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DEVOTED TO

Religion, Literature and Social Progress.

W. H. WITHROW, M.A., D.D., F.R.S.C.,
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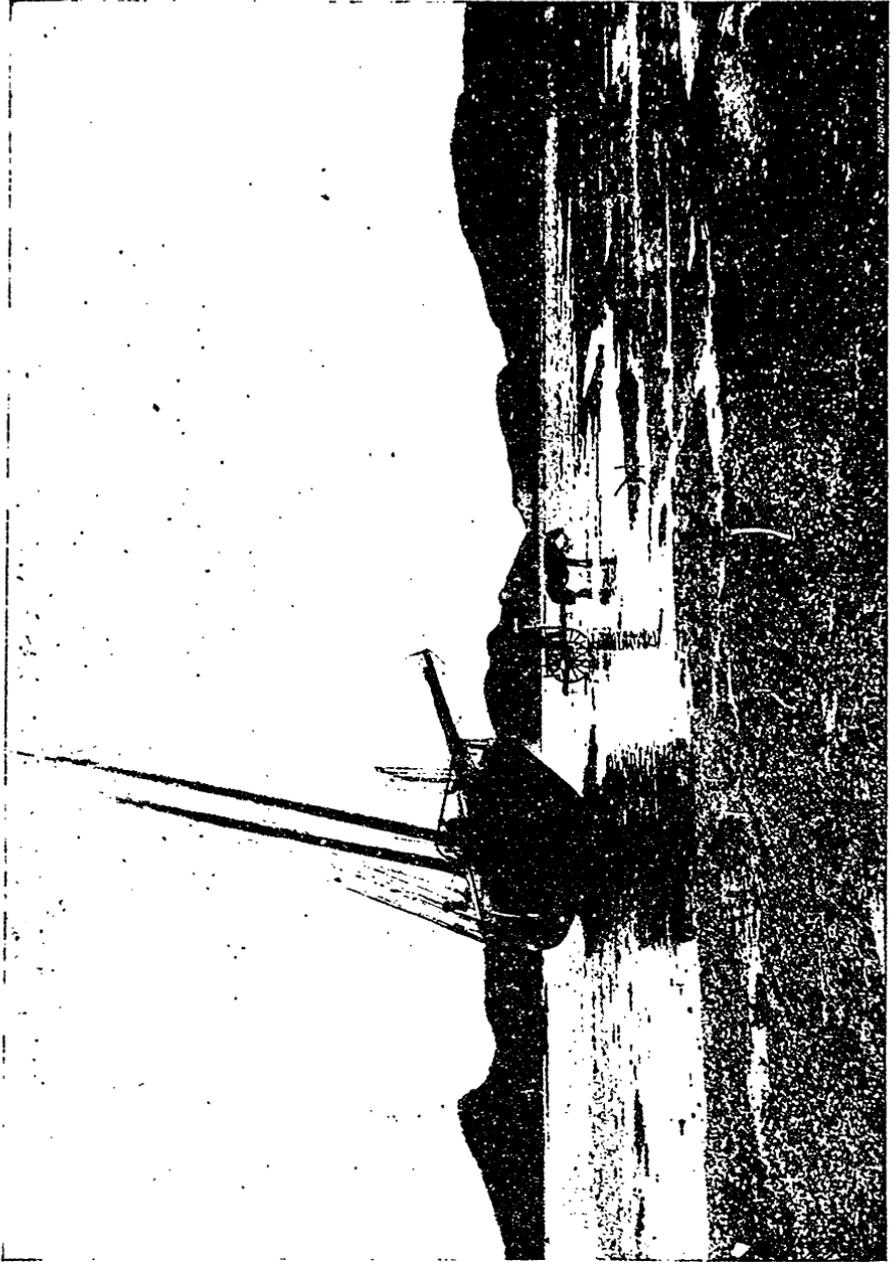
CONTENTS

	PAGE
ALGOMA, FROM THE HILLS OF. Maude Pettitt, B.A.....	65, 162, 261
ART, BEYOND THE CLOUD-LINE OF. Maude Pettitt, B.A.....	154
AZORES, GLIMPSSES OF THE.....	299
BARR, MRS. AMELIA E.—A CHARACTER SKETCH. Dora M. Jones.....	428
BEETHOVEN. Daniel Wise, D.D.....	344
BOOK NOTICES.....	94, 191, 286, 382, 476, 573
BRITAIN'S MOST ANCIENT COLONY. Rev. George J. Bond, B.A.....	7, 99
BROOK FARM, A ROMANCE OF.....	351
BURNS OF CANADA, THE.....	83
CANOEING IN CANADA. H. M. Robinson.....	16
CAPE TOWN.....	177
CARLYLE ON BURNS.....	51
CARLYLE AND GOETHE NOT SCEPTICS. Rev. Thomas Voaden.....	510
CHINA, THE MISSIONARY CRISIS IN. Hon. Charles Denby.....	465
CHINA, THE MYSTERIES OF GOD'S PROVIDENCES IN. Dr. Arthur Pierson.....	529
CHINESE PROBLEM, THE. Rev. Arthur H. Smith, D.D.....	170
CHINESE QUESTION, THE.....	273
CHAUCER AND WYCLIFFE. A. H. Reynar.....	328
CHRISTMAS, THE CENTRAL THOUGHT OF.....	560
CUBA—HER PRESENT CONDITION AND NEED. Rev. Archibald McLean.....	387
DAUGHTER OF THE MINES, A. Maude Pettitt, B.A.....	455
DAWSON, SIR J. W. ON THE ORIGIN OF MAN. Rev. W. Spiers, M.A., F.G.S., F.R.M.S.....	125
DAWSON, SIR WILLIAM, A GREAT CANADIAN SCIENTIST. Editor.....	174
DENT BLANCHE, THE TRAGEDY OF THE. Vagabundus.....	291
DOWNSIDE, GEORGE D.; OR, TRUTH STRANGER THAN FICTION. Rev. James Cooke Seymour.....	490
END OF THE GREAT FAIR.....	468
FRY, ELIZABETH.....	242
FRIEND OF THE FRIENDLESS, A.—MARY CARPENTER. Annie E. Keeling.....	305
FUR TRADE, THE ROMANCE OF THE.....	181
GERMANY, MUNICIPAL ACTIVITIES IN. Frank S. Hoffman.....	159
GLADSTONE, THE LATE MRS. WILLIAM.....	187
GREAT NEED, A. Mrs. Isabella Bird Bishop.....	248
GUYON, MADAME. Frances Huston Wallace, M.A., D.D.....	114, 208
HOLY CITY, HOME LIFE IN THE. Rev. G. Robinson Lees, B.A., F.R.G.S.....	503
HOURS WITH OUR HYMNS. Rev. O. R. Lambly.....	522
IMMORTALITY, THE CONCEPTION OF. Rev. Prof. E. I. Badgley, LL.D.....	283
INASMUCH. Maude Pettitt, B.A.....	544
INTELLECTUAL DRIFT OF THE CENTURY, THE. Rev. W. Harrison.....	349, 442
KENILWORTH AND ITS MEMORIES.....	321
KING OF ITALY, THE ASSASSINATION OF THE.....	275
LABRADOR.....	37
LABRADOR MISSION, DR. GRENFELL'S. Mabelle Biggart.....	334
LIFE AND CHARACTER IN EARLY CHRISTIAN CENTURIES. Editor.....	514
LIFE IN A CONVENT. Annie E. Keeling.....	437, 539
LITTLE VENICE AND ITS PEOPLE.....	483
MARTYRS' MONUMENT, EDINBURGH, THE. William Andrew.....	425
MINES AND MINING, WESTERN. B. R. Atkins.....	24
MEDICAL MISSIONS. George E. Post, M.D.....	256
METHODISM, GREETINGS OF BRITISH TO AMERICAN. Rev. Thos. Allen, D.D.....	77
METHODISM A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.—JONATHAN SAVILE. Abel Stevens, LL.D.....	149
NEW YORK UNDERGROUND RAILWAY.....	277
NEW ONTARIO: ITS RESOURCES, ETC. Rev. A. B. Johnston.....	404
NINETEENTH CENTURY SAINT, A. Miss E. Sanderson.....	44
OXFORD UNDER TWO QUEENS. W. Morley Punshon, D.D., LL.D.....	418
PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION, THE; OR, A WORLD'S FAIR AT OUR DOORS.....	561
PARIS EXHIBITION, THE.....	370, 468
PARIS, IN THE STREETS OF. Ellen Gertrude Cohen.....	156
PASSION PLAY, THE.....	460
PASTORATE OF THE REV. SAMUEL WILKES, THE. Elinor Wilton.....	360, 447

	PAGE
PEARY EXPEDITIONS, NARRATIVE OF THE.....	143, 226
PRESBYTERIAN? WHY AM I A. Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler, D.D., LL.D.....	223
PRINCE ALFRED, THE DEATH OF.....	276
QUAKER APOSTLE, A.—ISAAC SHARP. S. Ellen Gregory.....	311
QUEEN OF THE ADRIATIC, THE. Charles Yriarte.....	195
RECENT SCIENCE.—METEORITES AND COMETS. Prince Kropotkin.....	251
RELIGIOUS LEADERS OF GREAT BRITAIN. Wingrove.....	62, 109
RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.....	88, 188, 280, 379, 473, 569
ROBERTSON OF BRIGHTON.....	467
ROLLING OFF A MISSIONARY STUDENT. Rev. T. W. Hunter.....	415
ROMANCE OF A COUNTRY TOWN. Annette L. Noble.....	550
ROMANCE OF MISSIONS.—FELIX NEFF. The Editor.....	121
RUSKIN AS MASTER OF PROSE. Frederic Harrison.....	215
SOUTH AFRICA, THE BOER, THE CHURCH, AND THE NATIVE IN. Wm. Hudson.....	120
SUN AND HIS RELATIONS TO THE EARTH, THE. Prof. Charles A. Young.....	317
SUPERIOR PERSON IN RELIGION, THE. Rev. John Watson, D.D. (Jan Maclaren.).....	368
TORQUATO TASSO—THE MISERIES OF GENIUS. Professor Sismondi.....	338
TRANSVAAL, THE DEEP GOLD MINES OF THE. George E. Walsh.....	179
TRIALS OF AN INVENTOR, THE. Editor.....	532
TWO CHRISTMAS EYES. Lottie McAlister.....	557
UNIVERSAL NOTE, THE. Pastor Felix.....	409
UNIVERSITY LIFE AT CAMBRIDGE. E. A. Welch, M.A., D.C.L.....	232
WAR, THE REDEMPTION OF. Rev. G. Beesley Austin.....	32
WESLEY, JOHN—AN APPRECIATION. Augustus Birrell.....	432
WOMAN'S FOREIGN MISSIONARY SOCIETY, THE. Jennie F. Willing.....	366
WORLD'S PROGRESS, THE.....	83, 184, 273, 375, 470, 565
WORMS AND THEIR WORK.....	525
WYCKOFF'S "WORKERS." Rev. W. H. Adams.....	396

POETRY.

AFRICA.....	5
AUTUMN OF THE SOUL, THE. Jesse Page.....	316
AUTUMN HYMN, AN. Sarah L. Arnold.....	337
BACKWOODS PREACHER, THE. E. H. Stafford.....	29
CAIN. Charles Campbell.....	403
CANADA: ITS HISTORY AND DESTINY. Charles Campbell.....	3
CHILDREN OF THE BLOOD, THE.....	15
CHRISTMAS. Bessie Hill.....	489
CHRISTMAS BELLS, THE. George Lansing Taylor, D.D.....	513
CHRISTMAS EVE. Ednah Proctor Clarke.....	502
CHRISTMAS SONG, A. Margaret E. Sangster.....	556
CONFLICT OF LIFE, THE. Samuel Johnson.....	482
DAVID, IN THE CITY OF. T. P. G.....	531
DESERTED WHARF, THE. Charles G. D. Roberts.....	241
ELEGY, A FARMER'S. Winthrop P. Bell.....	482
ENGLAND, TO. George Lansing Taylor, D.D.....	472
GOD IS WITH THE MAN OF LOW ESTATE. Maretta R. McCaughey.....	414
HEREAFTER, THE GREAT. Olway Curry.....	214
HIGHER. Harriet Warner Requa.....	320
KING'S HIGHWAY, IN THE. Ola Moore.....	446
MERCY OF THE MIGHTIFUL, THE. Alfred Austin.....	417
NATION'S PRAYER, THE. M. Algon Kirby.....	36
NATION'S WELCOME, A.....	279
NEW AUSTRALIAN COMMONWEALTH, THE. Rudyard Kipling.....	459
OBSCURE MARTYRS. Sir Edwin Arnold.....	327
OCTOBER.—"FINIS CORONAT OPUS." Alfred H. Vine.....	333
ONWARD. Florence Liffiton.....	42
OUR COUNTRY.....	5
PRAYER OF SELF, THE. Priscilla Leonard.....	395
PSALM, THE TWENTY-THIRD. Amy Parkinson.....	240
REDEMPTION. Amy Parkinson.....	272
RESIGNATION. Amy Parkinson.....	180
SOUTH AFRICA.—IN MEMORIAM. Charles Campbell.....	166
TRUTH'S WATCHMEN ON THE WALLS OF TIME. Albert L. Beane.....	28
UNDERSTOOD. Henry W. Hawkes.....	153



LOW TIDE ON THE BAY OF FUNDY.

Methodist Magazine and Review.

JULY, 1900.

CANADA: ITS HISTORY AND DESTINY.*

A METRICAL STORY.

BY CHARLES CAMPBELL.



Free from all ancient wrongs, this un-
stained land
Falls first, O France! into thy fostering
hand,
While yet thy faith is pure, thy courage
high,
Ere coming ills have dwarfed thy destiny.
Deal wisely, kindly, with thy fair estate;
Send noblest sons to guide its infant fate;
Let Law and Virtue rule thy spirits bold.
And sink not justice in the greed for gold!
So, when thine ancient foe shall take thy
place,

* We have pleasure in presenting here-
with somewhat copious extracts from a
noble poem, on Canada and its History, by
Charles Campbell, of St. John, N.B. Mr.
Campbell entitles his poem: "Canada, A
Metrical Story." It takes a survey of our
country from the earliest times down to the
integration of the seven provinces in the
new Dominion. The sustained eloquence,
the noble ideals, the felicitous phrasing and
poetical spirit of this "story" will be ap-
parent to all our readers from the quota-
tions which we make. This poem has been
very daintily printed by our Publishing
House, in a white and gold-bound booklet,
which is sold for the nominal price of twenty-
five cents. We can conceive of few more
beautiful souvenirs of the natal day of our
Dominion than this dainty booklet.—ED.

VOL. LII. No. 1.

Thine olden blood may blend, by God's
good grace,
With hers to glorify the future race!

Saxon and Gaul their mighty task pursue,
To conquer Nature with a chosen few;
O'er unknown hills, by unknown streams
to press

Their puny might against the wilderness!
Wild beast and wilder man their wand'-
rings haunt;

Death journeys, side by side, their souls
to daunt;

The unseen death,—or else the dreadful
stake:

No horror can their steadfast courage
shake:

Unknown and unnamed heroes of the past!
What guerdon did ye look for at the last,—
What hope induced so stern a venture cast?

These deal, in fitful blow and swift retreat,
With France entrenched within her north-
ern seat;

And lend their aid with sword and torch
to scar

The forest-girdled hamlets, near and far.
Behind they leave the widow's deep dis-
tress

And helpless sorrows of the fatherless,
While stern reprisal gilds the gathering
gloom

And lights with triumph e'en their vic-
tims' tomb!

So ebbs and flows, through full a century's
flight,

The bloody current of the doubtful fight,
Till England wakes to prove her sternest
might!

Yet seems it hopeless mortal might can
win

The lofty keep that shuts thy bravest in;
Sheer to the wave, at awful depth below,
The trusted rock confronts the dreaded
foe!

Well may a new-born hope thy spirit cheer
As moon succeeds to moon with nought
to fear

Save fruitless blows against that rock-bound face,
 If, haply, valour tempt thee from thy base ;
 While he, great leader of that baffled host,
 Whose dauntless soul is known and dreaded most,
 With body frail, stands dying at his post !
 'Tis done ! Ere yet the throbbing stars
 have paled,
 The height is won, the dizzy pathway
 scaled :

The guard, amazed, with wild and wondering eyes
 See men, like phantoms, from the deep
 arise,
 Whose breathless foremost leap upon the
 foe,
 To gain a respite for the friends below ;
 And as the morn breaks radiant o'er the
 land,
 The chosen ranks in calm formation stand !
 Fair morn ! so big with fate, wherein the
 Past
 Shall melt and vanish in new landscape
 vast,
 And War and Discord fold their wings at
 last !

To plead before High Heav'n their last
 appeal
 And learn the sentence which the Fates
 reveal,
 Here, on this Altar, uplift to the skies,
 Two nations offer solemn sacrifice !
 Twin hearts, of single mould, and each
 content
 To leave this hard-fought field his monu-
 ment ;
 To pass to glorious rest, ere set of sun,
 What'er betide, his duty nobly done—
 Here is no longer foe, but only friend,
 The Lilies and the Cross above them blend,
 True emblem of new life that shall not
 end !

And England conquers, and the strife is
 o'er—
 'Tis hers the healing oil and wine to pour,
 Bind up all wounds and let large Free-
 dom's thrill
 With sweet surprise a waiting people fill ;
 To hold their welfare as the common cause,
 To guard their Altar and protect their
 laws,—
 A mother true, within whose sheltering
 breast
 Each new-found son secures untroubled
 rest,
 Till gladsome hearts and deep content de-
 clare
 Love conquers hate, joy triumphs o'er
 despair,
 And grateful homage swells to patriot
 prayer !

Well for the loyal faith and knightly grace
 That bind time-honoured foes in close em-
 brace !
 Oh ! well that noble hearts can soar above
 All hates o'erpast, to brotherhood of love !
 The Lilies and the Cross, by God entwined,
 Stand fast mid chaos—marvel to mankind !
 For lo ! around them, locked in deadly
 strife,
 Sons of one household seek each other's
 life !
 By grievance fired and evil counsels' sway,
 Unfilial sons with aliens join the fray
 And strike the mother, breathless and at
 bay !

In vain their arts to kindle hate again
 And break the bonds of sacred trust—in
 vain !
 With faith undimmed, though England
 seem to fall
 And France triumphant on her children
 call,
 The North stands true—while, from the
 mother torn,
 A new-made nation in the South is born ;
 Who vex, within their bounds, in fierce
 despite,
 All loyal hearts that shared the losing
 fight,—
 The narrow soul that marked their grand-
 sires shown
 In secret charge by evil whisper blown,
 And wanton malice when the fight is done !

Forth, like an Israel, to the wilderness
 Her loyal sons, with souls unshaken,
 press :
 From friends and kindred, see ! the
 chosen come,
 From costly mansion and from lowly
 home ;
 Nor purse nor scrip—true hearts alone
 they bring,
 A royal offering to their rightful King !
 Ope wide your portals, brethren of the
 North,
 Lift up your voice and shout your greet-
 ings forth !
 For lo ! as star draws star with untold
 might,
 Deep answers deep, and height responds
 to height,
 So loyal hearts to loyal hearts unite !

To guard and build, to found our empire
 wide ;
 O'er lake and plain and lofty peak to
 stride ;
 To grasp the hand of brothers found apart,
 And form one household of one mind and
 heart ;
 To spread true Freedom on each wind
 that blows,

And make the desert blossom as the rose ;
 From north to south, from east to west
 to be
 Offspring of England's Law and Liberty !
 Behold the task our fathers had begun,
 Through toil and strife and dangers nobly
 run,
 Behold ! the task, the glorious task is
 done !

The Lilies of Old France are just as fair :
 Though lost to sight, their fragrance still
 is there—
 The Red Cross beckons ever in the van,

The hope of earth, the steadfast friend
 of man.
 Beneath its folds a serried people stand
 In true and pure allegiance, heart and
 hand ;
 One, from stern Fundy's deep arterial
 tide
 To where the Great Lakes spread their
 waters wide ;
 One where the Rocky Mountains proudly
 soar ;
 One still upon the far Pacific shore ;
 One people,—to be sundered nevermore !

OUR COUNTRY.

O beautiful, our country !
 Be thine a nobler care
 Than all thy wealth of commerce,
 Thy harvests waving fair ;
 Be it thy pride to lift up
 The manhood of the poor ;
 Be thou to the oppressed
 Fair Freedom's open door !

For thee our fathers suffered,
 For thee they toiled and prayed ;
 Upon thy holy altar
 Their willing lives they laid.

Thou hast no common birthright,
 Grand memories on thee shine ;
 The blood of pilgrim nations
 Commingling flows in thine.

O beautiful, our country !
 Round thee in love we draw ;
 Thine be the grace of Freedom,
 The majesty of Law.
 Be Righteousness thy sceptre,
 Justice thy diadem ;
 And on thy shining forehead
 Be Peace the crowning gem.

AFRICA.

BY M. ANNIE FOSKETT.

O Africa beloved, for thy sake
 Our England wakes to-day to travail sore,
 Her regal brow white with her anguished pain,
 While enemies aglow with hate and ire
 All breathless watch, eager to see her die.

O Africa, land of the stream and palm,
 Our country gives her manhood's strength for thee,
 Pours forth for thee the life-blood of her sons,
 Even that thou mayst rise—thou who so long
 Hast lain sore bleeding 'neath the tyrant's heel ;
 Thy swarthy sons, heirs of thy golden soil,
 Treading their own fair hills as aliens tread,
 Till each green mound becomes their Calvary.

But lift thy head, for Liberty draws near ;
 The Angel of thy years that are to be,
 O Africa, thy shackles soon shall fall,
 And thou shalt breathe God's air and feel His sun,
 As children glad, or spirits God-beloved ;
 While for the land that gave her heart's rich life
 That thy yoke might be broken, there shall be
 The rising of a Sun which shall not set,
 For clash of arms—joy songs of victory,
 For while at Afric's side brave England stands,
 Lo ! behind thee, dear Land, there stands the Christ.

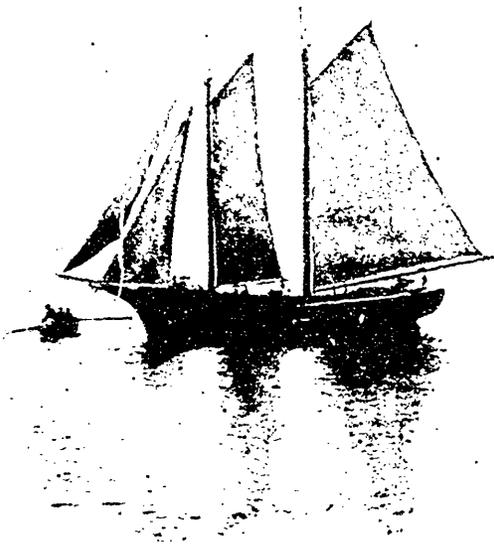


AN ICEBERG OFF THE COAST OF NEWFOUNDLAND.

BRITAIN'S MOST ANCIENT COLONY AND ITS MOST MODERN DEVELOPMENTS.

BY THE REV. GEORGE J. BOND, B.A.,

Editor of "The Westgan," Halifax.



BANKER OUTWARD BOUND.

I.

"O che buonavista!" the old Venetian navigator is said to have exclaimed as he rounded the great bluff which guards the southern entrance of one of Newfoundland's great bays. "O what a beautiful sight!" may as truly be said of a thousand landscapes and seascapes in that island, as of Bonavista's glorious sweep of sea and shore. And yet the island is for the many almost as much unknown as when John Cabot's venturous keel first cleft the blue waters that dash upon its shores, and the sturdy

sailor hailed it as Prima Vista, the first land seen. That was in 1497, and this is 1900, and it is a far cry from the one date to the other, and from the days of Henry the Seventh to the last decades of the Victorian era, and yet it is true that Terra Nova is still largely Terra Incognita, and the New-found-lande of the early voyager a land only just beginning to be discovered by the capitalist and the tourist of this eager and open-eyed nineteenth century.

It is a strange story—the story of the reasons why Britain's most ancient colony has remained so largely unknown and undeveloped. She has been, indeed, as Lord Salisbury said a few years ago, "the sport of historic misfortune," and her history is a record of anomalies, misunderstandings, oppressions, and injustices altogether unrivalled, and almost innumerable. Burns' oft-quoted reference to her as

Some place far abroad
Whaur sailors gang to fish for cod.

very fairly represents the sum total of the knowledge of her where-



IN THE NARROWS—A FISH-FLAKE.



LOADING FISH, QUIDI-VIDI.

abouts and the estimate of her value possessed by ninety-nine hundredths of the outside world. And yet she is not so very far abroad. She is only sixteen hundred and forty miles from the most eastern point to the most western point in Ireland, so that she is nearer to the motherland than any other part of America. A long-range modern cannon could almost throw a ball from the north-east shore of Quebec province to the north-west shore of Newfoundland, for at the narrowest point of the Cabot Strait it is only a few miles across.

The very bulk of the island, as well as its strategic position, ought to have caused it to be better known. It ranks tenth in size among the islands of the globe. A great triangular wedge of some three hundred and sixteen miles in greatest length and breadth, it is one-sixth larger than Ireland, one-third larger than New Brunswick, and twice as large as Nova Scotia. Were three of its largest lakes united, Prince Edward Island could be accommodated in their embrace, with plenty of water all around to maintain her insularity. So deeply are the shores indented

by great bays—some of them seventy or eighty miles in depth—with scores of winding sounds and arms, innumerable coves and creeks, and multitudes of lovely harbours, that the coast line measures some three thousand miles. Besides, she stands like a stern sentinel at the gateway of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and holds for ever the key to all the vast domain of British North America.

How comes it, then, that Newfoundland has been so little known, and so little regarded by the outside world? Paradoxically enough, because of the immense value and extent of her fisheries. Cabot had hardly got back to Britain with the news of his discovery before that news spread far and wide that the seas around the Newfoundland teemed with fish, and within a year or two the daring sailors of Devon were speeding across the Atlantic in their tiny craft to reap the harvest of the sea. Then came the hardy sons of Normandy and Brittany, and the Basques and Portuguese and Spaniards, till in the early years of the sixteenth century a motley and many-tongued crowd of fishermen, in

barks of many a curious build and rig, came every summer to fish in Newfoundland waters, and returned in the late autumn to their homes across the sea.

And, mark you, in those far-off days the newly-discovered land and its fisheries excited as much interest as the gold-fields of the Klondike or the Rand excite to-day. Wealthy nobles as well as wealthy merchants vied with one another in exploring and exploiting the teeming seas which washed the shores of Terra Nova. The British gradually gained in numbers

harbour of St. Johns, and claimed the island as a colony of Britain, he found thirty-six sail of fishing vessels, of different nationalities, at anchor there, and houses and fishing premises in occupancy. He hoisted the royal standard, set up a pillar with the royal arms cut in lead upon it, read his patent of authority to the assembled crews, and thus, on the fifth day of August, 1583, began that splendid career of colonizing, which has progressed till to-day the Union Jack floats over an empire on which the sun never sets. So, in



IN A TUMBLING SEA ON THE GRAND BANKS.

and authority among their rivals, and the trade grew to such proportions that Raleigh declared in Parliament that the fisheries of Newfoundland were the stay and support of the West Counties of England, and also affirmed that if any harm should happen to the Newfoundland fleet, it would be the greatest calamity that could befall England.

So it came about that when, in the reign of Good Queen Bess and by virtue of her authority, the brave, gentle, but unfortunate Sir Humphrey Gilbert entered the

the name of God, and under the authority of England's maiden queen, the most ancient colony began its career.

But the shrewd, bold, wealthy merchant adventurers of Devon and Somerset looked with great disfavour upon all designs of colonizing the island. It was a rich preserve for them, and they wished to keep it in their own possession altogether. They sent their ships out in the spring, and brought them back in the late autumn laden with cargoes that were speedily turned into gold. They knew

that if permanent settlement was made in Newfoundland, and competition grew, their enormous profits would be seriously diminished. So they laboured directly and indirectly to prevent settlement. How well they succeeded the history of Newfoundland shows.

The first attempts at colonization proved wretched failures, largely because they were ill-conceived and badly carried out. The acute Westcountrymen made abundant capital out of these failures. The land was hopelessly barren, they declared, and utterly unfitted for

So, for one hundred and fifty years, the most ancient colony was left to the yearly visits of the fishermen and their employers, and the wealth taken from its teeming waters went to build great fortunes and palatial homes in Somerset and Devon. Settlement came, of course, but it came by stealth, and in spite of laws which compelled every shipmaster visiting the country to give bonds of £100 sterling to bring back every person he took out. The only government of the numerous fishing settlements was that of the



GROUND SWELL AFTER A STORM.

settlement. Besides, permanent settlement would spoil the fisheries, and so interfere with the great nursery for seamen for the royal navy, which the Newfoundland fishing fleet provided. As the British Government regarded the supply of stalwart sea-dogs to fight her battles as of infinitely more importance than the peopling of her first "plantation," the wily and wealthy "merchant adventurers" of the West Counties had their way, and settlement on the shores of Newfoundland was prohibited under heavy penalties.

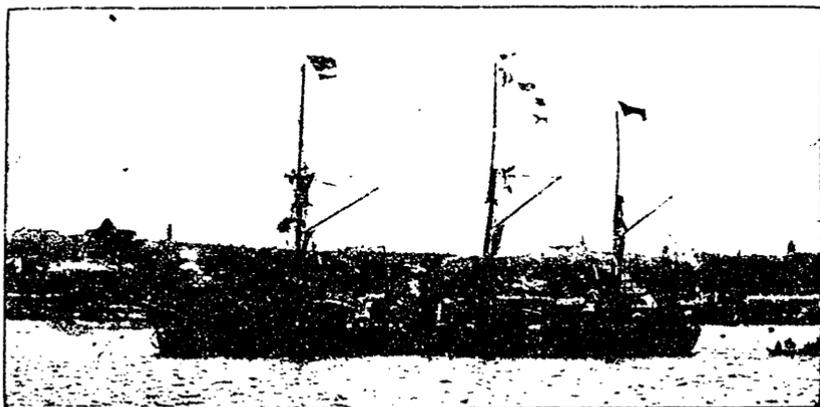
Fishing Admirals, as they were called, the title and authority being given to the first skipper that entered harbour to begin the season's work. What sort of law and order the uncouth "admirals" kept may easily be imagined. They persecuted the poor settlers, and sought to drive them out by making their lives too hard to be endured, and instead of governing, they ground the faces of the poor in their own selfish interests and those of their masters.

Yet not till 1729, when the permanent population numbered some

six thousand, did Britain send out a regularly appointed governor and really attempt to care for her first-born colonial child. A hard, careless, cruel mother she showed herself to be through all the long and weary years which preceded that event, and even after it for a while things went wrongly enough. Will it be believed when I say that so late as 1799 houses were pulled down in St. Johns because they had been erected without a permit, and that it was not till 1820 that the laws against building on, fencing, and cultivating the land were completely abolished? Does any

known at all, as a land of fish and fogs, of seals and dogs, of barren rocks and scrubby swamps, enveloped in dank mists, surrounded by icy seas, sparsely settled by a squalid population, with a short summer and a long and bitter winter—a damp, dreary, desert land, far-off, forlorn, and utterly forbidding. Happily the “Cinderella of the Colonies” has found her fairy godmother, and the prince has come, at long, long last, to find the dainty foot that fits the glass slipper, and to woo and wed his bonny bride.

The fisheries—the great cod fish-



SEALING STEAMER, LOADED.

one sneer at Newfoundland for being backward in the great march of colonial progress? Let him remember that when Britain was fostering by all means in her power the progress of all the rest of her family, she was strangling her first-born! And there have not been wanting indications in recent years that something of the murderous instinct still survives in her thought and treatment of the Ancient Colony.

So it has come about that till within the last few years Newfoundland was known to the outside world, so far as she was

eries which first brought Newfoundland to the notice of the world in the days of England's *Virgin Queen*—are still vastly prolific. Fish in Newfoundland parlance means cod, and only cod. Other fish there are in plenty and variety, but when a Newfoundlander talks to you of “fish,” without any distinguishing adjective, he always means codfish. No wonder. As long ago as the year 1600, two hundred sail of English ships were found in Newfoundland waters, employing ten thousand men and boys in the catch and cure of that valuable commodity, and as long

ago as 1610 an English writer, Sir William Monson, declared that the fisheries were worth a hundred thousand pounds a year to England. Half a million of dollars was a much larger sum in those days than it is to-day, and it is not difficult to understand the wish of the West County merchants to keep the island to themselves. Who can estimate the vast wealth that for four hundred years has been drawn from the tossing seas that encircle Newfoundland? No wonder that the astute Lord Bacon declared those fisheries to contain "richer treasures than the mines of Mexico and Peru." To-day a quarter of the whole population of the island is engaged in the catch and cure of fish, and four-fifths of its exports consist of that staple.

Taking the entire industry into account, some two thousand vessels are employed annually, an aggregate of over eighty thousand tons. An average of about 1,350,000 quintals, or 150,200,000 pounds, of dry codfish are exported annually. That represents about 67,500,000 codfish taken annually from Newfoundland waters—a prodigious draft to be repeated year after year. In fact, Newfoundland exports three times the quantity of dry codfish exported by the whole Dominion of Canada.

There are three different kinds of fishing pursued in Newfoundland. There is, first, the shore fishery, prosecuted, as its name implies, in small boats and skiffs off the shores of the great bays and along the coast, with hook and line, with seine and trap and net. It is an arduous, perilous calling, that of the shore fishermen, with much broken rest and exposure, but the quality of fish caught is of the highest. "Prime Shore Merchantable" represents the choicest of the market.

Then there is the Bank Fishery,

pursued in schooners, which go to the Great Banks of Newfoundland, those vast submarine plateaux—veritable "cod-meadows," swarming with great fish, which extend for six hundred miles, and in part only a day's sail from the southern and western coast. Anchored in the rough seas which roll over these shallows, the schooners lie riding, while the crews, in their light "dories," set bait, and haul their trawls, returning to port once, twice, thrice during the season to unload the summer's catch, to be "made," i.e., salted and dried, ashore. Many of the "bankers" are very beautiful schooners, and the hardy fellows that man them know much of the perils of the deep.

Lastly, there is the Labrador Fishery, pursued on the bleak and storm-smitten coast of Labrador, in schooners and larger craft, which go down there as soon as the Arctic ice clears away in spring, and return as late in the autumn as the short northern season will permit. A hard fight for bread is that of the Labrador fishermen, and many and great are the risks he undergoes. The "price of fish" is toil, privation, peril, and often death. It would be well for us sometimes to remember this. The prayer for those in peril on the sea is always appropriate:

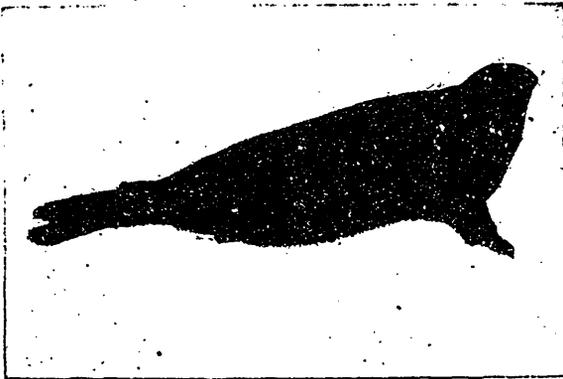
For men must work and women must weep,
Though storms be sudden and waters deep,
And the harbour bar be moaning.

I cannot stop to tell of the other fisheries of Newfoundland, those of salmon, herring, and last, but not least, lobster. Suffice it to say that the whole average value annually of the fisheries of the colony is in the neighbourhood of seven millions of dollars.

The seal fishery, as it is called, is, after the cod fishery, the most important of the industries of Newfoundland. The seal, of

course, is not a fish at all, it is a warm-blooded, fur-bearing mammal, valuable in part for its skin, which is used for making leather, and in part for the layer of thick fat or "blubber" lying immediately inside the skin, which is made into oil and used for lubricating purposes. While the cod fishery is four hundred years old, the seal fishery has not been pursued for quite a century. It is hazardous, precarious, but immensely and rapidly lucrative work.

The great Arctic current bearing the ice-floes around the shores of Newfoundland is indeed a river of gold to many of the people of



HARP SEAL, FULL GROWN.

that country. The ice-floes are the "whelping ground" on which countless thousands of young seals are born every year, from the 15th to the 20th of February. In a month's time they are at their greatest perfection—"white coats" rolling in fat, yet still suckled by their mothers, and helpless to escape the hunter, who with a slight blow upon the head from his "bat," easily kills his prey, and with a few rapid and dexterous strokes of his knife strips the thick "pelt"—the skin and fat—from the quivering frame.

During the month of March the sealing fleet sets out for the ice-

laden sea. At one time as many as four hundred vessels, of from sixty to two hundred tons, with their crews, aggregating thirteen thousand men, went thus "to the ice." Nowadays the work is almost altogether done by steamers, of which there is a fleet of about twenty, more or less. The sailing vessel's day is done. The steamers carry large crews—from 200 to 300 men each—and when fully loaded bring home from 20,000 to 40,000 seals. Think, my gentle reader, of a steamer with three hundred men leaving port on the 12th of March, and returning in a fortnight or three weeks with

a cargo worth a hundred thousand dollars!

They do not all draw prizes, however, in the lottery of the seal fishery, there are often blanks. A huge steamer, with a huge crew, may come in "clean," without enough seals to pay for the bread-box. But when winds and waves and weather are propitious, and the "breeding ice" is "struck," the white fields are sometimes

literally covered for miles with thousands upon thousands of seals, and the crew have simply to kill their helpless prey and load their vessel full of the valuable pelts.

The present year the seal fishery was very successful, and the number of seals secured far above the average. A half a million of seals have sometimes been brought in as the result of a single season's "voyage," aggregating in value something like a million of dollars! And this as a return for a month or six weeks' work. But a "poor year at the ice" may cut down the catch to half or quarter that amount.

Should any of my readers desire a tour this summer, a tour that will bring him real novelty of scene and life, let him take a trip to Newfoundland. At any railway office he can obtain information as to routes of travel, and in a few days he can be, if he chooses, in the very midst of the life I have been describing. He can visit the fishing people in their hospitable homes. He can go out with them in their boats. He can sketch or photograph the picturesque villages and interiors. He can snapshot or paint the magnificent icebergs, veritable "islands of ice," as the fisherfolk call them, that float in crystalline splendour on the sunny seas. He can do a thousand and one things that will

take him out of the ruts, and give him that greatest of all medicines, thorough change of scene and interest. He can reach Newfoundland by steamer from New York, Montreal, or Halifax, or if he prefers, he can avoid all danger of seasickness, and, taking the palatial steamer "Bruce" at Sydney, Cape Breton, reach Port aux Basques, Newfoundland, in six or seven hours, and go through to St. John's, or be brought to some far-famed and picturesque paradise of sport piscatorial, in the Pullman of the Newfoundland Railway. For the Ancient Colony has had some wonderful modern developments. But of these I must speak in my next paper.

THE CHILDREN OF THE BLOOD.

BY C. M.

Is this the North Wind sweeping down to snap the storm-bent pine,
Or the South Wind whirling spindrift from Fuego to the Line?
No! East or West, fling out your best against the sea cliff sheer;
Far clearer than your storm-wind is the call that greets us here.

Where'er the Three Cross Banner waves you hear the summons roll,
From mountain crest to river bed, from Tropic to the Pole.
It floats out o'er the lonely veldt, across the prairie grass;
It strikes the busy merchant's ear where hurrying thousands pass;
Then crashing o'er the granite peak, it bids the hillman come;
The stockman gathers from the plain, the dalesman from his home.
Men hear it in the workshop as it echoes down the street,
It stirs the ready hand to arm, the loyal heart to beat,
It peals out o'er the desert waste, it thunders o'er the flood,
The Free Land's call to Free Men, to the Children of the Blood.

Where'er that brave old Banner flaunts our Triple Cross on high,
Where'er the Lion's cubs are reared, rings out the stern reply,—
"We hear thy voice, Great Mother, and we answer to thy call,
The offspring of thy mighty loins, spread o'er the seagirt ball.
We stand with thee in union,—Lord God, be Thou our guide,
Wield Thou the Sword of Justice, but *this* link let none divide!
We bring our lives, a free gift, for the land all freemen love,
For liberty and equal law, our charter from above."
And as, when dark clouds low'ered of old, our Fathers grimly stood,
So now, before the Nations, stand the Children of the Blood.

—The Spectator.

CANOEING IN CANADA.

BY H. M. ROBINSON.



MAKING A PORTAGE.

Summer in Northern Ontario treads so closely upon the heels of winter as to leave but little standing room for spring. About the second week in April the earth begins to soften. During the following weeks the days grow soft and warm. A few days later, the river, which hitherto has resisted all the advances of spring, begins to show symptoms of yielding at last to her soft entreaties. With the coming of the delicate flowers and bloom of early May, it gives way suddenly and throws off its

icy mask. The red man lifts his birch-bark canoe from its resting-place, and launches it upon the flood. The canoe is part of the savage. After generations of use, it has grown into the economy of his life. What the horse is to the Arab, the camel to the desert traveller, or the dog to the Eskimo, the birch-bark canoe is to the Indian. The forests along the river shores yield all the materials requisite for its construction; cedar for its ribs; birch-bark for its outer covering; the thews of the juniper



TAMAGAMI FALLS.

to sew together the separate pieces ; red pine to give resin for the seams and crevices.

“ And the forest life is in it—
And its mystery and magic,
All the lightness of the birch-tree
All the toughness of the cedar,
All the larch's supple sinews,
And it floated on the river
Like a yellow leaf in autumn,
Like a yellow water-lily.”

During the summer season the canoe is the home of the red man. It is not only a boat, but a house ; he turns it over him as a protection when he camps ; he carries it long distances over land from lake to lake. Frail beyond words, yet he loads it down to the water's edge. In it he steers boldly out into the

broadest lake, or paddles through wood and swamp and reedy shallow. Sitting in it he gathers his harvest of wild rice, or catches fish, or steals upon his game ; dashes down the wildest rapid, braves the foaming torrent, or lies like a wild bird on the placid waters. While the trees are green, while the waters dance and sparkle, and the wild duck dwells in the sedgy ponds, the birch-bark canoe is the red man's home.

And how well he knows the moods of the river ! To guide his canoe through some whirling eddy, to shoot some roaring waterfall, to launch it by the edge of some fiercely-rushing torrent, or dash



IN AN EDDY.



GREAT TROUT FALLS, NEMAYBINAGASBISHING RIVER.

down a foaming rapid, is to be a brave and skilful Indian. The man who does all this, and does it well, must possess a rapidity of glance, a power in the sweep of his paddle, and a quiet consciousness of skill, not attained save by long years of practice.

An exceedingly light and graceful craft is the birch-bark canoe; a type of speed and beauty. So light that one man can easily carry it on his shoulders over land where a waterfall obstructs his progress; and as it only sinks five or six inches in the water, few places are too shallow to float it. In this frail bark, which measures anywhere from twelve to forty feet long, and from two to five feet broad in the middle, the Indian and his family travel over the innumerable lakes and rivers, and the fur-hunters pursue their lonely calling.

In the old life of the wilderness the canoe played an important part,

and the half-breed voyageur was a skilful rival of the red man in its management. Before the consolidation of the fur companies,* when rival corporations contended for the possession of the trade of the Fur Land, the echoes along the river reaches and gloomy forests were far oftener and more loudly awakened than now. The Northwest Company, having its headquarters in Montreal, imported its entire supplies into the country and exported all its furs out of it in north canoes. Carrying on business upon an extended scale, the traffic was correspondingly great. Not less than ten brigades, each numbering twenty canoes, passed over the route during the summer months. The first half of the journey, over the great lakes, was made in very large

* The Hudson's Bay, North-West and X. Y. Companies.

canoes, known as "canotes de maitre." These canoes were of the largest size, exceeding the north canoe in length by several feet, besides being much broader and deeper, and were paddled by fourteen or sixteen voyageurs.

The north canoe, the ideal craft of the summer voyageurs, is a light and graceful vessel, about thirty-six feet long by four or five broad, capable of containing eight men and three passengers. Made entirely of birch-bark, it is gaudily painted on bow and stern with those mystical figures which the superstitious boatmen believe to increase its speed. In this fairy-like craft the traveller sweeps over the long river-reaches; the bright vermilion paddles glancing in the sunshine, and the forest echoing back the measures of some weird boat-song, sung by the voyageurs in full chorus; now floating down a swiftly-rushing rapid, again gliding over the surface of a quiet lake, or making a portage over land where a rapid is too dangerous to descend.

Those who have not seen it can have but a faint idea of the picturesque effects of these passing canoe-brigades. Sweeping suddenly round some promontory in the wilderness, they burst unexpectedly upon the view, like some weird phantom of mirage. At the same moment the wild yet simple "chansons" of the voyageurs strike upon the ear:



HIGH FALLS, NEMAYBINAGASHISHING RIVER.

" Qui en a composé la chanson ?
C'est Pierre Falcon ! le bon garçon !
Elle a été faite et composé
Sur le victoire que nous avons gagné !
Elle a été faite et composé
Chantons la gloire de tous ces Bois-
brulés !"

Sung with all the force of a hundred voices; which, rising and falling in soft cadences in the distance, as it is borne lightly upon the breeze, then more steadily as they approach, swells out in the rich tones of many a mellow voice, and bursts at last into a long, enthusiastic chorus. The deep forests and precipitous banks echo back the refrain in varying volume; the long line of canoes is half shrouded in the spray that flies from the

bright vermilion paddles, as they are urged over the water with the speed of the flying deer, until, sweeping round some projecting headland, they disappear, like "the baseless fabric of a dream."

But the winged passage of these birds of flight conveys but a faint idea of the sensation experienced on witnessing the arrival of a brigade at an inland post after a long journey. It is then they appear in all their wild perfection; and the

rapid strokes of the small but numerous paddles by which the powerful voyageurs strain every muscle and nerve to urge them on. The beautifully simple, lively, yet plaintive "chanson," so much in unison with, that it seems a part of, the surrounding scenery, and yet so different from any other melody, falls sweetly upon the ear. On its nearer approach, it changes into a feeling of exultation, as the deep, manly voices swell in chorus



THE CAMP.

spectator catches a glimpse of the supreme picturesqueness of the Fur Land. The voyageurs upon such occasions are attired in their most bewildering apparel, and gaudy feathers, ribbons and tassels stream in abundance from their caps and garters. Gaily ornamented, and ranged side by side, like contending chariots in the arena, the frail canoes skim like birds of passage over the water; scarcely seeming to touch it under the vigorous and

over the placid waters—the "Marseillaise" of the wilderness.

Canoe travel in Northern Ontario presents many picturesque phases. Just as the first faint tinge of coming dawn steals over the east, the canoe is lifted gently from its ledge of rock and laid upon the water. The blankets, the kettles, the guns, and all the paraphernalia of the camp, are placed in it, and the swarthy voyageurs step lightly in. All but one. He



“WITH HIS LIGHT CANOE HE CAN
GO ALMOST ANYWHERE.”

remains on shore to steady the bark on the water, and keep its sides from contact with the rock. The passenger takes his place in the centre, the outside man springs gently in, and the birch-bark canoe glides away from its rocky resting-place.

Each hour reveals some new phase of beauty, some changing scene of lonely grandeur. The canoe sweeps rapidly over the placid waters; now buffets with, and advances against, the rushing current of some powerful river, which seems to bid defiance to its further progress; again, is carried over rocks and through deep forests, when some foaming cataract bars its way. With a favouring breeze there falls upon the ear the rush and roar of water; and the canoe shoots toward a tumbling mass of spray and foam, studded with huge projecting rocks which mark a river rapid. As the canoe

approaches the foaming flood, the voyageur in the bow—the important seat in the management of the canoe—rises upon his knees, and closely scans the wild scene before attempting the ascent. Sinking down again, he seizes the paddle, and pointing significantly to a certain spot in the chaos of boiling waters before him, dashes into the stream. Yard by yard the rapid is thus ascended, sometimes scarcely gaining a foot a minute, again advancing more rapidly, until at last the light craft floats upon the very lip of the fall, and a long smooth piece of water stretches away up the stream.

Frequently the ascent is not made without mishap. Sometimes the canoe runs against a stone, and tears a small hole in the bottom. This obliges the voyageurs to put ashore immediately and repair the damage. They do it swiftly and with admirable dex-

terity. Into the hole is fitted a piece of bark; the fibrous roots of the pine tree sew it in its place, and the place pitched so as to be water-tight, all within an hour. Again, the current is too strong to admit of the use of paddles, and recourse is had to poling, if the stream be shallow, or tracking if the depth of water forbid the use of poles. The latter is an extremely toilsome process, and would detract much from the romance of canoe-life in the wilderness were it not for the beautiful scenery through which the traveller passes. Tracking, as

to the hardy voyageurs, who, in anything less than a perpendicular fall, seldom lift the canoe from the water. As the frail birch-bark nears the rapid from above, all is quiet. The most skilful voyageur sits on his heels in the bow of the canoe, the next best oarsman similarly placed in the stern. The hand of the bowsman becomes a living intelligence, as, extended behind him, it motions the steersman where to turn the craft. The latter never takes his eye off that hand for an instant. Its varied expression becomes the life of the canoe.



A PLACID BAY.

it is called, is dreadfully harassing work. Half the crew go ashore, and drag the boat slowly along, while the other half go asleep. After an hour's walk, the others take their turn, and so on, alternately, during the entire day.

But if the rushing or breasting up a rapid is exciting, the operation of shooting them in a birch-bark canoe is doubly so. True, all the perpendicular falls have to be "portaged," and in a day's journey of forty miles, from twelve to fifteen portages have to be made. But the rapids are as smooth water

The bowsman peers straight ahead with a glance like that of an eagle. The canoe, seeming like a cockle-shell in its frailty, silently approaches the rim where the waters disappear from view. On the very edge of the slope the bowsman suddenly stands up, and bending forward his head, peers eagerly down the eddying rush, then falls upon his knees again. Without turning his head for an instant, the sentient hand behind him signals its warning to the steersman. Now there is no time for thought; no eye is quick enough to

take in the rushing scene. There are strange currents, unexpected whirls, and backward eddies and rocks—rocks rough and jagged, smooth, slippery, and polished—and through all this the canoe glances like an arrow, dips like a wild bird down the wing of the storm.

All this time not a word is spoken; but every now and again there is a quick twist of the bow paddle to edge far off some rock, to put her full through some boiling billow, to hold her steady down the slope of some thundering chute.

It is owing to the vast amount of handling, necessitated by the numerous portages intervening between the depot-forts and even the nearest inland districts, that the packing of merchandise becomes a matter of so great importance. The facility with which the pieces are handled by the muscular tripmen is very remarkable—a boat being loaded, with seventy-five pieces, by its crew of nine men in five minutes, and presenting a neat, orderly appearance upon completion of the operation.

In crossing a portage, each boatman is supposed to be equal to the task of carrying two pieces, of one hundred pounds each, upon his back. These loads are carried in such a manner as to allow the whole strength of the body to be put into the work. A broad leather band, called a "portage strap," is placed round the forehead, the end of which strap, passing over the shoulders, support the pieces. When fully loaded, the voyageur stands with his body bent forward, and with one hand steady-



A "BIT" ON THE ARBITER.

ing the pieces he trots nimbly away over the steep and rock-strewn portage, his bare or moccasined feet enabling him to pass briskly over the slippery rocks in places where boots would inevitably send both tripman and load feet-foremost to the bottom. In the frequent unloading of the vessel, the task of raising the pieces and placing them upon the backs of the muscular voyageurs devolves upon the steersman; and the task of raising seventy-five packages of one hundred pounds' weight from a position below the feet to a level with the shoulders, demands a greater amount of muscle than is possessed by the average man.

But the old canoe-life is rapidly passing away. In many a once well-beaten pathway, nought save narrow trails over the portages, and rough wooden crosses over the graves of travellers who perished by the way, remain to mark the roll of the passing years.

Art tired?

There is a rest remaining. Hast thou sinned?

There is a Sacrifice. Lift up thy head;

The lovely world and the over-world alike

Ring with a song, a happy ode.

"Thy Father loves thee."

—*John Ingles.*

WESTERN MINES AND MINING.*

BY B. R. ATKINS.



MINER'S MORNING MEAL.

Although the miner is not a purely Western type, but common to all the world, and while his occupation is as old almost as the hills he drives into, and has been written of since the days of the book of Job; yet, nevertheless, the Western miner is as different from his fellow in the East or in Europe as, to use an old simile, chalk is from cheese. This difference is, of course, largely the result of the dissimilar environment.

While in Europe, the mining done is mostly of coal, iron and salt, and in Eastern Canada of coal and nickel; that of the West is mainly of the precious metals, which nowhere exist in seemingly greater quantities than in our own province of British Columbia. In the first case, the matter mined usually occurs in stratified deposits or beds, but in the West, in veins or "lodes." The mining appliances of the older countries are of a most complete character, designed to raise, as speedily as pos-

sible immense quantities of water and mineral, and to provide ventilation in deep subterranean workings. Such appliances are almost entirely unknown in the West, except, indeed, in a few notable cases. The history of mining in Europe covers centuries; in Eastern Canada, generations; but in the West decades, and not many even of those; so the difference best noted

by describing the progress of a Western mine, is, shortly stated, that of the Old and the New.

The first step in the history of a Western mine, or, as it is locally termed at this stage, a "claim," is, of course, its discovery, and is generally the result of a most laborious journey into a mineral "belt" by that pioneer of all new mineral countries, the "prospector" or searcher. This nomadic adventurer, having made a "find" and duly "staked" (measured) it off, hies him homeward, and records it according to law, then the excitement of his calling gone, he sells the claim for a song, and the money is spent in a short shrift and a merry one. Many prospectors, however, are shrewd, persevering fellows, who hold on tenaciously to what they have found, and, as the laws allow the holding of several claims by one person, some other less promising one is sold to raise money to develop another that looks better.

* By courtesy of the "Massey Press."

Everything being ready to de-



PACKING SUPPLIES TO THE MINE.

velop a claim, the money received from the sale of another one, or part interest therein, whichever it be, is carefully expended upon a season's supply of provisions, some tools, such as sledges, drills and picks, a pair of bellows and an anvil, and a little spare steel and powder. Three men are hired, often they are co-owners, who with the "boss" will be sufficient force for the first season's work. Should it be summer, all hands camp out under canvas, but if winter—and in a new and mountainous country it very often happens that the work is begun then, as it is easier during that season to ship ore—a twelve-by-fourteen log cabin is built, with an open fireplace in one corner to bake and cook at. These log cabins are of a very simple architecture, and of puritanical plainness, yet much more comfortable than many more pretentious dwellings. They are framed of long, straight logs neatly joined at the corners, and rising one over the other to the height of the walls required. The spaces between

the logs are filled with mud, and openings are cut for windows and doors. Cedar boards (shakes) split directly from the tree, form the roof, and rough but useful furniture and flooring.

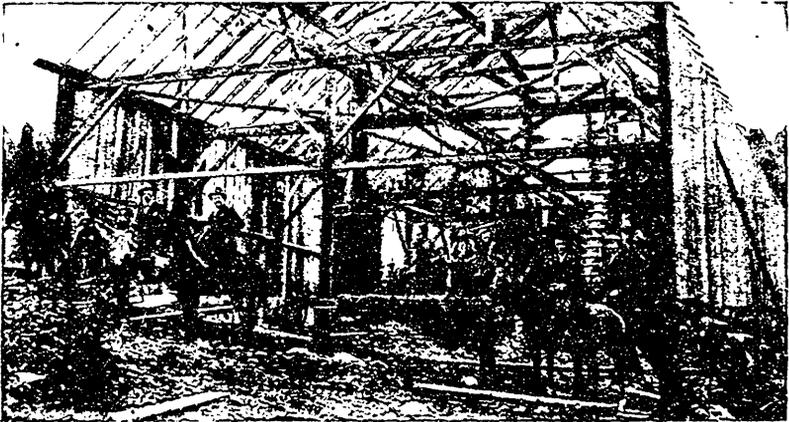
The cabin built—it having been winter when the start was made—the four miners begin work directly upon the ore body, and sink or drift upon it wherever it leads. As spring with its attendant rains now sets in, water becomes plentiful in the workings, the claim closes down and the hands come to town to be paid off, by an advance obtained on the ore which they have just been mining. On the strength of this ore, indeed, the owner obtains everything in the nature of supplies for the coming season, as it is now certain that the claim is reliable, and will be a good security for future dealings.

By next July, everything is again in readiness for an early start, as much has to be accomplished before snow flies once more. About seven men are now hired, and a mule purchased. A contract is

made with a local "raw-hider" to deliver both the ore on hand and the output of the coming winter, at a suitable point on the nearest main road also, to bring in the necessary supplies to camp. A short description of "raw-hiding," as it is termed in the West, is perhaps necessary. A raw cow-hide is placed, hair down, on the snow (there is always snow at some mines, but the plan explained is usually done in winter), and on this are placed, when the "trail" is new, say, three sacks of ore, or about 500 pounds. Later on,

is attached a crossbar, to this is harnessed a mule, and away down the mountain trail goes the sure-footed animal with his loud-voiced and aggressive driver seated on the strange looking bundle. Accidents are frequently serious on the way down, as the mules occasionally fall off the trail into soft snow below, from which, with many execrations, they are with difficulty rescued and the ore recovered.

Another awful and, on some trails, ever impending danger, is the snowslide, which often sweeps



BUILDING THE NEW PLANT OF THE "COMMANDER" MINE, ROSSLAND, B.C.

however, when the trail is well worn and like a well polished mirror, as many as fourteen sacks (about a ton) are carried with ease. The sacks deposited, the hide is brought together from both sides and strongly laced, the pieces at the tail and head ends are brought up and firmly tied, overlapping all, and the bundle looks, when complete, like a huge cheroot with the pointed or smaller end foremost. Around the bundle is placed a heavy chain to act as a rough-lock or brake, which keeps it from going too fast by dragging heavily in the snow. To the hide

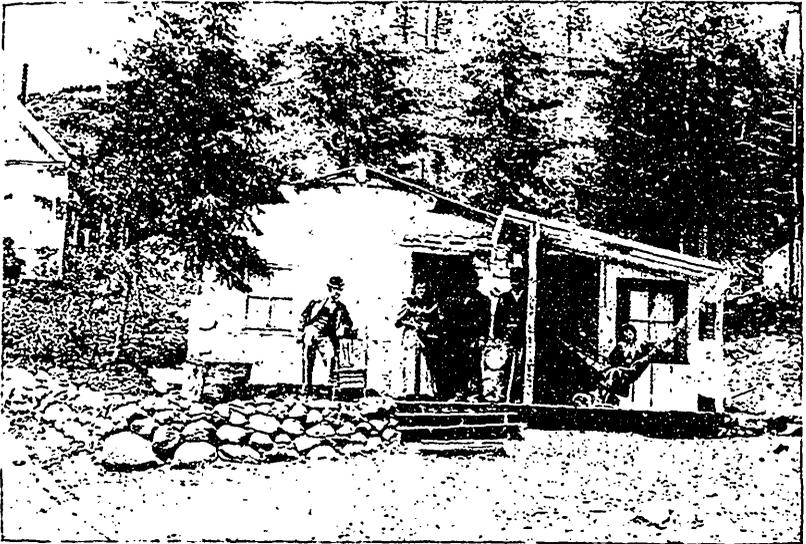
men, animals, and ore, all out of sight in the twinkling of an eye. In February, 1895, a snowslide on the trail of one of the mines of Kootenay carried away two men and eight horses, out of fifteen animals and four men.

To return, however, to our mines. The contract closed, the raw-hider, or packer, as he is called in summer, loads his animals with the provisions and supplies, carrying them first up the waggon road, and then up the mountain trail, direct to the claim. The ore from last season is carried back to town. The force now consists of

about fifteen men, and work commences upon a tunnel, a site, preferably on the vein, being chosen at a point below the previous workings. The chief consideration in choosing a tunnel site is to secure the greatest possible depth with the least amount of labour.

When the ore body is reached from the tunnel, "drifts" (level tunnels) are started as before in each direction, and a "raise" is made to the old workings for a sufficient air supply. From this

owner knows that, while he was getting out one ton of the clean ore, three of fair concentrating ore could also be had. He, consequently, enters into negotiations with a concern engaged in the business of manufacturing mining machinery, with a view to equipping the property with a proper plant. While the matter is pending, a few more tunnels are driven to further test the quantity of ore, and the working of the mines, on a larger scale than ever, goes on.



GETTING ARISTOCRATIC.—A "LE ROI" CABIN, ROSSLAND, B.C.

time on, ore is taken out more economically as the removal of it from above commences. Day after day, the same work of blasting, picking, and running out ore, dressing and sacking, goes on, until, as before, the season closes. But this time there are no sacks piled up for packing out, as the raw-hiders have been busy, and the ore has found a market almost as fast as it was mined.

Up to this time, the mine has been marketing only clean ore, which was of a very high grade; but the

A "dump" for concentrating ore is made separate from the waste dump, and more hands are used for sorting and sacking. The concentrator is finally erected in the valley below the mine, to ensure sufficient water supply and a tramway from it to the lower tunnel follows as a matter of course. Railways next seek the traffic of the mine, and the ore is shipped in car-load lots, instead of sacks.

A company now controls the mine, and all the dignity and red-tape of such concerns are soon ap-

parent. Their influence must not be minimized, though, for, if they sometimes combine to cut down wages and make the miner more a machine than a man, they bring much money to the country at large and permanently invest it there; besides, they afford work and wages to many who, but for them, would be without both.

As the miner's work is hard, he requires good quarters, food and pay, and in the West he enjoys all three. Of course, the food and quarters are plain enough, but in them he finds as much comfort as the nobleman does in his ancestral halls. In camp no distinction of person is made, and the whole crew, from the "captain" down to the "roustabout" (man of all work) and "nipper" (boy) sit down without formality at the same table, where ordinary tinware does duty for polished plate.

At night, or when off shift, the miner retires to the bunk-house, a plain building with two rows of bunks on either side, each bunk accommodating two men. A large stove burns brightly in the centre, and heaps of clothing, socks, boots and shoes, disfigure everywhere the picturesque interior.

As a rule, the Eastern miner is

the son of a man who followed the same calling before him. He is, usually, a man of steady and domestic habits, with a large family and an aptitude for gardening. He lives in a small home of his own, and around him are a hundred fellow-workmen similarly situated. He is generally of temperate habits, and, in his dissipated and irregularities, never excessive, except when "on strike," for which he has a weakness. He keeps Sunday religiously, and builds himself up for the next week's labour.

The Western miner is of a different stamp. He is a wild, jovial fellow, recklessly improvident, yet honest and generous to a fault. He is fashioned in a freedom-loving home, and represents perfectly the unceremonious, easy and genial character of Western life. He respects religious rites and customs, but is hardly ever found in church. He has a general fund of knowledge, considerably above the average of other working classes, and is a great reader of light literature. The spirit of unionism is strong within him, and a distressed brother miner never need appeal to his charity in vain.

TRUTH'S WATCHMEN ON THE WALLS OF TIME.

Who bound up Freedom's bleeding feet,
And helped her grander heights to climb?
Who gave the world its beacon lights?
Truth's watchmen on the walls of Time.

Adown the ages' vstaed realm,
They've made the bells of Glory chime,
And lit the altar-fires of Hope,
Truth's watchmen on the walls of Time.

All brave, all true, they faltered not
Through weary days of care and pain:
Their lives of beauty tipped the scales
That gave the world a nobler reign.

The fire of genius in them burned
Like throbbing stars in midnight air,

And lit in mind the gems of thought
That glowed in radiant splendour there.

The trysting-place of Right and Wrong
Has oft been hallowed by their feet,
And many a pilgrim, sad and worn,
Has been by them made hope-replete.

Full many died the martyr's death;
Died for a righteous cause that failed,
But aftermath of fame was theirs,
For o'er their graves that cause prevailed.

To-day on Time's storm-beat gray walls,
Truth's watchmen stand, and will for aye:
Will first behold the glorious dawn
Of Earth's serener, brighter day.

—Albert L. Brane, in *American Friend*.

THE BACKWOODS PREACHER.

BY E. H. STAFFORD.—ILLUSTRATED BY J. W. BENGOUGH.



ELDER EBENEZER BANGS.

We filled the waggon high with straw, and
hitched the team and drove
The twenty miles to Indian Mills, and down
to Indian Grove ;
The old camp-meeting in those maples sixty
years ago
Was something we looked forward to all
summer long, you know.

I had on my pink apron, and a ribbon and a
rose,
For I was still unsaved, and used to think
about my clothes,
And when the opening prayer was through,
we sang the old fugue tune,
And Elder Ebenezer Bangs preached all the
afternoon.

'Twas an awakening sermon, so I heard the
people say,
Though I can't just remember what it was
he said to-day :

My eyelids grew so heavy, and his eloquence so deep,
That pretty soon I think I must have fallen fast asleep.

But suddenly an awful voice came thundering on my ear,
And with a shudder I awakened, turning pale with fear ;
For Elder Ebenezer Bangs was pointing straight at me,
And I sat white and frightened where the people all could see.

Enumerating diverssins, hespoke in accents calmed
Of Supererogation and Condition of the Damned !
It grew so very still I thought the sky would
surely fall,

And I could see, the way he spoke, that I had
done them all.

The air, with grim propriety, appeared to grow
still hotter,
And then at last the Elder paused—to take a
drink of water !

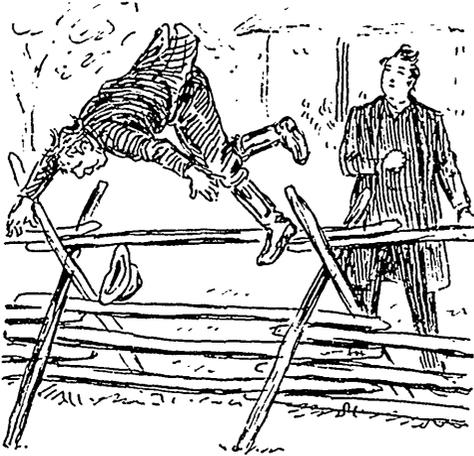
Straightway the young Exhorter took his place
upon the stand,
The old camp-meeting hymn-book and a Bible in
his hand.

He looked at me and chose a chapter out of
Second Peter :
Announced the thirty-seventh hymn, and read it
—Common Metre.

“Jesus, the name to sinners dear, the name to
sinners given ;
It scatters all their guilty fear, it turns their hell
to heaven.”



THE YOUNG EXHORTER.



“PITCHED HIM O’ER THE FENCE.”

And whispered in my ear that I was only half to blame ;
And after that it seemed as if he preached for only me—
And I grew red to hear him call me Sister Dorothy.

Next day the Elder preached again, but in the middle prayer
A man stood up behind the benches and began to swear ;
The young Exhorter, noticing the cause of the suspense,
Walked down and gripped him by the throat, and pitched him o’er the fence.

And all the deacons in the front, those very pious men,
Got down again upon their knees with more than one Amen :
But the Exhorter, kneeling too, seemed to have lost his spunk,
And cried, “Forgive Thy servant, Lord, whom we presume was drunk.”

When blazed the camp-fires in the dark, and lanterns flickered dim,
That sinner came back to our camp, and God converted him :
And as he cried out “Glory,” the Exhorter to him stepped,
And we sang the Old Hundred, and the congregation wept.

But when the meetings broke up at
the Mills, and we were starting,
The young Exhorter came to me to
have a word of parting :
He was going to his Circuit, and he
stood there with my hand ;
There was no time for courting me
—but I could understand !

It might have been three times at
least I saw him try to speak,
And then he drew me to him, and he
stooped and kissed my cheek ;
And told me that he couldn’t go to
his Circuit without me—
So I said I would go with him—and
that was all, you see.



“EBENEZER BANGS PERFORMED THE CEREMONY.”

He hadn’t half the piety the El-
der had, I knew,
For not a word he said of where
the wicked people go.
The actual thing that wrung my
heart I never could repeat ;
Yet I went forward too, and knelt
before the Anxious Seat.

I took the roses from my hair, and
from my neck unbound
My crimson ribbon, and I threw
them all upon the ground.
At this a number of the brethren
shouted out “Amen.”
As if a choice performance they
would like to see again.

But to our tent the young Exhor-
ter after meeting came,

But when I told my mother this, and everybody knew,
They said that they had always known that that was what I'd do.
And we were married from my father's house, and it seemed funny
When Elder Ebenezer Bangs performed the ceremony.

Then we started for his Circuit in the Northern Bush together,
Paddling up the leaf-strewn rivers in the Indian Summer weather.
And he hewed and built the cabin where we made our start in life:
A simple backwoods preacher, and a backwoods preacher's wife.

The Circuit covered eighty miles, through swamps and marshes wild,
And I was left for days alone with no one but my child:
I heard the wild-cats in the forest screeching all the night—
A day's ride from the settlements, and not a house in sight.

But oh, the moment when I heard his horse's hoofs once more,
And he returned and found me standing at our cabin door!
His face would brighten with a smile although his eyes were dim;
And sweet was hardship to endure, or anything—for him.

And at my spinning-wheel I wove our clothes
of garden flax,
And in the timber loved to hear the echoes
of his axe;
Until the cow-bells, ringing in the clearing
by the house,
I went down through the cedars with my
pail to milk the cows.

Still in the old log school-house, on the
Ninth Concession road,
I see the tallow-candles which through all
the preaching glowed:
I hear Cytherie lead the hymn, just as she
used to do,
I hear the interminable prayer of poor old
Dan Dekew.



“AND I’M A SAD OLD WOMAN.”

Oh if I could call back the faces and the memories
Of old donation parties now, and apple-paring bees!
The dear ones of my youth, alas, they lie beneath the snow—
For I was young when they were—but 'twas sixty years ago!

And often I get homesick for the people that are gone;
I've left them all so far behind, I hate to journey on.
Yet I shall meet them all, I know, “where saintly hymns ascend,”
“Where every day is Sabbath,” and where “sermons never end.”

My children all have gone who once within my cradle curled,
And made them names, so people say, and stations in the world.
And I'm a sad old woman, but my fancy goes by still
To that camp-meeting Sunday in the grove beside the Mill.

And when the blue-birds in the spring are singing in the thickets,
And early morning-glories trail along the fence's pickets,
I set out down the village street, to where the church's spire
Points Heavenward from the churchyard, with its hedges of sweetbriar.

For he's at that long Conference, whence the preachers never started,
 While at the old Appointment here, I'm waiting where we parted.
 And that's his grave! The violets are blue already there,
 And in the graveyard I can hear old hymns upon the air.

Sometimes I hear his sulky, and I hurry down the stairs
 To meet him on the kitchen stoop, and call the boys to prayers.
 He never comes—he never will—and so my lamp I trim,
 In readiness for moving-time, when I shall go to him!

—*Northwestern Christian Advocate.*

THE REDEMPTION OF WAR.

BY THE REV. G. BEESLEY AUSTIN.*

“And they shall beat their swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruninghooks: nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more.”—*Isa. ii. 4.*

There is not one of us who would not pray the prayer, “Scatter thou the people that delight in war.” That is a prayer of our deepest instincts, of our holiest aspirations. Let no one think for a moment that those of us who think the present war to be just and inevitable, and that its issue will be a far more gracious South Africa, are at all mindless of the awful horrors of war. These are so tremendous, so heart-rending, so pathetic, that they haunt and overshadow us by day, and trespass into our dreams by night. With both their hands they have wrung our hearts, and torn our very souls. And it is only the hope, the confident assurance, that this bitter strife will ultimately serve the greatest ends of the kingdom of God that we are sustained and patient in the hours of bitterness and agony.

Not even Dante, with all the vividness of his austere and great imagination, could give an adequate picture of the horrors of war. The loss of lives which were full of value to the commonwealth; the sacrifice of those who

lived in the nation's mind and in the nation's heart; the pain, the bloodshed, and the agony; the fierce, unmitigated hunger and thirst; the wistful longing for faces which will never be seen again upon the earth; the pitiful weariness of unrelieved wounds and of the patient vigil of the wounded; the suspense of the beleaguered; the want of the besieged; the plangent cries of little children in necessity; the trembling hands and the stricken hearts of those who are anxious for news, and yet are fearful to hear it; the sorrow of those who are bereaved, mothers weeping for their lads, wives stricken for their husbands, and the absolute bitterness of fatherless little children; the defeat of purpose; the loneliness of the dying; the unwatched tears of those whose last moments are full of thoughts of home, and the cry—which only God hears—that all past imperfection may be mercifully covered by the eternal mercy of Jesus Christ, and that the passing may be in peace of soul; the utter irreparable-ness of the loss; the inquisitive, persistent desire to feel again the touch of the hand and to hear the accent of the voice—these and a

* A sermon preached at Intercession Service, Wesleyan Church, South Norwood.

thousand other things give to war its awful pathos, its profound and bewildering sorrow. Write its history in blood; tell it in the tone of the crashing thunder, and yet it is inadequate. Its agony, its sorrow, its bitterness, its heart-rending, never can be told. Art and music, story and record are dumb as to its largest elements and deepest pain.

And yet there are some things which are worse than war. It would have been infinitely worse in the present distress that we, as a nation, should have been so intoxicated with prosperity, or enervated by our growing luxury, that the grandeur of our great past should have lost its power of appeal, and that the greatness of our future mission and destiny should have failed its great inspiration. It would have been worse that selfishness should have so eaten its way into our national character that the finest elements of our life had been disintegrated; that, rather than risk our skin, we would have sat in indolent fear and inglorious ease. It would have been worse if the passionate love of liberty, and equality, and justice, which have had such constructive power in our past history, should have been so powerless that, when we saw them flouted and trampled under foot, we had had no ears for the call of the oppressed, and no hands to open gates which tyranny had closed. That, I think, would have been a condition of things which would have shown that we were already unworthy of our great place among the nations of the earth, and that the hour of our overthrow was at hand.

The love of the greatest and the best having departed, England would have been stricken with paralysis, the glory would have departed from our national life, and have failed of its great inspiration. It would have been to write the

inglorious epitaph of our Empire. War is a bitter story; its record is full of desolation; its way is strewn with torn and comfortless hearts; but a bitterer story is the story of the decay of the fine virtues of a glorious people, the dethronement of the supremacies from a nation's mind and hear., the loss of passionate loyalties to goodness, and truth, and right, and the paralysis of beneficent power and uplifting influence.

War is not all dark. It is a fabric shot through with threads of gold. It has great aspects which redeem it, which relieve its most awful horrors, and set it then as one of the great revealers of splendid courage, noble heroism, beautiful generosity, and Christ-like ministries. To-day I do not discuss it in its widest aspects, but only within the limits of the teaching of the events of the last few months. Three facts stand revealed which seem to me to be splendid reliefs to their dreary sorrow.

(1) The spontaneous willingness of men to sacrifice their lives at the call of duty. One of the plainest signs of the decay of a people is a too great and selfish solicitude for human life. Human life has great value, but it is not of supreme significance. It itself is dominated by loftier things. It is a good, but it is not the best. And anything which sets it in the supreme place is destructive of the highest good. "Skin for skin," said the devil, and it is just like the devil to say it; "yea, all that a man hath will he give for his life." And when a man or a nation is prepared to sacrifice honour, and duty, and love of country, and liberty, for the sake of saving his skin, he has lost any glory which he might have had, and his life has ceased to be inspired by those fine ideals, and dominated by those great laws, which are at once the witness of a

nation's greatness and the secret of her greatest influence.

But what have we seen in this day? Men of all ranks, from the son of the illustrious lady who so long and so beneficently has sat upon the throne of these realms, to the humblest peasant, offering to risk their very lives for the cause which they felt to be the cause of liberty and right. Men of culture, refinement, position, and goodness, as well as men of quiet and unostentatious lives, listening for the call of their country, and going forth to do at all hazards the duty which their country calls them to do. Many a fine-toned youth from the brilliant city and the quiet countryside, giving the very best which they had to serve the noble lady, whose peerless life has won their admiration, and to see that there is no blot upon the escutcheon of the land. From the great General, who simply laid aside his private grief, and whose new glories to-day are shouted round the world, to the simple bugler-boy, whose spirit had been baptized with the spirit of noble courage of the great heroes of the past, all have shown a daring, a courage, and a consecration, which has not been unintelligent and blind, but is the interpretation of an inward devotion to patriotism and liberty.

There is a large vicarious element which runs through life. There is always a sacrifice of some for the good of others. It finds its highest manifestations on

"a green hill far away,
Without a city wall,
Where the dear Lord was crucified,
Who died to save us all."

And the loss of the brave and splendid men who have fallen in this bitter struggle will not have been too great a price to pay if it has written up before the nation's eyes, and stamped it upon the very souls of men, that Duty is higher than Life, that honour is worthily

defended at the pain of death, and that in the supremest hours a man has to think of the things which abide, and not of those which are temporary and perishable. It may be true, indeed that when the gallant six hundred rode to their death "some one had blundered": but by the consecration of their hearts to duty, and the splendid heroism of their obedience, they have taught to all future time the splendour of fine daring, and the nobility of courageous obedience. Sparks from that fire have kindled many noble enthusiasms, and by their deed of daring many a young man has been inspired to fidelity, to courage, and to sacrifice. Their deed has a continuous consecration, and it has a growing power in the noble heroisms of which it is parent, and in the fine feelings which it has continually provoked.

(2) I think this war has brought into the nation's life a high seriousness, which may be the seed-plot for many noble elements of character and conduct. By the infinite goodness of God, during the last ten years this nation has been visited with unexampled material prosperity. The national expenditure has advanced by leaps and bounds. The income has more than kept pace with the expenditure. There is a larger amount of comfort, "in widest commonality spread," than probably ever before. But material prosperity has its distinct perils. It is the wide-open door of pride, frivolity, and selfishness. The national life is in danger of becoming nerveless. Great strenuousness which has won the success is often succeeded by enervation. And so the life which was created by adversity, and disciplined by difficulty, in days of prosperity is relaxed, enfeebled, and sometimes destroyed.

And these perils England has not altogether escaped. At the

beginning of this war there were not wanting signs of this. The national pride was touched by the early rebuffs. Many were disposed to argue, as men who have been spoiled by wealth often argue: We can afford to pay; we ought therefore to have the best soldiers, the best generals, the best guns, the best everything, including—victories.

But as the campaign has advanced this spirit has died; this peril has been left behind. The mind and heart of many of the best people of these realms (and surely by them the nation is to be judged) has risen into a nobler realm. They have seen with clear eyes that there is something more than guns, and soldiers, and generals. They have lifted their eyes—aye, and their hearts—to the “only Giver of victory.” God has begun to count. Calamity and loss have turned men wistfully to look for the Lord. A spirit of reverent submission to the Divine will has crept into the heart, while the lips stammered: “It is the Lord; let Him do what seemeth Him good.” In the gloomy weeks of the Christmastide, men were driven near, and took tight hold on God. And that brings nothing to us but good. That bodes well for the future. The man and the nation which can rise into the region of noble seriousness has great capacities of life and service. It has that condition of mind which does not know passion or panic, which can judge with accuracy, and which is capable of noble resolve and splendid endeavour. If this war has thrown a large element of seriousness into the lives of men, it has come to us with both its hands full of reliefs, and compensations, and blessings.

(3) The war, I think, has a third redemptive fact: it has knit every part of this great Empire together for the accomplishment of great and worthy ends. Adversity is a

great teacher, and she teaches some of the greatest things which men have to learn. Years ago, Shakespeare said:

“Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head.”

And Richter has said that which seems to be an echo of the greater teacher: “It is but like piercing the ears of a maiden, and you hang precious jewels in the wound.” In the life of a nation the hour of peril is a great sieve, dividing with unerring precision false friends from true. When the sun shines many joy in the light of it, who turn again to their own when the bite of the east is in the wind and gray is on the land. But who are these that come through the dark, when the house is shadowed and every star is asleep? What words are these that they speak: “Though all desert thee, we can never forget. Though all should forsake thee, yet will we abide.” These surely are our friends. In the hour of darkness the children of this Empire have remembered the mother that brought them into being. Every one of them has claimed to help to carry the burden. Thousands of hands have been stretched out to do the work. And in that solemn hour of darkness this Empire has been knit, aye, welded together, as it never has been before. In the persons of its greatest statesmen it is consecrated to a noble mission, dedicated to a lofty end.

This Empire has not always been true to her high vocation. God’s blessing has conspicuously rested upon her. He has done for her the very greatest things, wrought out splendid deliverance, invested her with fine glory, conferred upon her great authority, and given into her hand a glorious mission. Through the years His voice has solemnly called her, but sometimes

she has been deaf. He would have chastened her with fine disciplines until her thrice-refined soul should have been capable of the loftiest and holiest service, but she has been indifferent, and sometimes even vain and haughty. She has been cold when she should have been filled with generous ardours; selfish when she should have been stretching out both her hands to the nails of the Crucifier; self-engrossed when she should have been doing the very greatest ministries of God; fearful when she should have overthrown tyrannies and have crushed the cruel persecutor under her foot. That is a page of her history which is painful reading to us all.

But that is not her whole history. The book that contains the story of her life is full of deeds of splendid glory, of noble unselfishness, of high endeavour and proud achievement, of courageous deeds both for man and for God. Her reign has uniformly been beneficent, humane, and uplifting. Wherever she has gone she has carried Freedom, Justice, and Equality. She has made her name to be revered for the gifts which she confers. For illustration, turn to her very last endeavour and her last success. In Egypt, literally,

the parched ground has become a pool, the desert rejoices and blossoms as the rose. The home of cruelty has become the place of righteousness and peace. She has smitten one of the foulest tyrannies that ever degraded man, and it has withered; she has set up a rule which is full of generous sympathy, and under it men advance in sanity, and purity, and strength. And what has been shall be.

South Africa to-day may be torn, full of pain and sorrow and strife. But the men of this Empire in an hour of gloom, which was also an hour of insight and of calm, have set their hands to right the wrong, to uplift the oppressed, to redress grievances, and to give equity and liberty to all. And out of all the conflict shall come a noble South Africa, the natural home of justice and freedom, a joy to men, and one of the fairest gems in the victorious crown of our Lord. Peace, real peace, is often the final issue of many a bitter conflict, and out of this struggle we believe will come a nobler spirit, a finer endeavour, a deeper end. Then, the war which to-day we hate, and pray day and night that it may soon close, shall have an adequate and inspiring redemption.

THE NATION'S PRAYER.

BY M. ALGON KIRBY.

God of our fathers, hear
 Thy people's prayer;
 Take us each passing year
 Beneath Thy care;
 Guard us from every foe,
 Grant us Thy peace to know,
 Still in Thy strength to go,
 As on we fare.

Thou hast our fathers led,
 Lead us to-day;
 Or rough or smooth the path we tread,
 Guide Thou the way;

Toronto.

Guard Thou the nation's weal,
 Do Thou Thyself reveal,
 Grant us in faith to kneel,
 Hear us, we pray.

God of our fathers hear,
 Our heart is set;
 Grant us the vision clear,
 "Lest we forget."
 Make us a nation strong,
 Quick to discern the wrong;
 Thou who hast patience long,
 Bear with us yet.

—*Montreal Witness.*

LABRADOR.*

Ten centuries have elapsed since, according to the Saga of Erik the Red, the Norsemen discovered the coast of Labrador. A party of Vikings sailing westward to their recently formed colony in South Greenland, in the rude and clumsy craft in which these adventurous rovers scoured all the seas of the northern world, were driven out of their course by tempest, and sighted a land high and mountainous and bordered by icebergs. This was in 990. Ten years later, Lief, the son of Erik the Red, cast anchor in one of the bays on this wild coast, landed, found the country "full of ice mountains, desolate, and its shores covered with stones," and called it Helluland, the stony land. As the country was good for nothing in the estimation of the Icelandic seaman, he made no attempt to explore or colonize it, but sailed south in search of more congenial and fruitful lands.

After so many centuries, a great part of the interior of Labrador

* "The Labrador Coast: A Journal of Two Summer Cruises to that Region." With Notes on its Early Discovery; on the Eskimo; on its Physical Geography, Geology, and Natural History. By Alpheus Spring Packard, M.D., Ph.D. With Maps and Illustrations. New York: N. D. C. Hodges. London: Kegan, Paul & Co.

"Explorations in the Interior of Labrador Peninsula, the Country of the Montagnais and Nasquapee Indians." By Henry Y. Hind, M.A., Professor of Chemistry and Geology in the University of Trinity College, Toronto, etc. In two volumes. London: Longmans, Green & Co.

"Sixteen Years on the Coast of Labrador." By George Cartwright. In two volumes 4to. Maps, etc. Newark. 1792.

"The Ancient and Modern History of the [United] Brethren." By David Cran. London. 1780.

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"Notes of Twenty-five Years' Service in the Hudson's Bay Territories." By John McLean.

This article is abridged from the *London Quarterly Review*.

still remains unexplored, a vast, mysterious region of which we know less, perhaps, than of the heart of Africa or Australia, or the shores of Siberia. The obstacles to exploration, and especially to scientific exploration, are enormous. Vast tracts of the country are strewn with massive boulders in chaotic confusion; the great rivers are swift and broken by innumerable cataracts; a plague of black flies, not to speak of mosquitoes, renders life intolerable; game is no longer plentiful; the brief summer is soon followed by a winter, the severity of which makes travel practically impossible—these are some of the difficulties which explorers have to overcome.

Dr. Packard gives us a bibliography of one hundred and forty-five different works dealing more or less directly with Labrador, and, in addition, a list of fifty-five works treating wholly or in part of its geology and natural history. Professor Hind, of Toronto, presents the results of his exploration of the Moisie River. McLean ventured where no other white man had set foot. The Moravian missionaries have contributed much knowledge concerning the extreme north, where their stations are situated, and science owes them a great debt. Dr. Packard's volume is at once a fascinating narrative of travel and an accurate scientific text-book of the geology, botany, and zoology of Labrador, incorporating the most recent information.

The coast is one of stern grandeur. During the long winter it is ice-bound, the extent of the ice-fields being 50,000 square miles. It is fringed with innumerable islands, which form an almost continuous barrier against the ocean-swell, and make navigation safe for the smaller craft which hug the

mainland. Long fiords intersect the coast, and run far in among the hills. Bold red syenite headlands stand perpendicularly out of the sea for hundreds of feet. Behind these rise lofty terraced mountains with rounded tops; and far back are peaks, whose sides are draped with clouds, cleaving the sky to the height of five or six thousand feet. No trace of green catches the eye, except on the sheltered sides of the fiords; but you see a patch of snow here and there, even in the summer; and, if the mountain be jewelled with great masses of labradorite, as not unfrequently happens, it flashes in the sun with a strange brilliance. Eventide brings with it a sombre beauty, a severity of glory, that is said to fill the beholder with wonder and awe that deepen into sadness.

Icebergs are common on the coast in the early summer. Stupendous masses from one hundred to one hundred and fifty feet in height, white as Carrara marble, stand out of a sea of azure, helmeted and plumed with loveliness. They assume a great variety of shape. Some are huge white chalk-cliffs, others are floating pyramids, some resemble great cathedrals, domed and minareted, others stately warships tumbling and rolling in surf, and others again are gigantic sculptures of all imaginable forms. And the colour is as various as the shape. Superb alabaster, delicate blue, pale emerald, burnished silver on the sunny side, and in the shadow "soft as satin and changeable as costliest silk; the white, the dove-colour, the green playing into each other with the subtlety and fleetness of an Aurora." Here, as the deep swell rushes up and breaks on the ledges of the berg, the water grows luminous and is barred and flecked with snow; there, as we look into wave-worn caverns that pierce its sides, we seem to

be peering into the mouth of a huge sea-shell where all the glory of ineffable rose and purple blend with ivory and gold-tinted white. When the sun goes down in a pageant of colour and the clear moon rises on sea and berg and wild coast, the effects are indescribably fine. Indeed, for glorious sunsets, for the wonders of mirage and "ice-loom," and rainbow, for the splendour of the Aurora, we are told, there is no land like this.

Navigation is difficult and slow on account of the icepack filling the bays and channels running among the islands; but harbours are numerous, and the scientist may frequently land and pursue his studies of the flora and fauna, look into the homes of the people, observe their habits, gather information about the fisheries, and interview stray Indians as to the nature of the country that lies back from the coast, with its lakes and mountains.

The flora is of special interest from the fact that Labrador is probably the oldest land surface on the globe producing a flora. In the north and east, the flora is Arctic, the remnants of the glacial flora that at one time spread over a great part of North America, when the reign of perpetual winter was supreme. This flora was pushed northward and eastward to the sea-coast by the advance of the temperate forms as the glacial epoch came to a close. The flora of South Labrador is a commingling of Arctic with many Sub-arctic plants. The eastern valleys are filled with dense forests of dwarf alders, miniature trees, the trunks of which do not exceed three or four feet in height. The dwarf willow, about six inches high, and several other species of willow, grow and offer their honey-bearing flowers to the bees. In the glades of these Lilliputian forests deep mosses flourish, the

curlew-berry and dwarf cranberry ripen their fruit; the rocks are painted with the gayest of lichens, and sweet Alpine plants display their rich blooms.

The transient summer lasts only six weeks. It comes without a spring, and departs without an autumn. Nature seems, while it lasts, to put forth her utmost energies to call back the loveliness which a savage winter had destroyed, to produce her blossoms and ripen her seeds. The temperature rises during the day from 64° to 68° Fahr., seldom exceeding 70°; but the nights are cold. In the south, especially, flowers are everywhere; on the banks of the streams, now swollen by the melting snow; on the ragged walls of the ravines, beneath sheltering rocks, on ocean cliffs where the salt sea foam cannot reach them; their odours stealing through secluded glens, and up hillsides which are carpeted with mosses of many hues, green and golden and carmine, and often two or three feet deep. Deep gulches are still half filled with snow, and their dark lips of rock smile with bright flowers. Low sedges of several kinds are in blossom; and, hidden in the greenery, are blue and white violets. We have referred chiefly to summer in the south.

The flora of northern Labrador is very scanty. The terribly bleak coast valleys west of Cape Chudleigh are either treeless or sustain forests of dwarf-birch. The tiny trunks are twisted like a corkscrew, the foliage is puny, and smoothly clipped by the winds as with a pair of shears. The willows creep along the ground among the mosses in matted beds. Further inland the spruce flourishes, but never grows to any great size. Summer scarcely can be said to visit this inhospitable clime, where in July snow often falls, and northerly gales, ice-laden and

awful, wither every particle of fresh green leafage; where the gardens of the missionaries must be dug out of the snow in the spring, and during the summer must be protected every night with mats, on account of the severe frosts.

Off the coasts are bird-rocks of large size, literally white with sea-fowl, which have here their colonies. At the report of a gun, 10,000 birds will rise and flutter in the air. Formerly "egggers," schooners fitted out for the purpose of taking the eggs, visited the bird-rocks and carried away to Quebec or Montreal millions of eggs, especially of the eider-duck and the razor-bill-auk, with the result that the latter bird is well-nigh extinct. The traffic is now illegal.

As to the people of Labrador, the permanent residents dwell in settlements in the more sheltered creeks and fiords, or are scattered in isolated families from the Straits of Belle Isle northward to the Moravian Mission Stations and the posts of the Hudson's Bay Company. They number about 8,000, and comprise individuals of many nationalities, in which the British and the French-Canadians predominate. The settlements are small, varying from half a dozen to twenty houses, built of thick boards, with flat roofs well tarred. These, with some rude fish-houses and a light wharf, constitute the fishing hamlet.

The settler is poor, depending for a precarious livelihood on the harvest of the sea, which on this stormy coast is often a failure, and supplementing his fishing by hunting. The price of salt is high, and yet he must have it to cure his fish; and, too often, the merchant holds the whip of the truck system over his head. His fish are bartered away before they are caught, and he is hopelessly in

debt. He is recklessly brave, and faces without fear the ponderous rollers of the Atlantic that break furiously on the coast. In his ugly boat, some thirty feet long—a low-masted craft, winged with heavy amber-stained canvas, and manned with heavy oars—he displays splendid seamanship. But he has serious defects. He is improvident and thriftless, caring no more for the morrow than he cares for the angry sea. As a matter of fact, there is very little immorality, and law and order are well maintained. The settler is religiously inclined, and, of the whole number, about one-third are Protestants, the remaining two-thirds being, nominally at least, Roman Catholics.

In addition to the permanent residents, there is a summer floating population of about 25,000, chiefly Newfoundlanders and Canadians, who come in their vessels to fish on the Labrador coast. Many of these fishermen have their wives and children with them. Their annual catch of codfish, herring, and salmon is worth some £300,000.

The condition of these toilers of the sea is even more deplorable than that of the settlers on the coast. Dr. Wilfred T. Grenfell, of the Deep-Sea Mission to Fishermen, has spoken of them as a "derelict community, practically without civil, medical, or spiritual guidance." These fishermen, like the settlers, are ground down under the hateful truck system. Dr. Grenfell says: "In 1885, there were, I am told, 2,700 people, more than half of whom were women and children, left on this inhospitable coast, because their boats had gone to pieces in a gale, and, but for the exceptional interference of the Government, they must have remained there to perish during the winter." We cannot wonder that the Moravian mission-

aries who have toiled so heroically along the northern strip of the Atlantic coast of Labrador should give a doubly hearty welcome to the Mission to Deep-Sea Fishermen, which is doing a splendid humanitarian as well as Christian work in its hospitals at Battle Harbour and the mouth of the Hamilton Inlet, in addition to preaching the Gospel amongst the fishing fleet.

Few brighter pages are found in the history of Christian missions than those which record the work of the Moravians among the Eskimos of Labrador. A nation murderously savage, the terror of the Indians and of white men, has been transformed into a law-abiding people, among whom drunkenness is almost unknown and crime is very rare. There are a few heathen in the neighbourhood of Ungava Bay, and in order to reach these a new station is to be formed. Testimony is borne to the excellence of the work of these missionaries by Dr. Packard, who visited Hopedale, their most southerly station. He was gratified to find that the missionaries were men of culture, from whom he received lists of the plants and vertebrate animals of Labrador, accompanied with valuable notes. He notes the carefully kept gardens. He visits their homes and sanctuaries, and joins with them in religious worship. At sunset, daily, the chapel-bell calls the whole community to prayer. The service lasts twenty minutes. There is an invocation or address in Eskimo, music and singing, the choir consisting of native voices, and the organ being played by an Eskimo lad. The Sabbath, too, is well observed; the reverence of the converts is very perceptible, and God is universally honoured. What a transformation as contrasted with the experience of the founders of the mis-

sions at Nain in 1771, when bloodshed was common in the frays between the English traders and the savage Eskimos!

This swarthy, square-faced, dark-haired man leads a very industrious life. In the autumn we watch him hunt the reindeer in its native wilds far away in the interior; in the early spring he deftly drives his dog-sledges out on the coast ice in quest of the seal, returning to fish, first for trout in the rivers and estuaries, then for cod on the shallow banks that lie off the coast; and later, we see him after the seal again, on board his kayak gliding swiftly as a shadow over the surface of the ice-strewn sea; the temperature far below zero. The task is a most toilsome and a dangerous one; but the patient fisher waits for hours fast bound in his skiff, paddling back and forward in the bays and straits wet with the icy spray which freezes on his kayak and his clothes. If overtaken by a storm or by darkness, he seeks some place of shelter on the coast, and there remains through the bitter night and awaits the cessation of the tempest. About Christmas, he returns from his wandering life to his home at the mission station, in order that his children may go to school, and he himself receive religious instruction. It is said that there is not an Eskimo on the coast who cannot read or write, except of course the few heathen that still linger near Cape Chudleigh.

We pass from the coast to the interior. Central Labrador is a high plateau denuded of its softer strata, out of which stand truncated mountains. It has been planed by the action of great glaciers, which once capped it as they now cap Greenland. It has an area of 420,000 square miles. Its greatest breadth is about 600 miles, and its length 1,000. Probably four-fifths of the surface is

water, lake being linked to lake over vast areas, and these are the sources of immense rivers that seek the sea on the north and south, as well as of the smaller ones that flow east into the Atlantic. The plateau is almost treeless; indeed, it is a forbidding, stony wilderness, where death reigns over the severe magnificence of its icy lakes, which reflect no shady woods, and mountains which frown away the summer and welcome the storm to their gloomy precipices—a land where no bird sings and no Indian builds his wigwam.

Frequent reference is made in these volumes to "the burnt country." Vast acres of forest have been, at various times, some distant, some recent, consumed by fire, and the whole country for many thousands of square miles is covered with charcoal, out of which stand blackened stumps, with an occasional little oasis of green which helps the traveller to realize what must have been the summer beauty of the country before the fire swept over it. Around this immense island of burnt vegetation is a country which on the west and south has much natural attractiveness. The river valleys are very beautiful, and the voyager meets with many a delightful picture.

Again the voyager comes to places where purple rocks rise perpendicularly, and no ray of sunlight can pierce the gloomy gorge through which he floats. He is borne on to the lovely vales where the cariboo moss, the chief food of the reindeer, grows luxuriantly to the depth of two or three feet. The hills are adorned with graceful larch and birch timber, and the huge boulders are exquisitely painted with lichens, which are superbly rich. There are none like them in any other part of the world. Orange, vermilion, silver, deep bronzes, greens, and greys, in

spangles, and fairy rings, and gardens of roses, mingle in bewildering beauty, and robe every harsh rock with raiment more glorious than any worn in kings' courts. Further on above them rise the mountains in grand walls of Labradorite, or they slope away to the sky in cold masses of gneiss. The rivers are full of fish, and the forests are not without game, though it is scarce as compared with the abundance of former times. The moose and the cariboo deer, a fleet and untameable creature, which the Indians hunt among its native pine forests with a skill beyond the imitation of white men, as their principal food, are disappearing from the valleys known more or less to the explorer.

With the moose and the cariboo is disappearing the Indian of the interior of Labrador. They number perhaps 4,500. Most of them are Roman Catholics, and we gladly pay our tribute of admiration to the missionaries of this Church among these wilds. Their endurance, and patient labour, and devotion, are beyond all praise, as both Professor Hind and Dr. Packard testify.

The Nasquapees live on the great tableland, and in the country west and north away to Ungava Bay. They have much in common with the Montagnais, but they differ in being of shorter and slenderer build, more sedentary, living in tents of reindeer skin, not of birch-bark like their neighbours. They are a hardy race, and show skill and taste in their dress and in adapting it to the requirements of a rigorous climate. The Nasquapee on a severe night will rear his tent, boil his kettle and provide his evening meal, wrap himself closely in his warm skin robe; and when he goes to rest will thrust his limbs into a leathern bag. Many are reached by the Wesleyan Methodist Mission at

Rigoulette in Hamilton Inlet, the most lonely and isolated mission station on the globe—a solitary outpost 100 miles beyond the Hopedale centre of the Moravians. The Church of England also has a station here.

Dr. Packard claims that the re-discovery of the Grand Falls on the Grand River is the most important geographical discovery which has taken place in Labrador since the first discovery of the cataract by white men. With some account of this we must close this article. In connection with the Bowdoin College Exploration Expedition, in the summer of 1891, a party of four, Young, Cole, Smith, and Cary, started from Rigoulette in two Russian boats, and ascended the Grand River, Cary being in charge. The first twenty-five miles of the river were traversed without difficulty. Here the struggle with falls and dangerous rapids began. The boats had to be lifted out of the water and carried up steep knolls, rising to the height of more than 200 feet, then borne long distances through tangled woods, and down again to the river and re-launched. Rowing was often impossible, and the boats had to be towed. The labour of towing was herculean, as the river-banks were masses of jagged rock or steep forest. One of the boats unfortunately upsetting, they lost a large part of their provisions, their shot-gun, and barometer. On reaching Lake Wamekapou they found it to be a fine sheet of water forty miles long and one hundred and fifty miles from the mouth of the river. It was judged prudent, on the eleventh day on the river, that one boat should return with Young and Smith. This was done, and the descent to the mouth safely made in five days.

Cole and Cary pushed on for sixty-five miles, rowing and tow-

ing, until they reached a point above which navigation was impossible. Here landing, they made a "cache" of the boat, luggage and provisions, except what was necessary for the further journey. The two dauntless explorers struck out on foot through the forest. Travelling sometimes on the high plateau, where magnificent views of the country were afforded, and at other times on the skirt of the river which here flowed through a remarkable gorge, worn out of the solid archæan rock 400 feet in depth, and from 150 feet to a quarter of a mile in width, they heard on the third day, August 13, a distant rumbling, and approaching the river they saw on their own level the long-sought falls, and three cheers for Bowdoin immediately mingled with the roar.

The spectacle was magnificent. The mighty stream, narrowed to a neck of 150 feet, flings itself headlong in overwhelming majesty down a sheer precipice 150 feet in height. Rapids extend for six miles above the falls, and the river drops another 160 feet in that distance. Below is a great gorge cut in the granite, through which the maddened river gallops for thirty miles between sheer walls from 300 to 500 feet high. After photographing and measuring the falls, Cole and Cary set out next

day to retrace their journey of 300 miles. They have a hungry walk to the "cache," but they are sustained by the hope of a good meal when they reach it. Alas! to their dismay they find nothing but charred remains. Boat, provisions, ammunition—everything is burnt to ashes and with a handful of flour and beans, a tongue, a revolver, a small axe, a fishing line, and a few matches, they find themselves nearly 300 miles from the mouth of the river.

The brave young fellows tramped the river-bank, built rafts and floated down many a turbulent rapid, to-day making a meal of flour and tongue, and to-morrow shooting a squirrel or feeding on wild berries, till they reached a "cache" about halfway down, where they replenished their supplies with five pounds of buckwheat and a can of tongue. On August 25, an old trapper saw two men approaching. They were shoeless and almost naked, weak with privation and the splendid fight which they had fought with cataracts and the forces of the forest and the mountains; but they were undaunted as ever. They were conducted to Northwest River, and thence across Lake Melville to Rigoulette, reaching there on September 1, to the great joy of anxious friends.

ONWARD.

BY FLORENCE LIFFITON.

Man! Man! why stand lamenting
Your broken hopes among?
The vict'ry is within you;
Courage! Arouse! Be strong!

The "Man of Sorrows," quailing
Before the bitter draught,
Had He not said "I drink it,"
The devils would have laughed.

Toronto.

A host no man can number,
Caparisoned with light,
Await your word of onset
To sweep the plains with might.

To arms! To arms! The battle!
God's with you! All is well!
But had you longer dallied,
The sequence—who can tell?

A NINETEENTH CENTURY SAINT, CRUSADER AND PHILANTHROPIST.*

BY MISS E. SANDERSON.

Francis William Crossley, born November, 1839; married June, 1871; died March, 1897. The cradle; the altar; the tomb. Brief story, soon told, yet, important as are these mile-stones, they tell but little of the journey, of the circumstances, commonplace, grave and gay, that made the life-history or of those invisible but potent influences that built up the grand character which stood foursquare to every wind that blew.

Those who associate the idea of saintship with monasteries, midnight vigils, and that asceticism which would flee the world with its groaning need in order to dwell upon the heavenly vision, would scarcely look for their patron saint amid the grime of a Manchester factory, and yet in that unpromising environment was to be found one who daily lived upon the highlands of his being; "endured as seeing Him who is invisible," but, recognizing all life as one, walked with men, carrying the spirit of the Golden Rule into his commercial relationships, and all the method and energy of his business into his work for humanity. This standard would scarcely harmonize with that of the Arab dragoman, who, being questioned as to the occupation of a certain Moslem saint, replied, "He do nothing; he very holy man."

Thomas Carlyle claims that to secure an accurate estimate of any life, we must regard it from two view-points—the influence of the times upon the individual, and vice-versa. Another modern writer tells us that if we would determine the influence of the man upon his

times we must begin by "educating his great-grandparents."

A brief glance at the genesis of Francis William Crossley reveals a combination of pre-natal environment clearly accounting for the complexity of disposition and wealth of gifts which made him a power in social and commercial relationships as well as in philanthropic work. To the military blood of his paternal ancestors, whose names are found in the records of Marston Moor and among the followers of William III., may be traced that fighting element in Frank Crossley which always responded to a worthy cause, while, from the Huguenot stock on his mother's side came, not only keen business capacity, but that heroic power of self-renunciation which made him strong to suffer for righteousness' sake. Among many subjects which claimed much of his attention was his "favourite science of theology," and, tracing backwards by the links of causation we find that in early life his father, Major Crossley, was casting off the thralldom of traditional dogma, leaving his mind wide open to the light of advanced thought upon the inspiration of Scripture and kindred themes.

Like a series of dissolving views we have word-pictures of a headstrong but affectionate boy left fatherless in his seventh year; of well-meant, though perhaps not well-advised discipline in the selection of schools, with his emancipation from these at the age of sixteen. In his school life, it is written, "he made no record except the athletic one." But the qualities which in those early days made him renowned in boyish con-

* "The Christ-life in the Market-place," being the Life of Francis William Crossley, by Prof. Rendel Harrie.

tests were strongly in evidence in the sterner battles of later years; and he, who as a young sportsman watched through the small hours of the night for game, when afterwards engaged in mission work, showed that the same spirit had simply taken on a new direction, while his figures of speech in addressing an audience proved that the vernacular of the field and stream had become to him as his mother-tongue. After an apparently unsuccessful address he was wont to write in his diary, "A failure; no one hit."

Following school days came a period covering varied experience—a term in the Tyrone Fusiliers, then his boyish ambition gratified by admission into the engineering works of Sir Robert Stevenson, at Newcastle, where he spent four successful but lonely years, after which the scene changes to the drawing office of Messrs. Fawcett, Preston & Co., Liverpool.

Up to this time Frank Crossley had lived mainly toward the objective world, but a day was at hand when, having suffered the death-blow to his dearest earthly hope, the stone of the lower self-consciousness would be rolled away and his spirit rise into newness of life. Oh, the pity of it, that woman's charms of grace and beauty should ever be set to such unworthy use as the conquest of hearts merely for conquest's sake! In lonely school days, and still more lonely years in a strange city, Frank Crossley had cultivated something of that staying power which comes through wearing the yoke in youth. Now, when bitter desolation swept his young manhood, his heart turned toward the unfailling One, and he found comfort in the highest inner-consciousness—the Christ.

A very beautiful picture is shown of the home life at Anagola, the pretty residence in Ireland shared by Mrs. Crossley and her maiden

sisters, who were all much interested in religious questions and work for the poor. Their influence upon Frank's new spiritual life was most helpful. Between the years 1876-1894, mother and aunts were removed by death, and Mr. Crossley made repeated journeys from Manchester to be with each loved one as she entered the valley. In his Aunt Fanny, who was the last to go, the psychic faculty seems to have been wonderfully developed. To her the loved sisters gone before were distinctly present, and she wondered that those about her could not see them.

In the first business enterprise of F. W. Crossley and his brother William (the manufacturing of india-rubber machinery, established in Manchester), their abilities and moral fibre were severely tested. The historian says, "In 1867 they had come together and purchased 'a going concern' in that line of business, and found it was going to nothing." But it is worthy of record that upon signing the deed of partnership they had knelt in prayer for grace to conduct their business worthily, and now, true to the conviction that men must work as well as pray, they reduced expenses to the lowest possible limit, Frank acting as draughtsman and his brother as clerk.

But those early years of business care were brightened by beautiful friendships, which had much to do with the moulding of Frank Crossley's character. The ministry of Dr. M'Laren was a delight and a profit, as was the association with his cousin, Mr. Alexander M'Laren, who afterwards married Frank Crossley's beloved sister Emmeline. He was also deeply indebted to the companionship of Mr. Joseph Geldart, an artist of some repute, and his saintly sister-in-law. "Those who are busied with psychic and occult phenomena tell us that they are able to pro-

duce on photographic plates the figures of our invisible companions, and when we try to sketch the spiritual progress of Frank Crossley, the good angels persist in turning up in the negative, and amongst them there is certainly the figure of an old man covered with an artist's mantle."

It was at this time, too, that another influence came into the young man's life, when, by the touch of true human love, the faintest scar, if such remained, of that early heart wound was to be completely removed. In his letters home he begins to make mention of a Mrs. Kerr and her family, with whom he had become intimate in church and social relations. The historian says, "Fresh figures were evidently coming into his environment, the sensitive plate of the weekly diary becomes suspiciously clouded with loving faces from fresh quarters." Having quoted from certain letters to his sister Emmeline, Professor Harris says, "The historian is clearly entitled to an explanation of the somewhat obscure allusions contained in these and similar sentences, and a little investigation brings to light a degree of subtlety in the allusions which is quite foreign to Frank's normal character, though it is common in human life at certain psychological crises." Commenting upon the fact of these new friends going to Dr. M'Laren's chapel by the same train that carried Frank Crossley, Professor Harris writes, "The Psalmist calls it going to the house of God in company, which shows his knowledge of human nature at all events."

One of the shadowy forms referred to comes out distinctly in the finished print when we learn that in February, 1871, Frank Crossley made direct tenders of his affection to Emily Kerr and was accepted. We are permitted a few

sentences from the unique love-letter :

"Although I have what may be called fair prospects, I am a poor man at present. But here is the chief point I wish to name. If my business, which has good possibilities about it, did become lucrative, I would never, if I continue to hold my present views, think it right to live in such a way as conventional morality pronounces in favour of. There is too much wretchedness in the world, in my opinion, to warrant any useless or unnecessary expenditure on self. Until the poor, who have always been with us so far, have departed or become well-to-do, the principle, I take it, ought to be: Spend on yourself that only which will enable you to contribute to the well-being of others in the greatest degree.

"I wonder if I am right to say all this here. I fully feel what a strange place it is to say it. I would not say it if I did not think you would agree with me—I mean I would not write this letter at all if I did not believe that I was writing to one who loved the same Master that, I trust, I love, and whose best guarantee for the conduct of the man who asks to be so near her, as I have ventured to ask to be, is her belief in His power and keeping."

"It is not often," says Professor Rendel Harris, "that the words, 'Come live with me and be my love,' are set to such a lofty strain as this; nor does the 'voice of the bridegroom and the bride' commonly discourse such excellent music. One wonders whether either of them dreamt of what would be involved in the carrying out of such a 'contract celestial.' Did Miss Emily Kerr suspect that she would, in carrying out the marriage vows, be down in the cellar breaking the necks of the champagne bottles, or Francis Crossley, that he would be packing up his best pictures and sending them to the Whitworth Gallery; or, both of them, that they would, in days to come, be setting up in front of their house a statement concerning the Sale or Letting of a desirable villa residence?"

But with all the advance in science and mechanics, no process has yet been discovered to insure the unimpeded course of true love, and Frank Crossley's case was to be no exception to the time-honoured saw. Miss Kerr's guardian

prophesied quick failure for the Crossley brothers, and frowned down the proposed union. The young man met the opposition in characteristic style, stating that a certain well-known series of beatitudes begins with "Blessed are ye poor!" The historian adds, "Whether the cautious guardian consented to be knocked over in this summary manner with the butt-end of a beatitude, or whether he merely accepted the inevitable does not appear." The following June Frank Crossley took his bride to the old home in Ireland, where the honeymoon was spent. Then the up-hill years of married life began.

Tracing the progress of Frank Crossley's spiritual development, Professor Rendel Harris says:

"Perhaps the best way to understand a growth of his conscience will be to examine it . . . in the legible script of his commercial and industrial dealings. During those first years of struggle the firm of McIntosh & Co., who were among their chief patrons, gave Crossley Bros. an order for some iron moulds in which rubber goods were to be manufactured. They requested that in these moulds the name of a certain London firm should be cut. Mr. Crossley declined to fill the order and requested their patrons to have their moulds made elsewhere. The leaven worked, and the McIntosh Co. remained their firm friends."

This conscientiousness had a similar test some years later, when the brothers had grown prosperous through handling patents of a certain German inventor, and when by reason of new light upon the drink evil they had become total abstainers. Frank Crossley writes to his friend, Dr. McLaren:

"There is another matter on which I want to consult you. It is a business point of the conscience kind, namely, is it right to sell engines to brewers? Our business with them has largely been for engines to drive soda-water machines. They do a trade that way as well as in intoxicants. Still we have probably sold a good many for the manufacture of alco-

holic liquors of one sort or another. In my mind I draw a line between selling a brewer a loaf or a coat, and selling him an article which he wants for his morals-destroying trade. I am therefore against it, and vote to pull up."

Another marked characteristic was the practical sympathy for others engendered by the learning of that lesson familiarly phrased, "Putting yourself in the other fellow's place." Mr. Cook, the evangelist, relates that, waiting one night in the Leeds station, he noticed a man who looked as if he had been weeping. In reply to Mr. Cook's sympathetic inquiry the man said, "I have met a man to-day who treated me as Jesus Christ would have done."

Two or three years before he and his brother had gone into business, buying one of the Crossley engines to supply the power. They found the engine too small for the work required, and their business steadily lost ground. Being active Christian workers they dreaded lest failure should bring discredit upon the church. Finally it was decided that one of them should go to Manchester and lay the whole matter before Mr. Crossley. "When I had finished," the young man went on, he said, "I am very sorry for you, my lad, and will do what I can to help you. Go back and tell your brother that I will put you in a larger engine and take back the old one, and it shall not cost you a penny to effect the change." And he added, "Ask your brother to find out how much you have lost since you started business, and if he will let me know I will send you a cheque for the amount."

And yet we are told that the so-called "Sheldon Standard" cannot be successfully applied to business!

Parallel, or rather intermingled with various lines of business, we have most interesting records of Mr. Crossley's spiritual develop-

ment. Revolting, early in his Christian life, from certain tenets and usages of the Established Church he proceeded to explore the basis of belief.

"He began to test his beliefs with the same conscientiousness that he would in later days test the working of a gas engine, and he would as little agree to a statement in which he saw a moral or a spiritual flaw as he would allow the name of Crossley to go out on a machine that was known to be faulty. All the restraints of authority, all the teaching of the Church, the traditional views of his fellow-Christians were powerless against his individual convictions."

After a period of scepticism and unrest, light dawned. Through the writings of Erskine he was emancipated from what he calls "the temptation habit" of regarding God as "the austere man." As his belief in the Infinite love and compassion strengthened, he became an earnest student in the school of "the larger hope," and some interesting correspondence upon the subject passed between him and Mrs. Booth. Previous to this he had been inclined to join the Salvation Army, but, though his friendship with its leaders continued, and his donations to its work reached £100,000, he never came to the point of signing the Articles of War, for reasons which, the historian thinks, may be found in "the eschatological question."

Strange as it may seem, these so-called heterodox views made Mr. Crossley no whit less earnest in his efforts for the redemption of men's lives, and the Star Mission Hall was known by certain of the workmen as "the hottest place in Manchester."

Though his interest in the Army was intense, some of its methods jarred upon Mr. Crossley, while his attachment to it was, for a long time, a real grievance to the sensitive and refined nature of his wife. Eventually, however, she

had what the historian calls an "enlargement of heart," or, as her husband said, "she caught up to him by an express train," after which their interest was mutual.

The following incident furnishes a fine subject for treatment in view of the proposed picture gallery of the Salvation Army:

"Upon one notable occasion, when he was on the bench of magistrates (for he was now a Justice of the Peace), he was called upon to take part in the trial of a Salvation Army lassie for obstructing the public thoroughfare. ('What they were really obstructing,' inserts Prof. Rendel Harris parenthetically, 'was a broad road of another character, for the crowding of which *they* were not responsible.') When the case was called, Francis Crossley left his seat on the bench, and took his stand by the side of the Army girl in the dock. When the Army, who are the modern successors of St. Francis, find time from their multitudinous labours to evolve an artist, we suggest that their Giotto of the future should try his skill upon this canvas. The Salvation Army has a good picture-gallery getting ready, but no subject that will lend itself to finer treatment than this."

As years went by the cry of the desolate poor rang in Francis Crossley's ears day and night, and for these he was always "incubating schemes" of his own, or helping those of others. Purchasing a block of disreputable buildings in one of Manchester's worst districts, he replaced them, at a cost of £20,000, with what is now known as the New Star Hall. The first thought was to put this institution in charge of the Salvation Army, but Mr. and Mrs. Crossley received a message to go and work there themselves. It seemed like a distinct call to enter into the Gethsemane of human suffering, to climb the steeps of its Golgotha, and help to bear its cross.

Mr. Crossley had been conscious of a growing indignation against the apathy of even the Nonconformists toward the helpless masses. It

is recorded, "The church meeting at Bowden) was astonished one day by a proposal on his part that they should abandon their suburban comfort and elegance, and migrate bodily into the slums. 'To some of you,' he said, 'this place is sacred for its quiet, refined associations; you love it; as for me, I hate it all. Let us leave this respectable neighbourhood and go right down among the poor folks; that is where a church should be!'"

The church addressed was not especially lacking in Christian enterprise, but Frank Crossley was nearer to the Christian ideal than any very comfortable church can expect to be."

History doth not record whether the church at Bowden responded to this call, but we do know that in 1889 Mr. and Mrs. Crossley set the tongues of Manchester wagging by giving up their elegant suburban home, and, with their daughter and other Christian workers, taking up residence in the Star Mission at Ancoats. The next in our series of dissolving views is of this man of millions ministering with his own hands to disease-stricken bodies, day by day living the Gospel message of hope, even in this world, to sin-sick souls.

Writing upon this phase of Mr. Crossley's life, one historian says:

"Here was a man of great natural refinement, with a soul keenly sensitive to things squalid and unlovely—a man with fine artistic instincts, who keenly loved the beautiful—a lover of hounds and horses, who for twenty years had a princely income at command. He might have become a candidate for Parliament. He might have kept racers to delight him with their triumphs of fleetness. He might have commanded his own yacht on sunny seas. He might have gathered together a magnificent collection of pictures, rented a deer forest, or maintained a private orchestra. All these things however, he laid aside for love to Christ and the souls for whom Christ died."

On the same theme Professor

Harris says, Frank Crossley was "a man who had been up into the mountain with the Lord, and had come down again into the plain with the people, . . . requiring us to make a further correction in our geography so as no longer to regard Ancoats in which he laboured as a district of Manchester, but as a town that lies at the foot of the Mountain of Transfiguration."

Into his work for Social Purity, with such associates as Josephine Butler, Ellice Hopkins, the Booths, and many others, Mr. Crossley carried all the fine sympathy and intensity of purpose which characterized his efforts on other lines. No double standard of morality found place in his creed. In an address before a Vigilance meeting, at Leamington, he says:

"When people take little notice of what we tell them we need not suppose that they are intentionally indifferent. Generally they are simply deaf—busy deaf, or idle deaf perhaps. Dan O'Connell is credited with saying that to get any subject (especially, I think I may say, any subject which touches the deeper morals) into people's heads you must repeat it about twenty times. After that some one probably may be expected to put his hand to his ear and ask, 'What's that you are saying!'"

The closing words of this powerful sermon are,

"The fairest work on which our eyes have gazed has been God's work in woman. The face of the Son of man had woman in it! Wherever our brute force has crushed, or still is crushing her, He calls us to her rescue and emancipation in His pure name."

In his search for what he called a working, fighting theology, Mr. Crossley drew upon himself the attention of the critics. In a so-called apology to these, he declares himself unchurched in such good company as George Fox, Madame Guyon, and John Wesley—truly a mixed assembly, Friend, Catholic, and Methodist!

A tribute given by the Liverpool Daily Post at the time of his death will be in place here:

"Star Hall became the centre of a Christian ideal which, though theologically somewhat erratic, was yet luminous with the perfection of obedience which it strove to offer to the commands of Jesus Christ." Of this tribute the historian says, "The contradiction in the two halves of that sentence is delightful. . . . If the perfection of obedience to Jesus Christ involves or consists with theological errancy, it is a bad day for the traditional theology, but a very good day for the one whose theology is his obedience."

From a short trip to India and Ceylon in the spring of 1896 Mr. and Mrs. Crossley returned to take up their ordinary work, and to join the crusade on behalf of martyred Armenia.

But the pitcher was broken at the fountain. In February, 1897, came a severe attack of heart failure—the beginning of the end—then a stretch of suffering, borne with heroic patience and sweetness. The historian writes:

"Once he said to his watching beloved, 'Shut and lock the door, and I will pray.' Then in urgent supplication and strong faith he gathered up all the shortcomings of his life, and covered them once again with the merits and the mercies of his dear Redeemer. 'I wish,' said Mrs. Crossley, 'that I had been able to write down that prayer!'"

So, on March 25th, as he was overheard to say to himself, he "came to the river, and there was no river"—only a little rill over which he stepped and gained the goal which he had often defined as "Love on the Happy Hill."

The funeral was arranged for the following Saturday, that the multitudes of workmen and women might attend, and, according to his own request, he was laid amongst his poor people in Philips

Park Cemetery. The coffin was placed before the platform in the Star Hall, where the appointments were all of the simplest kind, and nothing black, but instead, a wealth of bright flowers. Amongst these were two beautiful wreaths from the Armenian and Cretan communities of Manchester. The historian says, "It seemed more like a bridal than a burial day." Some fifteen thousand people were present in Philips Park cemetery, a strange and complex gathering representing all classes who had known and loved him. "Then there were many of the very wrecks of humanity lining the roadsides who had often shrunk from the Gospel that he brought so close to their doors, and now appeared from their dens and hiding-places as if to testify that the love bestowed upon them had not and could not be all in vain."

As we turn with the multitude from that narrow flower-strewn bed where the weary body of God's hero rests, there come to mind the words of John G. Woolley, another fearless apostle of the doctrine of Christian citizenship, as he comments upon the text, "The bread of God is He which cometh down from heaven and giveth life unto the world."

"If you feel that you know God and have a clear vision of how He would that men should do to you; if you live in a house not made with hands where the Eternal Father comes to sup with you; if you count all things but loss that you may know Him and the power of resurrection and the fellowship of suffering, your citizenship is in heaven. Come down and give life unto the world! And men and women too ignorant to frame definitions, or too full of care to utter their own minds, will feed upon your broken body and shed blood with joy and thanks, and in their hearts acknowledge you to be the bread of God."

Surely the bread of God was broken in Ancoats!

Ontario Ladies' College, Whithy.

CARLYLE ON BURNS.*



THOMAS CARLYLE.

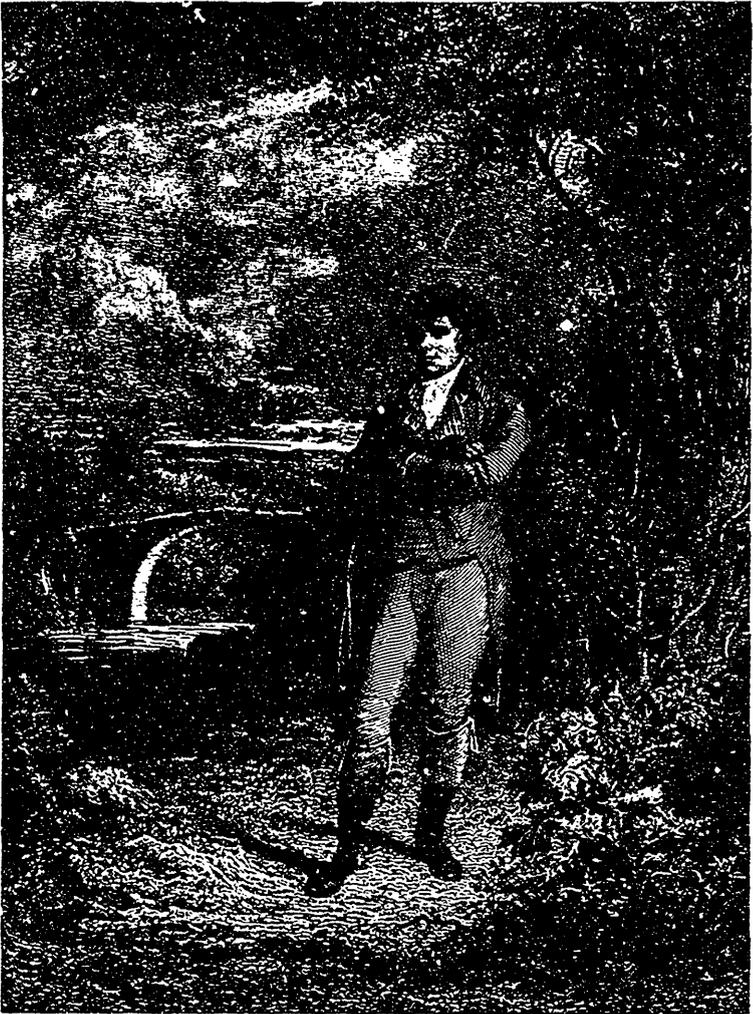
Robert Burns' short life was spent in toil and penury; and he died, in the prime of his manhood, miserable and neglected. Yet already a brave mausoleum shines over his dust, and more than one splendid monument has been reared in other places to his fame; the street where he languished in

*The fame and influence of Scotland's peasant poet increases with every year. In all parts of the world where his 'brither Scot' has gone, and where has he not gone? his birthday is celebrated with greater enthusiasm than that of any other man. Some forty Lives of the poet have been published, and innumerable editions of his works, at all prices, from the cheap sixpenny edition to the costly *édition de luxe*. It will be of interest to our readers to know how this man appeared to one of his contemporaries, a fellow Scot of the peasant class, born under austere conditions, one like himself, gifted with the strange fire of genius. Carlyle

poverty is called by his name; the highest personages in our literature have been proud to appear as his commentators and admirers.

Burns first came upon the world as a prodigy; and was, in that character, entertained by it, in the usual fashion, with loud, vague, tumultuous wonder, speedily subsiding into censure and neglect;

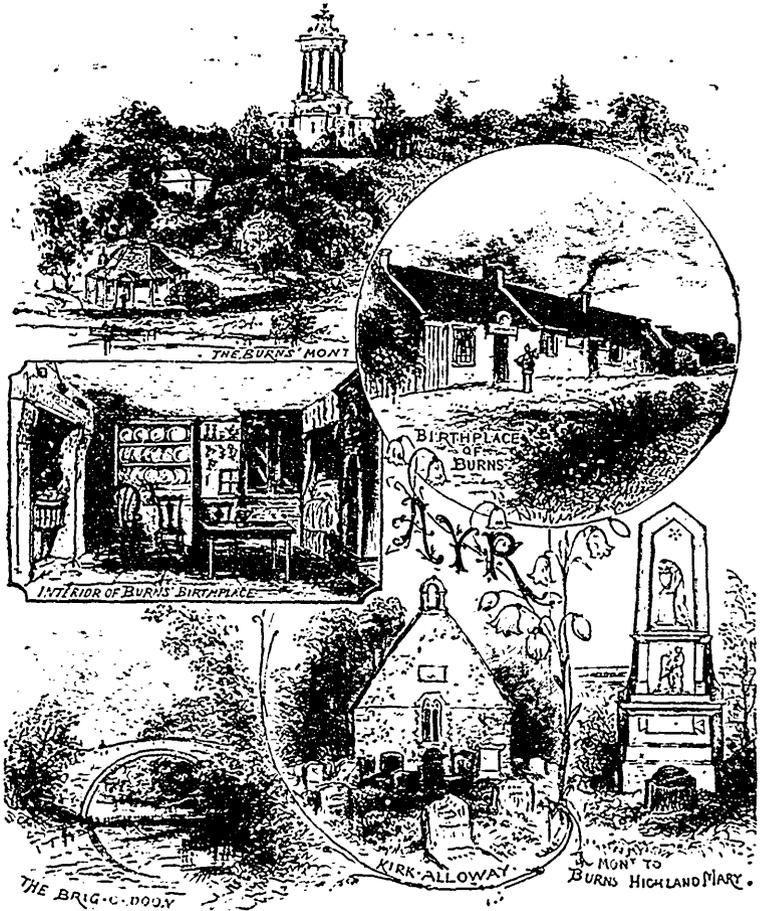
ennobled and dignified poverty and toil, and became, too, one of the prophetic voices of this voiceful century. Carlyle knew the heart of the Scottish peasant as few others have known it. He recognized the divine message which Burns had for the world. He has given him sympathy, appreciation and praise, not surpassed by any of his myriad critics. But he recognizes also the moral shortcomings of the man, and does not fail to mete out his judgment with unswerving balance. "He has no religion" is his verdict, "he is in the camp of the unconverted."—Ed.



ROBERT BURNS.

till his early and most mournful death again awakened an enthusiasm for him, which, especially as there was now nothing to be done, and much to be spoken, has prolonged itself even to our own time. He appears not only as a true British poet, but as one of the most considerable British men of the eighteenth century. He found himself in deepest obscurity, without help, without instruction, without model; or with models only of the meanest sort.

Born in an age the most prosaic Britain had yet seen, and in a condition the most disadvantageous, where his mind, if it accomplished aught, must accomplish it under the pressure of continual bodily toil, nay, of penury and corresponding apprehension of the worst evils, and with no furtherance but such knowledge as dwells in a poor man's hut, and the rhymes of a Ferguson or Ramsay for his standard of beauty, he sinks not under all these impediments. He grows



MEMORIALS OF BURNS.

into intellectual strength, and trains himself into intellectual expertness. Impelled by the expansive movement of his own irrepressible soul, he struggles forward into the general view; and with haughty modesty lays down before us, as the fruit of his labour, a gift, which Time has now pronounced imperishable. Alas, his Sun shone as through a tropical tornado; and the pale Shadow of Death eclipsed it at noon! Shrouded in such baleful vapours, the genius of Burns was never seen in clear azure splendour, enlightening the world: but some beams from it did, by fits, pierce through;

and it tinted those clouds with rainbow and orient colours, into a glory and stern grandeur, which men silently gazed on with wonder and tears!

Through life he enacted a tragedy, and one of the deepest. We question whether the world has since witnessed so utterly sad a scene; whether Napoleon himself, left to brawl with Sir Hudson Lowe, and perish on his rock, "amid the melancholy main," presented to the reflecting mind such a "spectacle of pity and fear" as did this intrinsically nobler, gentler and perhaps greater soul, wasting itself away in a hopeless



THE BIRTHPLACE OF BURNS.

“ A blast o’ Janwar’ win’
Blew hansel in on Robin.”

struggle with base entanglements, which coiled closer and closer round him, till only death opened him an outlet. His faults, the faults of others, proved too hard for him; and that spirit, which might have soared could it but have walked, soon sank to the dust, its glorious faculties trodden under foot in the blossom; and died, we may almost say, without ever having lived. And so kind and warm a soul; so full of inborn riches, of love to all living and lifeless things! The “Daisy” falls not unheeded under his ploughshare; nor the ruined nest of that “wee, cowering, timorous beastie,” cast forth, after all its provident pains, to “thole the sleety dribble and cranreuch cauld.” The Peasant Poet bears himself, we might say, like a king in exile: he is cast among the low, and feels himself equal to the highest. Far as he feels himself above common men, he wanders not apart from them, but mixes warmly in their

interests; nay, throws himself into their arms, and, as it were, entreats them to love him. And this was he for whom the world found no fitter business than quarrelling with smugglers and vintners, computing excise-dues upon tallow, and gauging ale-barrels! In such toils was that mighty spirit sorrowfully wasted: and a hundred years may pass on, before another such is given us to waste.

A Scottish peasant’s life was the meanest and rudest of all lives, till Burns became a poet in it, and a poet of it; found it a man’s life, and therefore significant to men. A thousand battle-fields remain unsung; but the “Wounded Hare” has not perished without its memorial; a balm of mercy yet breathes on us from its dumb agonies, because a poet was there. Our “Halloween” had passed and repassed, in rude awe and laughter, since the era of the Druids; but no Theocritus, till Burns dis-



ALLOWAY KIRK.

cerned in it the materials of a Scottish Idyl.

We see that in this man there was the gentleness, the trembling pity of a woman, with the deep earnestness, the force and passionate ardour of a hero. Tears lie in him, and consuming fire; as lightning lurks in the drops of the summer cloud. He has a resonance in his bosom for every note of human feeling; the high and the low, the sad, the ludicrous, the joyful, are welcome in their turns to his "lightly-moved and all-conceiving spirit."

In the poetry of Burns keenness of insight keeps pace with keenness of feeling; his light is not more pervading than his warmth. He is a man of the most impassioned temper; with passions not strong only, but noble, and of the sort in which great virtues and great poems take their rise. It is reverence, it is love towards all nature that inspires him, that opens his eyes to its beauty, and makes heart and voice eloquent in its praise.

"Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled" was composed on horseback; in riding in the middle of tempests, over the wildest Galloway moor, in company with a Mr. Syme, who, observing the poet's looks, forbore to speak—judiciously enough, for a man composing "Bruce's Address" might be unsafe to trifle with. Doubtless this stern hymn was singing itself, as he formed it, through the soul of Burns; but to the external ear, it should be sung with the throat of the whirlwind. So long as there is warm blood in the heart of Scotchman or man, it will move in fierce thrills under this war-ode, the best, we believe, that was ever written by any pen.

Robert Burns' father was a man of thoughtful, intense, earnest character, as the best of our peasants are; valuing knowledge, possessing some, and, what is far better and rarer, openminded for more; a man with a keen insight and devout heart; reverent towards God, friendly therefore at once, and fearless toward all that God

has made: in one word, though but a hard-handed peasant, a complete and fully unfolded man.

Had this William Burns' small seven acres of nursery-ground anyway prospered, the boy Robert had been sent to school; had struggled forward, as so many weaker men do, to some university; come forth not as a rustic wonder, but as a regular well-trained intellectual workman, and changed the whole course of British literature—for it lay in him to have done this! But the nursery did not prosper; poverty sank his whole family below the help of even our cheap school-system: Burns remained a hard-worked ploughboy, and British literature took its own course. Nevertheless, even in this rugged scene there is much to nourish him. If he drudges, it is with his brother, and for his father and mother, whom he loves, and would fain shield from want.

With principles assailed by evil example from without, by "passions raging like demons" from within, he had little need of sceptical misgivings to whisper treason in the heat of the battle, or to cut off his retreat if he were already defeated. He loses his feeling of innocence; his mind is at variance with itself; the old divinity no longer presides there; but wild Desires and wild Repentance alternately oppress him. Ere long, too, he has committed himself before the world; his character for sobriety, dear to a Scottish peasant as few corrupted worldlings can even conceive, is destroyed in the eyes of men; and his only refuge consists in trying to disbelieve his guiltiness, and is but a refuge of lies. The blackest desperation now gathers over him, broken only by red lightnings of remorse.

Burns' appearance among the sages and nobles of Edinburgh must be regarded as one of the most singular phenomena in mod-

ern literature; almost like the appearance of some Napoleon among the crowned sovereigns of modern politics.

Sir Walter Scott writes thus of an interview with Burns:

"The only thing I remember which was remarkable in Burns' manner, was the effect produced upon him by a print of Bunbury's, representing a soldier lying dead on the snow, his dog sitting in misery on one side—on the other, his widow, with a child in her arms. These lines were written beneath:

"Cold on Canadian hills, or Minden's plain,
Perhaps that mother wept her soldier
slain."

At the end of his first Edinburgh season, Burns sums up his gains and losses, and meditates on the chaotic future. In money he is somewhat richer; in fame and the show of happiness, infinitely richer; but in the substance of it, as poor as ever. Nay, poorer; for his heart is now maddened still more with the fever of worldly ambition; and through long years the disease will rack him with unprofitable sufferings, and weaken his strength for all true and nobler aims.

Picturesque tourists, all manner of fashionable dangles after literature, and, far worse, all manner of convivial Mæcenases, hovered round him in his retreat; and his good as well as his weak qualities secured them influence over him. He was flattered by their notice; and his warm social nature made it impossible for him to shake them off and hold on his way apart from them. These men, as we believe, were proximately the means of his ruin. They wasted his precious time and his precious talent; they disturbed his composure, broke down his returning habits of temperance and assiduous contented exertion. Their



TAM O' SHANTER INN.

pampering was baneful to him; their cruelty, which soon followed, was equally baneful. There was a hollowness at the heart of his life, for his conscience did not now approve what he was doing. His life has now lost its unity: it is a life of fragments; led with little aim, beyond the melancholy one of securing its own continuance—in fits of wild false joy when such offered, and of black despondency when they passed away.

The soul of Burns, though scathed and marred, was yet living in its full moral strength,

though sharply conscious of its errors and abasement: and here, in his destitution and degradation, was one act of seeming nobleness and self-devotedness left even for him to perform. He felt too, that with all the "thoughtless follies" that had "laid him low," the world was unjust and cruel to him; and he silently appealed to another and calmer time. Not as a hired soldier, but as a patriot, would he strive for the glory of his country; so he cast from him the poor sixpence a day, and served zealously as a volunteer. Let us not

grudge him this last luxury of his existence; let him not have appealed to us in vain!

Still, we do not think that the blame of Burns' failure lies chiefly with the world. The world, it seems to us, treated him with more rather than with less kindness than it usually shows to such men. It has ever, we fear, shown but small favour to its teachers: hunger and nakedness, perils and revilings, the prison, the cross, the poison-chalice have, in most times and countries, been the market-price it has offered for wisdom, the welcome with which it has greeted those who have come to enlighten and purify it. Homer and Socrates, and the Christian Apostles, belong to old days; but the world's Martyrology was not completed with these. Roger Bacon and Galileo languish in priestly dungeons; Tasso pines in the cell of a mad-house; Camoens dies begging on the streets of Lisbon. So neglected, so "persecuted they the prophets," not in Judea only, but in all places where men have been. We reckon that every poet of Burns' order is, or should be, a prophet and teacher to his age; that he has no right to expect great kindness from it, but rather is bound to do it great kindness; that Burns, in particular, experienced fully the usual proportion of the world's goodness; and that the blame of his failure, as we have said, lies not chiefly with the world.

Where, then, does it lie? We



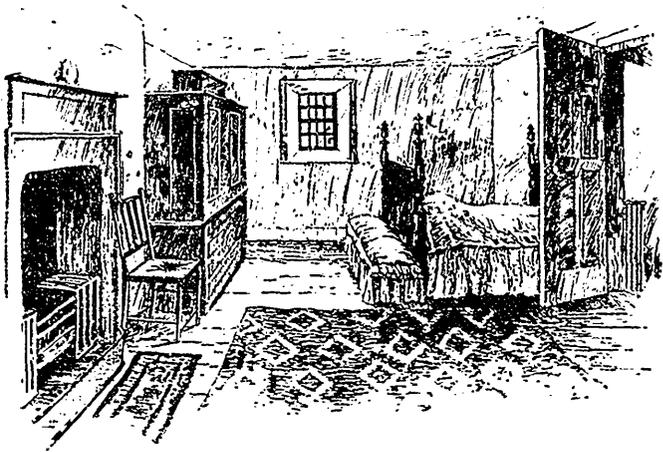
THE GLOBE TAVERN, DUMFRIES.

are forced to answer: With himself; it is his inward, not his outward misfortunes that bring him to the dust. Seldom, indeed, is it otherwise: seldom is a life morally wrecked but the grand cause lies in some internal mal-arrangement, some want less of good fortune than of good guidance. Nature fashions no creature without implanting in it the strength needful for its action and duration; least of all does she so neglect her masterpiece and darling, the poetic soul. Neither can we believe that it is in the power of any external circumstances utterly to ruin the mind of a man; nay, if proper wisdom be given him, even so much as to affect its essential health and

beauty. The sternest sum-total of worldly misfortunes is death; nothing more can lie in the cup of human woe: yet many men, in all ages, have triumphed over death, and led it captive; converting its physical victory into a moral victory for themselves, into a seal and immortal consecration for all that their past life has achieved. What has been done, may be done again: nay, it is but the degree and not the kind of such heroism that differs in different seasons; for without some portion of this spirit, not of boisterous daring, but of

to cast aside, or rightly subordinate; the better spirit that was within him ever sternly demanded its rights, its supremacy: he spent his life in endeavouring to reconcile these two; and lost it, as he must lose it, without reconciling them.

Burns was born poor; and born also to continue poor, for he would not endeavour to be otherwise: this it had been well could he have once for all admitted, and considered as finally settled. Poverty, incessant drudgery and much worse evils, it has often been the lot of poets and wise men to strive



THE ROOM IN WHICH BURNS DIED, DUMFRIES.

silent fearlessness, of self-denial in all its forms, no good man, in any scene or time, has ever attained to be good.

We have already stated the error of Burns; and mourned over it, rather than blamed it. The heart of a true poet and singer, worthy of the old religious heroic times, had been given him: and he fell in an age, not of heroism and religion, but of scepticism, selfishness, and triviality. The influences of that age, his open, kind, susceptible nature, to say nothing of his highly untoward situation, made it more than usually difficult for him

with, and their glory to conquer. Locke was banished as a traitor; and wrote his "Essay on the Human Understanding" sheltering himself in a Dutch garret. Was Milton rich or at his ease when he composed "Paradise Lost"?

And what, then, had these men, which Burns wanted? Two things; both which, it seems to us, are indispensable for such men. They had a true, religious principle of morals; and a single not a double aim in their activity. They were not self-seekers and self-worshippers; but seekers and worshippers of something far better than self.



DUMFRIES GROUP.

Not personal enjoyment was their object; but a high, heroic idea of religion, of patriotism, of heavenly wisdom.

With Burns it was different. His morality, in most of its practical points, is that of a mere worldly man; enjoyment, in a finer or coarser shape, is the only thing he longs and strives for. A noble instinct sometimes raises him above this; but an instinct only, and acting only for moments. He has no religion; in the shallow age, where his days were cast, religion was not discriminated from the New and Old Light forms of Religion; and was, with these, becoming obsolete in the minds of men. His heart, indeed, is alive with a trembling adoration, but there is no temple in his understanding. He lives in darkness and in the shadow of doubt. His religion, at best, is an anxious wish; like that of Rabelais, "a

great Perhaps." His poetry is a stray vagrant gleam, which will not be extinguished within him, yet rises not to be the true light of his path, but is often a wildfire that misleads him.

Byron and Burns were sent forth as missionaries to their generation, to teach it a higher doctrine, a purer truth; they had a message to deliver, which left them no rest till it was accomplished; in dim throes of pain, this divine behest lay smouldering within them; for they knew not what it meant, and felt it only in mysterious anticipation, and they had to die without articulately uttering it. They are in the camp of the unconverted.

The words of Milton are true in all times, and were never truer than in this: "He who would write heroic poems must make his whole life a heroic poem."

With our readers in general, with men of right feeling any-

where, we are not required to plead for Burns. In pitying admiration he lies enshrined in all our hearts, in a far nobler mausoleum than one of marble; neither will his works, even as they are, pass away from the memory of men. While the Shakespeares and Miltons roll on like mighty rivers through the country of Thought, bearing fleets of traffickers and assiduous pearl-fishers on their waves; this little Valclusa Fountain will also arrest our eye; for this also is of Nature's own and most cunning workmanship, bursts from the depths of the earth, with a full gushing current, into the light of day; and often will the traveller turn aside to drink of its clear waters, and muse among its rocks and pines!

A few words as to Burns' pictures, with which this article is illustrated.

The "auld clay biggin," which saw the birth of Robert Burns, stands by the side of the road two miles south of Ayr. The cottage was reared by the hands of his father—William Burness or Burnes, as he spelt his name—and here his little son was born on the 25th of January, 1759. His first welcome to the world was a rough one, for as he tells us,

"A blast o' Januar' win'
Blew hansel in on Robin,"

and a few days afterwards a storm blew down the gable of the cottage, and the poet and his mother had to be carried in the dark morning to the shelter of a neighbour's roof, under which they remained till their own was repaired. In after years he would say, "No wonder that one ushered into the world amid such a tempest should be the victim of stormy passions." Hard by the poet's birthplace is "Alloway's auld haunted Kirk." Ascending the worn steps, we at once reach the graves of the father of the poet, of his mother and his youngest sister; and we stand by the church itself. It is roofless, but its bare walls are tolerably well preserved, and it still has its bell at the east end. Iron gratings have taken the place of doors, and peeping through one of these we see the spot immortalized by the dance of witches, as supposed to be witnessed by Tam o' Shanter. It has

been truly said that perhaps in no other poetical composition have there been held in combination such humour and horror, ghastly glee and drunken fright, as were depicted in the midnight orgies of the weird revellers in Auld Kirk Alloway, and in the mad ride for life of Tam o' Shanter, as he speeds for the key-stane of the Brig. The old church was built about 1516. A considerable portion of the rafters have been in one way or another disposed of, manufactured into relics of the locality and dispersed over the world.

Of course every tourist visits the "Auld Brig o' Doon," a few hundred yards from the Kirk—the brig over which, on the memorable night, when

"Weat mounted on his grey mare Meg—
A better never lifted leg—
Tam skelpit on through dub and mire,
Despising wind, and rain, and fire."

From the arch of the high and narrow structure are seen "the banks and braes," so familiar to Burns.

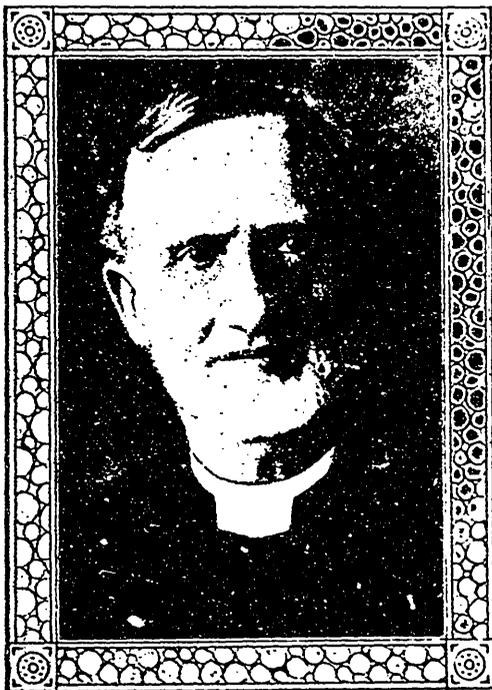
A little farther forward we enter the grounds of the Monument. The building, about sixty feet in height, has a triangular base representing the three districts of Ayrshire. Above is a cupola supported by nine columns of the Corinthian order, surmounted by a gilt tripod resting on three dolphins.

Within the Monument are preserved various interesting memorials of the poet. They include two volumes of the Bible, with their inscriptions still legible, presented by Burns to Highland Mary when on the memorable Sunday, 1786, they stood together by the banks of the Ayr, holding the Bible between them, vowed eternal fidelity to each other, and then parted, never to meet again. There are also various editions of the poet's works, and a snuff-box made from the woodwork of Alloway Kirk. The possessor of these interesting relics emigrated to Canada in 1834; they were purchased by a party of gentlemen in Montreal and were forwarded to the Provost of Ayr for presentation to the trustees of the Monument.

It was in 1791 that Burns came to reside at Dumfries. For some time past he had made frequent visits here to a certain "howf" called the Globe Tavern, and when he migrated thither he was an impoverished man. Burns resided in Dumfries till his death, July, 1796. His house was afterwards occupied by his widow for thirty-eight years till her death, and it was subsequently tenanted by his eldest son. A bust of the poet and an inscription indicate the house in which he died.

RELIGIOUS LEADERS OF GREAT BRITAIN.*

BY WINGROVE.



THE REV. W. L. WATKINSON,
Editor of the Wesleyan Methodist Magazine.

Before you stands a tall, spare, fragile man, who controls you at his will. Mr. Watkinson is first a preacher, then a philosopher. Two strong characteristics belong to all his public utterances. He is a satirist and a dramatist. In the latter capacity his style is easy, simple, suitable, and all his own. There is nothing in his mannerisms to repel, except when you are the victim of a satirical onslaught; then the knife cuts—"piercing even to the dividing of soul and spirit, of both joints and marrow." Like all Methodists of the first creation, Mr. Watkinson is chiefly

an extemporaneous preacher. You often have a fine example of the ease and grace of an impromptu inspiration, characterized by the accuracy and finish of a manuscript. This preacher is many-sided. History, philosophy, nature, and science are ever appealing to his soul and bringing forth responses. It is not merely this or that which holds you in captivity, but the solid value of all that he says. Mr. Watkinson has a creative faculty, which produces wise and helpful thoughts with beautiful and realistic visions.

Few men can expose the weakness and hollowness of an objection or hostile criticism with such skill. Invariably he turns the laugh against opponents, though he is not always so successful in answering them. Not a little subtle power is located in his mannerisms. Who is not familiar with those significant pauses which are often more eloquent than speech? There is a power in such preaching that cannot be reproduced on paper, not even in sermons carefully revised by the preacher's own hand. The eye, the intonation of the voice, the pause, the expression, are unique and original; they speak the preacher's meaning. Another secret of his power is his great ability in illustrating his subjects. You are never palled or wearied with the illustrations, though they follow one another in quick succession, like April rains. To Mr. Watkinson the future is bright, the

* Portraits and text by courtesy of the *Methodist Recorder*, London, England.

supremacy of the Cross certain and glorious. Christ is on the throne, and all must be well. In his preaching and in his views there is a healthy conservatism which commends itself even to those who differ from him most widely. He has a psychological gift of observation, and a vivid and artistic imagination. The man himself, his teaching, and even his mannerisms, backed up by personal goodness, and a princely generosity in the distribution of his services, make his ministry one of the most powerful, brilliant, and blessed in modern Methodism.

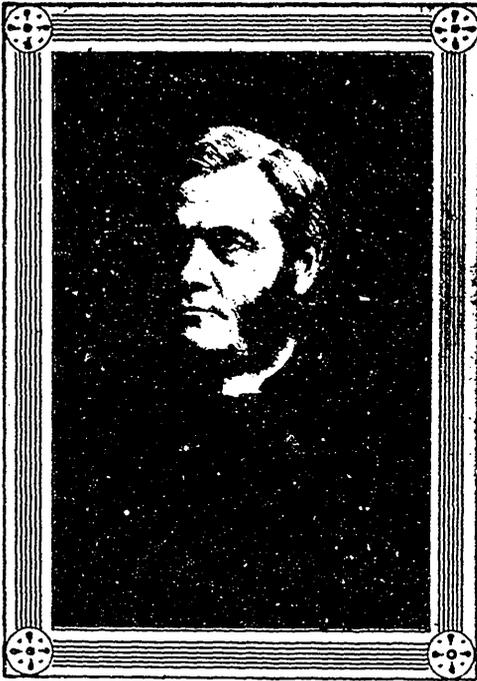
He never forgets that we are men dealing with living facts which help or hinder, elevate or cast down, create or destroy. The difficulties of personal religion do not escape his notice. In preaching, in prayer, and in writing he reveals a great heart, a great soul, and a great mind. In him is the rare combination of spiritual faculty with classical and philosophical learning. We often hear men who possess one or other of these gifts, but rarely one in whom all are found. Dr. Fairbairn creates greater thoughts and vaster conceptions than most of us are

We have recently been reminded of what Chalmers once said of Foster, "He fetches his thoughts from a deeper spring." Of few could this be said with greater accuracy than of Dr. Fairbairn. Adam Clarke has said, "Study yourself to death, and then pray yourself into life again. We may justly associate the Principal of Mansfield College with this epigrammatic sentence. Undoubtedly Dr. Fairbairn is one of the most brilliant and distinguished ministers living. His sermons are as great when read as when heard. His literary productions are among the standard works of the nineteenth century. We have few abler pens in England to-day. Dr. Fairbairn's ministry has a unique value, because he grapples with so many doubts and speculations rife in the minds of serious thinkers. He does not attempt to satisfy with a cold, bare intellectual assertion, but with profound argument. Perhaps, sometimes, he comes near to the gladiatorial theologians of bygone ages.



THE REV. A. M. FAIRBAIRN, D.D., LL.D.

ever privileged to conceive, or even comprehend when set before us. You find yourself face to face with a thinker who has been absorbed in contemplation, and who has gazed fearlessly down to the very depths.



THE REV. MARCUS DODS, D.D.

A great event is a visit from Marcus Dods, of Edinburgh. A very large congregation, including many ministers, greets the appearance of this great scholar and author. So gentle is the Professor as he comes on the platform, so quiet as he announces his hymn, and afterwards engages in prayer, so impressive is the whole conduct of the service, that you forget the Professor and think only of his message. Dr. Dods is a pulpit surprise. There is no attempt at the profound, no sign of rhetoric, but only simple words of wisdom and power. It is a service revealing the grandeur of plainness, the art of teaching, the true office of the preacher. The word pulsates with the life of the Gospel. The truths are old, yet they

come with apostolic freshness and power. Dr. Dods is a rebuke to any preacher who obscures the truth or turns its simplicity into mystery, or uses words unfamiliar to the common people. His thoughts, clearly expressed, are driven home without gesture. The hearer is under the spell of a trained mind, a devout soul, a gracious influence. No waste of words, no anecdotes, or even illustrations; no well-worn divisions, but a searching examination of facts, and a searching application of their lessons. The learned Scotch Professor, with the earnest face, and quiet fervour, and intellectual sympathy, unfolds God's plan of redemption in words so simple that a wayfaring man, though a fool, cannot fail to understand.



THE REV. G. CAMPBELL MORGAN.

FROM THE HILLS OF ALGOMA.

BY MAUDE PETITT.

CHAPTER VI.

CHANGED CHORDS.

That winter at Glendonan passed like a flash to Tirzah. It seemed but a little while till the balm in the breeze, and the fleecy clouds drifting over the roofs, told her that spring was breaking all around, not as it used to burst upon her country home, with mountains of melting snow and swollen stream, and bird-song, but still it was spring.

The strain of her first college examination was over, with its rush and jam, long hours and toil in the "wee sma'" hours of morning. She had just written off her last paper. It was early afternoon, and she sat leaning back languidly in her low rocker. A heavy step approached in the hall, and there was a knock on her door that she instinctively knew as Augustine's.

"Shouldn't you like an outing this afternoon, Tirzah? I'm not going back to the office, and I thought it would be nice to row down the Charles to that little picnicking spot I told you about."

"Oh, it would be splendid! It is such a delightful day! and I was just wondering what to do with myself this afternoon. Aunt Mildred has too bad a headache to be bothered with this nuisance of a girl."

A grave look crossed his face, and he forgot to return her words with graceful compliment or idle banter.

"How soon will you be ready?"

"Oh, fifteen or twenty minutes."

"All right; I've a few business letters to write."

It took but a few minutes to arrange her hair in a way more fitted to bear the river breezes, and don her navy-blue boating suit. She picked up a little box, seldom opened, and, as she lifted the lid, a bunch of withered flowers fell out. With a look of tenderness, she stooped to gather them up, then stood for a moment, her face turned toward the window, as in a dream, the dead flowers in her hand. They were the crimson carnations she had worn that night when he stood beside her and asked her to be his wife. How far off—how long ago it

all seemed now. She felt as if it had happened to some other than herself, and she had only overheard.

Yet once her heart had throbbed at the sound of his footfall—once, but it was cold now. No throb, no thrill, no tear were hers—no dream of joy. She turned her face toward the mirror for a moment. What a cold statue-like face! There was the dart and flash of thought in those eyes—but feeling? They were tender, to be sure, but it was the changeless tenderness of a painting; there was a void in their depths—a look as of something gone—forgotten—dead. She sat down in her rocker, and the faded flowers fell at her feet. In the busy rush of winter she had not noticed it—the thought struck her suddenly now—she did not really feel. She wrote kind letters home because kindness was a habit with her, but she felt as if writing to another world. She had buried the past—and the present was only a hollow show. The sorrows and sufferings of others touched her not. She could listen to the saddest tale of woe and shed no tear. She made friends, but they were not as her friends had once been. She studied how to entertain them and make a fine impression upon them, but if death had snatched one away she could not have wept.

It was the same with her religious life. She attended church, bowed her head gracefully during prayers, sat out the sermon, then rose and moved down the aisle with the crowd, a beautifully dressed figure with changeless face. Perhaps Augustine understood her best of all. He, too, seemed to have left something in the past, to have benumbed some chord in his soul. She looked down upon the dead flowers at her feet, then buried her face in her hands.

"Oh, Walter! Walter! If I could only feel! If I could only feel for one moment as I used to feel! I believe I am a woman of stone."

But no tear came. She raised her bowed head, and looked down upon Back Bay Avenue, clad at that hour in its best calling attire, and displaying its wealth of carriages and coachmen. The Glendonan carriage

halted on the drive before the stately portico, awaiting to convey them to the river, and for a moment she seemed to make a mental inventory of all these things—the plush-cushioned carriage, the glittering harness, the statue-like coachman, and there, within her own boudoir, the scattered jewels, silk and plush and perfume-laden air, even the very stones piled in their elegance in the massive walls. And she weighed all these with what? With a Sabbath morning and a white cottage among the hills of the north; with a little chapel among the wild roses, and the village tombs, where an earnest soul told the sweet story of Calvary. And there was something there not here. Something of the Unseen, just for a moment, for which her heart, though blind and cold, cried out.

A knock at her door, and Augustine's voice aroused her.

"I must apologize for keeping you waiting, but one of our clients came in just as I was ready. The carriage is at the door now."

"I didn't notice that you had kept me waiting long," said she. She was too passionless to be disturbed by the interruption.

It was delightful on the river that afternoon, though the boisterous May wind made it rather rough, but Augustine was an uncommon boatsman, and Tirzah was a child of the rocks and waters. Bright sky, sunshine "blue above and blue below," the spring breeze tossing her stray locks of hair, the white foam on the merry, dashing waves, and the little steamers puffing to and fro from the city bridges. She enjoyed it all as they scudded along in their little rowboat, her voice keeping time to the splash of the oars with an old fisher song.

Augustine watched her with admiring eyes, his dark, handsome face flushed with the wind and exercise. Then, for a moment, she was silent. Of what was she thinking? Long years ago she saw herself, the little curly-haired girl that Grandpa Hurst used to take out for a row on the Kanata. What would he think of her companion? She knew Augustine fully now—an expert gambler—a cruel man—in days gone by, a desperate flirt. Worse than these, he was a cold, scoffing infidel. Yet he found a growing favour in her eyes. He was not sensual. His intellect was strong and masterly. She ad-

mired even his obstinacy and self-will, and as for the dash of recklessness in his character, it chimed in exactly with some of her own many moods.

A book that they had been reading together lay in the bottom of the boat, and she picked it up to read aloud as he rowed.

"Do you know you remind me of that Gwendolen," said he, when she had read a few pages.

She gave him a withering glance instead of a reply.

"Why look so offended? I was trying to flatter you."

"Flatter! You couldn't make me feel much flatter (if I may quote a joke from yesterday's paper). She has about as much feeling as a marble statue."

"She betrays no feeling, to be sure, but, then—neither do you. I do not admire her less for that."

There was a half-yearning look in Tirzah's eyes for a moment.

"Where are you going? I thought we were going to Willow Dell," said she, by way of changing the subject.

"I'm going to row over to Ward's Point," he said. "It's so much quieter there."

It did not surprise her that he had not first consulted her wishes with regard to their destination. Augustine had a way sometimes of consulting his own wishes first.

It was pleasant, though, at Ward's Point that afternoon. They sat down on the large stones by the water, and no one disturbed them, save the crows, flitting and cawing in the blue above.

"Oh, isn't this refreshing!" exclaimed Tirzah. It reminds me of the lake breezes in dear, old Algoma."

"I didn't know you loved Algoma so very dearly. In fact, I thought you seemed rather glad to have left it behind."

"Oh, so I was. One wouldn't care to spend all one's life there. At least, I shouldn't. But it was a pleasant place to live one's childhood. It's very beautiful. I don't believe you have ever been in Algoma, Augustine, in spite of your many wanderings."

"No, I haven't, but I'm going to see it some day."

Ah, did she but know what that some day would mean to her!

"I'm ashamed of myself for not having seen it already," he continued. "I've no sympathy with those people who think American scenery flat and monotonous. There's many a pic-

turesque bit of variety. Besides," he added, "I should have seen it because it is your home. I should like to see you on your own native hills."

Augustine never flattered after the manner of weaker and more foolish men. Therefore, the little compliment was sincere. It pleased her vanity, but she took it only as a matter of course. It did not occur to her that there was anything lover-like in it. He was only cousin Augustine.

"Did you know we were thinking of going to Grand Manan this summer?" asked he as they strolled along the river side.

"No, I hadn't heard it mentioned."

"That's mother's plan. In that case, we must go up the Penobscot, and up the St. John, too."

Little did they know what lay between them and the summer excursion they planned.

"You hear people going into raptures over the Penobscot, you know," continued he. "It is very beautiful. But you must see the St. John. They call it the Hudson of Canada."

"Why don't they call the Hudson the St. John of the United States, I wonder," said she.

"Britisher."

They stopped to rest by a pile of stones along the shore where their boat was moored. Two ragged little girls, who were playing by the water, approached with a timid air.

"Please, sir, what time is it by yer watch and chain?" one ventured to ask.

"That reminds me," said Tirzah, with a half-repressed laugh, "of one time when I was at Port Mavor. I was reading beside the lake, and there were some children playing near. I heard a woman calling from a house on the hill, and I told them their mother was calling them. One little urchin says, 'Her been't a-callin' of we; us don't belong to she.'"

"Oh, come off! That's too cleverly got up. You made that sentence yourself."

"Well, now, that's nice of you! Calling me a story-teller. That's the mildest word I can use. No, for a fact, it's true. It's one of the bits of humour I collected in my 'schoolmarm' days."

"Your what days? Did you ever teach?"

"Why, yes; didn't you know that before? Then behold in me the tyrant of a village school."

"I never dreamed it," answered

he. "You are so very reserved about your life before you came to us."

She sighed and grew suddenly grave.

"Do you know, I seem to have forgotten all the past," she said, softly. "It seems as if the years before I came to Glendonan belonged to some one else's life."

He looked at her long and seriously. "I wonder if any man ever made you an offer of marriage?"

"Well, there was one gave me a box of chocolates once," she said, naively.

"Is that the prelude in Algoma?"

"It wasn't in Algoma. It was on Glendonan piazza. He was an agent for Fay's Chocolates. He handed me a sample box, smiled a sickly smile, and I never saw him more."

"I you have a secret you are a watchful warder. But your face betrays you."

"My face! Why?"

"You have the face of a girl who has a romance buried in her past, something sweet and sad."

She was silent.

"You look as if you had had a struggle to forget something, and now that it is forgotten you regret."

There was something so tender and feeling in his voice, it was impossible to resent this intrusion into her most secret thoughts. She had not believed that any one understood her so well. For a moment her heart beat with the old, sweet sorrow. The roses of last year were blooming again, and the tears came to her lashes. It was only for a moment. Yet it was a relief after those months of numbness, those months when she had seemed but a frozen statue; it was a relief to know that she still could feel.

"I hope I have not pained you," he said. "Do not think I am trying to force my way into your confidence. I will respect your secret."

"It pained, but the pain was sweet. Sometimes, Augustine, I have fancied that you, too, had a story veiled in the past."

"I have, Tirzah."

She had not believed he could speak in such a tender tone.

"I try to forget, but it follows me—haunts me."

Her earnest look told him to go on.

"Do you remember that photograph you were looking at in my study last winter—that slender-faced man, Edgar Allan?"

"The one you seemed nervous when

I touched, and put away so hastily? Yes, I remember."

"He was a young lawyer, I told you, of great promise. He had married a sweet little woman, and they lived in a pretty cottage in Cambridge. I think my father told you once what a passion I had for gambling. I don't know whence it came—but I can't get rid of it. We are rich, but it's the money won beneath the midnight lamps—that's all I care for. It's an awful thing, this thirst for winning, when it once gets possession of a man. I don't know anything else like it in the world. I can't shake it off."

Augustine, the strong-willed Augustine, talking like this!

She had yet to learn that the most masterful wills have often some pet passion to which they are a slave.

"Well, I met Edgar one night. It was a lovely spring night, I remember every detail of it. He was in a despairing mood. His wife had one failing; she was extravagant. She had got him deeply into debt during the gay season, and he was not the most saving fellow in the world himself. He talked moodily, as he walked along, and I suggested a game for recreation. We went into Schwartz's parlours, that one just the other side of the bridge, you know, with the scarlet curtains. I have almost felt since then as if they were dyed in blood. We played till after midnight. Edgar lost at every stroke. Lost terribly. I knew I had no need of money, but the lust of winning was upon me. I played like mad. I knew he had lost his last penny. But still he played on, getting more deeply in debt to me all the time.

"I shall never forget hearing the city clocks strike one that night. They seemed almost to toll. He played again, and lost; and again, and lost again. He was a picture of despair. His eyes were bloodshot; his lips white. He rose at last and threw the chair across the room, with a frantic movement, and went out. Left alone, I slept for a while on the couch, for it was in the thick darkness just before morning. The dawn was just beginning to make things look grey when I went out and crossed the bridge toward home. Some one was leaning on the railing in a despairing way. It was Edgar. I was just going up to lay my hand on his arm, but—"

He was choked for a moment.

"I can hardly bear to tell it. He threw himself over the railing into the river. I saw his hands thrown upward in the grey light for an instant, that was all, and I was left alone. Then, just for a moment, I wished I had a God to turn to. I wished I could be another man. I looked at that church steeple at the end of the bridge. If I could even have said my mother's church, my mother's God. But you know such things mean nothing to her."

He paused again and wept silently. "There is a tide in the affairs of men which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune." Yes, and there is a tide in the lives of men which, taken at the flood, leads on to God. It is a solemn thing to miss it. Tirzah Auldearn missed it, sitting there. She did not know the man at her side came nearer God in that moment than he would ever be again.

"Next day they found the body. I sent anonymously to his poor widow twice what I had gained, but no one ever knew of that ill-fated game. Schwartz kept his counsel, and I played more madly than ever. There is only one woman to whom I would tell it. It is you, Tirzah. I love you. I love you with—"

"Oh, don't—don't—please don't, Augustine," she cried, putting forth one hand as if to thrust him from her.

"But I love you with more than cousin's love. I want you for my wife."

His breath came quickly as he spoke. He had seized one slender hand in his strong one.

"No, you must not. You must not speak to me of love. I can never be your wife. I am only your cousin, that is all."

He turned his face away, and they stood in silence, watching the wind toss the sparkling waters. In her heart she still felt cold and undisturbed, as if she were only a player acting her part on the stage. She had crushed love in her own heart, she could crush it in his. She wondered why he stood so long silent. She could not see his face, but she fancied he trembled slightly. Suddenly he turned upon her like a lion upon its prey. His eye flashed. His cheeks were scarlet, his lip trembling. She shuddered at his look.

"I tell you, Tirzah Auldearn, I will win you. You shall be my wife. If it take my life, I will have you."

A strange, Satanic smile gleamed in

his eyes. His voice grew hoarse and low.

"I will win you if it costs my very soul, and—yours."

She was frightened as she stood beside him on the shore, but she was more frightened alone on the waters with him, as he rowed her down the river to the city. She sat pale and cold and silent. The sun was setting in the quiet of the west. It was all calm and beautiful off there, but that was far away, and before her was the dark, stern, silent face. He did not look sad. In fact, there was a gleam almost of triumph in his eyes whenever they met hers, a look that said, as plainly as words could say, "I will master you yet." The boisterous wind was still, but there was something treacherous-looking in the green waters all around her; she fancied sometimes they were going to yawn and swallow her up. She shivered as they passed through the shadows beneath the bridge. It was such a relief when her feet touched the shore.

Aunt Mildred was still prostrated with her headache when they reached home, and it would not have made Tirzah any happier to know its cause. Augustine and his mother had had a violent time the evening before. He had told her of his intention to marry Tirzah, and she had, of course, opposed, with all her proud, passionate nature, for she had her mother-dreams of the wealth and social position that should belong to her son's wife, and, after all, Tirzah was only a child of the hills. But Augustine was not to be silenced. He had ruled her from babyhood. He ruled her now. He not only ruled her, but, in time, he was to make her eager for his victory, though as yet she was crushed and disappointed at her own defeat.

Tirzah found a letter from Granny Hurst awaiting her on her return. There was always a heart-rest to her in those old home letters, in spite of the difficulty of "making them out," for Granny Hurst had a system of spelling closely akin to the phonetic, and a system of paragraphing that would have satisfied the most methodical mind, without any regard whatever for the darker mysteries of punctuation.

"Dere Tirzah

"spring hes cum agin and we wunder if you are ever cumun hom agin yure granfether wuz sick he had a colt on his lungs he caught it

plowin in the rain Sary Brown hes married somebody from the copper minds I sot your white hen on sum plymouth rocks eggs but there wuzn't menny hatched I hev not much news this time we wuz to meetin sundy night we wish you wud cum hom agin I hev planted two rows of double zyns along the path and some larkspers at the gate."

Tirzah paused as she read. What a quiet, peaceful life was theirs. Hurry, excitement, ambition were unknown to them. She thought of the peaceful hours, when she lay in bed in the old garret, listening to the rain beat on the roof, or the long winter nights, when the wind sighed and moaned without. For the first time since she had been at Glendonan she felt a desire to go back to the quiet of the old home. It was not exactly homesickness. Her heart was too cold for that. It was only that she longed to escape from the dark, masterful eyes of Augustine, escape for a while to the old place, with its quiet, until she had gathered her strength afresh.

It was not difficult to get Aunt Mildred's consent. In fact, she was rather pleased to have Tirzah and Augustine apart for a while, and so, a few days later, she was ready for her journey. The carriage was waiting for her at the door, and as she drove down the walk with her uncle, she looked back at the old grey-stone house. She had been quite at home there; she had dropped so easily and naturally into the genteel seclusion of Glendonan. Had she a thought that when she returned it would never be the same to her again?

CHAPTER VII.

THE INTERRUPTED VISIT.

The afternoon sunshine fell in slanting rays, as the train steamed through "the forests of Algoma." Tirzah was thinking of the home she had so long and so coldly forgotten, as she was borne on through the land of rocks and huckleberry bushes, of sloping uplands and pine-shadowed pools. A few minutes later and they had passed through the gorge, and our young traveller gazed once more upon the place of her birth.

They had not been warned of her arrival, and she was thinking what a pleasant surprise it would be for them as she walked through the village, and

followed the path up the hill. The lane looked natural, the old elm, and the log-house, with its white blinds; old Nan neighed, and pricked up her ears as she approached; Granny Hurst had spread out her usual wealth of zinnias and larkspurs, marigolds and bachelor-buttons along the path. Tirzah stood some seconds looking in at the open door before they saw her; the same old kitchen, with the rag carpet spread across the end they used for a dining-room; the same old clock, the same old cat asleep under the stove.

"No, wife, our Tirzah'll never forget us. They may say what they like about her tony relations. She's our little 'un all the same. Why, don't I remember when—why—"

For a moment they were speechless when they saw her at the door, and the next she was being embraced till she could scarcely breathe.

"Well, bless me! Who'd 'ave thought it?"

"I did think it wuz queer what made me put three plates on the table to-night."

For that night Tirzah was indeed their "little 'un" again. She drank the new milk, ate Granny Hurst's Johnny-cake, and tried last year's raspberry jam.

Then the big Bible was taken down from its shelf, as usual, and they had evening prayers. What a soothing sweetness there was in this religion of theirs! Tirzah wondered why it meant nothing to her. Nothing? The thought startled her own soul at first. Yes, nothing—save a memory of something she had felt in her childhood. She slept that night in the old garret, with its "hit-an'-miss" carpet, its five-cent wall-paper, and sloping ceiling, and the world was afar-off. She was a child again, nestling in the downy old feather-bed beneath the roof.

She felt a little unexpressed surprise when she saw, by the light of day, how greatly her grandparents had aged in her absence—that surrender to age that comes when the dear young faces we love leave us, and the house is still where once we heard their step. She was struck, too, by the respectful way they treated her, as though she were some stranger guest of higher rank than they. She was kind and gentle, but they could not help but feel that she was cold. Granny Hurst was proud of the refined, well-dressed young

lady before her, and yet—where was her little Tirzah gone? Granny told her all the affairs of the neighbourhood as she sat knitting a pair of socks for winter.

"Miss Clifton hes a bicycle. I suppose you hev them in Boston, too. Sally Jones, an' that Mary Ann—what do they call her now? Humph! It's funny, I can't think of the name, that slim old maid—oh, Fisher, that's it. They've sot up dress-makin' over the post-office in Sudbury. You know 'twas talked at one time she was a-goin' to marry John Owen; but he took to drink, and some says she took on dreadful about it, poor thing."

"Where did the Grays go?" asked Tirzah, though she had never meant to ask the question.

"Why, didn't I tell you about them when I writ last fall. They picked up after Nellie died, and went away, let me see, about two months after you did. They say they went to Toronto. Nobody seems to know what fur. They never told much about their doin's, not neighbourly like that way, but I suppose we mustn't judge. They've got a red-headed girl teachin' in his place. Their Maltese cat came to us the day they left, an' it's so like our own I had to put a string on its neck to tell 'em apart."

Tirzah had never been a particular lover of the cat kind, but after that she did show a little tenderness for the Maltese with the string on its neck.

Granny Hurst and she went to visit a neighbour that evening. Truth to tell, Granny was a little proud of showing their "fine young lady." They passed Rosevale Cottage, silent and deserted now. The moon shone with a ghost-like gleam upon its staring windows. But Tirzah scarcely heeded. The glass on which the moonbeams fell was scarce colder than her soul.

It was pleasant, though, in the days that followed, to wake up every morning in her country home. The bleat of the lambs, "the noisy geese," and the bird-songs of the forest formed a pleasing variety after the city's monotonous hum. She enjoyed, too, those long vistas of sunshine and green leaves. As for the mosquitoes, well, never mind, we must have plagues of some kind to remind us we are human. Margrete Clifton made several visits, and they planned rows on the lake, rambles in the woods, and dear knows what not. It was a

treat to Margrete to inspect Tirzah's wardrobe, read her books, and copy the latest style in hair-dressing, after being "out of the world so long," as she called it.

But Tirzah's visit home had lasted only a little over a week, when, one morning, as she stood in the open doorway, a village boy made his way up the hill, a yellow telegram in his hand. She opened hastily and read: "Your uncle has died suddenly. Come back at once."

She stood for a few moments, holding the missive of death. Suddenly, like a thunderbolt, it had come upon her. Uncle David dead! She could not realize it yet. He had looked so strong and ruddy when he said good-bye eight days ago. Uncle David dead! In the hurry of packing and getting ready for her return, she still could not realize it. Granny Hurst looked unusually sad at the moment of parting. She had found out, with her woman's instinct, that Uncle David was Tirzah's truest friend in Glendonan, and wondered now how it would fare with her darling.

But Tirzah herself had a strange, ice-like feeling as the train bore her southward again. Once she raised her face to the skies flitting past the car window. "O God, have I a heart of stone, that I cannot feel? If I could only feel as others feel. If I could weep."

She knew, in her own soul, there was nothing sadder on earth than a heart benumbed. But death can chill those who cannot weep, and Tirzah shuddered when she saw the black crape on the door of Glendonan. How lightly the wind tossed its folds to and fro. Within, her susceptible nature felt at once the touch of the Silent Messenger—the noiseless step, the grave faces, the darkened rooms. It was only when she went into the drawing-room, and looked upon those features, waxen and pale in death, that she realized the change. Then her tears flowed softly and silently. He had been good to her.

It had come so suddenly upon them all. A few hours' illness, a little suffering, and all was over. She was not surprised to find her Aunt Mildred prostrated by the shock.

"He mentioned you last of all, Tirzah," said she. "He made me promise to keep you with me at Glendonan until you had finished your education, at least. You will stay, Tirzah?"

Tirzah promised without a moment's hesitation. At times she almost wondered at the violence of her aunt's grief. She had never thought her a loving wife. In fact, she had often seemed a cold and dissatisfied one. But the bond between husband and wife, even where the outward world sees none, is of too enduring a nature to be easily rent, and Mrs. Auldearn was essentially violent. Violent in her temper, violent in her sufferings, violent in everything beyond her strength, it was natural that for a while she should be overcome with repentance for all her petulance and self-will; natural, too, that she should be unusually tender to Tirzah, but when the reaction came, how would it be then?

As for Tirzah, though she liked her aunt in a way, yet she dreaded those freaks of temper. She was afraid of Augustine. She knew well that Glendonan would never be as home-like to her again. Yet, at times, it seemed as if it were only a stage scene, in which she had to act her part, where crape and flowers and hearse and plumes were to be displayed. The strange faces that came and went, the long, dark procession through the roar of the city street had something of a dream to her. She felt as children feel; as though, when all the solemn pomp was over, the dead would return as before. But in the months that followed, she often missed his kindly smile. The only thing real to her was Augustine's grief. It was quiet and undemonstrative. But he had loved and revered his father, and in those hours of his keen and silent suffering, she could not but draw nearer to him.

CHAPTER VIII.

"I WILL BETROTH THEE UNTO ME FOREVER."

A few weeks passed, and the oppressive heat of August was upon them. Mrs. Auldearn, whether she was doing penance in the house of her bereavement, no one knew, but at any rate she had decided to remain at Glendonan throughout all the heat of the summer, and even Augustine's dissuasions were useless. Tirzah, of course, stayed with them. Augustine had never since broached the subject of that afternoon on the island, though she had been frequently alone

in his company. In fact, he seemed the very soul of gentlemanly consideration for his mother and for her. She could not help respecting him, and yet she dreaded even his cold respect growing up in her heart. She trembled lest some day he should master her.

On this particular afternoon she was sitting in her room, and just now and again she thought how refreshing the breath of the Algoma hills would be instead of the hot and sultry city. Her class list had just arrived, her own name at its head. Nevertheless, she was not in a particularly contented humour—a little lonely, perhaps. She wished some of her college friends would drop in for a few minutes.

The bell interrupted her thoughts, and the maid brought a card to her door, bearing the name, "Mrs. Howard."

Mrs. Howard! Tirzah's mind ran back at once to the sweet, slender girl she had known in her childhood as Miss Mabel Bartram, the doctor's daughter in Beth-aven (the village had degenerated in these latter days and no longer boasted a doctor). She was six or eight years Tirzah's senior, and in the old days Tirzah had loved her with all the affection with which an imaginative girl of twelve or thirteen is wont to enshrine the woman who comes nearest her ideal.

"I'm so glad to see you again, Mrs. Howard," said she; "and this is the little girl, I suppose," stooping to kiss a merry little four-year-old.

"Yes, this is Edith."

It is pleasant to renew the acquaintance of those we knew and loved long ago (especially when we are in improved circumstances), and Tirzah looked earnestly at her friend to see the changes time had made. It was the same fresh, smiling face, but marriage and motherhood had given a dignity of their own. She was more beautiful now.

"I wondered, sometimes, when I first came to Boston what your address was," said Tirzah. "I wondered that I did not meet you. How did you find me?"

"Oh, I was back to Beth-aven just after you left, on a visit, so I got your address from your grandmother. She still seems to keep very cheerful, doesn't she?"

"Yes, only I think she looks much older this summer. Shall you be in Boston much longer?"

"Just this year."

Mrs. Howard was the wife of a minister, whose field was down near the wharf.

"I believe I passed you once last winter, Tirzah. I met a young lady who made me think of you, but you have improved so much since I saw you last, I could not be sure."

"Thank you. It is such a long time, though, you would naturally expect a change."

"Is it so very long? Let's see—why, it is seven years. You were only about fifteen then. But it doesn't seem long."

"You must have been very happy, or life wouldn't have passed so quickly," said Tirzah.

"Yes, busy and happy."

"You haven't visited Beth-aven many times since your marriage."

"No, only once. That was last month. Since father moved to Sudbury, and so many we knew left the place, it hardly seems like home."

They talked for a while as people are apt to talk who have not met for a long time. Then Mrs. Howard pleaded to take her home for a few days' visit. Aunt Mildred was in a mood when she preferred her own company to that of any one else, and Tirzah was restless for a change, so, in less than an hour, she was ready, and was being whirled along in the street-car to a humbler yet sweeter home than the roof of Glendonan afforded.

It is pleasant to visit new homes. Not simply to call at the same hour, at the same kind of house, and say the same things, in the same manner. I do not mean that, but really to visit and make yourself at home under another's roof. Mr. Howard had that grip of the hand that always assures one of a hearty welcome, and Tirzah, though she had seen him but once before, felt at home immediately.

They had an early tea, and afterward Tirzah nestled down in the couch by the bay-window. Mr. Howard had gone out, and Mrs. Howard drew her rocker over beside Tirzah for a chat. Tirzah could not remember when she had been so confidential to any one. Pretty Mabel Howard had tact and sympathy; once in an impulse of tenderness she pressed a kiss on the dark young cheek. Tirzah started, and something softened her eyes for a moment. That kiss set some old chord vibrating within. It was so long since any one had pressed a kiss, warm with love, upon her face. She had made friends

in her new life, but she never caressed them, and no one ever dreamed that Tirzah Auldearn, with her dark, cold face, and queenly step, would have responded to a loving touch. She drooped her young head wearily upon Mabel Howard's breast.

"You soothe me. I'm so tired of everything. I believe I am heart-hungry to-night."

Mrs. Howard had seen the heart-hunger in those eyes, but she was too tactful to betray it. She knew that some natures shrink from pity as they shrink from poison. She only bowed in silence over the restless young head on her breast, and Tirzah felt the atmosphere of a sweet, unuttered prayer all about her, for so soothing is its influence, that even when no word is spoken we feel it, falling like dew upon our brows.

Mrs. Howard had a little mission of her own at eight o'clock of that particular night, and it was curiosity, as much as anything, that made Tirzah willing to accompany her. She was always eager to see a new side of life.

It was a dingy, narrow little street they followed, just off Atlantic Avenue, with its two rows of low, closely-packed houses. A few weary, some of them degraded-looking men, sat smoking their pipes in the doorways; the children playing in the dust were dirty and poorly clad; the heat of the August night was oppressive, and the weak, weary wail of an infant came through the windows occasionally. Mrs. Howard did not conceal from her that it was one of the worst streets in the city. It was a crowded, commonplace house, very much like the others, where they entered, and the flaring light of a shadeless lamp shone through the open window. The front room was filled with a strange medley of faces, bare-footed children, old men, and women of all ages, weary faces, sad faces, dark faces, faded faces, some of them Tirzah knew must have fallen to the lowest depth that woman could fall. No pictured walls nor Brussels carpet here, and our young lady of Glendonan sat down on what was a decidedly rickety chair. Tirzah was surprised, however, at the cleanliness of the place. Some one had even placed a glass of fresh flowers on the table. A few rough-looking boys came in, and Mrs. Howard gave out the first hymn. The poorly-lighted room, the strange faces, all made the impress of a dream upon her mind.

Perhaps they did not sing quite to the liking of a musician's ear, but there were voices there, as well as elsewhere, that had been sweetened by the quiverings of pain. Outside in the darkness she saw a group of children pause to listen. Looking on the hymn-book with her was a roughly-clad boy, and just on the other side a weary-looking woman held a bare-footed child in her lap. Was she really Miss Auldearn, of Glendonan, sitting there in their midst? Dear! What hands of horror Aunt Mildred would raise if she could see her now! Yet the refined and cultured Mrs. Howard spent one night every week of her life teaching just such people as these.

It was a revelation to her. She had never seen the sweet young wife and mother in this light. How calm and fair she looked, too; still wearing the bloom of girlhood on her cheeks, the fair, finely-cut brow, the clear, truthful eyes, the soft brown hair. Her very face suggested heaven, like the flowers on the table before her. Yes, she was a very beautiful woman, and there was a very radiance on her brow to-night. For these human faces of ours are capable of radiance, and God have pity on him who has never seen the light of heaven upon a human brow. Tirzah noted, too, with what a loving reverence they looked at her when they rose to go, and the children—their faces seemed only big, shining eyes of love.

"Good-bye, Mary. Take this to your mother," Mrs. Howard was saying to a little thin-faced girl. "I'll see you at Sunday-school to-morrow, I hope."

Then they went out into the street with the stars of the August night shining above them. That evening had touched Tirzah strangely.

It was a pleasant, airy room in which Mrs. Howard left her when she said "Good-night." She sat down by the open window in the August moonlight; the steps of passers-by grew fewer, then ceased; the lights went out one by one in the windows opposite; the city street was still, with the stillness of sleep, and the sky above a sea all strewn with stars. Of what was she thinking? Of the scene she had witnessed that night. What was it made Mrs. Howard's life so radiant and sweet with love? What was it made her heart so warm toward those poor, wretched lives?

And she herself—she could not love even those whose lives and minds were akin to her own. She had shut herself up, a prisoner in her own narrow soul, chained behind barriers of her own rearing. Even the dear old grandparents, who had cared for her and raised her with so much self-sacrifice—no, she scarcely cared or even thought of them. Then, for a moment, she rose and paced the room.

"Oh, what a wretch I am! What a wretch I am! I am harder than stone."

She threw herself wearily down beside the window again, and the face she raised to heaven was full of pain.

"O God, have pity on me! I am so cold and hard. I want to love people. I am so weary of it all."

The graceful head drooped lower, and her tears were flowing. It was seldom tears came to those eyes, but they were such a relief. She was weary of life, but through the silence came a voice:

"Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart; and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For my yoke is easy and my burden is light."

What mattered whether it was the weariness of a peasant woman at her toil or the weary yearnings of a subtle and cultured mind? Here was rest alike for both. Rest! She had escaped from the monotonous simplicity of her Algoma home; she had nestled down in the luxury of Glendonan; she had made friends of refinement and culture; she had been a decided success, and was now on the way to the fulfilment of all her dreams. Yet was she satisfied? Ah, no! Then she thought—yes, she even dared to think of Walter Gray again. What was it that had made him so patient and cheerful when the hopes of his life were crushed? What was it that made her grandparents always so satisfied and content with their humble lot? The same sweet voice was speaking in her soul.

"Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread? and your labour for that which satisfieth not?"

No, her ambitions were all for self. They could not satisfy.

"Dear heavenly Father, take my life. Take all that I have. Only teach me to love. I am so weary—wear—wear—let me rest in Thy peace, and do good as these others have done."

A moment's silence and she had drifted out beyond the world—out into that holy calm where "Christ is all and in all," where we feel the very breath of the infinite upon our faces. Oh, to be thus, where Jesus is! When she lifted her eyes, again there was a new light—a radiance shining there. She was happy—very happy! Happier than she had been for years!

"I will betroth thee unto me, forever." She read it in the stars of heaven. Oh, the sweetness of that midnight betrothal of the soul to Christ! The sweetness of that voice that pleadeth—pleadeth—pleadeth—in crowded city street or mountain solitude, for the soul it loveth! She repeated it again, the promise she had heard her grandfather read from the Bible on his knees, "I will betroth thee unto me, forever." Dost thou long for a kindred spirit—a mind that fully understands thine own? "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee. Thou art mine. I have bought thee with a price. I have redeemed thee. I will betroth thee unto me, forever."

She fell asleep with the words upon her lips. Just for a moment before the daybreak she awakened, and the same sweet presence was bending over her still. She could feel—yes, she could feel, the same love thrilling her heart. Oh, the sweetness of those moments in the night, when none but Christ is near! One little moment of joy, one little glimpse of the stars, still shining, and she was lulled to sleep again on His dear breast, who was forever after to hold her clasped in His love.

She awakened never again to be the same Tirzah Auldearn, but a happier, nobler Tirzah. A few days later she bade a pleasant good-bye to Miss Howard, promising to return often, and went back to Glendonan.

She paused when the door of her room was closed, and she stood alone, again, in her luxurious nest. She had lived one stage of her life here within these walls, and now she had returned to live a life that was all new—to live a Christ-life. She had been ambitious before, but what a height was before her now to attain!

Aunt Mildred was unusually kind in her greeting. She had freaks of good-nature, as well as ill-nature, and there was something about her that had pleased Tirzah from the first moment they met. She was a well-read and, when she chose, an agreeable companion, and Tirzah and she spent

some of those hot August evenings very pleasantly, with books and guitar. Augustine was going away for a few weeks, and Tirzah was relieved without knowing exactly why. It was the last evening before his departure, and Tirzah was sitting with Mrs. Auldearn in her room.

"I do wonder what keeps Augustine out so late," remarked his mother, with an uneasy look.

As a matter of fact, he was at that moment making a particularly bright stroke at the card-table, and, notwithstanding that his father had left him wealthy, he was pocketing the cash with genuine gambler's satisfaction.

"I am really very tired, Tirzah," said Mrs. Auldearn. "I think I'll go to bed. May I trouble you to take this book down to Augustine's den, or cave, or whatever he calls that place of his downstairs?"

Tirzah readily did so, and was just turning to leave the queer old curiosity shop, when a book of sketches caught her attention. She saw at once they were some her grandmother had made during her unhappy days in Glendonan Castle.

"I wonder why he never showed them to me before," and she sank back into the old leather chair, the book in her lap.

It was a sultry August night; the very air seemed laden and depressed. Mrs. Auldearn had gone to bed, and the servants were long since asleep. She was quite alone, for it was approaching the midnight hour. The breath of the night air moved the curtains slowly now and again, with a strange, ghost-like hand, then died away in silence more hollow and mysterious than before; even the cricket's song was hushed. Hark! Was that a step outside the window? A strange fear paled her face. She felt as if the darkness outside had eyes—dark, mysterious eyes, fixed upon her with a look that pierced her. A cold chill ran over her. She sat holding the half-turned page. Nothing but a fancy, perhaps. But fancy has such a power over us at times. Yes, she was sure she heard a step. Yet she stayed there, she could not tell why, so close to the window any one could have reached in and touched her.

Then the thought of Augustine took possession of her. She dreaded him more than any unknown terror in the darkness without. She felt at times as though he wielded some strange, mysterious power over her. But she

struggled bravely to shake off her fancies to-night, and gave her attention to the sketches again for a few moments. Then a movement in the room just behind her made her start. She uttered a little scream. The sketches fell from the book cover at her feet. It was only Augustine. He laughed a strange, hollow laugh, that made her shudder. Then she noticed that he sat between her and the door. And the door—it was closed, perhaps locked. She was quite alone with him, and his face wore a smile—that charming smile, treacherous, almost Satanic, that she dreaded more than his wrath.

"Why so frightened, my dove?" She saw what was coming before he spoke.

"Tirzah, when are you going to answer that question I asked you before you went home last spring?"

She was silent a moment, then rose from her seat.

"Augustine Auldearn, I have answered you once and forever. I can never be your wife."

He only laughed that hollow, fiend-like laugh, but his eyes never left her face.

"I had one reason before. I have a double reason now," continued she.

"A double reason? What is it?" "I do not love you—and you are not good."

There was a look of simple, child-like innocence in the eyes she turned to his. It touched him just for a moment, the condemnation from her lips in those simple words, "You are not good." Then a cynical smile crossed his face.

"And wherein do I fall short of your conception of a goody-goody man? What shall I do, my angel, to win your favour—stop smoking cigars, give up my cards, and attend prayer-meeting?"

"Be ye not unequally yoked with unbelievers," was passing through her thoughts, as she looked at him, with closed lips and tears hanging from her long, dark lashes.

Her sorrow touched him.

"Forgive me, Tirzah. I was a brute to wound you. But I must win you somehow. I love you."

His voice and look had softened wonderfully. He leaned over the table and touched her hand. His eyes were tender and full of love. For a moment—"No," she drew up to her full height, with a proud movement.

"No, I w-i-l-l not be your wife. I w-i-l-l not. But—I am sorry for you."

That word and look of pity roused him. His face grew white with anger. He stood before the door she was going to open.

"Do not think you can escape me," he almost hissed. "I will win you. You are mine. By all that is in heaven and earth I will win you yet," and the gambler's eyes shot forth a triumphant gleam, as he opened the door for her to pass.

The blood came back to her cheeks with a tingling sensation, when the door of her room was closed behind her. Her pride was wounded by his authoritative tone, and yet she could not shake off that dread fear. It almost made her blood run cold. But her thoughts flowed in a quieter channel at last, and her eyes wore the look of one who is reaching backward into the past.

She leaned over and took something from a little box on the bureau beside her—a bunch of withered flowers—the dead carnations she had worn that summer evening, far away. The clocks were striking twelve; the city street was still below, and she sat, her graceful head drooping over the dead flowers in her lap. Once a tear fell softly. Poor Walter Gray! Where was he to-night? Did he ever think of her? Perhaps not. She had been so cruel—and she checked the sigh that was almost a sob. Just then she noticed her shutters were still open, and a spark of light, pacing up and down the lawn, told her that Augustine was indulging in a midnight cigar. She closed the shutters with a hasty crash. Had he been watching her, she wondered.

She was beginning to feel a desire to escape from Glendonan. Yet how? She was anxious to finish her college course, and to do it while she was still young. Besides, had it not been her uncle's dying wish that she should remain at Glendonan? He had even, her aunt told her since, made provision for sending her to a German Conservatory of Music. He had such faith in her ability. That exactly suited her ideas. Aunt Mildred, too, had given him her promise to see all this carried out, and Tirzah knew how seriously we usually regard our promises to the dead. No, there was nothing for it but to remain

at Glendonan. Perhaps Augustine would change. But that was a false hope, she knew.

She opened her Bible and tried to shake off the dread shadows of the night, and when at last she laid her head upon the pillow, her face wore the look of peace. But sometimes in her sleep her restlessness returned for a moment. Once she was picking her way with difficulty along the edge of a miry road. A dark, dismal swamp on either side, no trace or sound of human being near! The sky had a strange, unnatural tint she could not name; the darkness was creeping on; serpents hissed in the dense grass by her pathway, and she was alone.

Then she came to an opening in the tall cedars and the tamaracks, and far back in the strange, unearthly shadows stood Augustine Auldearn, his face and eyes glowing with a smile that seemed to cast a light all round him. She could see it even in the distance. A serpent, a brilliant, glistening creature was twining about him, its head moving upon his breast. He caressed it with his white hand, the same diamond sparkling upon his finger. He smiled upon her, beckoned, called her to him, in those mysterious shadows.

Then, in a twinkling, the light in his eyes grew brighter—brighter—brighter, till their beauty dazzled her where she stood. His face shone with a radiance too strong for earth—too dark for heaven. He was no longer Augustine, alone. She knew him now. He was Satan. Yet she stood like one bewitched. She could not turn from that dazzling smile, as he called her toward him. Once she felt as if she were going to yield in spite of herself. Then she braced herself with one mighty effort. He should not win her. A plunge! A start! And she awoke, sitting upright in bed.

But the moonlight was streaming through the window; her room was peaceful and still; and round and all about her that sweet presence that had but lately come into her life, the Holy One of Israel. Her brow wore a look of calm again, as she lay back on her pillow, the shadow of His wings above her. She reached for her Bible on the table by her bed side, and with it clasped to her breast she slept.

GREETINGS OF BRITISH TO AMERICAN METHODISM.*

BY THE REV. THOS. ALLEN, D.D.



THE REV. THOS. ALLEN, D.D.

DEAR BRETHREN: I am impressed by the magnitude of the task which divine Providence has put into your hands. To bring into shape a continent like this, to cultivate its surface, to bring up its mineral treasures, to organize its great communities, to found its institutions, to fuse its races, and to discipline its manifold and conflicting elements of life—that is about the greatest task which Almighty God ever intrusted to any people. You are to be congratulated on the magnificent courage with which you have undertaken the task, on the fine energy which you are putting into it, and on the wonderful progress which you have made during the time which you have had at your disposal.

Another thing has struck me, and that is the tender feeling which has been expressed toward the land of my nativity. I do not refer to the newspapers or to the politicians. They have to be careful what they say. I refer to the quiet and thoughtful people with whom I have conversed. One man said, "My mother was born in Yorkshire." Another man said, "My grandparents came over here from England." And there was a quiet pathos in the voices of these men which indicated

that the ancestral home, over the sea, had not lost its charm for them.

And we have a corresponding sentiment in England. We have thousands whose children and grandchildren have settled in America, and naturally they feel a tender interest in your country. It is this sentiment of kinship which binds the two nations together. Political feeling fluctuates like the waves, but blood relationship abides, and it furnishes us to-day with our strongest guarantee for peace and good-will and all natural alliances between the two great branches of the Anglo-Saxon race.

ENGLAND PROSPEROUS.

In regard to England, I am glad to say that the Old Country is in the midst of a period of great prosperity. We are quite aware that our material prosperity is exposing us to moral perils, but we are urging our people to spend their wealth, not on luxury, but on those intellectual, moral and spiritual objects on which the welfare of the nation depends.

During the last twenty-five years a new sentiment has grown up in our midst. I refer to Imperialism. It is by no means a party sentiment, because it has captivated men of various types of political thought.

A book written by the late Professor Seeley, and entitled "The Expansion of England," did a good deal to produce this sentiment. This remarkable book gave us a new interpretation of modern history. It has helped us to realize that we are not merely the inhabitants of a tight little island in the midst of the sea, but the subjects of an empire on which the sun never ceases to shine. This new sentiment has been developed by the poetry of Mr. Rudyard Kipling.

It was this sentiment which found such dramatic expression in our Diamond Jubilee a few years ago. The central figure of that great demonstration was our venerable and beloved Queen, and she acted her part with a reverence, a thoughtfulness, and a sympathy which left nothing to be desired.

This new sentiment has revolutionized our colonial policy. Time was when our colonies were regarded as a burden, and Parliament would not have shed tears if some of them had set up housekeeping

* Abridged from the *Christian Advocate*.

for themselves. But that day has gone by forever. The colonial troops now fighting for us in South Africa have awakened extraordinary enthusiasm. One compensation for this terrible war will be that the bonds of friendship between the colonies and the mother country will be strengthened. Having been united in sacrifice, they will not easily be separated in the time to come.

I feel that the Christian Church has a duty to perform in relation to this new sentiment. Her duty is to chasten it, to purify it from all inferior elements, to sanctify it; and then it will help us to consolidate the Empire and to build the kingdom of Jesus Christ.

ELECT NATIONS.

I believe in the election of nations to work out definite purposes of the Divine mind. The Hebrews served the purpose of revelation and religion. The Greeks furnished the world with an example of intellectual and artistic culture. The Romans developed the principles of law, government, and order. And England's mission seems to be to serve the purposes of colonization and Christianity.

We have a surplus population. No nation can colonize without that. We are increasing at the rate of nearly half a million per year, and consequently we are able to pour streams of people into our colonial possessions. Half the letters which enter Cornwall come from abroad.

And England has not forgotten the spiritual needs of her colonists. The evangelical revival produced our modern missionary societies, and at the beginning of this century these societies sent forth brave men not only to preach the Gospel to the heathen, but also to supply the early settlers with ordinances of Christianity. The Wesleyan Conference sent Boardman and Pillmore and Asbury to America, John Strong to Quebec, Samuel Leigh to Australia, and William Shaw to South Africa. These men laid the foundations of our colonial churches, and they are worthy to be held in everlasting remembrance.

Such is the providential mission of England, and because she has fulfilled it with success she has excited the jealousy of the old powers of Europe. They talk about perfidious Albion, and they call us land-grabbers and all manner of hard names.

A RULING AND COLONIZING RACE.

I do not say that we have always had right on our side. We are a ruling race,

and no doubt we have got the defects as well as the excellencies of our qualities. The French people say that we are always professing that we do not want territory, and yet we are always taking it. They say that we regard heaven as a British possession. But there is more sincerity in our professions than there seems to be. We are not a warlike race, in reality. Our greatest interest is peace. We are colonizers. We have done vastly more with the pick and the spade and the trowel than we have with the sword, and wherever we have gone we have developed the resources of nature, we have given equal rights to man, and we have increased the prosperity and the happiness of the people.

There would have been no war in South Africa if Englishmen in the Transvaal had been treated as Dutchmen are treated in Cape Colony. Seeing that our territory has been invaded, that our colonists have been plundered, that our own men have been slain, you may depend upon it that we shall not sheathe the sword until the Union Jack waves over Pretoria.

A POSSIBLE ALLIANCE.

The help of Canada and the sympathy of America have given us the warmest satisfaction and pleasure. When America went to war with Spain on behalf of Cuba we gave her our blessing, and she has repaid us with interest. You have departed in one way from the Monroe doctrine. You have adopted a foreign policy, and if you intend to continue on this line, you will find it necessary to continue the question of alliances with other powers. And what is so natural as that a new friendship should be established between Great Britain and America? We are allied in blood. Our principles of self-government are the same. Our interests are identical in various parts of the world; and these are strong reasons why we should be friends, and why we should cooperate for the advancement of civilization and for the triumph of Christianity throughout the earth.

BIBLICAL CRITICISM.

The critics are less dogmatic than they were. They are as determined as ever to be perfectly free to investigate truth, but they are not so sure in regard to their first findings. They realize that there is a slight difference between first investigations and final results.

And on the orthodox side men are finding out that neither science nor criticism has shaken the foundation principles of

their holy religion, and so the spirit of panic has gone. The criticism of the sacred text and the study of the form and growth of the sacred books have simply caused the Christian apologist to change his tactics and to develop the moral and spiritual evidence of the Bible, and that is the strongest evidence which we can have. I have heard of a man who was found outside a lion's cage with a formidable weapon in his hand, and when asked what he was doing he said, "I am defending the lion." "O," said the man, "let the lion out, and he will defend himself." So we say in regard to the Bible. Let it go forth. Give it the freest possible contact with the human mind and conscience and heart, and it will defend itself. It is its own witness, and its best testimony is in the divine life of Christian men.

METHODISM PROVIDENTIAL.

I once heard the late Dr. Dixon say: "If I were a young man I would develop a new argument in favour of Christianity, that of the growth of Methodism in the nineteenth century." I commend that to the young men before me. No student of Methodism can fail to observe that it arose at a most opportune time in the providential order of the world.

"God never is before His time
And never is behind."

The Reformation unchained the Bible and emancipated the human judgment and conscience. The Puritan movement secured the blessing of freedom in the region of practical life, and what was then needed was a great outburst of spiritual enthusiasm to loosen the tongue of the evangelist, and the evangelical revival accomplished this purpose. Wesley's evangelical conversion turned him out of a ritualistic priest into a flaming preacher of free salvation, and in this work he declined to be restrained either by bishop or mob, or by his own wife. Methodism is singularly adapted to new countries and to the conditions of democratic thought and life. An English rector, referring the other day to Wesley and to the freedom of his methods of work said, "Wesley cut the knot; he ought to have waited for the knot to be untied." That is a capital description of the man. Wesley never spent his time in fumbling at ecclesiastical knots. His knife went clean through them. But it is a long time since Wesley lived. The Anglican Church has not untied the knot yet, and therefore I am glad that Wesley did cut it so long ago.

THE TEMPERANCE MOVEMENT.

You will be glad to hear a few words in regard to temperance. We have a good deal of drinking in England, but we have less drunkenness than we ever had. The aristocracy, the middle-classes, and the upper section of the working-classes are sober, and the vice of drunkenness is limited largely to a submerged tenth, whose habits and physiological tendencies are as unfortunate as they can be.

The drink traffic is an organized autocracy which controls elections and influences Parliament itself. It has bruised our heel long enough, and we mean to bruise its head. Absolute prohibition may be impossible, but the day is coming when we shall put the traffic under popular control, and I have no doubt as to what the verdict of the people will be. The Wesleyan Methodist Church is in line with the temperance sentiment of the country, and we anticipate a great victory in the near future.

RAISING THE MILLION GUINEAS.

Like you we are drawing near to the gateway of the twentieth century, and, like you, we are resolved to equip our Church for enterprise and progress such as our forefathers never dreamt of. We are raising a million guineas, not to pay debts, but to extend the various branches of our work. We intend to devote £300,000 to Church Building, £200,000 to primary and Secondary Education, £100,000 to Home Missions, £100,000 to Foreign Missions, £250,000 to Central Premises in London, and £50,000 to Dr. Stephenson's Children's Home to save all Methodist children from the workhouse. We have £700,000 already promised, and £250,000 in hand. We have broken down the bridge behind us, so that there can be no going back. Our hope is that when the bells are ringing out the old century and ringing in the new one we shall have the last guinea in hand. Other Churches are following our example, but the strongest of them is only raising half a million. This fund has given us a distinct leadership so far as the Free Churches are concerned. Our people have taken up this great effort with a loyalty and an enthusiasm which are worthy of their best traditions.

LOYALTY TO METHODISM.

This century has been the most wonderful century in the history of the world. The development of Methodism will be one of the greatest facts in its records.

Our position between the triumphs of the past and the possibilities of the future is one of immense responsibility. Many of us will do little more than welcome the century. But there are young people here who will live for sixty and seventy years. They will have magnificent opportunities for service in the Church of their fathers. I trust that they will be loyal to Methodism. William E. Foster, an English statesman of the last generation, was born a Quaker, but he married out of the body. He married a daughter of Dr. Arnold, the great schoolmaster of Rugby, and so the Friends expelled him from their community. However, he retained his love for his Church. When he lay dying, Mrs. Foster came into his room and read to him a letter which she had received from a friend, stating that the Friends of a certain town had met together to ask God to spare a life so valuable. Foster burst into tears, and he said, "Ah, the Church of my fathers has not forgotten me." My young friends, let me urge you to be loyal to Methodism. Methodism is a social Church, an affectionate Church, a Church which will care for your souls, and develop your character and your spiritual life. Serve Christ in this Church, and it will not forget you, and when you decline and die it will comfort you. It will pray for you, and in response to its prayer God will give you a triumphant entrance into the Church above.

—
ADDRESS OF JAMES ROBERTSON, D.D., OF
THE IRISH CONFERENCE OF THE WES-
LEYAN METHODIST CHURCH.

MR. PRESIDENT, HONOURED FATHERS,
AND BRETHREN: During my sojourn among you up to the present time I have been deeply touched and impressed by many things, but amid them all I venture to single out three which I shall carry with me in the treasures of my soul-life through all my future history.

The first I shall mention is the thoughtful, loving conspiracy all along my journeying among you to make one feel perfectly at ease and as if one was welcome to your best. The two flags blended have already given us occasion for eloquence, devout praise, and the cherishing of great hopes for the world. We are credited with being hospitable in Ireland, and I must say we like to be hospitable, and in our way try to be, but in this case I fear I must say, "We are not in it."

My second deeply-fixed impression will be that produced by the multitude of my own country people in the ministry of this great Church and among the laity who have grasped my hand, welcomed me heartily, and in conversation reminded me of days and scenes not to be forgotten, and though they have found their home and work in this great land, still cherish a proud recollection of the green isle on which they were born. But my third and most important impression is this: that I have found what I was told I would not find, that which links you in true historic continuity with the best days of our fathers, the spiritual life with its true expression so well conditioned.

THE SPIRITUAL CONDITION HERE.

God forbid that I should say one word which would make you feel more satisfied with your spiritual condition than you ought to feel. You and I know that hunger for that which is better is one of the symptoms of spiritual life, but I must say this: I have preached in twelve of your churches. I have addressed several of your Sabbath-schools. I have visited two of your Annual Conferences, and have been sitting in your General Conference, and I confess to the fact that I carry about with me a thermometer which I freely use, and I must assure you that I feel certain the spiritual temperature registers permission to you to say with confident and hopeful gratitude, as our fathers did, "Best of all is, God is with us."

It is my privilege to convey and present to this great Conference the fraternal greetings of two hundred and fifty Irish Methodist preachers, five hundred and twenty-nine lay or local preachers of the Gospel, and over one hundred thousand members and adherents of the Methodist Church of Ireland.

THE IRISHMEN IN AMERICA.

There is a sense in which one coming from Ireland to the United States finds no difficulty in realizing that he is among his own kith and kin. In bygone years so many have left us and found their home among you—and the stream continues to flow toward you still—that among your citizens in all ranks of life those who are raised on the green sod of the land of the Shamrock may be met, who are always ready to give a "cead mille failthe" to one who hails from the dear home-land which every true-hearted Irishman never forgets.

- THE BURNS OF CANADA.*



ALEXANDER M'LACHLAN,

From a photo taken in 1890, by Arthur Cox, A.R.C.A.

"The Burns of Canada." Such is the title given by Dr. Dewart to Alexander McLachlan. "In racy humour, in natural pathos, and in graphic portraiture of character," he says, "McLachlan will compare favourably with the great peasant bard. In moral grandeur and beauty he strikes higher notes than ever echoed from the harp of Burns. They were animated by the same democratic spirit. They had the same reverent esteem for simple manhood, regardless of all outward distinctions; and the same unspoiled love of Nature and insight into her inner meanings."

Dr. Dewart's introductory essay to this volume, from which we quote, is a sympathetic appreciation of this father of Canadian verse. Dr. Dewart continues: "The most distinguishing characteristic of McLachlan's poetry is his intense feeling of regard for the common people. Whatever concerns human beings enlists his earnest sympathy, because he has 'faith in the Fatherhood of God and brotherhood of man.' His simple and

lucid style, his warm brotherly sympathy with all who toil or suffer, and his honest hatred of all oppression and injustice, make him pre-eminently the poet of 'the common people.' In ringing words which all can understand, he voices the thought and feeling of the great toiling democracy. For this cause, as well as for his extensive treatment of Canadian subjects, whether he conforms in all respects to the canons of the critics or not, this volume should be favourably received and widely perused by the people of Canada. Though he is keenly alive to the ills that darken and embitter so many lives, his ideas of the dignity of labour and the superiority of honest worth to all material property, and his faith in the ultimate triumph of the right, are adapted to inspire his readers with courage and patient hope in breasting the currents of unpropitious fate."

The volume is prefaced also by an excellent biographical sketch of the author by his kinsman, Dr. Hamilton, of Toronto. The book is carefully edited, well printed, and has numerous illustrative notes and glossary of Scottish words. Many of the themes treated are racy of the Canadian soil. Though of Scottish birth, McLachlan spent most of his life

* "The Poetical Works of Alexander McLachlan." Selected and edited. With Introduction, Biographical Sketch, Notes, and a Glossary. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 424. Price, \$1.25 net.

in Canada. He played the manful part of a pioneer, in hewing out a home amid the primeval woods. He understands thoroughly the aspects of Canadian life. "The axe, the plough, the flail or thresher, the ox-yoke, the logging-bee, the 'raising' of house or barn, the fire in the woods, the cow-bell, the log-cabin, the straw-stack, the wail of the whip-poor-will, the merry whistle of the quail, 'Bob White,' the cheering spray of natural music from a rising bobolink, that sprightly Ariel the humming-bird, howling wolves, bounding deer, bears, and Indians"—these give their character to his poems, and furnish many of their themes.

While bearing his burden of toil he cultivated the poetic and spiritual side of life. Many of his poems are profoundly

religious in spirit, others are in keen sympathy with nature and a patriotic spirit, while not a few celebrate, in Scottish dialect, scenes and incidents of his early life in Caledonia, stern and wild. A vein of humour, akin to that of Burns himself, runs through not a few of his poems. The Rembrandt-like picture which accompanies this sketch, is from a photo taken in 1890, by Arthur Cox, A.R.C.A.

Our Book Room has achieved a reputation for its long catalogue of Canadian poets, and for the artistic manner in which their works are published. The present volume, with that of Dr. Rand, are the latest additions to this Canadian series, and amongst the best examples.

A FARMER'S ELEGY.

BY WINTHROP P. BELL.

He lies at rest, who rested not in life,
Whose toil, untiring, in its rutted route
Served but to press him onward through the
strife :

To reap of earth, to Adam cursed, the
fruit.

Greed passed him by, unheeding and un-
harm'd :

He knew not fierce Ambition's fatal lust ;
By War's hot breath unscorched and un-
alarmed,

He lived his little day in peaceful trust.

Him soaring Fame, elusive, noticed not ;
And worldly Honour never crowned his
brow ;

Wealth's phantom form, too agile to be
caught,

He left behind,—nor could it aid him now.

But he had fixed his gaze on God alone,
Steadfast through life, immovable in
death ;

Trusting his Saviour to his sins atone,

Halifax, N. S.

He served him while he drew from Him
his breath.

Insidious Vice a meaner sphere demands,
'Than such a life on which God's seal is set.
Intricate Law can trace no crime to hands
Of him who loathes the very name of debt.

Yet deem not his of life a narrow view ;
Nature for him her choicest secrets kept :
What others noticed not he loved and knew
And watched, while others to their beauty
slept.

Better this humble, peaceful life than one
Of conquest, war or worldly gain and fame :
Better the godly farmer than a man
Winning through blood, e'en an Imperial
name.

While others reap the fading flowers of fame,
His recompense in heaven awaiting is ;
Though others boldly boast a noble name,
Theirs pales before that great new name
of his.

THE CONFLICT OF LIFE.

By the thorn-road and no other
Is the mount of vision won :
Tread it without shrinking, brother !
Jesus trod it,—press thou on !

By thy trustful, calm endeavour,
Guiding, cheering, like the sun,
Earth-bound hearts thou shalt deliver,—
Oh, for their sake, press thou on !

Be this world the wiser, stronger,
For thy life of pain and peace :
While it needs thee, oh, no longer
Pray thou for thy quick release :

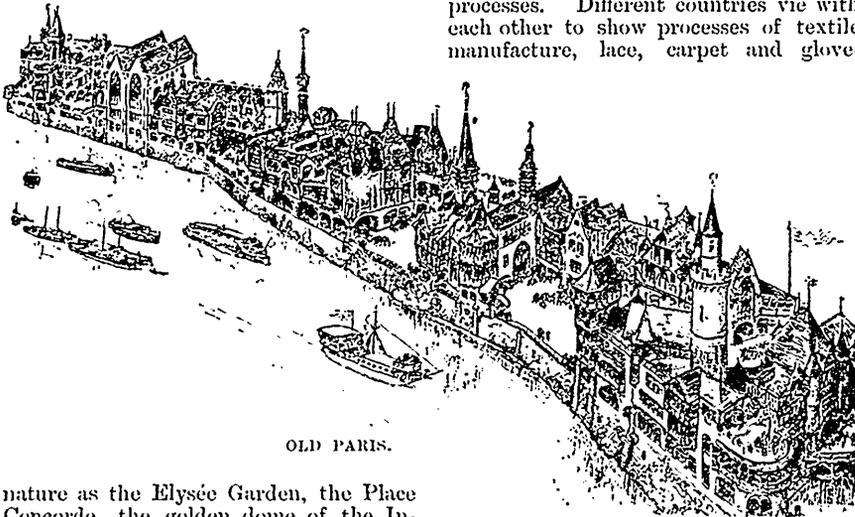
Pray thou, undisheartened, rather,
That thou be a faithful son ;
By the prayer of Jesus,—“ Father,
Not my will, but Thine, be done ! ”

—*Samuel Johnson, in The Friend.*

The World's Progress.

THE PARIS EXHIBITION.

Difficult as it is, says Paul Lewis, in the *Monetary Times*, to give in a brief space any adequate idea of the Paris Exhibition of 1900, the attempt ought to be made, for this is doubtless to be one of the great shows of the world. To a person who has seen the Chicago Exhibition of 1893 it occurs at once to make comparisons. But the conditions are too different to admit of any close comparison. At Chicago, besides the wonderful "White City" itself, there was naught but flat ugliness in the surroundings, except the noble expanse of Lake Michigan to the eastward. Paris on the other hand, has planted her White and Gold City where its environs are such beauties of art and



OLD PARIS.

nature as the Elysée Garden, the Place Concorde, the golden dome of the Invalides, where lies Napoleon III. over the Seine. It is from this last handsome structure that the Esplanade starts off, around it curving buildings with the flags and coats of arms of all nations.

The buildings of the Fair are for the most part extraordinary, some of them fantastic, almost garish in their Frenchness. But few suggest resemblance to any of those at Chicago; among the few are perhaps the Palais des Beaux Arts and the Social Congress Hall, the latter very like the Woman's Building of 1893. Another, the name of which I forget, suggests the curious Fisheries Building

at the American Fair. Some of them are built of "staff," which was used so largely and so extensively at Chicago.

As France is well to the front in electrical invention we may expect wonderful displays of what can be done by electricity. The buildings of the different countries and Governments show great variety. That of the Americans has a fine dome and is a spacious place, while the British one is less showy, but solid. The most striking of all is of Italy, which is an exact copy of an old building in one of the Italian cities. You would hardly expect Canada to compete successfully with these, but she has made a very respectable showing on this occasion. In the Industrial Arts Palace are to be seen some most instructive and wonderful processes. Different countries vie with each other to show processes of textile manufacture, lace, carpet and glove-

making. Huddersfield, Brussels, Lyons, Crefeld, Genoa, are represented in their main industries, silk being especially strong. There is one respect in which, on occasions like the present, the French excel, and that is in the artistic arrangement of anything and everything to produce the best effect. We may be sure that Paris will provide, in all directions, "*tout ce que pourrait charmer les yeux.*"

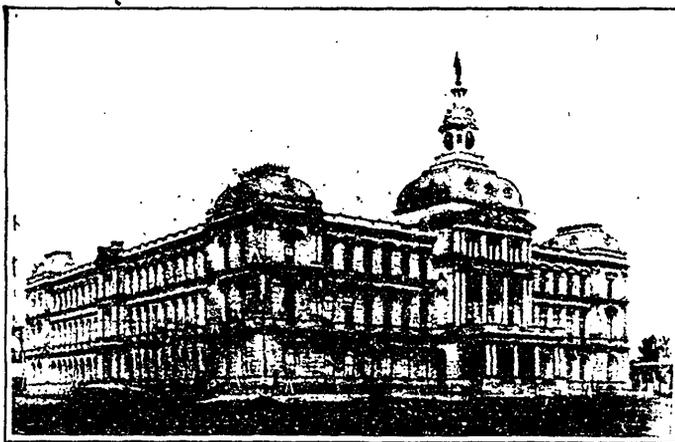
Something new will be found to be the Pollok Prize exhibit of life-saving clothing and appliances. After one of the great life-losing disasters to ocean vessels, the relative of a survivor gave \$20,000

for a prize for the best device for saving life at sea. A German, who resides here, tells me that the number of exhibitors aiming to get this prize is astonishing, and the quaintness of their exhibits of swimming shirts and drawers are almost laughable.

The ladies doubtless take much interest in the productions of such artists as Virot in hats and bonnets, Felix in dresses. M. Felix is the originator of something very attractive and novel in the Palais du Costume, near the Eiffel Tower. Here is represented the development of woman's dress, from the time of the ancient Gauls to the present. It is a Tussaud Gallery on a large scale; by this I mean that the customs of various

MAKING HISTORY.

History has been made very fast during the past month. The splendid generalship of Field-Marshal Lord Roberts has been shown in his rapid advance from Bloemfontein to Pretoria. The strong defensive points of the Zand River, Valsch River, Vaal River, and Crocodile Creek, at each of which we were told the Boers would make a desperate stand, were easily turned by his able strategy. So rapid were his movements that the Boers evacuated Johannesburg without carrying out their ruthless menace to destroy the mines, the property of foreign more than of English capitalists. The abandonment of Pretoria which, at an



HOUSE OF PARLIAMENT AT PRETORIA, TRANSVAAL, OVER WHICH NOW FLOATS THE UNION JACK.

periods are displayed on wax figures of women, with occasionally a wax man for variety. The thing is exquisitely done, for not only the hangings of each room but the furniture corresponds in style to the date of the costumes. For instance, the Directoire period shows not only Directoire clothes but Directoire chairs and tables. In the case of the second Empire the same is done. And I am told by those who study such matters that historical accuracy has here been not alone aimed at but reached.

Bewildering is it to ramble round the part of the show called "Attractions Speciaux." The bits of Old Paris reproduced are quaint and interesting in the extreme. The Porte St. Michel and the Rue St. Laurent are bits of history and romance. Hereabout are concert halls, Swiss chalets and Hindu temples.

immense cost of treasure, wrung by unjust taxes from the Outlanders, had been made one of the strongest fortresses in the world, was an anti-climax of the most ludicrous sort. We were told this would defy the British for many months, that provisions had been stored for years. Yet ex-President Kruger abandoned everything and took to the mountains, and now says the war is just begun. The Boers, who had seen how a handful of British troops could hold a great army at bay for long months by the improvised defences of Mafeking and Kimberley, surrendered, without firing a shot, this Gibraltar and Ehrenbreitstein of the Transvaal.

Kruger paid a very high tribute to the British in leaving Mrs. Kruger to their care. "Why not?" he said; "she will be perfectly safe, and much more comfort-

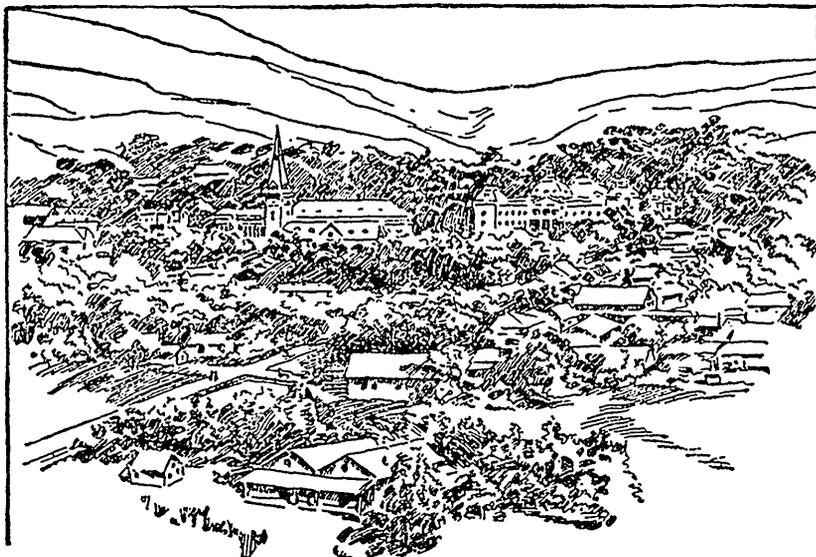
able than with me." Which is perfectly true, and the Boers who are surrendering by hundreds will find that they are perfectly safe and will enjoy a larger liberty under the red-cross flag, the symbol of law, order, and freedom wherever it floats, than under the Vierkoleur.

Lord Roberts has proved himself no less a statesman than a soldier. He granted a day's armistice before marching his victorious legions into Johannesburg, in order to avoid needless effusion of blood by conflict with the demoralized and fugitive Boers. The burghers, with their usual "slimness," improved the interval to withdraw their guns and what stores they could carry, and left the rest

PEACE IN SIGHT.

When the glad news flashed beneath two thousand leagues of sea of the surrendering of Pretoria, a thrill of joy rang throughout the entire Empire. Never was its unity and solidarity so strikingly felt. The enthusiastic rejoicing was not so much from the sense of victory, as that peace was in sight, and that the hateful war, forced upon Great Britain by the Boers, was over. The bonfires kindled in the streets were but a symbol of the patriotism glowing in every heart.

The following lines of the Quaker poet, Whittier, written at the close of the American war, express the sentiment that filled every heart :



PRETORIA, LATE CAPITAL OF THE TRANSVAAL.

to be looted by the Kaffirs. Their characteristic duplicity is also shown in inducing a thousand British prisoners, by a false promise, to entrain at Waterval. "They were told," says a cablegram, "that they were going to be delivered up to Lord Roberts at Pretoria. They cheerfully entrained, but soon found themselves at Nootgedacht, where a new prison had been prepared, with barbed wire fences."

The counter strokes and guerilla war which the Boers threaten can have no effect on the final result. It can only prolong for a time the unhappy contest and bring greater exhaustion to the country which Kruger has so misguided and misruled.

LAUS DEO.

It is done !
Clang of bell and roar of gun
Send the tidings up and down.
How the belfries rock and reel !
How the great guns, peal on peal,
Fling the joy from town to town !

Ring, O bells !
Every stroke exulting tells
Of the burial hour of crime.
Loud and long, that all may hear,
Ring for every listening ear
Of Eternity and Time !

Let us kneel :
God's own voice is in that peal,
And this spot is holy ground.
Lord, forgive us ! What are we,

That our eyes this glory see,
That our ears have heard the sound !

Loud and long
Lift the old exulting song :
Sing with Miriam by the sea
He has cast the mighty down :
Horse and rider sink and drown ;
"He hath triumphed gloriously !"

Ring and swing,
Bells of joy ! On morning's wing
Send the song of praise abroad !
With a sound of broken chains
Tell the nations that He reigns,
Who alone is Lord and God !

AFTER THE WAR.

The hour of triumph is not the time for recrimination, but we would be blind not to see in this glorious victory the just judgment of God upon the instigators of a cruel and unjust war. Paul Kruger is fond of quoting Scripture. We wonder if, when by his insolent ultimatum he flung the sword into the scale, he thought of the passage, "They that take the sword shall perish by the sword," or of that passage in the Psalms, "He made a pit, and digged it, and is fallen into the ditch which he made. His mischief shall return upon his own head, and his violent dealing shall come down upon his own pate."

Violence and oppression are never so hateful as when they are committed under the pretext of piety. The Boers robbed the natives of their land, of their liberties, denied them the rights of humanity, and made it a crime to teach or preach them the Gospel. They profess a deep and ardent love of liberty. Yes, they loved it so much they would keep it all to themselves and grant none to the native victims of their oppression and the outraged Uitlanders. But that is all over now. Under the protection of the red-cross flag—the symbol of law, order, and liberty, wherever it waves—there will be maintained equal rights of whites and blacks, of Boer and Briton alike. We thank God for the new era of peace and prosperity which shall dawn upon the dark continent.

After two centuries of Boer rule, the Dutch of the Transvaal were among the most reactionary despots in the world. In ten years of British administration they will make more progress than in two hundred years before.

Mr. Stead and his pro-Boer friends are greatly exercised at the prospect of the merging of the misgoverned Transvaal with the well-governed Empire. But they

had no word of protest against the annexation to the Transvaal of large portions of the loyal Natal and a wide fringe of Cape Colony.

We trust that the largest liberty consistent with the safety of the loyal colonists will be granted the misguided and deluded Boers. As Grant said to the conquered Confederate soldiers at Appomattox, "Take your horses and return to your spring ploughing," so said General Buller to the Boers at Botha's Pass. "Return to your farms and leave your big guns."

Lord Roberts and his generals may be trusted to treat with the greatest magnanimity those who surrender, acting on the Gospel principle, "If thine enemy hunger, feed him ; if he thirst, give him drink,"—in noble contrast to the barbarism that did to death defenceless women and children with famine and fever, with shot and shell. Even Boer bitterness cannot resist the well-living influence of this Gospel revenge, and in a few years Boer officials will administer British laws, and probably a Boer premier will rival the loyalty shown by a Sir Etienne Cartier and a Sir Wilfrid Laurier, in Canada.

THEIR OCCUPATION GONE.

The Boer envoys find, like Othello, their occupation gone. At least, if they do not, everybody else does. Notwithstanding their being exploited for party purposes by a few reckless politicians, their mission has utterly failed. Murat Halstead, expressing the samer American sentiment, truly says : "The Boer mission is the most impertinent, insolent, anti-American and pro-barbaric, odious and abominable intrusion upon our affairs ever undertaken by foreigners."

The *Outlook* remarks : "Mr. Montague White went far beyond the limits of international courtesy when he declared that the President of the United States must be forced to do what he wished him to do. It is quite certain that many of the friends of the Boers in this country have forfeited public sympathy by their rash and ill-considered appeals to dying prejudices, and their intemperate and unbalanced statements in regard to the points at issue. The American and the Boer are centuries apart, as, for that matter, the Boer is centuries away from his Dutch ancestors, who stood for entirely different ideals of government."

Yet the envoys are well paid for their services, and must do something to earn well their money, therefore Mr. Wol-

marans declares, "We will fight for fifty years—for centuries. Britain will have to kill every Boer in the world to effectually suppress us." The surrender of thousands already in Orange River Colony and the Transvaal is an effective answer to Mr. Wolmarans' rhodomontade.

The *Methodist Times* presents strongest proof that as far back as 1887, nine years before the Jamieson raid, President Kruger and his followers were taking the most elaborate, extensive and daring means to destroy the British Empire in South Africa, and to erect on its ruins an independent Dutch Republic. "Anybody," says the *Times*, "who reads these secret documents can see that President Kruger was dominated, not by love of freedom, but by love of arbitrary power and by violent political hatred of the English Government. By 'Africa for the Afrikaner,' he means only the Dutch Afrikaner, who was to establish everywhere the crushing and intolerable Dutch ascendancy which he did ultimately establish at Johannesburg."

BRITISH REFUGEES.

One of the most pathetic incidents of the war has been the enforced flight from their homes of loyal British colonists. Often under circumstances of great indignity the men were commandeered into the Boer army or driven into exile. Often women and children were exposed to wanton insult and cruelty. All the portable belongings of these loyal colonists were packed into one of the great trek waggons of the country, a team of from eight or ten to twenty oxen were "inspanned," and they had to make their slow way across the brown veldt to the nearest British post. Rudyard Kipling describes the way in which, in Cape Colony, which has been occupied by the British for nearly a century, their homes were looted, their cattle carried off, their sacred heirlooms desecrated, their furniture and pianos wantonly destroyed. When they returned they found only a desolated homestead. Thank God, never again shall loyal colonists of South Africa be exposed to such pillage and plunder.

Beneath the protection of the red-cross flag, they may dwell under their own vine and fig-tree, none daring to molest them or make them afraid. Our cut shows us one of those African treks.

The parliament house at Pretoria is a much more ambitious structure than would seem warranted by the loyal community of simple farmers of the Transvaal. But it will probably come into wise use as the seat of administration in which Boer and Briton will take part in the development of a great African confederation.



BRITISH REFUGEES TREKKING.

THE BOXERS.

As the war-clouds are being dispersed in Africa, they seem to gather with darkest menace over China. The fanatical conspiracy of the Boxers, or Order of the Righteous Fist, threaten an outbreak no less severe than the Taiping rebellion, with, alas, no Gordon in sight to inspire, with his magic wand, the Chinese to defence. The reactionary empress may find that she has raised a Frankenstein which is beyond her power to ally.

The situation in China threatens the most serious consequences. The murder of the Japanese ambassador, of American, British and other missionaries, the burn-



MAP SHOWING LOCATION OF TROUBLE
IN CHINA.

ing of the British summer residence, and

attacks on the Legation, all show an outbreak of fanaticism on the part of the Boxers. The Powers seem to be acting in concert and with vigour, although Russia is accused of sinister purposes. Yet the antipathy of Japan and the jealousy of the other European powers will probably prevent her from using the opportunity to advance her selfish purposes.

We doubt not that, as the result of this fanatical reaction, greater liberty shall be won for the entrance of commerce, civilization, and the Gospel in that great empire, which embraces one-third of the human race. But in the meantime, some valuable lives may be lost, and much martyr blood may be shed. The native Christians seem to have stood manfully for the truth, as did their martyr countrymen in previous persecutions.

Religious Intelligence.

THE GREATEST CONFERENCE.

The General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church is the most important ecclesiastical gathering of Protestant Christendom. In the magnitude of the interests which it represents, in the number of its ministers and missionaries, and in the far-reaching influence it represents, it surpasses all others. The session recently concluded at Chicago was one of the most eventful in its history. The admission of the laity to an equal representation in its councils, without a single dissentient vote, was a triumph of Christian brotherhood and equity. The proposed change of constitution to interpret laymen as including women, is another evidence of its progressive character.

REMOVAL OF TIME LIMIT.

The most significant act, however, was the removal of the time limit in the pastorate. The debate on this subject was exceedingly able and interesting. Strong arguments were presented on both sides of the question. The gravest apprehensions and the most glowing optimism were expressed in the event of its removal. Both of these extremes, we judge, will be disappointed. The final vote was 421 for removal, and 238 against. It is significant that the call for separate vote by laymen and by ministers was rejected. Not once during the entire conference was such a vote taken.

We have no doubt that in great centres of population the prolonged pastorate will enable strong men to build up commanding influence, such as Dr. Storrs' fifty years' pastorate in Brooklyn illustrates; but some of the mobility of Methodism will be lost. We are still of the opinion that for the great body of Methodist ministers in town and country, greater results can be achieved in, say, ten three-year pastorates than in one of thirty. As the man goes to a new field he will feel that he must plough and sow and toil with intensest devotion if he is to gather in a harvest. The itinerancy means hard, not easy, work for the pastor, and involves serious hardships for his wife and family, but the unparalleled success of Methodism during a hundred years has shown how effective is this mobility in carrying the Gospel to all parts of this continent and to the ends of the earth.

The press, secular and religious, heartily congratulates the church on this important movement.

The *New York Independent* says: Hitherto it has been impossible for a Methodist minister to build up a great personal influence in a community. It cannot be done in three or five. It requires ten, twenty years, for character and ability to reach its full fruition. What would Dr. Storrs or Phillips Brooks have been if driven out of his parish after three or five years, and com-

pelled to begin again with another church? It takes time for such fruit to ripen. An able Methodist minister, is not now necessarily, as if by the mechanical movement of an orrery or astronomical clock, shot off to a new station. He will be kept keyed up to the best of his endeavours. He can see the infants he baptizes grow up about him, and can be the true spiritual father of his people.

There will be the further advantage of reducing the drain of able ministers to other denominations. It is surprising how many of the strongest Presbyterian and Congregational ministers have begun their work in the Methodist Church.

But it must not be supposed that this reform puts the Methodist pastorate into precisely the same condition as that of other denominations. A difference of the first importance still remains, and will, we believe, long continue to give an advantage to Methodism. Its boast has been, "A church for every minister, and a minister for every church." So it will continue. The bishops will still assign every year the pastors to the churches. There will be no vacant churches, no unemployed ministers, no interregnum of service. The Methodist Church will preserve its unique advantage in this respect, but will have relieved itself of what was the chief hindrance to its influence and power.

The *New York Times* adds: Methodism was, to its founders, not a church, but a missionary society. Its organization was that of a missionary society. To such a society the principle of itinerancy was as appropriate as it is to an army, and as it is inappropriate to a settled and independent Church, such as the Methodist long ago became.

The *New York Nation* says: One or two years was long enough for a minister to spend in one parish if all he had to do was to warn every man in it to flee from the wrath to come. But the moment we arrive at the idea and ideal of Christian nurture, of the cumulative power of personal character, of influence which is necessarily the slow growth of years, the need of making longer pastorates possible, when desirable, becomes evident.

The *Indianapolis News* remarks: The time limit, of course, had its advantages. It served in a way to protect the less fortunate churches from going down under weak ministers, because it kept strong and weak alike moving. No one church

or set of churches could have a monopoly of the strong men.

The *Presbyterian Banner* says: These constitutional changes show that the Methodist Episcopal Church is not afraid of innovations, and they do not indicate deterioration, but manifest vitality and growth.

The cartoonist gets in, of course, his little joke, as in our cut. Even the itinerant baby is on wheels, ready for a move. The sermon barrel will, perhaps, not be so much in evidence, and the preacher will find time to hang up his hat. A good brother is reported as saying, "I will break up my packing-boxes, buy a lot in the cemetery, and settle down to enjoy myself."



HE WILL STAY A WHILE NOW.

M. E. PREACHER: "Now that this itinerancy business is over, I think I'll hang up my hat and take the furniture off the wheels." *Minneapolis Journal*.

As a matter of fact, however, it is found that the average pastorate in the Congregational, Baptist, and, we think, Presbyterian Churches in the United States is no longer than in the Methodist Church. Moreover, when any of these churches desire a change, it is secured only with a vast amount of friction, and sometimes, with a violent dislocation.

AMUSEMENTS.

Though flexible as the silken glove in matters of expediency, Methodism is rigid as an iron gauntlet in matters of principle. So, any attempt to lower the standard of Christian living, or to lessen the protest against worldly amusements, met with a strong rebuke. The attempt

of F. A. Arter, a layman from Cleveland, to throw ridicule on these convictions by enumerating, as forbidden amusements, every conceivable sport or game or form of pleasure, from bull-fights to "One-Old-Cat," whatever that is, stirred the Conference as did nothing else, and, doubtless, greatly increased the vote against any change of the discipline.

ELECTIONS.

The election of bishops resulted in a deadlock for a week, which was only broken by the withdrawal of Dr. Berry, who, from the first, headed the list. The new bishops, Dr. D. H. Moore, editor of the *Western Christian Advocate*, and Dr. J. W. Hamilton, are exceptionally able men, and will give new strength to the Church which they have so long served. Dr. D. W. Parker, one of the missionary bishops of Southern Asia, has reached the venerable age of seventy-seven, when most men seek to retire from active toil instead of putting on the armour for aggressive war. To Dr. Warne, his colleague, we refer in another paragraph.

There are some surprises in the elections. Dr. H. K. Carroll, a distinguished Methodist layman, becomes second Missionary Secretary. Dr. Hurlbut, who has devoted the best part of his life to Sunday-school work, is succeeded as Secretary of the Sunday-school Union by Dr. T. B. Neeley, one of the ablest members of the General Conference. The office of Epworth League Secretary ceases to exist, and becomes merged in that of the Editor, Dr. Berry receiving an almost unanimous vote. By similar vote, Dr. Kelley is continued as editor of the *Methodist Review*, and Dr. Buckley, that of the *Christian Advocate*. "Not only elected," says Bishop Fowler, in announcing the vote, "but foreordained." Some of the *Advocates* were consolidated, and others are to be administered by commissions pledged to prevent loss.

As to the general character of the Conference, the *Independent* remarks: Take it all in all, no General Conference in the history of the Church has done greater things or shown a more admirable temper. The bearing of the laymen is a cause for congratulation that they have been admitted to equal representation.

Dr. Buckley was, of course, the prominent figure of the Conference, speaking more frequently than any other man, and with the greatest ability, the most versatile resource; and almost always the side which he espoused was successful. Even when it was not, he accepted defeat with the utmost equanimity. The apprecia-

tion of this able editor's prominence is seen in the remark of a Chicago paper that "the Rev. Dr. Buckley was in session during the month of May at the Auditorium."

FRATERNITY.

The reception given the fraternal delegates, especially those of Canadian, British and Irish Methodism, were of the most kindly and cordial character. Our own Dr. Hunter won warmest commendation by the ability of his fraternal address, and even more by the tact of his leave-taking, when the Conference became fairly enthusiastic in its greeting of the twin flags of the great English-speaking nations which graced the platform, separated only by a bank of roses. Dr. Allen, the English delegate, rendered



REV. W. J. HUNTER, D.D.

important service to his country by warm fraternal greeting, and especially by his vindication of the policy of Britain in the South African war. An article in the *Central Christian Advocate* thus refers to Dr. Allen: "A glance at his portrait shows that he is a man of commanding personality. Strength and dignity are written in his face. More than forty years ago he commenced his ministerial course, and speedily became known as a thoughtful and able preacher. As chairman of the 'Wesley College' Council he did a great and most difficult piece of work. He is eminently a man of affairs, cautious but not hesitant, shrewd but not suspicious, above all, he is warm-hearted and brotherly, a tender-hearted judge, an appreciative critic. His advance in British Methodism has not been

meteoric or the results of official patronage, but the outcome of his own sterling worth."

He is now Governor of Handsworth College. He bears lightly his sixty-three years. In noble physique, manly face, transparent honesty, and strong common-sense, he is a worthy representative of the mother-church.

The wit and humour, the geniality and spiritual fervour of Dr. Robertson won him wide and warm recognition as an ideal representative of Irish Methodism.

The visits of these brethren will do much to rivet the ties of love and brotherhood between the kindred churches and people on both sides of the sea.

A CANADIAN BISHOP.



THE REV. FRANK W. WARNE, D.D.,
Missionary Bishop of Southern Asia.

The Rev. Frank Wesley Warne, D.D., who was elected a Missionary Bishop of Southern Asia, was born at Erin, Ont., Canada, in 1854. He was educated at Georgetown, at Albert University, Belleville, and at the Garrett Biblical Institute, Evanston, Ill. He was missionary in Manitoba for two years. He was then pastor at Pullman and Austin in Chicago for six years, when he was sent to Calcutta, India. He was pastor of an English-speaking (self-supporting) congregation of 1,500 people in that city for thirteen years. For six years he has been General Secretary of the Epworth League of India, now numbering 12,000 members.

OUR OWN CONFERENCES.

As these pages pass through the press,

our own Conferences are being held, from the shores of the Pacific to the far east in the oldest colony, Newfoundland. Everywhere the record is one of peace and prosperity--"peace within her walls, and prosperity within her palaces." Dr. Potts had the pleasure of reporting for the Twentieth Century Fund more than four-fifths of the million subscribed, and anticipated that the total subscriptions would go beyond that sum. No branch of Methodism has surpassed, or even equalled, the zeal and energy and success of our own in this great movement. Entering upon it under the stimulus and inspiration of the mother-church of Methodism in Great Britain, it has even outrun, in the proportion already pledged, the sister-church of the United States, as well as the mother of us all in the Old Land.

A special feature of our Conferences was the spirit of love and loyalty to our venerable sovereign, and the dominant note of the unity and solidarity of the Empire of which Canada is so important a part.

At the Conference in Gananoque, on the report of the almost bloodless capture of Johannesburg, this took an unusual form. The Conference cancelled its evening session, and its members, almost to a man, formed a procession, says the *Guardian* report, and marched through the streets of the town singing the national anthem, Rule Britannia, and other popular airs. Halting in front of the Methodist parsonage, rousing patriotic speeches were given by Rev. Drs. Rose, Griffith, Jackson, and Benson, Mr. W. Johnston, of Belleville, and President H. Cairns. The procession then reformed, after giving rousing cheers to General Lord Roberts and the other leading generals, our Canadian boys at the front, etc., and passed through the principal streets, until, once more being called on to halt, a waggon was wheeled into the crowd for a platform, and again a series of most eloquent and patriotic speeches were delivered by his Worship the Mayor, Mr. Chas. Britton, and Rev. Messrs. Chisholm, S. G. Bland, E. De Gruchy, and Dr. Hunter. The Gananoque band played the "Soldiers of the Queen," etc., which, together with banners waving, flags flying, fireworks bursting and blazing, and deafening cheers, made up one of the most enthusiastic demonstrations it is possible to imagine. About ten o'clock the celebration was brought to a close, so far as the Conference was concerned, by singing, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow."

THE OLDEST COLONY.

We have much pleasure in calling special attention to the interesting articles begun in this number, by the Rev. George Bond, B.A., editor of the *Halifax Wesleyan*. Mr. Bond is a native of Newfoundland, was for many years in its ministry, and was, we think, a president of its Conference. He is an enthusiastic lover of the "oldest colony," and in his story of "Skipper George Netman" and other Newfoundland sketches, has portrayed the characteristics of Newfoundland Methodism with a skill not less than that of Mark Guy Pearse in his famous Cornish sketches.

We are glad to know that Brother Bond exchanges residences with Dr. Courtice of the *Guardian* for a couple of months during the summer. We are confident that this exchange will be very pleasant to both these brethren. We wish that similar exchanges between east and west could be more frequent. We believe it would be highly beneficial to the Methodist constituencies in both parts of the Dominion.

The Honourable Robert Bond, Premier of Newfoundland, is a brother of the Rev. George Bond. He was elected to the Newfoundland Assembly in 1882, became Speaker of that body in 1885, Colonial Secretary in 1889, and has taken a very active part in the political history of his native colony.

DR. ALEXANDER BURNS.

There was something peculiarly magnetic about the character of Dr. Alexander Burns. He grappled to his heart his friends with hooks of steel, and a great, warm, large, loving, liberal heart it was. But a few weeks before his death he strongly urged upon the 'Toronto Ministers' Meeting the sorrows and needs of our famine-stricken fellow-subjects of this great Empire in India. The appeal of suffering humanity never reached his ears without calling forth a warm response.

He combined in remarkable degree the three-fold excellences described by Bacon of a full, ready, and exact man. But the affluence of his intellectual resources, rich and rare as it was, was less valuable than his moral qualities. The sterling manhood of the man, his scorn of all things low and mean, his love of all things high and noble, his intense enthusiasm for the good that needs assistance, his stern battle with the wrong that needs resistance, his devotion to everything, social, moral, political, economic and religious,



THE LATE REV. ALEX. BURNS, D.D.

that promotes the betterment and uplifting of mankind,—these are the highest claim to our deep and strong and tender love. Even his failings—for he was human, and not infallible—were but the results, we believe, of his impulsive and warm-hearted enthusiasm.

THE REV. JOSEPH EDGE.

It is seldom that a Conference President dies during the year of his office. He seems to be so undergirded and upheld by the prayers and sympathies of his brethren as to be made immune and invulnerable till his official work is done. And so, in fact, it was in the case of our Brother Edge also. The round of duty was well-nigh complete when the Master said, "It is enough; come up higher."

Brother Edge, though summoned from labour to reward at the comparatively early age of forty-eight, had, nevertheless, been honoured with many positions of trust and confidence in the Church which he so faithfully served. His Christian character, his intense devotion to duty made his services invaluable. The pulpit was his throne of power. His sermons were earnest expositions of the Word of God, which had a grip upon the conscience, and could not fail to affect the life.

Thank God, as the world becomes poorer by the removal of these comrades in arms, the heavens become richer, the unseen is made more real to our faith. It is not something vague, far-off, indis-



THE LATE REV. JOSEPH EDGE.

inct, but "a city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God."

As we go to press we learn of the death of the Rev. Francis Coleman, who spent sixty years as Methodist minister. He died in Hamilton in his eighty-seventh year. Brother Coleman was a man greatly honoured and owned of God. He did much hard pioneer work in the early history of this country. Among his fields of labour were Toronto, Hamilton, Barrie, Prescott, Hull, Perth, St. Andrews, Matilda, Milton, Newcastle, Ameliasburg, Millbrook, and other important fields. For a score of years he has been superannuated on account of impaired health, but to the measure of his ability he still served the Church of his early choice. A widow and five children survive: Dr. A. P. Coleman, Toronto University; Albert, on the staff of the New York Herald; Lucius, rancher near Fort Macleod; Rufus, in California, and Miss Rosella, at present in Jamaica.

The sudden and tragical death of Dr. Rand has called forth very wide expressions of sympathy from many quarters. One of the most beautiful of these is the following, by the Rev. A. J. Lockhart, of Pemaquid, Maine, a Nova Scotian by birth, whose graceful poems have illustrated the "Anthology of Canadian Verse":

T. H. R.*

Fair is the morn! Ah, yes, the Spring is fair!
The dandelion wakes on the green lea;
The ploughman walks, and from his pointed share
The furrow turns; while swallows glancing flee:
See! sun and wave have their old jollity!
Nature ignores our grief in smiling play;
Ah, yes, the Spring is fair! and fair the day!
But o'er the sunshine falls a shade to me.

For, closed the eyes that saw all beauty here;
And stilled that heart once felt the love of all;
Silent the golden lips, of tone sincere;
Gone the old friendliness, beyond recall;
Fallen the pen of light, that wrote no word
Save when that sea-like soul was by its angel stirred.

—Pastor Felix.

The grim reaper has been busy with his scythe during the month. We have just learned of the death of the Rev. A. B. Miller, of Innerkip, the result of a serious accident which occurred on Queen's Birthday. Brother Miller was in the very prime of life, only forty years of age, and his useful ministry promised much fruitfulness in the future. He was greatly beloved as a pastor, and was most faithful and successful in the discharge of his ministerial duties. We have not learned further particulars of his last illness and death.

One of the most conspicuous figures at the recent Ecumenical Conference, New York, was Dr. Behrens, of Brooklyn. He was born in Holland sixty years ago, and was for many years a successful pastor of the Baptist Church of Cleveland, and, subsequently, of a Congregational Church of Providence and Brooklyn. He was a man of intense convictions and of strong religious character.

One of the most venerated names in the American Church was that of Dr. Storrs, of Brooklyn. For fifty years he was pastor of the Church of the Pilgrims. He is of the fourth generation in the Congregational ministry. He was for ten years President of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, and exerted a benign and potent influence in that position. His "Life of St. Bernard" is one of the classics of Christian literature.

* Theodore Harding Rand.

Book Notices.

A Treasury of Canadian Verse. With brief biographical notes. Selected and Edited by THEODORE H. RAND, D.C.L. Author of "At Minas Basin and Other Poems." London: J. M. Dent & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. xxiv-412. Price, \$1.25 net.

This book is invested with a melancholy interest from the sudden and tragic death of its distinguished editor almost immediately after seeing it through the press. It was his last labour of love for his country's literature. Its preparation doubtless taxed his strength and prepared the way for his sudden and lamented demise. Dr. Rand's own contributions to Canadian verse prove how loyal and loving was his patriotism.

"A Canadian by birth," he says, "education, and life-service, as were my father and his father, my mother and her mother, I may be pardoned the expression of a feeling of national pride that the materials are so abundant from which to prepare a representative volume, much of whose contents will not suffer by comparison with the verse of older countries. I trust that this anthology may serve as an open door through which the voices of Canadian singers may vibrate yet more widely on sympathetic ears, both at home and abroad."

An all too slender selection from his own poems reveals the crystal clearness and moral elevation of his thought, and its fine poetic expression. The following sonnet on "The Veiled Presence," gives a glimpse of his vision of the Divine in nature, which has deepened and heightened into the beatific vision of God's face:

"An ashen gray touched faint my night-dark room,

I flung my window wide to the whispering lawn—

Great God! I saw the mighty globe from gloom

Roll with its sleeping millions to the dawn.

No tremor spoke its motion swift and vast,

In hush it swept the awful curve adown,

The shadow that its rushing speed did cast
Concealed the Father's hand, the Kingly crown.

Into the deeps an age has passed since then,

Yet evermore for me, more humble grown,

The vision of His awesome presence veiled
Burns in the flying spheres, still all unknown,

In nature's mist-immantled seas unsailed,
And in the deeper shadowed hearts of men."

It will be to the people of Canada, as well as to those of all English-speaking lands, a pleasing surprise to know that so much verse of such high average has been produced in this new country. It is a demonstration that, amid its material prosperity, its higher and spiritual interests have not been neglected. We have here a choice anthology of three hundred and thirty poems from one hundred and thirty-four authors. Dr. Rand's poetic insight and fine taste is shown in the selection and editing of these poems. A compressed bibliography of Canadian verse adds to the interest of the volume. The book is very handsomely printed and bound, and at its moderate price, should have a very large sale.

This book is very carefully printed, but in Miss Parkinson's fine poem, "The Messenger Hours," on page 265, in third line, "shadow" should be "shadowy," and in stanza three, "whatever" should be "whether."

Israel's Messianic Hope. To the time of Jesus. A Study in the Historical Development of the Foreshadowings of the Christ in the Old Testament and beyond. By GEORGE STEPHEN GOODSPEED. New York: The Macmillan Company. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company, Limited. Pp. x-315.

This book is intended, says the author, to help the intelligent reader of the English Bible to a better understanding of its essential elements. While it is not technically critical, yet it will afford to higher Bible-classes and scholarly ministers valuable help. While we cannot give unqualified acceptance to all the positions of Professor Goodspeed, his volume will yet be found exceedingly instructive in matter as it is devout and reverent in spirit.

"The Messianic Prophecy," the author says, "is not something tacked on, a kind of anomalous excrescence which is appended to the Old Testament religion, external to it, for the purpose of proving the divinity of Christ and the permanent

and essential truth of the Christian religion.

"If it is only this, it is nothing. No, it is the very essence and life of the Old Testament book. It is the vital breath, the ideal inspiration of the Old Testament life. It makes the Old Testament a book of permanent comfort, as it made the Old Testament religion a religion of hope, of high expectations, of divine trust and inspiration. It links the Old and New Testaments together in an indissoluble unity, not so much because the one is preparation and the other fulfilment, but because the same spirit pervades both, the spirit of aspiration and trust. The New Testament, from the vantage-ground of the Saviour's advent, looks forward with clearer vision and more assured hope to the larger realizations whose forehadowings Old and New Testaments alike record. Both meet in the higher messianic expectation of the Kingdom of God, which is the Kingdom of the Christ—still only foreshadowed."

Heredity and Morals. By JAMES FOSTER SCOTT, M.D., C.M. (Edinburgh). New York: E. B. Treat & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Octavo. Pp. 436. Price, \$2.00.

The perversion of the best often makes that which is worst. The instincts which are designed for our highest good and welfare may become so abused as to cause the greatest wrong and wretchedness. In some respects this book is like the prophet's scroll, written within and without with lamentation, with weeping, and with great woe. It shows the awful consequences of the violation of God's eternal laws, written in our bodies, of righteousness and purity and nobleness.

Probably there is no form of evil which is the fruitful source of so much misery and vice and crime as that which passes under review in Dr. Scott's volume. Persons who make and mould opinion, teachers and preachers, statesmen and editors, should be familiar with the important truths set forth in this book. A knowledge of the terrible evils and dangers which exist in modern society, which sap the very well-springs of morality and health of successive generations, would often prove a safeguard against some of the most potent and subtle temptations which beset the path of the ignorant and unwary. Dr. Scott uses much plainness of speech, but the stupendous interests involved are such as demand it.

The Spiritual Life. Studies in the Science of Religion. By GEORGE A. COE, Ph.D. New York: Eaton & Mains. Cincinnati: Curts & Jennings. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 279. Price, \$1.00.

Dr. Coe is Professor of Philosophy in Northwestern University, and is, by scholarship and training, specially qualified for the great truths here enunciated. From the publishers' announcement we make the following extract:

"This volume is a contribution to the psychology that seeks to know the whole man rather than mere fragments of him. But it is much more than a series of scientific studies. It is also an attempt to put psychological methods and results into the service of practical religion. It is written in a popular rather than merely technical style.

"The most vital topics of the day in respect to personal religion and methods of religious work are the ones which the author has chosen for investigation. He insists that religious culture should become an art based upon scientific yet sympathetic insight into the stages of growth, the interplay of the faculties and the differences of individuals."

The sweet reasonableness of Dr. Coe's studies of Christian Science, faith cure, and the like, commend the volume to every reader.

Heroes of the Covenant. Life and Times of William Guthrie, M.A., Minister of Fenwick. By Rev. W. H. CARSLAW, M.A., Editor of "The Scots Worthies," etc. Paisley: Alexander Gardner. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 130.

No more heroic story was ever told than that of the fathers of the faith in Scotland, who endured the persecutions of "the killing time." They were not only brave men, but also noble saints of God. In this book we get a picture of the inmost soul of Guthrie of Fenwick, his devotion to Christ and His cause, the consecration of his life, and his fidelity even unto death.

The Carpenter. By Rev. CHARLES A. S. DWIGHT. New York: E. B. Treat & Company. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, 50c.

The human side of our Lord's life is prominently treated in this book. What the Carpenter of Nazareth said and did, his rejection by the Nazarenes, his brotherhood and suffering, his glorious

triumph, are beautifully and nobly treated. The essence of the volume may be expressed in these words of Richard Watson Gilder :

"If Jesus Christ is a man,
And only a man—I say
That of all mankind I will cleave to Him,
And to Him I will cleave always!

"If Jesus Christ is a God,
And the only God—I swear
I will follow Him through heaven and hell,
The earth, the sea, and the air!"

MARY JOHNSTON.

The success, popular as well as artistic, of Miss Mary Johnston, the author of "To Have and to Hold" and "Prisoners of Hope," is one of the romances of literature, paralleled most nearly by the careers of Jane Austen and Charlotte Brontë. "To Have and to Hold" has not only enhanced her reputation as a literary artist, but has placed her in the front rank of "popular" romancists. On the day of its publication advance orders for 45,000 copies had been received, and



MARY JOHNSTON.

two weeks after it had issued from the press of Houghton, Mifflin & Co., the actual sales amounted to over 100,000. Even "Uncle Tom's Cabin" did not do so well, for two months after publication had passed before Mrs. Stowe's classic had been sold to the number of 100,000. The author of this highly successful novel comes of an old Virginia family. Her father is Major John W. Johnston, who won his rank as an artillery officer in the Confederate army. When his daughter was sixteen years old, he removed with his family to Birmingham,

Ala., and with the exception of a residence of four years in New York City, this has since been the home of the family.

As a child Miss Johnston's health was delicate; and, in fact, she has never been in possession of entirely good health, both "Prisoners of Hope" and "To Have and to Hold" having been written under stress of great physical difficulty. On account of her frail health as a child her schooling was irregular. She read everything her father's library afforded. She read also a great deal of the best of seventeenth and eighteenth century literature, and delighted in history. In 1893 the Johnstons removed to New York City, which they made their home for several years. In 1894, Miss Johnston's health, always delicate, failed so that she became for a time practically an invalid. Forced to lie quietly and to give up all active effort, she could still read and study, and at length she began to write a little for her own amusement. A year or two later housekeeping was given up on account of Miss Johnston's continuing ill-health, and apartments were taken in one of the big apartment houses overlooking Central Park. Here she began "Prisoners of Hope." Work upon it was finished after two years of effort more or less interrupted by seasons of ill-health, and published with eminent success for the first work of an unknown author. So well was the romance received that Miss Johnston determined to make literature a serious pursuit.

A CORRECTION.

In reference to the article which appeared in the May number of the METHODIST MAGAZINE under the heading of "Canadian Poets," I wish to correct some misstatements regarding Mr. Heavysege. He is referred to as "being a carpenter and printer." This is not correct, he was originally a carver and afterwards was engaged in journalistic work in connection with the Montreal *Witness* for twelve years. In circumstances Mr. Heavysege was comfortable, and by no means situated as the article referred to would represent.

In reference to Mr. Martin, I know that he, being wishful to see a third edition of "Saul" published, advanced the necessary funds, but the work not proving a financial success, Mr. Heavysege was unable to entirely repay it, but it was later on satisfactorily arranged between them.

A FRIEND.