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CONTENTS.

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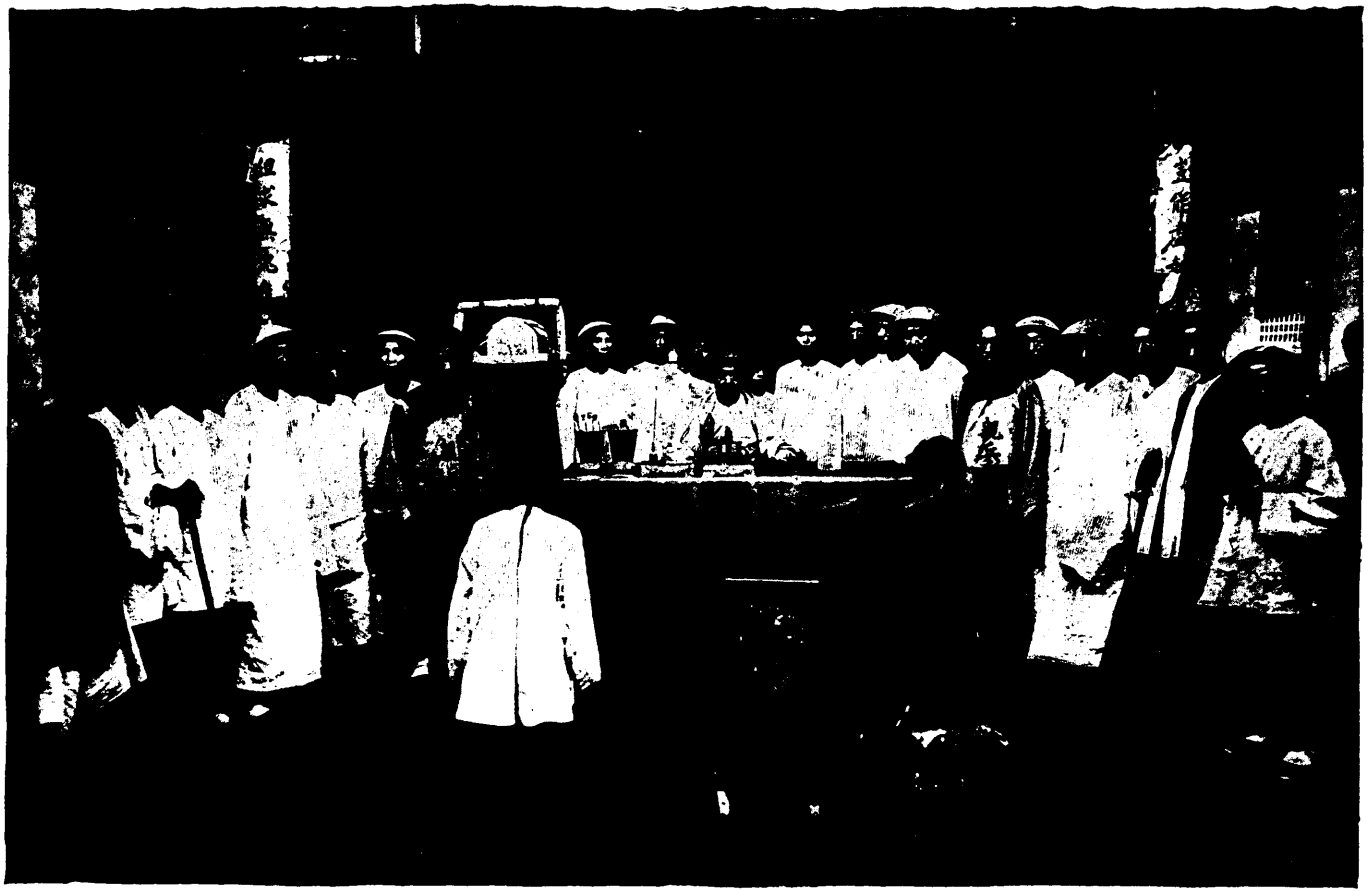


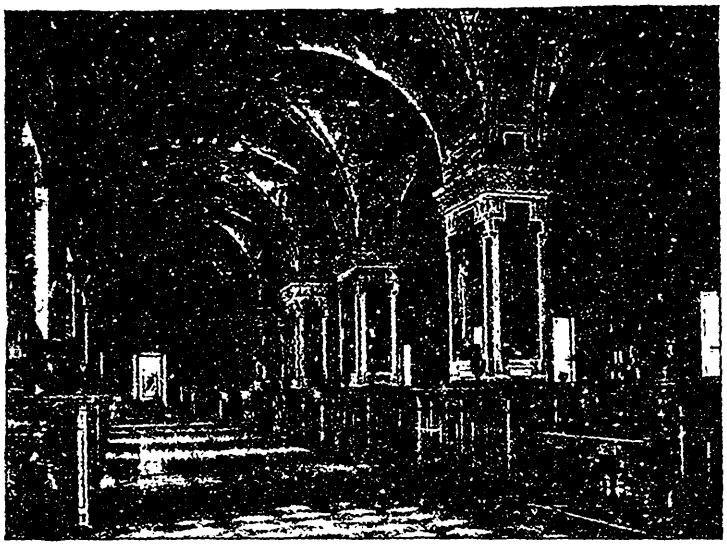
THE KIUKIANG COURT OF JUSTICE, CHINA.

The complainant and culprit are kneeling opposite the armed constables. Mr. Arthur H. Smith, in a communication sent to the author, states that the local judge is to the common people really the only embodiment of law known to them. The power is sometimes abused, and occasionally the people rebel.

Methodist Magazine and Review.

MAY, 1896.

THE TRIUMPHS OF THE CROSS.



THE VATICAN LIBRARY.

This is a theme of perennial interest. It furnishes the best "evidences of Christianity" extant. We may confidently demand a verdict from examination of results. We may boldly say, "Do you seek the monument, the trophies, the demonstration of the divine power of Christianity?—look around" On every side are seen the wrecks of false religions and, rising above their ruins, fair and stately, "the city of God," the kingdom of Christ in the earth. In an age of pessimistic theories, when men ask, "Is life worth living?" and talk of a "moral interregnum," it is a grand moral tonic to survey the triumphs of Christianity, and to enbrave our hearts with the assurance of its final victory.

In this study we know of no guide so helpful as the book under review.* It is characterized by

* "The Triumphs of the Cross; or, the Supremacy of Christianity as an uplifting force in the Home, the School, and the Nation, in Literature and Art, in Philanthropic and Evangelistic Organization, shown by the Facts in the Yesterday and To-day of the World." By Ex-President E. P. Tenney, A.M. Illustrated by 325 engravings. Boston: Balch Bros. Toronto: William Briggs. Octavo. Pp. 702. Cloth. Price, $3.25. Through the courtesy of the publishers, Messrs. Balch Brothers, we are permitted to illustrate this review with a selection from the 325 admirable cuts which accompany the book.

ample and accurate scholarship, by broad sympathies and philosophical appreciation of the historic relations of cause and effect in the sphere of morals and of human progress. President Tenney has brought to his task rare gifts of research, of analysis, of classification, of grouping his facts, and of eloquent expression. He has also called to his aid a large number of special contributors, among them Dr. Cuyler, Bishop Huntingdon, Dr. Dorchester, Chaplain McCabe, Dr. Barrows, Joseph Cook, Bishop Vincent, Dr. Parkhurst, and two hundred others. In the early part of the work the author investigates the influence of Christianity on the practices, customs, laws, and morals of the Roman period. The most conspicuous examples were the elevation of woman, the cultivation of social purity, the extirpation of unnatural vices which flourished amid pagan civilization, the restraint and final abolition of the cruel sports of the amphitheatre, the alleviation of the evils of slavery, the founding of charities, the rescue of children from exposure to untimely death, the more equitable distribution of wealth, and the development of human principles in Roman law.

To the Greek and Roman every foreigner was a foe. "A man is a wolf," says Plautus, "to a man whom he does not know," but the law of Moses, "Thou shalt not vex the stranger," is perpetuated in every Christian code. Even the pagan custom of pillage of shipwrecked men is now maintained only by the Barbary Moors, and the sole survival of mediaeval piracy is the right of privateering, never, let us hope, to be tolerated again.

In our review of this important work we shall quote largely from the author, both in illustration of his vivacious and vigorous style and for a more concise statement of the subjects discussed. In the two following paragraphs we have a vigorous characterization of Rome in its decline.

There was never a people more pestered by gods than Rome, unless India. Taking possession of many nations, the Roman soldiers made captive both gods and citizens. Amid this wilderness of gods from all over the world, the thoughtful man could but say with Pliny, "There is nothing certain, save that nothing is certain." And certain it was that the times were ripe for introducing the simplicity of the Christian conception of God. If we take Rome at its worst, we will visit the royal palaces, the houses of distinguished senators, and those plunderers of the world who have come home from spoiling conquered countries through misrule. Tacitus spoke of the state of society in Rome as "hideous even in peace;" Horace and Juvenal have testified against it. And Antoninus affirmed that among his unhappy people, "Faithfulness, the sense of honour, righteousness and truth, have taken their flight from the wide earth to heaven." It would be easy to match, piece by piece, the apostolic arraignment in the first chapter of the epistle to the Romans. It was a discouraging outcome of the Greek and Roman philosophy and the religious ritual of the classic peoples.

Looked upon as a sociological experiment, the history of Rome shows that sin can be cultivated. Rome in its worst days grew wickedness, as men grow plants in their gardens. Nero and Caligula were flowers that naturally blossomed in the soil and atmosphere of a city wholly given up to iniquity. The people as such lived idly and were fed by government, and the flowing of blood was their amusement month after month. When inhuman monsters, sharp in inventing crimes, sat upon the

CLOISTERS OF THE CONVENT OF CERTOSA.

throne, Rome for a time was a mild type of the bottomless pit,—and the barbarians were a blessing who swept away such a people.

Amid such conditions and environment was Christianity planted. We should do scant justice to the blameless character, simple dignity, and moral purity of the primitive Christians if we forgot the thoroughly effete and corrupt society by which they were surrounded. It would seem almost impossible for the Christian graces

BUDDHIST MONKS OF JAPAN.

to grow in such a fetid atmosphere. Like the snow-white lily springing in virgin purity from the muddy ooze, they are more lovely by contrast with the surrounding pollutions. Like flowers that deck a sepulchre, breathing their fragrance amid scenes of corruption and death, are these holy characters, fragrant with the breath of heaven amid the social rottenness and moral death of their foul environment.

It is difficult to imagine, and impossible to portray, the abominable pollutions of the times. "Society," says Gibbon, "was a rotting, aimless chaos of sensuality." It was a boiling Acheron of seething passions, unhallowed lusts, and tiger thirst of blood, such as never provoked the wrath of heaven since God drowned the world with water, or destroyed the Cities of the Plain by fire. St. Paul, in his epistle to the Church among this very people, hints at some features of their exceeding wickedness. It was a shame even to speak of the things which were done by them, but which gifted poets employed their wit to celebrate. A brutalized monster was deified as god, received divine homage, and beheld all the world at his feet and the nations tremble at his nod, while the multitude wallowed in a sty of sensuality.

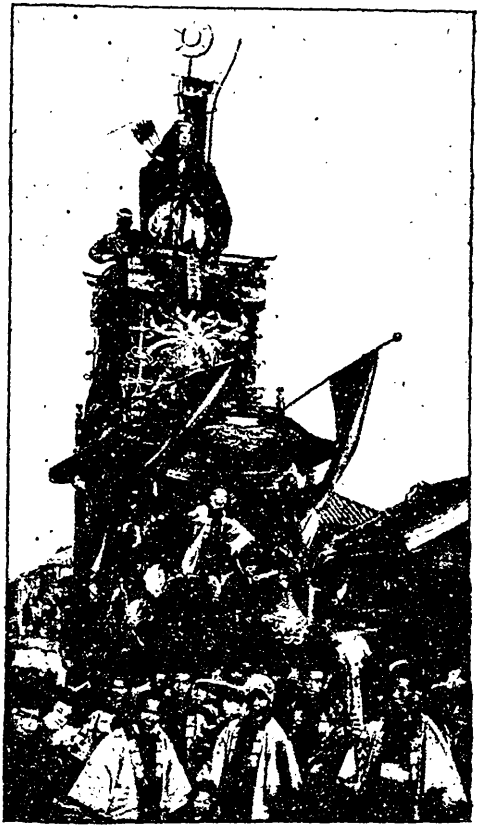
Christianity was to be the new Hercules to cleanse this worse than Augean pollution. The pure morals and holy lives of the believers were a perpetual testimony against abounding iniquity, and a living proof of the regenerating power and transforming grace of God. For they themselves, as one of their apologists asserts, "had been reclaimed from ten thousand vices." And the apostle, describing some of the vilest characters, exclaims, "Such were some of you, but ye are washed, ye are sanctified." They recoiled with the utmost abhorrence from the pollutions of the age, and became indeed "the salt of the earth," the sole moral antiseptic to prevent the total disintegration of society.

Amid pagan usages and unspeakable moral degradation, the Christians lived, a holy nation, a peculiar people. "We alone are

without crime," says Tertullian; "No Christian suffers but for his religion." "Your prisons are full," says Minutius Felix, "but they contain not one Christian." And these holy lives were an argument which even the heathen could not gainsay. The ethics of paganism were the speculations of the cultivated few who aspired to the character of philosophers. The ethics of Christianity were a system of practical duty affecting the daily life of the most lowly. "Philosophy," says Lecky, "may cultivate virtue, but cannot restrain vice." But Christianity introduced a new sense of sin and of holiness, of everlasting reward, and of endless condemnation. It planted a sublime, impassioned love of Christ in the heart, inflaming all its affections. It transformed the character from icy Stoicism or Epicurean selfishness to a boundless and uncalculating self-abnegation.

This divine principle developed a new instinct of philanthropy in the soul. A feeling of common brotherhood knit the hearts of the believers together. To love a slave! to love an enemy! was accounted the impossible among the heathen; yet this virtue they beheld among the Christians. "This surprised them beyond measure," says Tertullian, "that one man should die for another." Hence, in the Christian epitaphs no word of bitterness even toward their persecutors is to be found. Sweet peace, the peace of God that passeth all understanding, breathes on every side.

One of the most striking results of the new spirit of philanthropy which Christianity introduced, is seen in the copious charity of the primitive Church. Amid the ruins of ancient palaces and temples, theatres and baths, there are none of any house of mercy. Charity among the pagans was, at best, a fitful and capricious fancy. Among the Christians it was a vast and vigorous organization, and was cultivated with noble enthusiasm.



A BUDDHIST FESTIVAL IN JAPAN.

The great and wicked city of Rome, with its fierce oppressions and inhuman wrongs, afforded amplest opportunity for the Christ-like ministrations of love and pity. There were Christian slaves to suc-

cour, exposed to unutterable indignities and cruel punishment, even unto crucifixion for conscience' sake. There were often martyrs' pangs to assuage, the aching wounds inflicted by the rack or by the nameless tortures of the heathen to bind up, and their bruised and broken hearts to cheer with heavenly consolation. There were outcast babes to pluck from death. There were a thousand forms of suffering and sorrow to relieve, and the ever-present thought of Him who came, not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give His life a ransom for many, was an inspiration to heroic sacrifice and self-denial. And doubtless the religion of love won its way to many a stony pagan heart by the winsome spell of the saintly charities and heavenly benedictions of the persecuted Christians.

This sublime principle has since covered the earth with its institutions of mercy, and with a passionate zeal has sought out the woes of man in every land, in order to their relief. In the primitive Church voluntary collections were regularly made for the poor, the aged, the sick, the brethren in bonds, and for the burial of the dead. "Our charity dispenses more in the streets," says Tertullian, to the heathen, "than your religion in all the temples." "How monstrous is it," exclaims the Alexandrian Clement, "to live in luxury while so many are in want." The church at Antioch, he tells us, maintained three thousand widows and virgins, besides the sick and poor. The church at Carthage sent a sum equal to four thousand dollars to ransom Christian captives in Numidia. St. Ambrose sold the sacred vessels of the church of Milan to rescue prisoners from the Goths, esteeming it their truest consecration to the service of God. "Better clothe the living temples of Christ," says Jerome, "than adorn the temples of stone." The Christian traveller was hospitably entertained by the faithful; and before the close of the fourth century asylums were provided for the sick, aged, and infirm. In the plague of Alexandria six hundred Christian Parabolani perilled their lives to succour the dying and bury the dead. Julian urged the pagan priests to imitate the virtues of the lowly Christians.

Christianity also gave a new sanctity to human life, and even denounced as murder the heathen custom of destroying the unborn child. The exposure of infants was a fearfully prevalent pagan practice, which even Plato and Aristotle permitted. We have had evidences of the tender charity of the Christians in rescuing these foundlings from death, or from a fate more dreadful still—a life of infamy. Christianity also emphatically affirmed the Almighty's "canon 'gainst self-slaughter," which crime the pagans had even exalted into a virtue. It taught that a patient endurance of suffering, like Job's, exhibited a loftier courage than Cato's renunciation of life.

We know that the Christians were largely drawn from the servile classes, but in the Church of God there was no respect of persons. The gospel of liberty smote the gyves at once from the bodies and the souls of men. In Christ Jesus there was neither Jew nor Greek, bond nor free. The wretched slave, in the intervals of toil or torture, caught with joy the emancipating message, and sprang up enfranchised by an immortalizing hope. Then "trampled manhood heard and claimed his crown." The victim of human oppression exulted in a new-found liberty in Christ which no wealth could purchase, no chains of slavery fetter, nor even death itself destroy.

WOMEN AT THE WELL, NAZARETH, INDIA.

In the Christian Church the distinctions of worldly rank were abolished. The highest spiritual dignities were open to the lowliest slave. In the ecclesiastical hierarchy were no rights of birth, and no privileges of blood. In the inscriptions of the catacombs no badges of servitude, no titles of honour appear. The wealthy noble —the lord of many acres—recognized in his lowly servant a fellow-heir of glory. They bowed together at the same table of the Lord; saluted each other with the mutual kiss of charity, and side by side in their narrow graves at length returned to indistinguishable dust.

The story of Onesimus may have often been repeated, and the patrician master have received his returning slave, "not now as a servant, but above a servant—a brother beloved." Nay, he may have bowed to him as his ecclesiastical superior, and received from his plebeian hands the emblems of their common Lord. The lowly Arenarii and Fossors, the rude Campagnian husbandmen and shepherds, and they "of Caesar's household," met in common brotherhood, knit together by stronger ties than those of kinship or of worldly rank, as heirs of glory and of everlasting life.

The condition of the slave population of Rome was one of inconceivable wretchedness. Colossal piles built by their blood and sweat attest the bitterness of their bondage. The lash of the taskmaster was heard in the fields, and crosses

bearing aloft their quivering victims polluted the public highways. Vidius Pollio fed his lampreys with the bodies of his slaves. Four hundred of these wretched beings deluged with their blood the funeral pyre of Pedanius Secundus. A single freedman possessed over four thousand of these human chattels. They had no rights of marriage nor any claim to their children.

This dumb, weltering mass of humanity, crushed by power, led by their lusts, and fed by public dole, became a hot-bed of vice in which every evil passion grew apace. The institution of slavery cast a stigma of disgrace on labour, and prevented the formation of that intelligent middle class which is the true safeguard of liberty.

Christianity, on the contrary, dignified, ennobled, and in a sense hallowed labour by the example of its divine Founder. It consecrated the lowly virtues of humility, obedience, gentleness, patience, and long-suffering, which paganism contemned. It did not, indeed, at once subvert the political institution of slavery, but it mitigated its evils, and gradually led to its abolition.

One of the noblest triumphs of Christianity was its suppression of the bloody spectacles of the amphitheatre. The early Christians had good reason to regard with shuddering aversion those accursed scenes within that vast coliseum which rears to-day its mighty walls, a perpetual monument of the cruelty of Rome's Christless creed. Many of their number had been mangled to death by savage beasts or still more savage men, surrounded by a sea of pitiless faces, twice eighty thousand hungry eyes gloating on the mortal agony of the confessor of Christ, while not a single thumb was reversed to make the sign of mercy. There the maids and matrons, the patricians and the "vile plebs" of Rome, enjoyed the grateful spectacle of cruelty and blood. Even woman's pitiful nature forgot its tenderness,

VILLAGE IN INDIA.

and the honour was reserved for the vestal virgin to give the signal for the mortal stroke that crowned the martyr's brow with fadeless amaranth.

These hateful scenes, in which the spectacle of human agony and death became the impassioned delight of all classes, created a ferocious thirst for blood and torture relentlessly opposed this horrid practice, as well as all theatrical exhibitions. The mingled cruelty, idolatry, and indecency of the performances were obnoxious alike to the humanity, the piety, and the modesty of the Christians. They were especially included in the pomps of Satan which the believer abjured at his baptism.

ANCESTRAL WORSHIP IN A NON-CHRISTIAN HOME IN CHINA.

throughout society. They overthrew the altar of pity, and impelled to every excess and refinement of barbarity. Even children imitated the cruel sport in their games, schools of gladiators were trained for the work of slaughter, and women fought in the arena, or lay dead and trampled in the sand.

From the very first, Christianity Hence their abandonment was often regarded as a proof of conversion to Christianity. The theatre was the Devil's house, and he had a right to all found therein.

Christianity, soon after it ascended the throne of the Caesars, suppressed the gladiatorial combats. The Christian city of Constantinople was never polluted by the

atrocious exhibition. A Christian poet eloquently denounced the bloody spectacle, and a Christian monk, at the cost of his life, protested, amid the very frenzy of the conflict, against its cruelty. His heroic martyrdom produced a moral revulsion against the practice, and the laws of Honorius, to use the language of Gibbon, "abolished forever the human sacrifices of the amphitheatre."

ministrations of charity. The heathen satirists paint in strongest colours the prevailing corruptions, and the historians of the times reveal abounding wickedness that shames humanity.

The vast wealth, the multiplication of slaves, the influx of orientalism with its debasing vices, had thoroughly corrupted society. The relations of the sexes seemed entirely dislocated. The early

A CHRISTIAN CHINESE FAMILY.

By the courtesy of the Rev. Dr. Thomson we present the photograph of a happy Christian family, in which all the members but one are communicants in the Protestant Episcopal Mission Church, Shanghai.

In nothing, however, is the superiority of Christianity over paganism so apparent as in the vast difference in the position and treatment of woman in the respective systems. It is difficult to conceive the depths of degradation into which woman had fallen when Christianity came to rescue her from infamy, to clothe her with the domestic virtues, to enshrine her amid the sanctities of home, and to employ her in the gentle

Roman ideas of marriage were forgotten; it had no moral, only a legal character. Woman, reckless of her "good name," had lost "the most immediate jewel of her soul." The Lucretias and Virginias of the old heroic days were beings of tradition. The Julias and Messalinas flaunted their wickedness in the high places of the earth, and to be Caesar's wife was not to be above suspicion. Alas, that in a few short centuries, Christianity

should sink so low that the excesses of a Theodora should rival those of an Agrippina or a Julia!

Even the loftiest pagan moralists and philosophers recklessly disregarded the most sacred social obligation at their mere caprice. Cicero, who discoursed so nobly concerning the nature of the gods, divorced his wife, Terentia, that he might mend his broken fortunes by marrying his wealthy ward. Cato ceded his wife, with the consent of her father, to his friend Hortensius, taking her back after his death. Woman was not a person, but a thing, says Gibbon. Her rights and interests were lost in those of her husband. She should have no friends nor gods but his, says Plutarch.

It was the age of reckless divorce. In the early days of the commonwealth, there had been no divorce in Rome in five hundred and forty years. In the reign of Nero, says Seneca, the women measured their years by their husbands, and not by the consuls. Juvenal speaks of a woman with eight husbands in five years. We must regard as an exaggeration the account given by Jerome of a woman married to her twenty-third husband, being his twenty-first wife.

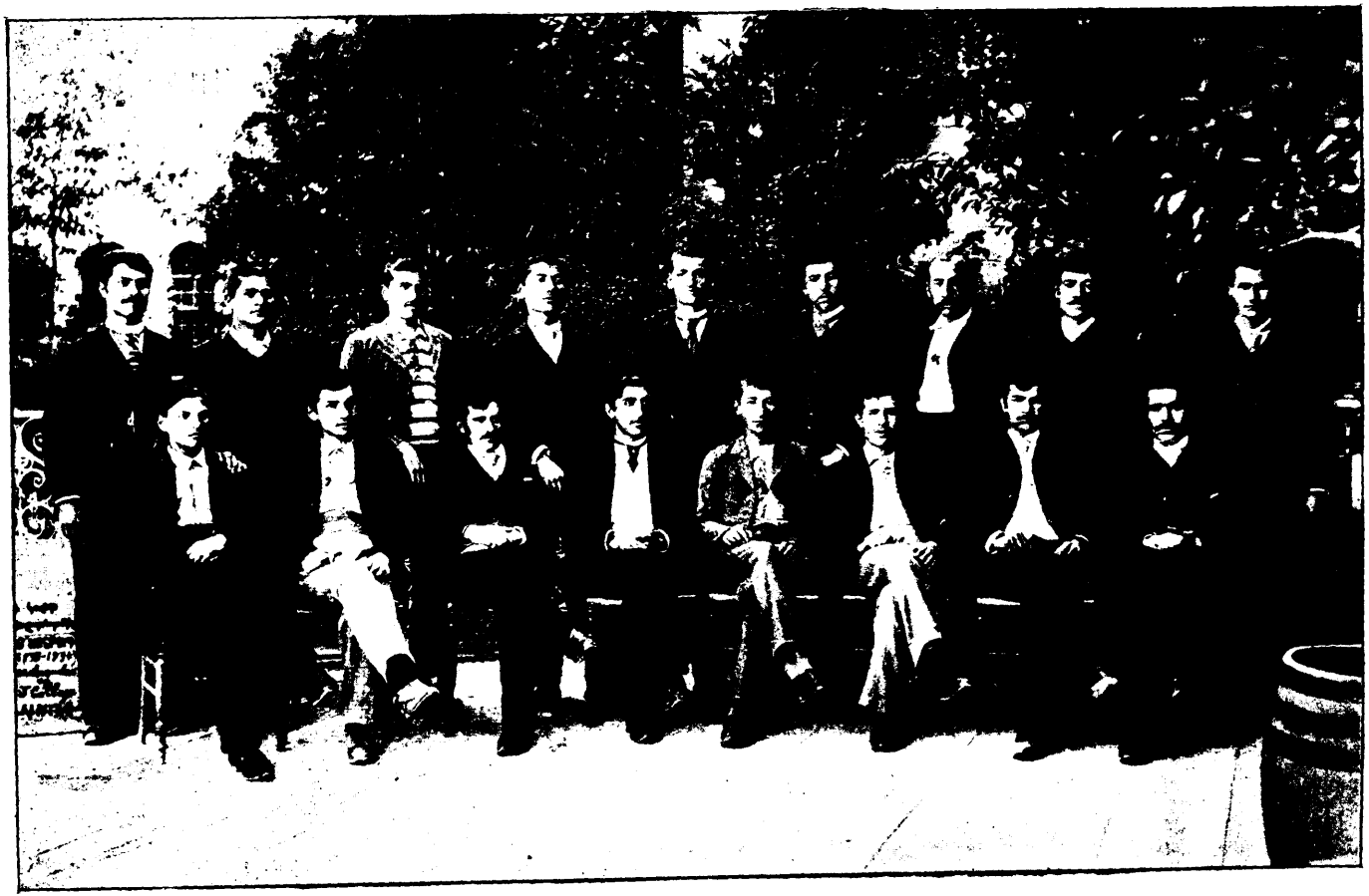
Nevertheless, God did not leave himself without a witness in the hearts of the people; and we have many illustrations of conjugal happiness in pagan inscriptions. But Christianity first taught the sanctity of the marriage relation, as a type of the mystical union between Christ and his Church; and enforced the reciprocal obligation of conjugal fidelity, which was previously regarded as binding on woman alone. In their recoil from the abominable licentiousness of the heathen, the Christians regarded modesty as the crown of all the virtues, and against its violation the heaviest ecclesiastical penalties were threatened. This regard was at length intensified into a superstitious reverence for celibacy.

When the conquered and baptized pagans found their old temples crumbling, says our author, they bore out their choicest and most ancient trappings toward fitting up their new places of worship. Bundles of pagan superstitions came tumbling in; and Christianity gave them storage, unpacked them, and used them. "The Catholic," says Madame de Stael, "is the pagan's heir."

The legal principles suggested by Christianity obtained greater influence in England than among the tribes of Central Europe.

The purity of the Anglo-Saxon laws was largely the result of the religious character of the ecclesiastical law-makers. "They often sound more like pastoral letters, than legislation from warlike kings." King Alfred introduces his code with the Ten Commandments. Of his laws he says: "These are the dooms that the Almighty God himself spake to Moses, and bade him to hold; and when the Lord's only begotten Son, that is Christ, the Healer, on middle earth came, He said that He came not these dooms to break nor to gainsay, but with all good to do, and with all lowly-mindedness to teach them."

"We know," says Edward the Confessor, "that through God's grace a thrall has become a thane, and a churl has become an earl, a singer a priest, and a scribe a bishop; and formerly, as God decreed, a fisher became a bishop. We have all one Heavenly Father, one spiritual mother which is called the Church, and therefore we are brothers." A much more kingly speech than that made by the curled and powdered pagan who sat upon the throne of the Franks seven centuries nearer to



FRESHMAN CLASS, CENTRAL TURKEY COLLEGE, AINTAB, ARMENIA.

Aintab has good common schools, a seminary for women, the college, a medical institute, a hospital and dispensary. It suffered severely through the Turkish outrages of 1895-6.

our own times, that Grand Monarch, who during half a century made good the autocratic dictum —"I am the State."

When we come to the time of Hildebrand, says Dr. Tenney, we find the Christian Church in a position to be the grand unifier of Europe. The hermit spirit of the early Church built artificial solitudes in the cities or haunts not far from civilization, by erecting monasteries, like that of Certosa, shown in one of our cuts, which proved to be more convenient to most who desired a recluse life than to abide in a desert. These religious houses, when barbarism was tearing Rome to pieces, proved to be strongholds for the conservation of religious life, for morality, for ecclesiastical art, as well as a centre for authoritative influence when the civil government was weakening. Indeed, during some centuries, there was little religious force outside the monasteries; even if baptized, their religion rarely struck through. The convent and the monastery drew to themselves the most religious of the people, who craved the mysterious spiritual good which they believed to be found beneath the veil of that tonsure which symbolized the crown of thorns.

The Dominican Order was founded by one who in his youth gave away all he possessed; and when he desired to redeem a widow's son, he had nothing left but his poor body, which he offered to have sold into slavery for sweet charity's sake.

"I am a herald of the great King," was the reply made by St. Francis to the highwayman who caught him and questioned him. He led the life of a devout beggar upon the Umbrian hills, and if he was the guest of a day at a rich man's table, he sprinkled ashes upon his food.

"The Church was the ark of all things that had life," said Isaac Taylor, who figured the mediaeval era as a deluge of a thousand years. The ark was monastic. The brethren cultivated the soil, and cultivated their minds. A multitude of them made themselves into mere copying machines for the good of future ages.

If we turn to India, the modern survival of the ancient Aryan civilization, we shall find how utterly it failed to develop the ideal of human brotherhood, or to recognize the rights of man as man.

By its immemorial caste system, says our author, nine-tenths of India has been stepped on by one-tenth. "Fifty years ago," says Dr. Pentecost, "in most of the great cities of India, the gates were closed at about five o'clock in the afternoon and were not opened again until about nine o'clock in the morning, because the low-caste men were to be expelled before the slanting rays of the sun might throw the shadow of a low-caste man upon a Brahman and defile him, and they were not allowed to return until the rays of the sun were sufficiently perpendicular to protect the Brahman from the possible falling of the shadow of a low-caste man upon him. The low-caste man used to be obliged to fall prostrate before a Brahman and allow him to put his foot upon his neck and walk over him."

To the influence of Christianity on education we shall refer at length in the second part of this review. We have pleasure in presenting here a photo of a class of Armenian students in the college of Aintab. This and kindred institutions are the glory of the American missionaries in Turkey, and one of the greatest crimes against civilization is their destruction by the ferocious despot on the Bosphorus, as described in another article in this magazine.

THE GAIN OF WASTE.

BY THE REV. ALEXANDER SUTHERLAND, D.D.,

General Secretary of Missions of the Methodist Church.

"To what purpose hath this waste of the ointment been made?"—Mark xiv. 4. (R.V.)

I.

Six days before the passover at which he suffered, Jesus went up to Jerusalem, and according to his wont found a quiet resting-place in the village of Bethany, the home of Mary and her sister Martha. From thence he paid daily visits to the temple, where he uttered those profound and weighty "sayings," portions of which are recorded in the gospel by John. Later in the week he forewarned his disciples that after two days he would be betrayed to death. At this very time the chief priests with the elders and scribes were plotting among themselves how they might take him by subtilty and kill him; but Jesus still remained at Bethany quietly awaiting his appointed hour.

It was during this interval that the incident of the text occurred. "As he sat at meat, in the house of Simon the leper,"—perhaps the same who had once said to him, "Lord, if thou wilt thou canst make me clean,"—"there came a woman having an alabaster cruse of ointment of spikenard,"—liquid ointment the word seems to mean, —"very costly,"—not of less value than fifty dollars of our money,— "and she brake the cruse and poured it over his head." Both Matthew and Mark say she poured the ointment on his head; John's allusion seems to imply that she anointed his feet. Doubtless both statements are correct; but while Matthew and Mark give prominence to the honour done to the Lord, John sees chiefly the touching love and tender devotion of the woman, who thinks the best she has is all too poor to anoint those sacred feet.

One might have thought that the very circumstances of the case would have touched a responsive chord in the hearts of those who witnessed the act, and doubtless it did in the hearts of some; but there were others who failed to appreciate the delicate beauty, much less to understand the sublime significance, of what this woman did, and these "had indignation," which found expression in the carping question of Judas, "To what purpose hath this waste of the ointment been made?" How sad to think that in the little circle of disciples, who for years had shared the Master's loving counsels and tender sympathy, and who had witnessed, times without number, his works of healing pity, there should have been even one to grudge the bestowment of love's offering, or to chill the fervour of a heart whose gratitude was too deep for words. But let us see to it that in condemning the cold, calculating policy of Judas we condemn not ourselves; for the same spirit is yet in the world and in the Church also, and still human hearts cloak their selfishness with a professed regard for economy, and try to stifle the promptings of gratitude by maxims of worldly prudence.

Everything connected with the story is suggestive in the highest degree. The approaching sufferings of the Master, of which he had already warned his disciples, and

of which Mary of Bethany was probably aware, gave deep significance to the act of anointing, which the presence of Lazarus, whom he had raised from the dead, greatly enhanced. Did Mary think as she anointed the feet of Jesus that they would soon be nailed to the bitter tree? Did she grasp something of the mystery that he who but a few days before had stood at the grave of Lazarus as death's conqueror, must shortly enter the grave himself as death's captive? And did she in faith anoint his body for the burying? Was there some perception, dim it may be, but real, of a coming time when those who sleep in Jesus shall all be brought with him; when they shall bring forth their grateful tributes, like golden vials full of odours, to anoint death's conqueror "with the oil of gladness above" his "fellows," and when our "Father's house," with its "many mansions," shall be "filled with the odour of the ointment?" Whether Mary thought of this we cannot tell; but we do know that such a day is coming, and when it comes there will be no covetous Judas or worldly-wise disciple to ask, "To what purpose hath this waste of the ointment been made?" for they all will see and know that love's offering is never wasted, but like bread cast upon the waters, is sure to return, though it be "after many days."

The lesson which underlies this touching story is full of meaning, and has its application to the people and circumstances of to-day, as much as to those who witnessed Mary's devotion in the house of Simon the leper. It is the old yet ever new conflict between selfishness and unselfishness; between the spirit that hoards and the spirit that gives; between the prudent calculation of the head and the warm impulse of the heart; and it emphasizes in a way that can hardly be mistaken the divine paradox, that "it is more blessed to give than to receive." But men are slow to learn the lesson, and while they blame the ingratitude of the disciples, and despise the sordid covetousness of Judas, it is well if they do not blame with equal severity the woman's prodigality, and say in their hearts that if Judas was a knave, Mary was little better than a fool. For men have learned, as they think, how to avoid both extremes; how to escape the condemnation of Judas by the exercise of a very limited benevolence, while they save themselves from Mary's loss by keeping the great bulk of their possessions for themselves. It might help to deliver us from such deceptive reasoning to remember that Mary's act is not one isolated circumstance standing by itself in the long history of the ages, but is one of an endless number of illustrations of a principle which runs through God's government alike in nature and in grace. In attempting to unfold and apply that principle I shall submit two propositions: 1. That woman's ministry is still needed in Christ's service. 2. That in this ministry apparent waste is often the truest gain.

That Woman's Ministry is still needed in Christ's Service.

It should not be necessary in these days to defend or vindicate the right of woman to a prominent place in all forms of service which are for the uplifting of the human race. That right is now generally conceded in Christian lands, and her entrance as an active agent into the field of foreign misssions is not merely a sign of the times, but in a more marked degree a sign of our faith. It is true that a forced interpretation of a few Scripture passages, and a narrow conception of the transformation wrought by the Gospel, hardened at an early

period into settled custom, which, backed by stubborn prejudice, limited the sphere and cramped the efficiency of woman's activities in the Church. But custom and prejudice have both given away before the leavening influence of a vital gospel which sweeps away all mundane distinctions, and proclaims that in the Christian community, of which Christ is the head, there "can be no male and female." It is now clearly perceived that if women "have gifts, they have responsibilities; and if they have responsibilities, they must have freedom for the exercise of their gifts." And so it has come to pass that in every department of Christian service,—in the home, in society, in the Church, in works of benevolence, and pre-eminently in the broad and often perilous field of foreign missions,—consecrated women are taking the places for which gifts and grace have fitted them.

There is a work to be done for the world's moral uplifting which only woman can do. It is a trite saying that a race or a nation has never risen above the condition of its women; nor can it possibly do so. There is a sense in which it is true that the boy is father of the man; but it is universally and tremendously true, in more senses than one, that the woman is mother of the boy. Elevate womanhood and you elevate the race; degrade womanhood, and you degrade the race. It is only in Christian lands that woman occupies her proper sphere. In the lands of the Orient, in the isles of the South, in darkest Africa, and in every place where the Moslem bears sway, she is for the most part a drudge, a slave, a victim; but an equal or a companion—never. And such are the conditions of social life, especially in oriental countries, that the women can be reached and taught, enlightened and elevated, only by the ministry of their own sex. No matter how earnestly men may desire to evangelize the women of the Orient, social custom interposes an insuperable barrier. The women of India and of all Moslem communities must patiently await the coming of their Christian sisters before they can so much as hear of the blessedness of life in Christ. "Ignorant, childish, and often degraded by the very conditions of their existence," immured in harems and secluded in zenanas, —there is no escape for them, and no entrance for the truth that would make them free, until Christian women find their way into those jealously guarded precincts and tell, as only women can tell to women, the story of Bethlehem and Calvary. And why should not Christian women do this? To the Gospel they owe all that makes life worth living, and surely "they who themselves owe most to the tenderness of the Gospel should be foremost in this compassionate ministry," and they whose whole lives have been transfigured by the light of the new evangel should be prompt to obey the word of the angel, "Go quickly and tell."

There is one department of missionary service which demands a fuller recognition than it has yet received. I refer to medical missions. When the Saviour sent forth his chosen disciples he commanded them to heal the sick as well as to preach the Gospel of the kingdom. Their healing gifts were a miraculous endowment, and this was needful in an age when medical science, in the modern sense of the term, was a thing unknown; but to-day the Christian man or woman who has received a medical training may fulfil the task the Saviour enjoined with no miraculous accompaniment save that which is implied in the blessing which God bestows upon the use of means. And this is a form

of service which is urgently needed in all foreign missions, especially those among women. The sufferings of women in all heathen lands for want of medical skill and care are heartrending in the extreme, and words would fail to tell of the relief that has been brought to suffering thousands, of the hope that has entered into dark lives, of the comfort that has come into sorrowing hearts, through the tender ministration of consecrated women, who have gone to their heathen sisters carrying medicine and healing in one hand, and the gospel of a free salvation in the other.

It is because of the saddened and depressed condition of heathen women that the knowledge of Christ as a Saviour, when it does reach them, comes with indescribable sweetness and power. But the glad evangel has to make its way through hindrances of which we can form but a faint conception. Ignorance, prejudice, superstition, social custom, and the unbelief engendered by despair, are all arrayed against it. In the minds of heathen women the very faculties by which the Gospel should be apprehended lie dormant, and often have to be kindled into activity by a human sympathy which prepares the way for a belief in that which is divine. To those who have been taught from childhood that a woman has no soul, that she ranks only with domestic animals in the scale of creation, the gospel story may sound as a beautiful fairy tale, but not as a divine reality. Small marvel that at first they listen to it with marked incredulity. But there is something which they can feel, even if they do not fully comprehend it. They can feel the tenderness and sympathy which brings refined and cultured women from far distant lands to heal their physical maladies, to cheer their darkened lives with glimpses of an outside world of which they know nothing, and to tell them of a Great Physician who can heal the soul's maladies as well as those of the body. And when by such ministrations prejudice has been overcome and confidence established, then the way is open for the story of redemption, which comes to the softened heart of the heathen woman to-day as it came to her who first heard it at Jacob's well, a veritable revelation from heaven. Let us not forget that in nearly all heathen lands women were debarred from hearing the glad tidings until their Christian sisters made them known, and by so doing "brought into Syrian hut, and Moslem harem, and Indian zenana, a joy that had never been known there before."

Yes, woman's ministry is needed in Christ's service, and for this ministry God has fitted her in a marked degree. She is pre-eminent in the emotional and religious elements of her nature. "She has marvellous capacity for teaching and for endurance, and for reaching, sympathizing with and caring for her own sex." Too long were these facts ignored, even in the Christian Church, but the great enterprise of modern missions has opened a field where woman's intuitive sagacity, her intelligence and consecration, her patience and tact, not only find ample scope, but are absolutely indispensable. Everywhere women are in the majority among the followers of Jesus Christ, and everywhere they are distinguished alike for service and suffering in his cause.

"Not she with traitorous kiss the Saviour stung;
Not she denied Him with unholy tongue;
She, while apostles shrank, could dangers brave,
Last at His cross and earliest at His grave."

If then, the Christian women of

to-day band themselves together for heroic though unobtrusive service in a glorious cause; if they minister to the Lord of their substance as did other saintly women in the days of his incarnation; if they send forth of their noblest and best, willing to brave the dangers of inhospitable climes, remote from the comforts of civilization, bereft of the sound of their mother tongue, and even to be separated from the companionship of their own children through the exigencies of their high calling; if some of them lay down their lives in far distant lands, and sleep in unknown graves among people of an alien tongue; even then let no doubting disciple ask in querulous accents, "To what purpose hath this waste of the ointment been made?" Wait until the fruit of their devotion appears; wait until the harvest from their sowing is garnered; wait until the results of a life work are weighed in the balances of the sanctuary; wait until the Master's "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these," shall reveal the full value and meaning of the humblest service. Meanwhile, "help these women," who thus labour in the gospel; and if in some coming day you stand in fact, or even in thought, by the grave of one of them, of whom it may be truthfully affirmed, "She hath done what she could," think not of what seems to be the waste of precious ointment, but think rather of the Master's words, "Verily I say unto you, wheresoever the Gospel shall be preached throughout the whole world, that also which this woman hath done shall be spoken of for a memorial to her." And then render thanks to God that such women have lived and died.

"NOT WORTHY TO BE COMPARED."

BY AMY PARKINSON.

We cannot comprehend, while here below,
How light earth's sorrows seem to those who dwell
'Mid heaven's joys. But when we lay aside
The faded vestments of this mortal life,
To wear bright robes of immortality
In that glad world above,—we shall discover
That all our present sufferings are as naught,
Against the unutterable glory which
Shall be revealed in us.
Then, though the cross
Press heavily upon us, and remove not
Till we have trod life's pathway to its close,—
We will not e'er repine. He, Who, for us,
Doth keep such bliss incomparable in
His heaven of joy, will, while we wait on earth,
Permit no useless pain; nor let us know
A grief unneeded; each and all must be
For our best good—though we be sore perplexed,
And may not now discern the why and wherefore.
So, when His ways are most inscrutable,—
Be our faith but the stronger! When the road,
O'er which He bids us journey, steeper grows,
While thickening clouds surround,—be hope more sure!
The darkest hour is Usher to the Dawn;—
The steepest path, and most beclouded, ends
Upon the mountain top in light resplendent.

Toronto.

THE SORROWS OF ARMENIA.

BY A TWENTY YEARS' RESIDENT IN TURKEY.*

ARMENIAN VICTIMS OF THE MASSACRES.

For six hundred years the Armenians were the most submissive servants of the Ottoman Empire, and the most prosperous of the non-Mohammedan races, Christians and Jews, who paid tribute as a penalty for not accepting Islam.

The accession of the present Sultan marked a change in their condition. He had not been long on the throne before a constantly increasing series of oppressions were begun.

The reason for this course of action is not hard to seek. Sultan Abdul Hamid lost Bulgaria, a valuable part of his dominions, because of their prosperity and a spread of European ideas of liberty and European civilization among them. He feared that he would lose the Armenians also, if they became as prosperous and enlightened. He did not realize that the Armenians were not in a compact body as are the Bulgarians, that they are much farther from Europe, that they are in a minority everywhere of the population. Still less did he understand that the Armenians, as a race, had no national aspirations. A mercantile or agricultural people, their only desire was to peacefully pursue their avocations. Misled by his palace favourites, he only saw that the Armenians were increasing in wealth, in intelligence, and moral character. He only heard the voices of a few blatant revolutionists, who, from safe refuges in Russia, England, or America, were sending out silly manifestoes, urging the Armenians to insane rebellion, which could only result in their own destruction. Add to this a growing tendency upon the part of the Armenians to question in regard to their rights, and we have the reasons of the Sultan for his course of action.

The Armenians were hampered by custom-house espionage and postal, passport, and quarantine regulations that tended to stifle trade.

* The name of the writer is, for obvious reasons, withheld.

The best book on Turkey and the Armenian Atrocities that we know is one by the REV. EDWIN M. BLISS, for thirteen years a resident of Constantinople, and the REV. CYRUS HAMLIN, D.D., founder of Robert College, Constantinople. It is exceedingly well written and gives an admirable description and history of Turkey and its Asiatic provinces. It is an octavo volume of 500 pages, illustrated with a large number of full-page engravings. Price, $2.00. Toronto: William Briggs.

VILLAGE ARMENIANS.

Their agriculture was crushed by a system of taxation that prevented progress, and took all but the merest pittance from the tillers of the soil. They desired to improve their places of worship and build new ones, as well as to erect schools. They must apply to the ministry of public instruction to rebuild the fallen wall of a church, or to open a primary school or a branch in a different ward of the town. The permit must be signed by the Sultan himself, and in order to get it to his august presence, a hundred men must be bribed to do their duty. To present it at all, there must be unanimous testimony of the religious heads of all denominations that the school or church building is necessary and unobjectionable. In addition to these legalized wrongs there are innumerable illegal ones. Oppression, violence, and bribery impoverished and made the lives of the Armenians a burden.

THE HAMIDIEH CAVALRY.

About five years ago the Sultan discovered a new method of oppression. He organized the Kurds into regiments of cavalry, called from his own name, "Hamidieh." They were to be officered from the regular army, and enrolled in regiments, so that it would be possible to locate every individual Kurd. The results were not in accordance with the announcements. The Kurds were not officered from the regular army, but from their own chiefs, whose character was of atrocious brutality.

The appointment of the Hamidieh cavalry marked a sad era to the Armenians. Both peoples understood the meaning of this move. When the Kurdish chiefs were at Erzeroum, the army headquarters, receiving their commission in the new cavalry, they went through the market brandishing their swords and saying to the Armenian merchants: "Go to the

cemeteries, and dig your own graves, and bury yourselves. Heretofore we have robbed you and tormented you of our own free will; now, however, we have the

ARMENIAN TEACHER AND WIFE.

instructions of His Imperial Majesty to do our will upon you. By burying yourselves now you will save us much trouble later." A thousand Armenians buried in one trench, in one day, in November, 1895, has fulfilled this grim prophecy.

In 1890, the preacher of a Protestant church told his missionary, "Kurds near our districts are burning our fields. They say this year, your grain; next year, your flocks and cattle; the year after that, your daughters; and the year after that, yourselves we will take." They have kept their word. In a few years the provinces were decimated, Alashgerd, for instance, being almost entirely "purged" of Armenians. Over 20,000 woe-stricken wretches, once healthy and well-to-do, fled to Russia in rags and misery, deformed, diseased, or dying; on the way they were seized over and over again by soldiers of the Sultan, who deprived them of the little money they possessed, nay, of the clothes they were wearing. Those who remained behind for a time were no better off. Kurdish brigands lifted the last cows and goats of the peasants, and carried off their carpets and their valuables. Turkish tax-gatherers followed these, gleaning what the brigands had left, and, lest anything should escape their avarice, bound the men, flogged them till their bodies were a bloody, mangled mass, cicatrized their wounds with red-hot ramrods, plucked out their beards, and tore the flesh from their limbs with pincers.

This was their condition in time of peace, before there was any charge of Armenian rebellion.

The massacres are not of recent commencement. The first one was in Erzeroum, in June, 1890. The Armenians of that city were accused of making rifles and cannon in a small machine-shop which was a part of the manual-training department of a high school. An anonymous letter charged this, and that the arms were stored in the basement of the church next door. On this basis the Turkish officials came suddenly upon the school and church, placing a cordon of military around them. They went through all the buildings, ripping up floors and stairways to find hiding places for arms. When nothing was found, they went to the church and examined it thoroughly. Of course, nothing was found. The Armenians were so shocked by this violation of their holy place that they closed their shops and went to their cemeteries in large numbers, mourning its desecration. They were ordered to disperse, but, before they had time to do so, a battalion of troops had come upon them and fired upon them—with blank cartridges, it is claimed. However this may be, three were killed on the spot, and a mob of

Turks, civilians, and soldiers rushed about the markets and residence streets, shouting, "The gates of heaven are open! Kill, my brother, kill!" Fifteen persons were killed; 300 were so badly wounded that many died of wounds or fright. There were over fifty Armenians arrested and kept in gaol for months, where many died. The following spring, in token of the Sultan's most glori-

A ZEIBECK, OR TURKISH IRREGULAR SOLDIER.

ous majesty and clemency, they were released on condition that they might pray for life for him for a thousand years. No charge was ever preferred against them. No Turk was ever arrested for participating in this riot.

After this, at intervals of a few months, massacres of this kind occurred at Caesarea, Marsovan, and some other towns, with a pause after each, as if to test the feelings of Europe. As nothing was done, the time was felt to be ripe for a stroke on a larger scale.

SASSOUN.

Sassoun is a district in Eastern Turkey, in the mountains southwest of Moosh. Its inhabitants were mountaineers, hardy and simple, tilling little patches on the mountain sides and keeping flocks and herds. After the inauguration of the Hamidieh cavalry the Kurds persecuted them, until at last it became impossible for them to pay taxes, as the Kurds robbed them of crops and live stock. They resisted the Kurds and killed a few. Regular infantry to the number of 5,000, assisted by three batteries of mountain guns and 900 artillerists, were sent from Erzeroum, and elsewhere. The villagers at once surrendered on seeing the uniforms of the regular troops. They were butchered wherever they could be caught. That so many escaped was entirely due to the sheltering rocks and brushwood that concealed any one who could get twenty feet away from his pursuers.

Thirty-five villages were plundered and burned; probably 1,000 were slain. Happy, however, were those merely slain. Women were dreadfully maltreated and then butchered. A priest who went to beg for mercy to his people had his eyes bored out, was scored on face, and breast, and limbs with the sign of the cross, and slowly hacked to pieces. Three children were tied together, in the presence of their mothers, and one soldier, on a wager, cut off the three heads with one stroke of his sword. Everything that Satanic lust, cruelty, and fanaticism could suggest was done. When the news of this outrage slowly filtered out of the country, such an outcry came from outraged England that the British Government was forced to press for reforms.

Public opinion in England forced the Government to demand an investigation, and a commission was appointed from the three embassies of England, France, and Russia, and sent to Moosh, which is the nearest city to Sassoun.

THE REFORMS.

On the return of the commission, the representatives of France, Russia, and England presented their identical notes to the Porte, demanding that certain reforms be granted in six Armenian provinces: Van, Erzeroum, Sivas, Kharpoot, Bitlis, and Diarbekir. For four months the Sultan resisted these propositions, on various pretexts among them, that there was nothing new in them, which was a fact, as the treaties and agreements of the last forty years had guaranteed them all repeatedly; on the grounds that there was no need of reforms; that concession of these reforms would be an invasion of his sovereignty, and that, however favourably disposed he might be under other circumstances to concede these reforms, he could not do it under compulsion; and the threats of the powers of active interference implied compulsion.

However, at the end of four months he conceded the reforms and appointed Shakir Pasha* as High Commissioner to carry them out. The concessions of the reforms marked a new period in Armenian history, this last and most bloody chapter.

SUMMARY OF REFORMS PROPOSED BY THE POWERS TO THE TURKISH GOVERNMENT IN THE SUMMER OF 1895.

Reforms shall be inaugurated in the six provinces as follows :

1. The Governor-Generals, "*Valis.*" Endeavour shall be made to reduce the number of these so that there shall be more dignity attaching to the office. They shall hold office for five years, or during good behaviour. The Ottoman Government should semi-officially acquaint the embassies with the persons to be appointed to this office.

A YOUNG KURDISH CHIEF.

These Governor-Generals shall have Christian assistants if they are Mohammedans, and *vice versa*. The assistants of the Governor-Generals shall receive petitions, supervise persons and police, and control collections and taxes.

2. The Sub-Governors. At least one-third of these officials in each province shall be Christians. When they are Mohammedans they shall have Christian assistants, and *vice versa*.

* Shakir Pasha was the man who suggested the organization of the Hamidieh Cavalry, and was more responsible than any person, except the Sultan himself, for its organization and the resulting abuses and outrages.

3. Provincial Councils. Each of these three classes of Governors shall have a council composed of members equally divided between two faiths, who shall enjoy full confidence of their respective peoples. There shall be two Christians and two Mohammedans, presided over by the Governor in this council. No paid official of the Governor shall be a member of this council.

4. The most crying abuses in the villages and communes are remedied. The new regulations are that a rural police shall be recruited from Turks and Christians alike, and that from these two-thirds of the gen-

TURKISH POLICE OFFICER.

darmerie or police shall be gathered, the remainder from the regular army. The Christian villages, as far as practicable, shall be set apart in separate communes. No member of a village, commune, or council shall hold any other office.

5. Tithes and taxes shall be levied by the communal chiefs and councils No "tax farming" to be allowed.* No soldiers or police are to be quartered on the people gratuitously.

6. There shall be certain reforms of the courts of justice on the basis of making them more efficient and impartial.

7. A High Commissioner shall be appointed by the Sultan and approved by the powers, with an assistant who shall be a Christian if the former is a Mohammedan, with authority over the Governor-Generals of the provinces. He shall make full inspection of the provinces, and may amend measures which may not be in conformity with the new regulations.

8. A permanent committee of control shall be established, to sit in Constantinople. This body shall oversee all the reforms proposed above. It shall be composed of three Mohammedans and three Christians, and be presided over by high civil or military officials. The embassies shall communicate directly with this body through their dragomans on the subject of reforms.

These propositions were accepted in forms, but guarantees were refused. Then came the fall of the Rosebery Ministry. The firm language of Lord Salisbury made a good impression in Turkey and throughout Europe. The French, Russian, and English embassies were assured that the reforms would be carried out. The Ottoman Government complained of the discourtesy of Great Britain in keeping her fleet at the mouth of the Dardanelles. On September 28th a large number of Armenians in Constantinople went to the Porte with a petition for a redress of grievances. They were attacked by police on the way, and a major of police and about eighty Armenians were killed. Then followed the successive massacres of Trebizond, Erzeroum, and elsewhere.

THE REIGN OF TERROR.

When all was ready, the match was put to the train. Within a week from the acceptance of the reforms the blow, carefully prepared, fell with crushing force on the Armenians. October 8th a massacre occurred at Trebizond, which resulted in the death of

*The customary system in Turkey is to have the taxes sold to the highest bidder, and they collect from the people what they can, sometimes less, usually much more, than the legal amount.

about 500 Armenian men, the pillaging of their houses and shops, and the reduction of 1,000 families to beggary at the beginning of winter. From Trebizond the tidal wave of massacre rapidly rolled up over the mountains of Armenia.

On October 30th the movement reached Erzeroum. The bugle sounded "Begin firing," and with a wild rush the soldiers fell on the defenceless Armenian quarter next the barracks. During the next four hours 560 Armenians, mostly men, were killed, and but sixty were wounded. The south-east quarter of the city, a district three-fourths of a mile long and half a mile wide, was absolutely devastated, every house but three belonging to Armenians being looted; every removable article was removed; the doors, windows, and heavy articles were smashed with axes or hammers. In one house a fine piano, too heavy to be removed, was smashed to kindling wood with axes. The bazaars fared as badly as the houses. More than half of the thousand Armenian shops were looted.

The sudden outburst of the massacre found Rev. W. N. Chambers coming home from the telegraph office, where he had just been to send a despatch saying all was quiet. While in the market the riot began. Though fired at a dozen times he was mercifully preserved and ran home with many others. The mission house sheltered 400 people that night, many of them women whose houses had been destroyed and who only looked for the morning to bring them their dead. Two days after, 560 bodies were buried together in the Armenian cemetery.

The massacres continued for about six weeks and swept over Armenia from north to south, from the Black Sea to the Mediterranean and Mesopotamia.

The following are samples of the massacres :

At Aivosh, seventy women were killed. A priest was forced to sound the call to prayer, then shot.

At Arabkir, two thousand were killed. The pastor and others were killed in prison.

At Chunkush, one hundred and three houses were burned, and six hundred and eighty people killed.

At Diarbekir, two thousand were killed November 1st to 3rd.

At Hueli, two hundred and sixty three houses were burned, and ninety people killed.

At Konk, three hundred Armenians and the Protestant pastor were killed.

At Malatia, fifteen hundred Armenian houses were burned, and five thousand were killed

At Peri, four hundred Armenian houses burned. Under the lead of a Christian woman, fifty five men, women and children threw themselves into the river.

Still later comes the following summary of events in this province :

Killed..	30,601
Burned to death	1,456
Preachers and priests killed..	51
Died from starvation.....	2,461
Died unprotected in the fields.	4,340
Died from fear.....	660
Wounded	8,060
Houses burned	28,545
Forcible conversions.....	15,066
Women and girls abducted...	5,546
Forcible marriages.....	1,551
Churches burned..	227
Destitute and starving.. ...	94,750

"At Sivas the market became a slaughter-pen and the shops booty. The threefold signal, a sort of buzz from the criers on the minarets, and a trumpet call, was given, and understood only by plotters and executioners, and in an instant merchant and patron, citizen and villager, whoever was in sight or reach, was beset either by a 'Karsman'* with a heavy club, Circassian with knife and revolver, or by soldier with Martini rifle.

"Bear with me while I tell you of our dear native pastor. He was

* These are Mohammedan refugees from the district about Kars, who settled in the Sivas district after Kars was ceded to Russia.

in the shop of one of his church members. When this merchant saw that the soldiers upon whom they had depended for help had joined in with the massacre and looting, he and his partner fled to the roof, calling for the pastor to follow them. He made his way quickly to an upper room whither many others had fled. Through those dreadful hours our pastor found himself surrounded by an audience who, together with himself, stood face to face with death. He prayed with them, preached to them, and did everything he could to comfort them. When the sol-

THE ARMENIAN PATRIARCH OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

diers reached them they offered life to the pastor on condition that he would renounce Christianity and accept Mohammedanism. Looking his assailants in the face he replied: 'Not only am I a believer in the religion of Christ, but for years I have been a preacher of it. I cannot give it up. If you wish to kill me for this, I am ready." Lifting his hands toward heaven in token of acceptance he fell, twice pierced with rifle balls. He leaves a devoted wife and four lovely daughters, all of whom were dependent upon their natural protector for support."

"As the fury of this storm of blood and greed subsided the stricken Armenians of Sivas slowly gathered the mangled and naked bodies of their kinsmen to their cemetery, where a great trench had been dug to hold the harvest of death. A single priest read a short service over the long and ghastly rank, and thus was closed another chapter in the yet unfinished story of cruelty, lust, and fanaticism."

Leaving out the massacres of September in Constantinople, and that of Trebizond, which were in some slight sense provoked by indiscreet Armenians, a series of massacres began simultaneously with the publication of the grant of reforms. They were in no place incited by any act, overt or otherwise, of the Armenians. They swept the whole country of Armenia, from north to south, and were rigidly confined in the limits of the six provinces. Where marauders tried to extend their work beyond these limits, they were sternly turned back by the military. The massacre closed about December 24th with an especially atrocious outbreak upon Oorfa, where 3,500 persons sealed their faith in blood.

The whole country is desolate. Everywhere the Armenians are in want of food, clothing, furniture, and bedding. The prominent men are everywhere killed or impoverished; the poor are utterly destitute. Depending on the rich for employment, in the cessation of business and the losses which their employers have sustained, they are dependent entirely on the gifts of the charitable for food, clothing, and bedding.

WHO IS TO BLAME?

1 His Imperial Majesty, Abdul Hamid II., the Shadow of God, the Refuge of the World, the Father of Sovereigns, the Man-Slayer, the

Lord of Two Seas and Three Continents.

This is a grave charge, but which can be substantiated. It cannot be thrown off on subordinates, for as none of those concerned in the massacre of Sassoun were punished, as no Moslem concerned in any of these outbreaks has been imprisoned, and as he is absolute monarch with power to do so, it can fairly be judged that he cannot be held clear of this guilt. But proofs are more positive than this.

ABDUL HAMID II.

The Sultan's consent to the Reforms, delayed from May 11 to October, marks the time which was necessary to organize massacre on so large a scale. Omitting those at Constantinople and Trebizond, where events were precipitated by hot-headed Armenians, the massacres began simultaneously with the granting of reforms, at Baiboort, at the extreme north of the provinces, extended in constantly increasing destruction at the southern limit. They were limited, also, in time to a few hours or days, began in many cases with the sound of trumpets, and ceased the same way. Outbreaks before or after the set time were as quickly suppressed as those outside the six provinces. They began everywhere at noon. Everywhere the Armenians were assured of safety and in many places were carefully disarmed before the massacres.

However, the most absolute proof was at Diarbekir. There the riots continued several days without hindrance. There the French Consul's life was threatened, and he telegraphed his Ambassador at Constantinople. He went at once to the Grand Vizier and demanded that the massacre stop. He intimated that if the Consul was injured, the head of the Governor-General should be the forfeit, and that to enforce this the French fleet would be ordered to take Alexandretta in twelve hours. Befor the time was expired, a dispatch came announcing the complete restoration of tranquillity.

2. THE MOSLEM SPIRIT OF FANATICISM

That is everywhere ready to spring at the Christian is evident from the following Mohammedan Prayer, which is used throughout Turkey, and daily repeated in the Cairo "Azhar" University by ten thousand Mohammedan students from all lands. The following translation is from the Arabic :

"I seek refuge with Allah from Satan (the rejeem), the accursed. In the name of Allah the Compassionate, the Merciful ! O Lord of all Creatures ! O Allah ! Destroy the infidels and polytheists, thine enemies, the enemies of the religion ! O Allah ! Make their children orphans and defile their abodes ! Cause their feet to slip; give them and their families, their households and their women, their children and their relations by marriage, their brothers and their friends, their possessions and their race, their wealth and their lands as booty to the Moslems, O Lord of all Creatures."

3. THE GOVERNMENTS OF EUROPE.

Especially England and Russia.

Were it not for the jealousies of these two powers, Turkey would only be a reminiscence on the map of the world. The treaty of Berlin vested the supervision of reforms in the six signatory powers. On the other hand, if Russia had acted in good faith during the past year, and had co-operated loyally with England, Turkey would have yielded in fact as in name, and the massacres would never have taken place.

4. THE ARMENIAN REVOLUTIONISTS.

For some years there has been in existence a number of revolutionary societies among the Armenians, whose efforts would be laughable, if their results had not been so disastrous—pitiable if they were not so reprehensible. But here again the hand of the Czar is evident. These societies were fostered in Russia. To the certain knowledge of the writer, rifles were sold on the Russian frontier of Armenia, at less than cost, with the express stipulation that they be sent into Turkey. Russian emissaries in disguise wandered about, stirring up strife and baseless hopes of independence to be won by the help of Russian Armenians. Stories were constantly set afloat by these miscreants that a large Armenian army, whose numbers grew with the distance from the frontier, was on the point of invading Turkey. Periodicals were published in Athens, Marseilles, and London, to stir up this revolutionary spirit.

This movement had no following among respectable, successful Armenians. Only irresponsible youths were with it, though the Turkish Government made these agitators and the few overt acts which they committed the excuse, not only for the massacres of Sassoun, but for all that has been done since.

How dark this picture is, in which Moslem fanaticism and cruelty is mingled with the indifference and selfishness of so-called Christian nations; it is relieved a little by the heroism of those who are striving to alleviate the condition of the sufferers.

Sir Philip Currie, the British Ambassador in Constantinople, has said that the only bright spot in all this darkness is the courage and devotion of the American missionaries; though in imminent danger of their lives, they have everywhere stood to their posts, and at the conclusion of the massacres stood ready to offer assistance to the victims, as far as means were afforded to do so.

MISS CLARA BARTON.

Another example of heroism not less marked is that of Miss Clara Barton, at the age of nearly seventy, when most would consider themselves entitled to rest from toil, going at the first call to relieve the suffering.

At Trebizond, on the sea-coast, and all through the interior, thousands are being aided at an expense of from four to ten cents per week each. In many cases a little bedding is being given to those who have lost everything. In Trebizond from sixty to eighty quilts are being dealt out, at the rate of one quilt to four persons. These are made at an expense of forty cents each.

The New York Independent has

DISTRIBUTION OF RELIEF IN AN ERZEROUM VILLAGE.

the following statement on the Armenian martyrs :

MODERN MARTYRS.

Out of fifty thousand martyrs slain for the name of Jesus Christ, in this our day, under the eyes of American missionaries who had stirred within them the desire for a better knowledge of the faith of Jesus, who had given them the Word of God in their own tongue, we select twenty-one. They are twenty-one preachers and pastors of Protestant Armenian congregations in Turkey. Each one of them was offered his life if he would renounce Christ and accept Islam ; but they counted not their lives dear unto them. They are the best men, the most highly educated men among their people, their natural leaders. Every one was put to death for refusing to become a Mohammedan. In every case the offer of life on these terms was made ; in several cases time was allowed for consideration of the proposal ; and in each case faith in Jesus Christ was the sole crime charged against the victim.

The following is an account of the death of one of these. Perceiving that he was a "spiritual head," as the clergy are called, the Kurds at once called on him to renounce his faith an l embrace Islam He fixed his steady gaze on them, but said nothing. Another said to him : "Just raise *one finger* (this is accepted by them as a confession of *one God*. Mohammed his prophet), and you will not be harmed." Instantly he calmly replied : "I shall never raise my finger." Immediately a Kurd near him made a thrust at him with a straight dagger, while another a little further away put a bullet through him, right in the presence of several of his flock. His firm faith and bold confession of it in the presence of death was the weightiest sermon they had ever heard from his lips. He was the most scholarly and refined among all our native helpers. He came of an educated, priestly family, and his grandfather was the author of a grammatical work in ancient Syriac. Out of his congregation of 161 souls, 98 went with him into eternity, and of the 63 remaining 18 of them are wounded ; most are scattered abroad—some of them we know not where. Half of our pastors have fallen, "not accepting deliverance" ; half of our churches are scattered ; one-third of our stations are destroyed. But God *still reigns* (Ps. 2). He is faithful and true, and His promises *sure*. Pray with us that the desolate places may speedily be rebuilt ; that His Church, purified and quickened by this tempest of persecution, may apply itself with fresh faith and zeal to His work ; and that He will shortly accomplish His purpose of grace for this land.

The Independent writes of these holy and noble martyrs as follows : "Write these

names in golden letters on the walls of your holiest shrines. They are the souls of them that died for the testimony of Jesus and the Word of God. They worshipped not the beast, neither his image, and receive not his mark on their foreheads. They have part in the first resurrection. Blessed and holy are they. They are priests of God and of Christ, and shall reign a thousand years. We thank God for their testimony unto death.

"Had it been our lot to stand in their places, would we have found similar grace in such last extremity? Would we have deemed our Lord? At least, let us not deny Him in the lighter trials that assail our faith."

TO THOSE WHO DIED FOR THEIR FAITH.

Armenia, 1894 to 189--?

"These loved their lives not, to the death!"
  But we, at ease to day, who claim
  Allegiance to the One great Name,
Could we as nobly die for Faith?

We challenge not the crucial test!
  Self cannot prove to self its power,
  If e'er should come that testing hour
God give us grace to choose the Best!

But these have overcome! Their Lord
  In bitter death have not denied!
  Have chosen still the Crucified
In face of bayonet and sword!

Our age heroic looms! Our eyes
  Behold white martyr brows! Still hears
  Our sin-gray world with unthrilled ears
Once more the martyr-chorus rise!

Come Thou to succour the great need!
  Thy judgment shall not long delay!
  God doeth His strange work to-day!
The Judge is at the door! Take heed!

—*Mrs. Merrill E. Gates.*

NOTE.—Persons desiring to contribute to the Armenian Relief Fund may remit to Dr. Walter B. Geikie, 52 Maitland St., Toronto, or to the Rev. Dr. Briggs, Methodist Publishing House, Toronto, who will forward their contributions.

BROTHERHOOD OF ALL MANKIND.

Is there a thought can fill the human mind
More pure, more vast, more generous, more refin'd,
Than that which guides the enlightened patriot's toil?
Not he, whose view is bounded by his soil;
Not he, whose narrow heart can only shrine
The land—the people that he calleth mine;
Not he, who to set up that land on high,
Will make whole nations bleed, whole nations die;
Not he, who, calling that land's rights his pride,
Trampleth the rights of all the world beside;
No!—He it is, the just, the generous soul!
Who owneth brotherhood with either pole,
Stretches from realm to realm his spacious mind,
And guards the weal of all the human kind,
Holds freedom's banner o'er the earth unfurl'd,
And stands the guardian patriot of a world.

—*Francis Wright.*

A MESSAGE.

BY FRANK L. POLLOCK.

Oftimes, when stars grow clearest in the night,
  As round and round their glittering course they roll,
  Some Voice cries through the Spaces to my soul,
Through soundless Spaces, down the frozen light—
"What profits thee to hoard thy dim delight?
  What profits thee to fly thy fleeting dole?
  Toil not, but die; so shalt thou reach the goal,
Thy life is naught, nor counted in God's sight."

Then, it may be, my soul shall make reply,
  "We live not, save by God's all-wise command.
  Must we not form some portion of his thought,
Since he hath wrought us? What work meets our hand,
  This must we do, with little heed of aught,
Sorrow or joy, that meets us or goes by."

Gorrie, Ont.

OUR GRACIOUS QUEEN.

BY M. M.

VICTORIA, QUEEN AND EMPRESS.

The Elizabethan age! The Victorian era! What rich and varied associations come crowding on us with each expression! Yet, marvellous as was the reign of England's "maiden queen," teeming though it was with new life which sought an outlet in all forms of discovery and enterprise, and found its richest outburst in the drama of "the thousand-souled Shakespeare," its achievements in no way compare with the magnificent stride which the English world has

made under the gracious lady whom we fondly call our Queen.

As another May finds that aged hand still guiding the destinies of the empire, with loving, thankful hearts we turn back to the day which gave birth to the best-loved of English sovereigns. It was in the famous, old, home-like, brick palace of Kensington, so filled with the memories of former kings and queens, that the little princess first saw the light. Tradition tells us that on that very spot stood the royal nursery where Elizabeth played her childish pranks; there that loyal wife, Mary, cared for her blunt, taciturn, Dutch William; and there, too, sat Anne with her fan in her mouth, waiting in silent stupidity for dinner to be announced.

In 1819, shortly before the birth of their daughter, the Duke and Duchess of Kent made this old palace their home. At that time there seemed but a remote prospect of a child of theirs ascending the throne. The duke had three brothers older than himself and all were married. Still, when his little girl came, he took the greatest interest in the possibility of her succession. He would hold her up in his arms and say, "Look at her well, for she will be the Queen of England." It is interesting to note that, when his chaplain, Dr. Prince, like many others, tempered his congratulations with the regret that the daughter had not been a son, the fond father replied to this dignitary of the Church: "I feel it due to myself to declare that such sentiments are not in unison with my own, for I am decidedly of the opinion that the decrees of Providence are at all times wisest and best."

Not long was the little Victoria to be blessed by the loving care of her father. Coming in with wet boots one day in January, 1820, he lingered to play with his little girl and caught the fatal cold which so rapidly developed into pneumonia. Thus to the mother, unaided, was left the precious charge of moulding her child's character. How well she accomplished her task we all know; how difficult it was, perhaps, we do not so thoroughly understand.

The Court of George IV. was in no way a desirable school for a young girl; that of William IV. was, if anything, worse, and the relations existing between the duchess and her royal brothers-in-law lacked the slightest element of cordiality. When the death of the children of the Duke of Clarence (afterwards William IV.) made the succession of the Princess Victoria practically certain, George IV. even threatened to take her entirely from her mother's care.

In spite of difficulties, the mother laboured faithfully to develop in her child those principles which form the foundation of all sound character. The little girl's life was in all respects simple and regular. Study, rest, and play had each its own time, and ordinary childish pleasures were in every way encouraged. Lord Albermarle, in his "Autobiography," writes: "One of my occupations of a morning, while waiting for the Duke, was to watch from the window the movements of a bright, pretty little girl, seven years of age. She was in the habit of watering the plants immediately under the window. It was amusing to see how impartially she divided the contents of the watering-pot between the flowers and her own little feet."

While giving every attention to the intellectual development of the princess, her mother seems to have fully realized the necessity for disciplining every phase of her nature in order to acquire a well-rounded character. Even in her amusements, she was always expected to

finish one thing before beginning another. Of her strict training in regard to the value and use of money, there are many instances. To buy a toy for which she could not pay was simply out of the question. One day, she saw a toy which she wanted very much, but which was beyond her means at the time. Unwilling to give it up entirely, she so far lost her usual self-control as to ask the shopkeeper to lay it aside for her until she should have received a fresh supply of pocket money. As early as seven o'clock on the morning of "pay day," she was to be seen on her little donkey, hurrying off to claim the treasure on which she had set her heart.

All who have come in contact with the Queen bear witness to the fact that her nature is one of the most transparently truthful and sincere that they have ever seen. Dr. Davys, Bishop of Peterborough, states that one day when he was teaching her, she proved rather troublesome. During the lesson her mother entered and asked how she had been behaving. The governess replied that she had been a little naughty once, at which the princess touched her and said, "No, Lehzen, twice; don't you remember?" With all her good traits, however, she was decidedly human and enough like the average school-girl to sometimes object to practising on the piano. On one occasion, when told that there was no royal road to perfection, and that only by much practice could she become "mistress of the piano," she promptly locked the objectionable instrument, put the key in her pocket, and exclaimed, "Now, you see, there is a royal way of becoming mistress of the piano."

Until after her eleventh birthday, she was kept in perfect ignorance of her nearness to the throne. Then it was thought advisable that she should know the possibilities which lay before her, and for that purpose the genealogical table was placed in her history. Baroness Lehzen, her governess, tells the story as follows: "The Princess Victoria opened the book, and seeing the additional paper, said, 'I never saw that before.' 'It was not thought necessary you should, princess,' I answered. 'I see I am nearer the throne than I thought.' 'So it is, madam,' I said. After some moments, the princess answered, 'Now, many a child would boast; but they don't know the difficulty. There is much splendour, but there is more responsibility.' The princess, having lifted up the forefinger of her right hand while she spoke, gave me that little hand, saying, 'I will be good.'"

In later days the young queen, who required that all state business should be minutely explained to her, and who, when one of her ministers spoke about managing so as to give her "less trouble," looked up from the papers he had placed before her and said, "Pray never let me hear those words again; never mention the word 'trouble.' Only tell me how the thing is to be done, and done rightly, and I will do it if I can."

When we consider what a contrast there was between this pure-minded, pure-hearted, unselfish girl and her immediate predecessors on the throne of England, we may to some extent understand the joy which on her accession thrilled the hearts of her people.

In May, 1837, the coming of age of the princess was celebrated most royally. Kensington could hardly recognize itself with flags flying everywhere, brilliant illuminations, bells ringing, and bands playing. A magnificent ball was given in St. James' Palace, and for once the princess had her full share of gaiety. Even then the aged King

was lying ill of his last sickness. A month more, and on the 20th of June, 1837, the girl of eighteen was called upon to fill that position which she had realized years before meant "much splendour, but more responsibility."

Often has the story been told, how with the last shadows of night, the old King's spirit passed away. The dawn was just tinting the horizon, and the birds in Kensington Gardens were welcoming a new day, when the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Lord Chamberlain, and four other gentlemen made their way to the palace to greet their young Queen. After a good deal of knocking and waiting they gained admission, only, after another delay, to be told by an attendant of the princess that she was in such a sweet sleep that she could not disturb her. As a last resort they said, "We are come on business of State to the Queen, and even her sleep must give way to that." To show that the delay had in no way been caused by her, in a few minutes she entered the room, "in a loose, white nightgown and shawl, her hair falling upon her shoulders, her feet in slippers, tears in her eyes, but perfectly collected and dignified." Her first words as Queen were to the Archbishop of Canterbury: "I beg your Grace to pray for me!" A grand old Anglo-Saxon proverb says, "A good begynnyng maketh a good endyng," and as we picture them kneeling there together in prayer, can we wonder that a reign begun by such recognition of the "King of kings," has been so fraught with blessings to the whole human race?

At eleven o'clock that same morning, the girl-queen held her first council. An eye-witness, Greville, describes the scene thus: "When the doors were thrown open, the Queen entered, accompanied by her two uncles, who advanced to meet her. She bowed to the lords, took her seat and then read her speech in a clear, distinct, and audible voice, and without any appearance of fear or embarrassment. She was quite plainly dressed and in mourning. After she had read her speech, and taken and signed the oath for the security of the Church of Scotland, the Privy Councillors were sworn, the two Royal Dukes first, by themselves; and as these two old men, her uncles, knelt before her, swearing allegiance and kissing her hand, I saw her blush up to the eyes as if she felt the contrast between their civil and their natural relations. This was the only sign of emotion she evinced. . . . She appeared in fact, to be awed, not daunted; and afterwards the Duke of Wellington told me . . that if she had been his own daughter he could not have desired to see her perform her part better."

All through those first, trying days, she showed a remarkable union of womanly sympathy, girlish simplicity, and queenly dignity. She never for a moment ceased to be a queen, but, as Greville says, she was "always the most charming, cheerful, obliging, unaffected queen in the world." "Poor little Queen," said Carlyle, with accustomed bluntness, "she is at an age when a girl can hardly be trusted to choose a bonnet for herself, yet a task is laid upon her from which an archangel might shrink."

Very soon, she was called upon to cope with trying and momentous questions. First came the insurrection in Canada. Then the anti-corn law agitation began to show its great importance. In its train came the somewhat revolutionary Chartist movement, associated with riots in such towns as Manchester and Birmingham. It is little wonder that during those first years her duty as Queen was

so absorbing as to keep far in the back-ground the natural feelings of the woman. It could not, however, be for long.

It had, from their infancy, been the cherished plan of her uncle Leopold, that she and her cousin, Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg Gotha, should marry, and on the 10th of October, 1839, the prince, accompanied by his brother, came to England to receive her final decision. Five days after his arrival, he was her betrothed husband. The Queen's joy on this occasion was so great as to show that even the stern, prosaic routine of statecraft had not affected her naturally loving heart. It is beautiful to see with what faith and affection she always regarded Prince Albert. He was to her ever her "dearest Life in Life." Unlike that other great English Queen, who, when "Cupid all armed" took certain aim,

> "And loos'd his love-shaft smartly from his bow,
> As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts,
> . . . . . passed on,
> In maiden meditation, fancy free."

She proved herself a fuller, truer woman in being, as her Uncle Leopold said, "one to whom a happy home life was in a special degree indispensable." If peculiarly fortunate in her who had guided her girlish feet to the steps of the throne, still more fortunate was the Queen in the companion of her maturer years. Prince Albert's nature was one exceptionally beautiful and noble in all its phases, and for over twenty years he was to his royal partner all that a loving husband and wise, far-seeing friend could be.

The marriage took place on February 10th, 1840. The rain came down in torrents as the bride-queen and her mother drove to St. James's Chapel, but it did not in the slightest degree dampen the ardour of the throngs which lined the streets waiting to greet them. "She was extremely pale," says Mrs. Oliphant, "as she passed along under the gaze of multitudes, her mother by her side, and crowned with nothing but those pure flowers, which are dedicated to the day of the bridal, and not even permitted the luxury of a veil over her drooping face. Even at that moment she belonged to her kingdom." When a little later, with the Prince Consort by her side, she drove past those same loyal crowds, heaven's sunshine broke through the clouds and lit up her joyous face, as she smiled to her applauding subjects.

One of the first tasks of the young Queen and Prince was to make the arrangements of their home correspond with their ideas of morality and order. The Prince's one request was that every gentleman of his household should be a good and upright man. Strange as it may seem to us, the character of preceding courts had been such that to find suitable men proved no easy task. The Queen, too, had her house-keeping difficulties. The arrangements of the palace were at that time in such a state of confusion that the Lord Chamberlain was responsible for the cleaning of the inside of the windows, and the Commissioners of Woods and Forests for that of the outside. One department provided the lamps, another trimmed and lit them; while if a dispute happened to arise between the Lord Steward, who had charge of laying the fires, and the Lord Chamberlain, who looked after their lighting, their Royal Highnesses might any morning be compelled to submit to the discomfort of breakfast in a cold dining-room. Out of this domestic chaos, by judicious sifting and arranging, the Queen at last evolved a well-regulated home.

That word "home," so precious to all English-speaking people, has always meant very much to England's Queen. There her character, as a true, noble, affectionate Englishwoman, has ever shone with peculiar lustre. In the midst of State duties, which she never in the smallest degree slighted, she always found time to give the most loving and thoughtful care to the little flock which so quickly filled the royal nursery. She and the Prince took the keenest delight in their children. The Christmas after the birth of the Princess Royal, Prince Albert introduced the German custom of Christmas-trees, and a year after he wrote to his father: "Today I have two children of my own to give presents to, who, they know not why, are full of happy wonder at the German Christmas-tree and its radiant candles."

As a mother, the Queen's aim always was to bring up her children in as simple and domestic a way as possible, and to make them realize that their position was worthless unless worthily filled. Like other fond parents, she and the Prince took great delight in the intellectual development of their sons and daughters. The Queen herself tells us how, in 1858, on their return from their first visit to their married daughter in Prussia, they were met by the "delightful news that Affie," (aged 14), "had passed an excellent examination and had received his appointment," and then that he came to meet them at the private pier, at Portsmouth, "in his middie's jacket, cap, and dirk, half-blushing and looking very happy.

In 1845, Her Majesty bought Osborne, in the Isle of Wight, and she wrote to her Uncle Leopold, "It sounds so pleasant to have a place of one's own, quiet and retired, and free from all Woods and Forests and other charming departments, which really are the plague of one's life." At Balmoral, in the Highlands of Scotland, they soon had an even pleasanter and more dearly-loved, holiday home. Many stories are told of the simplicity and naturalness of the Queen's life in Scotland. She seemed glad to be away from all state and ceremony, and used often to walk about alone and drop in to see sick or infirm old women, who did not hesitate to give her an informal but sincere pat and "God bless you." It is told that one morning she wandered out alone, and not being thoroughly acquainted with all the by-ways and hedges, had to inquire of some reapers the way back to the castle. They pointed out her route across a field and over some palings beyond. Nothing daunted, Her Majesty climbed the fence, and soon found herself a few steps from home.

The year 1851 was one of great joy to the Queen. The exhibition for which the Prince had worked so long and against so much opposition, was opened on the 1st of May, and proved a magnificent success. The Queen wrote of it in her journal as "a glorious and touching sight—one which I shall ever be proud of for my beloved Albert and my country." Dr. Stanley (afterwards Dean) wrote of her to a friend, "I never saw her look so thoroughly regal. She stood in front of the chair, turning around, first to one side and then to the other, with a look of power and pride, flushed with a kind of excitement which I have never witnessed in any other human countenance."

Close upon this "Peace Festival," followed the noise of war in the East. The "sick man," as the Czar then called Turkey, and the disposition of his effects in case of demise, had been an interesting topic of conversation between the Czar and Peel and Aberdeen even

as early as 1844. Now, in 1853-4, Nicholas claimed the privilege of protecting Christians in the Turkish Empire. England, being extremely sensitive in regard to Russian aggression, considered this but a cloak for her real ambition—the seizure of Constantinople, the command of the passage between the Black Sea, the Mediterranean, and ultimately, perhaps, the taking of India and British possessions in Asia. The Queen felt that for the honour of her country war must be declared, and all through the whole dreadful conflict, she did her utmost to relieve her suffering soldiers. How intensely they suffered and how bravely they fought is too well known to need repetition. England came out of the Crimean war much stronger than she had entered it. She had discovered the weak joints in her armour and was prepared to strengthen them.

Hardly had the country drawn breath from the contest in the Crimea, when it was called upon to face the Indian Mutiny, which threatened much more dire results. The tact with which the Queen dealt with her Eastern subjects at this crisis, showed well "the influence of a truly womanly woman upon political affairs." She strongly disapproved of the first draft of the Proclamation for India, and particularly of Lord Derby's expression that she had the "power of undermining" the Indian religions. She preferred "that the subject should be introduced by a declaration in the sense that the deep attachment which Her Majesty feels to her own religion, and the comfort and happiness which she derives from its consolations, will preclude her from any attempt to interfere with the native religions." A proclamation breathing such a spirit of peace and sympathy could not but have a soothing effect on the irritated Asiatic temper. The same people who had resented the cold, selfish rule of a mercenary company, with open hearts received the sympathetic message of a gracious Queen. So intense was the feeling that a correspondent wrote to The Times that the people were under the impression that "the Queen had hanged the Company!"

But our Queen was still a woman, and as such was soon called upon to bear the heaviest of woman's sorrows. During the year 1861, the angel of death twice visited the palace. In March, her beloved mother was taken from her and with the closing year there faded away that life so inexpressibly dear to her. He who had for twenty-two years been, in her own words, "husband, father, lover, master, friend, adviser, and guide," was gone, and henceforth she must walk alone. Peculiarly alone, since for one in her position there can be no really intimate friend or sympathizer.

"Break not, O woman's-heart, but still endure;
Break not, for thou art Royal, but endure,
Remembering all the beauty of that star
Which shone so close beside thee, that ye made
One light together, but has past and leaves
The Crown a lonely splendour."

During the widowed years of the Queen's life, she has, while still taking the same intense interest in all that has affected the nation, kept herself more or less withdrawn from the public gaze. Although she has kept such a keen oversight in State affairs that Lord Beaconsfield declared that there was no person living who had "such complete control over the political condition of England as the Sovereign herself," her sympathies have been drawn out particularly toward the sick and sorrowing. From time to time she has herself been again called upon to mourn. Her next bereavement

was the loss of her beloved Uncle Leopold, King of Belgium, then followed the Princess Alice, Prince Leopold, Emperor Frederick, husband of the Princess Royal, the young Duke of Clarence, and within the present year Prince Henry of Battenberg, husband of the Princess Beatrice.

When, in 1887, the aged Queen, surrounded by her children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren, stood on the same spot where, as a young girl, she had taken the solemn coronation oath, her people who had in 1837 looked upon her fresh, young life with such enthusiasm and hope, gazed at her with a memory of fifty wonderful years in the onward march of the British Empire, and felt that to them she was the beloved emblem of national unity, of that power which standing above and beyond all party, lives for the good of the whole nation.

By her own true worth alone has Queen Victoria enthroned herself in the hearts of her people. Her life has through all these long years shone with a divine radiance as it has steadily reflected the sublimity of a soul severely dedicated to high ideals and, in utter forgetfulness of self, strenuously endeavouring to establish her kingdom in righteousness and truth.

Thus, after fifty-nine years of "patient continuance in well-doing," we find

> "Her throne unshaken still,
> Broad based upon the people's will
> And compassed by the inviolate sea."

Kingston, Ont.

THE REIGN OF THE QUEEN.*

In the course of the ensuing month her Majesty will complete the fifty-ninth year of her reign; in the course of the following autumn she will have reigned for a longer period than any monarch who has ever occupied the throne of these islands. A reign of nearly sixty years—a period almost covering two generations—is in itself sufficiently remarkable. But the length of the Queen's reign, noteworthy as it is, is the least memorable thing about it. In no other sixty years of the world's history—we might almost say in no six hundred years of the world's history—has there been so much moral and material progress as since the Queen came to the throne.

Let us try to recapitulate some of the more striking features in this progress. When the Queen came to the throne there were some 26,000,000 persons living in the United Kingdom, nearly 18,000,000 of whom were in Great Britain and 8,000,000 of whom were in Ireland. There are now some 39,500,000 persons in these islands, of whom 35,000,000 are in Great Britain, and 4,500,000 in Ireland. The population of the larger island has almost doubled, the population of the smaller island will have dwindled to nearly one-half its former numbers, in the fifty-nine years of her reign.

The growth of the people at home, however, sinks into insignificance when compared with the expansion of our empire abroad. We too often forget that the thin red line which marks its boundaries on our maps has been constantly extending during the Queen's reign. We have increased our Indian Empire by some 275,000 square miles of territory—an area considerably greater than that of Austria. During the same period we have occupied

* Abridged from *The Edinburgh Review*.

Aden; we have almost created Hong-Kong; we have undertaken, either directly or indirectly, the administration of Labuan, Sarawak, and considerable portions of North Borneo. We must add another 80,000 square miles—say a territory as large as Great Britain—on these accounts. In Africa the red line has made even greater advances. When the Queen came to the throne, we had some 100,000 square miles of South Africa; we have now some 300,000 square miles. In other words, we have added to our possessions in South Africa a territory as large as Germany. We believe we are right in saying that the countries administered by the Royal Niger Company and the British East Africa Imperial Company comprise together 1,000,000 square miles, or a territory one-half as large as European Russia. In addition, we are administering Egypt and occupying Cyprus.

A mere recital, however, of the vast additions which have been made to the empire during the Queen's reign gives only an imperfect idea of its growth. In area, and perhaps in capability, our North American and Australasian colonies are our most important possessions. Together they cover more than 6,500,000 square miles, or about one out of every nine on the land surface of the globe. When the Queen came to the throne, Canada had a population of about 1,000,000; she has now considerably more than 5,000,000; in 1837 she was seething with rebellion; she is now one of the most loyal provinces of the empire.

If we turn from the West to the South, the advance is even more striking. When the Queen came to the throne, only sixty-seven years had passed since the British flag was first unfurled on the Eastern shores of Australia. The extent, the boundaries, the resources of Australasia were unknown.

In 1837, there were not probably 175,000 white persons, of whom 60,000 were either convicts or pardoned convicts, in all Australasia. There are now probably more than 4,250,000 persons. Four persons are now living in Australasia for every five persons who were living in the United States at the commencement of the present century. We have seen in the course of a hundred years the United States expand from some 5,300,000 to some 65,000,000 people. Who shall say whether a similar rate of progress may not be in store for Australasia during the twentieth century?

It was not till five years after the Queen came to the throne that a partial measure of self-government was conferred on New South Wales. None of the other Australasian colonies received a similar advantage till 1850.

Thus, in the fifty-nine years which have elapsed since the Queen came to the throne, the British Empire has been steadily growing in size and population. It now embraces an area of 8,500,000 square miles, or, if the subordinate Indian States and the possessions of the African Companies be included, of 10,000,000 square miles. It contains a population of some 350,000,000 people. Nearly one person out of every four on the earth owes allegiance, directly or indirectly, to the Queen. Russia is the only country which can compare with the British Empire in size. Yet its area is larger than that of Russia. China is the only country which can compare with it in population. But it is very doubtful whether China, populous as she is, supports so many people as the British Empire.

The growth of the empire is, however, the least important circumstance connected with its de-

velopment during the present reign. Far more striking is the manner in which it has been welded together by the great inventions of the age. When the Queen was born it was literally true that man could not travel faster than the Pharaohs. Up to 1837, none of the great lines of railway had been completed. The railways of the United Kingdom have now a mileage of more than 20,000 miles. Their capital exceeds £1,000,000,000. They convey, without reckoning season-ticket holders, more than 900,000,000 passengers a year.

Striking as has been the progress of locomotion on land, the advance on the sea has been even more remarkable. The steamship preceded the locomotive. It was considered impossible to build a steamship which could make a long voyage. Yet in 1838, the very year which succeeded her Majesty's accession, the Great Western, built in Canada, and the Sirius both crossed the Atlantic.

In 1840, our steam fleet at that time comprised only 770 vessels, with a capacity of 87,000 tons. At the end of 1894, the tonnage of the steamers was nearly six million tons.

Steam has, of course, drawn the various countries of the world into closer communication, and by doing so has strengthened the bonds which unite the various portions of the British Empire. But even steam has hardly done so much in this respect as electricity. It requires an effort of the mind to realize that, when the Queen came to the throne, no electric telegraph existed in the United Kingdom. The first experimental wire was erected in the year in which her reign commenced. No cable was laid under the Channel till 1851; the Atlantic cable was not successfully laid till fifteen years later. In 1837, the charges made on each letter varied with the distance it was conveyed. For example, a letter from London to Windsor could not be sent for less than 4d.; a letter from London to Edinburgh cost 13d. The communications of the country were shrivelled by these charges, and less than one hundred million letters were delivered in the whole of the United Kingdom. In addition to the letters, some seventy million stamped newspapers passed through the post in 1839. The people of this country are now sending nearly three billion postal packets—of which nearly one billion eight hundred million are letters—annually through the post. This enormous increase of correspondence, almost entirely due to the institution of cheap postage, has occurred in a single reign.

The volume of our trade has increased almost as rapidly as the volume of our correspondence. In 1837 the whole value of our exports and imports amounted to about £140,000,000. In 1894, our exports and imports exceeded £680,000,000 in value. At the beginning of the reign, moreover, commerce had no opportunity of development. It was fettered and restrained by a tariff which enumerated twelve hundred articles liable to Customs duty. At the present moment, the whole of our Customs revenue is raised from less than a dozen commodities.

Whether, then, we look at the expansion of our empire, the growth of our population, the rapidity and ease of our communications, or the increase of our trade, we have the same story of constant progress to relate and to repeat. Are, however, the people better off than they were in 1837? Are their lives happier, richer, brighter, than they were then? Have the rich, and have the poor, profited from the tide of progress? These are questions of more mo-

ment than even the spread of empire or the increase of population.

In 1838, the amount of property on which probate duty was paid was about £50,000,000; in 1894 it exceeded £164,000,000. While the population of the United Kingdom has increased by some fifty per cent., the wealth of the country is apparently more than three-fold greater than it was in 1837.

The masses of the people have prospered to a remarkable degree. It is difficult, indeed, at the present time to realize the miserable condition of the working classes at the commencement of the reign. Masses of the people were unemployed, and without prospect of employment. Masses, almost as large, unable to adapt themselves to the novel conditions of labour which the introduction of machinery was creating, were vainly endeavouring by the unaided work of their own hands to compete with the steam-engine. In 1842, out of a population of 16,000,000, one person in every eleven people was a pauper. The people of England and Wales have nearly doubled their numbers, yet there are only two paupers for every three at the commencement of the reign.

In every large manufacturing centre many of the working classes had no homes but cellars. Life in a cellar, horrible as it would be now, was more disastrous then because none of the great towns had any regular system of drainage. No steps had been taken in any large city to make the supply of water either adequate or pure. And the poorer classes, and especially their children, could not hope to escape from their vile surroundings. There was no excursion train, no pleasure van, no bicycle, to carry them even for a few hours to green fields or the seaside. The few parks, situated near the homes of the wealthier classes, were reserved for the rich. A man in a labourer's clothes was not allowed to enter St. James's Park.

The lot of the poor, moreover, was aggravated by the conditions of their labour. The Queen had been on the throne for more than ten years before the legislature saw fit to prohibit the employment of little children, under eight years of age, in a factory, and of young persons, under eighteen, for more than ten hours a day. Even outside the factory, the hours of labour were horrible. Mrs. Browning's "Cry of the Children," Hood's "Song of the Shirt," the description in "Alton Locke" of the work done for cheap tailors, are well-known protests against "the sweating" which existed.

It was the inevitable result of their surroundings that the poor were vicious. They had no rational amusements to occupy their few leisure hours. There were no people's palaces, mechanics' institutes, or free libraries. There was even no public bath and washhouse in all London. Some of the cruel sports, which had been their recreation in the days of the Georges, had been put down. Prize-fighting, indeed, was still tolerated; but bull-baiting, ox-driving, and cock-fighting were no longer legal. But nothing had, as yet, taken their place. The public-house was the only refuge for the working-man. According to the late Sir Archibald Alison, one house in every ten in Glasgow in 1838 was a spirit shop.

It was natural that such conditions as those which we have just described should have led to a large increase of crime. In 1837, the first year of the reign, 23,600 persons were committed for trial in England and Wales. In the fifth year of the reign the committals rose to 31,300. In 1803 the number was reduced to 12,300.

The population had nearly doubled in the interval; the committals had diminished by sixty per cent. The convict population of Great Britain consisted in 1833 of 50,000. The population literally doubled in the succeeding sixty years, while the convict population was in the same time gradually reduced to 4,345 prisoners, and to perhaps 2,000 others on tickets of leave.

It is difficult, at the present time, to realize that when the Queen came to the throne no effective police force existed in any part of Great Britain except the metropolis. While, therefore, poverty was organized against property, property had no effective means of defending itself against the attack.

Crime and pauperism, however, were not the only results of the miserable conditions in which the masses of the people passed their lives. The lower orders were everywhere seething with discontent, and their leaders were assuring them that their condition could only be improved by the concession of political reforms. The great Reform Act had just enfranchised the ten-pound householder; but, as the ordinary working-man could not afford to pay a rent of £10, it had done nothing for the labouring classes. It was necessary, so it was argued, that the work of 1832 should be completed, and that the franchise should be extended to every male adult. The demands of the working classes were embodied in a document which is still recollected as the People's Charter.

How different is the England of to-day. The whole conditions of life are altered. The wages of the industrial poor are higher than they were sixty years ago. The necessities and luxuries of their lives, moreover, are all cheaper than they were at the beginning of the reign. Their food, their clothing, and their fuel are all attainable for a lower price than they were sixty years ago. Petroleum has given them a less costly and better light than they could command at that time. The tax on tea has been reduced from 2s. to 4d. in the pound. Improved workmen's dwellings fitted with proper sanitary conveniences may be found in every large town. Hardly a quarter passes in which the newspapers do not announce the provision of some new park in some populous centre for the recreation of the people. The very graveyards have been made bright and useful by being planted with flowers and furnished with seats. Every well-governed city provides itself with public baths and washhouses, where the poorer classes may clean both themselves and their clothes. The free library is becoming an almost universal institution; while mechanics' institutes, people's palaces, public museums, and picture galleries are being provided, as a matter of course, in populous cities.

By the Reform Acts of 1867 and 1884, the government has been transferred from the middle classes to the democracy, and the labouring classes have been given a preponderating influence in every election. Chartism has died; reform associations have perished from having nothing to do. Universal content has succeeded universal agitation.

There can, too, be very little doubt that an extended franchise has proved at once a great popular educator, and has stimulated the demand for popular education. The history of public education only commences in the present reign. The first annual grant made by the State for the purpose of promoting education only dates from 1839. The little dole of £30,000 a year, which was first meted out in that year, was destined like the grain of mustard seed to over-

spread the land. The grant of £30,000 a year has gradually swelled into an annual expenditure by the State of nearly £9,000,000. The universities have been opened to all classes of the people, irrespective of their creed; while the ranks of the Civil Service both in India and at home have been thrown open to the successful candidates at competitive examinations.

Our educational system will undoubtedly be imperfect till elementary education is everywhere supplemented with technical education. But we are already making progress in this direction. Every child in the kingdom obtains the opportunity of acquiring some training in reading, writing, and arithmetic. The advantages of this system must be apparent to every one. To give a striking illustration of it. If George Stephenson had learned to read as a boy, it is quite conceivable that the invention of the locomotive engine might have taken place five or six years before it actually occurred.

Who can exaggerate the influence of a clean, well-arranged, and well-conducted school? The child taken from the street, which is too often its only playground, and subjected to the improved conditions of a well-appointed class-room, is not merely learning to read and write. It is acquiring new ideas of the worth of cleanliness, order, and comfort which unhappily are rarely obtainable in its humble home. And these ideas are not only assimilated by the children, they are carried to their parents. Those who have had the opportunity of watching the gradual development of a large school in a poor neighbourhood will, we believe, support our own testimony that the children, year after year, attend not only more regularly and more punctually, but are also more cleanly and tidily dressed. Almost every step which has hitherto been taken in the direction of extending our educational system has been followed by a decrease both in pauperism and in crime.

The foundations of our extended empire were laid in the century and by the generations which won the battles of Quebec in one hemisphere and of Plassey in the other, which first raised the flag of England on the shores of Australia, and which took the Cape of Good Hope.

We have the more faith in the future because we believe that the reign, which has been so remarkable for the moral and material progress of the people, has been equally remarkable for a revolution in sentiment. Rich men are building improved cottages on their estates, facilitating the erection of dwelling-houses for the poorer classes on their town properties, and bestowing parks, pictures, and public museums on the people. The same spirit influences all classes. There is a growing disposition to work for the poor and among the poor. Whittier was, after all, right when he declared:

> Press on! the triumph shall be won
> Of common rights and equal laws,
> The glorious dream of Harrington,
> And Sidney's good old cause.
>
> Blessing the cottier and the crown,
> Sweetening worn labour's bitter cup;
> And, plucking not the highest down,
> Lifting the lowest up.

Is it true, however, that the nation is ceasing to produce great men? Is the reign of the Queen destined to survive in history as a period of material progress, but of intellectual mediocrity? Do the leaders in peace, in war, in literature, in science, and in art, whom the reign has produced, compare unfavourably with those who have preceded them in previous centuries? Is the English race, like

the old oak, beginning to die at the top? Is the wealth of verdure with which its lower branches are luxuriant exhausting the whole of its sap?

No question is more difficult to answer than that which we have thus propounded. The only certain test of a man's immortality is his survival, and that is precisely the test which his own generation can never apply.

Moreover, the contemporary critic is apt to forget how very rare the great men are. It is too frequently forgotten that each age produces its own type of greatness. Dante, Giotto, Raphael, and our own Milton all represent different epochs of religious thought. It does not follow that other men in other ages may not have produced work equally great because they failed to produce equally great work of the same kind.

Is it the case that intellectual eminence is so rare, or has been so rare, during the present reign? To test this let us enumerate a few of the works which great men have given us in the present reign, and we will take the arts first, because there we are on the weakest ground. And first as to architecture. Confining ourselves to London alone, it is scarcely an exaggeration to say that great parts of the metropolis have been rebuilt during the present reign. The home of the legislature may not be free from faults, but it is hardly fair to say that the reign which has given us the Houses of Parliament has *produced no great building.* But the architects of the present age are not the builders of houses, but the bridge-makers and the engineers. The creation of the Thames Embankment did probably more to promote the convenience, the beauty, and the health of London than any other work in any other age. The bridges which span the Thames in its course through the metropolis have all, with the exception of three, been erected since the Queen came to the throne. A race cannot be entirely effete which has produced such works as these.

A period which has given us a Macaulay, a Hallam, a Grote, and a Froude—we purposely omit the names of living writers—has, at any rate, done something for history. Generations which have produced a Thackeray, a Charlotte Bronte, a George Eliot, and a Dickens have, equally certainly, added to the masterpieces of fiction. A reign in which Wordsworth died, and in which Tennyson wrote, is not likely to be forgotten in any history of English poetry. Poets are the prophets of each age. They express the highest thoughts of the generations in which they live and work. Judged by this test, at any rate, Tennyson at once rises to the highest standard, since he was essentially an interpreter of the thoughts which were occupying the best and highest minds among us.

The age in which we live is not an age of poetry, but of thought. Its great men are its inventors and engineers, who are triumphing over the forces of nature, or its observers and investigators, who are expounding the laws of nature. The former have covered both seas and lands with works of their hands and brains, which would have been deemed impossible fifty years ago; the latter have solved problems which their predecessors declared to be insoluble. The invention of the spectroscope has enabled the astronomer to analyze the composition of the sun, and to watch the movements of the distant star; geology has been almost reconstructed; biology has been created since the Queen came to the throne; and chemistry, which apparently is destined to furnish greater revelations than any other

science, has attained dimensions and achieved successes which in 1837 would have been regarded as impossible.

These discoveries have made a profound impression on the thought of the nation. They have, in fact, produced an intellectual revolution almost as striking as the Reformation itself.

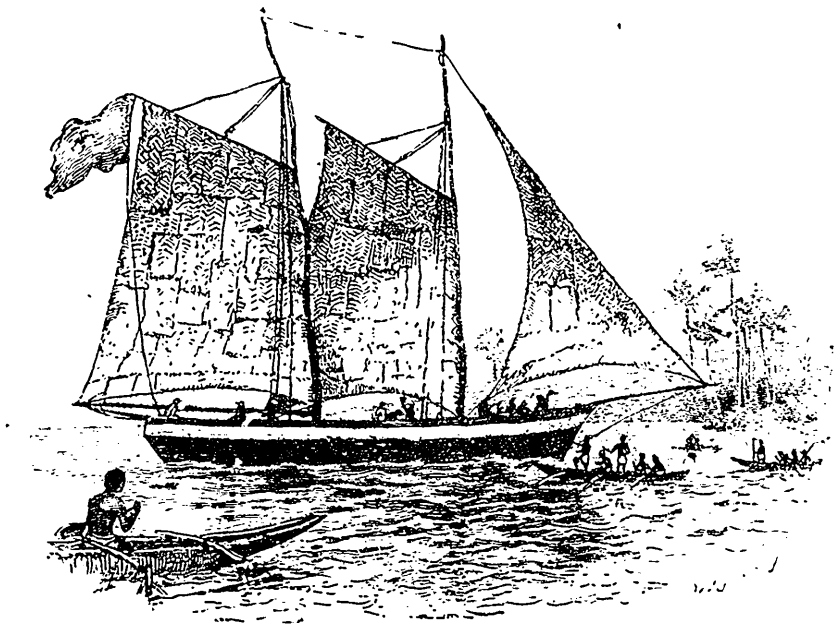
The progress of free thought, however, which has been one of the remarkable results of the reign, has not been followed by any decline in religious fervour. Notwithstanding the growing scepticism of an increasing minority, and the indifferentism to religious subjects which is felt by large classes of the people, the Church and other religious bodies have never worked with greater zeal than during the present reign. More money has been raised for church building, church extension, church endowment, and missionary effort, both at home and abroad, than at any previous period of our history. It has penetrated to the lower sections of the population, and the efforts of Messrs. Moody and Sankey, and of the Salvation Army, prove how widely and how deeply the religious spirit has affected large classes of the population.

We have thus endeavoured in a few pages to sum up the results of a reign which has extended over the longest period during which any sovereign has ruled in England. We have shown that the population of the United Kingdom has increased, that the bounds of the British Empire have been extended, that the inventions of the age have drawn its distant provinces into closer communication, that improved communications have largely increased our trade, that our wealth has in consequence grown by leaps and bounds, and that all classes of the population are better off than they were when the Queen came to the throne. We have endeavoured also to show that material prosperity has been accompanied by moral progress; that the life of the people is, on the whole, more healthy than it was fifty years ago, that their homes are brighter, the conditions of toil easier, and their opportunities for sensible recreation greater. Partly from these causes, partly from the spread of education and other influences, we have further shown that crime has rapidly decreased, and that, in this respect at any rate, there can be no comparison between the England of to-day and the England of 1837, when the Queen came to the throne.

One word we ought to add in justice to the Queen, the results of whose reign we have endeavoured to summarize. It has been her good fortune to preside over the destinies of the greatest empire in the world, during a period of unprecedented length and of equally unprecedented progress. But, if her reign has been made illustrious by the vigour of her subjects, they should, in their turn, recollect how much they owe to the conduct of their Queen. She has, in the first place, made the monarchy itself secure by displaying—as no other sovereign has ever displayed—a capacity of adapting herself to the requirements of parliamentary government. She has freed the throne from every suspicion of connection with party politics. The example of her private life has been as beneficial as her public conduct. The atmosphere of her court has given tone to society and has, in consequence, powerfully promoted that moral progress which we believe to be one of the chief glories of her reign. And so, as the Queen enters on the sixtieth year of her reign, the man who thinks over the achievements of the last sixty years, and on the conduct of the crown, may find a new reason for saying, "God save the Queen."

FROM ISLAND TO ISLAND IN SOUTHERN SEAS.

BY THE REV. J. G. ANGWIN.



THE "MESSENGER OF PEACE."

Among the various mission fields, not the least interesting and fruitful are the Islands of the South Pacific. These are scattered broadly over an ocean surface 1,200 miles from North to South, and 2,000 from East to West, between the parallels of latitude 5 degrees and 25 degrees south and the meridians 160 degrees west and 140 degrees east. Cook and other navigators of his time brought these island groups prominently before the civilized world. They found them peopled by a race sunk to the lowest stages of degradation in ignorance, idolatry, and cruelty. Here was to be seen, in all its perfection, the condition outlined by Bishop Heber :

> "Where every prospect pleases,
> And only man is vile."

Late in the last century, indeed within its closing decade, the thought of the Christian Church in Britain was called to the spiritual condition of the islanders, and the London Missionary Society, on the very day of its birth, September 25th, 1795, decided to send agents to "Otaheite, or some other islands of the South Seas." This declaration of purpose was indefinite and indeterminate, both as to the field to be occupied and the time of occupation.

The difficulties and dangers attendant upon the carrying out of the design were neither few nor small. It may not be amiss to name some which might have daunted stouter hearts than those which projected the scheme and afterwards perfected it. Little was

known of the islands or their peoples, and that little was not encouraging. The exact position of many of the groups had not been accurately determined, as is indicated by the fact that one of the missionary ships, after searching over a large part of the Pacific for a certain group of islets, finally gave up the search, for that voyage at least, and returned to Tahiti. The people were known to be bloodthirsty, treacherous, and dishonest. The times were not propitious. England and France were engaged in war. There was no protocol to protect the missionary ship or the missionary workers. Thus to the dangers of uncharted seas was added the peril of enemies. As a result of protracted war the English people were much impoverished, and gifts to the Lord's treasury must be made from greatly diminished stores and not from bursting garners.

Before the London Society could begin to carry out its resolution, two, if not three, things were necessary—a ship sufficient and suitable for the work, a master to take charge of her, funds to meet the heavy cost of purchase and outfit. All these were promptly and fully provided. The God of missions had been preparing for the new enterprise; and had, by a series of strange and bewildering providences, fitted and called a man to the work. The story of Captain James Wilson, pioneer commander of missionary ships, if we except the commanders of the galleys in which Paul found his way to Rome, reads like a romance.

James Wilson was born a sailor, He was the son of the captain of a Newcastle collier, and grew up on the ocean. Careless and reckless, he was by turns a sailor on the North Sea, a soldier in the American war, common sailor, officer, commander, and owner in East Indian seas, and prisoner of Hyder Ali. He escaped, only to be again captured, and finally consigned to the celebrated Black Hole of Calcutta, where at times so great was the raging of hunger that his jaws snapped involuntarily when his scanty meal was brought to him. Again we find him a shipmaster at Bencoolen, when every European except himself, on board of the ship he commanded, died. At last, successful in his ventures, he returned to England and settled down content, a man not yet fifty years old.

All this time his heart was hardened. By a series of providences he was brought into contact with a young pastor of Portsea, and by his instrumentality led to Christ. Then the captain found that his work was not yet done. He was influenced by a letter on the proposed Southern Mission, published in The Evangelical Magazine, to offer his services as commander of the expedition. The directors of the London Missionary Society accepted the volunteer and commissioned him to select and purchase such a ship as he might consider suitable. He speedily executed the trust, and secured and outfitted the good ship Duff, at a cost of nearly $50,000. This cost was incurred before a single missionary had embarked, or it was definitely known what would be the destination of the ship and her passengers. The appeals to the Christian people of England to meet this large outlay were met nobly and generously. When the Duff weighed anchor, and her topsails were sheeted home for her long and perilous voyage, all the cost of her outfit had been fully provided. The voyage began August 10th, 1796, and ended when the vessel anchored in Matavai Bay, March 4th, 1797.

Missionary work to-day deals almost entirely with the spiritual

enlightenment of the people. To accomplish this end medicine and surgery are used as means for conciliation and influence, and the education of children and youth is used in the same way. In this way the Canadian China Mission is largely composed of trained physicians, male and female, whose hope and effort is not only to heal the bodies, but also to bring their patients into touch with the Balm of Gilead. In the first missionary party which sailed in the Duff, preachers and teachers were in the minority, and tradesmen were in the majority. Blacksmiths, joiners, tailors, cabinet-makers, weavers, were present in large numbers. The intention was to introduce the arts of civilization and the gospel of salvation at the same time. Work was begun on the first immediately after landing, the second must wait until the workers obtained some knowledge of the language of the people.

One of the first pieces of work done at Tahiti was the erection of a forge. Iron, with its uses and manufacture, was almost unknown. The islanders had iron obtained from a wreck, but how to fashion it for use they did not know. The opening of the forge drew crowds of the curious, most of whom were more alarmed than edified by the sparks which flew from the anvil and the hissing of the metal when plunged into the water trough. So excited did King Pomare become as he watched the workmen, that he seized one of them, all grimy and dirty as he was, and embraced him Tahiti fashion, by joining noses.

On her second outward voyage the missionary ship was captured by a French privateer and taken with her passengers and crew into Rio Janeiro. By this mishap the lonely men and women at Tahiti and adjacent islands were left without needed supplies and reinforcements for a period of more than five years. In this age of steamships crossing and re-crossing every ocean and in all directions, thus bringing the distant near, we cannot readily imagine such a condition of things, nor can we enter into the painful, lonely, anxious feelings of men cut off from all communication with home, kindred, and friends, and watching day after day for the sight of the sail which does not arise above the watery waste, until hope deferred has made the heart sick. Relief came at last in 1801, when the chartered ship Royal Admiral arrived at the islands.

The most meagre sketch of missionary operations, in these latitudes, would be signally incomplete without a mention of the name of John Williams. This man did more than any other of his time in laying broad and deep the foundations of the Church of Christ in the hearts and lives of the islanders. Mr. Williams was born near London in 1796, and was born again in London in his eighteenth year. The direct human means of his conversion was a sermon preached by the Rev. Timothy East in Moorfields Tabernacle. In youth he was apprenticed to an ironmonger, and in this way became a skilled blacksmith. His connection with the church of which the Rev. Matthew Wilks was pastor quickened and intensified a zeal for missions. The heart of this London preacher was so thoroughly filled with missionary enthusiasm that, on one occasion, when it was proposed to give up the mission, he exclaimed: "Give it up! I would rather sell my coat from my back than give the mission up." We are not surprised to learn that, under such influences, young Williams should be found in his twentieth year, in company with his child-like bride, sailing out of the Thames for the

antipodes. He was possessed of all the characteristics of a true missionary. He had faith and patience—zeal tempered with wisdom—ingenuity mingled with the power of adapting himself to any circumstances or environments.

One of his first labours was the finishing of the schooner Haweis, which the workers at Tahiti had on hand, but which they had been unable to complete. He on a second occasion undertook shipbuilding, and was successful. Mr. Williams was at Raratonga, and desiring means to visit neighbouring and distant islands, projected a craft of about sixty tons. This yacht, as he styled her, was constructed under great difficulties. Her timbers and planking were cut on the mountains and dragged by human hands to the ship-yard, and hewed into shape by small hatchets. In her construction, iron was an almost unknown quantity, and her fastenings were for the greater part wooden pins driven into auger holes. The pintles and straps for her rudder were forged out of a broken pickaxe and an old hoe. Her rigging and sails were as unique as her hull. Ropes twisted from cocoanut fibre and native sleeping mats, sewed and quilted together for greater strength in resisting the wind, formed her outfit. Several voyages were made by her. She safely bore teachers and missionaries from island to island and well earned her name, "The Messenger of Peace." Mr. Williams eventually lost his life in the attempt to introduce the Gospel into Erromanga. This island, now thoroughly Christianized, has been the scene of more than one bloody tragedy, in which the herald of salvation has been a prominent and unfortunate actor. Within the memory of many of the readers of this Magazine and Review, two Canadian missionaries, the brothers Gordon, sunk to death on the same sands which had been crimsoned by the life blood of Williams and Harris.

One of the most striking scenes in the history of this missionary enterprise is found in the baptism of King Pomare. This ruler was, from the commencement of their association, a friend to the missionaries. Many years passed before he professed allegiance to Christ. Even then there was hesitation in accepting him, and bestowing upon him the initial rite of the Church. At length the day arrived. The king had made every preparation for this, which was to be the event of his life. He had erected an immense royal chapel which was of sufficient size to give accommodation to all his adult subjects. It was seven hundred and twelve feet long, and fifty-four feet wide. Down its centre ran a row of gigantic pillars of the breadfruit tree, while two hundred and eighty other massive wooden columns supported the eaves. Three pulpits equidistant from each other, the outer ones one hundred feet from the ends of the structure, which were semicircular, gave three preachers the opportunity, on the day of dedication and baptism, to address simultaneously and without confusion the thousands that had gathered within the walls The king was baptized in the presence of his subjects, and signalized the occasion by proclaiming, for his guidance and theirs, a series of laws founded on the Divine law.

The success of the work was not in any of the islands immediate. Bread was cast upon the waters and only seen again after many days. At length day broke. By March, 1823, there were 1,100 baptized natives in Raiatea alone. In most of the other islands there were similar triumphs. During

the eight or nine years following Pomare's conversion there was a marvellous awakening.

For the effectual oversight of the work, which in most instances is in the hands of native teachers, a system of careful and continuous visitation is necessary. In this work the services of various ships have been required. One vessel has given place to another as disaster or other reasons have made a change desirable or requisite. At the present time the S. S. John Williams IV. is on the route. Steam has superseded canvas on these seas as on others, and clipper barques have given place to a model despatch boat. Three barques, each named for the martyr of Erromanga have in succession for fifty years, from 1844 to 1894, traversed the Southern Seas, bearing from shore to shore the message of peace and salvation. Through storm and sunshine, in hurricane and calm, the work has gone steadily forward. Island after island has been occupied, and the people brought to Christ. Languages that, on the missionaries' arrival, were only spoken tongues, have been adapted to type and the printing press. Translations of the Scriptures as well as of religious, moral, and useful books have been made, and copies multiplied into tens of thousands.

One happy feature of the work is the missionary spirit developed by the natives. Alone or in pairs, after training in the schools, they have gone forth to tell the good news to their heathen fellow islanders, the latest movement being the opening up of mission work in New Guinea.

Just one hundred years ago the heralds of salvation landed at Tahiti. They found murder, lust, infanticide stalking abroad at noonday. Now, behold the change! Every islet and island has the Gospel. The savage shouts of the predatory bands of one chief attacking the town of his rival have given place to the sound of praise, as voice answers to voice from cottage to cottage, and from hill-top to hill-top, as the evening hymn is sung. It is truthfully said that very few homes are to be found in the islands, occupied by Protestant teachers, without family altars. Truly these places, once the habitations of cruelty, have become the heritage of the Son of God—these uttermost parts of the earth are his possession.

Hantsport, N.S.

THE SOUL'S SUPPORT.

BY J. H. CHANT.

The vine will climb if it support can find,
But lacking this, it needs no cords to bind
It to the earth, but trails on its dank breast,
And men may think it seeks no higher rest;
But when its tendrils touch a stake, or tree,
It seizes hold, and soon from earth is free.

So human nature, broken off from God,
Trails in the dust, and fattens on the sod,
But when its tendrils touch the Father hand
It leaves the earth, and climbs, at His command
Into a higher life and purer love,
Nor rests till it entwines the throne above.

Thedford, Ont.

THE BARONESS LANGENAU.

BY WILLIAM HENRY SEYMOUR.

THE BARONESS LANGENAU.

Of foreign lands, we naturally turn first to those most remote and benighted, for the most interesting chapters in the records of evangelizing agencies. Though the Dark Continent and the islands of the sea may furnish the greatest contrast, so far as the change in the life of those reached and influenced is concerned, the annals of Evangelical Missionary Societies have many as yet unwritten biographies which demonstrate the success of missionary enterprise in so-called Christian lands nearer home. Sufficiently numerous are these evidences to prove a standing rebuke to those who look with disfavour upon the extension of these agencies into such countries.

It is chiefly the large centres on the Continent which furnish evidences of the success attending this work. Perhaps not one of these furnishes a more interesting example than the gay Austrian capital at the present time.

To all acquainted with the work of the Wesleyan Methodist Missionary Society in Germany, the mention of the Vienna Station immediately brings to mind the name of the Baroness Langenau, and just as surely does the mention of this name associate with it the interesting history of that mission. In fact, the last chapter in the hisory of the latter would in all probability have been written years ago but for this lady who has been its chief supporter and best friend for many years. The self-sacrificing spirit with a corresponding devotion to others, is the more attractive because of its comparative rareness amongst those of rank, fortune, and intellect. When to this, however, is added the courage which refuses to succumb to the opprobrium and contempt, and even persecution, of those treading the smoothly-beaten track of forms and ceremonies, social and ecclesiastical, the attractiveness is the greater, and our admiration the stronger. Such a person is the subject of this sketch.

In earlier life the pleasures and the gaieties of the world of fashion were enjoyed by her to the full. Her station in life brought with it the opportunities for this, and as the Baroness is characterized by nothing if not by decision, earnestness, and heartiness in everything she essays to do, these were entered into with zest. The round of pleasure continued during a lengthy residence at the Court of St. Petersburg, in Russia, where her late husband had been sent as Ambassador to represent the Court of Austria.

The sea of pleasure, however,

suddenly turned into troubled waters, and the heart of the mother which had been gladdened for several years by the presence of a beautiful and gifted boy, was almost rent by the unrelenting hand of death. The "endearments twining round the soul," were rudely severed when the cherished idol, an only child, was taken from the mother's side. But the vacant place in her heart was not to remain a void. The longing "for the sound of a voice that is still" was ever present; but the sound of other and living voices to be heard on all hands were to find a responsive echo in this heart. Yet a calm, abiding peace was lacking, and the heart was still restless, the life unsatisfied and unsatisfying. The passage through these troubled waters and the happy issue are best described in the words of the Baroness herself.

"My days were taken up with good works; I toiled and slaved, looking down upon others who were not as strict about teaching and doctrine; but the whole time my heart was as wretched as could be. A deep sense of sin bowed me down, and I felt on the verge of despair. At the beginning of 1889 a Lutheran deaconess happened to mention before me that the Methodists had got a new minister whose sermons were very helpful. It suddenly dawned upon me that here was the balm for my wounds, and I lost no time in trying to find their place of worship. For years and years I had been told that Jesus was the Saviour of the world, that He was always willing to save, but here I was told for the first time that He will not save us without our own consent; that He invites and entreats, but we must decide; that our will must be put on His side; that He will not take possession of our hearts unless we are willing to receive Him. "Be willing, now, now, now," was the burden of all the sermons I heard there. At last my eyes were opened, I surrendered my will, I trusted, and was saved."

This was a memorable day—one of those "marked pages in life's history, dear to be read again." With the new impulse arising from another and higher motive, the succeeding experiences shed a flood of light in every direction. Duty was no longer clothed in the sombre garments so lately worn. The influence of rank and the benefits of fortune now became identified with the agencies to which, through the gracious influence of the Spirit, the Baroness had been led to see with opened eyes.

The happiness which followed is depicted further: "In the first flush of joy and gratitude I threw myself with all my might into all kinds of Gospel work. With the aid of our minister, I started a large Sunday-school, a small orphanage of our own, a Deaconess Home, a mission among the postmen, and planned a Home for servant girls." As is here quite easily to be seen, the Baroness has an intelligent perception of the needs of the down-trodden and oppressed, and an entire abnegation of self has always been accompanied by a corresponding delight in adapting herself to those needs, and in a methodical, business-like manner. In person she ministered to as many as possible, and then—equally important—through the hands and hearts of others whom she called into service.

The happy period just described was now followed by one which proved a testing time, and which revealed the true nobility of blood and titles. The acceptance of a new faith and mode of worship brought with it unpleasant innuendoes and even persecution. The Wesleyan Mission, which had been established in 1870, had been for

years suffering the most annoying persecutions instituted by the State Church ecclesiastics, through the municipal authorities. The hall rented for worship was more than once closed, and the authorities resisted every attempt on the part of the little congregation to establish a Sunday-school. The hostile spirit of the State Church showed itself in having the ministers fined for holding a prayer-meeting where members of that church happened to be present, in sending spies to the meetings to obtain evidence on which to formulate charges against the despised sect, and in many other un-Christian ways.

The "hope that every trial braveth" had kept the little handful together despite these persecutions. But not only was a renewal of the opposition entered upon when it became known that one of the upper classes had imbibed the "dangerous Methodist doctrine," but it came with renewed vigour. The hall was closed and further meetings prohibited. The postmen, in whose welfare the Baroness had shown such a warm interest, were prohibited from attending any meetings of the Methodists, and an attempt at complete extermination was forthwith instituted.

The Mission Board in London would have been compelled to record the closing of the Vienna branch had not the Baroness Langenau been equal to the occasion. Most men would have given up this apparently hopeless task and considered their duty done; but the strong and hopeful spirit of this woman still continued to assert itself. Her courage did not falter, nor did her new-born faith in a stronger arm waver under the trying circumstances. The religious zealots of a Church, hoary with age and covered with the barnacles of superstition and bigotry, dared not cross the threshold of the home; and now we find the Baroness throwing open her own house for the holding of services. For fifteen months the little congregation assembled here regularly to hear the ministrations of the preacher and for mutual edification and comfort.

For the past few years unpleasant interferences on the part of the authorities have not been so frequent, or so marked; but the membership is still reminded that the freedom which the great Methodist bodies enjoy on both sides of the Atlantic is not theirs as yet. The Sabbath-school is still prevented from meeting in the commodious and comfortable hall which the beneficent donor herself presented to the congregation for worship, but gathers in the home of the Baroness—nominally as her private school. A part of this home has been set apart for one of her charitable enterprises, and this is but one illustration of her practical way of working in the Master's vineyard. Here have been gathered some fourteen young girls, who were either homeless or taken from homes sad and comfortless, and are now being cared for, educated and carefully shielded by their benefactress.

It is not difficult to see who is the chief and beloved personage in this home, and the happy and contented faces of these little girls, and the fondness with which they regard the "Frau Baronin," as she is here known, make an impression upon the visitor only exceeded by that of the joy with which the Baroness devotes herself to her charges. In her also the Deaconess work, so favourably known in connection with German Methodism, has always found its warmest friend and most substantial supporter.

No pastor can say more of a member of his flock than the devoted minister, Rev. R. Moeller,

in charge of the Vienna station, once casually expressed to the writer in these few words: "The Baroness is a real warm-hearted Christian. She will help me in everything, and every progress in God's work makes her glad. She wants to do all the good she has means, faculties, and opportunities for."

Not to be ministered unto but to minister is here the paramount desire, and its effect upon the life has been such that we begin to conclude that the Baroness has found the secret of how to live happy:

"Which always finds us young,
And always keeps us so."

Wuerzburg, Germany.

(At the Wesleyan Missionary anniversary a year or two ago, the Baroness presented the Society with £2,000, the proceeds of the sale of valuable jewels. Mr. Seymour, the writer of this sketch, son of the Rev. J. C. Seymour, of Canada, visited the Baroness Langenau's School in Vienna, and studied her religious and philanthropic work.—Ed.)

A PLEA FOR PEACE.

BY THOMAS CHASE, M.A.

If any intelligent man could be brought for the first time face to face with the scenes of war,—unbiased by the false splendour with which it has been invested by historians and poets, or by the tales of chivalry, and the applause of unthinking crowds,—ere yet in his hearing any "sober brow" had "blessed it and approved it with a text," who can doubt that he would shrink with horror and incredulity from the sight of such work of demons? Who doubts, that in the light of reason, he would pronounce such a barbarous mode of adjusting difficulties most preposterous and absurd, every way unworthy rational beings, a stigma on their intelligence, a disgrace to their candour, their right feeling, and their humanity; and that, in the light of revelation, he would recognize it as murder run riot,—as the carnival of hatred, revenge, and every un-Christian sentiment and lust,—as a gross defiance and insult against God, and the very acme of injury and sin on the part of man against his brother?

Still more, if he would take the New Testament in his hand, and attentively compare its cardinal Law of Love, its injunctions to long-suffering, forbearance and forgiveness, its blessings on the peace-makers, and the whole tenor and spirit of its teachings, with the deeds of war, and the dispositions, feelings and motives which prompt those deeds, would he not at once recognize the utter incompatibility of war with Christianity, and wonder that the so-called Christian world has so long tolerated an institution so Godless, so Christless, so wicked?

I put the question to every reader, whether, if any of you have ever candidly attempted to picture to yourselves the fury and evil passion, the carnage and mutilation of the battle-field, with the long, interminable train of woes that follow,—the wounds of bleeding hearts of widows, mothers, sisters, lovers—wounds never to be healed on this side of the grave,—the wide-spread demoralization resulting from army life and from the presence of an army in any community, and the loads of public

debt, imposing heavy burdens upon all for generations to come, but burdens especially heavy upon the poor,—you have not said in your heart of hearts, it is a hideous evil, it is a crying sin.

And yet, if a point of national honour is involved, and you are smarting under a sense of national wrong, you, and the whole community, are ready to cry out for war; and, when war comes, to sustain it with your influence, your money, and, if need be, your lives. For war is not only the crime, it is the lunacy of nations, a contagious, epidemic madness which fires the blood and turns the heads of whole communities at once.

The white robes of the bride of Christ should be pure and spotless; but they have been dragged in blood. The skirts of the visible Church are polluted with the gore of the battle-field, and stained with the tears of the orphan and the widow. War, it has well been said, seems to aim at setting up the kingdom of Satan in the earth; and yet the Church is its very bulwark. It says Godspeed to the warrior as he sets out on his mission of death. It asks God's blessing on the impending fight. It offers its thanksgivings, at almost every shrine in the land, for victories bought by murder. For the Church's error I give this explanation: that she has overlooked the evils of war partly on account of the virtues with which they are sometimes conjoined; she has unconsciously suffered herself to be beguiled with the fallacy that the end sanctions the means; above all, she has not sufficiently emancipated herself from that fatal alliance with the State, which began in the reign of Constantine—the source of so many of her errors and her woes—and she is still too ready to join hands with oppression, whenever "on the side of the oppressors there is power."

Let no one suppose that the advocates of peace are not willing to recognize and to honour the love of country, the love of man, the love of right, which have often led men to the field of battle. I read with mingled pain and pride, in the Harvard Memorial Biographies, the story of those sons of my Alma Mater, who, in the terrible struggle which convulsed this land, gave their lives,—a costly, but a willing sacrifice,—to preserve the integrity of their country. May my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, before I deny, or cease to honour, the conscientious love of freedom and of right, the generous self-sacrifice, the manly scorn of danger, which led you to the field to defend, by what you deemed righteous means, what was a righteous cause! But all the more do I detest and abominate that cruel Moloch who demanded a sacrifice which might have been spared.

Nor let anyone suppose that the abolition of war will lessen our opportunities for the exercise of grand virtues and heroic self-sacrifice. "Peace hath her victories, no less renowned than war." To attack popular wrongs, to defend despised truths, sometimes requires greater and higher courage than to march up to the cannon's mouth. Even physical courage shines the brightest when it is exerted to save life, and not to destroy. He who plunges into the wave to rescue a drowning man, he who fearlessly arrests the mad career of a frightened horse hurrying a carriage-load to destruction, or the fireman who breasts a sea of fire to deliver his fellow-creatures from cruel death,—is his courage ever outshone on the battle-field? What self-sacrifice is greater than his who renounces the world's wealth, pleasures, and honours, rather than violate his conscience on a single point, or in order to devote himself singly to the service of his Redeemer? What form of heroism

in war is there which cannot be equalled, nay, what which cannot be excelled,—in the bloodless battle with Sin and Evil, within us and around us, to which we are all summoned?

I have acknowledged that men sometimes go to the battle-field from noble motives: I admit, also, that Providence is sometimes pleased to overrule war for the accomplishment of ends conducive to freedom, progress, and human welfare. The poet dares to say, "Carnage is God's daughter." I will not criticise the bold metaphor; but, in the same sense, His Daughters are Fire, Pestilence, and Famine! "He maketh the wrath of man to praise Him;" but this is to the glory of His wisdom and omnipotence, not to the justification of human wrath.

So long as in any community fists, or clubs, or pistols are regarded as proper instruments for avenging insults or settling disputes between man and man, they will be used, and used frequently. The moment that an enlightened public sentiment has set the brand of its reprobation upon such barbarous instrumentalities, they will be abandoned, and men will find that they can adjust their differences, more easily and satisfactorily than before, by candid argument, or arbitration, or the regular course of law. This is no fancy; it is the well-known experience of mankind in the matter of private violence. Even duelling has been well-nigh extirpated in all civilized countries, and the day is not far distant when it will be no more known forever. And why cannot what has been done in the narrower field be done in the wider? The world is finding out, more and more every day, that in ethics, political economy, and everything that concerns social life, there is not one law for individuals, and another for States.

The first and most obvious remedy for alleged grievances is candid discussion and conference between the parties concerned. That this has not been more effectual hitherto, in national disputes, is owing chiefly to the fact that the aggrieved party, if it cannot at once obtain the admission of its alleged wrongs, and the grant of its perhaps extravagant demands, is ready to threaten and resort to war. Remove the possibility of falling back upon this remedy of violence, and who doubts that reason would often have the opportunity to assert her rightful sway? What is more consistent with the dignity of two great nations—like England and America, for example—than that each should candidly state to the other its own view of the points in controversy between them, and endeavour to establish it by fair argument, and at the same time stand ready to listen to the other nation's answer with the same attention and candour which it demanded for the consideration of its own statement and demands? In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, such peaceful conference and discussion ought to suffice for the settlement of all points of controversy.

But many difficult questions may arise, upon which irreconcilable prejudices may prevent the two nations from seeing alike. In such cases let the matter be submitted to the arbitration of some impartial sovereign or commission of men. These two methods, Diplomacy and Arbitration, have already been successful in preventing many wars. What I contend for now is, that they would be vastly more successful than they have been, in adjusting international differences, were war, that ugly resort of obstinate prejudice and selfish pride, forever taken out of the way.

If it be conceivable that cases

should arise too difficult for solution by either of these modes, there remains the remedy which so many wise statesmen and philanthropists have suggested and approved, of establishing the august tribunal of a Congress or a Supreme Court of Nations, composed of the ripest jurists and the purest statesmen of all lands, and gradually maturing a system of international justice, prescribing rules and precedents for the settlement of every possible dispute in the strictest accordance with the eternal laws of right, and the revealed, unchangeable will of God. Is not the plan feasible? Are there not integrity and wisdom enough in the great nations of Christendom at this moment to establish and sustain such a tribunal?

I believe that the world is already sufficiently wise, sufficiently Christian, to find these three remedies for national quarrels amply sufficient, if it would only banish the wicked remedy of war; that, in all ordinary cases, the first remedy would suffice, but, when it did not, there would be no country so unreasonable as not to accept either the award of impartial arbitrators or the verdict of an august court of the wisest jurists of the world. And even if there were sometimes a hitch in the proceedings, and painful controversies were kept open, when these means, worthy of enlightened and Christian nations, were resorted to, it would be no worse than it is now. Are not wars often long, and lingering, and indecisive? Do they not often end in a manner most unsatisfactory to every one of the parties concerned? Nay, is it not often the case that a much more satisfactory settlement could have been made before the war than was made after it? There is no doubt that the adoption of reasonable and Christian methods of adjustment would vastly diminish, and I believe they would soon completely remove, such cases of controversies vexatiously prolonged or imperfectly settled.

"From whence come wars and fightings among you? Come they not hence, even of your lusts that war in your members?" But war is also a cause,—the fearful cause of crimes innumerable and unutterable, of passions most deadly and insatiable, of woes unparalleled and unmeasured. Murder is well-nigh banished from Christian communities; yet, murder is a consequence of hatred—"whosoever hateth his brother is a murderer," and hate is not yet extinct. Let the Church issue her fiat, and expel war from the Christian world. She will not eradicate all evil passions from the human heart, but she will remove forever one of the fields most conducive to their action, and the opportunity most favourable for their running riot.

We have faith that the Christian sentiment of mankind can destroy war, and that it will destroy it, for this simple reason, that war is wrong. Nothing is invincible but the Right. However venerable with years, however safely intrenched in custom and precedent, all wrong is intrinsically weak and perishable. Though baptized, like Achilles, in the waters of hell, the giant War has at least one spot where the arrow of Truth can find him. Some day he will receive his death-wound, and, as men gaze at his hideous corse, they will wonder that he did bestride the earth so long like a Colossus; that men so long spoke of him with reverence and bated breath. The time will come, and we must help it to come—for God demands our co-operation in all his gracious purposes for the progress of our race—when "nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more." "The battle-bow shall be cut off, and he shall speak peace" even "unto the

heathen." "Down the dark future," —nay, let us trust that in the near future, the next generations,

" The echoing sounds grow fainter, and then cease;
And, like a bell, with solemn, sweet vibrations,
I hear once more the voice of Christ say, 'Peace!'

" Peace!—and no longer, from its brazen portals,
The blast of war's great organ shakes the skies;
But, beautiful, as songs of the immortals,
The holy melodies of love arise."

LAST THINGS.*

BY THE REV. W. I. SHAW, LL.D.,

Principal of Wesleyan Theological College, Montreal.

The department of Eschatology in Divinity is far from its complete development. We owe it to Athanasius that in the fourth century the scientific statement of the doctrines of the Trinity and the Person of Christ made such advance that the results are permanent to this day. We are similarly indebted in Anthropology to Augustine of the fifth century, and in Soteriology to Anselm of the twelfth century, and to Luther and Calvin in the sixteenth century. But the remaining department, relating to last things, is now awaiting a similar scientific treatment, and the variety of theories respecting post-mortem conditions indicates such activity of thought as may crystallize into a system of doctrine which will be symmetrical and free from the traditional errors which have come down to us chiefly through the Latin Church. We are satisfied we have the truth, but the truth here does not come to all believers with the same uniformity as in other departments of theology.

It cannot be claimed that Wesley has given us here the exactness of statement we find elsewhere. The influence upon his thought of Premillennial Adventism the impartial student cannot ignore. The evils resulting from this error were not as conspicuous in his day as since, and his great and deserved esteem for Bengel betrayed him into countenancing to some degree, without

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* We print by the author's permission, from Dr. Shaw's admirable "Digest of the Doctrinal Standards of the Methodist Church," the accompanying discussion of this important subject.

Dr. Shaw's method is to set forth the doctrinal standards of the Methodist Church as contained in the Twenty-Five Articles of Religion, of Wesley's Notes on the New Testament and his first Fifty-Two Sermons. These are expressed in this paper in the small type sections, the rest being Dr. Shaw's lucid explanations and comments.

In his valuable Introduction to his volume Dr. Shaw well remarks: "Some sort of creed is essential to every religion or ecclesiastical organization. . . Harmony with principles held in common is essential to all organization. There is, therefore, no need of apologizing for creeds. They are a simple and palpable necessity.

"No creed contains the whole truth. It is given to different branches of the Catholic Church to bear testimony to different truths as it is to develop different types of Christian life. It is not claimed by any Protestant Church that in creed it is inerrant. At best its creed is presumably an honest attempt to condense into symbolic form such truths as it feels called upon to emphasize. Naturally the aim is to condense the most truth into smallest compass. On the whole, however, the briefest creeds have occasioned the most dissension. It has often been the case that the briefer the form the more uncertain has been its meaning. This is owing to the faltering weakness and inadequacy of language. The whole period of creed formation, from the Augsburgh Confession, 1530, to the Westminster Confession, 1647, inclusive—an age most prolific in creeds—is a running commentary on these statements.

fully endorsing, the views of this able and devout scholar. Bengel, born 1687, died 1751, was an evangelical Lutheran, very conservative in his study of the letter of Holy Scripture. His method of literalness led him, as it has led others since, into error and miscalculation.

Among the results of his system were these: The final rage of Antichrist extends for three and a half years, from A.D. 1832 to 1836. The fight with the beast from the abyss and his overthrow by Christ's appearing were to occur on June 18, 1836. From then to A.D. 2836 Satan was to be bound, and then loosed for a season until 2947. From A.D. 2836 to 3836 would be the millennial reign of saints in heaven, and the latter year the date of the end of the world and the last judgment. History certainly plays havoc with such exposition, whether given by Bengel or the less cultured Millerites, whose date for the consummation was fixed a decade later than Bengel's. Do the Standards, however, favour such views? We will see as we collate what limited teaching they give us concerning last things.

1.—THE MILLENNIUM.

The millennium is a period of the general prevalence of Christianity in the world, interrupted, however, by the great apostasy and the appearing of the "man of sin."

NOTES.—Rom. xi. 12: The fulness or conversion of the Jews shall be the riches of the world. Rom. xi. 25: The fulness of the Gentiles shall come in, in the sense that the vast heathen nations shall accept Christianity. 2 Thess. ii. 3: The man of sin, "Eminently so called, *is not come yet.* However, in many respects, the Pope has an indisputable claim to those titles, the man of sin, the son of perdition." In support of this comment the intolerance, cruel persecutions, and corruption of the Papacy are cited. 2 Thess. ii. 7: "The 'mystery of iniquity' is not wholly confined to the Romish Church, but extends itself to others."

The nature of the millennium is material or spiritual according to the source of our ideas concerning it. If we allow ourselves to be affected by the Judaizing influences which often dimmed the sight of the disciples, we may go so far as Papias, and revel in the prospect of a period of unlimited luxury and material enjoyment. Our judgment will, however, be more correct as well as more sober if we remember the wealth of spiritual significance there is in the numbers so conspicuously used in the Apocalypse, and we will not be far astray in associating with 1,000 (*mille*, χίλιοι) the idea of perfection and supremacy as truly prefiguring in one thousand years the golden age of love and virtue and knowledge to which Christianity is bearing us; not that then individual freedom will or can be set aside, but

> "Jesus shall reign where'er the sun,
> Doth his successive journeys run."

in education, science, philosophy, society and government, in the sense of His ex-

"It is sometimes said in pleasantry that the Methodists have the longest creed in Christendom, in the Sermons, Notes and Articles hereafter analyzed. There are certainly some advantages in such a mode of declaring our faith. First, it is more easily understood, because of explicit statement; and second, it is more free from shibboleths, and is not so likely to create a blind, narrow prejudice for a human form of words. The meaning is explained rather than condensed. The Standards under consideration, it is to be remembered, are of authority only for the ministry. A member's relation to the Church is determined only by spiritual life and by haracter. As to creed, he may be a Calvinist or a Baptist or a Pre-Millennial Adventist without imperilling his membership. But for agree·ent of faith on the part of the ministry these Standards are authorized.

"It should be observed that in no Protestant Church are creeds exalted above the Holy Scriptures, or even made co-ordinate with the Scriptures. The Word of God is supreme. There is much force in the position of Rev. Dr. Briggs, in his defence before the Presbytery of New York, that if his views can be shown to be scriptural, even though conflicting with the Westminster Confession, they must be accepted by the Presbyterian Church, inasmuch as in that case, though opposing one part of the Confession, still "they must be received, because the Scriptures are the Word of God." (Conf. C. 1, iv.) So we say that if a doctrine be scriptural, it must be Methodist, for according to our Standards the Bible is the sole rule of faith and practice.'

ercising directly through His Church the most active influence in human affairs.

The demonstration of the Man of Sin in the great apostasy is a fruitful theme for dogmatists in prophecy. Wesley falls in with the habit of applying this title to the Pope, but he is wise enough afterward to admit that the "mystery of iniquity" is not wholly confined to the Romish Church. . . We do well to study the movements of great influences not by any means confined to Romanism—great forces of evil, infidelity, anarchy, lust, as well as ecclesiastical oppression wherever found, as with growing hatred they mass themselves for "the battle of that great day of God Almighty."

2.—HADES.

Hades is the state of incorporeal spirits, good and bad, between death and the resurrection. It is without any disciplinary or purgatorial agency.

ARTICLES.—XIV.: "The Romish doctrine concerning purgatory, pardon, worshipping, and adoration, as well of images as of relics, and also invocation of saints, is a fond thing, vainly invented, and grounded upon no warrant of Scripture, but repugnant to the Word of God."

NOTES.—Matt. xxii. 32: "The soul does not die with the body." Luke xvi. 22: Abraham's bosom—"so the Jews styled paradise, the place where the souls of good men remain from death to the resurrection." Acts ii. 27: Thou wilt not leave my soul in hades—"the invisible world. But it does not appear that our Lord ever went into hell. His soul when it was separated from the body did not go thither, but to paradise. The meaning is, Thou wilt not leave my soul in its separate state, nor suffer my body to be corrupted." 1 Cor. xv. 55: "Hades literally means the invisible world and relates to the soul." 2 Cor. v. 8: "The happiness of the saints is not deferred till the resurrection." 2 Cor. xii. 4: He was caught up into paradise—"The seat of happy spirits in their separate state between death and the resurrection." Rev. i. 18: "Hades, that is, the invisible world. In the intermediate state the body abides in death, the soul in hades." So Rev. vi. 8. Rev. xx. 13: "*Hades, the receptacle of separate souls.*"

SERMONS.—LI., II., 5, 6, 8, 9, 10: "It cannot be questioned that separate spirits have some way to communicate their sentiments to each other, but what inhabitant of flesh and blood can explain that way?" "But will not some kind of sight remain, although the eye be closed in death? And will there not be something in the soul equivalent to the present sense of hearing? Nay, is it not probable, that these will not only exist in a separate state, but exist in a far greater degree, in a more eminent manner, than now, when the soul, disentangled from its clay, is no longer 'a dying sparkle in a cloudy place;' when it no longer 'looks through the windows of the eye and ear;' but rather is all eye, all ear, all sense, in a manner we cannot yet conceive?" The sermon states the view that after death there will be continued activity of memory, consciousness and understanding.

The Westminster Confession (Article XXXII.), in order to avoid all the errors connected with the doctrine of the Intermediate State, holds that immediately at death the righteous pass into "the highest heavens," and the wicked into hell. The errors thus avoided are striking and pernicious. The chief one is the doctrine of Purgatory, with all that it implies of masses and prayers and offerings for the dead. There is also the error of Psychopannychy, or Sleep of the Soul until the Resurrection, supported by John Locke, Rothe and Archbishop Whately.

However, the attitude of the Confession is scarcely justifiable in ignoring a scriptural term with the doctrine which that term so clearly sets forth. Error will sufficiently be avoided by adherence to the simple meaning of the word before us. Hades, derived from *a*, priv., and *eidon*, to see, simply means the unseen world of disembodied spirits into which Christ passed, of whom it was said, "Thou wilt not leave my soul in Hades," including therefore paradise. We read also that "in Hades" Dives "lifted up his eyes, being in torment." The state is, therefore, one both of bliss and suffering; that is, of conscious existence. There is no authority for associating with it any purgatorial element either in the gross material form of Roman Catholic theology, or in the more spiritual form of thought of the Greek Church, or in its inception in the limited extent to which it is taught by Dr. Pusey in his able work, "What is of Faith as to Everlasting Punishment?" It is a state rather than a place. The doctrine of Hades Wesley unquestioningly adopts from Anglicanism, at the same time repudiating the errors with which the doctrine has been corrupted.

3.—THE SECOND ADVENT.

Christ will come again in visible form in His glorified body to judge

the quick and the dead. His coming will not precede the millennium.

ARTICLES.—III. : "Christ did truly rise again from the dead, and took again His body, with all things appertaining to the perfection of man's nature, wherewith He ascended into heaven, and *there sitteth until He return to judge* all men at the last day."

NOTES.—Matt. xxiv. 3, 29, 36: Time of His coming unknown, "yet it might afterwards be revealed to St. John." 1 Thess. iv. 15, 17: The exposition given of the order of events in this passage is that commonly received by representatives of the post-millenarian view, and significantly passes by the doctrine of the two resurrections, so conspicuous in Pre-millennial Adventism.

In honour the fact must not be ignored that in one of the three standards, viz., the Notes, the whole Pre-millennial Adventist system of Bengel is reproduced with a long chronological outline worthy of Miller or Cummings, fixing the Second Advent at June 18, 1836, and carrying the Millennium forward to A.D. 2836, when Satan would be loosed for a little time.

Is it legally incumbent to believe this? No; for—First, history proves it is false. The blindness of Roman Catholic faith in accepting the dogma of Papal infallibility, and shutting one's eyes to the fact universally recognized that Pope Honorius was anathematized by a General Council as a heretic, has not happened in part or at all to our Protestant Israel. Second, while Wesley gives his whole exposition of the Apocalypse after Bengel, he states, in his introductory Notes, "Every part of this I do not undertake to defend." So far as his views are legally authoritative, the latitude he here claims for himself is certainly secured legally to us. Again, amid the solemn imagery of the Dragon, the Beast and the False Prophet, in CXX. v. 3, he says: "How far these expressions are to be taken literally, how far figuratively only, who can tell?" This disclaimer is his own. Nothing like it is found either in Bengel's *Gnomon* or his *Ekklarte Offenbarung*. Thirdly, the brief references in the other standards to the Second Advent are opposed to the pre-millennial view, especially the unequivocal and conclusive statement of Article III. of the simultaneousness of the General Judgment and of the Second Advent. Christ "ascended into heaven, and THERE SITTETH UNTIL HE RETURN TO JUDGE all men at the Last Day," or, as it is in the Apostles' Creed, "Thence He shall come to judge the quick and the dead."

The pre-millennial view implies that the world is growing worse. Methodists, with other evangelical Churches, are much encouraged by success in their work to make it better. The pre-millennial view is a reflection on the adminstration of the Spirit as a failure, needing the reappearance of our Incarnate Lord to supply the defect. Methodists, with better faith, "believe in the Holy Ghost." The pre-millennial view represents Christ as literally enthroned in Jerusalem, or some such place. Methodists remember with satisfaction His words, "My kingdom is not of this world." Many Pre-millennial Adventists anticipate the settling of converted Jews in Palestine. Most Methodists consider they would be better off in Christian homes in Anglo-Saxon lands, and prefer to regard the gorgeous imagery of their restored glory in prophecy as prefiguring what is of infinitely greater importance than any earthly conditions and more appropriate to the broader economy of grace, viz., the widening of the first and typical covenant made to Israel into the riches of spiritual benefit of priesthood and kingship offered to Jews and Gentiles in the new covenant of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

4.—THE GENERAL RESURRECTION.

"All that are in their graves shall hear the voice of the Son of God and shall come forth."

NOTES.—Mark xii. 27: If God be the God not of the dead but of the living, "there must needs be a future state of blessedness and a resurrection of the body to share with the soul in it." Luke xx. 38: "*The body is an essential part of man.*" The relation of God as the God of the living implies its resurrection. 1 Cor. xv. 20: The resurrection of Christ is the earnest, pledge and insurance of their resurrection who slept in Him, even of all the righteous. It is of the resurrection of these, and of these only, that the Apostle speaks throughout this chapter." 1 Cor. xv. 38: To every seed its own body. Not only peculiar to that species, but proper to that individual, and arising out of the substance of that very grain. 1 Cor. xv. 42, 44: The resurrection body is "utterly incapable of either dissolution or decay." "It is endued with qualities of a spiritual nature, like the angels of God." 2 Cor. v. 4: "Not that we would be unclothed; not that we desire to remain without a body. Faith does not understand that philosophical contempt of what the wise Creator has given."

On the doctrine of the resurrection we obtain from the eastern fathers more spiritual, and from the Latin Church, as on several other doctrines, more materializing, interpretation. The former are probably the most prevalent among more thoughtful Protestants. The idea of exact identity of particles is generally pronounced irrational and impossible. It is not taught in the Standards. The certainty of the resurrection is taught in the Scriptures, but it forms the culmination in the series of supernatural events. In a certain sense, at the beginning of the series, we have Christ coming into human life in normal conditions. At the end we have His people released from the sufferings of such conditions. At the beginning, Christ coming from heaven to earth; at the end, His people coming from earth to heaven, the completion of His work, "to wit, the redemption of our body." The climax of the resurrection can no more be understood than the initial miracle of the incarnation.

5.—THE GENERAL JUDGMENT.

The general judgment following the resurrection will be both universal and individual. It will be before the universe a vindication of the Divine administration and a determination of individual rewards and punishments according to the deeds done in the body.

ARTICLES.—III: "Christ ascended into heaven, and there sitteth *until He return to judge all men at the last day.*"

NOTES.—Rom. ii. 5: "When God shall be revealed, then shall also be revealed the secrets of men's hearts." Rom. ii. 11: "He will reward every one according to his works. But this is well consistent with his distributing advantages and opportunities of improvements according to His own good pleasure." 1 Cor. iii. 13: "The strict process of that day by fire will try every man's doctrines whether they come up to the Scripture standard or not. Here is a plain allusion to the flaming light and consuming heat of the general conflagration. But the expression when applied to the trying of doctrines and consuming those that are wrong, is *evidently figurative, because no material fire can have such an effect on what is of a moral nature.* This text is so far from establishing the Romish Purgatory that it utterly overthows it. For the fire here mentioned does not exist till the day of judgment." Heb. ix. 27: After this the judgment. "Of the great day. At the moment of death every man's final state is determined. But there is not a word in Scripture of a particular judgment immediately after death."

SERMONS.—XV., II., 2: "If we consider the number of persons who are to be judged, and of actions which are to be inquired into, it does not appear that *a thousand years* will suffice for the transactions of that day; so that it may not improbably comprise several thousand years. But God shall reveal this also in its season."

6.—HELL.

Hell is a place of confirmed opposition to God, a place of everlasting sin and of everlasting punishment.

NOTES.—Matt. iv. 22: Gehenna, or Valley of Hinnom, with its fires and its impurity explained to be "a fit emblem of hell." Matt. xxv. 46: "It is particularly observable here, (1) that the punishment lasts as long as the reward; and (2) that this punishment is so far from ceasing at the end of the world, that it does not begin till then." Mark ix. 44: The fire *either material or infinitely worse*, that tormenteth the body, is not quenched for ever." Luke xii. 46, 47: The portion of the unfaithful servant is an everlasting portion. His having much knowledge will increase, not lessen his punishment. John iii. 3: If men reject Christ, "their eternal aggravated condemnation would be the certain consequence." 2 Thess. i. 9: "As there can be *no end of their sins* (the same enmity against God continuing), so neither of their punishment; sin and its punishment running parallel throughout eternity itself. They must of necessity, therefore, be cut off from all good and all possibility of it." James v. 1, 2 Peter i. 12, 2 Peter iii. 7, Jude vi. 7.

SERMONS.—II., 10., V., 1.: "Being already dead in spirit, dead to God, dead in sin, man hastened on to death everlasting; to the destruction both of body and soul, in the fire never to be quenched."

Laxity on the subject of retribution and laxity in one's views of sin are reciprocal in their influence. With growth of luxury and easy views of sin and lax conceptions of obligation and law, there arises a demonstrative protest against eternal retribution. Men become restless under restraint, and God is charged with tyranny because He maintains His justice. But the doctrine of hell is so clearly revealed in Scripture that its denial means the necessary rejection of the Bible as authoritative. This doctrine has been prominent in the Methodist as in all other revivals, and must have a promi-

nent place in the thought of all true, loving, faithful ministers of Christ, whose declaration is, "knowing therefore the terrors of the Lord, we persuade men," who are less concerned about saving their creed than about saving souls as brands from the burning.

As in other departments of eschatology so here there are the two methods of interpretation—the literal and materializing on the one hand, and on the other the figurative. The latter implies no abatement of the severity of the doctrine, and is probably most widely followed.

The errors on this subject are Universalism, Conditional Immortality, Post-mortem Probation and Restorationism. To all of these the Standards are unequivocally opposed.

7.—HEAVEN.

Heaven is a place of confirmed harmony with God, a place of everlasting holiness and of everlasting bliss.

NOTES.—Matt. v. 5: "The righteous shall hereafter possess the new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness." Matt. xxv. 46: The reward of the righteous is everlasting life. Rom. viii. 21: The creation itself shall be delivered. "Destruction is not deliverance. Therefore, whatsoever is destroyed or ceases to be, is not delivered at all. Will then any part of the creation be destroyed?" Into the glorious liberty—"the excellent state wherein they were created." 2 Cor. ix. 6: "God will proportion the reward to the work and the temper whence it proceeds."

SERMONS.—XXVI., III., 8: We pray for the coming of His everlasting kingdom, the kingdom of glory in heaven, which is the continuation and perfection of the kingdom of grace on earth. Consequently this, as well as the preceding petition, is offered up for the whole intelligent creation, who are all interested in this grand event, *the final renovation of all things by God's putting an end to misery and sin, to infirmity and death*, taking all things into His own hands, and setting up the kingdom which endureth throughout all ages.

In the interpretation of Scripture references to heaven there are the materializing method before described, and its opposite, especially in dealing with the gorgeous representations of the Apocalypse, with its harps and crowns and golden streets. In slighting the former we must not, however, forget the strong presumptions there are in favour of our renovated world being literally the abode of the ransomed; not the earth alone, for it must be too small for the multitude which no man can number, the great majority of the human race, but the whole creation waiting with us for adoption, the redemption of our body.

THE TAPESTRY WEAVERS.

Let us take to our hearts a lesson—no lesson can braver be—
From the ways of the tapestry weavers on the other side of the sea.

Above their heads the pattern hangs, they study it with care,
The while their fingers deftly work, their eyes are fastened there.

They tell this curious thing, besides, of the patient plodding weaver,
He works on the wrong side evermore, but works for the right side ever.

Ah! the sight of its delicate beauty, how it pays him for all his cost!
No rarer, daintier work than his was ever done by the frost.

Then the master bringeth him golden hire, and giveth him praise as well,
And how happy the heart of the weaver is, no tongue but his own can tell.

The years of man are the looms of God, let down from the place of the sun,
Wherein we are weaving alway, till the mystic web is done;

Weaving blindly, but weaving surely, each for himself his fate;
We may not see how the right side looks, we can only weave and wait.

But, looking above for the pattern, no weaver need have fear,
Only let him look clear into heaven—the Perfect Pattern is there.

If he keeps the face of our Saviour, for ever and always in sight,
His toil shall be sweeter than honey, his weaving is sure to be right.

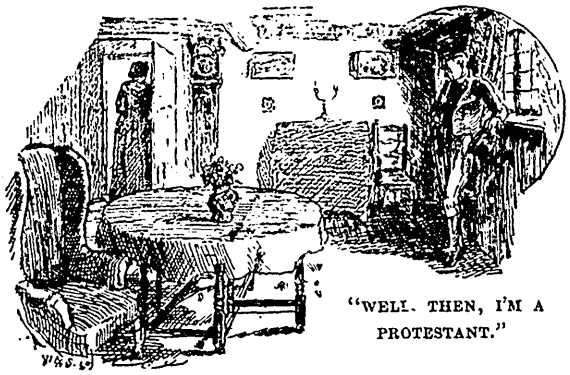
And when his task is ended, and the web is turned and shown,
He shall hear the voice of the Master, it shall say to him: "Well done!"

And the white-winged angels of heaven, to bear him thence shall come down,
And God for his wage shall give him—not coin, but a golden crown.

THE HAND ON THE HELM.

A STORY OF IRISH METHODISM.

BY FREDERICK A. TROTTER.



"WELL, THEN, I'M A PROTESTANT."

CHAPTER X.

COMPENSATIONS FOR ROSE.

Poor Rose was in a dilemma. Brought up to believe that unquestioning obedience was the duty of the young to all in authority in church or home, she felt the commands of her dead father lie heavy on her soul. It was the custom, too, of her country at the time for the parents to arrange "matches" for their children, without considering it needful to take the feelings or inclinations of the young people into consideration. If the girl "had nothin' again' the man," or, in other words, was free from any positive aversion to his person, it was looked upon as inexcusable for her to refuse to carry out the wishes of her parents by making their choice her husband at the earliest possible date.

As for Rose, her heart still clung to the absent Denis, even though he seemed to have either entirely forgotten her or to have fallen a victim to the vendetta of the Red Branch. Her father was now dead, and she was alone in the world, having no near relatives save Matt, her brother, who was still at St. Omer's finishing his theological course, to all intents and purposes dead to her and the world, according to the severe rules of his Church.

Were it not for Nellie O'Hannigan, daughter of the man called Mad O'Hannigan, life would have been almost unendurable in its loneliness to poor Rose. This girl had been engaged as help in the home before the old man's death, and having shown such deep and true sympathy with poor Rose, during her great trial, she became almost necessary to Rose's happiness. So she was promoted from the situation of humble domestic to that of companion, or general controller of the household under the mistress.

There was something exceedingly winning about gentle Nellie, so that her authority was never resented, nor was her lowly origin cast in her teeth by the dependents on the farm, though they belonged to a class peculiarly sensitive on such points. But having forgiven her her religion—for she was what is popularly known as a turncoat—it was easy to overlook such minor matters as her upbringing and her speedy promotion. In fact, so clearly did it appear that she had only the good of the other servants at heart, so ready was she to do them a kind turn with their mistress; so willing to use her in-

fluence in shielding them from the effects of their misrepresentations of each other; so just was she, so truthful, so worthy of confidence, that she soon won all hearts. The effects of her quiet restful faith in the Unseen soon began to be a power in the household, and were first felt by Rosie herself. Nellie's mistress began to note how different her religion was from that professed by most people in its effects on the life. How was it that she was unruffled and calm at times where others were irritable and excited? How did it come to pass that none had ever heard poor Nellie speak a rash, or unkind, or threatening word, though often provoked, as it seemed, beyond the power of endurance? There was a spiritual beauty, too, about her homely face, attracting in a strange degree the trust of all who were weak or in trouble.

To her, Rosie, by degrees, began to open her mind, and from her she began to find a secret of comfort and helpful guidance, such as she had never known before. The gracious Divine Presence, who was such a reality to poor Nellie, began to reveal Himself in all His blessed fulness, as the Saviour of men, to Rose's inner consciousness. At last she, with trembling hand, as an humble penitent, ventured to grasp the promise, "Whosoever will, let him come," and from that glad hour she began a new life of victory over self and sin, rejoicing in the conscious assurance of salvation.

Soon all her perplexities regarding her duty towards her father in the matter of Swanby were completely and satisfactorily solved in the clear spiritual light of the teaching of God's Word. It could never be that she, a child of God, should mate with an unbeliever.

"'For what fellowship hath light with darkness?' 'Only in the Lord can Christians unite,'" quoted Nellie, as the case was submitted to her. "You have chosen aright, dear mistress."

"And then," said Rose, "if he should ever come back?"

"Ah," said Nellie, "we won't talk of that now, miss. Shure 'tis one thing at a time is enough for us poor mortals. Whin that trouble comes it will be time enough for ye to face it. But who knows? Shure nothin' is too hard for the Lord. Pray fur Mr. Denis' conversion. If he's alive, and 'tis meself thinks he is, and no mistake, shure 'tis aisy fur the same power to reach to him as found us out. Who so unlikely as me? Maybe if he does come home, alannah, 'tis yourself wud be made the manes uv his bein' brought into the light, an' he wud be a jewel in your crown fur iver. Pray, miss, night an' day, fur him."

At this moment Rose, who was gazing absently out of the window during their conversation, gave a sudden start, and shrieked: "Look, Nellie, look! Oh, the villain!" she added.

Nellie rushed to the window and beheld, at the turn of the road, a man clapping his hands and urging on to fiercer fury a dog, which was in the act of attacking a harmless cat.

Poor puss had made a gallant defence, and though getting the worst of it, had evidently been able, at least, to make her escape good, for now she was flying, like the wind, in the direction of Bawnacoosheen, out-distancing her foe.

"'Tis our own pusheen, and, oh, Nellie, 'tis 'that man' Swanby. Look at him! He's actually laughin' at it. Horrid, horrid creature. That's enough, Nellie. He'll niver touch my hand again."

The next day, when Swanby called to pay his respects to the fair mistress of Bawnacoosheen, he was received with the utmost cold-

ness by Rosie, who, with great dignity, said: "Mr. Swanby, I must speak with you now, seriously."

Gently pushing away his proffered hand, she continued: "I must not take your hand in mine. I saw the scene in the boreen yesterday mornin'."

"Rose," said he, "don't take it so solemnly. After all it was only a cat."

"'Tis not merely of that I wish to speak. I have somethin' of much greater importance to say, though, indeed, it was very cruel and cowardly; at least it was shocking to me, that you should have urged on the dog when you saw him attack the poor defenceless creature."

"I assure ye, Rosie, I had no idea in the world that it was your cat."

"Mr. Swanby, that cannot by any possibility make the slightest difference. To have wantonly injured any poor weak creature would have been enough. Mr. Swanby, I have come to this room to-day on one errand, to tell ye plainly that I can niver marry you."

"What, Rose, you can't be in earnest? You must not—you shall not go back ov your word in this fashion! You must not. You can't deny the wishes o' your dead father. But," continued he, trying to possess himself of her hand, "Rose, I know you're only tryin' me. It is a joke. You could not, fur the sake ov a miserable cat, cast off your devoted lover, disgrace an' humiliate him in the eyes ov his neighbours, not to speak ov yourself, and the country talk it would be."

"I tell you now, Mr. Swanby, distinctly an' finally, that if there has been anything between us it is now over for iver. I niver did give ye my word, and I niver shall marry ye."

"You have heard something about my affairs, I'll engage. Now that's it. You won't join your fate wid a poor man's," sneered Swanby. "Then let me tell ye 'tisn't as bad as they say, either. A mortgage or two, what about it? Many's the good property is a bit encumbered."

"I tell ye, sor, I niver thought o' such things; but, since you must have it,—well, then, I'm a Protestant."

Had a ghost risen before him at that moment, Swanby could not have been more utterly astonished. Rose a Protestant! Rose, who was upon the eve of taking the veil; who, up till the other day, it seemed, was the most devoted of Roman Catholics. She a Protestant! The world was coming to an end! What next? Before he had time to recover from the stupor of amazement into which this startling announcement had thrown him, Rose had stepped away, and he stood alone in the summer parlour.

Of course it was all over. She spoke true there. He could never marry her. He realized that with all the force with which inexorable facts impress themselves upon the consciousness. But, at the same time, he must have vengeance.

Often was Swanby seen about the farm of the O'Sullivan's; many an interview he had with Larry, in private and secluded spots; often, too, unknown to Larry, he spent an odd half-hour in confidential chat with another servant on the farm.

Denis had received a pretended message purporting to come from Rose, and he must now be hastening on his way. Could he stand still and see Denis brought to her very arms by his own act? True, Denis was a Roman Catholic, Swanby thought; and yet, for a moment, he could not entertain the idea that Rose would refuse him on that account. Quite certain he

was of one thing, after all that had been said and done, Rose loved Denis with all her heart; and he well knew that this, of itself, was sufficient to give him a tremendous advantage over his rival; aye, to prevail too, in all likelihood, over even the lady's conscientious scruples.

"What was to be done, thin?" Thus cogitated Swanby, muttering to himself. "Let thim cursed Red Branches carry out their plans. That will do. I will punish them both. Denis will die like a dog, and Rose 'll break her heart whin she hears it, an' serve her right. Let her learn what it is to turn off a man like me, an' insult me to me face; not to spake of her bein' a heretic and desarvin' far worse."

CHAPTER XI.

THE BLACK CAP.

Rose and Nellie are sitting in the little parlour, which we know so well; the work of the day is over, and Nellie, with the week's darning in a basket at her feet, is selecting which of the shapely stockings she will commence operations upon, while her mistress is occupied with some sort of fancy work.

"So, Nellie, you tell me it was through you that your father was made a Protestant, six years ago, when we all thought the poor man was goin' mad. Though, indeed, Protestant or not, it would be well for most ov our neighbours if they were just as mad as poor O'Hannigan. It's himself is the changed man, and no mistake. He seems happy, contented, and well off, compared wid what he used to be; few would know him to be the same man."

"Indeed, miss, that is thrue, an' 'tis many a time me mother blesses me now fur what she blamed me so sore about, six years ago, when I towld him how the Saviour had forgiven my sins. I think I see me poor father's face thin whin I brought in the word ov what Mr. Ousely said at the first prachin' I was iver at, if I can be said to be at it, whin 'twas only at the door I was. Ses he: 'The soul that sinneth it shall die,' and 'Our God is a consuming fire.' Thim words stuck to me, togither with the word 'eternity,' which he had a way ov saying' that would burn it into your soul so that ye could niver forgit it. I did not loike it at all, and I towld me mother so, whin I got lave to come and see her; for, you know, I was at service at the time. My mother, she up and she says: 'Tell the swaddlin villain not to spake so loud; that ye don't want to hear his sermons when you're compelled to stay in the kitchen by reason o' the wet an' the cowld ov the winter nights outside.' But my father he just sat on the settle and niver a word he said, but he seemed loike a man that had seen a ghost. But, all the same, I minded what me mother bid me do, and the nixt time I knew that Mr. Ousely was to come to Quin's (that's the house, you know, where I was servant) I made up me mind that, whether he loiked it or not, I'd warn the preacher not to be injurin' me sowl wid his heretical doctrine. But, oh! alanna, dear, Miss Rose, wasn't it the marcy ov the Almighty alone that prevented me bein' taken at me word, an' the door of the Gospel from being shut for ever on my poor dark mind?

"At any rate, when Mr. Ousely had done prachin' that very night, I up and says to him, impitant enough—'tis meself is ashamed ov it whin I think ov it since—'I'd be obliged to ye, sur,' says I, 'if ye wouldn't spake so loud whin you're prachin' in the parlour, sur.'

"'Why, Nellie,' says he, kind

and smilin' as can be, and not a bit offended, 'how's this? I'm sure I'm downright sorry if I've inconvenienced you.'

"'Why, sor,' says I, 'indade 'tis meself has no sort ov a desire under heaven to hear a word ov your sermon, an' there's the truth fur ye.'

"'Why, Nellie,' says he, 'is that the truth ye are tellin' me? Am I to understand that you don't want to hear the servant of God deliver a message from Him?'

"'Well, sor,' says I, a bit confused, too, I can tell ye I was, on

ROSE AND NELLIE ARE SITTING IN THE LITTLE PARLOUR.

account ov the way he put the thing, 'It's not exactly that——'

"'Oh, I see,' he says. 'I know now what you mean, Nellie. I see, I see. It's me you don't want to hear. Well, now, considerin' that you have an objection to hear me preach, who is it that you would like to hear?'

"'Our own parish priest, sor,' says I, surely, 'or wan ov his curates, may be.'

"'Wouldn't ye like to hear his Master, Nellie?'

"'Is it the bishop?' says I.

"'No, the bishop's Master, I mean,' says he.

"'That must be the Pope, sor. There's nobody above the bishop but the Pope, sor. But what chance in the world wide has the loikes ov me ov hearin' his Holiness praich?' 'Tis makin' game ov me, I'm afeard ye are, sur. You know well, sor, I could niver hear a sarmon from the Pope.'

"'Ah, Nellie,' says he, ''tis a greater than the Pope I'm spakin' about; I mean the Lord Jesus Christ Himself, our adorable Saviour. Supposin', now, Nellie, that the word wint through the whole country that the Blessed Redeemer had come to earth again, and that He was goin' to praich in the next town, and supposing I was to come along here, past your mistress' door, an' that I was to look in and say to you, "Come along, Nellie, alannah, shure 'tis time ye wur gettin' on your bonnet an' shawl an' startin' for Duncroskery. Don't you see the crowds of eager people swarmin' on the road, all on their way to hear this wonderful discourse which is to be delivered by no less than the Holy Son of God Himself. Hurry, Nellie, hurry or you'll be late." Well, supposin', that, with a sorrowful heart, you should say to me: "Och, sor, 'tis sad I am this day, there's not a more disappointed girl in all the country, for I can't go to Duncroskery, an' I'm loike to miss this chance that I'd give ten years ov my life for, but I daren't lave the house. The mistress an' all the family is gone, an' I'm left in charge ov the place. I may stay here, for 'tis little blessin' I'd git even from the sarmon ov Christ

Himself if I neglected me duty to go hear it."

"'An' supposin', thin, I was to say to ye: "Well, Nellie, I'm proud of ye for your devotion to your duty, and I'm sure the Saviour himself would smile upon ye fur doin' what is right rather than what would be agreeable. But never mind, Nellie, I'm goin' to hear this wonderful discourse meself, an' I'll tell ye what I'll do. I'll take a book and pencil an' I'll write down every word the Blessed Teacher utters, just exactly as He spakes it, so you'll have His whole sarmon, word fur word, as it falls from His holy lips. That'll be nearly the same as bein' there yourself; better, in some respects, fur, may be, if ye were in the skirts of the big crowd, that's sure to be there, you'd miss much ov the sarmon by raison ov the distance." Well, now, Nellie, what would you think ov that?' said the good man, suddenly turnin' round and lookin' in me very eyes so bright and kind.

"'Indade, sur,' said I, 'that would be surely kind ov ye, an' I'm sure I'd be fur ever obliged to ye.'

"'By the way,' says he, thrustin' his hand into his breast pocket, 'I believe I've got a sermon praiched by the Saviour, an' took down that very way by a man that heard Him. It's in this little book.'

"'Who tuck it down?' said I, in amazement. 'Not yourself, shure?' It was a foolish remark, an' the minit I said it I blushed fur its folly. But the man looked an' spoke as if he had just come from the presence of Jesus a while ago.

"'No, no, Nellie,' says he, 'not by me, indeed, but taken down by a better man than iver I was. By your blessed Saint Matthew, whose feast your Church celebrates on the 21st of September.' Wid that he put up the book in his breast again. I thought I seen a twinkle in his eye, though, as he did so; for I'm thinkin' well he knew how strong curiosity was in us women. So as he was makin' towards the door I made bowld to catch him by the skirt o' the coat, an' ses I: 'Mr. Ousley, sor, if you're no' that busy, or in a very mortal hurry, would it be too much to ax your riverence to read us a bit ov that sarmon?'

"'Well, Nellie,' says he, 'I'm not in a very great hurry to-day, as it so happens, an' since you're anxious to hear this sarmon, why I'll spare a little time to read it to ye. Though,' he added, slyly; shure I thought ye did not like hearin' sarmons as a general thing.'

"Wid that, Miss Rose, he sat down, an' beginnin' at the fifth chapter of St. Matthew's Gospel, he read the whole ov that grandest sarmon that iver was uttered in this world. 'Tis meself knows ivery word ov it since then, but it was all new that day, and may be I didn't drink it in.

"When he finished I got up an' went over to the table, where the week's washin' was waitin' fur the ironin', preparing to begin the job that was waitin' fur me..

"'Thank ye, kindly, sor,' says I, liftin' the smoothin' iron. ''Twas gran'. 'Tis meself niver heard the loikes in all me life.' But just as I was turnin' round I caught sight of his face, and the sight of it made me stop, I can assure ye. He looked at me so strange like. Sorry, an' yit a bit angry, wan would think, too.

"'For shame, for shame, Nellie,' says he. 'Is that the way ye treat the blessed Saviour, that died fur ye?'

"For the life of me I could not tell what he meant. I dropped the smoothin' iron on the flure wid the fright I got, fur his look was fixed on me. The expression of his face said as plain as words, nearly: 'You've done something wrong;

you've committed a great sin, Nellie.'

"I looked at him, an' he looked at me fur half a minute, that seemed near half an hour. Then said he:

"'Nellie, ye wouldn't treat your mistress so. If she towld ye to do anything you'd go straight an' do it on the spot. But here's been your Maker, your God an' your Saviour, spakin' to ye and tellin' ye to do certain things, an' instead ov obeyin' Him on the instant, as 'tis surely the least ye could do, off ye turn to the ordinary business ov life, just as if you never had heard Him. I tell ye, Nellie, it's a downright insult to my blessed Master.'

"Well, Miss Rose, I trembled all over at that, and he continued, 'Why, here you've been listenin' to the blessed Saviour, sayin' to ye: "Ask, and ye shall receive; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you;" and "If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more will your Heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask Him?"'

"'An', sor, do ye really mean to say that the words ov that sarmon were for me?' says I, 'spoken to me loike as if they were orders from the mistress?'

"'Surely they are, Nellie O'Hannigan, just fur you, as if there were no other sinner on God's earth. Ask, now, Nellie, fur that blessin' which Jesus Himself bids ye ask fur. "Seek, and ye shall find."'

"'Ah, sor,' I said, 'if I only knew where I could git that blessin' 'tis meself would seek it on me bare knees ivery fut o' the road, if it was as far as the Holy Lough Derg, in the north.'

"'But, Nellie, you don't need to go so far at all, at all. How far, now, do you think you would need to go in order to find the glorious sunlight? Sure ye know well there's no need for ye to go to the eastern hills, where the sun rose this mornin', in order to get the blessed light ov day. 'Tis round you everywhere; 'tis here, in this very room, this very moment, while you're talkin'. And so the Holy Spirit is here. 'Tis He who makes you feel your sinfulness, and kindles that desire in your heart to seek God's face.'

"It wasn't long, Miss Rose, till I was on my knees seekin' fur pardon, an' I need hardly say to you, my dear mistress, that I date all my happiness in this world from that hour, which I'll remember when my years in eternity are as numerous as the furze blossoms on the Coneygar, which no man iver counted, or can count."

"'Twas a happy day for me, too," said Rose, "an' for me poor father, who is now in glory, thanks to your instrumentality, Nellie."

Her hands dropped upon her lap, and her fingers relaxed their hold upon her work. The tears soon came, and, welling up, ran down her cheeks; tears they were of mingled sadness and gratitude. She could not forget how many she loved were still strangers to the Gospel hope, more particularly her brother and her lover. Aye, what of Denis? Many and many a time, night and day, had that question pressed on her heart. Had he forgotten her and forsaken her, as his long silence seemed to hint? If, indeed, he still lived.

"Now, miss," said Nellie, "don't. plase don't do that. Wisha, what a fool I am! 'Tis better for me to say do it. Girl, alannah, let the grief have way. The clouds that don't weep in the gentle summer shower are soon burst into torrents by the thunderstorm. Your heart will find relief, dear. Lay your head down upon me breast and just cry your fill; 'twill do you good, me honey."

"Oh, Nellie, do ye think he is still in the land ov the livin'?"

"Niver fear, he is. Arrah, why wouldn't he ?"

"Shure, there is the vengeance of the Red Branches. 'Twas never known to fail. They'd track him like bloodhounds," said Rose.

"Well, 'tis off the track they are this time, I'm thinkin'," was the reply. "Shure, you know well, if he was dead Larry M'Loughlin would be the very lad to hear ov it first, no matter how far away the place where the deed was done. They have their own secret ways of communicatin', an' if Larry knew it, as sure as I'm talkin' to you, Swanby would hear it from him, an' 'tis himself would be only too glad to publish the news that the biggest obstacle to his marryin' you was removed. No, no, Miss Rose, you mus'n't be givin' way to such thoughts as that."

"Well, but if, as you say, he's alive, Nellie, why, oh why, does he not write? Surely if he's still in the land ov the livin', and loves me as I love him, he must know the cruelty he inflicts in keepin' up this long silence. Ah, no, Nellie, he no longer cares for me."

THE ELDER'S SIN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE PREACHER'S DAUGHTER."

CHAPTER XI.

"Is not the life well spent
Which loves the lot that kindly Nature weaves?
Which throws light pleasure over true content,
Blossoms with fruitage, flowers as well as leaves,
And sweetens wisdom with a taste of mirth?"

"Who crowneth thee with loving kindness and tender mercy."

One morning in the early winter Ann Carrick was sitting in the house-place with a measure of vegetables on her knee, which she was preparing for the midday meal. The room was in exquisite order; there was a bright fire on the snow-white hearth; and Ann sat with an air of happy serenity, busy about her duty, and yet listening to her father, who was at his organ filling the room with rolling cadences of sweet and solemn sounds.

Outside it was the dreariest of days. From the ocean came drifting fogs and showers of chilly rain. The hills loomed huge and pale in the misty air. The grey Lone House stood gaunt and gloomy amid its melancholy moors. But Ann was full of calm content in her clean, white home. The fire crackled and blazed, the soup bubbled beside it, and the little table was spread for an early dinner, so that they could begin the sooner a new book which had come the previous night.

Suddenly there was a momentary shadow. It was as if some one had passed the window. Ann looked up and listened to hear if there were a knock at the door. Ere she was satisfied, a pale face—almost ghost-like in the vapoury atmosphere—looked in at the window, and a hand beckoned her outside.

She put down her bowl of vegetables and obeyed the motion. There was no one in sight. Then she went around to the back of the house, and saw a woman leaning against the dairy door. She was in thin, wretched clothing. She

was shivering, and wet, and quite worn out. It was Jeannie. Ann knew her at the first glance. She ran toward her and clasped her in her arms; she gave her kisses and loving words of welcome.

"Gie me a drink o' milk, Nannie," were the first words Jeannie uttered; and Ann looked with fear and pity at the famishing creature, as she greedily drank it.

"I havena tasted since yestermorn, Nannie," she said wearily; "and I have walked—Oh Nannie, I canna tell you how far I have walked—sae many, many, weary, weary miles! I am dying of want and pain and sorrow. Oh Nannie, ask father to let me bide at hame!"

Ann led her sister into the dairy and made her sit down. "Eat and drink, my dearie!" she said. "Eat and drink your fill, Jeannie. You arena going awa' from us any mair, dearie. I'll go now and speak to father."

"Nannie, Nannie! I daurna see my father. What will he say to me at all? I am feared—I am feared to death to look into his face."

"Whist, dearie! You are sair changed, Jeannie. And father is a deal different. He is nearer to God, and kinder to folk."

Andrew was still playing. His face was uplifted, his fingers wandering among the keys. Ann put her hand on his shoulder, and said gently, and yet with a certain eagerness that arrested his attention,—

"Father! Father!"

"Weel, lassie, what is it? I was just trying to find a bonnie bit that has slipped awa' from me. It was only three or four notes, but I canna find them."

"Father! You have found mair this morn than a few lost notes—you have found the piece o' lost siller. You have found—O father! what—who do you think has come at last?"

"You have found your poor lost Jeannie!"

"Whar is she? whar is she? Ann Carrick, whar is my Jeannie? Tak' me to her, tak' me to her!"

"She shall come to you. She is in the dairy waiting for your word. What will I tell her?"

"Tell her she is long looked for. Tell her she is long forgiven. Tell her she is welcome to my heart and hame!"

He turned his sightless face eagerly to the door; and when he heard Jeannie's footsteps his brown cheeks flushed, and he opened wide his arms, and with a great cry took her to his breast. There the wretched woman sobbed out her sorrow and her love.

Andrew could say little. He took her face between his hands and kissed it. No words could have been so eloquent. It was an expression of affection so unusual that Jeannie in all her life could only remember one other like token of fatherly love,—the kiss he had given her on that Sabbath when she had made her confession of faith, and received her first communion.

Gradually, when she had been warmed and fed and clothed, she began to tell her pitiful story. The death of her baby, she said, had been the beginning of sorrows. Then Walter's business had gone wrong. He got a good situation and lost it. One financial trouble was followed by another, until the young man, thoroughly dissatisfied and disappointed, began to drink.

Then he had gone from bad to worse; and whatever dissolute, idle, unfaithful, cruel husbands can make a woman suffer, Jeannie had suffered from Walter Grahame. "He seemed at the last to take a great hatred to me," Jeannie said sadly. "I did a' I could, but he blamed me for his wasted life, and for a' that had happened; and sometimes I feared, when the

liquor had the mastery, that he would kill me outright."

She drew a terrible picture of the miseries she had had to endure in the rude frontier life to which she had been taken. Poverty had been the least of her sorrows, though poverty in its bitterest extremities she had been familiar with.

"Hungry for a bite o' bread, thirsty for a drink o' water, I hae many a time been, Nannie: sae hungry and sae thirsty that the thought o' the oat-cakes and the milk in the dairy was like the thought o' heaven; and I hae wept the nights awa' wi' such starving longings, and nane to speak a word o' love or hope to me."

"Wasna your husband wi' you, Jeannie?"

"He was vera seldom wi' me, and I grew to be glad o' his absence. He was vera cruel every way," said the poor creature, shrinking involuntarily, as if the memory could bring the blow she had evidently been used to experience.

"He drank the days awa', and the nights awa'; and the men he bided with were such as the de'ils in hell may be. At last he drank himsel' awa', and I couldna shed a tear for him. I was only glad that I had at last got from under his cruel hand."

"Whar was you then?"

"I was awa' in a far lonely place: but I watched for help, and I prayed for help, and in four months a waggon was sent to Sydney, and I got awa' with it. When we were fairly on the road, I cried for vera joy; for I had but one thought and one wish,and that was to see my home again. I prayed that God would give me this favour, though it was but to win to the door-stone and die there. Then, at least, I would be buried in dear auld Scotland, beside my mother and my ain folk."

"And whatever way did you get across the watter, my poor lassie?" asked Andrew, pitifully.

"I worked my way across as under-stewardess. A long, weary voyage it was, for I was like to drop the whole time. But folk werena bad to me, and I had twenty-four shilling pieces in fees when I left the ship. With this sum I got near to Carlisle, and I hae walked the rest o' the way."

"O Jeannie! Jeannie!"

"Ay, Nannie, it was weary wark. I begged a bite o' bread from poor cotter folk, and I slept in such shelter as I could find for mysel'. I hae been near two weeks on the road. When I saw my ain hame at last, I was that o'ercome I thought I should fall down and die ere I could reach the gate o' it. But I kept saying wi' every step I took forward, 'God help me!' and he did help me. So I won to my ain hame and my ain folk once mair. But I'm sair worn out, Nannie."

Poor Jeannie! she was two years younger than her sister Ann, but she looked twenty years older. Her own way to be happy had brought her nothing but hardship and suffering. The next day she was very sick; the exhaustion and exposure of her long walk were followed by a low fever, and for a month she was prostrate and helpless, and had to be nursed back to life with much love and constant care.

But after she was quite recovered she fell naturally into her place as her father's companion. And it soon became evident to Cosmo and Ann that they might now anticipate their own happiness without any shadow of care or reproach.

It is true, when Cosmo spoke to Andrew for his eldest daughter, Andrew was at first shocked and mortified. "I hae been vera selfish in my thoughts," he said with

an air of chagrin. "I thought, Cosmo, it was me mysel' you were coming to see sae far and sae oft; and it was Ann! and I was only the occasion. Weel! weel! A man must try and take his rebukes wi' due humility. You and Ann! And a' these years it was just you and Ann!—and I didna ken—I was blind!"

But this was only the first complaint of love that finds itself less prized than it expected and believed. When Cosmo had talked with him an hour, Andrew was ready to put himself aside and anticipate the happiness of a child who had been so kind and so faithful to him. And from this point it was easy to foresee many pleasures and advantages. He would then have a stronger claim on Cosmo, and one which the young minister would be proud and glad to admit. Both his daughters would have a protector when it pleased God to remove him; and this thought was a great consolation when he cast his fears into the future.

Then, as Ann reminded him, he would have two homes instead of one, and the long winters could be broken in two. One-half of them could be spent in Edinburgh, where he could hear all the grand sermons and all the grand music he was able to enjoy. Then, when weary of the excitement of the city, he could return to the lonely peace of the Galloway home.

So the marriage was accepted in a better spirit than the lovers had dared to hope; and finally it became a source of great interest to Andrew. He took the utmost pride in Ann's wedding garments, and drew liberally from his means to procure her "a dress o' white satin, that wouldna shame ony minister's bride." He was indeed quite amused and delighted to listen to Jeannie's descriptions of Ann's pretty purchases and presents; and when Cosmo put the plain gold wedding ring in his hand, and the band of diamonds that was to "keep" it, Andrew blessed them both, and said,—

"If a good wife is from the Lord, Cosmo, sae also is a good husband, Ann. You are baith the gift o' God to each other. 'Tis a grand thing, bairns, when you can call Christ to your marriage feast. Such marriages hae 'the blessing.' And that blessing will aye turn the water o' daily life into the best o' the wine o' Paradise. For there's naething like love, Cosmo. I ken that mysel'. I havena forgotten my ain dear wife Margaret. Indeed, I see her oftener since I was blind than I used to see her wi' baith my eyes open. And she's aye young and bonnie and sweet and comforting. Ann isna like her mother—few women can compare wi' her; but Ann is a good girl, Cosmo, and she will be true and brave and faithfu' to you in a' things."

This summer was a very happy one. Ann was gladly busy about her wedding, and Jeannie wandered up the hills with her father. They often took milk and oatcakes and a book with them, and spent the whole day among the heather. And in these confidential hours Jeannie told her father all that had happened to her, and the two drew very close together.

Gradually, too, Jeannie's old friends began to call upon her again, and there was a breath from the outside world that was pleasant enough—bits of broken chatter and gossip—rumours of old acquaintances and what they were doing, and like to do; and in this way also the monotony of life was broken for Andrew. A few years before no one would have made him believe that the comings and goings, the failures and successes, the births and weddings and deaths, among Port Braddon folk, could have been so interesting to him.

In the fine October weather, be-

fore the winter came on, Cosmo and Ann were married. The ceremony was performed in Port Braddon Free Kirk; and there Andrew, with a glad heart, gave his handsome, faithful daughter to the cousin who had been so faithful and so kind to him. There was a crowded kirk, and Ann was a noble-looking bride in her rich gown of white satin, and a soft white veil shading her bright brown hair and her rose-tinted cheeks. And Andrew saw her through Jeannie's eyes, from the orange flowers that crowned her, to the snowy bows on her snowy satin slippers.

"'Handsome? I should think she was handsome!" said Jeannie, as she sat pouring out her father's tea that evening. "You, nor any other, ever saw a handsomer bride, so stately looking, too, and so happy and modest. And the like of Cousin Cosmo for a dignified minister, isna to be met wi' in the bounds o' Scotland, father. And the way you stood by, and put Ann's hand in Cosmo's hand, brought the tears to every eye, father. For you looked sae proper and respectable, maist like a minister yoursel'; and I was just as proud o' my ain folk this morning as a queen o' her kingdom."

"I did weel then, did I, Jeannie?"

"You did a' things just parfect. When you sat at the head of the wedding feast, you looked like a blessing there; and your short prayer at the feast and at the going awa' couldna hae been mair affecting. O father, father, I am sure they will be happy!"

"It was a good bridal, Jeannie."

"I ne'er saw a bride and bridegroom go awa' wi' such a gracious feeling. Elder Scott said it was 'the maist solemnly happy occasion' he had ever been present at; sae serene, and yet sae full o' innocent pleasure.' Cosmo was that proud o' Ann, and Ann that proud o' Cosmo, and we were a' proud beyond everything o' our father. For you were just noble in a' you looked and said and did."

And Andrew was exceedingly happy in these praises. If it was vanity, it was a very sinless vanity. He was glad to have shown the kirk-folk what he thought a God-fearing, respectable wedding ought to be. Daffing and dancing and song-singing and joke-making at such a solemn transfer of all life's duties and affections had always seemed to Andrew a habit unworthy of pious and sensible men and women; and he hoped that Ann's wedding might stand for an example of a joyous occasion so innocently kept that Christ himself might have been bidden to the marriage feast at the Lone House.

Jeannie now took Ann's place in the house. But Jeannie's way was not Ann's way. When Jeannie became mistress, she made far less butter and cheese, and she did far less cleaning, but she read more and she walked more with her father; and the busy streets of Port Braddon grew familiar with the sight of the young woman and the old blind man, to whom she talked so constantly, telling him all they passed, and explaining, as they walked, all that was going on.

Grahame saw them often, but he always kept out of their way. Once, indeed, he could not do so: he came suddenly upon his old enemy; and Andrew, who was listening to something Jeannie was saying, lifted a smiling, sightless face to him. Jeannie trembled, but made no other sign; and Grahame was troubled and sad at the sight of her. He longed to speak to her, to ask her something about the son whom he would never more see. The news of his death had been a great shock; he had never been quite the same man since the terrible drinking-bout

which followed it. He had grown grey and shaking, and his business had become embarrassed, and the once prosperous, influential man had lost most of his money and his social prestige.

One day Jeannie went into Port Braddon alone. She had to visit the dressmaker's; and Andrew, not caring to accompany her, had remained at home with his organ. As she went down the street, she saw Grahame coming towards her. She dropped her eyes, and would have passed him; but he laid his big trembling hand on her, and said huskily, as he touched significantly the crape on her dress, and then the crape on his hat,—

"We hae baith the same sorrow? Is not that sae, lassie?"

And when Jeannie looked up at him, and saw the sorrow in the eyes searching her eyes, and saw the sad change in all about the man, she could not say the words she had always determined to say if Grahame spoke to her. She sighed, and answered,—

"It is for poor Walter!"

The words made the old man sob. He asked several questions, and she answered them kindly. Then, as he was leaving her side, he gave her the reproach her own father had always spared her:

"You and Walter had your wills, lassie," he said; "now you can sit at hame and count the cost o' them! And when you hae put a' else aside, as sorrows bygane and o'er, you can see the outcome o' them always near you,—your fayther is blind, and I am desolate and ruined and broken-hearted."

"Forgive me, Master Grahame. I am very sorry."

"Na! na! I canna do that. Sorrow does not undo the wrong; but if you like, you may say something to your fayther—your poor blind fayther—that I am sorry, too. That willna gie him back his sight, and your sorrow willna gie me back the hope and joy o' my life, my bonnie lad Walter. You see, then, that sorrow that mends naught is worth naught. Goodbye, lassie."

"Can I do aught to comfort you, Master Grahame?"

"No."

"Then may God comfort you."

"Ay; thar is nane else!"

Jennie walked very sorrowfully home. She found Andrew playing wonderfully on his organ; and all the still rooms of the Lone House were filled with some magnificent melody, to which he was singing, "Lord, thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations." He could not see Jeannie's troubled face; but as soon as she began to talk to him, he knew from her voice that some unusual event had happened.

So she told him of her meeting with David Grahame. She described the man's broken-hearted and broken-down appearance, and finally gave Andrew the message of contrition his old enemy had sent him. And Andrew went into his room, and prayed for the man who had so bitterly wronged him, while Jeannie sat silently on her old stool, pondering the miserable questions her father-in-law had asked her.

In an hour, however, Andrew was again making lofty and solemn music, and Jeannie was singing to it. For Jeannie had her father's taste and enthusiasm for music; and she had soon learned the technical part of it, and was thus able constantly to supply Andrew with new themes for his practice.

Not seldom they left Sarah Lochrigg in charge of the house, and went to Edinburgh for a few weeks; and these visits grew more frequent when Ann had a little son who was baptized Andrew. This boy was the senior Andrew's great joy; he delighted to cuddle him in his arms, and croon him to sleep

with some old Covenanting melody.

"I ken prettier songs," he would say to Ann, "but, maybe, dearie, this one will slip through his ears into his heart, and help to set the first note o' life to the right key."

Thus for many and many a peaceful, happy year, Jeannie and her father dwelt together in a calm joyousness, almost ideal in its serene purity and freedom from all earthly care. And day by day they climbed to the goal of an existence in which they spoke much oftener to God and of God than to the world and of the world.

For in the days of her great sorrow and loneliness in the Australian bush, Jeannie had found the Christ of the poor and the forsaken. She had proved His ineffable tenderness, and taken royal compassions from His pierced hands. And it was with Jeannie that Andrew learned first of all to sit down at the foot of the Cross.

When this great revelation came to him, he was like one that dreameth. He kept repeating to himself, "The Cross of Christ! The Cross of Christ! It cleanseth from all sin! Not willing that any should perish! In Christ all, all made alive! It is an amazing love! Amazing grace!" And he set these assurances to music so joyful and so triumphant, that it is worthy to be the prelude of an antiphony for the Church militant in all lands.

And.ew Carrick lived to be a very old man. Every year his faith grew stronger, and his nature riper and sweeter. Not very long ago Death touched his closed eyes, and they opened rapturously amid the loveliness of the "land very far off," and the joy of that multitude, which no man can number. And oh! after nearly ninety years of life's fitful fever,—

"How sweet is the slumber wherewith the King
Causeth the weary to rest!"

THE END.

A LILT O' THE MAISTER.

In Capernaum toon amang bad an' guid,
The Maister spak o' His body an' bluid:
An' the wheen wha had followed Him melted awa'
Like the last thin wreath o' the simmer snaw.
Whase lere they followed, I canna tell,
But they walked nae mair wi' Emmanuel.

Oh, sad was the tear i' the Maister's ee
The unbelief o' their he'rts tae see!
But He turned tae the Twal' that had bided thro' a',
An' He said: "Will ye also gang awa'?
Ye hae seen hoo the lave offence hae ta'en—
Bairns, will ye gang as the rest hae gane?"

Then oot spak' Peter—bauld was he
The foremaist ane o' the foremaist three—
"Maister," he said, "whaur else can we gang?
For the words o' life tae yersel' belang.
We hae seen an' we ken Whase Son ye be—
Ye're the very Christ o' God Maist Hie!"

Maister, the lere o' the warld is fair,
But it says, "Lo, here!" an' it says, "Lo, there!"
An' some wan'er East, an' some wan'er West,
But nane o' them kens which way is best;
An' some follow efter the fause marsh-licht,
An' are lost i' the everlastin' nicht.

Oh, whaur can we gang, if we gang na' wi' Thee?
Wha canst guide tae the lan' whaur the angels be?
Or whaur is the pathway that leads like Thine
Tae the fields whaur the sancts in glory shine?—
Whase lere tae follow we ken fu' well;
We will walk for aye wi' Emmanuel!

—*John T. Napier, in Pilgrim Teacher.*

A STUDY IN ETHICS.*

BY N. BURWASH, S.T.D.

Chancellor of Victoria University.

This volume is intended as a text-book in Ethics for students preparing by private study for university examinations. The volume, though not large, is well arranged, and admirable both for perspicuity of style and condensation of matter. It gives an excellent presentation of the main topics of Ethical Science as accepted by that large school who follow T. H. Green.

After two introductory chapters, in which the scope of Ethics and its relation to other sciences are discussed, the author adopts at once the method of the English and Scottish philosophers, and approaches his subject from the investigation of the moral nature of man. Man is the moral being, and from an investigation of his moral nature we arrive at our idea of the nature of morality.

Beginning with the moral judgment as passed on conduct, *i.e.*, "purposeful activity," or "acts that are definitely willed, the author discusses and defines with nice discrimination, will, wish, act, intention, motive. He attaches moral judgment to the motive, and hence to the person doing, and here distinguishes the intuitional view from the utilitarian. A good action is one done from the highest motive; and he extends this moral judgment to the character, or, "the motive on which one habitually acts."

From the moral judgment we are next led to the consideration of duty, or the moral judgment as a categorical imperative. The authority of this imperative must, of course, arise from the nature of the moral judgment. If that judgment is intuitional, then "actions are right or wrong according to their own intrinsic nature, and not in virtue of any ends outside of themselves which they tend to realize."

After considering the various forms of this theory, as moral sense, conscience, universal conscience, and moral reason, the author criticises Kant's argument in support of the latter form, pointing out that it fails to recognize the ethical quality of feeling, and that it makes every duty absolute in itself, so that there can be no higher and lower obligations. He finally concludes that the Kantian principle is correct, as to the form of the act, but that as moral quality also belongs to subject matter as well as form, this, too, must be considered in our definition or theory of the foundation of duty.

This leads to the investigation of desire, its distinction from appetite, and its relation to will and act. This leads up to the consideration of happiness and the good as the end of desire, and to the discussion of Hedonism in its various forms, Cyrenaic, Epicurean, Egoistic and Universalistic, of which Utilitarianism was a variety. If the Kantian view gives form without matter, our author concludes that "Hedonism gives us matter without form," and cannot form the basis of either moral judgment or the moral imperative.

This leads to the author's view of perfection or evolution in morals. The moral life is a growth and the *pursuit* of an ideal and the gradual attainment of it. This he is careful to distinguish from all ideas of development which begin with natural or physical law and influence of environment. It is a development which is wrought out by moral purpose and effort. It is teleological, *i.e.*, it definitely seeks an end.

Two questions of course arise: What is this end or ideal? and whence do we receive it?

To the first of these questions the answer seems to be this: end or ideal is our true self, a more perfect being, not an absolute and final perfection, but a constantly advancing ideal, a higher Alp coming in view as the last is attained. But it is an ideal coming into view, not without but within ourselves, a true self to the consciousness of which we are just awaking.

The answer to the second question is that we receive it, because we perceive it within ourselves as our own true selfhood. Such is the standard of the moral judgment. And its au hority is that it is the rational judgment of our true self, or at least our higher self. The supreme law of morals is self-consistency, consistency with *the self*, *i.e.*, with the true

* "A Manual of Ethics," designed for the use of students. By JOHN S. MACKENZIE, M. A., Professor in University College, Aberystwith. London: W. B. Clive. New York: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, $1.50.

self. The ought is thus "the voice of the true self within us." The moral law within thus becomes the greatest thing in "our universe," and, as we shall see presently, the object of religious affection.

This brings, as the next topic in ethical science, the study of the power by which we pursue this imperative ideal. This is the question of the freedom of the will, which our author resolves, not as the liberty of indifference, but as self-determination. The highest liberty is the determination of the will by the "true self." Determination by a lower self in the presence of the higher, is in itself a bondage, the bondage of sin.

Such is the Neo-Kantian theory of Ethics, the foundations of which were laid by the great German philosopher, and which has been wrought out in our day by Green, and has so largely superseded Hedonism in all its forms. It contains many elements of profound truth. It has explored with wonderful penetration the whole field of moral activity; but we think it has still left unanswered its deepest questions. The penetrative insight of the higher reason finds within the ideal the true self. How came it there?

The answer to this must be pantheistic —it was ever there, only now and here it comes into consciousness of itself—or theistic—God placed it there and it is His work, the image of Himself—and then its ought is not barely the authority of my true self, but of my Maker, my God as well. By stopping short of this point these writers seem to us to miss the fulness of truth which Christianity reveals.

We may venture another criticism, though it is one of terms and distinctions. Is it wise to use the term reason for the varieties of that inner vision by which we apprehend the true, the right, and the good. These terms clearly involve distinction. The true is the inclusive term, as the right must be the true; but right involves an element beyond that which is connoted by the true, the element which is the basis of duty. Again, the right is broader than the good. All true good is right; but in speaking of it as good, we add a new relation, a new quality, that which is the foundation of trust and love. Does reason convey the full conception of moral and religious insight? The old Hebrew terms Wisdom and Understanding were more comprehensive. We believe that the right and the good are both rational; but they are more than rational. They could not be right and good if irrational, *i.e.*, untrue; but a true philosophy will define the distinctions as well as the unity of truth.

We regret that we cannot follow the author through his able discussion of the contents of the moral judgment. We must, however, close this review with another point—the relation of Ethics to religion. In what we have already said, both the author's points of view and our own are indicated. With him religion seems to stop at the ideal within, the true, the beautiful, the right and the good commingled in one undistinguished glory. There he worships. We seek a step beyond. In the Author of our being, of all being, we see the infinite perfection of all truth, beauty, right and goodness, and there, above and beyond even our highest, truest self, would we bow.

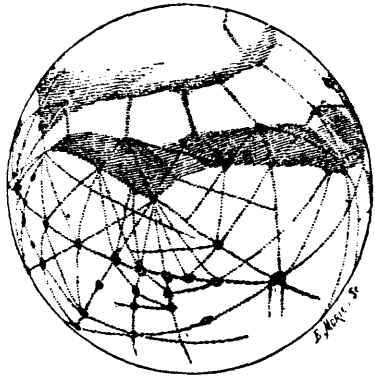
THE HYDRAULIC SYSTEM OF MARS.*

The planet Mars presents features of special interest. The volume under review is the latest on this subject. It is the result of nearly a year's observation in the clear atmosphere of Flagstaff, Arizona, during the last nearest approach of Mars to the earth. Professor Lowell and his assistants made nearly a thousand drawings of the planet, about forty of which are beautifully reproduced in this volume. Studying these maps, we may see the different aspects of the planet come into view just as when they passed under the telescope. We repeat from our last number of the MAGAZINE a diagram of Mars, showing the ice-cap, canals and oases.

Professor Lowell describes it as a fascinating task to study the geography, or, more properly, areography, of the planet night after night. He watched the polar ice-cap gradually melt away till it entirely disappeared, such disappearance not having before been noticed. He was even able to see the flash of the sunlight on the ice as the planet revolved, just as one may catch the flash of the sun's rays on a glass-windowed house. The planet is almost entirely cloudless, and can be well studied. A most extraordinary

* "The Hydraulic System of Mars." By PERCIVAL LOWELL. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. 8vo. Price, $2.50.

feature is the complete net-work of the so-called "canals," with which its surface is covered. These are sharp, straight lines, at least thirty miles wide, for anything narrower at the distance of forty millions of miles would be invisible. These canals average in length about a thousand to fifteen hundred miles; but one is 2,400 and another 3,540 miles. The shortest is 250 miles. Of these canals, 183 were seen and drawn at Flagstaff; some of them being seen many times, so that 3,240 records were made of them. For purposes of recognition they have received mythological or geographical names, such as Gihon, Gigas, Hiddekel, Oxus, Euphrates, Phasis, Ganges, Styx and Acheron and the like. Oases and other areas are also named, which bring the list up to 288.



TELESCOPIC ASPECT OF MARS.

These canals intersect at numerous points where are definite round or oval patches of the same colour, varying from 50 miles to 540 miles in diameter. Our author is convinced that these circles or ovals are oases on the otherwise tawny desert of Mars, that they and the canals represent fertile areas produced by artificial irrigation. The polariscope demonstrates that the greenish areas are not water, but that the bluish margin around the ice-cap is.

Being much smaller than the earth—only one-half its diameter—Mars is in a much more advanced stage of development. Its surface has been reduced almost to a plane. "Unlike the earth, which has water to spare, Mars has little of this article, and has to draw on its polar reservoir for its annual supply." Irrigation is the great question in Mars, as it is alike in Egypt and in Arizona.

An extraordinary phenomenon is the gradual doubling of some of these canals for a thousand miles or more, the distance between the canals varying for 156 to 220 miles. This doubling, the author thinks, cannot result from refraction by the atmosphere, for why should some and not others be so doubled? It has been suggested that a progressive ripening of vegetation from the centre to the edges might cause a broad area to change color; but the facts hardly agree with this theory, and our author can furnish no reasonable conjecture. The canals run right through the oases as if they were a band of darker verdure.

But how could such inconceivably great hydraulic works be constructed? Our author shows that an inhabitant of Mars, constructed on the same principle as man, on account of the differences of gravitation on that plane would be physically fiftyfold more efficient than man. Moreover, so much older is the planet in its evolution that science may be much more developed.

"Quite possibly," says our author, "the Martian folk are possessed of inventions of which we have not dreamed, and with them electrophones and kinetoscopes are things of a bygone past, preserved with veneration in museums as relics of the clumsy contrivances of the simple childhood of the race. Certainly, what we see hints at the existence of beings who are in advance of, not behind, us in the journey of life."

Although Professor Lowell does not refer to it, we must conceive that the Martians must have great engineering skill, not only to conduct water from its polar supplies for thousands of miles in many directions, but to distribute it over the vast areas of the oases, one of which measures 540 by 300 miles. In Egypt, after four or five thousand years of civilization, such distribution is still effected in a narrow ribbon along the Nile, averaging only ten miles wide, by the manual labour of thousands of peasants at the shadoofs on the river bank. The water supply in Mars must be the supreme question of provision, discussion and anticipation. A dry summer must have consequences of which we can scarce conceive.

Mars was long supposed to be a moonless planet, but in 1877 two moons were discovered. One is named Deimos (Dread), ten miles in diameter and 12,600 miles from the surface of the planet, and Phobos (Fear), 36 miles in diameter and only about 3,800 miles distant from the planet. Phobos makes his circuit in 7

hours and 39 minutes, and as Mars rotates in 24 hours and 37 minutes, Phobos seems to have a retrograde, or west to east, motion in the sky.

The time was when all science, philosophy and religion was geocentric; when the earth was supposed to be the point around which the sun, moon and stars revolved. But the centre of our system changed to the sun and gave us larger conceptions of the universe. "Modesty, if not intelligence," says our author, "forbids the thought that we are the sole thinkers in all we see. When we think that each of the stars in the abyss of space is probably the centre of a solar system grander than our own, we cannot seriously take ourselves to be the only minds in it all."

Some imagine a religious objection to the doctrine of a peopled universe. They argue that it would be less wonderful that our earth alone should have inhabitants than that, if other worlds were also peopled, the earth alone should become the theatre of the great work of redemption by the incarnation on it of the Maker of the universe. But it is at least conceivable that this world is the only orb to which sin has found entrance, and in which created intelligences have fallen from the holy and happy estate in which they were created —that the earth is the sole "lost pleiad of the skies."

But even were it otherwise, we must feel that the Creator of the universe must have revealed Himself and His will to the intelligences, if such there are, of other worlds. Should there be lapsed beings there, the infinite sacrifice of Calvary, which can avail for all mankind, could avail for all the universe. The earth may thus be but the great green altar of God's infinite sacrifice for the redemption of all erring intelligences. It certainly ennobles our conception of the moral government of God, as well as of His omnipotence, that the well-nigh infinite spaces of the heavens may be filled with beings capable of knowing and loving and glorifying Him forever.

OUR EDUCATIONAL WORK AND MR. MASSEY'S WILL.

BY N. BURWASH, S.T.D.,

Chancellor of Victoria University.

Perhaps the most remarkable will ever published in Canada is that of the late H. A. Massey, Esq., of the city of Toronto. It disposes of an estate valued at a little less than two millions, and almost entirely invested in the capital stock of the great manufacturing companies with which Mr. Massey was connected. The most remarkable provision is that for twenty years the capital stock is to be sacredly maintained intact for the perpetuation of the great industry by which it was created and in which it is now invested. Few persons seem to comprehend the far-sighted and considerate justice of this provision. It is really a bequest of the most important character to the great body of workmen as a whole. It secures to them each and all in the faithful discharge of their daily duty a place of regular employment for the average remainder of their lives, i.e. as far as it is in the power of the dying man to secure such a thing by providing for the solid perpetuation of his business. The personal bequests to relatives amount to a small fraction of the estate, and those immediately payable are provided for outside of the capital stock of the business.

The next peculiarity of the will is that when this capital stock can be safely withdrawn, it is devoted to the cause of education, religion and humanity. The bequests founded on this trust amount to nearly three-quarters of a million, and the same causes are made residuary legatees as the trustees may order. Mr. Massey's recent gifts in the same direction have already amounted to over $300,000, making in all the largest consecration of wealth to such objects yet known in the Province of Ontario. The bequests may be classified as follows:

Education - - - - - - -	$521,000
Religious Work - - - - -	62,000
Hospitals and Charities - -	159,000

The previous gifts recently given under the donor's considered scheme for the public use of his property were

The Fred Victor Mission and The Massey Music Hall, about - - - - - -	$200,000
Educational Institutions - -	100,000

A criticism appeared in one of our dailies which seemed to imply that the provisions of the will were too narrow and almost sectarian. Taking the whole scheme the very reverse is clearly the case. In the first place $300,000 are set apart for objects of a broad public and charitable character, meeting the present life-needs of the poor and suffering, or ministering to the pure enjoyments and intelligent life of our citizens at large. If one-third of that is devoted to a hospital under the direction of the Church, it was only after admission had been refused at the General Hospital to young women desiring to qualify themselves as nurses for the poor.

The large item is consecrated to the cause of higher education, over $600,000 in all being given to this work. It must be borne in mind that this amount is not bequeathed to schools of divinity, but to schools under the oversight of the Church it is true, but all founded on public charters, opening freely to all the people under the most complete safeguards of religious liberty the advantages of a higher intellectual training. The colleges so endowed are for women as well as for men, and are spread over the whole country, as was Mr. Massey's business, from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

The smallest item of all was devoted to purely religious purposes, about $125,000, nearly three-fifths of which is devoted to what is not merely a church enterprise, but a public charity as well, grappling with that misery of this city which stands on the borderland of despair and which is the standing menace of our modern civilization. More than half the remainder goes to religious work of an undenominational character, or outside of Methodism. The man who can complain of the denominational character of this comprehensive beneficence has failed to understand the true character of the numerous institutions concerned. Mr. Massey's sympathies were indeed with religion, but with religion in the common Christian associations of both men and women, in the Bible and Tract Societies, and the broad evangelistic movements of Mr. Moody and the Salvation Army, quite as much as in the direct work of his own Church. But most of all his heart went out to work, whether in the Church or out of the Church, which ministered to the higher intelligence of the people and to the relief of all suffering.

The responsibility laid upon the Methodist Church by such bequests as Mr. Massey's is very important. The higher education of a country as administered by its universities and colleges, is one of its most vital interests. The question, shall that interest be cared for and provided for by the State, or shall it be the work of the Churches, or of semi-independent corporations maintained by gifts of private munificence, is a very broad one. Mr. Massey strongly believed in the Church as the most satisfactory guardian of this interest.

In Canada we seem destined, from the province of Ontario westward, to have a mixed system, the State doing part and the Churches part of this work, and while maintaining each its own autonomy, yet so working in concert as to economize and utilize to the full their combined resources. This is the principle of federation, both in Toronto and Winnipeg, and it is practically effected in another form in the School of Mines at Kingston, accessible to Queen's.

By Mr. Massey's donations the educational resources of the Methodist Church will be increased by more than forty per cent., and will amount to a total in buildings, equipments and endowments of about $2,000,000, of which one-half or more is in the province of Ontario. The importance of such an element to the educational work of the country, an element likely to increase rapidly with the growing wealth of the country, cannot be overestimated. The Church to whose trusteeship it is committed must recognize the responsibility and greatness of its work. Even at present the magnitude of the work is not to be measured by the means already furnished. For the 2,000 students who fill the colleges under our care even $2,000,000 is far from an adequate endowment. Nearly twice that amount could be used with advantage in the work which Providence has put into our hands. But what has already been received is a strong stimulus to faith and hope for the future.

"There is a word I fain would speak,
Jesus died!
O eyes that weep and hearts that break,
Jesus died!

No music from the quivering string
Could such sweet sounds of rapture bring
O may I always love to sing,
'Jesus died! Jesus died!'"

—*Frances Ridley Havergal.*

Recent Science.

New Bridge Across the Niagara.

Ground has been broken for a new steel arch bridge over the chasm at Niagara Falls, which will be a wonder in that line. The new bridge will have a span of eight hundred and forty feet. In width it will be forty-nine feet. This increased width is made necessary from the fact that about twenty-three feet of the centre will be given up to a double-track trolley-line. On each side of these tracks there will be carriage-ways eight feet wide, and beyond these still there will be elevated walks, each about three feet nine inches wide, for pedestrians. In all about four million pounds of steel will be used.

Electric Waves.

Mr. Nicola Tesla, the electrician, is confident that ere long news will be transmitted round the world by electric waves without wires. His theory is that, the earth being a conductor, an electrical disturbance at any point would so change the electrical equilibrium that the wave would be felt at all points on the earth's surface and might be recorded on properly constructed instruments. This would place "every city on the earth on an immense ticker circuit, and a message sent from New York could be in England, Africa and Australia in an instant!"—so he says. On the same principle of electrical-wave propagation through the atmosphere and ether, he believed it to be possible to attract the attention of dwellers in neighbouring planets, if such beings exist.—*Zion's Herald.*

The X Rays.

Mr. Edison is devoting his attention to the study of methods whereby he can see through opaque objects by means of these rays. He finds that by coating paper with crystals of tungstate of calcium he has the spectacles which he needs—powerful enough, in connection with the rays, to enable one to see through a human arm, or eight inches of solid wood—and he is perfecting for surgeons' use a portable instrument which he calls a "fluoroscope." By its aid an operator can see distinctly the injury—fracture, bullet, or otherwise—and avoid unnecessary probing or cutting.—*Zion's Herald.*

Horseless Vans.

The various large shops in Paris now deliver all their goods in the suburbs by horseless vans. The latter look very fair, save the absence of shafts and the noble animal, that gives the vehicle a wanting-in-something look; the air as if the steed had bolted and dragged the shafts with it. The collection of tubes, of cocks, of brakes, etc., is as formidable as of a locomotive.—*The Week.*

The Nile of the North.

Such is the name given to a new river which has been discovered in Labrador by Dr. Bell of the Canadian Geological Survey. It is much larger than the Ottawa River, and takes its rise in three sources, one at Three Rivers, another in the Lake of St. John district, and a third near Lake Mistassini. After a course of 500 miles through a rich loamy plain covered with forests, it falls into St. James Bay, the southern end of Hudson's Bay. Rapids near its mouth are a bar to navigation at present, but the surrounding district is quite fit for agriculture.

A Big Lens.

The big lens, nine feet high and four feet thick, exhibited by the Lighthouse Board at the Chicago Fair, and originally intended for Fire Island, is to be set up at Barnegat lighthouse off the eastern extremity of New Jersey. The illuminant will be electricity, and it is estimated that the flash of the new light will be seen on the heavens at least one hundred miles out. The present light horizon at Barnegat has a radius of only twenty-two miles.

The New Yerkes Telescope.

Professor C. A. Young informs us, in the pages of the *North American Review*, that the new Yerkes telescope, recently finished for the Chicago University, will bring the moon, optically, within about sixty miles from the observer's eyes. A building as large, for instance, as the

Capitol at Washington would be visible; and any brilliant object, "even if no larger or brighter than an ordinary arc light," would attract attention. With such a powerful instrument specific knowledge concerning the lunar surface, especially the character of so-called "craters," ought to be speedily gained.

What is a Nebula!

The curious hazy, cloud-like objects known as nebulæ have long been objects of great interest to astronomers, who have felt that a full explanation of them would go a good way towards solving the problem of world formation. Before the days of powerful telescopes it was very generally supposed that the nebulæ were all masses of chaotic matter—the material of universes yet uncreated; but when it was found that with higher magnifying power many of them proved to be distant star-clusters, like our Milky Way, it began to be thought that all might thus be accounted for. The invention of the spectroscope, however, showed that many of them consisted, at least in part, of glowing gases. Some have thought that these, which are the true nebulæ, are masses of hot gas, which will upon cooling condense into worlds; others, like Lockyer, the English astronomer, regard them as swarms of meteorites whose frequent collisions have knocked off and turned to vapour some of their substance. Mr. E. Walter Maunder supports the view that they are clusters of suns—but suns in which the envelope known as the corona is enormously more prominent than in our own luminary.—*Literary Digest.*

New Method of Street Car Propulsion.

The Chicago Street Railway Company has contracted to test on its lines a new compressed air motor, which the owners claim will sound the death knell of trolley and cable systems. Seamless tubes of compressed air are stowed under the car. It is claimed that a single charge of compressed air is sufficient to drive a car seventeen miles. Compressed air may be transported in an auxiliary tank, thus providing for an indefinite run. It is said that any desired speed is easily attained, and the cost of operation is declared to be from thirty to forty per cent. less than electrical or cable power. Other advantages claimed are: No poles, overhead wires, cables, pipes or conduits; no tearing up of streets for underground construction; no fatal accidents from live wires; no stalling of cars in time of riots by tampering with the source of power. If one-half these claims are tenable the era of compressed air propulsion is at hand.

New Radiography.

Nicola Tesla, says the *Electrical Review*, is now producing strong shadow pictures at a distance of forty feet, and he finds it necessary to guard the plates in his photographic department on the floor above, and sixty feet away, from being spoiled by long exposure to strong rays. He confessed himself amazed by the astonishing power of this radiation, especially as he sees the certitude of augmenting the effects at least tenfold. But most surprising of all his statements is that which he offers in proof that the Röntgen phenomena are caused by moving material particles, like those supposed in Newton's corpuscular theory of light.

"A new and unexpected application of the Röntgen rays is found in their use for ascertaining the contents of suspected infernal machines. The contents of a bomb were clearly manifested, nails, screws, a revolver cartridge, and even the grains of powder showing plainly."

A preparation of cork is now being used for street paving. Granulated cork is mixed with mineral asphalt and other cohesive ingredients, and then compressed into large blocks, which are imbedded in tar and laid on concrete six inches thick. The advantages of this sort of pavement are cleanliness, noiselessness, durability, elasticity, and moderate cost. Unlike wood, being non-absorbent, it is not maladorous. It has been tested for several years in the cities and towns of Australia, and has given general satisfaction.

Mr. Holman Hunt, the artist, is engaged in a scheme for forming a Jewish nation in Palestine. He would raise a hundred million and buy out all Turkish rights in the Holy Land, with the approval of the great powers. The boundary is supposed to be that indicated by Moses. The great question is whether the Jewish people are prepared for the immigration. As yet there are no particular signs of this.

The World's Progress.

JOHN BULL'S MONROE DOCTRINE, EMBRACING THE EARTH.

The above cut, from an Australian paper, shows how our cousins at the antipodes regard the wide-reaching relations of the little Island Empire, as represented by John Bull, to this great round world. St. Paul claimed his rights and liberties as a Roman citizen. With a still grander pride we may all claim our share in a mightier citizenship—that of the great world-engirdling British Empire.

THE WEARY TITAN.

"It is always the unexpected that happens," say the French. This is especially true in international politics. The China-Japanese war, the Venezuela embroglio, the Transvaal incident, the Dongola campaign and the Matabele revolt are all illustrations of this fact. No one anticipated any of these. Their announcement was a thunderbolt from a clear sky. There is considerable opposition in Great Britain to the new Nile expedition and to the increased naval expenditure. Earnest protests, in Parliament and without, have been uttered against both.

The maintenance of a vast navy is the price which Great Britain pays for the protection of her enormous commerce on all the seas and her great empire on which the sun never sets. The trouble is, that it gives nations not having such just reasons an excuse for increasing their naval and military expenditure. France, Germany, Russia and the United States have all added enormously to their naval estimates. This renders more necessary than ever the creation of some supreme court of appeal, which shall save the people from the burdens of these bloated armaments, which are themselves a menace of peace.

Were half the power that fills the world with terror,
Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and courts,
Given to redeem the human mind from error,
There were no need for arsenals nor forts.

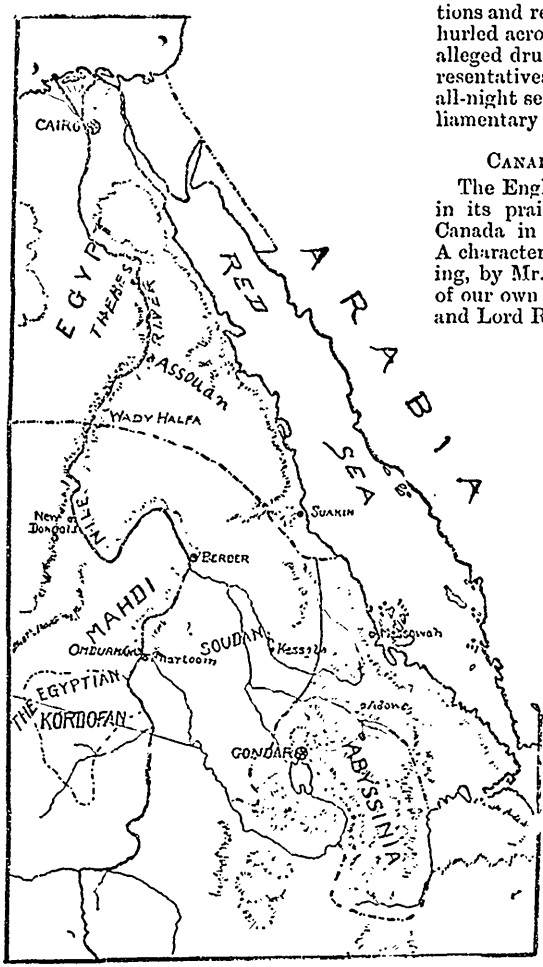
All the while the great missionary societies of the world are complaining that their income has been greatly restricted, while doors of opportunity are opening wide on every side. Truly, the kingdoms of this world have not yet become the kingdoms of our God and of His Christ.

It is a difficult and dangerous task that Great Britain has assumed in so literally "carrying war into Africa" at the headwaters of the Nile, so far from her base of supplies. The fanatical "fuzzie-wuzzies" of Kipling's poem are reckless and desperate fighters. It seems a heavy price for the "weary Titan" to pay for her world-wide empire that the best blood of Britain should be shed like water in conflict with the savage races of the Soudan, Ashantee and Matabeleland. But thus, at least, are the frontiers of civilization extended, and law, order and liberty made to take the place of anarchy or bloody tyranny. Britain's splendid administration of Egyptian affairs furnishes an unanswerable reply to her detractors and critics.

One effect of Great Britain's aggressive African policy has been to greatly strengthen the position of her ancient ally, Italy, to maintain the status of the *Dreibund* of Italy, Austria and Germany, if not to make it a *Vierbund* by the addition of the Island Empire. Great Britain's splendid isolation—if such ever existed—now gives place to an alliance of at least interest with the predominant European powers.

The offer of a New Brunswick regiment of hussars to serve in Egypt, is another illustration of the unity of the Empire.

The Sultan, though active massacres appear to have ceased, seems bent upon his policy of extirpating the American missions in Armenia by the expulsion of the missionaries. The Rev. Dr. Knapp has been banished from his mission, and is the prisoner—or guest, the Turkish phrase is—of the Turkish Vali, and other missionaries are threatened. It is to be hoped that the United States, when it gets through its task of protecting the Venezuelans and Cubans, will take an opportunity to protect its own missionaries and their converts from the massacre or imprisonment by the truculent Turk. The bumptious jingoism of Congress has alienated the respect of the powers of Europe and made the United States, more than any other power in the world, an isolated nation. But the scenes in our own Dominion Parliament, the accusations and recriminations which have been hurled across the floors of the House, the alleged drunkenness of the people's representatives, the disgraceful scenes of the all-night sessions, do much to bring parliamentary government into contempt.



MAP OF THE SCENE OF THE ANGLO-EGYPTIAN EXPEDITION.

Canada and the Homeland.

The English press has been unanimous in its praise of the recent attitude of Canada in its relation to the Empire. A characteristic utterance is the following, by Mr. Stead: "Our true allies are of our own kith and kin beyond the sea, and Lord Rosebery well pointed out that nothing was more reassuring and more satisfactory than the growth of the unity of affection and respect which forms a real, although not a mechanical, union between us and our great colonial commonwealths. The action of the Canadians, who were the first threatened by the outburst of jingoism in the United States, has been simply magnificent. President Cleveland's message has had at least one good result, in that it finally cleared out of the American mind the lingering delusion that, in case of need, Canada could be bulldozed into the Union."

An Imperial Zollverein.

Mr. Chamberlain's address at the annual dinner of the Canada Club, in London, caused a thrill of sympathetic pride throughout the broad Dominion. He declared that whatever test gauged her greatness, Canada stood to-day first among the group of kindred nations which, together with the United Kingdom, formed the British Empire. The recent isolation of the United Kingdom, and the dangers which seemed to threaten, evoked from all the colonies, and especially from Canada, an outburst of loyalty

and affection. To none of her Majesty's subjects was the recent shadow of war more ominous than to Canada, yet there was no hesitation on her part, and unanimous voice was made in the common cause with the United Kingdom. The speakers of the Dominion Parliament struck the right note when they spoke of "our Empire." "Could an expression of loyalty from all the colonies," he asked, "pass without serious effort on the part of both the colonial and imperial statesmen to transform these high sentiments into practical results?"

Mr. Chamberlain's concluding remarks on an Imperial Zollverein are of profoundest significance:

"To organize an empire—one may almost say to create an empire—greater and more potent for peace and the civilization of the world than any that history has ever known—that is a dream, if you like, but a dream of which no man need be ashamed. We appreciate and we cordially respond to the notes, the stirring notes, of loyalty and affection that have been evoked from our colonies when the great Mother Country has appeared to be in danger. We look forward with hope and with confidence to the development of those countries which are populated by our children and by our kinsmen, but those sentiments alone will never make an empire unless they are confirmed by bonds of material interest, and we can only found Imperial unity upon a common weal. And so, if you will permit me, I will conclude in the words of a Canadian poet, who, addressing the statesmen of the Dominion, said:

"'Unite the Empire—make it stand compact,
Shoulder to shoulder let its members feel
The touch of British brotherhood; and act
As one great nation—strong and true as steel.'"

This great idea of Imperial federation and preferential trade is being discussed by the Boards of Trade throughout the Empire. The third congress of the Chambers of Commerce, to be held in London, in June, will develop, we venture to think, not only ties of kinship and blood, but of commercial relationship of the British Colonial and Imperial possessions through the world.

A Bond of Peace.

The great meeting in Queen's Hall, London, in favour of international arbitration, brought out a very distinguished consensus of opinion in favour of the peaceful settlement of all international controversies. Since the Geneva arbitration of the Alabama disputes, more than fifty arbitrations have taken place, with the best results for the peace of the nations—more in the last twenty years than the previous five hundred years. "Napoleon," says Hall Caine, "called war an organized barbarism. The worst things said of war had been said by soldiers. The pretty things were said by poets, who did not take part in it. No doubt universal arbitration—if it ever came, and might it come soon!—must come by the voice of the people. There was a deep call in a man's heart to the soil that gave him birth; but there was a deeper call—the call of blood; every Englishman heard it from America, and every American from England. War between England and America was not patriotism, but murder."

The sentiment of the meeting was crystallized into the following resolution: "That this meeting hails with satisfaction the prospect of the establishment of an Anglo-American organization for the promotion of all that makes for the friendly union of the two nations in the common cause of civilization, peace and progress, and requests the committee which has summoned this meeting to reconstitute itself on a broad, national basis, with a view to future co-operation with any similar body which may emanate from the forthcoming national conference at Washington."

"Oom Paul."

The character-sketch in the March *Review of Reviews* is that of Paul Kruger. Though Mr. Stead's purpose is to make the most of his character-studies, yet "Oom Paul" is no more lovely in his life than in his person. He has been a man of war from his youth, and has more than once been addicted to just such filibustering as he complains of in Dr. Jameson. His so-called Republic is one of the most tyrannous oligarchies which ever existed in the world. No country can long endure the government of nine-tenths by one-tenth of its population. It is like basing a pyramid on its apex, and it cannot long stand.

The Boers are good fighters and sharpshooters, as well they might be, for many of them have practised on the Kafirs and Zulus from their boyhood. Kruger is an ignorant, illiterate man who has read few books and eschews newspapers. But he is endowed with a stock of strong horse-sense.

Current Thought.

The Peace of God.

The salutation of the Orient is, "Peace Be Unto You," and the response is, "To You Also Be Peace." This was the song of the angels at Bethlehem, and this was the benediction of our Lord in His intercessory prayer and at His first interview with them after the resurrection. It is the initial blessing of the Christian life, and what a benediction it is! The Peace of God ever brooding over the soul and pervading the whole being! The soul was once storm-tossed and tempest-

THOMAS HUGHES.

driven, agitated by doubts and fears, and stirred to its lowest depths by gusts of passion and temptation. It was shaken to its centre with fearful questionings, the fountains of the great deep of the heart were broken up, the storm of the wrath of God was bursting upon it, and all his waves and billows went over the head. Then the cry of penitence and utter faith burst forth. Instantly a mighty miracle was wrought. Christ spoke the mystic words, "Peace, be still," and immediately there was a great calm. Every warring passion was lulled to rest, and a halcyon peace reigned in the soul. For the current of the entire being was reversed, the polarity of the soul was changed. God became the centre of the thoughts, to whom they ever turned instinctively as the needle to the North. And having in God the unchanging good, the spirit sought no other good below.

Says St. Augustine, in one of his beautiful meditations, "O God, thou madest man for thyself, and our hearts are restless till they find repose in thee;" and the Saviour Himself says, "In the world ye shall have tribulation, but in me ye shall have peace." And this peace is one which the world cannot give nor take away, a peace that passeth all understanding, that keepeth the heart and the mind, the affections and the intellect, with the power of an everlasting life.

Thomas Hughes.

"It seems fairly questionable," says *Harpers' Weekly*, from which we reproduce this cut, "whether there is any Englishman who is quite so much to blame for the inveterate propensity of large numbers of Americans to think kindly of the British as Thomas Hughes, who died last week. 'Tom Brown's School-Days' was first published in 1856. It very promptly took rank as about the best book a-going for boys. It had two great merits as a boy's book—the boys liked it, and it was considered to be good for them. In knowing Tom Brown they have become familiar with a certain type of English manhood, and have liked and respected it, and it has helped to develop in them a cordial feeling toward the nation of which that type of manhood is characteristic.

"Thomas Hughes was one of the early apostles of muscular Christianity, and that worthy cause owes much to his devotion to it. He was an able man, a good writer, a competent lawyer, but his influence and importance and true success in the world seem to have been out of all proportion to his gifts. Nobody thinks of him as a great man, but somehow he seems to have done a great man's work. One associates him with Thomas Arnold, Maurice, Kingsley and Dean Stanley, all good men to know and all well known.

"He was born in 1823, went to Rugby in 1833, took his degree at Oxford in

1845, married in 1847, and was called to the bar in 1848. He was born a democrat, and a Liberal in politics, and served in Parliament from 1865 to 1874. In 1869 he was appointed Queen's counsel, and a county court judge in 1882. This latter office he held until the close of his life. It is pleasant to remember that in our civil war he was a strong supporter of the Union, and exerted himself strenuously in the interest of the North in England. He was more or less interested in the English colony started in 1880 at Rugby, Tennessee—a venture which, after many vicissitudes, seems to be prospering, though not on the lines its projectors laid down. One of Judge Hughes' three sons lives in Texas, and a brother, W. H. Hughes, lives at Milton, Massachusetts."

Mr. Massey's Bequests.

On another page Chancellor Burwash has done ample justice to the large-hearted and wise-minded donations of the late Hart A. Massey, especially to education and philanthropic objects. A good many persons who are in no wise concerned in this matter, seem to have been very much exercised at the possible delay in paying the bequests. The *Guardian* well remarks that they need not worry, nor lose sleep over that matter. The beneficiaries are perfectly satisfied that in due time every penny of the bequests, and probably a great deal more, will be paid from the estate. Although considerable lapse of time is allowed before the final payment, it does not follow that all that time will be required. It would be a very unwise thing to immediately withdraw capital from a great manufacturing enterprise, when all the earnings of that capital are to be devoted to philanthropic objects. This would be indeed killing the goose that lays the golden egg. The insurance has just come under our notice of the late Sir Francis Lycett, Sheriff of London, who willed nearly $600,000 for the erection of Wesleyan Methodist churches in that city. It must be ten or twelve years since Sir Francis Lycett died, and this large amount has just come into the hands of the legatees, and is not less welcome than if paid ten years ago.

Dr. Burwash well remarks of the critics of Mr. Massey's generous bequests: "If men who, at their death, make large gifts to education, Church or charity, are to be thereby exposed to the petty carpings of theoretic cranks, with a spice of envious ill-will to the Christian Churches thrown in, there is but little encouragement held out to that form of beneficence."

England on the Pacific.

Bishop Hendrix, whose recent article on "The Pacific, an English Lake," in this magazine, attracted much attention, gives further facts on the supremacy of Great Britain in the Orient. In 1894 the commerce of China required for its handling that year 30,027 steamships of over 28,506,074 tons, and 8,036 sailing vessels of 1,115,927 tons. Of these 20,527 floated the British flag and represented 20,496,347 tons, while 107, representing 129,127 tons, carried the flag of the United States.

Freight can be carried from Japan and China to New York by British ships, by way of the Suez Canal, for one-fourth the price that it can be carried by American railways and ships to those countries.

"China is fortunate," Bishop Hendrix adds, "in having her Imperial customs under the direction of Sir Robert Hart, an Englishman of fine literary attainments and of rare business capacity. It requires executive ability of a high order to direct the customs of a third of the continent of Asia, and, above all, to prevent fraud among a people who hold the authority of the General Government in such light esteem. No one in China wields more despotic authority than the Inspector-General of Customs, and, by common consent, no one is more faithful to his trust."

VICTORY.

BY AMY PARKINSON.

Brightly, brightly breaks the day,
Gladness streams from glowing skies;
Ended all the fearsome strife.
JESUS from the grave doth rise!

Sing, glad world, this wondrous morn;
Ring with joy let Easter skies!
Sing, because the foe doth fall!
Sing, for CHRIST doth Conqueror rise!

Fails dark Death to hold Him now,
Glorious Prince of Life and Light;
Lo, each bond asunder starts,
Rent by His triumphant might!

Sing, O sing the victory won,
O'er the dark and dreadful tomb!
Sing! our Lord redeems us now,
From its thraldom and its gloom.

Book Notices.

Gathering Clouds. A tale of the days of St. Chrysostom. By FREDERICK W. FARRAR, D.D., Dean of Canterbury. New York and London: Longmans, Green & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. xiv-593. Price, $2.00.

The literary activity of Dean Farrar is prodigious. Scarce a year passes in which he does not send forth some work of learned research, or volume of practical sermons. This noble historical tale is not a mere novel spun from the imagination of the author. It is history quickened into life, its dry bones covered with flesh, its veins pulsing with blood. As in his previous tale of the days of Nero, "Darkness and Dawn," every circumstance, every particular, even of costume and custom, is derived directly from the literature and remains, pagan and Christian, of those early days.

The former great work described the heroic struggle of the first century between Christianity armed only with "the irresistible might of weakness," and a decadent paganism, "supported by the wit, the genius, the religion, the philosophy, the imperial power and all the armies of the world." This book has a sadder theme. It is to show, not the triumph of the Church over the world, but the triumph of the world over the Church. Not how Darkness has been scattered by the Dawn, but "how the Sun of Righteousness, which had risen with healing in His wings, was overshadowed by many ominous lurid clouds." "Of the Byzantine Empire," says Mr. Lecky, "the universal verdict of history is that it constitutes, without a single exception, the most thoroughly base and despicable form that civilization has yet assumed."

The glory of the Seven Churches of Asia had departed, the golden candlesticks had been removed out of their places. The conflicts of the green and blue factions of the Hippodrome were rivalled by those of the ecclesiastics of this Eastern Rome. Yet in no age does God leave Himself without a witness. There were saints and prophets and martyrs amid these times of gathering clouds. The golden-mouthed Chrysostom—one of the noblest characters in all ecclesiastical history—is a conspicuous figure in this stirring story. Like another John the Baptist denouncing sin in high places, he confronts the proud Empress Eudoxia, and makes her ears tingle with his words as he proclaims, "Again Herodias dances; again she demands the head of John the Baptist." The exile of Chrysostom to the bleak regions of the Caucasus she did indeed procure, but from his lonely cell he ruled Christendom more truly than did the Emperor of Byzantium. The story covers the half-century from 387 to 437. It ranges in scene from Antioch to Constantinople and Palestine.

Dean Farrar's poetic and elegant style finds scope in the descriptions of the barbaric pomp of the Eastern Cæsars, the ecclesiastical pageantry of the Eastern Church, the moral heroism of St. Chrysostom and St. Jerome, and the great world-movement of the period. The reading of this book will give a clear conception of a very important period in the history of the Church and the history of the world.

Oxford High Anglicanism, and its Chief Leaders. By the REV. JAMES H. RIGG, D.D. London: Charles H. Kelly. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price, $1.75.

Dr. Rigg has made a special study of this subject for many years. He is able to pronounce a candid and impartial view, all the more that he does not represent the radical wing of English Nonconformity, and that he had intimate friendly relations with many of the leading Churchmen of his day. He describes the Oxford Movement, and the influence of the Tracts for the Times. He tells the story of the wider movement known as Puseyism. How Pusey could call himself a Protestant at all with his doctrine of Confession, Celibacy, Real Presence and Reunion with Rome, is a strange problem.

Dr. Rigg takes his stand with Dean Farrar, and quotes with approval the following utterance in the *Contemporary Review* on "Undoing the Work of the Reformation:" "Disestablishment will be one of the first consequences of the triumph of ritualism; and immediately after disestablishment will come the necessity for, and the certainty of, a New Reformation to re-establish the truths which ritualism endeavours to overthow. . . There are myriads of Englishmen, and not a few even among the clergy, who will not stand a Church of England which shall tend to become Romish in all but name, or perhaps Romish even in name.

The days of disruption are being hastened on with giant strides. May God avert the unspeakable evils which they will inevitably bring in their train."

This Goodly Frame the Earth. Stray Impressions of Scenes, Incidents and Persons in a Journey touching Japan, China, Egypt, Palestine and Greece. By FRANCIS TIFFANY. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Toronto: William Briggs.

This is not an ordinary book of travel. It gives rather the reflections of a philosophic mind upon the great problems of the East as seen in a leisurely journey around the world. To an English reader it is specially interesting for the generous tribute which it pays to the predominant and beneficent power of Great Britain throughout the Orient.

It is significant that this typical American selects the Canadian Pacific Railway and the superb steamship *Empress of India* as the best route to Japan. From his familiarity with the Scriptures and apt quotation, we judge he is a minister, although he isn't a bit preachy. He vindicates missions against their hostile critics, which he says are chiefly of two classes—"dissolute and shameless foreigners or hypersensitive, æsthetic natures, so ethereally organized as to live in perpetual danger of 'dying of a rose in aromatic pain.'"

Of the Japanese, he says "they evolved a wonderful miniature civilization; but a miniature one it ever remained till they were brought into contact with races of a higher strain and a grander inheritance, with what ultimate result it remains yet to be seen."

The influence of Christianity has even stirred Buddhism to a new life. "There is building in Tokyo," he says, "a splendid Buddhist temple. It is a curious fact that, in the work of hauling the beams and other heavy material for its construction, six great sets of cables—woven entirely of the hair of women who had shorn their locks to dedicate them to this sacred service—have already been worn out, while the seventh set of like cables is in daily use"—an extraordinary case of capillary attraction.

Of the strange arrested development of the Chinese Empire, our author gives a very instructive study. The Chinese civilization, like that of Japan, strikes him as "great in little things, and little in great." It can exquisitely embroider a fan, or carve ivory balls, or make grotesque bronzes, but it has not the intellectual or moral ability for great achievements in art or science or philosophy. "The Chinese man's head is subjected to the same kind of aborting clamp as the Chinese woman's foot, with the like result of a life-long intellectual toddle." In the world's garden, the Chinese is the prosaic and practical cabbage.

"How one envies England," our author exclaims, "the possession of so superb an island as Ceylon, two-thirds as large as all Ireland; and how one must praise the magnificent way in which she administers its affairs. She is the legitimate successor of Imperial Rome."

Most profoundly is our author impressed with the history, philosophy and ancient religions of India. "It is the Hamlet of the nations, sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought, yet so attractive, so profound, so pathetic in its incapacity for action."

Still more was he impressed with the benign influence of the great power which is lifting this race into a higher civilization. "Ah! happy people, did they but know it, in being under the sway of the one nation of the world that can help them. An Aryan people like themselves, the first to recognize the depth and beauty of their highest achievements in literature, philosophy, theology, yet seeing with absolute clearness, and alone able to supply, just what as a nation they perish for the lack of."

In the ancient land of Misraim also, England is bringing order out of chaos and creating a new Egypt more prosperous than that of the Pharaohs. On our philosophic traveller's visit to Palestine, Syria and Greece, with his sympathetic study and wise reflections, we have not space to dwell. The fine Shakespearian phrase which gives the title to this book, gives also a hint of its Hamlet-like philosophy and keen insight.

The Modern Reader's Bible. A Series of Words From the Sacred Scriptures Presented in Modern Literary Form. "The Wisdom Series." Edited by PROF. MOULTON, of Chicago University, with Introduction and Notes. "The Proverbs, Ecclesiasticus and Ecclesiastes, and the Wisdom of Solomon. New York: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Cloth extra, 18mo. Price, 50 cents each.

"The Modern Reader's Bible," in the volumes thus far issued in "The Wisdom Series," does not treat the points of the text critically but in a literary way, to

bring out the larger and deeper meanings. They are printed so as to show the sonnets, aphorisms, epigrams and maxims, giving the poetical forms that are more characteristic of modern poetry. These little books are not commentaries, yet the Introduction, Notes and Index make them very lucid commentaries, though there is neither criticism, exegesis, exposition, illustration, nor homiletic; there is, however, an order of the text of the Revised Version that enables you to get at the sense, which after all is the end of the true commentator. We are pleased to commend these books to the public.

A. M. P.

Kokoro. Hints and Echoes of Japanese Inner Life. By LAFCADIO HEARN. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, $1.25.

Long residence in Japan has made the writer of this book familiar with its history, its literature, and the mental attitude of its people. He is strongly sympathetic with this gentle and courteous race. These papers are designed, he says, to treat the inner rather than the outer life of Japan, hence their title "Kokoro" (Heart). Some of the stories and folk lore, and especially the translation of three popular ballads, give us an insight into the moral and religious feelings of the Japanese. Much of the book is written since the war, and it gives us the latest well digested study of the national problem that we have seen.

St. Paul, the Traveller and the Roman Citizen. By PROF. W. M. RAMSAY, author of "The Church in the Roman Empire, A.D. 64-170." With map. 8vo. Price, $3.00.

We had the pleasure of reviewing, in this magazine, Professor Ramsay's "The Church in the Roman Empire Before A.D. 170." The present work is a sort of complement of that book. The successive chapters were lecturcs given before the Theological Seminary of Auburn, New York, and Mansfield College, England. The writer has a familiar way of illustrating his subject, and compares Paul's journey through North Galatia to that of a traveller from New York to Auburn, by a long detour through Boston, Montreal and Toronto. Chancellor Burwash will give a full review of this important book in the June number.

Mr. Gladstone's articles on "Bishop Butler," in the *Sunday Magazine* are attracting much attention.

Dr. H. K. Carroll has a trenchant article in the March number of the *Methodist Review*, on the "Misrepresentations of Missions and Missionaries," by ignorant or prejudiced critics. It has also a vigorous and highly appreciative review of Bishop Foster's great work on "Creation, God in Time and Space."

Religious and Missionary Intelligence.

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

WESLEYAN METHODIST CHURCH.

During the past year the Chapel Fund Committee reports $1,583,065 expended on Church property, of which $1,333,430 was spent on 100 new churches which had been erected. Since the inception of the Committee, $11,662,950 debts have been paid, and at present 5,108 churches are entirely free from debt.

By the will of Sir Francis Lycett, the Chapel Building Fund in London receives $570,000.

It is estimated that the cost of getting a bill through Parliament to change the Deed-Poll, so as to allow appointments of pastors for more than three years, will be about $15,000.

Rev. W. L. Watkinson, editor, fraternal delegate to the General Conference of the M. E. Church, will deliver the annual address before Garrett Biblical Institute, Chicago.

The Missionary debt of $150,000 has been discharged, but the Committee want $100,000 more to open new missions in India, China and Africa.

Miss Ellenberger has gone to Western Africa to labour under the auspices of the Woman's Missionary Society. As the position is a dangerous one, none but volunteers are sent.

The Deaconess Institute has now become one of the institutions of the Church. In five years forty-two deacon-

esses have been sent into various circuits in the United Kingdom, and some have been sent abroad. About $3,500 is required to maintain the Institute, which is under the superintendence of the Rev. Dr. Stephenson.

Methodist Episcopal Church.

This winter is reported to have witnessed more extensive revivals in New York City Methodism than in any other for many years. Brooklyn churches have also enjoyed "showers of blessing."

Union special services were held at Woodbine, Ia., by the Methodist, Baptist and Presbyterian Churches. More than 300 expressed a desire for a better life.

Five Methodist churches at Rockford, Ill., held a series of united services, at one of which a deaf mute was led to the altar. His son translated the directions to a penitent soul, and when Isaiah lv., which says, "Let the wicked forsake his way," etc., was quoted, the mute's face lit up and he jumped to his feet. Those present will never forget the scene.

A revival occurred at Albion, Mich. As a result, 190 were received into the M. E. Church, 95 into the Presbyterian Church, and about 40 go to the Baptist Church.

Calvary church, New York, has these departments of work: an Industrial Bureau, which finds work for about 600 persons a year; a Dispensary, which treats over 2,000 cases a year; a Kindergarten; a Day Nursery, with over 50 babies cared for; a Reading Club and a Sewing School.

In the North India Conference 5,885 were baptized within a year.

In ten years the church members in Mexico have increased from 827 to 2,858, and the churches from ten to twenty-eight.

Bishop Hurst, to illustrate the heroic character of missionaries, states of one who was a graduate from a Boston seminary and had spent years in preparing for the ministry, received for his entire salary last year only "four gallons of syrup."

There are 390 Methodist deaconesses in the United States, 106 in Europe, 42 in India, and 4 in China. There are 39 homes, 19 under the care of the Woman's Missionary Society with 116 deaconesses, and 20 under local government with 254 deaconesses.

In March, ground was broken at Washington for the erection of the Hall of History in connection with the American University. Bishop Hurst presided. Among others who delivered addresses was Mr. Edward Gurney, of Toronto, who spoke respecting the late Mr. Massey's gifts to various Methodist institutions, including $50,000 to the American University.

The Book Committee, at its late annual meeting, instructed the agents to erect a new building for the depository at Chicago, to cost from $125,000 to $150,000.

The *Epworth Herald* now has 100,000 subscribers.

Methodist Episcopal Church, South.

In less than thirty years, Southern Methodism has increased from 400,000 to a host numbering 1,422,967, and has accomplished other work in about the same proportion.

Primitive Methodist Church.

It was recently stated in the Leeds Council, that the denomination has twenty-seven places of worship in that famous Methodist town, seating 10,000 people, and 8,500 scholars in the Sunday-schools.

Mr. Stevens, mayor of Chippenham, is a loyal Primitive. He and the mayoress recently gave a splendid tea in the town hall to seventy aged poor people. The occasion was a real enjoyable one, at which everybody felt happy.

The Methodist Church.

Rev. W. Ryan, Auburn, N.S., not only attends to the requirements of his mission, but also visits the lumbering camps, where every winter some 400 men are employed. His visits are appreciated. A supply of literature, tracts and magazines would be a favour.

Rev. W. H. Pierce, the native missionary at Kish-piax, Upper Skeena, B.C., has baptized seventeen children and nineteen adults within five months.

Miss Cora G. Williams, granddaughter of our late General Superintendent, has been appointed teacher in the Indian Institute at Brandon, Man., and Miss A. Walsh has been appointed teacher in the Orphanage at Morley. Both the young ladies have gone from Ontario homes. God bless them!

Rev. T. Neville, Bella Coola, B.C., has been favoured with a gracious revival. Some of the Indian converts told the missionary that their heathen dances were finished.

The hospital work at Port Simpson is a power for good. The hospital was built in 1891, which cost $3,000, towards

which the Provincial Government contributed $500. Dr. Bolton has been in charge from the commencement. He is ably assisted by his wife and two nurses, Misses Spence and Lawrence, who are supported by the Woman's Missionary Society. The labour which the whole staff perform involves much self-sacrifice. During the six years that Dr. Bolton has been in charge, he has attended 35,000 cases. In 1895 he "travelled by steam, sail and scull, over British Columbia waters, on purely medical mission work, an aggregate of 3,630 miles."

Our readers will be glad to learn that the missionaries in China have returned to their missions, and that the Government has paid the money agreed upon for the destruction of church property.

The ministerial students attending Victoria University hold themselves in readiness to attend missionary meetings and assist in mission work generally. Their course is highly commendable.

Several of our churches have abolished tea-meetings from their anniversary programmes, but take thank-offerings instead. That at Bowmanville amounted to $953.

Rev. Dr. Chambers, of McCaul Street church, reports 150 converts as the result of three weeks' evangelistic services, in which he has been ably assisted by the Misses Hall, of Guelph.

At the Berkeley Street church, the pastor, Rev. J. Odery, assisted by Mr. J. M. Whyte, has just concluded two weeks of special evangelistic services with many conversions.

Recent Deaths.

Dr. Peter Bayne, of Scotland, is now numbered with those who have gone before. He was a Christian author of great ability, and was the successor of Hugh Miller to the editorial chair of the *Witness*. He was a constant contributor to the periodical press. Probably his biographies of Hugh Miller and Martin Luther were his best known works.

Rev. Bryan Roe, Wesleyan missionary in West Africa, recently died at his post. His death adds another name to the long list of those who have succumbed to the deadly climate of that country, which has long been known as the "white-man's grave."

Rev. Samuel Fear, of Hamilton Conference, Methodist Church, died at Elora, March 23rd. He was in the 94th year of his age and the 54th year of his ministry. Owing to his advanced age and extreme deafness, he took a superannuated relation seventeen years ago. His labours commenced in the county of Peel, which was truly a "bush" portion of the Province. Guelph, Goderich and Owen Sound were some of the places where he laboured. He was always regarded as a man of more than ordinary piety. How rapidly the Methodist fathers are passing away.

One of the most popular pastors in Canada was the late Rev. Dr. Carson, of Detroit. He was stationed in Toronto, Ottawa, Kingston, Hamilton and elsewhere. A few years ago he transferred his allegiance to the Presbyterian Church, in Detroit city, and held a front rank in ability and usefulness. His promising career was cut short by typhoid fever, and his death took place on April 7th. Eight gentlemen from Detroit accompanied his remains to Toronto, and the Rev. Drs. Potts, Dewart, Briggs, Burns (of Hamilton), and the Rev. J. Allen, took part in the obsequies at the cemetery.

We regret to learn of the death, by paralysis, of the Rev. James Graham, an honoured minister of the Methodist Church. Brother Graham was one of the strongly-marked personalities of his Conference. He was born in the North of Ireland, and came to this country at about sixteen years of age. He always retained his Celtic fire and fervour. He was an able minister of the New Testament and laboured abundantly in leading circuits both in Quebec and Ontario. He was for a time Assistant Editor of the *Christian Guardian*, was President of the London Conference in 1888, and a member of all the General Conferences of the Methodist Church. He was the son-in-law of the late Dr. Jeffers. His son, the Rev. John Graham, maintains the succession in the Methodist ministry.

The Rev. J. H. Robinson, a veteran minister of the late New Connexion Church, passed away, full of years and honours. He died at the residence of his son-in-law, Mr. William Saunders, Ottawa, April 13th. He was a man of remarkable force of character and of great pulpit and administrative ability. He was for many years Superintendent of Missions of the New Connexion Church and editor of its organ, the *Evangelical Witness*, now consolidated with the *Christian Guardian*. A full memoir of this distinguished man, with portrait, will appear in the June number of this magazine.

New Books

A perusal of the subjoined list may discover to you some book on a topic in which you are specially interested, or that fills a gap long felt on your library shelves.

THE PREACHER AND HIS PLACE. By David H. Greer, D.D. $1 50

THE HIGHER CRITICISM OF THE PENTATEUCH. By W. Henry Green, D.D., LL.D., Professor in Princeton Theological Seminary..... 1 75

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FOREIGN MISSIONS AFTER A CENTURY. By James S. Dennis, D.D.... 1 50

THE CHURCH AND SOCIAL PROBLEMS. By A. Scott Matheson..... 1 75

MEDICAL MISSIONS: THEIR PLACE AND POWER. By John Lowe, F.R.S.C.E..... 0 90

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A NEW PROGRAMME OF MISSIONS. A Movement to make the Colleges of all Lands Centres of Evangelization. By Luther D. Wishard, with an introduction by Rev. Richard S. Storrs, D.D..... 0 50

THE WILL OF GOD. What is it? And How to do it. By Rev. John P. Hobson, M.A..... 0 35

THE TEACHER AND THE CLASS; a Symposium on Sunday-school Teaching. By Rev. R. F. Horton, D.D., Bishop Vincent, Rev. James Stalker, D.D., Archdeacon Farrar and others..... 0 50

THE LORD'S PRAYER. By Rev. Geo. Milligan, B.D..... $0 50

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FOR DAYS OF YOUTH. A Bible Text and Talk for the Young for Every Day of the Year. By Rev. Chas. A. Salmond, M.A. 1 50

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF CHARLES HADDON SPURGEON. By W. Williams..... 1 75

THE PILGRIM FATHERS OF NEW ENGLAND AND THEIR PURITAN SUCCESSORS. By John Brown, B.A., D.D. 3 50

THE CHRIST OF TO-DAY. By George A. Gordon..... 1 75

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