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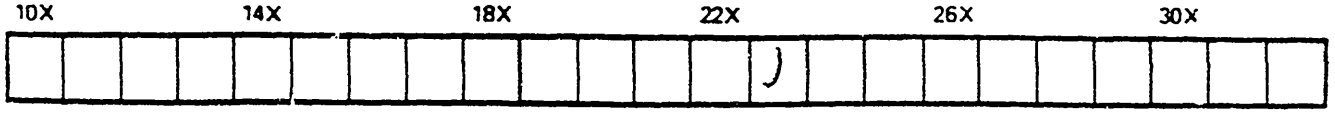

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From "Through Asia"

SETTING FORTH ON THE DESERT OF TAKLA-MAKAN.

Methodist Magazine and Review.

JUNE, 1899.

"THE ROOF OF THE WORLD."*

BY WILLIAM T. STEAD.

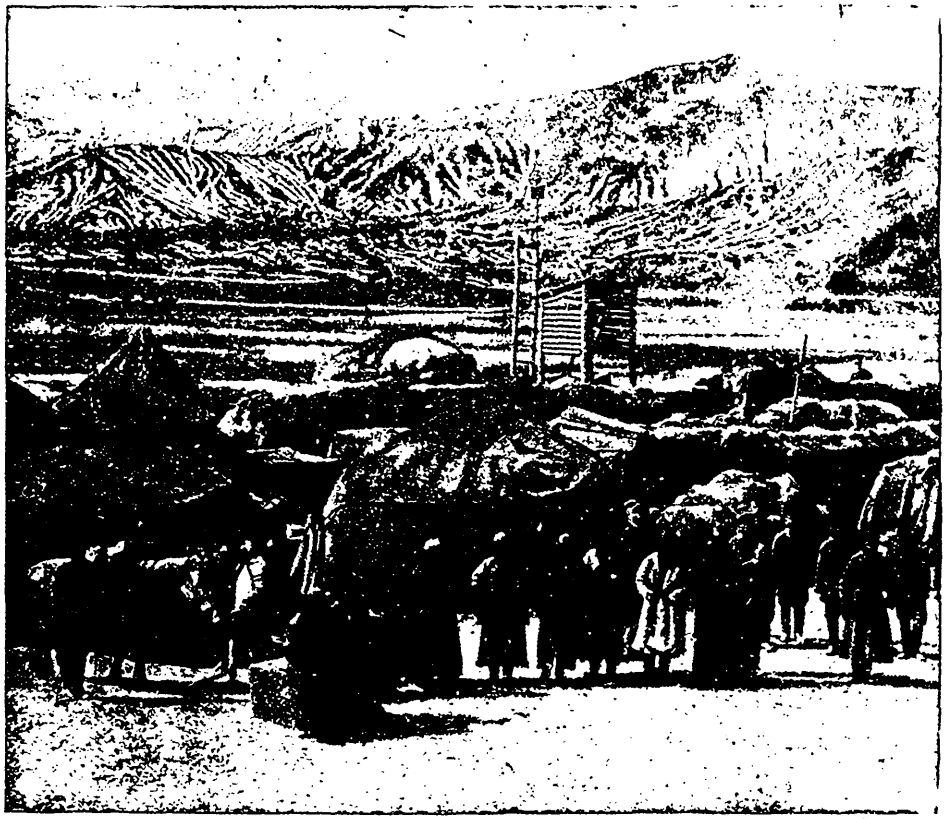
It is a strange paradox of national character that the home-loving Scandinavian, with home-sickness running in his very blood, should be one of our greatest wanderers. Few races, if any, have won more distinction than his in the field of adventurous travel. The most recent records of exploration reveal the same restless daring as made the Norsemen of old famous. In 1897 the world rang with the exploits of a Norwegian who had mounted nearer than any human being before him to the summit of the Northern Icecap. In 1898 the printing press is rattling out the story of a Swede who has faced not less appalling dangers while clambering over the Eastern "roof of the world." On Dr. Nansen's book follows Dr. Sven Hedin's.

These twelve hundred pages form a notable addition to the history of travel. It is not often that a single work combines so wide a variety of scene, of society and incident. It mingles the charm of Arctic and of tropical adventure. From the Polar severities encountered on the heights of the Ice Mountains the writer passes to the furnace-heat and deadly thirst of the Gobi Desert; the avalanche, the crevasse and the hurricane of snow give place in a few pages to the choking sandstorm and the blistering dunes. The spice of danger is rarely absent. The intrepid Swede went through perils almost as numerous and diverse as those of the Apostle Paul. His social experiences were not less varied. His course led him through a strange jumble of races and creeds and civilizations. He was continually moving between social extremes as wide apart as the extremes of temperature he had to undergo. A single day would take him from the primitive fare of the Kirghiz shepherd to the luxurious banquets of Russian and English officers, or to the elaborate hospitalities of a Chinese mandarin.

Steadily accumulating scientific data for the enlightenment of Western savants, he was at the same moment teaching the natives who had never seen a boat how to sail their lake in a craft fearfully and wonderfully made of horse-hide. At home with the children of the simple-hearted nomads, an eager explorer of ancient cities buried beneath the sand, he yet contrived to be on the spot when the Russo-Afghan frontier was finally settled, and to manifest his cosmopolitan sympathy with the latest international movements. One of the most attractive features of the book lies in the medley of life it shows us on the very top of the world's roof—a medley as interesting in its way as the intermingling of nations and manners

* "Through Asia." By Sven Hedin. With nearly three hundred illustrations from sketches and photographs by the author. New York: Harper Brothers. Toronto: William Briggs. In two vols. Pp. 1,278. Price, $10.00.

Mr. Stead's admirable article is abridged from the *Review of Reviews*.



From "Through Asia."

AT PAMIRSKY POST.

and languages in the Chicago crucible.

The style and interest of the narrative are, it is true, very unequal. But even this may be the result of an unconscious art mirroring the vast disparities of situation and circumstance through which the traveller passed. Sometimes the story moves along as slowly as the tarantass or Tartar cart which carries the author, and seems to make one feel the dull monotony of the unchanging plain. Then it will whirl along at the rate the author glissaded down the mountain side. There is a delightful Defoe-like objectivity about the writer, which makes you feel the snowstorm or the sand-spout or the ineffable mystery of the moonlight on the ocean of ice; and even when the author is self-conscious, as in confessions of home-sickness or of delight at public honour done him, it is the half-awkward self-consciousness of a child. The kindly soul of the man, who was very tender to the Kirghiz children and to his cattle, but who could be stern when sternness was needed, reveals itself very pleasantly and unobtrusively. The climax of excitement in the narrative is reached at the deadly battle with thirst in the sand-dunes, which the reader follows with an interest almost as breathless as the gasp of the dying men. The spirit of the Norseman is conspicuous, not

more in the traits already instanced as in the eeriness or psychic sense of the man born under the Northern lights.

The book is entitled "Through Asia," and does certainly recount the author's progress over the whole distance from St. Petersburg to Pekin. But the main concern of the explorer and the chief interest of his story gather round the central region, where most of his time was spent and which he thus describes:

"In the heart of Asia, between the two highest chains of mountains on the earth, the Kwen-lun and the Himalayas, is the most stupendous upheaval to be found on the face of our planet—the Tibetan highlands. Its average height is 13,000 feet, and in the north it attains as much as 15,000 feet. Its area, therefore, of 770,000 square miles (two and a half times that of the Scandinavian peninsula) is on a level with the highest peaks of the Alps."

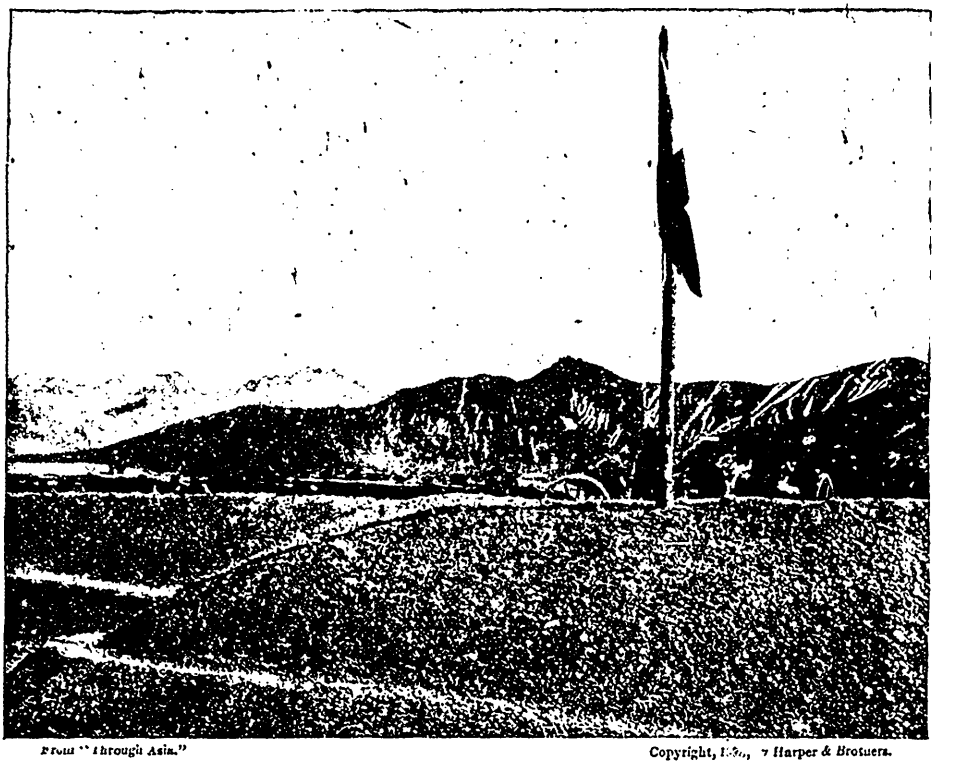
This vast tableland is moreover the backbone whence proceed the Alpine ribs of the great continent which stretches from the Baltic to the Pacific. Yet these extraordinary elevations, which resemble some sort of knob or bulge protruding from the surface of the globe, have close beside them, as in the Tarim basin, depressions among the lowest in the world, one of them—at Luktchin—sinking to a depth actually below the level of the sea.

Toward this objective Dr. Hedin made his way in the end of 1893. On October 16th he left Stockholm for St. Petersburg, and took rail for 1,400 miles to Orenburg. There he purchased a tarantass—a heavy carriage without springs or seats—and set out for a drive of one thousand three hundred miles over the Kirghiz steppes to Tashkend. This was a rough prospect for November and December, and the reality was not below expectation.

The Kirghiz, whose acquaintance he now made, impressed him as "a half-savage people, but capable, healthy, and good-natured. He found the steppes, to which they are passionately devoted, to be "grand and impressive," like the sea: but "utterly monotonous and melancholy." In the interior of Asia textiles almost take the place of current coin, and travellers have to provide themselves with cloth and cotton in order to pay their way. From Tashkend Dr. Hedin went on to Kokand, and some idea of the religious earnestness of the natives may be inferred from that town of sixty thousand inhabitants possessing no fewer than thirty-five madrasas or Mohammedan theological colleges, with three thousand students supported by donations, and five hundred self-supporting.

At Margelan the doctor prepared for a winter journey over the Pamirs to Kashgar. He secured the services of Islam Bai, who was his companion, able, loyal, devoted, throughout all his perilous wanderings, the second hero of the expedition. The blinding snowstorms which suddenly fell on the traveller, and made a few yards' distance from the caravan almost equal to certain death, were only one of the dangers of the route. The party were exposed to the risk of terrific avalanches. One which had fallen over their route only the day before was measured; it was a quarter of a mile across, and was nearly seventy feet deep.

The Pamirs, prominent as they have ever been in the physical configuration of the globe, only recently emerged into the popular consciousness of Great Britain, as a turning-point in Anglo-Russian diplomacy. For on the roof of the world the two vast empires met, and the momentous problem of exactly marking out their com-



From "Through Asia."

A WALL OF PAMIRSKY POST.

mon frontier was during Dr. Hedin's first visit still unsolved. It is to be feared that the general impression in England of the advance guard of Muscovite dominion was and is somewhat dim and grim. All the more refreshing is the author's account of Fort Pamir. Externally, no doubt, it can hardly be considered an attractive spot. It stands on an elevation of 11,800 feet above the sea, overlooking a marsh. All the year round, excepting for two weeks in the summer, the night temperature is below freezing point. It had only been built a few months before the Swedish explorer's arrival. It seemed to him like a lone ship, surrounded by a vast ocean of monotony and solitude, exposed to the full fury of the mountain storms. But within that dreary fastness were none of the Muscovite ogres, which, in fact, are to be found only in the morbid imagination of the Russophobe. Dr. Hedin says:

"Of Fort Pamir I have none but the happiest recollections. . . . I was received with open arms by a group of officers who, I have no hesitation in saying, were as amiable, as courteous, as generous a set of men as it is possible to meet with."

All the winter through they had not seen a soul except the Kirghiz. The author was bent on ascending the loftiest mountain of the Pamirs, Mus-tagh-ata, or "Father of the Ice Mountains," which is also one of the highest points in the earth, being 25,600 feet above sea-level. The traveller was not able to explore this Olympus. He made three separate attempts to scale

the summit, but was baffled. The first time he camped at an elevation of 14,560 feet, but was turned back by a violent snowstorm and failing health. The second time he got up 20,660 feet. The third time he was blocked at 18,500 feet. He was compensated for many hardships and disappointments by some magnificent views. His description of the moonlight on this mountain is very fine. The immense distances, the towering summits, the glittering glaciers, the stretches of snow, the deep-black shadows, set the weird Norse fancy at play, until the reader himself is seized by the witchery and the mystery of the scene:

"A curious feeling of being at a vast distance from the earth took possession of me. . . . I seemed to be standing on the confines of space—cold, silent, boundless."

In the intervals of these ascents, Dr. Hedin spent some time in Kashgar. Here he experienced a little of the fierceness of the Central Asian summer. With the arrival of June the temperature leaped up to over 100 degrees in the shade, and even the night brought no coolness.

Dr. Hedin found many of the dishes excellent, some "quite delicious," the most delicious being the famous soup made from the edible nests of the Swiftlet. One of the guests, a Russian ecclesiastic, partook of every one of the forty-six courses, drank seventeen cups of brandy, and rose from the table as sober as when he sat down.

Away to the east of Kashgar stretches for 700 or 800 miles the desert of Gobi, a vast ocean of sand, pathless and trackless, tossed into everchanging dunes by the terrific sandstorm and hiding in its arid depths the ruins of many a once populous city. The wonder and romance of this "unknown enchanted land" fired the ambition of the Swedish explorer. He felt himself "under the spell of the witchery of the desert." He resolved to penetrate "the sand-heated furnace." After skirting for some weeks its borders he struck into the desert on April 10th, 1895, with a party of four Kirghiz and eight camels. He aimed for the River Khotan-daria, which cut right athwart the sands at a distance of 200 miles. For the first twelve miles all went well. They had by that time reached "an earthly paradise," a delightful lake of pure water surrounded by woodland. "Yollchi," their chief guide, said they would be at the river in four days; Dr. Hedin reckoned by the maps they would arrive in six days of easy stages, but to make things doubly sure he bade his men fill the tanks with water to last ten days.

They dived into the ocean of rolling dunes; and then their troubles began. Soon "there was not a blade, not a leaf to be seen, nothing but sand, sand, sand—fine yellow sand—whole mountains of it, stretching over boundless spaces as far as the eye was able to reach." The dunes increased in height. The heat became intense. Then swept down on them the dry wind-storm, with clouds and columns of sand whirled in a mad dance across the desert, every now and then swallowing up the caravan. Two days of this sort of thing told heavily on man and beast. Thirst became scarcely tolerable. On the morning of the third day it was found that the tanks had only water enough left for two days! The men had not taken in the ten days' supply as instructed. Discomfort now deepened into danger. Not a drop more water was given to the camels. It was jealously kept for the five human lives dependent on it. In desperation they set about digging a well, to find the sand

grow moist and then turn dry again. The strength of the camels began to give out. Two of them had to be abandoned in a dying state. Dr. Hedin waxes much more pathetic over the fate of these camels than he did subsequently over the men whom he had to leave dying—a true yet subtle touch; for in the later stage, faced with near death himself, he had no strength left for sentiment. For days now all had journeyed on foot to spare the sinking camels.

Alone in the burning desert, with nothing but sand around them, without a sign of hope on any part of the horizon, "the Arch fear" stared them in the face. On May Day this was the sight that met the doctor's gaze :

"The five camels were dead-beat, and had thrown themselves down. Old Mohammed Shah lay flat on his face on the sand, mumbling prayers and crying to Allah for help. Kasim sat in such shade as he could find behind one of the camels, and gasped for breath. He told me the

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AFTER A HUNT IN THE PAMIRS.

Two days later Yollchi was seized stealing water. The last of their store was soon gone :

"There were still a few drops of water left for the morning, about a tumblerful in all. Half of this was used in moistening the men's lips, the little that remained was to be divided equally between us all in the evening. But when evening came, we discovered that Kasim and Mohammed Shah, who led the caravan, had stolen every drop. We were all terribly weak, men as well as camels. God help us all."

old man was completely done up, and unable to go another step. All the way, ever since they started, he had been delirious, raving about water the whole time."

No wonder the brave man quailed.

The last hope was to leave behind whatever they could of their luggage, and they marched on by night. Old Mohammed Shah was unable to move. He was visibly dying; his face glowing

with the prospect of paradise. His last word was "Allah." So they left him in the darkness and silence along with the dying Yollchi, and struggled on for dear life. Next night the faithful Islam Bai fell down exhausted. No commands could make him rise. He was left with the camel in the midnight: and Dr. Hedin expected to see him no more. Tormented with a burning thirst which destroyed all sensation of hunger, he pressed on with Kasim. They marched early morning and late evening.

Rising early on May 3rd, they scanned the horizon as they walked:

"All of a sudden Kasim stopped short, gripped me by the shoulder, and with wildly staring eyes pointed towards the east, without uttering a word. I looked and looked in the direction towards which he pointed, but could see nothing unusual. But Kasim's eagle eye had discovered on the verge of the horizon the green foliage of a tamarisk—the beacon upon which all our hopes of safety were now concentrated. At length we reached it. Our first act was to thank God for bringing us so far safe. We revelled in the fresh greenness of the tree, and like animals chewed away at its sappy leaves. It was really alive. Its roots evidently went down to the water stratum; we were now within reasonable distance of open water."

A few tamarisks and poplars still further raised their hopes, but again they dwindled and the sands began again, and the heat grew to be intolerable:

"At nine o'clock we fell helpless at the foot of a tamarisk, and there we lay, exposed to the burning sun, for ten mortal hours. Kasim was sinking fast. He was incapable of digging a hole in the sand to lie in; and, as he was also unable to cover me with cool sand, I suffered terribly from the heat. All day long we never spoke a word."

When night came, Dr. Hedin roused himself with a great effort and called on Kasim to renew the march. In vain; the poor Kirghiz refused to rise. The doctor went out into the darkness alone. Happily the coolness of the night revived Kasim and he overtook the Swede next day. A wild hope that they had come on human footsteps fell into despair when the footsteps were shown to be their own.

On the 6th of May—

"We awoke at daybreak and pushed on again. It was then ten minutes past four Kasim was a fearful object to look at. He had hard work to stand up, but he did, and managed somehow to follow me. . . . Our eyes were so dried up that we were scarcely able to open and shut them.

"When the sun rose, we turned our eager eyes towards the east. After going a little farther we perceived that the horizon was edged with a black border. What joy! What blessed fortune! It was the forest that lined the bank of the Khotan-daria. We were approaching it at last."

Soon they were in the forest:

"All around us, in whichever direction we turned our eyes, life and springtime, the singing of birds, the scent of the woods, green leaves in every variety of tint, refreshing shade, and over there, amongst the hoary patriarchs of the forest, innumerable spoor of wild animals."

But still there was no water:

"It was seven o'clock before I was able to dress myself. I called upon Kasim to come with me to the water. But he was beaten at last. He shook his head, and with a gesture of despair, signed to me to go on alone, drink, and bring back water to him. Otherwise he would die just where he lay."

Alone he crawled onward. At last he got through the thick forest. He sprang out into the bed of the stream: only to find it full of sand and as dry as the desert he had left behind!

Yet he would not give up. Water must be near, and he would find it. His pulse grew feebler, until it was scarcely perceptible. A drowsiness as of death crept

over him. Only by an heroic effort of will he forced him to go on :

"But the sand was as dry as the sand in the desert dunes. The river-bed was empty, waiting for the summer floods to come down from the mountains.

"After going about a mile and a half, I was at length only a few yards from the bank when a wild duck, alarmed by my approach, flew up and away as swift as an arrow. I heard a splash, and in the next moment I stood on the brink of a little pool filled with fresh, cool water—beautiful water!

"It would be vain for me to try to describe the feelings which now overpowered me. They may be imagined; they cannot be described. Before drinking I counted my pulse; it was forty-nine. Then I took the tin box out of my pocket, filled it, and drank." How sweet the water tasted! Nobody can conceive it who has not been within an ace of dying with thirst. I lifted the tin to my lips calmly, slowly, deliberately, and drank, drank, drank time after time. How de-

From "Through Asia." Copyright, 1895, by Harper & Brothers.

THE ESCAPE FROM THE DESERT.

licious! What exquisite pleasure! The noblest wine pressed out of the grape, the finest nectar ever made, was never half so sweet."

After drinking some half-a-dozen pints of the precious liquid he began to think of Kasim, whom he had left lying alone in the forest fighting against death. How was the water to be carried to him? A happy idea struck him—"My boots." His Swedish waterproof boots were filled up to the brim. "Not a drop came through the leather." He hastened back in the night, but was unable to find Kasim, although he shouted till he was hoarse. At last he slept, to rise at daybreak to find his great boots still full of water. He soon found the trail:

"I swallowed a mouthful of water, and set about looking for my trail of the night before, and now I quickly found it. When I came to Kasim, he was lying in the same position in which I left him. He glared at me with the wild, startled eyes of a faun; but upon recognizing me, made an effort, and crept a yard or two nearer, gasping out, 'I am dying.'

"'Would you like some water?' I asked quite calmly. He merely shook his head, and collapsed again. He had no conception of what was in the boots. I placed one of the boots near him, and shook it, so that he might hear the splashing of the water. He started, uttered an inarticulate cry; and when I put the boot to his lips he emptied it at one draught without once stopping, and the next moment he emptied the second."

A little later, though parted from Kasim again, he heard the lowing of a cow, "a voice which in my ears was welcomer than the singing of a prima donna":

"The farther I went, the more distinctly I heard the voices of men talking, and the bleating of sheep, and through an opening in the forest I caught a glimpse of a flock of sheep grazing. A shepherd with a long staff in his hand was keeping watch over them; and when he perceived me, in my tattered clothes and blue spectacles, breaking out of the tangled thickets, he was not a little startled and amazed."

After this marvellous deliverance from death, Dr. Hedin went down the river to Aksu and then to Kashgar.

Dr. Hedin contrived to be in the Pamirs at a momentous time. Having reached the summit of "the roof of the world," the high plain whence waters flow westward, eastward, and to the Indus southward, he heard that the Anglo-Russian Delimitation Commission was busy in an adjoining valley. He was fortunate enough to know leading officers on both sides and was warmly welcomed. For many days high festivities were held, dinner parties, a Derby day, "tug-of-war," and other sports, in which Cossack and Afridi, Kirghiz and Kanjuti, mingled and contested in the best of spirits. The Swede was much impressed by the friendly and confidential footing on which the officers of both camps stood with each other. "Both sides were animated by a frank and cheerful spirit. Englishmen and Russians were like comrades together." He would never have imagined them rivals, the Russians trying to push the frontier as far south, and the British as far north, as they could. Both sides vied in entertaining the intrepid traveller, and succeeded in keeping him with them until a certain important event. This was none other than the arrival of a telegram from Lord Salisbury accepting the frontier line proposed by the Russians. The four last frontier pillars could now be filled in, and the labours of the Commission were at an end. Immense rejoicings followed and lavish, even luxurious, feasting; the Russians dining the English and then the English the Russians in glorious style. Dr. Hedin asks whether that will be the last Anglo-Russian Boundary Commission in Asia, but reflects that the destiny of Persia is not yet decided. In any case the Swede is to be congratulated on being pre-

From "Through Asia."

THE RESCUE OF KASIM.

sent at so happy a consummation of the arrangement whereby Russia and England came to terms.

Dr. Hedin and his caravan left Khotan for the direct journey eastward to Pekin on June 29th. For two months they moved through an uninhabited and largely unknown region, the stretch of mountain range and elevated plateau which lies between the land of the Moslem Kirghiz and the Buddhist, the arid heart of Tibet. By the beginning of October they got into inhabited territory again, and many interesting glimpses are given of Mongol life. By March he had reached Pekin, and was soon in the thick of European hospitalities. After twelve days he set off home. After three years and seven months' absence, Dr. Hedin arrived in Stockholm on May 10th, 1897. During that time he had travelled 14,600 miles. The expedition cost in all £1,900. a sum which was raised by private subscription, one of the chief being King Oscar.

These are a handsome pair of volumes, well printed, on good paper, with a vast number of well executed portraits and pictures, most of them from photographs or sketches by the author. The translation from Swedish to English has been satisfactorily accomplished by Mr. J. T. Bealby, assisted by Miss E. H. Hearn.

The international significance of the regions through which Dr. Hedin passed will inevitably—especially in view of the growing Chinese question—secure a wide and increasing audience for his stirring story.

THE CHAUTAUQUA MOVEMENT.

BY WILLIAM R. HARPER, D.D.,

President of the University of Chicago.

BY PERMISSION OF CURTS & JENNINGS.

BISHOP JOHN H. VINCENT.

The early home life of John H. Vincent was in many respects ideal. It was likewise exceptionally well adapted to his particular temperament. The principal elements which constituted this life were, in climactic order, an atmosphere of calm and quiet, characterized by religious vigour, sturdy adherence to principle, and high intellectual ideals; a father of Huguenot descent and Huguenot character, strong and sympathetic, zealous for right living and religion, stimulating in the highest degree the best elements in the character of his children; a mother whom the son himself calls "an incarnation of consistency, fidelity, self-sacrifice, and serenity," who "never uttered a rash or foolish word."

His education, while not as formal as he himself had always wished it might have been, was, after all, an education of true and broad type. It included elements which even the best school life

may not furnish. One can easily understand how every day spent in this home life was a day of educational progress. With a strong emphasis laid upon intellectual culture, with a library carefully selected and continually used, with the frequent visits of ministers and prominent persons, in accordance with Southern ideas of hospitality and entertainment, the whole surroundings were educative in the best sense. There was also specific training in the earliest years; under a governess in the Pennsylvania home after leaving Alabama, and in public school, in Milton Academy, and in the preparatory department of Lewisburg University. A discipline as valuable as any other was secured during four years of teaching, beginning with his fifteenth year, and in this first independent work there was shown an exhibition of spirit which explains much that became prominently characteristic in later life.

When almost ready to enter college, the young Vincent was persuaded by unwise friends to give up the thought of a college course and to enter at once upon his life-work of preaching. To use his own words, "college was abandoned through the pressure of church influence and of personal conscientious conviction." Beginning to preach at the age of nineteen, his study henceforward was carried on in connection with pastoral work. It is an interesting fact that during the early years of his ministerial life he was impelled

BISHOP VINCENT'S COTTAGE, CHAUTAUQUA.

by his own ambition to undertake severe courses of study, including practically all the subjects of the college course. Realizing that his work henceforward must be done by himself and without the aid of technical teachers, he seems to have entered upon it with all the greater vigour because of the lack of direct assistance.

Strangely enough, his instinct proved to be a correct guide. Nineteen men out of twenty who undertake to direct their own studies during this period of life waste the greater part of their time. It was not so with the founder of the Chautauqua movement. The ideals which had been placed before him in his earlier days, the conviction that in the providence of God he was to accomplish something—these, together with his unerring instinct, led him through a most vigorous and thorough discipline. Yet he himself says that the lack of a college education has been for him throughout life the "thorn in the flesh;" "one can scarcely conceive of the grief, made up of regret, discouragement, and mortification, which this fact occasioned me through most of the years of my mature life." It was only after a prolonged struggle that at last he gave up the thought of a college course. During this period of struggle, "effort after effort was made to bring conscience and circumstances into line with ambition and to break loose from the active ministry in order to complete a college course."

Can any one doubt that the Chautauqua movement owes its existence in large measure to the fact that its founder did not have the privileges of a college course of study, and to the almost morbid feeling which had its origin in this deprivation? In the history of his mature life one can see almost at every step the influence of this feeling. Every effort was put forth to secure that which would serve as a substitute for the much-desired college training of which he was deprived. It was out of this struggle—a lifelong struggle—that Chautauqua, in the broadest sense of the term, was born.

THE HALL OF PHILOSOPHY, CHAUTAUQUA.

But before we leave this earlier life, which contained, indeed, the

IN THE GROVE, CHAUTAUQUA ASSEMBLY.

germ of all that followed, notice should be taken of the tendencies which manifested themselves most clearly, and of the ideas which seem to have exerted greatest influence upon his mind. Before he had reached the age of twenty-one, every important characteristic of his later career had already exhibited itself. He had shown himself to be an indefatigable student, working then, as he has worked throughout life, whenever occasion or opportunity presented itself, occupying every moment of leisure for the acquisition of some new line of thought, for the mastery of some new author. The standard fixed in these years never afterward suffered change. He had likewise already developed the methods of the teacher, beginning at the age of fifteen, and continuing the work through four years. Here was gained an experience in the art of presenting truth for the instruction of others, which has more clearly characterized him than perhaps any other American preacher of modern times.

If we had before us that picture of John H. Vincent in his earliest years, with his school gathered about him, not in the school-house, but in the grove, the pupils seated very comfortably upon the rough seats which he and they had provided, we should have indeed a picture of Chautauqua in miniature. But stronger than the tendency to be a student, more marked than the ability to teach, was the religious tendency of his mind, and his ability to preach. He was told that for this great work he had been set apart in infancy by his mother. It was his conscientious regard for what seemed to be a call from heaven that led him to sacrifice his in-

tellectual ambitions and undertake the work of the ministry. There is a tradition that while still a child the disposition to preach had manifested itself. The deep spirituality of his nature, the peculiar strength of the religious feeling which controlled him, the marked simplicity of his faith—these pointed unmistakably toward the work which, after all, was to be uppermost in his life. Throughout this period the influences to which he responded most easily, and by which he was most thoroughly controlled, were those of religion and of the natural world about him.

The example and teaching of father and mother, together with a God-given appreciation of the value of religious faith and life, formed a character which was to continue its development in the same lines for many decades. But in close connection with this was the influence exerted upon him by nature. Again I use his own words: "Nature was full of wonder to me, and wielded a strange influence over my life. The stars, the night-winds, the thunder, the clouds piled up like towers at sunset, the ripples on the bosom of the river, the dark line of the Montour mountains in full view from my house—all these, and everything else in nature, took hold upon me, filling me with unrest and longing that grew at times into a sort of torture. Everything had religious relations and intimations, and my own life during these earlier years was often morbid, and sometimes wretched." All this must not be forgotten in our effort to estimate his later life.

The special fields of work in which John H. Vincent has shown his power are the varied fields of religious and educational activity. In 1866 he became interested in Sunday-school work, and soon began to give his whole attention to the subject. But he never became a Sunday-school "hobbyist," for he always treated the subject, not as something isolated, but rather in its relation to the home, the pulpit, and the pastorate. Few, perhaps, are aware of his relationship to the earliest Sunday-school lesson-leaves and Sunday-school helps. He originated in outline a detailed lesson-leaf and periodical note system as published by The Sunday-school Teacher, afterwards called The National Sunday-school Teacher. He founded The Northwestern Sunday-school Quarterly, afterwards changed to The Chicago Teacher, a monthly, from which developed the International lesson system which has played so prominent a part in Bible study throughout the Protestant world. A little later he inaugurated the Berean system of lessons.

Nothing shows the spirit of the man better than an address (given in 1871), recommending the home Sunday-school, from which the following brief extract is taken: "Visit the homes of the people and organize Sunday-schools there. We say to our Western farmer, If you live on the border, ten miles from every other human being, organize a Sunday-school. If there are only two persons in your house, open a Sunday-school. Sit down and read a portion of God's Word together, talk about it, memorize it, honour it. Save one or two dollars and send for a library of six or eight books. Give your little gem of a home Sunday-school a name, report its existence, seek God's blessing, and keep at work fifty-two Sabbaths a year."

In this same connection, in speaking of "window-sill gardens," he says: "If but two or three families live within reach, get them together for a Sunday-school. We

know it will require faith and forbearance, patience and love, but this may be had in unlimited measure. On window-sills of the fifth story of crowded tenement-houses in the city we have seen flower-boxes filled with earth, green vines springing up from them and shading the windows. In Palestine we have seen flowers, green grass, and frequent shrubs blooming in tiny clefts and in thin crevices, on the rock and on narrow terraces. Despise not the day of small things. Verdure and bloom and fruit may come where there is just soil enough for them to grow. Despise not this little cluster of insignificant houses in out-of-the-way country places. Where you can get a handful of children or adults, organize a Sunday-school. A Shakespeare, a Milton, a Whitefield, a Peabody, may be there. But of this be sure: where five lowly souls are, there are five immortals, redeemed by the blood of Christ, and although their names are never known beyond the limited neighbourhood in which they were born, you may register their names in the Book of Life. "There they will shine forever." To measure his influence in the work of the Sunday-school, it is only necessary to recall the fact that for twenty-two years he was Secretary of the Sunday-school Department of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

Directly and indirectly, his work in the Church has been one of greatest influence. Nor has this influence been limited in any way to the denomination with which he is identified. In the Sunday-school institute, in the pulpit, and, indeed, everywhere, he has been recognized as contributing to the progress and advancement of the Church at large in all its branches. When, in 1888, he was elected Bishop in the Methodist Episcopal Church, the feeling was general that one who belonged to all the denominations had now been set apart for special work in a single denomination, and that consequently there had been taken away from the other denominations that which rightly belonged to them. This feeling even yet exists.

The literary work of Chautauqua's founder can only be mentioned in a word. More than a score of volumes from his pen have been published. These books, always read with eagerness, include a discussion of technical as well as practical questions, pedagogical as well as ecclesiastical topics, exegetical as well as homiletical material, secular as well as biblical history. No more charming pages have been written by a traveller than those which are to be found in the brochures, "To Old Bethlehem," and "In Search of His Grave." In the domain of college work his influence has been most widely exerted, both directly and indirectly. There is no institution of learning in America to which John H. Vincent is not a most welcome visitor. His three years of service at Harvard as preacher, where his success has given him without question a position next to that of Phillips Brooks, his sermons from time to time at Yale University, which have been received most graciously by the students in spite of the compulsory chapel attendance, his sermons and addresses at Cornell University and at the University of Chicago, his lectures at the Johns Hopkins University, have indicated his power over college students and his ability to interest them in the subject of religion. By voice, by pen, and by the Chautauqua service he has devoted his energies unceasingly to the cause of higher education. His service in that cause has been all the more zealous because of his

appreciation of the loss incurred in early life by reason of his failure to receive a college education.

But the friends of Bishop Vincent to-day will agree that his greatest work has been done at and in connection with Chautauqua. If the word Chautauqua signified only the local Chautauqua with its Assembly, its Sunday-school Normal, its Schools of Sacred Literature, its Schools of Philosophy, Ancient Literature, Modern Literature, Mathematics, and Science, its School of Physical Culture, its schools of practical work in every line of effort, and its platform lectures given by men of every country and of highest position, the work would have been a great work, and more than sufficient to assure a lasting fame. But it will be remembered that the local Chautauqua is really something small and insignificant when compared with the world-wide Chautauqua. When we recall the scores of Chautauqua Assemblies established throughout the United States, the Oxford summer meeting established on the basis of the Chautauqua idea, the hundreds of thousands of readers who have been connected with the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle, the tens of thousands of homes into which a new light has penetrated as a result of the Chautauqua idea, the hundreds of thousands of books which have been bought and read by those who were eager for a learning which had been denied them, we obtain a faint conception of the meaning and significance of the term Chautauqua.

For what will Bishop Vincent's name stand in the far-distant future? As what will he be best known? As student, preacher, or teacher? I do not hesitate to say that his name will go down to our children's children as a teacher and an educator. His work has influenced for good the cause of education more strongly than that of any man living to-day. What are the ideas which he has emphasized? The answer may be given briefly?

(1) Education and life are inseparable, indeed identical, and consequently this thing called education is something which should be continuous, never ceasing, lasting as long as life lasts. What is life but a period of training for something higher and beyond? Education is also something which should be symmetrical, running parallel with life itself, and adapted to the needs and necessities of life. His mother's doctrine, reiterated by his father, he tells us, was, "Education without religious faith and life is valueless." That this doctrine sank deep into the heart of the son his whole life bears testimony. Still, education must be broad and comprehensive, not a little here and a little there, but something everywhere, and to be regarded as ideal only in proportion as it makes one able to deal with the problems of life, and brings him into contact with all the culture of the higher life of civilization.

(2) Education is not to be confined to formal study. It includes this, but it includes much more. Books alone are insufficient. One must come in contact with people, and especially with "the ablest men and women, specialists, scientists, litterateurs," "great teachers who know how to inspire and quicken minds," and from whom a special inspiration may be gained for the doing of special service. One must travel at home and abroad, and bring himself into contact with the localities in which the great lives of the world have been lived and its great events enacted. Perhaps more may be gained than in any other way from personal thought and

meditation, in hours during which one is able to examine himself and hold before his soul a mirror in which shall be reflected his inner life and thought.

(3) Education is not limited to any place or places. It should be the highest work of the home, and the entire policy of the home life should be directed towards the encouragement of that kind of living which shall be essentially educative in its character. It will of course be the exclusive work of the school; but outside of school, at the desk, in the factory, anywhere and everywhere, the desire to secure it should be the most intense desire of the human heart.

(4) Education should not be restricted in time. At no stage in life should one feel that his education has been finished. There is no age at which the work of education is impossible. Every man should be a student every day through all the days of life. Very striking are the words with which Bishop Vincent closes his article in The Forum, "How I was Educated": "I am in school now as a student every day, and unfinished curricula reach out into undefined futures. I shall never 'finish' my education."

These are the principles which underlie the Chautauqua movement; the factors which have entered into that movement to make it so great a success; the ideas for which the founder of Chautauqua has stood and to-day stands. Does some one suggest that these ideas are commonplace; that every one accepts them; that, indeed, they have never been denied? This, perhaps, may be true, but it is Chautauqua's founder who has made possible for many the realization of these ideas, who has laid such emphasis upon them, and given them such prominence that to-day they are the common property of all. Their extended prevalence, it should be remembered, is due in large measure to the world-wide work of Chautauqua.

In conclusion, no one who has been associated with Bishop Vincent has failed to observe two striking characteristics, both of which are closely related to what has already been said, both of which would be expected in a man of his antecedents. As he grows older in life he does not grow narrower. His views are constantly expanding, and his interest in the work that is going on about him increases every day. This is explained by his constant reading and studying, which have become a life habit. At the same time he stands loyally by what he believes to be the fundamental truths of his Church and his theology. No one is in doubt as to his position upon every essential question. This double characteristic which presents itself so clearly is perhaps the truest index of his character.

No man ever heard Bishop Vincent speak without respecting him. No man ever came into close touch with him without loving him.—The Outlook.

THE SOVEREIGN WILL.

I do not dare to pray
For winds to waft me on my way,
But leave it to a higher Will
To stay or speed me, trusting still
That all is well, and sure that He
Will land me—every peril past—
Within the sheltered haven at last.
Then, whatsoever wind doth blow,
My heart is glad to have it so;
And blow it east, or blow it west,
The wind that blows, that wind is best.

THE CHRISTIAN IMPERATIVES.

BY THE REV. W. HARRISON.

What a tone of authority and absolute certainty marks all the documents which constitute the New Testament collection. An atmosphere of supremacy and finality pervades the whole Book, and in this respect makes it the most singular source of religious teaching that the world has ever known.

This unfaltering positiveness extends to subjects about which men in all ages have been most in doubt. What unsurpassed and transcendent claims do those Christian imperatives announce? Though they first found utterance in the little province of Palestine, they always speak as if the whole earth was their rightful sphere of operation, and all the races of mankind as the subjects of their high domain and sway. They rise far above all sectional limitations of language, custom, territory, and prejudice, and address themselves with a sublime authority and confidence to all the deep necessities of universal man.

With all the solemnity and urgency of a supreme and final utterance, the teachings of Christianity make known their messages of grace and power. A comparison of this grand tone of calm and absolute certainty which rings through all the contents of the New Testament, like some great and solemn bell, with the general spirit and the mental and moral atmosphere of the first century in which they first appeared, furnishes a contrast about as striking as we can possibly imagine. Within the Christian documents there is the note of a perfect positiveness from first to last, never once varying its imperative expressions. Without, and all around that distant age, there rolls a sea of bewildering uncertainty, of distressing doubt and ever deepening despair. Cries of men drifting helplessly and hopelessly on the ocean of intellectual and moral disquietness are heard the world around, and the echoes of their wailing cries have found a lasting memorial in the printed and enduring page.

Nor is this contrast confined to that far-off century with all its sorrows and all its sins. The difference between the unwavering imperatives of the New Testament, after nearly nineteen hundred years of change, with the present-day world with all its pride of progress, is just as striking and as profoundly suggestive.

On all the great themes with which it is the prime prerogative of religion to deal, it is important to notice how silent and how painfully uncertain our great masters really are. As men seek answers to all the deeper questions of human life in investigations conducted independently of the Biblical revelation, it is more and more apparent how utterly impotent all such researches are. The result of all this unpacking and unstrapping of the material universe, so far as the foundation facts of religion are concerned, is the bare agnosticism of the age, a conclusion which furnishes no replies to the deepest questionings of mankind, no rock of certainty, no guide to morality, no consolation for sorrow, no light for life's mysteries, no inspiration for progress and no hope in death.

Here, then, in the Christian documents, we find this grand and singular characteristic, of absolute certainty as to God, man, sin, holi-

ness, forgiveness, and duty, the supreme standard of moral relations, the doctrine of a divine Providence, the existence and nature of the spiritual universe, the life beyond, and all that is essential to humanity's welfare and progress through all the years.

This atmosphere of authority pervades the Book in a manner which finds no parallel in any other portion of the world's literature. What a matchless and magnificent audacity those Christian imperatives possess in asserting their power to bind the conscience of every human being to the end of time, to enthrone themselves in the thought, affections, and various powers of mankind, and to shape and fix the future faith and moral and religious conduct and character of the whole world forever!

Was there ever a book which dared to put itself on the world with such pretensions? What arrogance, what mockery, what infinite assumption the Christian imperatives would involve if their authority and teachings were that of the few Galilean boatmen, and nothing more! Surely such unparalleled audacity would not in the long run fail to excite the loud laughter and universal ridicule and scorn of all thinking men, and under the destructive force of a righteous and universal contempt such documents as compose the New Testament would receive their fatal blow and forever vanish from the active influences of the world. But no such feeling of repugnance or offence ever comes to the earnest reader of those matchless pages. Men are conscious that no mere imagination or personal phantasy can, for a single moment, explain the contents and character of the Christian books. It is sufficient to say that the Gospel affirmations have vindicated their lofty origin and are displaying fresh verifications as the years roll away.

A positive, definite religion is essential to all true progress and increasing victory. No great movement has ever found its inspiration in a mere speculation or doubt. An organization having the shape and swing of universal purpose and conquest was never founded on a mere apology or guess, no matter how brilliant they may have been.

The motive power of past and present negations has proved itself insufficient to start even the most commonplace piece of machinery for human advancement and human good. There is a dogmatism on questions which lie in the region of the unverified and uncertain, which is offensive, and which has not been slow to announce its mandates in the language of the imperatives. But it has suffered repeated humiliations because its conclusions have been abandoned again and again. Science, philosophy, and many related subjects are quite familiar with this experience. There is, however, a positive teaching which is essential to progress and salvation. Affirmations, and not apologetics or uncertainties, are to bless and save the world.

No greater calamity can come to any pulpit or church than to allow the great imperatives of Christianity to lose their tone of authority, and become indistinct. The feeling of uncertainty as to God, sin, life's obligations, and all the foundation realities so profoundly emphasized in the Christian books, is in the air. It is the old battle of the first century over again, and any hesitation or wavering or doubtful canvassing of the central topics of the Gospel can only have one result—the killing of the highest inspirations, the paralyzing of the best energies of the age, the undermining of all

that is distinctly Christian in effort and institution, and the return of the same old starless night of pagan darkness and despair.

The religion of certainty as we find it in its glorious completeness in the system of Gospel truth, lies at the back of all the moral triumphs of the past eighteen hundred years. It has created and nourished the faith of untold millions. The noblest and purest characters of the past and present find their explanation here. It is to the facts and forces distinctly Christian that we owe the stirring of the stagnant thought of the world, and the starting of the most far-reaching and beneficent revolutions that time has ever known. These are the powers which reach deep down to the keenest aspirations and sorrows of men in all conditions and climes, and for which myriads have been willing to suffer the loss of all things, and meet death in her blackest dress. It has been reserved for a Gospel of imperatives and of unyielding affirmations, to lay its hand on humanity's sorest needs, to dispel life's darkest gloom, to answer man's cries of agony and pain, to unveil God in the infinitude of His mercy and love, to widen our visions of future good and to inspire with never dying hopes the toiling millions of our sin-stained earth.—Abridged from The Preacher's Magazine.

Bathurst, N.B.

THE MISSION OF METHODISM.*

BY THE REV. W. L. WATKINSON.

The mission of Methodism from the beginning was strictly a mission to the people, and the several limitations of such a mission it has been compelled to obey. In its very origin it was such a mission. Intellectually and socially Wesley was an aristocrat, yet his sympathies were all with the people, and from the first hours of his benign career he not only went to those who needed him, but to those who needed him most. The evangelical revival touched the aristocracy as primitive Christianity in some measure did; if Talma acted before a pit full of kings, Whitefield occasionally preached in drawing-rooms thronged by peers and peeresses; but this was not the feature of primitive Methodism any more than it was of primitive Christianity. Wesley did far less amid the genteel than even Whitefield did; his heart was moved toward the multitude, and in many pathetic and self-sacrificing ways he sought to reach and save them. Whilst his natural instincts and tastes were lofty and refined, his love to God and man urged him to live and die among the wandering, lost, shepherdless sheep.

As the first saints in Corinth and Rome were slaves, so the apostles of the Evangelical revival won their greatest success with the helots of the fields, with the pitmen of Wednesbury and Kingswood, the stockingers of Leicestershire, the miners of Cornwall and the Dales, the seamen of Hull and Bristol,

* One of the most striking articles in the *London Quarterly Review* for April, 1899, is that by its accomplished editor on "The Mission of Methodism." From that article we reprint the accompanying paragraphs and further discuss the subject in a brief editorial.

the weavers of Lancashire and Yorkshire, and the motley rude crowds of Moorfields. Wesley bore the not altogether inglorious reproach of being the leader of a ragged regiment. And ever since the opening period Methodism has ministered to the mass, and in that ministry found her truest vocation and purest triumphs. Her best periods were those in which she was truest to the dream of her youth, and fulfilled her stewardship in the highways and hedges, her precarious days were those in which, lulled by the anaesthetics of prosperity, she was most in danger of sinking into a selfish respectability. "He that hath the seven Spirits of God" has kept Methodism true to its destiny.

The Bishop of Delaware, speaking of the Protestant Episcopal Church of America, says: "She is attracting to herself, as no other religious body is doing, many members of all the various denominations represented in the country." So that the Anglican Church on the western side of the water follows the course of the older branch on this side, and recruits largely from other religious denominations. But Methodism does nothing in this line. Nearly her only recruit is the man of the street, and with the godless masses she is concerned to-day perhaps more vehemently than ever before.

This genius for the lower classes stands equally revealed in her foreign work. Her missions have not been to the elite of the pagan world, but chiefly to the red Indian, the slave of Jamaica, the pariah of India, the savage of Fiji. The biography of one of her latest missionaries gives a touching expression of this compassionate temper:

"The matter that weighs on me now is the question of what to do for the lost of Chinese society. These people are the very class Jesus would seek out and save, though I am not quite sure that the publicans and sinners were quite so low in the social scale as the lost I speak of. The people I refer to are simply the scum of Chinese society, chiefly opium-smokers and gamblers. They have no bedding and very few clothes. They somehow or other scrape ten cash (a halfpenny) together during the day, and thus are able to pay for a night's lodging in the poor man's inn, where they sleep, and drink or smoke the morsel of opium they have been able to get through the day. When they come into the streets they are unshaven, wretchedly ragged, shivering in the cold—lost. Now what can be done for such men? They have lost name and fame and money and face and self-respect—in fact, everything except life. And yet it was among such men that Jesus found more that was salvable than amongst the religious and the orthodox. Is it really so now? Now here is a problem. I have sometimes thought that I might or ought to give my whole time to try to do something for these lost."

And the close, tender, spiritual friendship which existed between David Hill in China and Dr. William F. Moulton shows how modern Methodism through all her ranks thrills with the condescending, compassionate spirit of Him "who came to seek and to save that which was lost." . . .

The Church of Wesley will continue to include scholars as able as any in the universities, to produce preachers who would grace cathedral pulpits, to find a religious home for men of great wealth and standing who yet hold lightly social caste; but its great work and calling will abide as one of God's elect messengers to bring home to the common people

the knowledge of salvation through our Lord Jesus Christ.

Naturalists tell of the skua which gets an easy living by swooping down and filching the prey some modest bird has caught in the deep; and it is natural that Dissent should wince when the silverlings, the goldfish, the plump rich, the many-hued shapes of fashion which she first rescued from the social deep by her genius and sacrifice, are captured and borne hence by the imperial denomination. If all who attain to culture and wealth in fellowship with Methodism remained in her communion, she would boast the most brilliant congregation in Christendom. But really Nonconformity has little reason to murmur. A Church does not exist to the end of becoming rich and influential, but for the purpose of building up believers in spiritual and personal religion; a Church is great and glorious not on account of the social rank of her communicants, but because she saves the lost and makes fallen men to stand upon their feet.

When the sons and daughters of fortune climb the golden stair, and fascinated by the flowers and music of high life toss a light farewell to the quondam godly companions below, by whom perchance they were rescued from a lower deep and assisted on the first rungs of success, the faithful are tempted to charge their deserting comrades with ingratitude and disloyalty; but, remembering all that has been done for these aspirants, their old friends may cheerfully bid them adieu, hoping that the golden stair also is a section of Jacob's ladder. A Church needs to be ashamed only when it makes its members poor, or keeps them so. The Methodist Church ought not to desire to retain any in her fellowship except those who feel the supreme importance of personal religion, and who sympathize thoroughly with the salvation of the people. If Methodism is kept socially inferior through her fidelity to this twofold aim, let her frankly accept her destiny and be thankful.

The Roman Catholic Church is represented in the palaces and parliaments of the nations by purple-robed ambassadors; the Anglican Church with its picturesque bench of bishops in the House of Lords is manifestly a great political power; Nonconformity also has often thought well to take a conspicuous part in national controversy; but Methodism, owing to her peculiar constitution, history, and spirit, has the least political significance. Her worst periods, the periods in which she was most divided and inoperative, were those in which she permitted herself to be seduced from political neutrality. And so to-day, although she is an immensely greater factor in the life of England than Roman Catholicism—Roman Catholicism being one of the smaller sects—yet the priest and cardinal are obtrusive shapes in all political seances, while the Methodist as such is usually conspicuous by his absence. The individual member brings his convictions to bear upon national legislation, but the strange genius of Methodism prevents it becoming in its collective capacity a political agent.

The biographer of Dr. Dale notices that he drew a distinction between the genius of Methodism and the genius of Congregationalism. These are Dale's words: "Methodism is simply anxious to make men Christians; Congregationalism is anxious that men who are Christians should realize in their Church life Christ's own conception of what their Church life should be; and we believe that only by restoring the true conception of the Christian Church is there any chance of Christianizing

the English people, and that the Church exists at once for the discipline of Christian perfection and the evangelization of mankind." That is, in the view of Dale, Congregationalism contemplated the larger education of its members, seeking to discipline them as churchmen and citizens.

"Methodism is simply anxious to make men Christians." This is exactly true, whatever shortcomings it may imply on the part of Methodism; its programme is most meagre, it exhausts itself in attempting to make men Christians. Much that belongs to the largeness of human life does not occupy its direct attention, its one contribution has been to the spiritual element of the commonwealth.

But we may remember that if this simplicity of aim reduces Methodism to a certain social and political insignificance, it secures also a wonderful unanimity and force in its evangelic mission. The scientist tells us that in any bar of iron, each molecule of which it is composed is itself a magnet. The poles of all these innumerable minute magnets, however, point in all directions; they thus entirely neutralize one another, and the bar as a whole remains entirely inert. But when the bar is encircled by a coil of insulated wire, through which an electric current is passed, the poles of all these molecular magnets which compose the bar arrange themselves in one direction, namely, parallel to the sides of the bar. Thus acting all together in one direction, the bar immediately becomes a magnet of great power.

This theory of electro-magnetism fitly expresses the value of spiritual concentration in a religious society. In whatever religious community several or many aims are allowed and encouraged, where the poles of the individual magnets point in all directions and the members accordingly follow independent and contradictory courses, the unity and effectiveness of the body as a whole must be seriously impaired; but when under the action of the Spirit of God all the members of a Church conceive one purpose, arrange themselves in one direction, and act together to one end, such a community must become a spiritual magnet of extraordinary power and efficiency. "This one thing I do," is a good motto for a Church, as well as an essential one for an individual; at any rate, it is the legend of Methodism.

The absorbing question to-day is, What Church will distinguish itself by reclaiming the great majority still beyond the walls of any religious denomination whatever? We hear of this party, or the other party, capturing the universities, capturing the public schools, capturing the bishops; but the supreme question is, Who shall capture the unconverted millions, the seventy-five per cent. of the population outside any place of worship? Who can reach these, attract these, convert and discipline these into godly men and women? The Church of the future will not be determined by any technical or strategic party victory within the Church itself, but by the suffrage of this outside population. Which of the religious denominations will secure this suffrage by bringing the godless multitude into the fellowship of Christ?

The questions of ecclesiastical rites and procedure now agitating the religious world are painfully frivolous to many who deeply feel the irreligiousness and wickedness of great masses of the people. Sincere, unsophisticated men within the Church and without it, weary of paltry strife, are longing for some practical attempt to solve the problem urged upon us by popular ignorance and iniquity, and they are ready to forgive much

if only an earnest effort is made in this direction. The almost universal sympathy cherished towards the Salvation Army testifies to this. It is easy enough to spot the serious defects of this movement; but the Army enthusiastically set itself to redeem the outcast, and in so doing evoked the kindly feeling and support of thousands beyond its pale. And the toleration with which the Romanizing section of the Anglican Church is regarded by many convinced Protestants is largely based on the fact that it fervently and disinterestedly labours in the poorest neighbourhoods. Men are more than institutions; and statesmen, philanthropists, patriots, and even ecclesiastics, stand ready to forgive serious doctrinal and ecclesiastical vagaries in genuine workers for human salvation.

Has not God fashioned Methodism for this hour? It is a Church with a unique equipment for popular evangelization,—its organization has been perfected through more than a century of effort, and yet remains sufficiently supple to deal immediately with novel environments; its ministry has arisen out of the masses whose salvation it seeks; it is governed by a popular assembly, representative and pastoral; it is undistracted by internal dissensions; it is unembarrassed by political masters or interests; it is literally and freely sustained by the consecrated wealth which it creates; and, as its founder desired, it has nothing to do but to save souls. What glorious things may we not reasonably expect from such a Church worked wisely, purely, and zealously? If a system like this fails to give a good account of itself, it will be to the infinite shame of those who were in charge of it.

At this critical moment it is the solemn duty of Methodism to shut its eyes upon the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them, and humbly concentrate itself upon its task of promoting personal religion among the people. The Head of the Church will greatly honour its faithfulness. Some of its members may resent the lowly view here taken of its intellectual and social status and aspirations. In the diary of Andrew A. Bonar occurs this passage: "I spent most of this day in reading Dr. Chalmers' Life. In the midst of my reading a man came in to ask me to go with him to settle a quarrel between him and his wife. The Lord does not use me, like His servant Dr. Chalmers, for great things, but my way of serving the Lord is walking three or four miles to quiet a family dispute! The Lord shows me that He wishes me to be one of the common Levites who carry the pins."

Some may think that we have represented the election of Methodism too much after the experience and calling of Bonar; that God does not use it for great things; that it is a common Levite among the Churches, carrying the pins. But could any Church have a more glorious vocation than that granted to this chosen people? Does it not immediately associate them with Him who came to seek and to save that which was lost? Very high and sacred is the calling of any section of Christ's universal Church, but surely no calling and commission can be more distinguished than those which summon and empower Methodism to follow so closely in the Master's steps. Let the ministers of this Connexion count all things loss so that they approve themselves to the common people; let each of its congregations become an evangelistic centre; let the fulness of its energy, ability, and wealth be consecrated to the simple end of making them a people who are not a people; and Methodism shall gain infinitely more than social prestige or political authority—in the end, perhaps, not missing these.

THE EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY OF OUR BELOVED QUEEN.

BY MRS. MARIA ELISE LAUDER.

QUEEN VICTORIA.

PRELUDE.

View this green Canadian hill:
At its base a chattering rill,
Which, with its mystic notes did fill
The rose-hued air, perfumed and still:
Here came to me a dream.

And maples cast their softest shade
Along the flower-strewn, dim-lit glade,
And many birds sweet romance made
Of nest-home joys—so soon to fade—
Amid the tree-tops' gleam.

A brilliant vision floated by,
Of royal scenes, and purpose high
Of Queen, and Prince. Now shadows lie
Deep as the soul in sovereign eye;
And now 'twould almost seem,
These sweeping shadows dim the day,
And now bursts forth a golden ray,
As from an angel's wing astray,
And floating upward, all its way
Is lost in glory-beam.

Behold the purple sunset glow!
A Jubilee! what tints float to and fro!
See all the lights of evening flow
O'er distant East, and dazzling show
Their glee, around, above, below,
As burning, living stream!

O vanished years! 'Tis Eighty Years ago!
O splendid dawn of a glorious morn!
Blend lilies with the rose,
A morning star arose
To dazzle all the world, the throne to know;
To royal house of lion race was born
Great Britain's precious child.

And time moves ever on like deep'ning deep;
The Royal Babe to maiden fair has grown!
"God guide the youthful feet!"
A nation's prayer most meet—
"Our coming Queen! Jehovah bless and keep!
Till He hath placed her on the British Throne!
Victoria Princess!"

"I?" "You stand next the Throne!" "I will be good!"
The first act of the maiden Queen a prayer!
Before her King she kneels!
To ruling Love appeals!

"I am so young to reign! Reign as I should!"
O lesson rare! O sight most wondrous fair!
Victoria the Queen!

Place now the rarest gem in England's crown!
For Love has come to claim our youthful Queen!
O, lovely royal Bride!
An Empire's greatest pride!
We call on blissful pair all blessings down,
The joyful pæans ring! The Queen! Our Queen!
Victoria! Her Prince!

Soft music, like rare Æolian chime,
Floats through thy raptur'd soul, and palace halls!
O, Paradise on earth!
O, sterling royal worth!
Thy gifted Albert, Prince from poet's clime,
Thee with a deep and wondrous love enthrals
Victoria his Wife!

Beneath his magic touch the organ-strains
Now softly rise, and now in grandeur swell!
His own grand music thrills
Thy soul with bliss, and fills
Thy life and his with joy's divine refrains,
For thy great Poet-Prince hath loved full well
Victoria our Queen!

Thus twenty rich and happy years pass by;
The Empire grows in commerce, and in art,
In learning, and in skill,
In authorship, and will,
Freedom of thought, and press, and thinkings high,
And India serves, at last, with willing heart,
Victoria the wise!

The Prince of Wales, heir of thy Empire free,
Thou hast confided to our faithful care:
O, how the children sang!
And how the joy-bells rang!
His royal-maple stands a perfect tree,
Close by Prince Arthur's, kingly maples, fair,
Victoria our Queen!

To Canada we've welcomed all thy sons,—
More loyal hearts than here cannot be found—
And our Princess Louise,
Beloved Vice-Reine Louise—
And Consort Lorne, of Scotland's noblest ones;
They ruled our hearts on this true British ground,
Victoria our Queen!

As loving Daughter, Mother, Queen and Wife,
We heard the footsteps of thy royal might,
For all men shall be free!
No tyrant shall there be

In golden peace—thus cried Crimean strife,—
Despoiling Sax or Russian of his right,
Victoria the just!

But what new name is this the Queen shall bear?
What means this awful darkness o'er the land?
This universal cry,
From every clime and sky?
What means this garb of woe the nations wear?
With streaming tears we moan, clasping the hand,
Victoria bereft!

Sweet Princess Alice sang: "O, happy day!"
Then, turning, thought she saw her Father sleep;
Watching his face at rest,
Beloved face, so blest,
On footstep soft and light would glide away;
Victoria is sad!

"Go not, dear Alice; nay, dear, do not weep!"
"My thoughts are beautiful! O wondrous bliss!
Voices of seraphs are around me here!
I have most lovely dreams,
Such blissful, shining gleams
Of heav'nly light! What joy compares to this?
That Realms of Peace should thus to me appear!
Victoria alone!"

"The King has summoned, Alice! I depart!
I cannot tell the Queen. Ah, me! No, no!
She sobs, and turns away.
And, so, to thee I say,
Thou hast a kingly soul! The broken heart
Help bear—the anguish of thy mother's woe;
Comfort thy Mother-Queen."

*THE QUEEN'S LAMENT.**

The sun has set, the evening brightness fades,
The gloom increases in the forest glades;
And a deep sadness all my soul pervades:
I am alone.

A wild bird here and there still sings to cheer
His mate that nestles in the thicket near;
But ah! no voice of love falls on *my* ear:
I am alone.

The gentle air plays with the rustling leaves,
Sweet with the fragrant odours it receives;
My bosom with no whispered incense heaves:
I am alone.

* Mrs. Lauder has written this Lament also in the German language for the Queen.

The Eightieth Birthday of our Belovèd Queen.

A distant horn the evening silence breaks,
The mountain in soft echoes answer makes;
No heart responsive to *my* voice awakes:
I am alone.

O'er rocky heights this streamlet, wild and free,
Hastes like an eager lover to the sea;
But whither shall *I* turn for love? Ah, me!
I am alone.

Still dreaming dreams I can to none impart,
I live with nature and my own sad heart;
Whatever comes of joy or suffering's smart,
I bear alone.

Now, in my vision, kings and queens pass by,
Of splendid Babylon—Assyria,
Stately they are, and high,
Of ancient days, and nigh,
Of all the earth, and every history,
Of grasping Media, and Persia,

The mighty Cyrus, with his First Decree,
Sending God's holy people, choice divine,
To their deserted land,
Gift from Jehovah's hand;
Darius, too, the Mede,
Esther, of Jewish seed,
And mighty Rome, law-giving, haughty, free!
And beauty-loving Greece, of sculptured shrine.

Count all the Cæsars in, and Britain's kings,
And all her queens, and Europe old and new;
What splendid bright array!
From first until to-day!
Find natal day of eighty years, that brings
Renown of reign of three-score years and two?*
Victoria our Queen!

O, let the cannon roar! the joy-bells ring!
Our Queen has reigned for three-score years and two!
Victoria! Empress-Queen!
Victoria! England's Queen!
Her Eightieth Birthday let the nations sing!
The homage of our hearts we bring most true,
Victoria the Great!

Great Queen! May many years still crown thy life,
So true, so grand, and so divinely pure,
A pattern great, sublime,
That shall endure throughout all time.
Thy reign to be, know naught of war or strife,
Thy people bless thee, love thee, true and sure,
Belovèd Empress-Queen!

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* Louis XIV., though nominally king from his fourteenth year, did not really rule till the death of Cardinal Mazarin, which reduces his reign to fifty-four years.

QUEBEC, FROM LEVIS.

QUEBEC AND ITS MEMORIES.

BY THE EDITOR.

ST. LOUIS GATE, QUEBEC.

Quaint old town of toil and traffic,
Quaint old town of art and song,
Memories haunt thy pointed gables
Like the rooks that round them throng.

There is an air of quaint mediaevalism about the ancient city of Quebec that pertains, I believe, to no other place in America. The historic associations that throng around it, like the sparrows round its lofty towers, the many reminiscences that beleaguer it, as once did the hosts of the enemy, invest it with a deep and abiding interest. Those cliffs and bastions are eloquent with associations of days gone by. These walls, long laved by the ever-ebbing and flowing tide of human life, are voiceful with old-time memories.

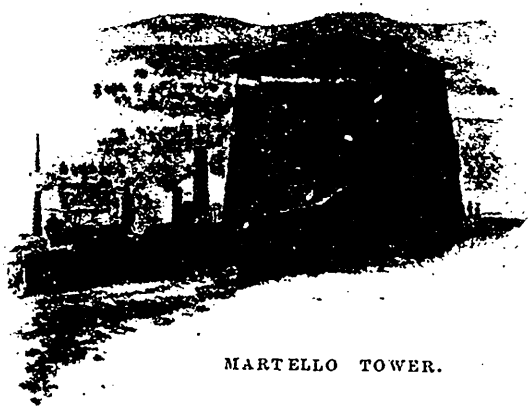
From the grass-grown and crumbling ramparts on the landward side of Quebec, I beheld a magnificent sunset over the beautiful valley of the St. Charles. Everything spoke, not of battle's stern array, but of the gentle reign of peace. Grim-visaged war had smoothed his rugged front, and instead of rallying throngs of armed men, groups of gay holiday makers sauntered to and fro. Instead of watchful sentries uttering their stern challenge, youths and maidens softly repeated the olden story first told in the sinless bowers of paradise. Ravelins and demilunes were crumbling into ruin. Howitzer and culverin lay dismounted on the ground, and had become the playthings of gleeful children. Instead of the rude alarms of war, strains of festive music filled the

LITTLE CHAMPLAIN STREET.

air. Slowly sank the sun to the serrated horizon, while a rolling sea of mountains deepened from pearl gray in the foreground to darkest purple in the distance. The whole valley was flooded with a golden radiance. The winding river at whose mouth Jacques Cartier wintered his ships well-nigh three hundred and sixty years ago, beneath the fading light, like the waters of the Nile under the rod of Moses, seemed changing into blood.

If the ancient ramparts are allowed to crumble to ruin, the citadel, the arx, the true acropolis, is kept in a condition of most efficient defence. The steep glacis, deep fosse, solid walls and heavy armament make the fort, one would think, impregnable. The view from Cape Diamond is superb, and thrilling with heroic associations. Directly opposite, at the distance of a mile or more, is Point Levis, whence Wolfe shelled the doomed city till the famished inhabitants wrote, "We are without hope and without food; God hath forsaken us." There is the broad sweep of the Beauport shore, which Montcalm had lined with his earthworks for seven miles.

Yonder is the steep cliff at Montmorenci, where, in desperate assault, four hundred men, the flower of the British army, fell dead or dying on the gory slope. There lay the fleet against which, again and again, the fire-rafts were launched. A little above is the path by which the conquering army climbed the cliff. That placid plain where the cattle graze was the scene of the death-wrestle between the opposing hosts. Through yonder gates the fugitive

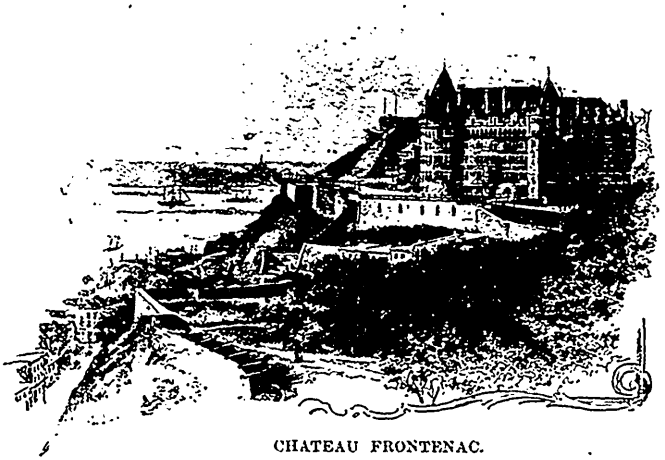


MARTELLO TOWER.

army fled and the victors pursued. From these ramparts the hungry eyes of the despairing garrison looked in vain for ships of succour to round yon headland. Immediately beneath this cliff the gallant Montgomery fell cold and stark beneath the winter tempest, and the falling snow became his winding-sheet.

The Ursuline Convent, founded in 1639, is the oldest in America. It is indissolubly linked with the memories of the devout enthusiasts, Madame de la Peltrie and Marie de l'Incarnation. I had a long conversation, through a double grating, with a soft-voiced nun on the history of the Convent. She detailed two young ladies to show me the chapel containing the tomb of Montcalm and certain rather apochryphal relics from the Catacombs of Rome.

The Hotel Dieu, founded in 1639 by the famous niece of Cardinal Richelieu, the Duchesse d'Aiguillon, is a vast and quaint old pile. Here are preserved a silver bust and other relics of Breboeuf, the missionary to the Hurons who, in 1649, was burned at the stake at St. Ignace, near the site of Penetanguishene. On my first visit, several years ago, by a special favour I was permitted to see these, which were in a private part of the nunnery, also a picture of the martyrdom. I rang a bell and soon heard a voice at a perforated disc in the wall, although I could see no one. I was told to knock at a certain door, but not to enter till the person who would unlock it had gone away, because the cloistered nuns had no communication with the outer world. An aged nun was greatly interested in the traditions of her house, with which I seemed more familiar than herself, although she had been an inmate for over fifty years. Another nun (Sister St. Patrick, by the way, was her conventual name), when she found I was a Protestant heretic, manifested deep concern for my conversion to the Catholic faith, out of which, she solemnly assured me, there was no salvation, and promised me her prayers to that effect. Her earnestness and zeal for the welfare of a stranger were worthy of imitation by lukewarm Protestants.

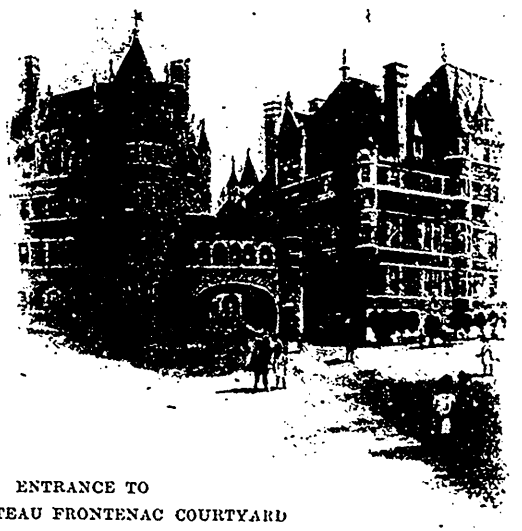


CHATEAU FRONTENAC.

In the reception-room of the Good Shepherd Convent, where seventy nuns teach seven hundred children, one of the "grey sisters"

was reading her breviary, measuring the time by a sand-glass, ever and anon shaking the glass as if impatient that the sand ran so slowly. It was a page out of the middle ages. I saw nothing more quaint since I visited a large Beguinage at Ghent.

I walked out to Sillery, about a league from town, over the battle-field and through the lovely grounds of Spencer Wood, overlooking the noble river. At Sillery is the identical old mission-



ENTRANCE TO CHATEAU FRONTENAC COURTYARD FROM DUFFERIN TERRACE.

house from which Breboeuf, Lalemant, Jogues, and many more set forth, two centuries and a half ago, to carry the gospel of peace to the savage tribes beyond Lakes Huron and Superior, and in the regions of Hudson Bay; they toiled for years with the utmost zeal, and many of them sealed their testimony with their blood.

Among the strangest sights in Quebec are the narrow streets named Sous le Fort and Sous le Cap. The latter is a crowded abode of squalor, crouching beneath the lofty cliff, with the least possible allowance of air, and light, and space. The interiors seem mere caves of darkness, and in one I noticed a lamp burning in mid-day.

One of the most quaint old structures is that in which Montcalm held his last council of war, on the eve of the conquest. It is now—"to what base uses must we come!"—a barber shop. The timbered ceiling, thick walls, low steep roof, huge chimney and curious dormers, are interesting souvenirs of the old regime.

There were till a few years ago five gates permitting ingress and egress between the old town and the outside world. They were of solid wood framing, heavily studded with iron, opening into gloomy, vault-like passages, through scowling, stern-browed guard-houses, with grim-looking cannon frowning through the embrasures overhead, and long, narrow loop-holes on either side. These have been superseded by modern structures, one of which is illustrated in our text.

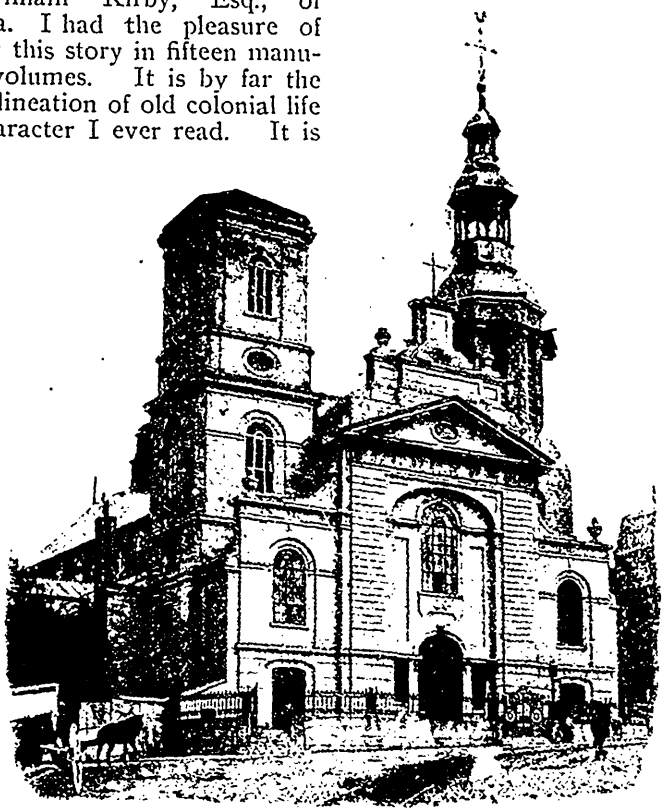
On the front of the new Post Office is a curious effigy of a dog, carved in stone and gilded, under which is the following inscription :

"Je suis un chien qui ronge l'os ;
En le rongeant je prend mon repos.
Un temps viendra qui n'est pas venu
Que je mordrais qui m'aura mordu."

This has been thus translated by Mr. Kirby :

"I am a dog who gnaws my bone,
And at my ease I gnaw alone,
The time will come which is not yet,
When I will bite him by whom I'm bit."

This legend has been the motif of one of the best historical tales ever written—"The Chien d'Or," by William Kirby, Esq., of Niagara. I had the pleasure of reading this story in fifteen manuscript volumes. It is by far the best delineation of old colonial life and character I ever read. It is



BASILICA.

remarkable, not only from the interest of its plot, but also for the elegance of its diction. I know no work in which the unities of time and place are so well maintained. Two-thirds of the book cover a period of only thirty-six hours, and the whole, a period of three months.

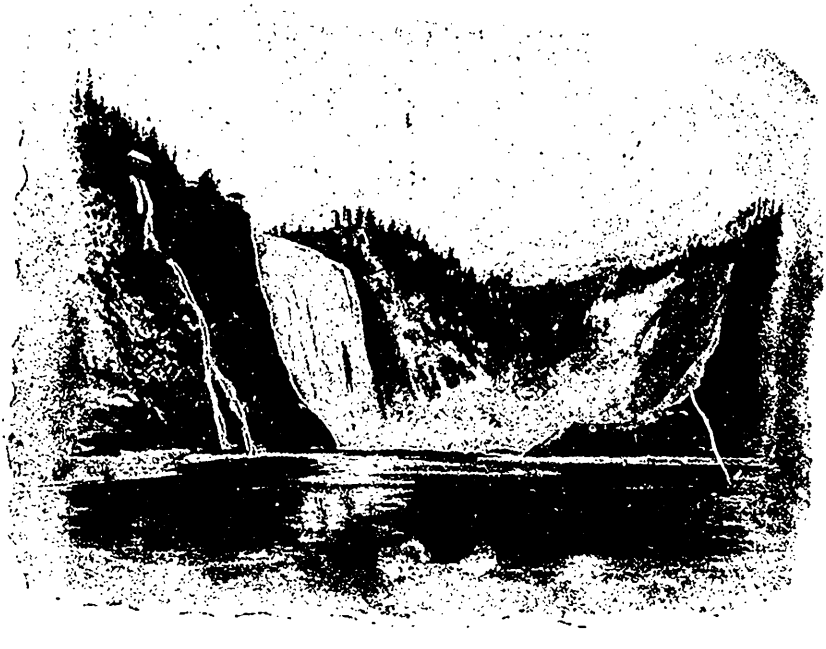
Dufferin Terrace, with the quaint Hotel Frontenac, one of the most delightful promenades in the world, is built on the foundation arches of the old Palais Saint Louis, the chateau of the early French Governors, impending immediately over the lower town. The view therefrom is magnificent: the broad bosom of the St. Lawrence, of mingled sapphire and opal, studded with the snowy sails of ships flocking portwards like doves to their windows: the silver waters of the St. Charles; the beautiful Island of Orleans, like an emerald gem on the river's breast; and Point Levis crouching at the opposite shore, form a picture not often equalled nor easily forgotten.

The view of the winding Moselle and storied Rhine from the fortress height of Ehrenbreitstein, is one that has been greatly ex-

tolled; but to my mind the view from this historic rock is incomparable. The Martello Tower, in our cut, is one of several that protect the city.

Vastly more imposing than the old Chateau Frontenac is the new hotel erected by the C. P. R. on this matchless site. Its quaint architecture, its many peaks and pinnacles, its towers and turrets, even the gray stone and dull brickwork harmonize well with the surroundings of the old fortress city. It has been planned with a strong sense of the fitness of things both within and without. The scheme of internal decoration is that of Louis Quatorze. The wainscoting is of leather, studded with brass nails. The wall above is panelled in oak, decorated with richly tinted tapestry representing important events in Roman history.

Facing the historic old market square, which dates back to 1686, where in olden times stood the public pillory, is the Basilica, the mother church of Roman Catholicism in North America. Its erection was commenced in 1647, and since its definite opening, in 1657, services have been held in it uninterruptedly, except during the period required for making repairs necessitated by the disastrous siege of that year. On its walls hang a rich collection of paintings, many of them invaluable works of art, which were rescued from destruction during the Reign of Terror in France, when the mob pillaged churches and monasteries. The "Break Neck Steps" (leading from Mountain Hill to Little Champlain Street, once a leading thoroughfare), although replaced by a modern structure, will yet strike the visitor as well deserving their name.



MONTMORENCY FALLS.

The many memories of this old

historic capital are well celebrated in the following vigorous verses by a former Governor-General, the Marquis of Lorne :

O fortress city ! bathed by streams
  Majestic as thy memories great,
  Where mountains, flood and forests mate
The grandeur of the glorious dreams,
  Born of the hero hearts who died
  In forming here an empire's pride ;
Prosperity attend thy fate,
  And happiness in thee abide,
Fair Canada's strong tower and gate !

Sangster thus apostrophizes this quaint old city :

Quebec ! how regally it crowns the height.
Like a tanned giant on a solid throne !
Unmindful of the sanguinary fight,
The roar of cannon mingling with the moan
Of mutilated soldiers years agone,
That gave the place a glory and a name
Among the nations. France was heard to groan ;
England rejoiced, but checked the proud acclaim –
A brave young chief had fall'n to vindicate her fame.

The drive from Quebec to the Montmorenci is one of the loveliest conceivable. The road wanders carelessly along the riverside, past old red-roofed chateaux, moss-covered, many-gabled, memory-haunted; by spruce and beautiful modern suburban villas, through quaint old hamlets, with double or triple rows of picturesque dormer windows in the steep, mossy roof, with the invariable "Church of Our Lady"—through sweet-scented hay fields, past quaint, thatch-roofed barns and granges, "where stand the broad-wheeled wains, the antique ploughs and the harrows"—past the crowded dove-cots, past the fantastic-looking windmills, brandishing their stalwart arms as if eager for a fray—past the rustic wayside crosses, each with a haggard image of the Christ—past all these onward still wanders the roadway. on our right the silver St. Lawrence, on our left the sombre-hued Laurentian mountains, and far behind us the old, high-walled, strong-gated, feudal city. One can hardly resist the illusion that he is travelling through Picardy or Artois, or some rural district of Old France.

In the meantime we have been rapidly nearing the Falls, which

CHURCH OF STE. ANNE DE BEAUPRE.

can now be heard "calling to us from afar off." Soon it bursts on our view. The river hurls itself over a cliff two hundred and fifty feet high immediately into tide water, half as high again as Niagara, but not nearly so wide. A huge black rock gores and tears the foamy torrent, rending its waving skirts from bottom to top.

The shrine of St. Anne de Beaupre, for over 250 years the rendezvous of devout pilgrims seeking restoration of health, is twenty-one miles from Quebec. Tradition relates that in the early part of the seventeenth century some Breton mariners, who were over-

taken by a violent storm while navigating the St. Lawrence, solemnly avowed to Ste. Anne that, if delivered from the dangers which encompassed them, they would erect a sanctuary in her honour on the spot on which they should land. Their prayers being heard, they built a small wooden chapel in fulfilment of their vows,

INTERIOR OF CHURCH OF STE. ANNE DE BEAUPRE.

which has since become famous. On account of a sacred spring whose waters, it is claimed, possess miraculous properties, the old church has been replaced by a stately basilica of cathedral-like proportions. Thousands of pilgrims come not only from all parts of the Province of Quebec, but from the other provinces of Canada and from the United States to this sacred shrine. In 1874 there were seventeen thousand visitors. This number in 1898 had grown to 125,000. Among so many visitors, many of them suffering from nervous and other affections, which are largely influenced by ardent hope and confident expectation, it is not surprising that a considerable number of cures have been effected. As evidence of this are the trophies of crutches, canes, and splints left by their owners, and shown in the foreground of our picture.

There flows into the St. Lawrence, from the northern wilderness, one of the most remarkable rivers on the face of the earth, the storied Saguenay. It is not formed by erosion of the rocks as is the gorge of the Niagara. It receives no tributaries as do other rivers, except the considerable stream the Chicoutimi, and a few minor ones. It is manifestly an enormous chasm rent in the old primeval rock, up and down which ever flows the restless tide. It is also the deepest river in the world, a line of one hundred and fifty fathoms failing in some places to reach the bottom. The banks, for nearly the whole distance, are an uninterrupted series of stern and savage cliffs, towering in many places from 300 to 1,800 feet high.

A sense of utter loneliness and

desolation is the predominant feeling in sailing up this strange river. On either side arise "bald, stately bluffs that never wore a smile." On through scenes of unimaginable wildness we glide. All is lone and desolate, as though we were the first who sailed on the enchanted stream.

From the mouth of the river to Ha Ha Bay, we saw hardly a single indication of life. For miles and miles not a house, nor fence, nor field, nor bird, nor beast met the eye. In the whole route we saw but one solitary water-fowl. After passing through this gorge of desolation, terror-haunted, the early voyageurs burst into a glad Ha! Ha! as they glided into the smiling bay, which retains the name so singularly given.

As we thread the tortuous stream, ever and anon the way appears to be impeded by "startling barriers rising sullenly from the dark deep," like genii of the rocky pass, as if to bar our progress, but—

> "—meet them face to face,
> The magic doors fly open and the rocks recede apace."

"From their sealed granite lips there comes tradition nor refrain." They keep forevermore their lonely watch—

> "—year after year,
> In solitude eternal, rapt in contemplation drear."

CAPES ETERNITY AND TRINITY.

Capes Trinity and Eternity, the two loftiest bluffs, are respectively 1,600 and 1,800 feet high. The latter rises perpendicularly out of the fathomless waters at its base.

As the steamer lies at the foot of the cliff it seems dwarfed to insignificance by the vast size of the rock. The steam-whistle is repeatedly blown. Instantly a thousand slumbering echoes are aroused from their ancient lair, their hoar "immemorial ambush," and shout back their stern de-

TADOUSAC, ON THE LOWER ST. LAWRENCE.

fiance. How they roll and reverberate among the ancient hills. The loveliest features of the scenery are the little rills that trickle down the mountain sides,

"Like tears of gladness o'er a giant's face."

The old French hamlet of Tadousac was one of the first settlements of the Jesuit fathers. Here is the first church erected in Canada, in 1671. It is of wood, quite small and very antique, is much weather-worn, and is truly venerable in appearance. It has some fine paintings and a quaint old altar.

The steamboat goes about a hundred miles up this marvellous river to Chicoutimi, the head of navigation. It is the great shipping point of the lumber districts. Sixty miles north-west of Chicoutimi is the Lake of St. John, first visited in 1647 by Father Duquen. It is a lake of large area, receiving the waters of eight considerable streams. It can now be reached from Quebec by rail.

DAY BY DAY.

There's a beauty of the forest and a beauty of the hill;
There's a splendour of the marshes, and another of the sea;
In the meadow, on the mountain, there's a grace, a glory still,
For the artist Lord of artists guideth me.

And I will not chide the marshes in my longing for the wood,
Nor the hill because the rivulet is gone,
For the daily dole of beauty is the day's supremest good,
And the path is reaching on, is reaching on.

—*Amos R. Wells.*

FELIX THE TANNER.*

BY WILLIAM CONVERSE WOOD.

FAURE THE TANNER.

The United States had a President who was sometimes called "The Tanner of Galena;" and undoubtedly his father, the good old man whom I once saw, was a lover of his business, as he even told his patrons in good verse; but the boy was never a "tanner" from choice. Doubtless Ulysses worked at the business in his boyhood, but he frankly tells us, "I detested the trade, preferring almost every other;" and before going to West Point, he quietly warned his father that he might dutifully stick to the tannery for the time, but he should leave it as soon as he became of age. Yet later, after the Mexican War, necessity forced the future general of the United States' armies to become a tanner's clerk, at Galena, at six hundred dollars a year. But the President never thought of himself as a tanner with the least satisfaction.

It was not so with President Faure; one of the great satisfactions of his life was that he had risen from the tanyard to the chief magistracy of the French people. Francois Felix Faure presents the interesting and instructive career of a man who, commencing at the lowest round of the ladder, steadily climbed, step by step, to the top. He is reported to have said of his success: "Well, it did not happen. It was not by any chance that I have become President of the Republic; but it was accomplished only by years of hard and faithful labour. Nothing that amounts to much is accomplished in any other way than by hard work.'

Faure's father was a cabinet-maker of Paris, where he was born in the Faubourg St. Denis, January 30, 1841. After brief study at the Beauvais College, young Faure entered the Pompee School, at the age of thirteen, where he remained until he was sixteen. He seems to have been allowed the privileges of a sedate and serious student, and he never forgot his school comrades. M. Faure, in the years of his fame, gave a welcoming hand to the friends of his youth, whenever they came to Paris.

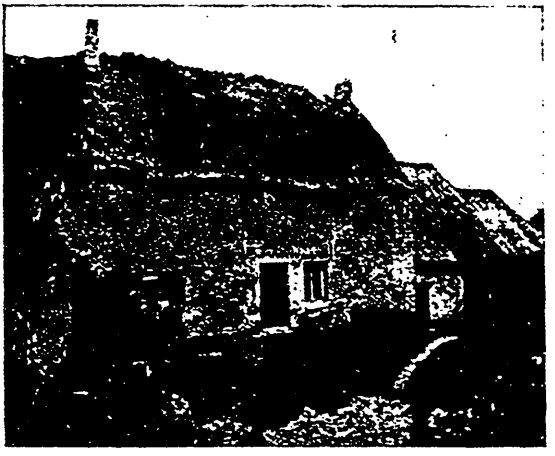
Just what circumstance turned his mind to the tanner's trade, we are not told; but the son of Dumee, his employer, gives a description of him as he then was, with some slight hint of his eager way of entering into business: "Felix,—I cannot call my old

* For this article and the accompanying illustrations we are indebted to the courtesy of the "Success" Company, New York.

friend in any other way,—Felix was a tall workman, slim as a match, very pale, without beard or moustache, a trifle bent in body; but as to morals, straight as a sword, and solid in friendship as a knotted stick.

"He had been sent to England to learn the language there; he remained there two years, at Surrey, near London, giving his labour for lessons in English. But the English fogs did not agree with him.

"He returned to Paris, and his father placed him, as an apprentice, in the establishment of Origet,



WHERE FAURE LIVED WHEN A CHILD.

a commission dealer in tanned skins; but the young man, who had a taste for the trade, wanted to learn real tannery. His employer was a friend of my father; and it was decided that Felix should go to Amboise, to terminate his apprenticeship, and then to work as a tanner.

"He began work one fine morning, and pleased from the outset by his frankness and gaiety. Father Dumee made young fellows toil hard. Felix, who lived in a little room in the city, reached the tannery at five o'clock in the morning. At ten o'clock they had an hour for breakfast, and for the rest of the day, until seven o'clock, summer and winter, they were at work.

"In eighteen months, Felix had mastered all the details of the trade. He had worked over hides from the moment they were taken off the animals, to the time when the leather was ready for shoes.

"These studies of the technique of his trade aided his fortune, for leather merchants could never deceive this leather dealer as to an article that he had made with his own hands.

"Little by little, the open intelligence of the young man had conquered us all, when Felix left us to enter an establishment at Havre, we all felt, employers and workmen, that we had lost a brother."

M. Leudet, his employer in Havre, does not remember who recommended the young tanner as a clerk; but the year of Faure's engagement was 1863. "He gave me only satisfaction," says Leudet, "by his good conduct and labour. His task was not an easy one. I had put upon him the duty of unloading our merchandise, and assisting in the classification and description of the leathers. Not only was he exact in his duty, but he fulfilled it with zeal. By precision in his reports, by the information which he gave me, I saw that my clerk, with his qualities of laborious attention, was destined to occupy, some day, an important place in the business. He had a desire, and he knew how to realize it, to do better than well, and he exhibited an activity and zeal rare in a young man of his age. He

never complained of being driven with work; he would rather have been inclined to call for additional work, such was his ardour to show himself indispensable, and to prove his intelligence and his enterprise."

His employer was not surprised when Faure informed him that he was about to set up in business for himself. The young man had made no secret of his purpose to enter an independent mercantile career. At first, the firm was "Van Harten and Faure;" then "Faure-Bonvoisin" till 1886; then the title was "F. Faure & Company," or, as the sign was read, at the time of his election to the Presidency, in Rue Franklin, "Felix Faure et Cie., Cuirs et Peaux."

THE TANNERY WHERE FAURE WORKED.

Faure's high aptitude for affairs, and his integrity, bravery and fidelity, brought him into prominence in the Franco-Prussian war, and he was afterwards on effective duty against the Communists, when he was wounded. But his general worth and his knowledge of commerce caused him to be called to the French Assembly, after some rebuffs. He then announced his political creed, that "he wanted a liberal republic, tolerant, open to all, guaranteeing all rights, and protecting all interests; that he would not separate democracy from liberty, nor liberty from order."

FAURE THE PRESIDENT.

In the French Assembly, "his clearness of speech, his high competency in affairs, the rectitude of his character, the firmness of his liberalism," made him eminent. He became Minister of Marine; and, after the resignation of Casimir-Perier, he was elected President.

While at Amboise, Faure met and loved the lady who is now Madame Faure. After he was established at Havre, he asked her hand from her uncle, Senator Guinot, with whom she was living. He assented, but informed him that her good mother had married a man who turned out to be a rascal and criminal, and he felt it his duty not to keep Faure in ignorance of the matter. Faure, in manly fashion, replied, after

MADAME FAURE.

MLLE. LUCIE FAURE.

hearing the whole story: "What is that to me? I will not make an innocent girl suffer for a fault committed by others before she was born. I wish for tenderness to repair every injustice and heal every grief."

This same combination of manliness and good will, with a quiet, democratic fearlessness, shone forth in the public, as well as private, career of the late President. He never visited a city without calling at its hospitals, and he had always a cheering word for the suffering. His tact was as remarkable as it was genuine and manly. He was not one of the world's greatest men, but he possessed a high order of ability and virtue, which more than made up for any lack of more potent genius.

The position of President Faure, from the beginning of the Dreyfus agitation, was one of peculiar difficulty. Fortunately, no one could accuse him of being antagonistic to the military service, in which he had gained honourable distinction; and, on the other hand, his well-known moderation and sense of justice commanded the confidence of the "Dreyfusites," as the supporters of revision are called. With President Faure at the head of affairs, law-abiding citizens felt secure, while those inclined to disorder feared his well-known courage and energy. Events since his death have shown the extent of the restraining and reassuring influence which his very name exerted among all parties and all classes in France. This influence was potent for good in other capitals as well as Paris, and the Czar of Russia is said to have regarded M. Faure with special affection and esteem.

Attempt the end, and never stand to doubt;
Nothing's so hard but search will find it out.
—*Herrick.*

RUDYARD KIPLING.

BY J. TALLMAN PITCHER.

RUDYARD KIPLING.

Reformers seldom come in the garb we want them to wear; they seldom use the speech and implements we think suitable; they will not walk in our paths or accept our creed; they disturb us—and move the world up and on. Who would expect Calcutta to give us a man, but thirty-three years of age, to awaken our thought and conscience and call Christians to gird themselves for the world's moral conquest? In this wonderful age we do almost everything by steam or electricity. These have made earth smaller and increased our responsibility, and brought the earth's swarthy millions to our door. Here is "The White Man's Burden," our "new-caught, sullen peoples, half devil and half child," which Pro-

vidence has laid upon us. To these we are exhorted to "send forth the best ye breed," the strongest, the bravest, the most self-sacrificing, the most like Him who had compassion on the multitudes.

"The silent, sullen peoples
Shall weigh your God and you."

During the last days of February and the first days of March, 1899, the world witnessed the spectacle of the English-speaking nations watching at the bedside of a brave man, fighting desperately for his life. From all parts of

KIPLING'S HOUSE NEAR BRATTLEBORO', VT., U.S.

the civilized world came messages of sympathy. His pulse-beat, his respirations, his temperature, his waking and sleeping were watched with intensest interest. Who is this man? What has he done? He has filled no public office, he has conducted no war, his voice has not been heard in Parliament; he is simply a man of letters. Yet among the people who speak the English language no one is better known, and in one sense no man has more entirely won the place of a leader among men than Rudyard Kipling.

It has recently been said by an eminent critic, and the statement does seem extravagant, that the consciousness of race responsibility among English-speaking peoples has been developed, not so much by English-speaking statesmen, however eminent, as by three English writers—Shakespeare, Tennyson, and Kipling.

What has won for this man the place he holds? Other people have eyes, and use them; other people have hearts, and feel; other people have a sense of responsibility; but they see the world's need, its misery, ignorance, and immorality, and too often remain inactive and despairing; while Kipling rises above despair with courage, hope and faith. To him the greatest thing in the world is power at work—whether that power is exhibited by a man, an engine, a ship, or an empire. The world loves strength, the world loves health, life, courage, and is willing to praise good work done.

Kipling has no time or heart to moan and sigh over earth's troubles, but with his own McAndrew he says:

"I am sick of all their quirks and turns—
the loves and doves they dream—
Lord, send a man like Robbie Burns to
sing the song of steam."

There is not a morbid note in his writings. There is no diseased introspection. His reverent attitude toward all honest work is thus expressed—

"If there is good in that I wrought,
Thy hand compelled it, Master, Thine;
Where I have failed to meet Thy thought,
I know, through Thee, the blame is mine.

"One stone the more swings to her place
In that dread Temple of Thy worth—
It is enough that through Thy grace
I saw naught common on Thy earth."

Kipling was born in Calcutta, Christmas week, 1865. He is, therefore, yet a young man. Robert Louis Stevenson had only written a few magazine articles at his age. Rudyard's father early sent him to England to be educated. On his return to India he became reporter for The Civil and Military Gazette. There he gained his knowledge of the native Indian character and of the British army.

At twenty-one he published his first booklet—"Departmental Ditties," and soon after—"Plain Tales from the Hills." These won for him attention and popularity in India. Then his stories began to spin thick and fast. "Soldiers Three," "The Gadsbys," "In Black and White," "Under the Deodars," "Wee Willie Winkle," etc. These appeared within one year.

"The Story of the Gadsbys" was the first to attract attention in England. The literary people of London began to ask about the new writer in India, while at that very time he was in Philadelphia trying to persuade editors to print his stories. The English people take slowly to a stranger, and especially to a writer who disregards conventional rules of literary composition. In London he soon created a sensation. Most writers come with one book. He came with half a dozen and fired them at the public. A six-shooter attracts more attention than a single barrel. His very audacity carried everything before him.

In 1892 he married Miss Balister, a lady of the United States, then in England. They lived for three years at Brattleboro', Vermont. His house there is as peculiar as the man. It is in an out-of-the-way place, and is a curious-looking structure, fashioned after the plan of an Indian bungalow. A long corridor divides it from end to end. There is but one entrance to the house, and that is on the side away from the road. His study is a long, narrow room, most artistically adorned, which can only be reached by passing through his wife's boudoir. Here he will not be interrupted. He wants no visitors; he will not be interviewed. He will attend no public meeting and make no speeches. What his private life is he says is nobody's business. He gives the world the best he can produce, and refuses to tell the inquisitive what he eats for dinner.

Of dark complexion, under the average stature, stooped in shoulders, with dark eyes, which are always covered with large, gold-rimmed spectacles, slovenly in walk and dress—such is the man. He is an indefatigable worker, giving from eight to ten hours a day for close study; rewriting and reviewing every article five or six times before giving it to the press. He is fond of the garden, the bicycle, and fishing.

As a writer Kipling is sensitive, vigorous, confident, and versatile. A born story-teller, in a story-telling land. In every one of his tales, comic, tragic, melodramatic, or frivolous, there is originality and force. There is no hesitation, no vacillation, no self-doubt in him. He is before all things positive, sure of himself and of his facts. His observation is keen, always on the lookout for a striking expression, scene, character or incident, whether among sailors or soldiers, in the streets of London, in South Africa, in Bombay, or among the hills of Vermont. His high heart and cheerful courage carry him on his way quietly and confidently, because he is sure of himself, and sure of the dignity and purity of his aims.

His style is unlike that of any of his predecessors or contempor-

aries. His methods are his own. If he alters them he does so to suit himself. "I will write what I please. I will not alter a line. If it please me to do so, I will refer to Her Gracious Majesty—bless her—as 'the widow of Windsor,' and fill the mouth of Mulvaney with strange oaths. I will not truckle to old women of either sex, nor fawn on fools. Here is my work, you may take it, or leave it alone, as you please." Call Kipling a poet, a novelist, a ballad writer, or a story-teller—he does not worry about titles—he is at work. The strong wind of heroism blows through his writing, softening at times into something very beautiful and tender, as in his child stories and verses.

In order to write about the world, he must see and know it as it really is. So he went to South Africa to see Cecil Rhodes "making a new empire." He sailed with the Channel Squadron to know how battle-ships are handled. The Queen's Jubilee produced "The Recessional." The Czar's peace manifesto called out "The Truce of the Bear." Kitchener's victory in the Soudan and the United States' possession of the Philippines inspired "The White Man's Burden." Canada's preferential tariff gave us "Our Lady of the Snows." By knowing what things are, he gains the respect and admiration of those whose business it is to know them. It is man's world that he sees, and therefore is not free from what is cruel, wicked, and incomplete. And what he sees he puts into his pictures—pleasant and unpleasant.

"For to admire an' for to see,
For to behold this world so wide—
It never done no good to me,
But I can't drop it if I tried."

Kipling has put new life into men who find it no easy matter to fight the old tough battle of life and keep their hands clean and their hearts pure. He has made a tired world laugh, and that is a thing great and good. What he said of a friend who had gone over the last river, he would like to write of every man,—

"As he trod that day to God, so walked he from his birth—
In simpleness and gentleness and honour and clean mirth."

"Soldiers Three" was one of his early books, and more time and trouble were spent, it is evident, over Mulvaney, Ortheris, and Learoyd than over any other of the characters of his tales. "Rude figures of a rough-hewn race." Two of the verses attached to this booklet read—

"Yet is there life in what I make—
O Thou who knowest, turn and see.
As Thou hast power over me,
So have I power over these,
Because I wrought them for Thy sake,
And breathed in them mine agonies.

"Small mirth was in the making. Now
I lift the cloth that clokes the clay
And, wearied, at Thy feet I lay
My wares, ere I go forth to sell.
The long bazaar will praise—but Thou—
Heart of my heart, have I done well?"

Could anything be more reverent, more religious, or more worshipful? He wants to know if what he has made has life, and he asks God to turn and see. He acknowledges that God had power in forming him, and he had power over the characters he pictured. He wrought for God, put agonies into his work, and lays it at His feet. He knows the market will praise his work, yet that is not enough—"But Thou, Heart of my heart, have I done well?"

Kipling is unequal in his writing. His first long story, "The Light that Failed," is pronounced a failure, both in conception and in execution. Then he, too, often mars his pages by grossness and irreverence. The fire and spirit of his characters would not have

suffered by less vulgarity. At times he is profusely coarse of tongue. No author addressing himself to a decent audience is justified in using the slang of the gutter. Only a colossal conceit of himself, a scorn of public opinion, and intoxication caused by his sudden success can account for this.

Kipling not only has a most tenacious memory, but his resources of knowledge and exactness in details are amazing. If we read his "Jungle Tales," we conclude that we are at the feet of a great naturalist, who has made animal life his special study. Turn to his "Seven Seas," and he knows the ropes. At last a man has been found who is able to paint a modern ship and seamen with the colours of poetry. Scotch McAndrew is made to say:

"From coupler-flange to spindle-guide I see
Thy hand, O God—
Predestination in the stride o' yon connectin'-rod.
John Calvin might ha' forged the same—enormous, certain, slow—
Ay, wrought it in the furnace-flame—*my* Institutio.
I cannot get my sleep to-night; old bones are hard to please;
I'll stand the middle watch up here—alone wi' God an' these
My engines."

No "Tommy Atkins" could be more familiar with all that pertains to a soldier's life than is shown in "Soldiers Three" and "Barrack-Room Ballads."

The London Times calls Rudyard Kipling's "Recessional" the greatest poem of the century. It will find its place among the hymns of the Church. It waits to be set to music worthy of its majesty. By many judges it has been hailed as the best example of the poetic fervour which the Queen's Jubilee called forth. "The vision and the faculty Divine" are in it. After a display, the most gorgeous the world had ever seen; after the shouts and loud acclaim of the people had died; after the boast of commerce, wealth, navies and armies had been made, the great, strong voice of this young man smote the sounds of pride and vainglory into silence, and brought back the thoughts of the empire to the highest of all ideals —the ideal of duty; brought back thought to that Rock on which true greatness is builded. He reminds the nation that its true glory, strength and security lie not in territory, in numbers, or in commerce, but in the God of nations, the God of our fathers. As the great organ peals forth its Recessional anthem at the close of the service, as the people are departing, so Kipling turns our thoughts back to that One who built the British nation, and who alone can preserve its greatness. That touched the heart of England, because it sent, like a flash, through all the splendid pageantry of the Jubilee, home to the consciousness of the nation, the fact that there was great work to be done, great burdens to be borne, and the need of heroic living.

"God of our fathers, known of old;
Lord of our far-flung battle-line,
Beneath whose awful hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine,
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget."

In "The White Man's Burden" he struck again the same great note—the note of moral responsibility. One finds in these lines the quality which made the best literature of the age of Elizabeth so powerful. This strong vitality, expressing itself in broad human sympathies, its passionate faith in human endeavour, has made Kipling one of the original voices of our time.

The verse that follows shows his scorn for the little society distinctions which weak people prize:

" When it comes to a man in the case,
They're alike as a row of pins;
The colonel's lady and Judy O'Grady
Are sisters under their skins."

Kipling has found his inspiration in the oil of the engine-room, the thump of the ship's screw, the salt spray of the sea, the lives of the men who toil in the factory, in the cab of the locomotive, but nowhere more than in the barrack-room of the soldier. He has made English people love and respect the men who guard us while we sleep.

" 'Ave you 'eard of the Widow at Windsor,
With a 'airy gold crown on 'er 'ead?
She 'as ships on the foam—she 'as millions at 'ome,
An' she pays us poor beggars in red.

" Walk wide o' the Widow at Windsor,
For 'alf o' Creation she owns:
We 'ave bought the same with the sword an' the flame,
An' we've salted it down with our bones.
(Poor beggars!—it's blue with our bones!)

" Hands off o' the sons of the Widow!
Hands off o' the goods in 'er shop!
For the kings must come down, an' the emperors frown,
When the Widow at Windsor says "Stop!"
(Poor beggars!—we're sent to say "Stop!")

" We 'ave 'eard o' the Widow at Windsor,
It's safest to leave 'er alone;
. . . . . .

" Take 'old o' the wings o' the mornin'
An' flop round the earth till you're dead,
But you won't get away from the tune that they play
To the bloomin' old Rag over'ead.
(Poor beggars!—it's 'ot over'ead.)"

Kipling has said of Canada—"It is a great country; a country with a future. There is a fine, hard, bracing climate, the climate that puts iron and grit into men's bones. Things don't move in Canada as fast as they do in the United States, but they move safer."

At the Queen's Jubilee Canada and the Canadians were spoken of in most enthusiastic terms. At the moment when we were feeling a new and splendid thrill of national life; when we felt our confidence stronger and our horizon wider than before, Kipling voiced for us in strong, ringing verse our new hope:

" A nation spoke to a nation,
A Queen sent word to a throne:
Daughter am I in my mother's house,
But mistress in my own.
The gates are mine to open,
And the gates are mine to close,
And I set my house in order,
Said our Lady of the Snows."

From the day he wrote that poem to this, the Canadian press has not ceased to pelt him with doggerel verse, stupid parodies, and feeble humour. But Kipling appears to have enjoyed the attention, for when Lady Marjorie Gordon, daughter of Lord Aberdeen, asked him for a contribution to her " Wee Willie Winkle," he wrote:

" There was once a small boy of Quebec,
Who was buried in snow to the neck,
When asked, 'Are you friz?'
He replied, 'Yes I is:
But we don't mind that in Quebec.'"

Mr. Kipling has said that a successful novel cannot be written by man before he is forty. He has set a lofty standard if he purposes to eclipse all he has written. The task is difficult, but genius needs no spur.

To some it may be interesting to know how much is paid for his short stories. The Bookman states that he is under contract to write eight short stories this year for one of the magazines at $2,500 each. Then on all his publications in Europe and America he receives a royalty estimated at the same amount. This would realize $5,000 for each story, or $2 a word.

MISS ANNIE R. TAYLOR.

CHINESE MISSIONARY AND PIONEER WORKER IN TIBET.

BY ISABEL STUART-ROBINSON.

"I really do not think there is anything about my early days which could interest your readers," Miss Taylor said, in reply to my desire to get to the very beginning of her self-sacrificing life.

"I was born at Egremont, in Cheshire; the second child in a large family of ten sons and daughters. I am always glad to have been one of a number of children. The 'give-and-take' and the discipline one gets under such circumstances, I think, help to make character and strengthen one for life outside the home-circle.

"I first became really imbued with a desire to become a missionary when a school-girl at Richmond. We were taken to hear an address given by the son of Dr. Moffatt upon African and mission work generally, and I was deeply impressed. I was discouraged, too; for he spoke very strongly against women entering into the work, and described, in graphic terms, the sufferings they and their children had to endure, whilst they were a considerable hindrance to the work of the men. I went home, wishing I were a boy, so that I might go out."

"But you did not give up the idea of becoming a missionary, though of the wrong sex?"

Miss Taylor laughed. "Oh, no! I thought about the mission field continually. A book which came into my hands, and which I have not read since my childhood, 'Near Home and Far Off,' first directed my thoughts to Tibet. What I read of that strange country—'the roof of the world,' as it has been called from its extreme altitude,—attracted me strongly. It was so terrible to think of that 'great closed land,' entirely without missionaries or Christianizing influences."

It was not long before Miss Taylor found that God had a work for women in the mission field which men could not perform. She gained the consent of her parents to her dedication to that work, and began to prepare herself for it. She studied medicine at the London and St. Charlotte's Hospitals, having first taken an ambulance course—preliminaries she considers of utmost benefit and value to a missionary, in whatever field of labour.

"Did not your friends think your determination to carry the Gospel to Tibet a perilous undertaking?" I asked.

"Oh! I went first to China, being sent there in 1884 by the China Inland Mission," Miss Taylor replied. "I have worked on both borders of Tibet, and, despite all discouragements, clung to the hope of some day getting into the interior."

Miss Taylor was the first English person to reside in the city of Tau-chau, near the Tibetan border, and in 1887 visited the great Llama Monastery of Kum-bum, beyond which point no English traveller had gone.

"The religion of Tibet is Buddhism, is it not, Miss Taylor?"

"Yes. But the real belief of the people seems to be a dread of evil spirits; it is actually a system of devil-worship, very horrible and degrading. Their simple, child-like nature makes it easy to teach them better things, and they will listen with delight to the 'sweet story of old' in our little sitting-room behind the shop."

"You are recognized in Tibet

as a trader, then, and have a shop?"

"Yes. As the present treaty stands, it is necessary for us to engage in trade; so those who are called for Tibet must be prepared to sell goods to the Tibetans or attend to their ailments, as well as preach the Gospel. At Gnatong, which is not over the border, we can work purely as missionaries, but to get really into Tibet I had to write to the authorities and get permission to establish a trade-mart. The shop at present yields no profit, rather the contrary, but it is no hardship to have to keep it open. We are first of all missionaries; the Tibetans and the Chinese understand that, and the shop gives us splendid opportunities to speak to the people. They come to buy, and we ask them into our little sitting-room, to read the Scriptures with us, and to talk about them, or they join our morning and evening worship, and carry away to their homes copies of the Gospels. Over five hundred copies of the New Testament have already been distributed in Tibet, many of which are being read by the llamas in the monasteries—even at Lhassa."

"When may you be really said to have entered Tibet?" I asked.

"It was in June, 1895," Miss Taylor replied, smiling, as though the memory of that happy ending to her long endeavour was very pleasant to her. "It is the habit of some to speak as though our station at Yatong were not really in Tibet itself; it is very important to be quite clear on this point. Yatong is situated in what is called the Chumbe Valley. This valley has always been subject to Tibet, but formerly it was governed by local chiefs, who paid tribute to Lhassa; now its governors are Tibetan chiefs, appointed from Lhassa."

The Government gave Miss Taylor and her helpers permission to go into the interior as traders, but enjoined the chiefs not to permit them to teach! The Tibetans, so far from interfering with her, however, have welcomed her warmly and given her their confidence.

"We try to come into contact with the people as much as possible," continued Miss Taylor. "Ours is essentially pioneer work. The principles on which the mission is worked are those of the China Inland Mission; and our main object is to afford every Tibetan the opportunity of hearing the Gospel."

"Do you use native agents to prepare the people for your coming?" was my next question.

"We never send native agents where we have not gone ourselves," Miss Taylor replied, emphatically. "My experience is that little, if any, good is done by that method of working; and, more than that"—her voice grew tender, and her bright face lighted up with loving enthusiasm for those she had gathered in from heathendom—"our converts are like our children. You would not send your children where you dare not go yourself! native evangelists would be no more safe inland than I or my lady helpers would be."

At this point in our conversation Miss Taylor's native servants, the faithful Puntso and his wife, Sig-jii, who have accompanied her to England, entered; they are an interesting couple, so picturesque in their native costumes, and so bright and happy-looking. Puntso is a native of Lhassa, and, seven years ago, ran away from a cruel master to take refuge in India, where he arrived in a pitiable state. Some Tibetans brought him to Miss Taylor, who doctored and nursed him back to health, and so won his gratitude that

he entered her service, and has remained with her ever since. He accompanied her on the perilous journey she made into the interior in 1887, when she hoped to reach Lhassa, a journey occupying seven months and ten days, and compressing into its limits almost every form of hardship and misfortune—attacks of brigands, treachery of companions, lack of food and shelter, intensity of cold and frightful snowstorms, attempts from guides to poison the lady who was paying all their expenses, with a final arrest by the soldiers of the Grand Llama and obligatory abandonment of her purpose within three days' journey of Lhassa.

Miss Taylor's book is a record of intrepid endeavours to spread the Gospel. Tibet has been crossed in various directions by others, but few have penetrated Inner Tibet; of those known to have got so near Lhassa only two have returned to tell the tale. Apart, however, from any question of priority, Miss Taylor's journey is of peculiar interest, in that it was undertaken in no exploratory spirit, but, confidently, to open the way for the Gospel.

"Is there a literary language in Tibet?" I next inquired.

"Yes; its alphabet is adapted from the Sanskrit. The Moravians, who have laboured for some time in Little Tibet, a district under English protection, have compiled a dictionary and grammar of the Tibetan language, and translated all the New and part of the Old Testament, thus removing one of the greatest difficulties generally experienced in a new country. We have some Tibetan hymns, too; the people are always delighted with the playing on the organ and singing."

It is cheering to hear that these hymns have been carried up into the interior, and that little children are heard singing—

"Yes, Jesus loves me,"

in Tibetan language, in the streets of Shigatze—a city still closed to the missionaries. Soldiers, who have been down in the Chumbe Valley, and frequented the little mission trade-mart, have doubtless picked up the hymn, and taught it to the little ones, on their return.

There is a mission day-school at Yatong, to which the little scholars come, also on Sunday, when Miss Taylor gives them a lesson from some Bible scene. In Tibet, as elsewhere, the hope of the country is in the children.

Yatong itself is a little cluster of sheds, made habitable by some ingenuity and patient work, in a lovely valley, at an elevation of 10,500 feet, closed in by mountains covered with dark forests of fir, above which the snow-peaks glitter, clearly defined against the deep blue sky. On the crest of these, to the left, a temple stands out conspicuously, surrounded by a number of quaint little houses, where the Llamas live. There are about twenty villages in this Chumbe Valley, and over 3,000 inhabitants, many of whom find their way to the mission-station for Gospels and medicine, and to talk to Anni La, as they call Miss Taylor. The literal translation of "Anni" is aunt, used as a term of respect for single women, as well as being the name given to Buddhist nuns.

"Did you find it difficult to acquire the language sufficiently to understand and talk to these visitors?" I asked.

"Yes. Tibetan is a difficult language to acquire, though much easier than most Oriental tongues, such as Arabic and Chinese. The

quickest, almost the only, way to learn it is to go about among the people."

"Do you think, Miss Taylor, that Tibet is becoming more open to foreigners?" I asked.

Miss Taylor shook her head. "I do not think it will become so whilst Chinese influence is strong. The Chinese like us to think it is the Tibetans who keep us out, but on the spot one sees how things really are. The Tibetans would welcome the English, I believe. They are a singularly trustful and simple people, and judge a nation, as perhaps we are all apt to do, by the specimens with whom they have come in contact. They are used to seeing me and my helpers, they know I am their friend and they trust me. I have been able to stand up for them sometimes, and they are grateful for an interference which has gained them peace instead of petty warfare."

"You consider, then, that the Chinese are the chief obstacle in the way of opening up and Christianizing Tibet?"

"I do," Miss Taylor replied, decisively. "The Llamas have undoubtedly a great influence, and tyrannize over the people in some cases, but this tyranny is, I think, exaggerated. They have always shown me kindness and consideration when I have visited the monasteries, and the Great Llama himself has sent me very kind messages. On one occasion the Llamas of the monasteries of Lhassa presented me with the yellow robe—a great distinction, since no one is allowed to wear it who has not given the evidences of a pure life."

"You are hopeful for Tibet, then, Miss Taylor?"

"Very hopeful," she replied, brightly. "Tibet wants us. When I came away I was asked to bring ten ladies back with me, 'but no men!' Tibet prefers lady missionaries. Yes, with patience, I am confident the great closed land will be open to foreigners without war. The Tibetans are beginning to trust England in a way the Chinese do not like, and to entertain rather suspicious feelings towards China too."

"How do you account for that change of feeling?" I asked.

"China has lately annexed a piece of Tibet, called the Narong District, to the Chinese province of Sze-Chuen. This has naturally alienated the Tibetans and weakened their confidence. About two years ago the Grand Llama came of age and took the government upon himself—the Emperor of China only acting as guardian during his minority."

"And we may expect some changes of a more tolerant type?"

"Yes, I hope so. For instance, China made a law that any Tibetan chief allowing a foreigner to approach the capital should be beheaded. I do not think that law would be enforced now the Grand Llama is ruling."

"And I scarcely need to ask if you are returning to Tibet?"

Miss Taylor smiled. "Yes, indeed, I sail early in November and expect to spend many years in the country. Before I come to England again, I hope to get to Lhassa and establish a station there." A hope all those who have followed the course of Miss Taylor's consecrated life will sincerely echo. "She has taken for her own the promise, 'Every place that the sole of your foot shall tread upon, that have I given unto you,' and in the name of the Lord, she has taken possession of Tibet, fully anticipating that as soon as the right time comes, the way will become plain, and the Gospel be published in this hitherto inaccessible region."

DENIS PATTERSON—FIELD PREACHER.

BY KATE THOMPSON SIZER,

Author of "Avice Tennant's Pilgrimage," "Alys of Lutterworth," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES TRESIDER.

CHAPTER I.

THE SQUIRE COMES HOME.

The November afternoon was misty but pleasant. Gleams of pale sunshine filtered through the bare boughs and flecked with shades of gold and sepia the fallen leaves that lay deep on the country road. In the hedges scarlet hips glowed so ruddily that they atoned for the want of summer flowers. A trim, brown robin, with a red waistcoat judiciously brightened to meet dull days, hopped around, and seemed like a thrifty, prudent person who keeps up his spirits in a time of depressing gloom, and so adds perceptibly to the stock of general cheerfulness.

These, however, good reader, are my reflections, and not those of Squire Patterson, whose sorrel nag was bearing him with a soft, steady tramp over the leaf-strewn road. Squire Patterson, like most gentlemen of the mid-eighteenth century, was not much given to reflection. He took life as it came, and so far had found it pleasant enough. He grumbled in war time at the heavy taxes, and in peace at the beggars, who then grew numerous; but it is an Englishman's privilege to grumble. If he had had real cause for complaint, the case would have been different. But what had he? Well-to-do, respected by those among whom he dwelt, with a home and a way of life that perfectly suited him, and a sweet wife whom he loved as the apple of his eye, was there anything left to desire? Every wish was gratified, and he felt no chafing care. He was well content, so content that no wings of longing had as yet expanded in his soul, and on trembling pinions sought the unseen.

The squire let his nag take her own pace—he was a merciful master to all that served him—and he knew the poor beast was tired. Horse and man were returning from two days' hunting at the house of a distant friend. The squire was a welcome companion. A genial nature shone from his bright blue eyes; his handsome face and

well-built figure, in brown coat and scarlet vest—the usual dress of the country gentleman of the period—were pleasant to look upon. He might have spent half the year in visiting, had not a stronger attraction bound him to his home.

A turn in the road revealed that home to him now. Out of the side of the hill he had been ascending, nature had scooped a cup-like hollow. Here, in the midst of pastureland where the vivid green of the grass showed the chalky soil on which it grew, stood a comfortable dwelling-house. It was Squire Patterson's ancestral home, and with its solid stone walls, its neat granaries and gardens, showed the same air of prosperous plenty

"DON'T TELL ME THAT FOR YOUR LIVES!"

that we have seen in the squire's own person. He looked around, well pleased to return to his home after the two days' absence; then something unwonted struck his attention.

"Lights in the parlour and hall! ay, and in kitchen and buttery, too! What is Frances doing? or is she still ill of the fever I left her with, and this is the nurse's folly? Time I was home again. Women are idle and wasteful—all but Frances—and need a master's eye. Gee-up, Cherry! We must get home."

The mare answered with a cheerful neigh, and cantered over the green pastureland briskly. Squire Patterson sprang off at the low porch, and flung his bridle over a gate-post near.

"Tom! Hannah!" he called. "Betsy! Hannah! I say! Why do none of you come?"

He had time to grow impatient before the door at last opened. A middle-aged woman appeared, with a sober, anxious face, and some strong reluctance visible in her manner.

"What is this, Hannah?" exclaimed the squire, his usual good-nature forsaking him. "What am I kept waiting for? Where is Tom?"

"Come in, master, come in," was the old servant's answer, as she laid her hand on his arm with a freedom born of some unusual emotion.

"What is this? wax-lights in the parlour and a fire in the hall big enough for Christmas!" ejaculated the angry squire. "And why have you got my best black coat down to air? I do not use it once in a twelvemonth."

"O master, master!" reiterated Hannah; while Betsy, the younger maid, at work on a heap of white cambric in the hearth corner, laid her head on her arm and sobbed aloud.

"Speak out, woman," demanded the squire, growing alarmed as well as angry. "What mystery are you hiding? Where is my wife?"

Betsy sobbed more unrestrainedly; but the older servant touched the squire's arm again compassionately, and nerved herself to tell the heavy tidings.

"She was worse—our poor mistress—after you went," she said in broken tones. "The doctor came and bled and physicked her; but 'twas all no use, and——"

"No," almost shouted the squire, "not that! Don't tell me that for your lives!"

The unsuspected, terrible shock seemed for a moment to have turned his brain. He glared at the two women, menacing them with uplifted hand, as if by keeping back the words from their lips he could alter and annul the dread fact which, in spite of his will, was yet penetrating in awful certainty through every fibre of his

being. Hannah and Betsy gazed at him frightened, not knowing what to say; and their silence and the absence of any attempt to mitigate the truth seemed to bring it home to him more than the previous words. His uplifted hand sank presently to his side; instead of the angry gaze came a shudder that convulsed his features.

"Where?" he asked, in the dull tones of grief; and Hannah, still silently, unlocked the door of the parlour in which the waxlights were burning, and the squire passed in to see his dead.

"The poor master! the poor squire!" said Hannah in pitying accents, returning to her seat by the hall fire; and then both women listened anxiously for sounds from the parlour. But none came.

"He's just staggered with the sorrow; it has come so sudden on him, and his wife was the pride of his heart," she continued, after a while.

"Well, she was a pretty, sweet creature," returned Betsy, unaffectedly wiping her eyes, "and a sore grief it is to me to sit here making her shroud. 'Tis the best that go, always."

"I think she had been going for months past, but our eyes were blind to it," said Hannah. "She has never looked the same since her baby died last spring; 'twas her firstborn, you see. The squire took it more lightly, for his wife was the chief to him; but the mother pined for the child. And so the fever found her ready for its work."

"But she herself thought little of it, and bade the squire start for a merry day or two's hunting," said Betsy. "Ah! 'twill go harder with him, poor master! that he was not here to see her die."

"The doctor did all he could, and bled her freely to relieve the fever; but the poor soul sank from that hour," rejoined Hannah. "Ah well! we must all go when our time comes," she added piously.

"You think the doctor read her case right?" asked Betty shrewdly. "For my part I'd rather die, when my time comes, without so much bloodletting and nauseous physic."

"Of course, he knew," returned Hannah sharply. "He's far and away the best physician in the country round, and the squire has paid a purse full of gold to him. Nothing was ever spared for the poor dear mistress."

Yet in spite of love and devotion from all around her, Frances Patterson was gone. The squire sat in the silent parlour where the waxlights shone upon the pale, beautiful features of the dead, and gazed in what was still almost incredulous sorrow. She lay so quietly, as if sleep alone held her, with her hands lightly clasped on her bosom, as she herself had often placed them when composing herself to slumber. The chestnut hair still waved and clustered around her brow, and her cheek was turned softly to press the white pillow.

"Frances! Frances!" whispered the husband gently, as if eager and yet loth to wake her. "She is asleep—that is of course what they meant! she is asleep. I will be quiet, and not wake her." And, cheating himself willingly with this fond delusion, he laid his head against her couch and waited, hour after hour, while the women outside wondered at his silence.

But the autumn dawn stole in at last, and the sleeper had not yet wakened. It glimmered on the pale, still features, and showed them rigid in their utter quiet. Haggard with his night of watching, the squire looked long and eagerly at the face so dear to him; and his wilful incredulity collapsed before the stern facts. A wild melancholy cry issued from the silent parlour. Hannah and Betsy rushed in to find their master stretched senseless on the floor.

CHAPTER II.

AT THE CHOUGH AND CROW.

twilight of another day—a fortnight later than that on which Squire Patterson had come home to find such bitter sorrow, was setting over the village of Longhurst. At the door of the Chough and Crow, the principal inn of the place, stood the landlord, looking out into the night. Behind him the cheerful gleam of a blazing fire streamed out, and made a patch of light before the inn door, and flickeringly revealed the outline of the big oak tree that shaded the house. In summer the bench under this tree was an attractive centre of gossip to the village worthies, but to-night the warm, fresh-sanded parlour would prove more attractive; and the landlord was standing in hospitable readiness to welcome the guests who he knew would arrive without fail.

As he peered through the misty air, idly wondering whether it was Mr. Frant the apothecary, or Tom Apel the church clerk, whose dim form was coming toward him out of the distance, he heard the brisk steps of a horse near at hand. The rider stopped before his door.

"How far is it, good friend, to Lamberstone?" naming the nearest market-town.

"Seven miles," was the answer.

"And from there fifteen miles to London," the stranger said musingly. "I think my horse can go seven miles farther to-night; then to-morrow I can reach London, where I have urgent need to be."

"The night is dark and the roads are muddy," put in the landlord, anxious to win custom.

The stranger was silent a moment, debating the point, and the landlord watched his face. He saw a little man of fresh complexion and bright, cheerful eyes. In place of the wig so frequently worn at that period, his own black, smooth hair flowed down on his shoulders over his neat, clerical-looking coat. The traveller sat his horse as one accustomed to long riding; years afterwards, indeed, it was his boast that in his lifetime he had paid more turnpike tolls than any one else in the country. His saddle-bags were full and heavy, yet out of them peeped no pistol muzzle; nothing more formidable than the fluttering leaves of a book, which the rider had apparently been reading and hastily returned to its place.

"'Tis a learned parson on his way to buy more books in London," concluded the landlord silently. "If you stay, sir, I can promise you company of your own cloth. Our vicar, worthy Mr. Noakes, drops in of evenings regular as the clock, for a chat in my parlour."

But the stranger had made up his mind.

"Thank you, good friend," answered the calm, courteous voice. "But I must needs go forward. So I wish you good evening."

"Good evening," replied the host somewhat disappointedly; and listened as the brisk hoof-beats died away along the village street.

"What! company at this time of night, and letting it slip through your hands?" cried a jovial voice near him. "That is not like you, Matthew Larkins!"

"I would have kept him if I could," grumbled the landlord. "'Twas a reverend like yourself, sir, and I made bold to promise him a chat with you."

"A chat and a glass too?" laughed the vicar, as he entered and spread his hands before the glowing blaze. "Was he one of the good old sort, Larkins? Had he been out hunting on that smart-paced nag of his? Did he look as if he had a good story to tell? Pity you let him get away!"

"A CHAT AND A GLASS TOO!" LAUGHED THE VICAR.

"He looked more like one of the book-learned sort, your reverence," answered the landlord, as he flung another log on the blazing fire.

"Ah! books are not much in my line; you are right, Larkins," assented the Rev. Thomas Noakes cheerfully. "Couldn't make a fresh sermon now to save my life; but the old ones are quite good enough for you to sleep under—ha! ha!"

His laugh was echoed by some half-score of his parishioners, who had come in during this conversation, and taken their accustomed seats in the chimney corner, or on the high, dark settles that stood against the walls.

"No; the field-preachers beat you there, vicar. They have got a new sermon ready for all occasions," rejoined Mr. Frant, the quiet-looking apothecary, who had the seat of honour at the clergyman's elbow.

"What do you know about them?" questioned Mr. Noakes rather sharply.

"I have seen them now and again when I have been out on my rounds," the other returned, stirring his negus carefully. "One came to this house just now."

"To this house?" returned the astonished landlord and the vicar together.

"Yes; and if I mistake not, 'twas the leader of them all, John Wesley. I saw him once in London, preaching in Marylebone Fields," answered the apothecary composedly.

"If I'd ha' known that, he should not ha' been offered a welcome in my house," exclaimed the landlord angrily. "I hate the field-preachers, one and all, destroying the good old ways and taking a man's custom away."

"Yes; we would have given him a welcome," returned the vicar, more angry than his host, "with stones and brickbats and a horse-whip, eh, neighbours? Why did you not tell us sooner, Frant?"

"Is it too late now?" questioned some of the younger spirits, delighted at the prospect of a fray.

They rushed to the door to look out; but the sight of the dark night, in which mist was turning to rain, and the remembrance of the swift horse that bore their enemy, quenched their ardour.

"He is a couple of miles away now; it is no use," they grumbled.

"'Tis a pity, for I owe those Methodists a grudge," sighed Tom Apel, the church clerk. "There was my brother's wife at Deptford, a fine woman with a spirit. Temper, perhaps, you might call it; and I own my brother had a hard time of it somewhiles. She went to hear the Methodists, and she's meek as a lamb now; you would not know her for the same. That's too like witchcraft for my taste."

"Well, I would not complain of anything that turned a scold into a lamb," remarked the apothecary pithily, as he tasted his potion and found it to his liking.

"Talking of changes," put in one who had not spoken before, a comfortable-looking farmer, "have you heard how my neighbour Patterson takes his loss? Can't get over it in any way, but mopes all day long; so different from his old, merry self."

"I buried his wife a little more than a s'ennight ago," said the vicar. "Poor thing! a pretty, well-brought-up woman she was! No wonder he feels her loss. But 'tis time we tried to cheer him up. Suppose we all go to visit him to-morrow night; and, Larkins, you bring your fighting-cock along with you. The squire's got a gamey bird himself, and a good big kitchen in which there is room for sport. Perhaps we have left him alone too long, poor fellow!"

"That's a fine idea. You are always a good-natured one, vicar," cried Goodwin the farmer; and a murmur of approval arose from the rest.

It was agreed that on the next night, if fine, a party should invade the bereaved squire's solitude, and express their neighbourly sympathy and good-will. Six o'clock was appointed for the time of meeting, in accordance with the early hours of the period, one man undertaking to furnish lanterns for the dark path, and Larkins promising the services of his famous cock. Then the vicar called for a song, and all settled down to the usual convivialities of such evenings in the village.

Meanwhile, three or four miles away, the solitary horseman was picking his path along the muddy and leaf-strewn roads. A few stars, familiar companions of many a lonely ride, pierced the mist, and served, in some measure, to direct him. He did not greatly fear highwayman or footpad, for his purse held little silver, and his saddle-bags were stuffed with nothing more precious than literature. Yet this dauntless man carried his life in his hand and knew it. He had not, of course, heard the threats uttered by those assembled at the Chough and Crow in Longhurst; but the same, or worse, had echoed before around his ears. Already in several towns he and his followers had been dragged from their horses and pelted with mud and stones because they had tried to bring the good news that blessed their souls home to others. Severer persecution was to be his fate in the years to follow.

When Mirabeau, the leader in early days of the French Revolution, lay dying, he said to the friends who leaned over his couch supporting him, "Guard well that head; it holds the fortunes of France." As much might have been said of John Wesley. In the clear, busy brain that passed up and down the three kingdoms, sowing holy seed everywhere, lay the salvation, humanly speaking, of Britain. If the missiles, hurled by angry mobs, had reached Wesley's life and quenched it, a great light would have gone out, a light that, more than any other, with its rays of soberness and peace, kept England from plunging down into the dark abyss of revolution into which her sister nation, France, fell. John Wesley, riding along the country roads through so many years of the eighteenth century, was the regenerator of our nation, as well as the teacher God raised up to win many souls for Christ's kingdom.

So the faint glimmer of the stars lighted him on, and in due time he reached the town, where a few warm-hearted friends waited to give him welcome.

CHAPTER III.

ATTEMPTS AT COMFORT.

Squire Patterson sat alone by his hearth. The dancing flames shone on a room that looked the picture of comfort. The brass andirons glittered like gold, and the pair of silver tankards on the mahogany sideboard reflected the flames in their burnished surfaces. The China peacocks on the mantelpiece were fresh washed, and showed themselves in their brightest colours. Hannah was a faithful servant, and the squire did not miss his wife in any household comfort yet. But there was a blank in his heart greater than he could measure, and he sat brooding over it desolately.

"Go to the Chough and Crow, and amuse yourself with your old friends, master," suggested Hannah, her womanly compassion excited at seeing his misery. But the squire shook his head. He had not reached the stage when he could make active efforts against his grief; at present it enveloped him heavily like a pall.

Besides, he felt some comfort in being where there were the visible signs of his wife's presence still. In the corner stood her tambour frame, on which she used to execute the dainty work that was such a

marvel to the squire's wondering eyes. There lay the household keys, tied with the ribbon of pale blue which she wore at her waist. There was the quill cut by her own clever fingers, with which she had written his letters and kept his accounts. Ah! who would spare him thought and trouble now, as her quick brain had been so ready to do? There, too, lay the little heap of books—song-book, prayer-book, and a romance or two—whose pages her hands, alone of all the house, had turned. The squire never looked at them; but they were dear to him now for her sake.

Visions of her face came hauntingly before him—the arch, sweet, hazel eyes and the chestnut curls of the maiden he had wooed. She had held her head high over other suitors, fair Frances Arden, who had gold in her purse, and learning and skill beyond most country damsels. And yet when Denis Patterson came wooing, the sweet, dark eyes had drooped, and Frances Arden had shyly confessed her love. The pride and joy of that conquest were fresh in the squire's heart still. It seemed but yesterday since he brought his bride home, and their happy wedded life began.

The influence upon him from the first had been great, even he did not realize how great. It had been easy to stay at home—with her—from the drunken bouts in which even his better neighbours indulged. If she wished it, he came back on market-day from the town without a single game of cards. The squire, without knowing it, was becoming a sober, exemplary man, when she who had been his good angel died, and he was left among the ruins of his happiness alone.

"SQUIRE PATTERSON SAT ALONE BY HIS HEARTH."

As he sat, drearily gazing into the fire, with only these memories to keep him company, voices and laughter became audible outside. A great thump sounded on the outer door, and in a moment Hannah appeared, ushering in a full dozen of guests. The jovial party of the Chough and Crow had come, as agreed, to break in upon the squire's loneliness.

"Come, neighbour Patterson, how do you fare?" said the rosy-cheeked, round-faced vicar, pressing up to the squire's chair and squeezing his hand warmly. "You have forsaken us of late, so we have come to seek you out. Never desert a friend in distress, say I."

"We have been vastly sorry for you, Denis Patterson," said Mr. Goodwin the farmer, wringing the hand that the vicar let go. "But we all have our losses—my best horse died of the glanders last week. Still, we must cheer up and forget them."

"Where is Mr. Frant, the apothecary? He started with us," suddenly cried the Rev. Thomas Noakes, looking round.

"Yes, he started, but then he thought better of it," replied Apel, the church clerk, at whom he looked. "Mr. Frant said he'd visit Mr. Patterson another evening by himself. Mr. Frant is such a quiet man."

"Too quiet," commented the vicar, in an annoyed tone. This was not the first time that worthy Mr. Frant's superior delicacy of feeling had given his clergyman an awkward consciousness that his own ways might not be the best.

The squire, thus suddenly roused from his sad reveries, had glanced from one speaker to the other with a bewildered air at first. Then his hospitable instincts awoke, and he nodded to Hannah. She understood the signal, and brought bottles and mugs at once; glad, worthy soul, to see her master interested in anything once more.

"Ah!" said the vicar, the frown disappearing from his brow (which Frant's tiresome excellence had called there), and looking approvingly at the silver tankard, the best in the house, which Hannah set before him—"Ah! that is hollands of the right sort.

Nothing second-rate in your house, Patterson. Come, drink yourself, man. 'Give strong drink unto him that is ready to perish, and wine unto those that be of heavy hearts!' There's Scripture for your case, and the parson's warrant for following it. Ha! ha!" He laughed till the jovial sound made the rafters ring.

Just now Larkins put forward a basket he had brought, saying:

"AH, POOR THING!" SAID HANNAH.

"A little sport diverts the thoughts hugely, squire. You won't mind trying your cock against mine?"

The squire hesitated. This was one of the things his wife had never liked. She who loved and cared for all dumb animals—to whom her chickens would run and her pigeons fly the moment she appeared, hated to see any form of torture. She would never go to a bull-baiting—then a fashionable amusement—no matter what fine madams of wealth or title were present. And now she was gone her wishes seemed more binding on the squire than even in her life.

But again his instincts as host fought down his scruples. He could not be rude to the friends who had rallied round him in his loneliness. So he agreed to the landlord's proposal. The party adjourned to the large, stone-flagged kitchen; his own cock was sent for, and the barbarous entertainment began.

It was midnight when the sport ended, and Larkins, picking up his victorious bird in triumph, replaced it in its cage. The noisy party broke up with expressions of satisfaction.

"We will come again, squire, and rouse you from your dismals," said the vicar; and the excited, flushed squire laughed and vowed that he was ready to entertain such good company whenever they would come. He stood at the outer door watching his guests off, till the cold night air, blowing in upon him, partially sobered him. Hannah, passing to and fro, putting the rooms straight after their unusual disorder, stopped and picked up their own bird, which lay a heap of torn flesh and blood-bedraggled feathers.

"Ah, poor thing!" she said; "'twas so pretty this morning."

The squire, as she spoke, seemed to hear another voice than hers. A swift arrow of remorse struck through him. He turned and went hastily back to the parlour, where his wife's presence always seemed nearest to him.

"O Frances, Frances!" he groaned, dropping into the same attitude of misery in which his friends had found him, "what shall I be without you? Why did you leave me, O my Frances?"

With the death of his wife all gentle influences seemed indeed to have been taken from him. The squire returned for a day or two to the grief that was his best safeguard; then again his old companions sought him out, and urged excitement for his solace. As the winter wore on he became known as one of the deepest drinkers and most reckless sportsmen in the parish. And there was no one to check him in his wild career.

But what said a bard of that century, singing a few years later in the shades of leafy Olney?

> God moves in a mysterious way
> His wonders to perform.

Denis Patterson was remembered in God's wonderful councils of mercy, though his hour was not yet come.

SIM GALLOWAY'S DAUGHTER-IN-LAW.*

BY WILLIAM E. BARTON,

Author of "A Hero in Homespun," etc.

CHAPTER I.

LIFE IN ROUNDSTONE HOLLER.

There are those who imagine that a man may be interpreted by the house in which he lives, so naturally does he shape himself to his surroundings. Such a relation of men to their habitat always seems particularly true of Roundstone. From its sources, which are many, to its disappearance at the Sinks, the stream and the people along its banks are akin. The lives of the Roundstone folk appear, like the current of the creek, to belong wholly within the valley, rising in as many coves and hollows as there are homes, flowing into one common channel, winding from side to side and between the hills, and swallowed up at last in a great mystery.

And Roundstone glories in its isolation, and thanks the Lord that it is not as other hollers, nor even as Tigertail. Moab is its washpot, and over Edom it casts its shoe—by which are to be understood the modern equivalents of those biblical terms, to wit, Gooserock and Tigertail.

It was Moses Davis whose expression concerning Tigertail became classic. Joel Travers brought word to the store one night of a tragedy at Tigertail.

"I didn't adzackly git the straight on hit, but Pal Montgomery got inter a furse with some tother feller in Bill Peters' saloon, and Paul drored his shootin' arn, an' missed the feller he aimed to kill, an shot the wrong man."

"You hain't got the straight on hit, Joel," interrupted Moses; "that's plain enough. Hit tain't possible to shoot the wrong man on Taggertail!"

The Holler was accustomed to a quiet, drawling kind of humour, and now and then to a great, rude joke, but this was a flash of what passed for the keenest wit imaginable. It was repeated a thousand times, and made the reputation of Moses as a philosopher.

The story has present value only as indicating something of the character of the wit of Moses Davis, and the feeling of the Holler, held without malice, but with profound consciousness of superiority, toward the world outside.

But there are some who believe that the Boiling Springs far south of the Jellico range are the bursting forth again of the Sinks; and while Roundstone does not credit the theory, it has in it an interesting suggestion that through some hidden channel the life of Roundstone may somehow affect or be affected by the life of the rest of the world. Of this idea there has been an occasional illustration in some episode of the Holler's history.

Simeon Galloway was not an old man in years, but he looked old. He was bent and gray, and sometimes complained of a "misery in his chest." Some people knew that the "misery" originated in a bullet wound received at Perryville. If Honour were impartial in her distributions, or could ever have dreamed of finding her way in among the spurs of Sewanee or Jellico to Roundstone, the bullet scar on the breast of Simeon Galloway would have been covered with a medal; for, on the day of the Perryville fight, he showed himself a hero. But that was long ago, when his boy Bill was but a lad, and he was now,—ah, well! who knows just what he was? God only can say whether he ought to be called a man, for no man had done his humanity greater wrong, or sinned more deeply against all human relations than Bill Galloway. Yet the neighbours remembered him as a

* The Rev. Dr. Barton, the author of the clever story, "The Trouble at Roundstone," is a typical example of American thrift. His parents were poor, and he early had to make his own way in life. With only sixteen dollars he went, with his sister, to a denominational college, in Zenia, Ohio. For months his capital was only one cent., but he sawed wood, did chores, and paid his way through college. That cent he keeps in his cabinet as a souvenir of his college days. He taught school in the Cumberland Mountains, and thus learned to know the mountaineers whom he has so sympathetically sketched. Dr. Barton has been for some time the successful pastor of Shawmut Avenue Church, Boston, and has just been called to a church in Chicago.

bright and jolly fellow, good-hearted, too, but with a temper like a tempest, and a look in his eye that was uncertain and sometimes uncanny. Bill had been away a long while now, and it was this, all Roundstone knew, that had bent the form of his father, and made him grow gray so fast.

More than once Simeon had made long journeys to him, just where no one knew, but he came back sadder than he went, and each time with an added burden to be borne. Once, back in the early 70's, he brought home with him an infant, and laid it in the arms of Hannah, his wife, who cried over it and kissed it and took it to her heart. It was a hearty, happy, brown-eyed little girl, who never suspected that she had come into the world unwelcome, or had brought other than joy into whatever home she entered. No one asked many questions of Sim and Hannah, but all the Holler understood the essential facts in the case from circumstantial evidence and Sim's laconic explanation: "Hit's a little un Bill sorter fell heir to."

So the years went by, and the happy little girl was almost a young woman, and the light of the home of Sim and Hannah, whom she knew simply as grandpa and grandma, and that her own parents were dead.

Years would pass without a word from Bill, and Hannah would begin to fear, and Simeon to hope, that he was dead and had had a moment before dying to repent and be forgiven, and then there would come some message from the great world outside, and from some strange place at the ends of it, until then unknown to Simeon and Hannah, that Bill was there and in trouble; and sadly and wrathfully Simeon would go forth, and return more sadly, but with the wrath all melted into deeper sorrow.

All these visits were expensive, and their cost came out of the scanty living of the old veteran and his wife, but the last one was now gone many years, and Simeon hoped and prayed it might remain the last.

Indeed, there could not be many more, for the last one had involved unprecedented cost, and Simeon had returned and put a mortgage on his farm for eight hundred dollars. It was more than doubtful if his farm would sell for that, but the understanding which the Holler came to have of the matter was that that was the amount of the cheque which Bill had forged, and that the father's assumption of the debt, together with his tears and pleading, had saved Bill from the prison he so richly deserved. Year by year he had kept up the interest on it, how, no one could imagine, until failing strength and a dry season, together with the loss of his hogs by cholera, and of a young and handsome colt by lightning, caused him to ride one day to Pineville, when interest was due, and face Cal Blake, the dapper young lawyer, who was his creditor's agent, with empty hands.

CHAPTER II.

CAL BLAKE.

At Pineville the great Pine mountain is sawn asunder by the Cumberland River. There seems scant room for the old wilderness road between the river and the clean-cut end of the mountain. But here Daniel Boone's old thoroughfare assumes the dignity of a street, and along it are the court-house, the school-house, certain stores and residences, a blacksmith shop, and a number of one-story wooden offices. Simeon entered one of these, and stood, troubled and embarrassed, before a young man who did not remove his feet from the top of a table containing a few law books, some writing material, and several pipes.

"Howdy, Sim," said Cal. "What's on your mind?"

"I hain't got no in-trust this year," Sim said, sadly. "Luck's sorter ben agin me."

"That's too bad, Sim," said Cal, without any particular display of sympathy. "It's got to be raised, somehow."

"Hit cyant be did," replied Simeon. "I'm stalled, an' cyant turn a wheel."

"Oh, yes, you can. What about your hogs?"

"All died with the cholery. I hain't got no meat fur my own use."

"You've got some colts, hain't you?"

"I hed one, but the lightnin' killed her. She'd a fetched forty dollars. I 'lowed to pay half the in-trust with thet."

"Where did you 'low to get the other half?"

"Wall, I counted some on the hogs, an' I 'lowed to hev a calf to sell, but hit died, an' I 'lowed to hev some dried apples, but the orchard didn't

bear this year, though 'twas the year fur hit, an' I 'lowed to dig some sang, but the sang was short this year, an' I was sick wen hit was at the best, an' wut I got fur hit I had to use fur medicine an' fur taxes."

"You draw a pension, don't you?"

"Nary a cent. I applied wunct. Hit was atter our little gran'child come to us, an' we'd sorter had some extry expense, but they writ back that lessn they should be a 'stificut from the surgeon o' the rig'maint I fit in—an' the Lord knows whar he is by this time—I couldn't git none, lessn they was a new law passed. An' so it sorter drapped."

"Well, Sim, I'm mighty sorry, but business is business, an' if you can't pay I'll hev to fo'close. The note has been overdue a long time."

"I know thet, but you allers said they wa'n't no hurry 'bout the note's long as I kep up the in-trust."

"Yes, but you've defaulted the interest."

"I've wut?"

"You ain't able to pay the interest, you say?"

"I cyant this year, but I never failed afore. Now, I've got two propositions to make to yer. One is, let the in-trust lay till next year, an' I'll try to pay hit an' part of next, an' ef I hev good luck I'll pay wut's left o' next the year atter, with the hull o' the in-trust fur that year—thet is, ef I keep my health, an' don't hev no bad luck lack wut I've hed this year."

"That ain't very favourable, is it. Sim? What's your other proposition?"

"Well, t'other is, let 'em fo'close on everything but the cabin an' garding an' spring, an' take all the rest. Jes' leave me' nough to git a livin' off'n an' a place fur me 'n the old woman an' the little gal to sleep, an' a place to keep the cow, an' they kin take all the rest."

"Ha, ha! Well, this is rich! Why, the whole thing won't bring the face of the note, an' you want to keep all the improvements!"

"I only want a chance to live. Why, man, you don't mean to take a man's life fur payment of a note, do ye?"

"Well, how you live or whether you live's your own lookout. If we have to fo'close, it'll be on the whole place, you can bet your life. The money ort to be paid to-day, but I'll wait thirty days, an' if it don't come then, we'll have to do the next best thing."

Simeon mounted his old irongray mare and sadly turned toward home. The horse was tall and gaunt and shaggy, like himself, and showed the marks of years and of honourable service. Her eye was sunken and dull, yet at times there seemed to smoulder in it the fire of other days, for time had been when old weather-beaten Nan could show a clean pair of heels to anything on the creek, and there were some rash enough to believe that she could do so yet if she could smell oats once again, instead of living the year round on hazel brush and faith.

Simeon had not the heart to tell his wife the sad news, yet she knew it when she saw him coming. She had discerned him far down the road, and hastened her preparation of a hoe-cake and a cup of sassafras tea. Poor Sim, she thought, he did so love coffee, but they had none. And Sim came in and tried to eat, but the hoe-cake choked him, and the tea went down hard, and at length the old man pushed his plate from him and leaned his elbows on the table and his face in his hands, and the tears dropped through upon the oil-cloth that covered the table.

Hannah saw it and cried, too, for she knew that it was not for himself that her husband wept, and that his tears were the sure indication that his all but hopeless errand had failed.

"He wouldn't do it?" she asked at length.

"No, he wouldn't do nothin'. I don't know as he cud a done nothin' nohow. He's only a agunt. But he wouldn't ef he cud."

There was a tinge of bitterness in this, for Cal Blake had been born just across Jellico from Roundstone, and when a boy had often been over the ridge, visiting the neighbour boys, hunting in the woods, fishing in the creek, and throwing stones into the Sinks, where, with ceaseless thirst, they gulp down the waters of Roundstone. He had been away somewhere and had studied law, and now signed his name J. C. Calhoun Blake, and he had become a Democrat, and a resident of Pineville, and had hardened his heart against his own people. No harder agent, no attorney more certain to demand the full pound of flesh, though it cut to the heart, could have been found, and the only check upon his heart-

lessness was his ambition for office, which made him chary of offending voters without cause. But Sim Galloway had but one vote, and the firm of attorneys for whom Cal was conducting this business were well known and influential in the city where they lived, and it was far better to "stand in" with them than to temper the wind to the aged and well-shorn Sim. Besides, was it not law? And had he not signed the note and executed the mortgage deed of his own free will? Of course he had, and he must face the music like a man. That was the way Cal Blake explained it to himself as he thought of a possibility of being charged with undue severity when he might at some future time be stumping Roundstone for the office of—well, perhaps, district attorney, or representative in the Legislature, and then, it might be, for Congress.

CHAPTER III.

CAD.

"Where's Cad?" asked Simeon, after the little that there was to tell had been told. Her name was Caroline.

"She's been out a right smart while. She went to see ef she cud git some sang."

They were glad enough to get the ginseng, which sold at the stores for money, and it was one of the few things that would bring money. It was said to be wanted for exportation to China, where it sometimes brought its weight in gold for its almost fabulous alleged medicinal virtue. It brought far less than its weight in gold to the people of Roundstone, and was scarce enough this year, but a dollar a pound is something, though it takes long to get a pound, and then it is sometimes discounted because the root is not dry enough.

Cad soon came in, and brought a few sang roots, but there was a flush upon her cheek that seemed hardly to have come from her exercise. And this was what Sim and Hannah dreaded to see, for they felt sure that it meant that her quest for sang had not been her only errand into the woods, and they disliked Joe Holcomb, and with reason.

"You've got some sang, hain't you, Cad? Wall, that's nice. You're a good gal. I shouldn't wonder ef thar'd be a ounce of hit when hit's dry. You mus' a worked hard."

"I had some help," confessed Cad, blushing, yet glad of this opportunity to say what she wanted to say. "Joe Holcomb helped me."

The grandparents expressed no surprise, but did not attempt to conceal their disapproval.

"I wisht you hadn't a done it, Cad," said her grandfather. "He's a wuthless, no 'count feller, an' I wisht you wouldn't never have nothin' more to do with him."

"I don't see why you are all down on Joe," she replied, slightly nettled. "He's good's the rest o' the boys."

"No, he hain't, Cad, an' I know it. I know the whole Hocum tribe, lock, stock 'n bar'l, an' they hain't nothin' good in none on 'em."

"That's what you always say, but he ain't to blame fur what his father's done."

"No, child, he hain't, an' we've all got sins 'nough of our own, 'thout hevin' to bar none of any one else. But, Cad, you don' adzackly understand. The hull Hocum tribe is a low-down, sneakin', thievin' crowd. Joe Hocum's grandad was arrested fur sheep stealin', an' his wife was a clay-eater. I was in the army with Joe's dad, an' he was rotten from the ground up. He was a brag an' a coward. After the war he 'pended on the county an' his neighbours fur wut he had ter eat, an' on providaince an' treats fur what he got ter drink, an' he drunk enough then ter kill him 'bout five year ago, an' they warn't a livin' soul that wasn't glad he was dead, least of all his kinfolks. I hain't got nothin' to say agin his mother, for she's a-livin' yit, an' she hain't no wuss'n he is, an' hit's a burnin' shame he don' s'port her, but you know she hain't no credit to the Holler."

"But Joe's all right. I know he's wild an' drinks a little, an' he ain't no church member, an' mebby he hunts on Sundays, an' races horses an' sometimes swears. But he's nice, an' he likes me, an' I—I'm goin' to marry him."

"Never, never!" cried Simeon, rising to his feet and standing his full height. "I'll shoot him furst! I'll see you buried furst! I'd a heap ruther see you buried than married to that man!"

"Cad," interposed Hannah mildly, laying her hand on Simeon's arm and gently pushing him back into his chair and stepping before him as she

spoke, "Cad, lissen to me. Yer granpap don' mean no harm, 'n' you know it. Hit's 'cause he loves you, Cad. Now don' be mad, but jes' less we talk sense. You know a heap that they didn't know wen I was a gal, an' you've ben to school five sessions, an' I never went but part o' one, an' your granpap har'ly thet. But we kin read the Bible an' sign our names an' do right fur's we know, an' we cyant do no more. But, Cad, your granpap knows some things you don't, an' one thing is, he knows a bad man fur 's he kin see him. An' he'd ruther take yon little cosset lamb right outen the chimbly corner an' throw hit out to the wolves than to see you married to a bad man.

"Cad, we know some things that you don't. We hain't lived as long as we've done lived an' not know nothin'. Now, we don't try to give you no advice about the spellin' book an' sich lack, but this is somethin' we do know about, your granpap an' me."

"I don't know what you know agin Joe," sobbed Cad from her apron.

"Well, I kin tell you wut I know about him," interrupted Simeon. "I know he's a drunkard an' a coward. I know he's a mean, low-down rake. I know he's a gambler an' a cheat at a hoss trade. I know they hain't no good in the Hocum blood. I know his dad was"——

"You don' know nothin' o' the sort," cried Cad. "You jes' hate him 'cause his fam'ly ain't good."

"Cad," said Hannah, again gently quieting Simeon, whose violence had set him to coughing, "in everything but this one you've ben a comfort an' a blessin' to us. We've had you, Cad, ever sence you was a baby, ever sense your mother—died, an' we tuk you fur our own. An' all the love that we ever had for your pa wen he was a child an' all the love that we had for the five that didn't live we give to you, an' a heap more. Cad, we hain't a-goin' to brag about wut we've done for you, but ef we could make you happy, your granpap an' me, by layin' down our pore ole lives, that hain't had but mighty little sunshine but wut you've brought, we'd do it, Cad, we'd do it. An' wen your gran'pa says he'd shoot Joe ruther' n for you ter marry him, that ain't wut he means. That's the way he feels now, but hit hain't wut he'd do. But, Cad, I'll tell you wut he'd do. Ef hit would help you ary grain to be a better woman than you'd be without, he'd die his own self, Cad. He wouldn't kill no other man, good or bad; but ef hit would do you ary grain o' good, your ole gran'pa would go right down to the Sinks, Cad, an' jump in fur your sake. That's wut he'd do, Cad, an' I wouldn't be fur ahint him."

"But I don't see what that's got to do with it," said Cad. "I don't want you to die. I want you to live, an' I love you an' you know it. I want to marry Joe, an' have a man to support me, and not to be a burden on you. An' me an' Joe will work and care for you, an' we'll pay off the mortgage on the place, an' Joe'll come here to live, an' we'll all be happy together. We talked it all over to-day."

"Cad," said Simeon, "you mought as well know. They hain't no use o' thinkin' o' savin' the place. Hit's got to go. I've ben down to Pineville an' seed Cal Blake, an' he won't wait fur the in-trust, and he's goin' to fo'close in thirty days."

"Well, that's the more reason why I should have a home o' my own an' a place to take you," reasoned Cad.

They gave up trying to make her see it, and mournfully sat staring at the future where it rose before them like a wall. But Cad felt a sense of relief that the worst had come, and that the extremity in which they found themselves justified more radical measures than would otherwise have been allowable. And thus it was that she who had been a joy to them in the seventeen years of her life added to their burden now a breaking load.

CHAPTER IV.

A BRUISED REED.

It was a stormy night, and there were few out to prayer-meeting in any of the churches in the city. The pastor of the Church of the Good Shepherd came into the vestry, and, standing in the desk as he opened the Bible, looked over the faces of the people. There were few that he did not know, for it was a night to encourage all but those who knew that they would be missed to stay at home. And that gave the minister a better opportunity to take a closer look at the few strangers that were present. Among them he was especially at-

tracted to one—a woman. She was richly dressed, and wore large diamonds; in fact, she was overdressed, and there was something a trifle loud in her attire, but not conspicuously so. But it was the face and not the clothing which he especially noticed. It could not have been more than forty years of age, but there was an old look in it. It had been and even yet was handsome, but it had to-night a look of unutterable sadness. He announced the hymn,

"Art thou weary? Art thou languid?
Art thou sore distrest?
'Come to Me,' said One, 'and coming,
Be at rest.'"

He noticed that her face twitched and that she tried to sing, but gave it up. At the close of the meeting he hastened to the door to intercept her, and to say good-night to his people. She did not move, but sat in her place, with her head bowed upon the seat before her.

The minister went to her and sat in the seat in front. Touching her hand, he said:

"You are in trouble. Can I help you?"

"No one can help me. God might, perhaps, but I cannot ask it of him."

"Why not?"

"I have sinned too deeply. I am beyond hope. You would not sit and talk with me if you knew how bad I am."

"Tell me just how bad you are, if that will help me to help you."

"That would be useless. But I am bad enough. I have been bad for years. But to-day I have had a feeling that is different, and passing this door to-night, I felt a sudden impulse that brought me in. I want to be better. It is not for myself that I would think of reform. I am too far gone, but—I have a daughter."

"Where is she?"

"She may be dead. I have not seen her since she was a babe. I hated her then, and hated the man who was her father. I prosecuted him and compelled him to support her. He took her and sent her to his parents. They live far away on a little farm in the mountains of Kentucky."

"You have heard from her?"

"Not at all. I have heard no word from her in all these years. But to-day is her birthday. She is just seventeen. For some years I almost forgot her, but later it has not been so. I have thought often of her for the past four or five years, and have tried year by year to picture her to myself as she must be now if she lives. These last months I have remembered her with more of tenderness than ever. She is almost a woman now, and I can but think and remember and wonder and hope. Oh, if she should follow in my steps! I have prayed—yes, prayed—about that. I would not dare to pray for myself, yet I have thought that a mother, no matter how bad, and perhaps the more because she is bad, might be heard for her child."

"Be sure that God hears you for your daughter, and will hear you for your own forgiveness."

"I have been thinking, oh, if I could only see her! If I could warn her and advise her! If I could make her know that, base as I am, I love her with a mother's heart, and long to see her good and true!"

"You might write, or I will write for you, and learn about her," suggested the minister.

"But I want to go to her. I cannot keep from her longer. I feel that she needs me. And yet—oh, what if I should go to her and she should spurn me?"

"That is possible," said the minister, "yet I do not think that she would. But are you sure that you can do her good? Remember, if you continue in sin you would but disgrace her, and perhaps open to her the door to the life which you have found a hell."

"I know, I know. But oh, I will be true! I will, that is, if I can be with her."

"I am not wise enough to advise you," said the minister. "My judgment says that the risks are great, but my heart says for you to go."

"And I will go," said she, "I will go at once. And I promise God that if I find her alive and pure I will be a woman again for her sake."

"And if not, then still you will be a woman for her sake, and for Christ's sake, and your own?"

"I—I will try. But if I find her, I know that I can do it."

"Go," said he, "but remember that it would be better that you should have a millstone hanged about your neck and be drowned in the depths of the sea than that you should cause that little one to stumble."

And the woman went out into the night, and the minister went home, wondering if he had done right, and praying for the erring mother and the unknown and distant daughter.

CHAPTER V.

THE JOFIELDS LIMITED.

Margaret Morell—they called her Meg where she was known—was true to her word. A day she took to dispose of her belongings and prepare for her long journey. Her finest dresses she sold, and packed a large trunk with what she had left that were plainer and serviceable. She had some money, the most of which she sewed into her underclothing for future needs. She placed in her pocket a small revolver, for she was accustomed to experiences of different sorts, and was prepared for emergencies. Although she sold her trinkets and clothes at the pawnshops, she knew how to drive a good bargain, and the amount that she realized was more than enough for the expenses of her journey, besides the moderate sum which she already possessed. And with the money which she secreted, she sewed her diamonds where she knew they would be safe. It was a long and lonesome journey, and she was distraught and weary, but spite of fears and questionings, she held to her purpose.

"If it were only I," she said to herself, "it would not be worth the effort. But for my child!"

It is a long way from the Jofields to Roundstone, and the facilities for travel are none of the best. But a tan-bark waggon with slats to hold to is not the worst vehicle in the world, though it is far from comfortable and often seems unsafe when the roads are bad. Moses Davis was proud of his yoke of steers, and could miss as many stones in the road as any other driver, but there are more stones than can be missed, as every one knows who has gone that way. But, after four hours of geeing and hawing, of encouraging Buck and admonishing Bright, he passed through Oxyoke Gap and around the spurs of Torkletop, and began to descend a narrow ridge to the valley below.

"Now," said he to his passenger, who had paid him a dollar for her own passage and that of her trunk, "I kin jis' as well drive down an' set you right at Sim's door as not, but ef ye will walk, wy this is the way. That's my house, right down thar on the left o' the ridge. I hatter drive clar down the ridge to get to hit, but wen you walk yer kin foller the path, an' hit's a heap shorter. And the same path, right over the ridge on the right-han' side, takes yer to Sim's. Kinfolks o' hisn, be ye?"

"Yes, a distant relative, and they are not expecting me. As I told you, I do not know that they will remember me, or be able to entertain me. If they cannot, I wish to spend the night at your house, or somewhere where I can obtain a night's lodging, and in the morning return. Take my trunk to your house until you hear from me, and, if you please, do not say to any one that I have come. Only tell your wife that a stranger may wish to spend the night under your roof, and I will come if I have need."

Moses watched her well down the path, and looked long at the dollar in his hand.

"She must be rich," he said. "A dollar! Whew!" And he whistled with satisfaction. "I wonder what kin o' Sim Galloway's she kin be?" And he whipped up his oxen and descended to his home.

"Hello, M'lindy!" he called. "Git the kittle on! I'm hungry as a bar, an' mebby there'll be an heiress or somethin' o' the sort to supper."

"Who do ye reckon she kin be?" asked Malinda, when Moses had told her about his passenger.

"Hanged ef I know. A sorter dissent relation, she said. I didn't know Sim Galloway had no kinfolks thet had money."

"Wut fur lookin' woman was she?"

"Wall, she warn't so very old, nor she warn't so very young. She had brown eyes an' sorter purty har that was black, an' sorter slender built."

"M'lindy" meditated while raking out the hot ashes to bake the pones. Then she stood erect, shovel in hand.

"Mose Davis, I'll tell you who she is. She's Cad's ma, sure 's you're a livin' man!"

"Wall, now, ef it don't take a woman to guess things! I'll bet she is. Yes, sir. I'll bet that's so That's a fact. Sure as the gun's arn!"

CHAPTER VI.

THE SNARE OF THE FOWLER.

Meg slowly descended the ridge along the path that led to the back of the Galloway cabin. She was eager to descend, yet stopped again and again. She was perhaps halfway to the house when she heard voices and paused. Stepping aside into the bushes, she approached nearer, and soon from an overhanging rock she could look down unseen and listen to the conversation. It was a black-haired, bright-eyed girl, who was talking to a coarse, yet rather fascinating, young man, and before she looked a second time Meg knew that it was her daughter into whose face she gazed.

"But I don't like to leave grampa an' gramma," she was saying.

"What do you want to stay with them for, anyhow?" he asked, contemptuously.

"O Joe, you mustn't speak so. They've been kind to me. They love me as if I was their own child. I've been with them, you know, ever since my mother died, an' they would give their lives for me. No, no, I can't leave them."

"But they won't have no home for you much longer."

"I know it. The mortgage can't be paid, an' they'll have to go. But wherever they go, I'll go."

"But the best way is for you to go with me now and make a home fur them, an' then, wen the mortgage is fo'closed, we kin take 'em in with us."

"Do you truly think so?"

"Think so? I know it. Wut else kin you do?"

"I don't know, but I thought we could do somethin' if I stayed with 'em."

"Wall, you cyant, don't you see? They hain't nothin' ye kin do. Now I'll tell you wut I've got in mind. You be out to-night at ten o'clock, under the beech at the north eend o' the spring house, an' I'll come an' meet you thar. I'll take ye behind me on my nag, an' by morning, we'll be twenty miles from hyur."

"But where?"

"Down whar they're buildin' the railroad. They're payin' men big wages thar, an' we kin earn enough to pay fur a home in jes' no time."

"And you really think it is the best thing?"

"Best! I know hit's the best. Do you think you know more about it than I do?"

"N-no, only I hate to leave grampa an' gramma."

"Wall, will ye do it? That's the question."

"Why, if you say it's best, I suppose"——

"Wall, I do say so. Will you do it?"

"Yes, but O Joe, I hate to, awfully!"

"Wall, then I'll meet you at ten o'clock. You be thar early, an' don't you make no noise."

"I will, Joe, but"——

Just then there came a voice from the cabin. "Cad! O Cad! Car-re-ee! Car-rie! Whar be ye at, child?"

"Thar's gramma callin' me," said Cad. "Lemme go. Yes, gramma, I'm comin'. Good-bye, Joe, I'll be there at ten."

She gathered up a few, only a few, ginseng roots, which had been the pretext of her outing.

"You ought to helped me gather more sang," said she, regretfully, "'stead o' hinderin' me."

"You won't hatter gether sang much longer," said he. "You'll be a lady. Good-bye. I'll be thar at ten. Now mind you don't let nothin' hender you."

He watched her descend, and then, with a low, coarse laugh, turned to his horse that was hitched hard by and rode up the ridge and out of sight.

Meg drew back into the bushes until the sound of his horse's hoofs died out. Her heart beat fast, and her hands trembled. She knew enough of sin to recognize it at sight, and to her was apparent what Cad could not see, the evil design of an utterly unprincipled man. Even had her own reformation been less sincere, she would have found her whole soul in arms now to save the daughter, at sight of whom there had burst into blossom a mother's love. There was a feeling of confidence in her soul, and a devout sense of gratitude.

"Thank God," she said, "just in time!"

CHAPTER VII.

MEG MORELL'S STRATEGY.

Whatever Meg Morell's derelictions, she was not lacking in penetration, in courage, or in resource. She was angry enough to have been

desperate, had she been possessed of less nerve. As it was, her intense indignation against Holcomb, and the love that at the first sight of Cad had swelled up within her, made her willing to go any length to save her daughter; while her confidence in her grasp of the situation, and her love of adventure rather steadied her nerve than otherwise.

She was by this time very calm and ready for any emergency, and with cautious tread she explored the premises, taking up her station at length in the shadow of the great beech that overarched the spring house. It was about half-past nine, she judged, that the shed-room door of the cabin moved. The latch clicked, the door swung a little on its hickory hinges, and Cad silently slipped out into the dark, and, trembling, made her way to the spring house. Her mother stood back behind the trunk of the tree and made room for her. Cad groped her way along the wall, her eyes as yet unused to the darkness, and stood between the wall and the tree. Then a hand was laid upon her arm, and before she could start or scream, a voice in her ear commanded silence.

"Sh-sh! Do not speak! Ask no questions! Not to-night! Go back into the house and to bed, and as you value your life do not come out again to-night! To-morrow morning be at the place where you met him to-day. Go!"

Frightened and wondering, Cad ran from the spring house, and, lifting the latch of the shed room, slipped back to bed.

"Well done thus far," said Meg. "And now for the next adventure."

She had not long to wait. Before ten, rather than later, she heard the approach of a horse's hoofs, and in a moment Joe drew rein just outside the tent made by the drooping of the branches of the tree.

"Cad!" he said in a low tone. "Be ye thar, Cad?"

"Sh-sh!" said she, and slipped out beside him.

"Git up behind me," said he. "Quick, now. Step on that rock. Now, step one foot on mine. Give me yer hand. Now, up! Thar!" In a moment they were started. He spoke to her several times, first in a low tone, and then in one less cautious as they put distance between them and the house, she answering his remarks, if at all, with a "sh!"

They had gone perhaps a mile, when his spirits rose, and he said, "Well, Cad, we pulled the wool over the ole folkses' eyes that time, shore 'nuff, didn't we? Ha, ha!"

"Wut's the matter on ye, Cad?" he asked, half turning in his saddle. "Why don't ye say nuthin'?"

At that moment she slipped dexterously from the horse, and holding to him with all her strength, jerked him from his seat, and landed him flat upon his back on the ground. The horse, startled, gave a spring, but stopped a few yards away, and began to nibble the grass.

When Joe Holcomb rose, angry and surprised, he found himself looking into the barrel of a revolver in the hand of a very determined woman.

"You wretch," she cried, "you cowardly wretch! You deserve to be shot!"

"Help, help!" he cried.

"Hush!" she commanded, "or I will shoot! What do you mean, you miserable coward, by trying to entice that innocent child away from her grandparents?"

"Don't shoot," he pleaded, "don't shoot. I didn't mean no harm."

"You lie," said she, coming a little nearer, and standing with the pistol almost touching his face. "You did mean harm. You are a liar and a coward!"

"Oh, don't shoot," again he cried, "don't shoot, an' I won't never go near her agin!"

"Pooh!" said she, "what's your promise worth?"

"I'll do it, so help me God. I'll keep my word. I'll leave here to-night, an' never come back agin!"

"Will you?" she asked.

"Yes, hope to die ef I don't."

"You needn't hope. You will die if you don't. I know you and your doings. And sure as you set foot on this soil again, or come near that girl, you die! Do you understand?"

He understood, and mounted his horse, still under cover of the pistol, and as he turned to go she said, in her most sarcastic tone: "A brave man, you are. Beg for your life from a woman! Go, coward!"

"I dunno as you be a woman," said he with chattering teeth. "More like you riz from the dead."

"You are right," said she, "I have risen from the dead."

Science Notes.

PROFESSOR S. A. ANDREE.

The Latest News of Andree.

Evidence accumulates that Professor S. A. Andrée and his two companions, who attempted to reach the North Pole in a balloon, have perished in the wilds of Siberia. The story that a tribe of Tunguses, on the Timor Peninsula, had discovered a hut constructed of cloth and cordage, and the bodies of three men lying dead near the hut, is supported by the statement or a Russian traveller to the effect that he also saw the bodies, and the remains of the balloon in which Andrée started on the boldest flight of modern times.

While the civilized world will mourn the fate of Andrée, it cannot be said that the failure of his undertaking will cause surprise. His earnestness and confidence in his enterprise led many to hope that he would succeed, but the hope was not founded on any known facts in scientific experience, and had but little to sustain it in theory. The navigation of the air is not yet controlled by any force sufficient to carry an airship in a desired direction as a steam vessel is guided and propelled through the waves. Professor Andrée's prospects of success were based on chance, and while this made his enterprise all the more daring and interesting, it also afforded but slight expectation of success. Andrée offered himself as a victim on the altar of science, and there is now strong reason to believe that the sacrifice has been consummated, perhaps without profit to the great cause in which he perished.

When he started on his aerial journey, with his two assistants, Adolph Fraenckel and Hils Strindberg, July 11th, 1897, from Dane's Island, of the Spitzbergen group, there was a general feeling among the spectators that he would never again be seen alive. Since a message sent out by a carrier pigeon, the second day after the start, nothing has been heard from him, and now his remains, if reports are true, rest on the frozen soil of North Siberia. It is a sad ending of an adventure worthy of a descendant of the Vikings who planted colonies in Greenland, and were the first to visit the bleak shores of New England. Andrée's name will go down in history with those of Sir John Franklin and others who have perished in vain efforts to penetrate the mystery of the poles.—*Success.*

"It is reported," says *Electricity*, "that a use has been found for liquefied air, the possibilities of which have been matters of discussion among scientific men for some time. According to *The Mining Reporter*, a discovery was made recently by which it is now practicable to use liquefied air in underground work, such as mining, driving tunnels, and sinking shafts. It is said that under proper conditions the liberation of air from the liquid can be effective in generating power with which to run drills underground, pumps, hoists, etc., while cool air can also be supplied in the deepest mines. The liquid air can also be used in freezing soft ground, making tunnel cutting less hazardous and tedious. If there is any reliability in this reported discovery, and its success can be practically demonstrated, it will make a new departure in the lines of work named, and once again make the genius of science the soul of industrial progress.

THE ANDREE BALLOON.

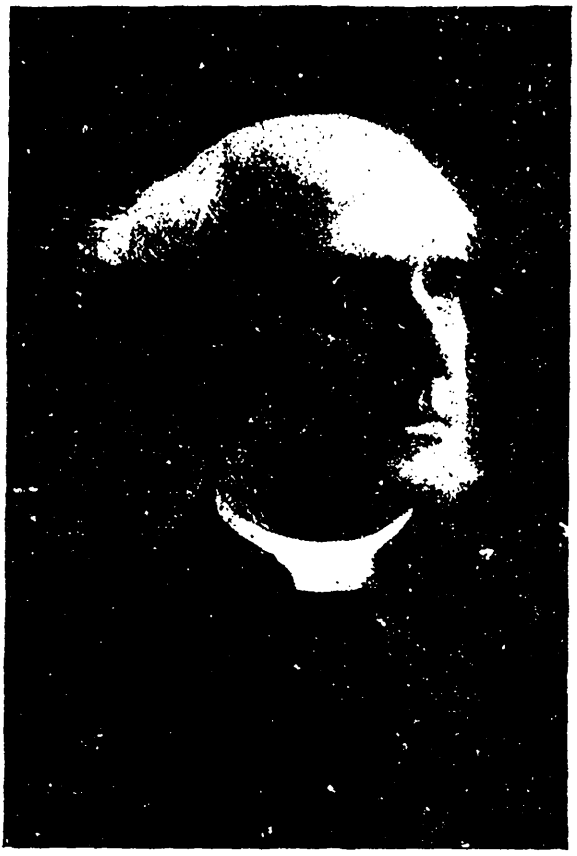
OIL FOR TROUBLED WATERS.—Mr. W. Guthrie, an engineer of Chicago, has set his brain to work on the problem of calming the raging billows by a plan of bombardment. The cannons are to be loaded with an ammunition of sponges soaked in oil, which are to be shot out upon the turbulent waves so as to form a circle around the ship, the idea being to catch the waves at their birth before they have attained full force or roll up mountains high. Mr. Guthrie says that many devices for distributing oil on the waves could be found. Perforated cans, balls of oakum, cotton sponge, or any loose material that could be thrown any desirable distance or direction could be used.

CORAL ROCKS USED IN BUILDING. The coral rock of which the Bermuda Islands are composed is soft and white when it is first taken from its bed, and can be cut in blocks with an ordinary handsaw, but on exposure to the air it becomes hard and dark. All the lumber that is used on these islands is brought from Canada at considerable expense, therefore this coral stone is used for building purposes almost exclusively. Blocks measuring about eight inches by six, and two feet in length, are used for the walls of the houses. Window-sills and door-jambs are also sawed out of it in the desired shape, and even the roof is covered with stone shingles. These are made by simply setting a block of stone on edge while fresh and soft, sawing it into thin slabs. Though the stone finally becomes very hard, yet it has to be kept whitewashed to preserve it from crumbling away, but with this precaution it lasts a long time. There is an old coral stone house in Harrington Sound which is considerably over two hundred years old.—*New Ideas.*

The British Admiralty and the War Department are testing under various climatic conditions, the new method for preserving flour. Experiments are being made with a system of compression into bricks by hydraulic pressure. The trials show that the flour so treated is not affected by damp, even under unfavourable conditions, and is free from mould. The compression destroys all forms of larval life and the flour is thus rendered safe from the attacks of the insects. The saving in storage is enormous, as the cubic space occupied by one hundred pounds of loose flour will hold more than three hundred pounds of the compressed article.

The Schwarz aluminum airship, fitted with a benzine motor, was tested in Germany in the presence of a number of generals and the chief of the army airship department. The airship rose 1,000 feet, floated in the air for twelve minutes and at first obeyed the man steering it, but later a strong wind which prevailed rendered the ship unmanageable. The experiment was considered to be partly successful.

MARK GUY PEARSE.



The theme of this latest book from the pen of this accomplished writer,* is singularly consonant with the spirit of the preacher. No better complement to the masterful spirit of Price Hughes in the West London Mission could be found than Mark Guy Pearse. The one keen, incisive, matter-of-fact, and sometimes stern; the other tender, gentle and sympathetic; the one a son of thunder, the other the son of consolation. No wonder that Price Hughes made it a condition of his taking charge of the West London Mission that Mark Guy Pearse should be

* "The Gentleness of Jesus." By Mark Guy Pearse. New York: T. Y. Crowell & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, $1.00. With Portrait.

his colleague. In this book the spiritual insight and interpretative skill shown in his "Dan'l Quorm," and "John Tregenoweth," are suffused with a fine religious fervour.

Mark Guy Pearse has many friends in Canada who will be glad to read this latest volume from his pen, to possess the admirable portrait which, by the courtesy of the publishers, we present, and the accompanying sketch of his life by the late Rev. D. G. Sutherland, D.D., in the *Western Christian Advocate:*

"Mark Guy Pearse never passed through a regular theological curriculum of study, and we are not aware that he has ever bewailed his loss. His father wished him to be a doctor, and he studied for that profession. In 1863 he saw it to be his duty to abandon the healing of the body for the healing of souls. His genial manner, prepossessing appearance, fluent speech, and above all the spiritual magnetism of a soul-saving passion which made his words burn and his face shine, drew around him eager and interested congregations. Much of the power of his sermons lay in their pictorial charm. He had the rare gift of seeing and of saying what he saw.

"The secret of Mr. Pearse's extraordinary popularity as a writer and preacher is his love for the common people. A man of fastidious tastes and artistic refinement, there was a period in his career when he lived for select social circles and preached for cultured hearers rather than for the sons and daughters of toil. But fuller apprehension of the mind and spirit of Jesus Christ developed in him strongly democratic sympathies. One who knows him well bears witness that his growth in sympathy with the common people kept pace with his growth in grace. The fuller his Christian life became, the keener grew his sense of the mission of the Church of the common people. In an interview with a prominent journalist he declared that the word salvation 'is coming to have a newer meaning—not a salvation into heaven, but a salvation from selfishness and into the love and brotherliness that want to make a heaven for the people about us here and now.' The selfishness of the old conception of religion is being smitten by the breath of this new brotherhood. It is because Mark Guy Pearse believes with all his soul more and more that Christianity is love, 'a downright tender brotherly love that is glad to brighten the lives of little children and help a lame boy over a stile,' that he and his like-minded colleague are able to carry on one of the most successful, aggressive enterprises our generation knows. Their gospel of love and helpfulness has an unfailing charm for the common people.

"The pulpit talks of Mr. Pearse are models of simplicity and naturalness. Their sunny hopefulness and unfailing cheerfulness have a rare charm for an age and a mood that is too much inclined to pessimism. The geniality of the man overflows into the words of the preacher and Mr. Pearse never preaches better or more effectively than when he proclaims the religion of happiness. Such an evangel is sorely needed in our days of stress and storm."

A WORKER'S HYMN.

BY RUDYARD KIPLING.

If there be good in that I wrought,
  Thy hand compelled it, Master, Thine;
Where I have failed to meet Thy thought,
  I know, through Thee, the blame is mine.

One instant's toil to Thee denied
  Stands all eternity's offence.
Of that I did with Thee to guide,
  To Thee, through Thee, be excellence.

Who, lest all thought of Eden fade,
  Bring'st Eden to the craftsman's brain,
Godlike to muse o'er his own trade
  And manlike stand with God again.

The depth and dream of my desire,
  The bitter paths wherein I stray,
Thou knowest who hast made the fire,
  Thou knowest who hast made the clay.

One stone the more swings to her place
  In that dread temple of Thy worth,
It is enough that through Thy grace
  I saw naught common on Thy earth.

Take not that vision from my ken;
  O, whatsoe'er may spoil or speed,
Help me to need no aid from men
  That I may help such men as need!

SOME MINISTERS' SONS.

BY THE REV. W. J. FERRAR, M.A.

It is surprising to think how much of England's future is bound up with the future of the parsons' sons, who scamper in the mead, or read their books under the trees. There is an old cruel saying about "parsons' sons;" but is there truth in it?

As a nation "our home is on the deep." Let the admirals have the first place. There is Lord Charles Beresford, who bombarded Alexandria in 1882, was in the Nile Expedition in 1885. He and his brother, Lord William, who holds the Victoria Cross, are the sons of the late Marquess of Waterford, who was an Irish clergyman. There are Admiral Sir Walter Grubbe, Sir Edward Seymour, Sir Alexander Buller, K.C.B., Sir James Hopkins, Sir William Dowell, who received the thanks of Parliament for his services in the Egyptian War, Admiral Bythesea, V.C., and lastly, Admiral Noel, whose distinguished services in Crete have so lately been recognized by the Queen.

If we turn to the Army the result is equally striking. Men renowned for gallant deeds, generalship, and military tactics, who are the sons of clergymen, are very numerous in the service. Among them are Sir Evelyn Wood, the present Adjutant-General to the Forces; Sir John Charles Ardagh, the Director of Military Intelligence at the War Office; Sir Arthur Bigge, now Private Secretary to the Queen; Colonel Sir Edward Thackeray, who served through the Indian Mutiny and obtained the "V.C." for gallantry at the siege of Delhi. Among old Crimean heroes may be mentioned Sir Richard Taylor, who commanded the 79th Cameron Highlanders at Sebastopol; General J. R. Hume of the 55th, who was wounded at the Redan; Sir Michael Anthony Biddulph, who is now Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod; Sir John Luther Vaughan, who served through the Mutiny, and also at Kabul.

At present we have in India among those in command of the forces Sir Charles Mansfield Clarke and Sir William Galbraith, the sons of ministers.

This list of distinguished officers might be indefinitely prolonged, as the parsonage seems to have an affinity for the army. But it may be interesting to turn to Parliament, and see what clergymen's sons are there, though it must be remembered that since most of them have to earn their living—remunerative branches of life are generally most attractive. Yet we have among sons of the parsonage in the House of Commons, the Right Hon. Henry Chaplin, President of the Local Government Board, Mr. R. A. Yerburgh, Member for Chester; Mr. R. W. Perks is the son of a Wesleyan minister, who had the distinction of presiding over the Wesleyan Conference; Mr. Sidney Gedge, Member for Walsall, is not only a clergyman's son but is himself also a licensed preacher; Mr. F. Faithfull Begg, Mr. James Round, who has stood for Harwich since 1885, and Mr. David Brynmor Jones. But a complete list of such members would be a very long one.

Let us turn to the government of India and the Colonies. England very often sends her best sons abroad, and here again the "sons of clergy" are very much in evidence. First comes Lord Curzon of Kedleston, the New Governor-General of India, who has so lately been called from an Under-Secretaryship of State to perhaps the proudest position an English subject can hold. He is the eldest son of the Rev. Alfred Nathaniel Curzon, Baron Scarsdale, and has been a marked man all through his career. Sir Arthur Birch ten years ago was Governor of Ceylon. Sir George Bowen, again, between the years 1859 and 1887 was successively Governor of Queensland, New Zealand, Victoria, Mauritius and Hong-Kong. Sir Walter Sendall, son of Rev. S. Sendall, has been Governor of Barbados, and is now Governor of British Guiana. Sir Herbert Murray, Governor of Newfoundland, is a son of a late Bishop of Rochester, while the Governor of British Honduras, Mr. David Wilson, is the son of the late Dean Wilson of Aberdeen, and the Governor of Fiji, Sir George O'Brien's father was Bishop of Ossory and Ferns.

Of the Council of India alone, which consists of thirty-four members, eight are clergymen's sons. Other well-known civilians, like Sir Charles Lyall and Sir Charles Elliott, the late Governor of Bengal, whose interest in mission-work is so deep, swell the list. The Indian Army and Indian Civil Service have largely been recruited from clerical families.

In the Diplomatic Service her Majesty's

"Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary" at the Court of the King of Spain, Sir Drummond Wolff, is a son of the Rev. Dr. Wolff. Her Majesty's envoy at Belgrade (Servia), Mr. Edmund Fane, is a son of Prebendary Fane.

But in the whole field of colonial expansion parsons' sons have done great things. All the world knows that Mr. Cecil Rhodes came from the rectory, being the fourth son of the Rev. Francis Rhodes. Sir Godfrey Lagden, our Commissioner in Basutoland, is another instance. Sir Guildford Molesworth, Sir John Kirk, Sir John Stokes, the senior Vice-president of the Suez Canal Company, have all worked in different ways for England's future, and their fathers were clergymen.

The following also are clergymen's sons: Sir Arthur Blomfield, Mr. F. C. Penrose, for many years President of the Royal Institution of British Architects, Mr. Alexander B. W. Kennedy, once professor at University College, Mr. Charles W. Macara, the greatest of cotton-spinners and the president of their association, is the son of a Scotch minister.

If we take a glance at the Bar the first figure that meets us is the late Lord Herschell, twice Lord Chancellor. Sir Francis Jeune, President of the Probate, Divorce and Admiralty Division, is a son of a former Bishop of Peterborough. Sir Richard Harington, for over twenty-five years a County Court judge, is the eldest son of a former Principal of Brasenose College.

The father of Sir James Stirling, Judge of the Chancery Division, was an Aberdeen United Presbyterian minister; Lord James Robertson, Lord Justice General of the Scottish Bar, is the son of the Rev. R. T. Robertson. Lord Watson, too, Lord of Appeal in Ordinary, is the son of a Lanarkshire minister.

In Ireland we find Judge Ross, the son of the late Dr. Ross of Londonderry.

Nor should we forget his Honour Judge Waddy. Judge of County Courts and Recorder of Sheffield, who is a prominent Wesleyan, his father having been a famous Wesleyan minister. There are many prominent Q.C.s who might be mentioned, such as Sir W. W. Karslake and Mr. W. P. Odgers, who are also of clerical parentage.

But it is time to turn from what Tennyson calls "the musty purlieus of the law" to the walks of literature. But before so doing let us note that two of London's police-court magistrates, Mr. Curtis Bennett of Marylebone, and Mr. Richard Lane of West London police court, as well as Colonel Bradford, the Commissioner of Police for the metropolis, hail from parsonages.

Turning to literature, it is a striking fact that, apart altogether from the literature of scholarship and special learning, the influence of clerical families should preponderate so greatly. Among the Reviews, the *Quarterly* has lately passed from one son of the late Canon Prothero, Vicar of Whippingham, to another; the *Fortnightly* used to be edited by Mr. T. H. S. Escott, son of the Rev. Hay Sweet-Escott; and the *Contemporary* is in the hands of Mr. Percy Bunting, grandson of the Rev. Dr. Jabez Bunting. The editor of the *Times* is the son of Canon Buckle of Wells, and the manager of the *Daily News* is the son of the Rev. R. Robinson. The editors of the *Bookman*, the *Century Magazine*, *Vanity Fair*, and the *Literary World* are all of clerical parentage. Mr. Cyril Arthur Pearson, a man of astonishing literary enterprise, is the only son of the Rev. A. C. Pearson, formerly Rector of Springfield in Essex. Among journalists should also be mentioned Mr. W. T. Stead, of the *Review of Reviews*, son of a Congregational minister; Mr. C. J. Cornish, of the *Spectator*, son of a Berkshire rector; Mr. C. L. Graves, editor of the *Cornhill* and the author of the "Hawarden Horace," son of an Irish Bishop; and Mr. Clement Scott. Let us not forget the prince of war correspondents, Mr. Archibald Forbes, son of Dr. Forbes of Aberdeen.

The novelists again tell the same tale. But here *place aux dames*. Charles Kingsley's daughter, who writes under the name of Lucas Malet; Miss Olive Schreiner, the daughter of a Lutheran clergyman; Miss Mary Kendall, the daughter of a Wesleyan minister; Mrs. Croker, the daughter of an Irish rector; and Mrs. Woods, whose father is the present Dean of Westminster, will speak for the fair sex. Mr. R. D. Blackmore, Mr. Anthony Hope, Mr. R. S. Hichens, Mr. Henry James, and Mr. J. K. Jerome, are five more novelists who come from the ministry.

Limits of space will hardly permit our carrying the same inquiry into the more learned spheres of scholarship and thought. But among Biblical scholars and theologians, Professors T. K. Cheyne, Marcus Dodds, Robertson Nicoll, Gwynn, Archibald Robertson, would suit our purpose. Among scientific men and mathematicians there would be Professors Boyd Dawkins, Bartholomew Price, Trevor-Battye, Bonney. Among university classical scholars and teachers of philosophy, Professors Pelham, Campbell, Fraser, Sorely, Brad-

ley, Rhys Davids, Mahaffy, and many more. In general literature we should find Mr. Augustine Birrell, Mr. Grant Allen, Mr. John Davidson, and Mr. F. W. H. Myers.

There are two departments of life where the sons of the clergy are not so well to the front—art and medicine. Mr. Philip Calderon, who painted the famous picture of St. Elizabeth of Hungary, is the only artist of the first rank they can claim, while Sir Willoughby Wade, of Birmingham, is perhaps their best representative in medicine.

Several great women philanthropists should be mentioned. There is Miss Margaret Bateson, secretary of the Central Bureau for Women's Employment, daughter of the late Master of St. John's College, Cambridge; Mrs. Isabella Bishop, whose father was the Rev. Edward Bird, Rector of Tattenhall, Cheshire; and Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Townsend, founder of the "Girls' Friendly Society" [G.F.S.] and its first President, who was a daughter of the Rev. R. Butler.

To give the names of the eminent clergy who are "hereditary priests" would be a lengthy task indeed. Bishops, archdeacons, canons, rectors, vicars, ministers—very many have received the trust from their fathers and grandfathers. But this is what might be expected, while it could hardly have been expected that one profession should have so successfully recruited so many other branches of the nation's life.—*Abridged from the Sunday Magazine.*

THE MISSION OF METHODISM.

We invite special attention to the Rev. W. L. Watkinson's admirable article on this subject, reprinted in this MAGAZINE from the London *Quarterly Review*. With the general scope of that article we are quite in accord. Its beautiful spirit and grace of diction command our admiration. Speaking for Great Britain and for the Wesleyan Church, Mr. Watkinson's judgment is entitled to the greatest respect. He is at the very nerve-centre of religious thought and feeling. He is an acute observer and can diagnose the moral pathology of the kingdom better than an outsider.

The same conditions, however, do not exist in the United States and Canada as exist in Great Britain. We have no overshadowing Church established by law, venerable with the influence and traditions of centuries—a Church possessing the social prestige of the titled and wealthy classes, of the Royal Family and the chief rulers of the realm. In the free air of Canada and the United States Methodism is on a par with the chiefest of the Churches of Christendom; and in marvellous growth in numbers, in intelligence, in missionary enterprise at home and abroad, it is of greater preponderant influence than any of the other Churches. The Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States numbers about 630,870; the different branches of the Methodist Church number 5,486,795.

Even of the influence of Methodism in Great Britain we think that an outsider may obtain a more adequate conception than one "to the manner born." Mont Blanc when seen afar lifts up its mighty mass with more dominating majesty than when seen from its slopes. One may be too near a great religious phenomenon to estimate its true perspective. The religious revival of the eighteenth century was a mighty movement which affected all the Churches, and sent forth its waves of hallowed influence to the very ends of the earth. It made the name of Methodism known and honoured in all lands beneath the sun. It made the Ecumenical Methodist Church a more numerous body than any Church in Christendom, save only the many branches which make up the Lutheran Churches of Europe and America.

The great work of Methodism, as Mr. Watkinson well asserts, has been to save souls. That is the secret of its strength. That is its divine commission. But in saving the soul it saves the man. It gives an uplift to all his powers and faculties. Methodism lifted great multitudes of the people of England from ignorance, degradation and barbarism, to intelligence and Christian civilization.

We think that the accomplished editor of the London *Quarterly Review*, and of the oldest religious magazine in the world, the one founded by Wesley one hundred and twenty years ago, has hardly done justice to the intellectual influence exerted by Methodism in Great Britain. The Church which has developed such statesmen, jurists, civic magnates, writers and scholars as Sir Henry Fowler, Mr. George Perks, M.P., Judge Waddy, Mr. Percy Bunting, the late Sir William McArthur,

Sheriff Lycett, Dr. Rigg, William Arthur, Dr. Moulton, and Dr. Beet, has earned the gratitude of all mankind.

But it is in the free atmosphere of ahis western world, untrammelled by the traditions, conventions and conservative institutions of the Old World, that the broadest developments of Methodism have taken place. No Church is doing so much for the conversion, uplifting and education of the people as the Methodist Church. By its great universities and its hundreds of academies and colleges, by the ceaseless volume of religious literature which pours from its presses, by its great benevolences and missions at home and abroad, by its ceaseless activity in church extension—building six or more a day—it is moulding the life of this broad continent as no other power is doing. Its representative men and women are the very foremost in every great reform, in every good work. In all the legislatures of this continent, in the high courts, in professional and business life, in governors' chairs, and in the seat of the chief magistrate of the American Republic, Methodism is grandly represented.

Its chief mission is still, and will always be, to save souls, to lift up the common people, of whom God made so many, and who are its chief strength. But it is called, too, to mould the intellectual life of the nation, the higher civilization of the world. This is at once its duty and its privilege. In many of the States and Provinces it numbers over one-third of the people, the largest Protestant denomination in the community. It cannot evade its obligation. It must take up its burden and discharge its duty in the sight of God and man. This it can best do by maintaining the old-time fire and fervour of religious zeal, by absolute religious consecration, by earnest spirituality and intense activity in the whole realm of Christian work.

If the Methodists of the United States and Great Britain would only close up their ranks and consolidate their forces, as the once divided Methodists of Canada have done, they would add very greatly, we are convinced, to their moral influence on the community. Their divisions, while no greater than those within the Established Church—indeed, not nearly so great—are the less excusable because they are so slight. By the integration of their forces they would prevent waste, increase efficiency, remove apparent rivalry or antagonism, more greatly glorify God, more grandly bless man.

TO MR. RUDYARD KIPLING.

BY J. H. CHANT.

True laureate of the Anglo-Saxon race,
Whose words have won the hearts of young and old;
So free from cant, and yet replete with grace,
Or prose or verse it glows like burnished gold;
Thy muse is ever loyal to the truth,
And those who know thee best forget thy youth.

Unbend thy bow and rest with us awhile;
Thy active mind requires a healthy brain:
Death's shadow has gone back upon the dial,
And thou art left a higher goal to gain;
The future will eclipse the brilliant past;
Fear not; thy ideal will be reached at last.

To do the grandest work one must needs be
Endowed by Nature for the master task,
Yea more, he must possess the light to see
Those mysteries which nature seems to mask,
And this can gain but in the royal way—
'Tis dread experience leads from gloom to day.

The Master saw a struggling youth and smiled,
Pleased with his work in main, but knowing too
His latent power, if it could be beguiled
From hiding-place, much greater work would do,
He took His servant's hand and led the way
Through vale of sorrow up to brighter day.

By other path this height is ne'er attained,
Nor books nor schools its hidden wealth unvail,
Philosophy and art have treasures gained,
But in this quest they must forever fail—
Experience only can the gift impart,
Bring needed light and regulate the heart.

To solace those who grieve one must have felt
In his own heart the rending pangs of pain;
The heart that suffers not will never melt
At others' woes, though free from selfish stain;
What we have felt and seen we truly know,
And thus endowed, our tears for others flow.

So leave thy much-loved lyre awhile unstrung
Till health again invigorate thy frame;
With brain renewed, with vigorous heart and lung
Take up thy work once more, and greater fame:
A richer man by far than e'er before,
For thou hast treasure on the other shore.

Newburgh, Ont.

THE CROMWELL CELEBRATION.

OLIVER CROMWELL.

The tercentenary of England's uncrowned king has attracted much attention throughout all English-speaking lands. At the heart of the Empire, especially, was that celebration enthusiastic. Thrice was the City Temple filled to overflowing, and many hundreds were turned away. Dr. Parker pronounced a stirring eulogy on the Lord Protector. Dr. Horton addressed his great audience as "Fellow Ironsides" Methodism was represented by Price Hughes, President of the Conference, and Presbyterianism by the Rev. J. B. Meharry, who delivered a soul-stirring address.

It is marvellous the change that has passed over English sentiment with respect to this great Commoner. For two hundred years his name was cast out as evil, as his body was cast out of its grave in Westminster Abbey. His character was pilloried with scorn, as his head was exposed in sun and shower on Westminster Hall for twenty years. At length in a storm the head was blown to the ground, picked up by a sentry and concealed in his house, and is now—strange irony of history—preserved, so tradition affirms, at Seven Oaks, in Kent. Carlyle has placed his fame for ever on an immovable pedestal. Among all the statues of kings, and princes, and nobles in Westminster Abbey and Westminster Palace—among the ignoble Charleses and Georges—there is not found one for the peer of the mightiest of England's mighty men who still rule our spirits from their sceptred urns—the man who found England well-nigh the basest of kingdoms and raised her to the foremost place in Europe. The man who championed the

> "Slaughtered saints whose bones
> Lay scattered on the Alpine mountains cold;"

who defied the "triple tyrant" of the Tiber, and threatened, unless the persecution of Vaudois should cease, to make his cannon heard in the Castle of St. Angelo. This heroic character belongs not to Britain alone, but to the whole English-

speaking race. It is gratifying to note the generous tributes of the American press. One of the finest of these is that in the *Central Christian Advocate*, St. Louis, from which we quote:

"If it is our duty to keep in mind great public benefactors, then surely it is incumbent upon us to recall and gratefully cherish the name of one to whom John Milton, his fellow worker and intimate friend, addressed in a crisis his sonnet, beginning,

> "Cromwell, our chief of men, who through a cloud
> Not of war only, but detractions rude,
> Guided by faith and matchless fortitude,
> To peace and truth thy glorious way hast plough'd!

"Oliver Cromwell, born April 25, 1599, came of good stock and was well brought up. He was educated at Cambridge University, and studied law in London. About the time of his marriage he was converted, and thenceforward he was in conviction, faith, prayerfulness, and courage the stoutest of the Puritans. He settled down upon his farm early in his twenties, and amid peaceful and pastoral pursuits his formative years passed away. Milton says of him at this period of his life:

"'He was noted for nothing so much as the culture of pure religion and an integrity of life. . . . Enlarging his hopes with reliance in God for any the most exalted times, he nursed his great soul in silence.'

"Edwin Waller, one of his contemporaries, thus pictures this great Englishman, engaged in quiet and patient life in the country, before the nation called him forth:

> "Oft have we wonder'd, how you hid in peace
> A mind proportion'd to such things as these;
> How such a ruling spirit you could restrain,
> And practice first over yourself to reign.
> Your private life did a just pattern give,
> How fathers, husbands, pious sons, should live;
> Born to command, your princely virtues slept,
> Like humble David's, while the flock he kept.

"At last, in his fifty-ninth year, prematurely worn and exhausted with the life of tumult and battle which he had led and with the stress and strain of private sorrows and public perils which had rested upon him, the life of Cromwell came to an end. It was a strange, but striking and fitting, coincidence that this stormy life of his reached its close September 3, 1658, amid the most dreadful tempest that England had ever known. His heroic spirit passed out in sore agony amid unwonted thunderings and lightnings. These outward tumults and bodily distresses, however, stood in remarkable contrast with the peace and comfort which his great soul enjoyed. He said more than once in his last sickness, "He who was Paul's Christ is my Christ, too!" And one who watched by his bed caught these among other sentences of ejaculatory prayer which he uttered amid paroxysms of pain:

"'Lord, though I am a miserable and wretched creature, I am in covenant with Thee through grace. And I may. I will, come to Thee for Thy people. Thou hast made me, though very unworthy, a mean instrument to do them some good, and Thee service: and many of them have set too high a value upon me, though others wish and would be glad of my death; Lord, however Thou do dispose of me, continue and go on to do good for them. Give them consistency of judgment, one heart and mutual love; and go on to deliver them, and with the work of reformation; and make the name of Christ glorious in the world. Teach those who look too much on Thy instruments, to depend more upon Thyself. Pardon such as desire to trample upon the dust of a poor worm, for they are thy people too. [Even the dissolute Charles II., who sought his life.] And pardon the folly of this short prayer: even for Jesus Christ's sake. And give us a good night, if it be Thy pleasure. Amen.'

"For a few brief years it seemed as if Cromwell's work had been in vain. It seemed that the career of the founder of the English Commonwealth had been brought to naught. This, however, was only the seeming. The right of the people to rule in parliament, and to hold the purse-strings,—the power of the people behind the throne,—is recognized now in nearly every government in Europe. This is the fundamental principle of the English nation, it is embodied in monumental magnificence in the American republic, it is illuminating the darkest and most downtrodden tribes of the earth. This principle we owe to Oliver Cromwell. Had it not been for him, for his sagacity, his patriotism, his courage, his convictions, his military and civil ability, the rights of the people would have been overthrown and the cause of human liberty hindered for a century. Blessings, therefore, rest forever upon his memory!"

Cromwell's Statue.*

What needs our Cromwell stone or bronze to say
His was the light that lit on England's way
The sundawn of her time-compelling power,
The noontide of her most imperial day?

His hand won back the sea for England's dower;
His footfall bade the Moor change heart and cower;
His word on Milton's tongue spake law to France
When Piedmont felt the she-wolf Rome devour.

From Cromwell's eyes the light of England's glance
Flashed, and bowed down the kings by grace of chance,
The priest-anointed princes; one alone
By grace of England held their hosts in trance.

The enthroned republic from her kinglier throne
Spake, and her speech was Cromwell's. Earth has known
No lordlier presence. How should Cromwell stand
By kinglets and by queenlings hewn in stone?

Incarnate England in his warrior hand
Smote, and as fire devours the blackening brand
Made ashes of their strength who wrought her wrong,
And turned the strongholds of her foes to sand.

His praise is in the sea's and Milton's song;
What praise could reach him from the weakling throng
That rules by leave of tongues whose praise is shame—
Him, who made England out of weakness strong?

There needs no clarion's blast of broad-blown fame
To bid the world bear witness whence he came
Who bade fierce Europe fawn at England's heel
And purged the plague of lineal rule with flame.

There needs no witness graven on stone or steel
For one whose work bids fame bow down and kneel;
Our man of men, whose time-commanding name
Speaks England, and proclaims her Commonweal.

— *Algernon Charles Swinburne, in the "Nineteenth Century."*

* This poem was written when the British House of Commons refused to vote a statue to Cromwell.

FOR EACH AND ALL.

BY AMY PARKINSON.

Not merely for myself I pray, O Lord,—
That Thou wilt make me pure,
And keep me by Thy grace that so I may
E'en to the end endure;

Not for my feebleness alone I crave
The shelter of Thy might;
Nor ask I only that on my dark path
May shine Thy beacon light;—

I would for those who to my heart are dear
(Yet dearer still to Thine,
Since human love as rill to river broad
Is to the love divine)

That they and theirs, as I, Thy friendship knew;—
O make us one in Thee!
And let affection's bands, though woven in time,
Wear through eternity.

Freedom from sin's sad thrall, strength as the need,
Sure guidance, night and day—
Grant to us all, and suffer that no foot
Forsake the heavenward way.

Toronto.

THE REDEMPTION OF AFRICA.*

To-day, as never before, is being fulfilled the prophecy, "Ethiopia shall stretch out her hands unto God." It is significant that it was a son of this despised race who bore the cross of Jesus on the way to Calvary—a presage and a prophecy of its burden-bearing record in the history of the world. The story of missions in the Dark Continent is one that lacks no element of romance and heroism. These volumes furnish the most comprehensive record of those missions that we know.

The author, as Secretary of the Chicago Congress on Africa, at the Columbian Exposition, has special qualifications for writing this record. He treats succinctly the relations of Africa to the Jewish and Moslem world, describes the mediæval missions of Raymond Lull, whom he calls the grandest of all missionaries, from Paul to Carey and Livingstone. After seventy years of toil he suffered the usual fate of martyrdom meted out to so many missionaries of the cross, 1815.

What our author calls the religious partition of Africa and the missions of the different Churches occupies the largest section of his book. Two of the most heroic figures in this heroic story are those of Robert Moffat and David Livingstone. Concerning Livingstone, Stanley writes: "In 1871 I went to him as prejudiced as the biggest atheist in London. But there came a long time for reflection. I was away from a worldly world. I saw this solitary old man, and asked myself: 'How does he stop here? Is he cracked, or what? What inspires him?' For months I simply found myself listening, wondering at the man carrying out all that is said in the Bible: 'Leave all things and follow me.' But little by little his sympathy became contagious. My sympathy was aroused. Seeing his piety, gentleness, zeal and earnestness, and how he went quietly about his business, I was converted, though he had not tried to do it. If Livingstone were alive, I would take all the honours, all the praise men have showered upon me, put them at his feet and say: 'They are all yours.'"

Methodist readers will be specially interested in the account of Methodist missions. Of these there are no less than thirty-two in Africa. The Wesleyans began their missions in Sierra Leone in 1796, although they had previously very successful missions among the negroes of the West Indies. In 1898, in Sierra Leone, nearly one hundred and fifty negro preachers in the service of the Wesleyan Church were ministering to over 20,000 communicants and over 50,000 adherents. In 1882 a Wesleyan Conference was organized south of the Vaal River, with over 50,000 communicants, and other Conferences had over 125,000 negro communicants, besides over 50,000 in the Antilles.

The greatest crime of the age, the African slave trade, has been overruled by God to the furtherance of His kingdom. The African churches in the United States number over 3,207,877 communicants, and coloured Methodists from America began a mission in Liberia in 1820. In 1833 came Cox, the first white missionary, who died within four months. But, dying, he declared: "Though a thousand fall, Africa must never be given up."

The American missions have not been nearly so successful as those of the Wesleyans. Bishop Taylor's heroic, but visionary, scheme is faithfully described. From 1884 to 1896 two hundred missionaries were sent out on the self-supporting plan. Unaided, despite the pauperism, remoteness, savagery and tropical climate of Africa, the missionaries must at the same time support themselves and Christianize the pagan. "To expect white missionaries," continues our author, "in African tropics to support themselves by manual labour under the swordlike sunbeams of a vertical sun is unintentional manslaughter."

The Taylor Mission on the Congo, inaugurated in 1886, cost $200,000, and received fifty-eight missionaries. Only five were at work in 1896. His Angolese Mission received eighty-six missionaries, and cost $100,000. Eleven missionaries perished and fifty-one returned. The *Anne Taylor*, a $75,000 boat, sold in 1896 for $3,000. "Bishop Taylor," says our author, "possesses magnificent qualities—as devoutness and fervour—and suffers from their defects, asceticism and fanatic intensity."

His experience has shown that it is unwise in the extreme to send unequip-

* "The Redemption of Africa." A Story of Civilization, with Maps, Statistical Tables and Select Bibliography of the Literature of African Missions. By Frederick Perry Noble. Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Co., William Briggs, Two volumes. Pp. xxv-856. Price, $4.00.

ped and ill-sustained men as a forlorn hope against the ramparts of African paganism. Bishop Hartzell's more judicious and well-sustained mission promises grand results in training the natives to become the teachers and preachers of their countrymen.

The United Brethren established a successful mission, but in 1898 fourteen of their staff were massacred by the natives. In a single week the work of three-and-forty years fell before an outburst of most fiendish savagery. How many of the native Christians perished is not yet known.

Appreciative chapters are also given to the other missions in Africa, including those of the Roman Catholic Church and the grand anti-slavery crusade of Cardinal Lavigerie. A succinct account, also, of Woman's Missionary Societies in Africa is given. To the medical missions the author attaches supreme importance. He quotes a saying of Moffat, "A medical missionary is a missionary and a half, or rather a double missionary." He commends also the *industrial* missions in Africa, which were so important a feature of Bishop Taylor's plan. The book has several folding coloured maps, statistical tables, and numerous illustrations. Its literary merit and impartiality and *independence are striking features.* We regard it as simply indispensable to a comprehension of the great problem of the redemption of Africa.

THE DIVINE DRAMA.*

BY THE REV. N. BURWASH, S.T.D., LL.D.
Chancellor of Victoria University.

This work should, we think, be called a religious philosophy rather than a theology. It is true that its field is the same as that of theology, but it treats all the questions raised from the standpoint of reason and not of religious faith. As a philosophy it is avowedly and thoroughly idealistic, "universal being is spiritual." Still further it approaches very closely in its foundation principles to Pantheism. "The universe is God visualized"—"the universe exists only as modes of the Divine activity." It is therefore not surprising to find that the doctrine of evolution enters throughout into the entire relation of this universe to God.

With so many elements pointing to a purely pantheistic presentation we are disposed at once to test the system by the crucial questions which should elicit its real character. 1. Does it admit the personality of God? 2. What is its view of the freedom and responsibility of man? 3. What is its conception of the nature and results of sin?

In reply to these three test questions, we are presented with answers which are not indeed purely pantheistic. In each case there is an effort made to retain the theistic ground and to include in some form the fundamental Christian doctrines. God is indeed presented as personal. He is self-conscious, freely wills his purposes, and directs them by intelligence. But there is no room for a *threefold personality*, and the Trinity is resolved into a threefold manifestation of the one God.

Again, man, as the highest manifestation of God, is allowed a distinct though dependent personality. But a true probation is denied, and the conception of human life is not that of a probation which creates eternal destiny, but of an education which evolves moral results. As a consequence sin becomes almost a necessary step in the process of moral evolution and acts of transgression are but returning eddies in its stream of progress. It is quite in harmony with this that "the devil is no more."

There are many other points from which we might illustrate the fundamental tendency of this work, such as the presentation of revelation, of the incarnation and of the atonement, but our limits will not permit, and those already noted sufficiently indicate its character.

The thorough determinism of the system reminds one of Calvinism, and like Calvinism it builds its ethics upon the Divine will. We are thus easily transferred to the latter part of the work, dealing with the ethical problems especially from the social side. Our wants, our work, our debts of responsibility and the purifying of social life are fully expanded in the concluding chapters, leading us up to a final consummation in which "man's end is attained in God," and a glorious vision of the future and final result is portrayed. The work evinces no little ability, however we may be forced to differ from the author both in premises and conclusions.

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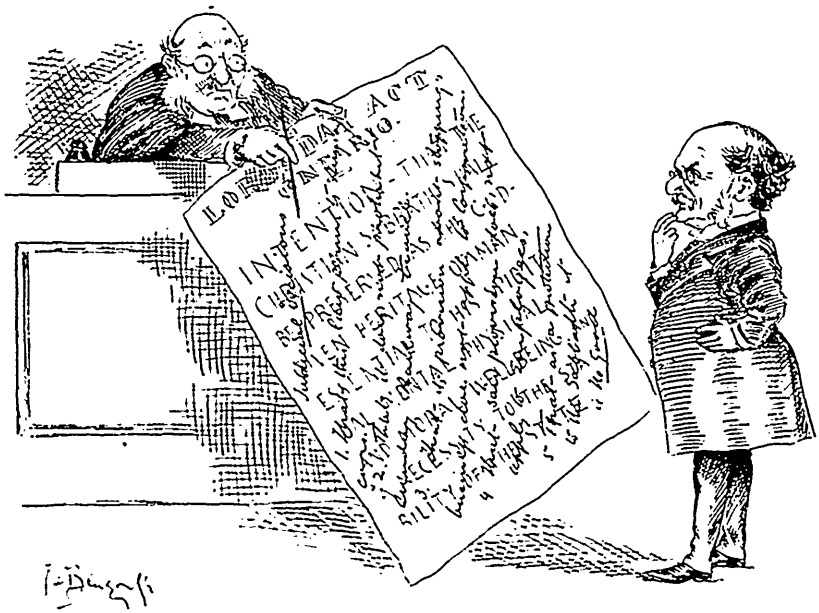
* "The Divine Drama. The Manifestation of God in the Universe. An Institute of Social Theology." By Granville Ross Pike. New York: The Macmillan Company; Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company. 1899. Price, $1.50.

The World's Progress.



WE MUST HAVE A NEW ACT.

THE PREMIER: So it's true, as Dr. Caven says, "The Lord's Day Act is in ruins!" Queer thing that we cannot make a law that will really express our intentions! But we must just try again, that's all; and do it next time beyond all quibble or question!

THE ONTARIO LORD'S DAY ACT.

INTENTION: That the Christian Sabbath shall be preserved as the God-given heritage of man, essential to his spiritual, mental, physical and moral well-being, and a necessity to the stability of the State.

JUDICIAL DECISIONS.

1. That this law permits Sunday cars.
2. That it does not prohibit Sunday railway travel.
3. That its provision about stopping business does not apply to corporations.
4. That said provision does not apply to employees.
5. That as a protection to the Sabbath it is no good.

THE LORD'S DAY ACT IN RUINS.

When Hamlet, enumerating the ills of life, included "the law's delay," he should have added also "the law's uncertainty." Somebody has said that it is impossible to frame an act of parliament through which one cannot drive a six-horse coach. The American Congress, in response to the protests of the nation, determined to abolish the canteen, which was demoralizing its troops. It enacted that no soldier nor any other person whatsoever should sell liquor in any American camp. Attorney-General Griggs, of the United States, however, has discovered that this law by no means prohibits, but rather protects and perpetuates the canteen system. Similarly the Lord's Day Act of Ontario is supposed to safeguard the Sabbath for both the temporal and spiritual interests of man against the greed of soulless corporations or godless individuals. It seems that it does nothing of the sort. Mr. Bengough's cartoon very accurately describes the situation. The Toronto and Kingston Synod of the Presbyterian Church at a recent meeting adopted the following minute, which, we are sure, will have the hearty co-operation and support of the entire Christian community who regard the God-appointed institution of the Sabbath as one of the strongest bulwarks of our holy religion and of the rights of man:

"The Synod is gratified to learn that the Government of Ontario have promised to submit a special case to the Court of Appeal in order that the meaning of the Act in some of its main provisions may be authoritatively determined.

"Should the Act, as finally interpreted, be still found to be insufficient to prevent unnecessary labour on the Lord's Day and to protect employees in their heaven-bestowed

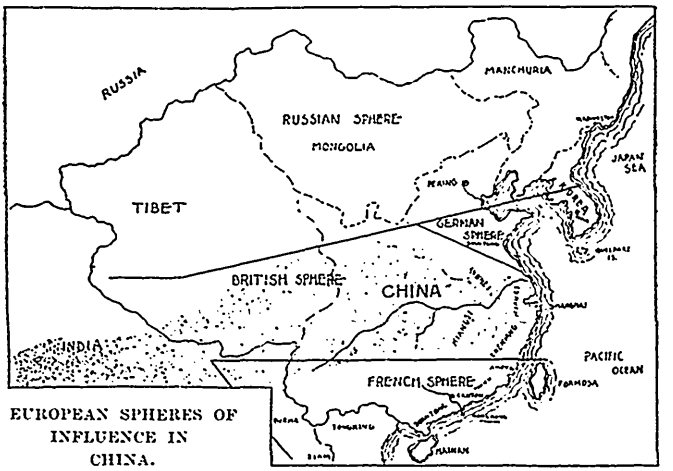
rights, the Synod expresses its determination to co-operate with all friends of the Sabbath in securing such legislative improvements in the Lord's Day Act as would make it effective for the purpose for which it was intended, and further expects the members of the Church within its bounds to lend their earnest assistance in accomplishing this very important end."

Victories of Peace.

For two years his critics have been nagging at Lord Salisbury and demanding why he did not fight Russia instead of submitting to her aggressions. At length it appears that all the while he has been successfully seeking by diplomacy a solution of the problem such as could not have been secured even by a bloody war. Britain recognizes the right of Russia to an ice-free harbour and supremacy in Manchuria, while Russia concedes Britain's supremacy in the great basin of the Yang-Tse-Kiang—the heart of the Chinese Empire, a vast and fertile country containing over 150,000,000 people, with immense resources. This is not a partition of China, but an agreement to maintain the integrity of that Empire, while recognizing the "spheres of influence" of western civilizations and maintaining peace and the freedom of commerce. France is claiming concessions in the province of Sz-Chuan, where our missions are situated, and Spain, Austria and Italy are also demanding concessions on various grounds. Our map indicates approximately the general scope of these spheres of influence.

Truce of the Lion and Bear.

This *rapprochement* between Russia and Great Britain, following that between the United States and the Mother Country, on the very eve of the Peace Conference, which meets at the Hague as these lines pass through the press, is a presage and a prophecy, let us hope, of a time foretold by the Hebrew seer, when "the wolf shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid; and the calf and the young lion and the fatling together; and a little child shall lead them. And the cow and the bear shall feed; they shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain: for the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea."



EUROPEAN SPHERES OF INFLUENCE IN CHINA.

The Truce of God.

The British and American delegates have been taking friendly counsel as to the possibilities of substituting peaceful arbitration for an appeal to arms. But the German critics have been protesting the folly and uselessness of the conference and thus doing their very best to prevent its success. The war spirit has been so inculcated in Germany by the military training of generations, and by its success in arms, that they fail to note the sublimity of Milton's lines,

> "Peace hath her victories no less renowned than war."

Surely every lover of his kind should pray and labour for the success of this peace congress. By no country is it more needed than by the great Colossus of the North, so many of whose people, not-

withstanding its boundless resources and vast wheat areas, are starving to death, or eating grass, while many millions of roubles are wasted to feed the Moloch of War.

Revolt Against War.

The struggle in the Philippines is evidently approaching its close, but not without the sad toll exacted by death and disease from the forces of the United States. The Nebraska regiment has been cut down in three months from 963 to 375. Mr. Edward Atkinson, of the Anti-Imperialist League, frankly admits that he counsels the American volunteers in the Philippines to demand as a right their return to the walks and work of peace. "Might not these documents produce insubordination?" he says. "Yes. The kind of insubordination which I hope, with Tolstoi, will ere long pervade all armies, to the end that criminal aggression may be made impossible by the refusal of soldiers who think for themselves to carry out orders which are as abhorrent to them as they are inconsistent with any moral, economic, or political principle." The Government suppresses his pamphlet, but did not attempt to suppress the man, and cannot suppress the revolt against war, which, we hope, will deepen and widen in all civilized communities.

The Georgia Horror.

By a strange irony, at the very time that the Christian workers of the United States and Canada were gathering for the International Convention at Atlanta, one of the most atrocious crimes of this century was perpetrated near that city. A negro, accused of a revolting crime, was burned to death with shocking cruelties, and a coloured preacher, accused by this self-confessed murderer of instigating his crime, was also put to death without form of trial. An eminent Baptist minister of Atlanta, for denouncing these crimes against humanity, was menaced with death and his church abominably desecrated.

Worse than the lynching was the complicity of a brutal mob with the crime. An excursion train was run from Atlanta to see the burning of the negro victim, and, according to the *Journal* of that city, "hundreds of the best men in Atlanta took the train. It was the best-humoured crowd which ever left the the city." The press of the country, for the most part, denounce with indignation this crime as a disgrace not only to Georgia, but to humanity. Bishop Walters, of the African Methodist Church, declares:

"The Cubans and Filipinos, whom we have spent so much money and shed so much blood to free from Spanish oppression, were never treated so barbarously in time of peace by the Spanish Government as some negroes have been in the States of Arkansas, Texas, North Carolina, South Carolina, and Georgia."

The failure of the Federal Government to protect its own officers in the discharge of their duty is an evidence of serious weakness of administration. The lynchers of the coloured postmaster of Lake City, S.C., who fired his house, shot himself, child and wife, the two former fatally, have not yet been punished. Similar crimes are rife all through the South. Some solution of this negro question must be found or chaos will come again. The British West Indies, where the negroes outnumber the whites in large proportions, are unstained with such crimes. The negro remembers that Britain paid $100,000,000 to abolish slavery in those islands, whereas in the South its abolition was a military expedient which did not command the sympathy of the whites nor the gratitude of the blacks.

Prof. James Taft Hatfield, of Northwestern University, contributes the following to the Chicago *Record*.

On Reading of the Brutality of a Mob.

Is this my country? This is the day and hour
  Which vaunts the progress which our race hath won?
Or see we now the waning of its power
  And is Time's dial-shadow backward gone?
The lurking panther and the slimy snake
  Their base, inhuman natures have combined,
Conceiving deeds of cruelty which make
  Their wretched prey the client of mankind.
Columbia, raise not now a radiant face,
  Proud of a Washington's, a Lincoln's fame;
Bow down thine outraged head in dumb disgrace,
  And veil thy blushing cheeks with burning shame!
    Lest God's fierce lightnings blaze their dreaded path
    And show the fiery footsteps of his wrath!

At an anti-imperialist meeting in Chicago, April 31st, addresses were made by President Rogers, of Northwestern Uni-

versity, Bishop Spalding, Professor Laughlin, of Chicago University, and Miss J. A. Addams, of Hull House, and resolutions were adopted by three thousand people "protesting against the extension of American empire by Spanish methods, and demanding the immediate cessation of the war against liberty begun by Spain and continued by us."

President Rogers said: "We are accused of giving aid and comfort to the enemy. I do not know, however, that we are under obligations to defer to intolerance by refraining at a time like this from declaring our opinions on the questions we are here to consider. It requires an unlimited amount of assurance to charge such men as Senator Hoar, Carl Schurz, Bishop Potter, of New York, and President Eliot, of Harvard, with a want of patriotism and with being devoid of an enlightened conscience. The abuse which these gentlemen, who claim a monopoly of patriotism, bestow upon those who differ with them in opinion, discredits only those who indulge in it. That kind of clamour never yet silenced a conscientious man nor convinced a sensible one. We have not yet embarked upon a policy of imperialism, and may God forbid that we ever shall.

"Has Spain sold the Filipinos and have we bought them as so many cattle, or as so many slaves? The subjects of a State are not at that State's disposal, like a farm or a herd of cattle. The greatest service we can render to civilization is to show that we respect the rights of man."

In its conquests of the Antilles the United States Government is restoring order and administering civil government more successfully than it has ever been administered in these islands before. The death-rate in Havana has fallen one-half. Nevertheless, armed brigands are plundering parts of the country. Near Sagua, bandits burned 200,000 bags of sugar. Similar devastation elsewhere requires the organization of a strong body of police.

THE ROOF OF THE WORLD.*

Our Norse kinsmen of the Scandinavian Peninsula maintain the Viking instincts of exploration by sea and by land. Dr. Nansen and his brave companions found their way nearer the North Pole than any others. Dr. Sven Hedin has accomplished one of the most difficult and dangerous journeys ever made through hitherto almost untrodden lands. His book is one of fascinating interest and of great scientific value. He has added many new pages to the story of Central Asiatic exploration. A thorough scientific training, two previous excursions, to Persia and Central Asia, and a knowledge of several of the native languages, admirably equipped him for his recent journey. This occupied about four years, covered 14,600 miles, and cost about ten thousand dollars Much of it was made on foot or by caravans, averaging about two and three-quarters miles an hour. There were, of course, many delays and detours and prolonged visits at more important places.

We are apt to associate the camel with the hot and arid deserts of the East. It is rather a surprise to note the camel of the Kirghiz Steppes, great shaggy creatures, dragging a tarantass over icy plains, or wading through deep drifts of snow. The three hundred engravings from the author's drawings or photographs enable us to be present, as it were, at the scenes of his many adventures in climbing mountain passes, fording rapid rivers, traversing boundless plains, sharing the hospitality now of a desert Sheick, now of a Russian General, now of a British Colonel, now of a Chinese Mandarin, with its forty-six courses of strange viands.

The loneliness of these vast regions is one of their most striking features. Even the Russian stronghold of Pamir reminded Hedin of a ship at sea—a little centre of light amid a boundless dull and lifeless waste. One unquestionable advantage of traversing these lonely wastes and waters, he says, was that they "did not fear meeting other craft or being run down by careless roisterers." The sandstorms of the desert, which darkened the sky, filled the air, and almost over-

* "Through Asia." By Sven Hedin. With nearly three hundred illustrations from sketches and photographs by the author, and folding maps. Two volumes. Pp. xviii., xii., 1,255. Price, $10.00. New York: Harper Bros. Toronto: William Briggs.

whelmed the caravan, were bitter experiences. Our author is, however, a genial optimist, and when water could be found, describes the place "as quite idyllic."

"To my eyes," he adds, "the desert ocean was invested with a fascinating beauty. Its silence, its unbroken stillness, exercised a magic charm over me. It was a grand, a majestic sight. The wizard power of the *desiderium incogniti* was drawing me on with an irresistible spell to enter the castle of the Desert King, where I was to unseal the revelations of bygone centuries, and discover the buried treasures of the old-world legend and story. My motto was 'Win or lose.' I knew nothing of hesitation, nothing of fear. 'Onward! Onward!' whispered the desert wind. 'Onward! Onward!' vibrated the camels' bells. A thousand times a thousand steps to reach my object; yet accursed be the first step I take backward!"

At times the sand-dunes rose to a height of a hundred feet and rolled away in endless billows to the far horizon. (See frontispiece.) Two ancient half-buried cities were discovered overwhelmed by these remorseless billows of sand. The chromo-lithographs of this weird scenery, especially in the light of a lurid sunset, are very striking. The perils and rescue under the ban of the desert are elsewhere described in this number.

Our explorer was not, like a good many of the clan, a reckless sportsman. "I always have the feeling," he says, "that there is nothing very clever about taking a life which you have not the power to give back again; and, failing that power, it appears to me questionable how far a man has the right to kill unnecessarily." He is full of admiration for such a noble creature as the wild camel, although for his tame congener most travellers have only words of vituperation—a very ungrateful return for his indispensable and invaluable services. As Dr. Hedin's way-worn, faithful beasts of burden are overcome by the struggle with the desert, he is full of sympathy with their sufferings. "I was to blame for the loss of the innocent lives. It was I who was answerable for every moment of agony, every pang of pain, which the men and animals of my caravan suffered. It weighed upon my conscience like a nightmare, keeping me awake at night."

Dr. Hedin had the good fortune to be present at the headquarters of the Anglo-Russian boundary commission when a message came from Lord Salisbury accepting the delimitation of the frontier between England's and Russia's possessions on the Pamirs. "Considering the opposing interests which the two camps represented, it was astonishing upon what a friendly and confidential footing they were. Both sides were animated by a frank and cheerful spirit. Englishmen and Russians were like comrades together. Had I not known the fact beforehand, I should never for one moment have dreamed that they were rivals, engaged in delimitating and fixing a common frontier-line." Of course, a grand banquet, speeches and songs celebrated the completion of this important work.

It is of interest to Canadian readers to know that Dr. Hedin met in the wilds of Tibet that Canadian lady, Mrs. Dr. Reinhardt, born and educated near Toronto. The tragic story of the capture and probable death of her husband will be fresh in the memory of our readers. Dr. Hedin has only words of praise and sympathy for the many missionaries whom he met in China, but mildly criticises a Roman Catholic Pole who, after an exile of thirty years to Siberia for taking part in the Polish insurrection, was enacting the role of missionary at Kashgar, but during ten years he had not made a single convert. Indeed he made no serious attempt at conversion. A solitary man he recited the masses to which no one came.

These volumes are issued in the sumptuous style which the great resources of the house of Messrs. Harper Brothers make possible.

FROM DRYDEN'S TRIBUTE TO CROMWELL.

[Written after the funeral of Cromwell, September, 1658.]

Swift and resistless through the land he passed,
Like that bold Greek that did the East subdue,
And made to battle such heroic haste,
As if on wings of victory he flew.

Nor was he like those stars which only shine,
When to pale mariners they storms portend:
He had his calmer influence, and his mien
Did love and majesty together blend.

His ashes in a peaceful urn shall rest,
His name a great example stands, to show
How strangely high endeavours may be blest,
Where Piety and Valour jointly go.

Religious and Missionary Intelligence.

The Twentieth Century Fund.

Great interest is already being shown in the Twentieth Century Thanksgiving Fund. The best thought of the Rev. Dr. Carman, the General Superintendent; the Rev. Dr. Potts, Secretary of the Fund; the Rev. Dr. Sutherland, Missionary Secretary; the Presidents of the Conferences, and others officially connected with this great movement, is being focused upon this subject, and comprehensive plans are being developed for bringing it strongly and clearly before the Connexion. The document issued by the Central Committee, published in the *Guardian*, is a strong, clear, cogent statement of the purpose of this great movement. It distinctly emphasizes the fact that it must, with the help of God, be made deeply religious and spiritual in its character. The conversion, the salvation of the people, and the spiritual empowerment of the Church must be the first and continual aim, not the mere raising of money. To this end, continues this document, this movement must be initiated and propagated by great religious and spiritual assemblies for awakening and revival.

We are glad that this document takes this high ground. Let the closing year of the nineteenth and the opening of the twentieth century be indeed years of grace and special power and blessing from on high, and this great thanksgiving fund will be a grand and glorious success. The approaching Conferences will doubtless give much time and thought and prayer to this grand movement, which is full of promise for the spiritual as well as the temporal welfare of Methodism.

The General Conference has designated two main branches of this fund, viz: (1) The general or connexional effort, which embraces (*a*) our Educational work, (*b*) Missions, Home and Foreign, and (*c*) the Superannuation Fund for the Western Conferences, and the Supernumerary Fund for the Eastern Conferences; and (2) the local effort, that is, local church debts.

While the donors have the option of designating to what special object their donations shall be given, still it is strongly urged that the General and Connexional Funds have special prominence, and that even where local church debts may receive aid that there should also be a generous contribution to the broader and connexional schemes.

Church Debts.

There has been a good deal said in the General and Annual Conferences, and in the press, about the oppressive debts on many of our churches. Thus, in some way, an entirely exaggerated estimate of those debts has been created. The editor of the *Guardian* has taken the trouble to analyze the facts of these connexional debts, and finds that while in many cases, chiefly in the cities, they certainly are a burden to our churches, yet in the Connexion as a whole they are comparatively light. He reports that 437 circuits have no church debts whatever; that on 305 the debts are less than $500. This gives 742 circuits which are in a comparatively easy condition. In 406 circuits are debts of over $500. Some of these severely tax the resources of the churches. But these churches are manfully grappling with these difficulties. These heavily burdened churches are also the ones that give largely and liberally to the connexional funds.

Our Educational Work.

While it will be an unspeakable blessing to have these debts wiped out or greatly reduced, yet we are sure that the great connexional funds should also share the benefit of this movement. Mr. W. J. Robertson, of St. Catharines, writes in the *Guardian* a very judicious letter on the claims of our Educational Institutions. He shows that it would be a doubtful advantage and a possible disaster if an attempt were made to create a great endowment for either the Missionary or Superannuation Fund. Their best endowment is the missionary zeal and love and sympathy of the whole Methodist Church. Anything that would in any degree supersede these would be an unspeakable detriment and not an advantage.

Our Educational Institutions are in a different category. They do not appeal so directly to the sympathy and enthusi-

asm of the broad Connexion as do the heroic labours of our devoted missionaries in the high places of the field, and the needs of our faithful and worn-out superannuates. Yet, as Dr. Burwash demonstrated in his convocation address, which we shall print in our July number, the importance of those institutions and their needs are relatively greater than they were fifty years ago.

While generous aid should be given to Missions, Superannuation, and Church Relief, we hope that a large contribution shall also be made to a permanent endowment of our great educational institutions —an endowment that shall relieve them from the burden of embarrassment under which they rest, and enable them to accomplish the great work which, in the providence of God, lies upon them,—the instruction in higher learning of the young life of the Methodist Church of this land, and especially the theological training of those who shall man its pulpits and largely administer its affairs.

College Convocations.

It is very gratifying to know that Victoria University has had the very best year in its history. The graduating class of the year, numbering sixty-five, is the largest in the history of the institution, and every one of these, the Chancellor affirmed, was, he believed, walking in the fear of God and maintaining high Christian ideals. The following gentlemen received the honorary degree of D.D.: Rev. A. B. Chambers, LL.B., president of Toronto Conference; Rev. J. E. Moulton, president Newington College, Stanmore, Sidney, New South Wales; and Rev. W. H. Wariner, M.A., B.D., Professor of Biblical Language and Literature, Congregational College, Montreal.

In honouring these distinguished gentlemen Victoria has also done honour to herself.

Wesleyan Theological College, Montreal, has also had an eminently successful year, with sixty-one registered students and a graduating class of seventeen. So also, we believe, have the institutions at Sackville and Winnipeg, but these notes are written too early to receive full details.

The annual sermons of Dr. Wallace, at Toronto, and Dr. Rose, at St. James' Church, Montreal, were of a very high order of Christian thought. The lectures at Montreal, by the Rev. Dr. Buell, Dean of Theology of the University of Boston, on the historical study of the Epistle to the Galatians, are described as a splendid combination of scholarship, spirituality, skilful pleasantry, and keen analytic insight, exegetical and historical.

Methodism in Rhodesia.

Mrs. Hartzell, the wife of Bishop Hartzell, of Africa, makes a stirring appeal for funds to support the forward movement in that country. The British Government has offered thousands of acres in different parts of the country if he can only utilize the gifts.

Bishop and Mrs. Hartzell are to meet Cecil Rhodes, and be his guests while formulating plans with him for work in Eastern and Southern Africa. Shall Bishop Hartzell be able to say to Cecil Rhodes and Earl Grey, the representative of the British Government, as Mrs. Hartzell tersely puts it, "American Methodism is ready to accept your lands and your co-operation to Christianize and civilize Africa?"

Bishop Hartzell has been ill with African fever, but is now recovering. Mrs. Hartzell's appeal is very touching: "I plead for my husband, that his hands may be upheld by God's loving children, and I plead for poor, bleeding Africa."

Mr. Rhodes has given generous help to this mission, and has also contributed a thousand dollars to the Salvation Army work in Rhodesia. *Punch* represents him as thumping a big drum in a Salvation Army procession.

The Class-Leaders' Convention.

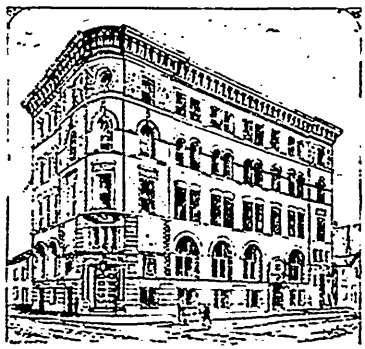
It is a indication of the growing popularity of the class-meeting that such successful conventions have been held in our city for, we believe, eight or nine years. The convention of this year has been the most successful of all. It was favoured with the presence of probably the oldest and one of the most successful class-leaders of the United States, the Hon. John French, of Brooklyn, N.Y. He celebrated his eighty-fifth birthday while attending the convention. He has been a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church for sixty-six years, and a class-leader for sixty of those years. He is also superintendent of a Sunday-school numbering 1,500. His benignant countenance, his sunny smile, his genial humour, and his consecrated zeal were a benediction to those who met him.

Another welcome visitor was the Rev. Dr. Goodell, pastor of Hanson Place Methodist Episcopal Church, Brooklyn.

It is one of the largest churches in Methodism, with a membership of 2,300. Dr. Goodell's words were full of wisdom and sparkled with sacred wit. The addresses by the Revs. R. P. Bowles, T. Albert Moore, W. H. Hincks and J. Odery, and Dr. Maclaren, Dr. W. W. Ogden, and Messrs. Warring Kennedy, David Plewes, J. W. L. Forster, H. A. Martin, G. M. Lee, and others, were evidence of the place and power of the class-meeting in Canadian Methodism.

Dr. Goodell's lecture on the Puritan and the Yankee was one of fine historic insight, genial humour, and stirring eloquence. One of the good points made was that the sobriquet "Yankee" was only another word for English, being the Indian pronunciation of the French word *Anglais*.

FRED VICTOR MISSION.



THE FRED VICTOR MISSION.

The anniversary of this mission was an occasion of unique interest. It is developing new strength and expanding in new directions from year to year. The growth of the mission operations demands the use of the whole of the magnificent building shown in our cut. Part of the building has heretofore been occupied as a model lodging-house. Although this department brought in $1,000 a year rent, yet for the furtherance of the best interests of the mission this sum is foregone, and the Toronto churches are asked to make up the deficiency thus created. Classes in different departments of home training, self education, and religious instruction, will be conducted with efficiency.

This mission, with its manifold religious activities, its devoted superintendent, the Rev. J. W. Graham, its faithful deaconess, Miss Tingley, its great staff of workers, its savings bank, night school, Gospel Temperance meetings, Sunday-school and classes, is a great power for good in reaching the unchurched masses.

REV. DR. BOSWELL.

Its anniversary was specially interesting through the ministrations of the Rev. Dr. Boswell, Secretary of the Philadelphia City Missionary and Church Extension Society, which has under its care seven churches and three missions. Dr. Boswell is the leader of the Methodist Forward Movement in the City of Brotherly Love, and is in the very forefront of aggressive Christian work. Dr. Boswell's sermons and lecture, abounding as they did in illustrations of the power of grace to raise the fallen and restore the lost, touched every heart.

THE REV. JAMES FAULL.

Scarce does a month pass away without bringing the sad tidings of the departure from this life of one of the brotherhood of Methodist preachers in this land. On the 5th of May the Rev. James Faull passed away at his home in Shannonville, in the Bay of Quinte Conference. For twenty-eight years Brother Faull faithfully discharged the duties of a Methodist preacher, but for the last two or three of these under a heavy burden of ill-health. He was in his fifty-ninth year, and left a record of fruitful service in the vineyard of the Lord. Further particulars of his death we have not yet learned.

THE LATE DR. KELLOGG.

Our sister Presbyterian Church has recently met with severe bereavements.

The death of such distinguished men as Dr. Kellogg, Dr. King, Dr. Ormiston, and Principal Kirkland are great losses sustained within a short period. It is remarkable that all four of these men had intimate relations with St. James' Presbyterian Church of this city. Dr. Kellogg was for six years its pastor. He was a son of the manse, a distinguished graduate of Princeton, a successful missionary for eleven years in India, and Professor in Alleghany Theological Seminary for nine years. Seven years ago he returned to India to complete the translation of the Old Testament into the Hindu language. For this his linguistic knowledge admirably equipped him. It is reported that he met his death by a bicycling accident. His great work of translating the Bible into Hindu had just been accomplished, and will be his imperishable memorial and monument.

Rev. Dr. Payne.

Many persons in Canada will hear with regret the death of Rev. Dr. Payne, Secretary of the Board of Education of the Methodist Episcopal Church of the United States. Dr. Payne's visits to Canada and his ministrations in our leading pulpits are remembered with great pleasure and profit by those who heard him. He was of New England birth, and was for thirteen years president of the Ohio Wesleyan University, and an influential member of five General Conferences. He was a man of intense religious earnestness.

Transfers.

We are glad to notice a greater freedom and facility of transfer between the different Conferences. At the meeting of the Transfer Committee in April there were no less than eighteen transfers effected. Several of these were from the remoter to the Central and Western Conferences, and *vice versa*. Anything that will render more easy transfers between the different Conferences will contribute greatly to the unity and solidarity of Methodism throughout the Dominion.

A very notable demonstration of Christian unity and brotherhood took place in Montreal on Thursday, April 20th. The Protestant ministers of that city were invited to a banquet to spend the evening in discussing the unity of Protestantism. Eighty-four were present on that occasion, ten letters were read from persons unable to be present, but sympathizing strongly with the movement. Such meetings and greetings will do much to promote Christian fellowship and good will.

We are always gratified by the visits of distinguished brethren from the United States. Montreal has again been favoured with the inspiration and uplift of the eloquence of the Rev. Dr. Cadman, whose great work at the Metropolitan Temple, New York, is so well and widely known. Dr. Cadman's visit to Montreal and Toronto were occasions of great interest and a permanent benefit.

We are glad to learn of the success of the sons of the parsonage. Mr. Locke, son of Rev. J. H. Locke, of Eglinton, after a distinguished career at Victoria and Chicago Universities, for some months has discharged the duties of lecturer in an important department at Harvard University. His scholarship and other attainments have procured him a call from Harvard to the great and growing University of Chicago.

Mr. Cecil F. Lavell, M.A., though not a son of a minister, is the brother of one, and a member of one of the oldest Methodist families in Canada. He has been appointed lecturer in history for the American University Extension Society, Philadelphia. Mr. Lavell had a brilliant college course at Queen's, Toronto, and Cornell Universities. We congratulate him on his promotion.

Messrs. Crossley and Hunter have opened a successful revival campaign in Centenary Methodist Church, Montreal. Nothing is more needed in all our churches than a great religious awakening which shall sweep us on the high tide of a glorious revival into the new century.

Rev. Dr. Meacham calls our attention to the fact that we were in error in our note in the May Magazine in describing his appointment to the principalship of the college at Azabu. It is to the headship of a theological school. The Azabu College is a very large institution, with between 400 and 500 students — young gentlemen and boys. The Principal of the college is S. Ebara, Esq., M.P., a Japanese Methodist. Dr. Meacham takes the place of Rev. John Scott, M.A., D.D. We wish for the Doctor great success in his important work.

Book Notices.

James Russell Lowell and His Friends. By EDWARD EVERETT HALE. With portraits, fac-similes, and other illustrations. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. viii-302. Price, $3.00.

The life of Lowell was one of almost ideal beauty and nobleness. He was fortunate in his ancestry. "You may study the boyhood of a hundred poets," says Dr. Hale, "and not find one home like his." His father was the minister of a large parish in Boston for more than fifty years. The young poet was born and brought up in the classic precincts of Cambridge. His environment was one of high thought, rare culture and scholarship, and Christian sentiment. As professor at Harvard, as poet and man of letters, as editor, as minister to the Court of Spain and the Court of St. James, his career was one of noble distinction.

He was in warmest sympathy with every good cause. He had an intense hatred of slavery when "Abolitionist" was a name of reproach. He denounced the sin and crime of war when war was in the air, and when not to be warlike was deemed unpatriotic. At the Court of St. James he did a great work in cultivating kindly relations between Great Britain and America, when kindly sentiments were less common than they happily are to-day. His domestic relations were of ideal tenderness and beauty. Bereavement and sorrow touched his life, but enabled him the more tenderly to sympathize with the sorrows of others.

He was specially rich and favoured in his friendships. Holmes, Field, Longfellow, Story, Child, Gray, Agassiz, Norton—he grappled them all to his heart with hooks of steel. The numerous portraits of his friends, and pictures of Elmwood, and other places associated with his life make this an *edition de luxe*. It is remarkable that one of the most cultured essayists, one of the most noble poets, should be also the most distinguished humorist of his country. Dr. Hale was Lowell's familiar friend all his life long. He gives us noble pictures of the man and his work.

A Woman's Life-Work: Including Thirty Years' Service on the Underground Railroad and in the War. By LAURA S. HAVILAND. Fifth edition. Grand Rapids, Mich.: S. B. Shaw. Toronto: William Briggs. 8vo., pp. 625. $1.50.

Canadian readers are specially interested in the record of the Underground Railway. Many thousands of fugitives from bondage, by the guidance of the North Star made their way to this land of liberty, which was for long generations the only refuge on this continent. The story of the adventures and heroism of the poor blacks, and of the good Quakers and hated abolitionists who helped them to their liberty, is one which strangely stirs our blood. The noble woman, whose record this volume contains, was a member of the Society of Friends, and imbued with its impassioned love of liberty. She recites in these pages many stirring stories of the escape of the negroes to Canada. Sometimes so great was their joy on reaching our shores that they fairly wallowed in the sand.

The account of the attempt to surrender the fugitive slave Anderson, who had slain his master in an endeavour to escape recapture, is one of thrilling interest. A great public meeting was held in St. Lawrence Hall, Toronto, at which Daniel Wilson, and George Brown, and the Rev. S. R. Ward, himself an ex-slave, made stirring addresses. The city was moved to its very core. This reviewer was present in Osgoode Hall when the decision of three judges was given on the question of his rendition. Two of the judges were in favour of rendition, but Chief Justice Robinson was opposed. As his judgment was read, cheers resounded through the court, and were taken up by thousands in the square without, and rang from street to street. Surrounded by serried ranks of bayonets Anderson was conveyed to a place of safety. An appeal was taken to the Privy Council of England. All the power of the British Empire was behind that poor black fugitive—and surrendered he was not.

The remainder of the book describes the philanthropic labours of Mrs. Haviland in hospital and sanitary work during the civil war, and in missionary work among the freedmen in the south. She exhibited grandest heroism, was pursued with bloodhounds, and assaulted with pistols as a "nigger thief," and exposed to bitterest persecution. But she never quailed in her efforts for the rescue

of the slave and the succour of the freedmen. At the venerable age of eighty-seven she was still labouring on behalf of temperance, prison reform and the extension of peace principles.

Among the Wild Ngoni. Being some Chapters in the History of the Livingstonia Mission in British Central Africa. By W. A. ELMSLIE, M.B., C.M., F.R.G.S. With an introduction by the RIGHT HON. LORD OVERTOUN. Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, $1.25.

The records of missionary trial and triumph abound in records of nobler heroism than that of the warrior who seeks the bubble reputation at the cannon's mouth. The grandest monument of Dr. Livingstone is the mission that bears his name. It covers a field on the shore of Lake Nyassa three hundred miles long and one hundred miles wide. Slavery and barbarism faced the missionaries at every point. A deadly climate tried them to the utmost. When one fell at his post another stepped into the breach. Now there are seven native churches with over 1,000 members, 85 schools with 11,000 scholars, and 300 teachers and preachers, besides a training school for evangelistic teachers and skilled artisans with 500 students.

Lord Overtoun, in his enthusiastic introduction, says: "The scenes so graphically described in these pages, of warriors who once marched in impis to bloodshed and cruelty, now marching in hundreds to a Gospel gathering, witnessing the sacraments of the Lord's Supper and baptism with reverent interest; of the night air vocal with hymns, where once the war-cry was heard; of peaceful homes and cultivated land, all tell of the triumph of the Gospel of God, and how, through the labours of Dr. Laws, Dr. Elmslie and their noble band, as well as those who have gone to their rest, the wilderness and the solitary place are glad for them, and 'the desert rejoices and blossoms as the rose.'" Dr. Elmslie tells the story of this marvellous transformation in this book. It is well illustrated and has a folding coloured map of East and Central Africa.

A Double Thread. By ELLEN THORNEYCROFT FOWLER. Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal and Halifax. Price, paper, 75c; cloth, $1.25.

We have seldom read a book, not even George Eliot's at her best, that abounded more in sparkling epigrams, pungent wit and biting satire than Miss Fowler's latest volume. Many writers can present an involved plot, but few can make the story so well worth reading for its literary grace and wit. Miss Fowler knows English life and character thoroughly, and depicts them with photographic fidelity. The following is her sketch of the midland town of Silverhampton in the Black Country:

"The staple commodity of the citizens of this place is iron, which they manufacture and buy and sell; and the iron gets into their blood and makes strong men of them. Sometimes it happens that the iron turns into gold, which is good; but the danger is that this may get into their blood too, and so cause them to lose their sense of perspective in this world, and their view of the next altogether."

The character of Clutterbuck, a gardener, who believes in astrology, is very characteristic:

"What the stars say, that the stars stick to, sir; and them that begins to argufy and make havoc among the planets will get their fingers burnt sooner or later. There has been naught but misfortunes this year up to now. First, the schools had to be closed because of measles; then the Concert of Europe came across one another and there was wars; then Mrs. Higginson's pig died of swine fever; then there was a parliamentary election in this part of the country."

The tragical Percy Welford is another clever study: "His arrogant intellect delighted to show forth how Shakespeare knew nothing about man, and Milton still less about God. To these master minds he declined to bow. It was only when Mrs. Brown said that his manners were provincial, and the Cottle girls laughed at the cut of his coat, that Percy's proud spirit was humbled in the dust. He evolved and encouraged strange doubts in his mind, sufficient, he imagined, to provoke 'tears such as angels weep'; but on the customs of good society, as far as he knew anything about them, he was slavishly orthodox. When angels wept, Percy was bold and defiant; it was only when ladies laughed that he began to tremble."

It adds interest to this story to know that the writer is a daughter of Sir Henry Fowler, a son of the Methodist parsonage, and late Secretary of State for India.

The Divine Force in the Life of the World. Lowell Institute Lectures. By ALEXANDER MACKENZIE. Boston: Lamson, Wolffe & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 334.

The Lowell Institute lectureship is a guarantee that both subject and treatment will be on a high plane. Dr. Mackenzie's volume is worthy of his august theme, his important rostrum, and his illustrious predecessors. In a series of chapters he discusses the creation of man, the course of man in the oldest literature, the purpose and methods of Christ, the Christian forces, and other important themes. He is serenely optimistic in his outlook. The mission work of the age, though not all it should be, is still a splendid testimony to the reality of Christian life. There are, he says, 11,659 men and women who, by special appointment, are teaching the good things of God in countries which are not their own. There are 64,299 persons who are reported as native labourers, that is, persons who have themselves been taught and are in their turn teaching their countrymen. The annual income of the voluntary associations which direct this enterprise is nearly thirteen million dollars. A century is a short time for such large results.

Dr. Mackenzie pays a generous tribute to the extensive missions of the Roman Catholic Church. "The record of the devotion, heroism, sacrifice of the priests who have carried the Cross in the wilderness, that they might by means of it save the souls of men, is unsurpassed." It is a noble army which under these names has gone forth to seek and to save. Comparisons are out of place. But the roll of our thirty-six hundred American missionaries is a list of noblemen. They are college men, select men, who could fill the places here quite as well as those who stay at home. With them are women of high attainment, of beautiful culture, of serenest courage.

The entire management of this enterprise is in the hands of strong men, men of business, lawyers, clergymen; and of women wise to plan, skilful to discern, patient and brave; who bring all their wisdom to bear upon the religious, social, and financial questions which press upon them.

The dignity of the work is in keeping with its importance. The Protestant societies count up 4,694 mission stations, with 15,200 out-stations, over a million communicants, and nearly a million persons under instruction.

These men have not consecrated themselves to a wearisome failure, and they intend to deserve the success for which they strive. They give their life and give it abundantly, they count nothing dear unto themselves if they can help others with it. They carry the wealth of the richest lands into those which are poorest. They create manhood. They teach law and liberty, good order and safety. They make homes, elevate women, gladden children, save life and make it worth saving. They carry medicine and surgery and all the useful arts. Christianity has now become naturalized everywhere among the most diverse nations, and everywhere demonstrates its character as the one religion for the human race.

The closing chapter on the Christian forces of to-day is one of grandest inspiration and encouragement.

A Ken of Kipling. Being a Biographical Sketch of Rudyard Kipling, with an Appreciation and some Anecdotes. By WILL M. CLEMENS. Toronto: George N. Morang Co.; William Briggs.

All the world has been watching around the sick-bed of the "Laureate of the Empire," and all the world is rejoicing at his restoration to health. This very timely book tells about all that is known of Kipling's personality. It is not an idle curiosity, but a strong personal sympathy which makes us wish to know the life-story of the man who has caught the ear of the world as no other living author has done. We rejoice in the earnest moral purpose of Kipling's recent poems. In the chapter on Kipling's religion our author says: "The strong, manly touch of piety and reverence in Mr. Kipling's later verse gives us, in a way, the well-remembered devoutness of Luther and of Milton, and at least the sincerity of Wordsworth, Browning and Tennyson." The anecdotes, comment and criticism are very racy and readable.

Mr. Stead thus refers to Mr. Kipling's Methodist ancestry: "Like Father Hecker, in a very different line of business, he bears visible trace of his Methodist ancestry. His language, no doubt, is more free, not to say profane, than would pass muster in a class-meeting. Yet the soul of Kipling is Methodist to the core. The grandson of two Methodist ministers, the son of an artist, born in India and married in America, heredity, education, and environment combined to fit him for the preaching of his message to the English-speaking world. It is a message of duty, the obligation of

the strong to help the weak, the latest phrasing of the old-time saying that he who would be greatest must be servant of all."

Through Nature to God. By JOHN FISKE. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, $1.00.

"The purpose of this volume," Dr. Fiske states, "is to show that the doctrine of Evolution, properly understood, does not leave the scales equally balanced between materialism and theism, but irredeemably discredits the former, while it places the latter upon a firmer foundation than it has ever before occupied."

"It must be borne in mind," he adds, "that while the natural selection of physical variations will go far toward explaining the characteristics of all the plants and all the beasts in the world, it remains powerless to account for the existence of man. The physical variations by which man is distinguished from apes are not great. But the moment we consider the minds of man and ape, the gap between the two is immeasurable. It transcends the difference between ape and blade of grass."

"Nature's eternal lesson," concludes Professor Fiske," is the everlasting reality of religion." Like Professor Drummond, he affirms the influence of mother love and the social affections in developing the moral qualities of man.

Sacred Tunes for the Consecration of Life. Hymns of the Religion of Science. By PAUL CARUS. Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Co. Toronto: William Briggs.

There are those who think that the growth of science will destroy the sentiment of poetry. Tennyson's "In Memoriam," which abounds in scientific imagery and illustrations, confutes this theory. The writer of these poems claims that they exhibit "a deliberate conservatism by the side of a sweeping radicalism, that they represent the old religious spirit, *i.e.*, man's aspiration after the truth, in its latest phase, as modified and modernized under the influence of the scientific methods of our age. This is not new wine in old bottles, but old wine in new bottles; it is a preservation of the old religious ideals in a new form; it is an adaptation of the most sacred endeavours of the past to the conditions of the present with its changed environment."

The spirit of the poems is devout. The writer is sincere and honest, yet his poems seem to us like the ice-blossoms of the snow rather than the living flowers of the field. There is much that is beautiful, and true, and good, but the sense of the Fatherhood of God, and brotherhood of Jesus Christ touch a chord in the heart of humanity which does not respond to even the highest demonstrations of science.

Commentary on the New Testament. Volume IV. Corinthians-Galatians; Paul, the Champion Theologian. By REV. W. B. GODBEY, A.M. M. W. Knapp, *Revivalist* Office, Cincinnati, O.

We cannot say that this commentary commends itself to our judgment. The very classifying of Paul as "The Champion Theologian" we think an unhappy phrase. The "gift of tongues" the author seems to confound with mere fluency of speech. "Praise the Lord," he says, "I have it in Greek as well as in English, so that I never run out of words." The gift of healing is another divine charism which he claims to possess, not as a physician, but by the special grace of God. While he was conducting a camp-meeting in Mississippi "among sanctified foot-washing Baptists" he witnessed marvellous examples of anointing with oil and healing in the name of the Lord.

Whatever gift of tongues the author has in Greek, he fails, we think, to grasp the significance of the words of St. Paul which he attempts to interpret. "When the Lord forces on us an unknown language," he says, "He simultaneously imparts the gift of interpretation, thus qualifying us to impart that language to others." The most devoted missionaries in heathen lands, nevertheless, have to depend on grammar and teacher for the knowledge of the tongues.

At the Gates of the Morning. A story of the Reformation in Kent. By DORA M. JONES. Illustrated by H. J. RHODES. London: Charles H. Kelly. Toronto: William Briggs.

It is confessedly difficult to project one's self into the past, to catch its spirit and depict its scenes. But Miss Jones, the accomplished associate editor of "Travel," possesses this skill, and gives an admirable picture of the Reformation times in Old England. It reproduces the spirit of a time which it behooves us all to study as a tonic to our faith and inspiration to duty.

Papias and His Contemporaries. A Study of Religious Thought in the Second Century. By EDWARD H. HALL. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.; Toronto: William Briggs. Price, $1.25.

The study of the early centuries will always be of intense interest to the Christian scholar. The infant Church was being moulded by the influence of its great teachers, and by conflicts with the early heresies, into that heroic type which enabled it to withstand the bitterness of ten persecutions. Among the moulding influences described in this scholarly book are Papias, Ignatius—who is said to have been the little child whom Christ placed in the midst of the disciples—Polycarp, Marcion, Tatian, the two Clements—of Rome and of Alexandria. The book will be invaluable as throwing light on early Christian life and thought, and explaining the genesis of the Apocryphal Gospels and of certain false and dangerous doctrines which were held.

Visions of Sin. By JAMES HOPE MOULTON, M.A. London: Charles H. Kelly; Toronto: William Briggs.

In these days, when so much of human depravity is attributed to environment and heredity, there is need of emphasizing the doctrine of the exceeding sinfulness of sin. Intelligent travellers state that the great defect of character of the Orientals is a lack of consciousness of sin. They are not ashamed of lying or stealing but only of being found out. Hence the value of such a book as Mr. Moulton has here given us. Four of its chapters on four bad men—Judas, Caiaphas, Herod Antipas, and Pilate—are reprinted from the *Wesleyan Methodist Magazine*, where they attracted much attention.

English Meditative Lyrics. By THEODORE W. HUNT, Ph.D., Litt.D., Professor of English in Princeton University. Illustrated. New York: Eaton & Mains. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, $1.00.

These are thoughtful and scholarly studies by a thoroughly competent critic. A lyrical literature of our earlier English poets, especially of our matchless English hymns, will well repay more profound study than they often receive. The criticisms and comments are often illuminating as well as interpretative. The dozen portraits are of superior merit. Our chief poets, from Spenser down to the Brownings and Tennyson, are succinctly treated.

God's Gentlemen. By the Rev. R. E. WELSH, M.A. London: James Bowden; Toronto: William Briggs.

This is a collection of very clever essays. The titles are as striking as the papers. The following are examples: A Medicated Memory, Interesting Sinners and Stale Saints, the Ape of God (Satan), and the like. The papers, nevertheless, are not sensational, but pithy and pointed essays written in strong, terse English.

Mr. Walter Camp, the well-known writer, and Mr. Lewis S. Welch, the editor of the *Yale Alumni Weekly*, have issued through the press of L. C. Page & Co., Boston, a comprehensive account of Yale and Yale life entitled "Yale—Her Campus, Class-rooms and Athletics. The authors have been assisted in their work by the leading Professors in the different departments of Yale University, and the book from such reliable and authentic sources is of great interest and value. It is profusely illustrated with a large number of authentic photographs, together with a photogravure etched frontispiece of Yale's retiring President, Dr. Dwight.

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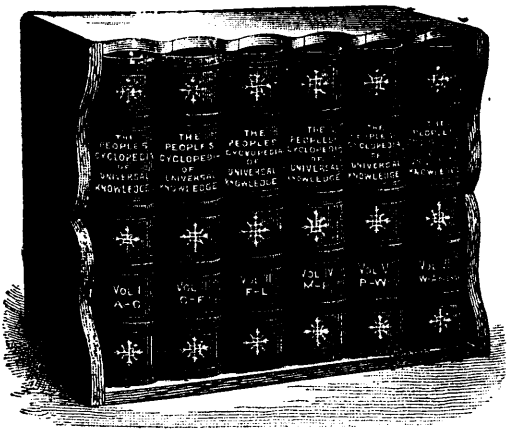

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