Singapore, Sydney, Melbourne, Jamaica, Malta, Bombay, Rangoon, all unanimous in recognizing the right of the United States to intervene in Cuba and wishing that country success.

One result of the war will probably be the closer *rapprochement* of the English-speaking race throughout the world. Great Britain has rendered immense service to the United States by her marked friendship in this crisis, and by preventing, as she practically did, a European combination against the Republic of the West. This is a matter not merely of sentiment,—though noble sentiments largely rule the world—but also of practical interest.

The United States is now one of the great world powers. It can no longer remain shut up in this western continent. It must take its share in the world-wide questions which affect the race. It has, like Great Britain, though in less degree, commercial interests on all the seas. Britain's generous policy of the "open door" in China and in all her own possessions, makes her the commercial ally of the United States. The community of language, religion, and political ideals—for they are the two great democracies of the world—all unite them in a common interest against common enemies. This growing sympathy is strongly expressed in the secular and religious press of the United States. The *Western Christian Advocate* says:

"'America' and 'God save the Queen' are sung to the same air and by the same voices. Deep in American hearts is the hope that the destinies of England and America may become identical. Mother and son, standing together, could dictate humanity and peace to the world. It is the moment for action. The policy of isolation should be abandoned, and America should take the place in the Congress of Nations which her genius and her strength and God's providence seem to have appointed. Not for war, but for peace and humanity, for the good of mankind and the glory of God, England and the United States should be in alliance, holy and perpetual."

Respecting Cuba the *Western Advocate* nobly says:

"Least of all should we suffer the passions of war to run riot in our souls. We fight only for humane peace. Our sword is drawn but to relieve the oppressed, and to establish justice on the earth. Let us not forget to pray morning, noon, and night, that the God of battles may appoint all our experiences. Let the Church be ready to follow the flag with the Gospel of Christ. Cuba saved from tyranny must next be saved from sin."

FACING THE FUTURE.

Eventually the Protestant and progressive races, and these are chiefly those of Saxon and Teutonic blood, will naturally gravitate together. The old Fatherland of the Reformation, the land which has conferred such benefits of science and learning on the world at large, which has given so many citizens of the United States, should not be estranged from the great Protestant and Anglo-Saxon alliance which in the near future is likely to dominate the world.

The naval victory on the Pacific has given the United States a new front. She now faces the Asiatic continent and Asiatic problems. She has long been among the foremost in mission work in China, in Korea, in Japan, in Burmah, in India, in Persia. Commodore Perry opened the gateway of Japan. Burlinghame secured treaty rights with China. In every foreign chancelary—except Britain's—this new force in the political world is watched with unfriendly eye. In every mission field, both British and American, it is viewed as the harbinger of a brighter day for the nations of the East and the islands of the sea which so long have sat in darkness.

THE LORD REIGNETH.

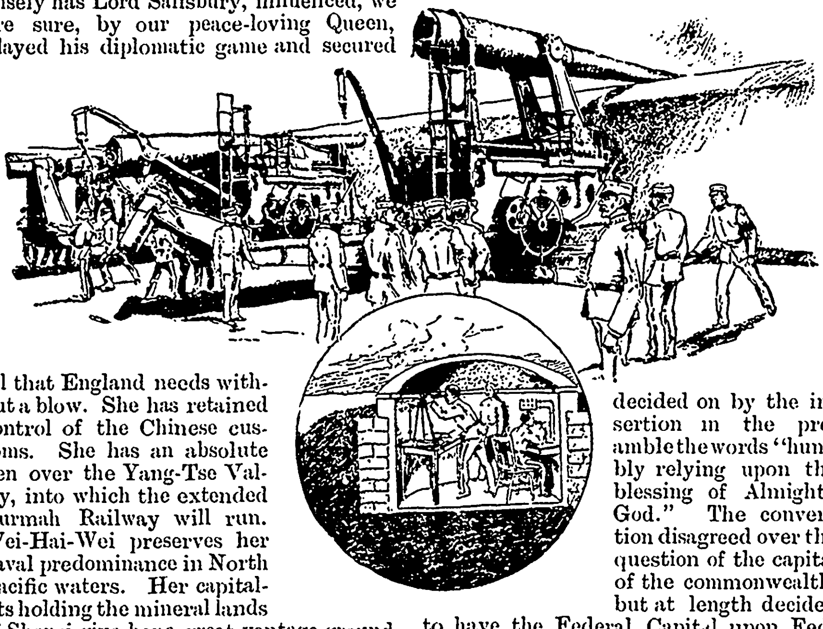
Amid the tumult of the nations we have this assurance, The Lord reigneth. God can make even the wrath of man to praise Him. He can overrule for good even the present seeming ill. In the long story of earth's wars we may trace the continual evolution of a higher civilization. Even when the Goths and Vandals overturned the corrupt civilization of the Roman Empire, which had grown colossal in its guilt, they brought with them the germs of the higher civilization of modern Europe. Lord Salisbury's striking phrase concerning "the dying races" of the world is being continually verified. The pagan or Moslem countries of China, Siam, Turkey, even the effete so-called Christian civilization of Spain, all illustrate this fact.

BRITAIN'S SEA-POWER.

The events of the last few weeks demonstrate more than ever the immense advantage of Britain's sea-power. Her thirty miles of battleships at Spithead were a strong guarantee for peace. Still more so is her hold upon her coaling stations, which are really the Keys of Empire in all the seas. Without these her navy would be almost useless. The cutting of the cable at Manila shows, too, how important is electric continuity throughout the empire. One of the most urgent needs of the times is a cable from Vancouver to Sydney.

Britain's Peaceful Victory in the East.

Great Britain has been nagged at at home and abroad for her seeming apathy in the Yellow Sea. The music hall jingos would have her declare war at once against Russia, Germany, and France. More wisely has Lord Salisbury, influenced, we are sure, by our peace-loving Queen, played his diplomatic game and secured all that England needs without a blow. She has retained control of the Chinese customs. She has an absolute lien over the Yang-Tse Valley, into which the extended Burmah Railway will run. Wei-Hai-Wei preserves her naval predominance in North Pacific waters. Her capitalists holding the mineral lands of Shansi give her a great vantage ground in the coming commercial battle of the Pacific. She will soon have a rectification of the frotier opposite Hong Kong, and all she wants in Chusan. She has, moreover, the friendship of China, which may mean much in resistance of further Russian demands. And, above all else, she has the good-will and hopes for future active co-operation of Germany and the United States in defence of the policy of an open door.



This shows the superiority of British diplomatic methods. The turbulent populace of Paris forces the hand of the Foreign Minister of France to action in the hinterland of the Niger and the Nile which greatly imperil peace. The yellow press of the United States almost stampedes such a peace-loving Cabinet as that of Mr. McKinley. In Great Britain the responsibilities of the Foreign Office are respected. Diplomatic secrets are held sacred. The sensibilities of foreign powers are guarded and trained diplomats like Lord Dufferin and Lord Salisbury, who conceal the hand of steel beneath the silken glove, more safely guide the affairs of state.

Australian Union.

Cablegrams report that the Federal Convention at Melbourne has been brought to an end. The Committee decided that the Commonwealth of Australia be the title of the Federation. The recognition of the Almighty was decided on by the insertion in the preamble the words "humbly relying upon the blessing of Almighty God." The convention disagreed over the question of the capital of the commonwealth, but at length decided to have the Federal Capital upon Federal territory. Under this arrangement it will not be the most important city in Australia. Sydney, Melbourne, and Adelaide are passed over.

Coast Defence.

The accompanying illustrations give the appearance of the big disappearing guns used for coast defense. The men who load the guns have no sight of the enemy. The aim is figured out by operators in the commander's station, which is a small bomb proof structure entirely away from the gun-pit, the huge weapon is adjusted, and with the turning of a wheel the gun rises until it pokes its nose over the edge of its pit at the required angle. The recoil from the discharge causes the gun to sink back to its first position.

Current Topics.

At Rest.

There is an element of extreme pathos in the passing of England's great statesman, William Ewart Gladstone. After long and faithful service of his country and his God he has entered into rest. The "Impregnable Rock of Holy Scripture," which he so manfully defended in his life, was the firm foundation of his feet when all things else failed. Grander than his statesmanship, grander than his intellectual supremacy, was his Christian trust and faith. For all time he is a model and a monument of noblest manhood. Turning away in mid-life from the political principles and traditions of his early years, he accepted obloquy and denunciation for conscience' sake. He conquered all opposition and won the universal honour of mankind. His great heart throbbed with love of liberty, with sympathy for the oppressed in every land—in Naples, in Bulgaria, in Egypt, in Armenia, in Greece, in Crete, in Cuba. What one potent voice, and pen, and will could do he did for the uplifting and betterment of mankind. He was an incarnate conscience. The world watched with bated breath around his dying couch. We do not say "we shall not look upon his like again." We regard him as the ideal Christian statesman, of whom we trust the higher civilization of the world's future will furnish many similar examples to be an inspiration to mankind.

The Cry for Bread.

The whole round world is bound together as never before by the bonds of trade and commerce. It is not, as it once was, a discrete mass of separate units; it is a vital organism. If one member suffer, the whole body suffers with it. The shortage of wheat in Argentina or the Ukraine, a corner in grain in Chicago or New York, brings hunger to the peasants of Piedmont and Castile, causes bread riots in Mercia and Milan.

It is dreadful to think that in the ancient capital of Lombardy rivaling in age and in population the city of Rome, parks of artillery should be stationed before its exquisite cathedral and volleys of grape shot should mow down living swaths in its noble avenues.

The cry of hunger intensifies the difficulties of Spain in her conflict with one of the great grain lands of the world; and gives an occasion or excuse to the anarchists and revolutionary plotters, and reactionary clericals of Italy, in their attempt to shatter it into chaos or into the warring kingdoms and archduchies of a quarter of a century ago.

The insane ambition of Italy to keep pace with the Great Powers in ironclads and armies has piled up an intolerable burden on the backs of the peasants. One-third of their income is demanded in taxes. Commerce is fettered hand and foot. Discontent lurks in every alley of the cities, in every village of mountain and plain. Women toil in the fields while men swagger around the towns bedecked with cock's plumes and jangling spurs.

Under the new regime hundreds of monasteries have been turned into schools and the monks into teachers, or useful workers. It is now time that the barracks should be emptied and the troops sent to till the fields instead of terrorizing the people at home, or attempting to conquer the Abyssinians abroad. What a millennium to millions the disarmament of Europe would mean!

An Anglo-Saxon Alliance.

Mr. Chamberlain's recent address at Birmingham on the Anglo-Saxon alliance struck a chord which vibrated strongly in two hemispheres. The following clause especially created unbounded enthusiasm in Great Britain and the United States:

"There is a powerful and generous nation, speaking our language, bred of our race and having interests identical with ours. I would go so far as to say that, terrible as war may be, even war itself would be cheaply purchased if in a a great and noble cause the Stars and Stripes and the Union Jack should wave together over an Anglo-Saxon alliance."

The foreign press, excepting that of Germany, strongly resents the suggested alliance, and threatens a hostile combination and universal war in retaliation. The Spanish press is, of course, especially bitter. It is gratifying to note the Cologne *Gazette* expressly favours Mr. Chamberlain's Bismarckian bluntness. We prefer the cool and courteous diplomacy of Lord Salisbury to the aggressiveness of "Pushful Joe." We fail to see the wisdom of strongly antagonizing Russia and charging it before the world with broken faith—an insult hard to over-look. Russia is not Spain. It has has most tremendous war resources in Europe. But England alone beat down Spain when she was stronger than Russia. The same spirit lives in the old land yet. Shakespeare's words are as true as ever—

> "Come the three-quarters of the world in arms
> And we will shock them."

A conflict of the Teuton and the Saxon against the Latin and the Slav—which God forbid—would be indeed a war of the Titans. But should it come, the forces of freedom would infallibly in the long run overpower those of absolutism.

The speech of Chauncey Depew at an assembly in one of the Methodist churches of New York fired public enthusiasm, or rather focussed into words the feelng already widely prevalent:

"The two great English-speaking countries standing shoulder are the most inspiring and magnificent spectacle of the century. We speculate as to the ultimate result of the war. Here already is its result. The union of the Anglo-Saxon race, of the only nations where there is government by the people and liberty of the people; the nations that shall stand together for peace, for liberty, for humanity, for civilization, and for the brotherhood of man."

THE COST OF WAR.

Notwithstanding the enthusiasm with which the United States rushed into the war, there were earnest protests from most influential quarters. Prof. Marcus MacVane, of Harvard University, and others from that seat of learning record their judgment as opposed to the time and mode of its declaration. So also was Prof. Vandyke, Rutger's College. At Yale, notwithstanding the proverbial enthusiasm of the students, similar sentiments prevail. Part of the press that was most vociferous for war, now that it has come, realizes what tremendous issues it brings, what awful certainties of suffering and possibilities of disaster it brings. The *Northwestern Christian Advocate* states that the war is costing the United States three million dollars a day. The nation, at the same time, is paying a million dollars a day in pensions for the war that closed thirty years ago. Two dollars of every three raised by taxes in Great Britain is expended for interest on the debt for upholding the Bourbon dynasty nearly a hundred years ago.

CANADIAN FRIENDSHIP.

The present friendly feeling of the United States to Canada and Great Britain may well find expression in the payment of the Behring Sea claims which has been ordered by Congress, and in the settlement of the outstanding differences along our far-extended frontier from the Alaska boundary question to the fisheries of the Gut of Canso.

It is announced that Sir Louis Davies, Minister of the Marine, has been appointed by the Government to act with Sir Julian Pauncefote at Washington as a Commissioners for the pacification of all causes of strife between the trustees of this North American continent. We may say, as Abraham said to Lot, "Let there be no strife, I pray thee, between me and thee, for we be brethren."

WOMEN'S PROTEST.

The patriotic women of the United States, emulating "The Daughters of the Revolution," have resolved to deny themselves the use of French fashions and feathers, as a protest against the unfriendly attitude of the French press towards the Union. Their husbands will not greatly complain of this, and Worth dresses will become objects of contempt rather than of envy. As we passed the Grands Magazins du Louvre in Paris, our guide described them as "the ladies' paradise, but the husbands' purgatory." Anything that will divert the attention from French frivolities to more austere and nobler realities will be a boon to the nation.

D'ALTON M'CARTHY.

The tragic death of the late D'Alton M'Carthy has caused a profound sympathy throughout the community. He was a man of marked independence of character, a man who had in a special sense the courage of his convictions. He was not afraid to stand by his own judgment, even if he stood alone. He won high rank in his profession and in political life. In 1889 he broke with his party on account of the position of the Cabinet on the Jesuit Estates Act. One of the ablest men in Canada, he could have held high office in the Conservative party had he chosen to hold in abeyance his personal independence. He stood staunchly for British connexion and imperial federation, when that doctrine was not as popular as it has recently become.

Religious and Missionary Intelligence.

WESLEYAN METHODIST CHURCH.

The income of the Methodist Missionary Society is in advance for the year by about fifteen thousand dollars. This is encouraging, as showing that the tide is flowing, not ebbing.

The forward movement in England is spreading widely. The latest advance is the projected Central Hall for the South London Wesleyan Mission. This is to be situated near the Tower Bridge. The building and grounds will cost $125,000, of this $100,000 has been already raised.

The Mission Home is intended to be open every day and every evening for social and religious purposes. It will aim to be a counter attraction to the saloon and the theatre, furnishing reading-rooms, recreations, entertainments, and evangelistic meetings, for the people in the vicinity.

Another great advance has been made in Edinburgh. A large block of property has been secured on one of the best sites in the city. There a large hall to seat 1,500, together with smaller buildings, will be erected, while some shops will furnish a revenue that will enable the skilled trustees to deal with the financial difficulty. This great enterprise, the greatest in the history of Scotch Methodism, will involve an outlay of £40,000.

Methodism has been making rapid strides in London within recent years. In 1861 there were only 13 circuits, with 43 ministers, 65 chapels and 15,834 members, while now there are 64 circuits and missions, 200 chapels, 139 ministers, and 36,758 members. During this period, since 1861, the sum of $3,500,000 has been expended in chapel building, of which sum London Methodists have given more than two-thirds.

EVANGELICAL CONGRESS IN ENGLAND.

The annual Congress of the English Evangelical Free Churches was held last month in Bristol, England. We have just received its report. There were present 800 delegates, representing 6,000,000 Nonconformists. Dr. Clifford, of London, presided. He declared that that "the period of competitive warfare had ended, and that of inspiring and consecrated co-operation hand begun." He also claimed that while the communicants of the Anglican Church throughout the English-speaking world numbered 3,000,000; the Methodists numbered 7,000,000; the Baptists, 4,000,000; the Presbyterians, 3,000,0000; and the Congregationalists, 1,000,000.

PRIMITIVE METHODIST AND BIBLE CHRISTIAN UNION.

At a joint committee-meeting, held in April, eighteen District Committees reported in favour of this movement, five against, and one uncertain. The affirmative votes were 795, the negative 252, neutral 71. The proposed name meeting most favour seems to be "Methodist Union Church," with the addition of the word Primitive Methodist and Bible Christian in Brackets. Further action is yet to be taken before this union can be accomplished.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, SOUTH.

Our friends of the Methodist Episcopal Church have grappled with their missionary debt of $186,000, and have reduced it to less than $70,000. One of their papers suggest that the Epworth Leagues take a vigorous part in wiping out the balance. Though they are not largely wage-earning, yet a minimum of five dollars from each League would wipe out thedebt. It would be a grand declaration of sympathy with the cause of missions.

At the time we write the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, is in session in the city of Baltimore. It is interesting to remember that in this city, at the Christmas Conference held in 1874, the Methodist Episcopal Church, of which the Meth-Episcopal Church, South was then a part, was organized. There are now nearly a hundred Methodist churches in Baltimore. The Rev. Dr. Griffin is the fraternal delegate from our own Church to this Conference. We have not yet seen the report of his address, but we may be sure it will reflect credit on himself and on the Church which he represents. The following figures report the progress of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South during the last quadrennium: The increase in the number of church-edifices is 901⅓; of effective travelling preachers, 492; of locat preachers, the decrease is

828; of members, the increase is 148,966. The increase in the number of Sunday-schools is 816; of teachers, 8,659; of scholars, 86,212.

THE METHODIST CHURCH.

The Western Section of the Book Committee reports one of the most successful years since the Union. The continual increases in business year after year makes it more difficult to keep up the record, much less to surpass it. The net profit of the year has amounted to $24,024, an increase of about $500 on the previous year. Of this sum $10,000 was appropriated to the Superannuation Fund, the largest sum ever so paid. This leaves only $14,000 to defray cost for the accommodation of the premises to the growing business and other necessary expenses.

The *Christian Guardian* reports an increase in subscriptions and a brighter outlook than it has exhibited for some time. This MAGAZINE reports an increase increase in circulation of 226. The Sunday-school periodicals also report a large increase amounting in all to 13,337. This is the more remarkable as these periodicals have steadily increased by "leaps and bounds" till it would seem till they could leap and bound no more. The circulation already reaches about one and one-half periodicals for every scholar in our school. A much higher average than this it would seem impossible to secure.

But there is one opening which seems to offer very large possibilities of increase, namely the Home Department. This has nearly doubled every year for the last three years, and promises to create a very large demand for our Sunday-school and other connexional literature. Most important of all, it is uniting parents and children, the invalids and shut-ins, and others unable to attend Sunday-school, with the school-going part of the family in the study of the same portions of the scripture. It is thus creating common interest, common sympathies, and a common enthusiasm in the grandest of all lore—a knowledge of God's will and word.

VICTORIA UNIVERSITY.

It is very gratifying to the friends of this institution to know that it has had the most successful year in its history. The total attendance of students has reached 320. About 150 of these are studying theology; nine of them received the B.D. degree, and thirty-six more are proceeding to that goal. We were more than ever impressed with the immense importance of conducting the higher education of our young people under pronounced Christian auspices. The Chancellor publicly stated that of the large fourth-year class in arts he did not know one who did not keep before him high Christian ideals and was proposing to use his education and endowments for the glory of God and the welfare of his fellowmen. This is a fact of unspeakable importance in the history of our country and of our university. The baccalaureate sermon by Dr. Courtice was an argument and an appeal of immense power on the right use of life and God as the only satisfying portion. Neither it nor the Chancellor's address will, we think, ever be forgotten by those to whom they were addressed.

There is something of thrilling interest in seeing this large class of young recruits for life's battlefield receiving their accolade. God give them glorious victory, and at last the "Well done, good and faithful servant."

Another interesting fact of the year is the large portion of young women in the graduating class. It is only fifteen years since the first girl graduate left Victoria's halls, and now one-third of the class will be of the gentler sex.

The honorary degrees conferred will command the approval of the whole Church. Dr. John Wakefield has "earned a good degree" from his brethren and received the highest honours his Conference can confer, and the University but endorses that general encomium. Dr. Courtice, as editor of the *Christian Guardian*, occupies one of the most influential positions in Canada. No pulpit in the Connexion is of more importance. His scholarship and ability entitle him to this recognition. Dr. S. D. Chown is one of the most thoughtful, scholarly, able preachers in our Church. May these brethren long live to wear worthily the honours conferred upon them.

[Notes in type on the Montreal Theological College are crowded out.]

DR. CARMAN IN JAPAN.

The wide extent of our missionary operations, reaching from Bermuda to Chentu, is illustrated by the visit of the General Superintendent to Japan. When in Yokohama Dr. Carman will still be about three thousand miles distant from our West China Mission. The services of our Chief Superintendent are simply invaluable in giving unity of interpretation and administration of discipline throughout our far-extended field.

Book Notices.

Christian Life in Germany as Seen in the State and the Church. By EDWARD F. WILLIAMS, D.D. Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Co. $1.50.

There are two Germanys—the Germany of the barracks, the beer hall and the bureaucracy of Berlin, and the Germany of Christian thought and Christian work and Christian scholarship. This volume describes the latter—and the much more attractive aspect of Germany it is. The Bible is taught in all its schools, Protestant and Catholic. Amid much practical infidelity the form of Christianity at least is observed, and, indeed, enforced in all the military, naval and bureaucratic departments.

Some of the author's statements surprise us. We thought Germans were an intensely literary people. It seems that only a small section of them are such; that the mass of the people read few papers or books. One of the noblest characteristics of Christian life in Germany is its missionary zeal both at home and abroad The Moravian missions antedate in time and surpass in relative missionary givings and zeal all other societies. The beautiful philanthropies of the inner mission, with their Christian zeal and faith and brotherhood, are an example to all Churches. We have described in these pages the noble work of Gossner, Wichern, Fleidner, and other pioneers in this work.

Dr. Williams devotes a number of chapters to the beautiful German charities for the care of defectives, of the sick, of the lapsed, of the fallen, the Colony of Mercy, the Y.M.C.A., the homes for inebriates, prison and social reform, the noble deaconess movement, the circulation of people's libraries, the new measures to meet the new dangers of the times, etc.

Francke's Orphan House, begun two hundred years ago, still flourishes. It has trained nearly 100,000 orphans; it has 3,300 pupils and 470 dependents, and is the largest establishment of the sort in the world. This forerunner of Müller found one morning in the box for the poor four dollars and a few pence. "That is a magnificent capital," he wrote with a magnificent faith. "I shall begin a school for the poor."

Pastor Fleidner's deaconess movement is another marvellous development of Christian faith. It was begun in 1833, without funds, by receiving two penitent women in a little garden summer-house twelve feet square. In 1895 it had multiplied to 70 mother houses, 780 hospitals, 168 homes for the poor and feeble, 125 orphan houses, 48 nurseries, 20 homes for the reclamation of fallen women, 16 industrial schools, 50 establishments for the training of servant girls, 30 establishments for the weak-minded and epileptic, 2 asylums for the insane, 2 for the blind, 39 Magdaleniums, 9 prisons, 7 boarding-houses, or hospices, 451 schools for little children, and pastors' assistants in 1,017 parishes.

In these nearly 9,000 deaconesses, with Christlike devotion, are ministering to the sick, the suffering and the sorrowing. The united income of these homes is about 9,500,000 marks annually, equal to $2,375,000. In their hospitals they care, every year, for over 60,000 patients, besides those receiving temporary treatment. They also labor annually in 2,500 private homes. Their purpose is not merely the alleviation of bodily distress, but to revive and deepen spiritual life. They have rendered splendid service in times of war, even upon the battlefields, and in epidemics of cholera and plague.

This book is of such surpassing interest that we shall place it in the hands of a competent writer who will prepare a special article on the subject.

The Story of Architecture: An Outline of the Styles in all Countries. By CHARLES THOMPSON MATHEWS, M.A. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. xiv-468.

Many persons have no conception of the fascinating interest of the study of architecture. It is not a mere haphazard disconnected thing. It is a growth, an evolution along definite lines. One of the chief charms of travel is the study of the famous buildings, sacred and secular, ancient and modern, of many lands. When we discover the principle of construction they possess a unity amid their variety that gives them a living interest. The best book we know on this subject is that under review. Although not so full as Lübke's great work, its more recent and American point of view makes it of greater value to us than the German book.

Our author recognizes three forces common to every phase of architecture—climate, race, and religion. Of the influence of these he gives striking illustration, and points out how the temples of Egypt, Assyria, Greece, and Rome, the mosques of Byzantium, Cairo, and Granada, the gothic cathedrals, and the renaissance palaces—all belong to one huge architectural family, each having its own peculiar charm of line and colour.

A grasp of the principles of architecture will lend a new interest to travel, even to our daily walks in the city where we live, and to the examination of the pictures and photos of foreign lands which everywhere abound. Mr. Mathews describes first the ancient and oriental types of architecture, then the classic styles of Greece and Rome, which have so influenced modern structure. The development of the Saracenic, Romanesque, Gothic and Renaissance make up the rest of the book.

Architecture in the United States and Canada has recently experienced a great revival on correct principles. The government buildings in many of the American cities have long been monuments of bad taste and ill-spent money. But the late lamented Henry Richardson, architect of the Trinity church, Boston, and R. M. Hunt, chief architect of the Chicago Exposition, have been the apostles of the new era. The so-called vertical architecture of the sky-scraping buildings of lower New York is a sort of nightmare; but some of the tall buildings, like the Woman's Temple, at Chicago, and an office building in Milwaukee, figured in this book, show how nobly it may be treated. It is gratifying to Canadians to know that we have in our own country three of the masterpieces of architecture on this continent—the Parliament buildings at Ottawa, Toronto University, and Toronto city building.

The present writer spent three of the early years of his life in an architect's office, and has made architecture a special study ever since. The principles of architecture are of such interest and importance that he purposes preparing upon them two or more fully illustrated articles at an early date.

A Treatise on the Preparation and Delivery of Sermons. By JOHN A. BROADUS, D.D., LL.D. Twenty-third edition. New York: A. C. Armstrong & Son. Toronto: William Briggs. Crown 8vo, pp. xxi.-553. Cloth, $1.75.

Notwithstanding the enormous growth of the press, the living voice of the preacher has not lost its power. It is still the chief means of arousing the conscience, persuading the will, and instructing the mind in religious truths. In view of the number of sermons preached every week no preparation for giving them power and efficacy can be too great. One of the best books on this subject that we have ever read is that under review. Its merit is shown by the fact that this is the twenty-third edition. It is used in the mission-schools of Japan, and has been translated also into Chinese and Portuguese. The ability of Dr. Broadus as a preacher, and his experience in instructing successive classes of students, give practical value to this volume. He treats this great subject under the heads of 1. Materials of Preaching, including selection of text, interpretation, special materials, and the like. 2. Arrangement of a Sermon. 3. Its Style. 4. Its Delivery. 5. The General Conduct of Public Worship.

The godly wisdom and spiritual earnestness of this book will commend it to every reader. Its careful study cannot but give greater weight and energy to the truths of the Gospel. Its closing words indicate the essential requisite of successful preaching:

"Nor must we ever forget the power of character and life to reinforce speech. What a preacher is, goes far to determine the effect of what he says. There is a saying of Augustine, '*Cujus vita fulgor, ejus verba tonitrua*,'—'If a man's life be lightning, his words are thunders.'"

The Standard Bearer. By S. R. CROCKETT. Methodist Book-Rooms, Toronto, Montreal and Halifax. Price, cloth, $1.25.

Crockett is at his best in describing the heroisms and persecutions and martyrdoms of the "killing time" in Scotland. That is the theme of his "Men of the Moss Hags," and of this story. No Church has ever had a grander spiritual ancestry than that of Scotland. The bonnie blue flag of Christ's Crown and Covenant were often stained by the best blood of the martyrs. This tale calls up that grim old past and makes it live again, thrilling and throbbing with the high faith and dauntless courage of the Covenanters.

We know no more striking episode in literature than that describing the demoniac in the garret, the dour Presbyterian elder driven to madness, with sword and gun defying approach, whom the unarmed minister bearded in his den and conquered with the power of his mother's prayer. A silken thread of romance runs through the story of Quintin MacClellan. The hearts of the Highlanders, smitten with love's spell of power, like the rock in Horeb, when smitten by the rod of Moses, melt into tenderness.

The Growth and Administration of the British Colonies, 1837-1897. By REV. WILLIAM PARR CRESWELL, M.A. London: Blackie & Son. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company.

This is a book for the times. The relation of the Mother of Nations and her forty colonies was the most conspicuous note of the Jubilee of 1897. That relation has long been misunderstood, but now its true character is asserting itself. We hear no more the words, "Loose the bond and let them go." "Too loyal is too costly." Canadian sentiment responds warmly to the sympathy of the Motherland beyond the seas:

> "For we have British hearts, and British blood
> Shall leap up, eager, when the danger calls!
> Once and again our sons have sprung to arms
> To fight in Britain's quarrel—not our own— . . .
> Canadian blood has dyed Canadian soil,
> For Britain's honour that we deemed our own."

The author, with a remarkable insight into colonial sentiment, writes wisely concerning the administration of the Canadian, Australian and African colonies during the Queen's long reign.

With Fire and Sword. An historical novel of Poland and Russia. By HENRYK SIENKIEWICZ. Authorized and unabridged translation from the Polish. By JEREMIAH CURTIN. Toronto: Geo. N. Morang. Pp. xxii.-779.

The story of the struggle for liberty in Poland is like the prophet's scroll in Scripture, written within and without with lamentation and weeping and woe. A striking episode in this prolonged conflict is described in these vivid pages. The historic insight and realistic portraiture of the past which characterize "*Quo Vadis*" are seen also in this volume. It is a curious illustration of the cosmopolitan character of the republic of letters that this book is written in Polish, is translated by Mr. Curtin, the United States Consul to Guatemala, and published in Toronto. Mr. Curtin gives an historical introduction, with a folding map and several illustrations, which enable one to better comprehend this dramatic narrative.

It is pitiful to think that after so much unavailing valour Poland has ceased to be even a geographical expression. The closing lines of the story seem like a great black seal on this tragic tale. "Wolves howled on the ruins of former towns, and a land once flourishing became a mighty graveyard. Hatred grew into the hearts and poisoned the blood of brothers."

The Mistakes of Ingersoll. By REV. THOMAS MCGRADY. Cincinnati: Curts & Jennings. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, $1.00. Pp. 344.

We have all heard of Mr. Ingersoll's criticisms of the mistakes of Moses. A humourist declares he would like to have heard Moses on the mistakes of Ingersoll. Mr. McGrady's trenchant review exhibits the egregious folly of many of Ingersoll's criticisms of the Pentateuch. On this side of the line we do not take Ingersoll seriously. He is regarded as a clever and unscrupulous man who simply talks scepticism at a hundred dollars a night because it pays, and at the same time, denounces as mercenaries the faithful men who devote their lives to preaching the Gospel and doing good on a very meagre living allowance. There is a stirring eloquence about these chapters which makes them very readable. Ingersoll's shallow criticisms are, we think, fairly met and refuted. The best answer, however, is the onward march of Christianity, the conversion of sinners, the holy lives and happy deaths of believers. Chaplain McCabe well met the sneers of Ingersoll some years ago by his famous song, "We are building two a day." It must now be about six churches a day which a single branch of Methodism alone is erecting every day for the worship of God.

Heroic Personalities. By LOUIS ALBERT BANKS, D.D. New York: Eaton & Mains. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, $1.00.

Dr. Banks is a busy Methodist preacher doing full work in important charges. He is also one of the most prolific and popular authors of the times. Though still a young man, a round dozen of volumes have proceeded from his pen. In this book he gives forty brief character-sketches of such noteworthy persons as Mrs. Ballington Booth—"the Shepherdess of the Black Sheep;" Mrs. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward; Helen Keller; Dr. Diaz, the apostle of Cuba; Mrs. McFarland, the heroine of Alaska; Neal Dow, the father of Prohibition; and many others. The book is very racy and readable. It has forty portraits.

Christ and the Critics. By Gérôme. Cincinnati: Curts & Jennings. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, 50 cents.

In this little book on the Mosaic authorship of the Pentateuch, the writer appeals from the higher critics of to-day to the word of our Lord, who cited the testimony of Moses and the prophets concerning himself. He does not regard this statement as implying that everything in the Pentateuch is written by Moses. He thinks there is a way of reconciliation between rational criticism and irrational literalism, and concludes: "We may well believe that, as between religion and true science there is no feud, so between Christ and genuine criticism there is no conflict."

A Kentucky Cardinal. A Story. By JAMES LANE ALLEN. Illustrated. Toronto: George N. Morang. Price, paper, 75 cents.

This book has no reference to a scarlet-hatted ecclesiastic of the Church of Rome, but to the red-headed cardinal bird of Kentucky. With a beautiful sympathy with bird life and subtle interpretation of nature is woven a silken thread of romance. It is a very dainty and delicate volume, and explains the remarkable popularity of this author. In the same volume is bound the "Aftermath," a sequel to the earlier story.

Short Studies of Familiar Bible Texts. Mistranslated, Misinterpreted, and Misquoted. By BLACKFORD CONDIT, D.D. Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Company. Price, $1.00.

While the whole of God's Word, especially the most important part which teaches the way of salvation, is so plain that the wayfaring man, though a fool, may not err therein, yet St. Paul tells us there are in it certain things hard to be understood. These passages are the subject of the present volume. Our author treats, first, familiar texts mistranslated, second, texts misused on account of being misinterpreted, and texts abused on account of being misquoted. The treatment of this important subject strikes us as judicious and religiously helpful.

The Girl of Cobhurst. By FRANK R. STOCKTON. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co., Limited.

Frank Stockton is at his best when he describes the marvels of future science and discovery. He does it so seriously that it seems to be real history, instead of anticipation. This story, however, is more a return to his earlier style in "Rudder Grange" and "Adventures of Pomona." His old-time whimsicality and fun are as apparent as ever, and it will probably please a wider range of readers than his scientific stories.

The Translation of a Savage. By GILBERT PARKER. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co., Limited.

Mrs. Falchion. By GILBERT PARKER. Same Publishers.

Gilbert Parker is the most distinctively Canadian of all story writers of the times. He is Canadian born and knows our country well. He has seen much of life on the frontier and has a profound acquaintance with its historic past. Of these stories we prefer "The Translation of a Savage," with its reminiscence of the tale of Pocahontas. A more definite ethical purpose would give a higher value to Parker's stories.

American Wives and English Husbands. By GERTRUDE ATHERTON. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co., Limited.

This is a sort of international story that will be apt to attract a good deal of attention in view of the international *rapprochement* of the two countries, the social relations of which are here cleverly sketched.

Wolfville. By ALFRED HENRY LEWIS. Illustrated. Toronto: George Morang. Cloth, $1.25; paper, 75 cents.

This is a graphic account of life in a western mining town, after the style of Bret Harte's stories. It gives a vivid picture of the rough and ready making of empire in the far west. Mr. Remington's illustrations are of very superior merit.

In reviewing the Countess of Warwick's admirable book on "Progress in Woman's Education in the British Empire," in our last number, the name of the Canadian publishers was inadvertently omitted. It is issued by the Copp, Clark Company, Limited, Toronto.