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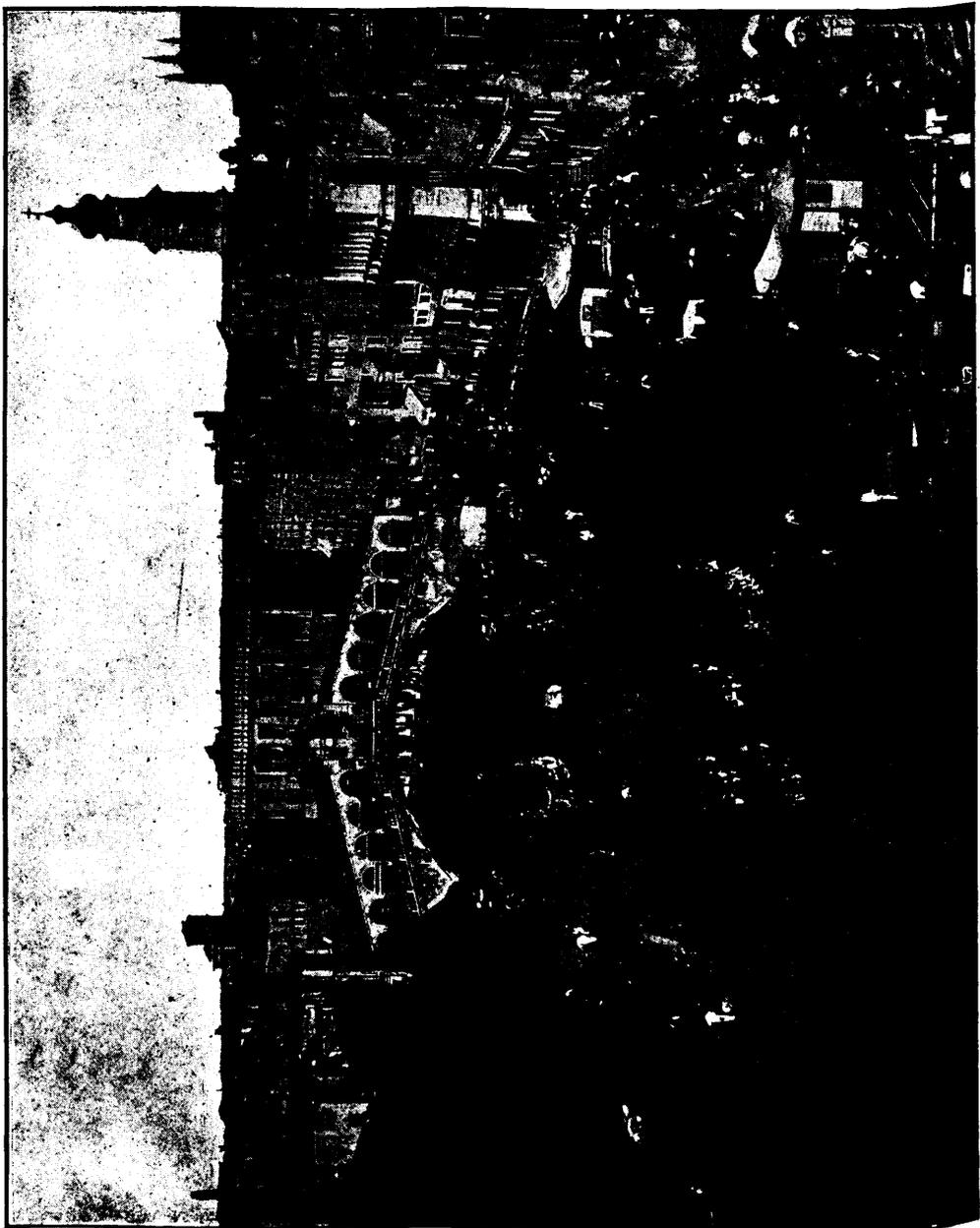
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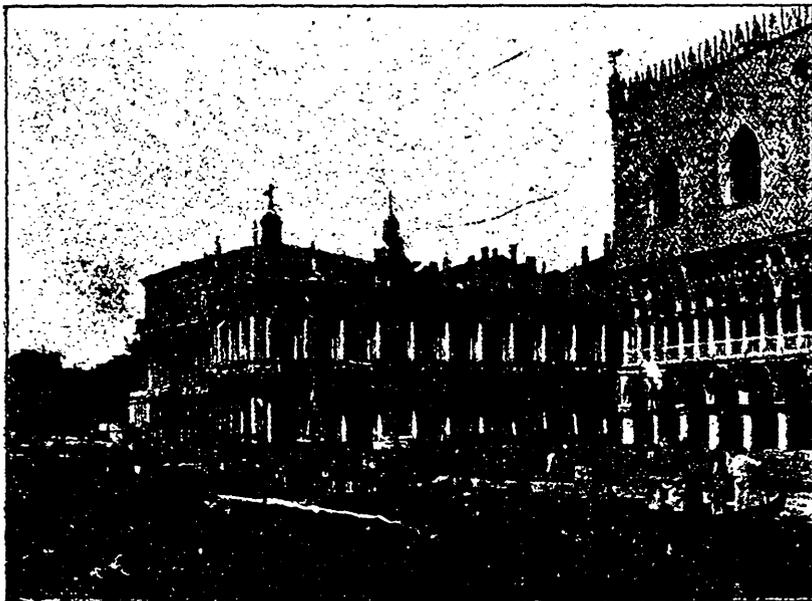
A FESTIVAL ON THE GRAND CANAL, VENICE.—THE FAMOUS RIALTO BRIDGE IS THE MIDDLE DISTANCE.

Methodist Magazine and Review.

SEPTEMBER, 1900.

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THE QUEEN OF THE ADRIATIC.\*

BY CHARLES YRIARTE.



THE PIAZZETTA, DOGE'S PALACE.

Venice, the Queen of the Adriatic, is distinguished, not only by the glory of her arts, the strangeness of her position, the romance of her origin, but by the great historical memories of her days of power. These throw an interest over a city which survives its own glories, and even its own life, like the scenery in some great theatre after the play is done and all the actors are withdrawn. A pleasurable melancholy grows upon the travel-

ler who wanders among the churches or glides along on the canals of Venice. Although misfortune has overcast the city with a pall of sadness, it still preserves the indefinable grace of things Italian. Its old magnificence imposes on the mind, while the charm of its present melancholy creeps about the heart. Even on the brightest day, when the unconquerable sun looks down most broadly on the glittering city of St. Mark, silence and melancholy still hold their court on the canals; and the most unsentimental spirit yields to the elegiac influence.

\*Translated from the French by F. J. Sitwell. Abridged from "Venice: Its History, Art, Industries and Modern Life," Philadelphia: Henry T. Coates & Co.



FACING THE PIAZZETTA.

The lightness of the heavens, the even purity of the air, the steely shine of the lagoon, the roseate reflections of the walls, the nights as clear as day, the softness of the Venetian dialect, the trustfulness and placability of the people, their tolerance for all men's humors, and their gentle intercourse,—out of all these results that unseizable and seductive quality which is indeed Venice, which sings at a man's heart, and so possesses and subdues him that he shall feel far from home whenever he is far from the Piazzetta.

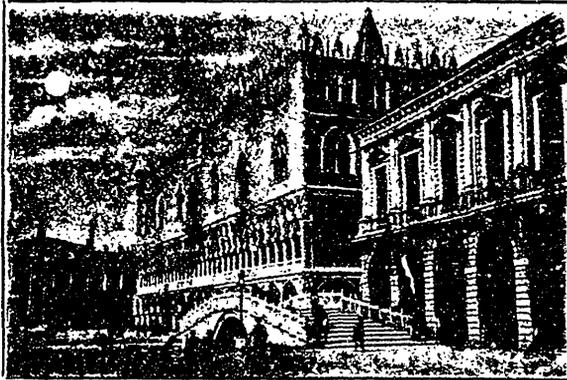
Travel where you will, neither Rome nor Jerusalem, neither Granada, Toledo, nor the Golden Horn will offer you the spectacle of such another enchanted approach. It is a dream that has taken shape; a vision of fairyland turned into reality by human hands. The order of nature is suspended; the lagoon is like the heavens, the heavens are like the sea; these rosy islets carrying

temples are like barks sailing in the sky; and away upon the horizon, towards Malamocco, the clouds and the green islands lie mingled as bafflingly as shapes in the mirage of the desert. The very buildings have an air of dreamland; solids hang suspended over voids: and ponderous halls and palaces stand paradoxically supported on the stone lace-work of mediaeval sculptors. All the principles of art are violated; and out of their violation springs a new art, borrowed from the East, but stamped with the mark of Venice.

Opulent and untamed imaginations have spoiled the treasury of the Magnificoes to build these sculptured palaces and basilicas of marble and mosaic, to lay their pavements with precious stones and cover their walls with gold and onyx and oriental alabaster. They used the pillage of Aquileia, Altinum, Damascus, and Heliopolis. With a nameless daring they raised high in air, over their

porches and among their domes, the huge antique bronze horses of Byzantium. They reared a mighty palace upon pillars whose carvings seem wrought by workmen in some opiate dream that made them reckless of the cost of time. They dammed back the sea to build their city in its place. In the lagoon, to the sound of strange workmen's choruses, they buried the oaks of Istria and Dalmatia, of Albania and the Julian Alps. They transformed the climate of the Illyrian peninsula, leaving plains instead of mountains, and sunburnt deserts in the place of green and grateful

without territory, and after a few brief trials and some scenes of blood, from which no people at its beginning can escape, struck out that form of government—the aristocratic republic—which they maintained for fourteen centuries. Faithful to its form, they astonished the world by their sagacity, power, and stability, and by their genius for commerce, exchange, and industry. At their origin they lived by the fruits of the sea as fishermen, and from the salt which nature deposited on the coast. This was their first article of exchange. By degrees they con-



DOGE'S PALACE.

forests; for all the hills have become palaces, as at the touch of a wand; and deep in the salt sea the old oaks stand imbedded, supporting the city of St. Mark.

They were a people of fugitives, forty thousand strong, driven from their homes by the barbarians in the fifth century. They took refuge in the lagoon, and there, on the shifting soil, in a salt marsh where they had neither ground to till nor stone to cut, nor iron to forge, nor wood to shelter, nor even water that could be drunk—they founded the port of the Rialto. They made their own soil, contrived to found a state

constructed flat-bottomed boats, then galleys, and at last fleets, and entering Byzantium as conquerors, overthrew the Eastern Empire.

The whole Adriatic was their domain; they laid claim to its sovereignty by the right of a word spoken by Alexander III., when, pursued by Barbarossa, he took refuge in their territory. They symbolized that authority by the espousals of the Doge with the sea, and the legend of the gold ring brought back to the sovereign by the fisherman. From that time they held the whole coast from Ravenna to Albania. Kings had to ask leave of the Senate to ply



THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.  
 "A Palace and a Prison on each hand."

in their waters when they wished to land on the shore of Illyria. They treated with all the sovereigns of Europe as equals, constituted themselves the purveyors of the world, and on their commercial wealth laid the foundation of their political power.

Twice the arbiters of the world vowed the destruction of Venice, and leagued themselves together against her; but her people, by dint of suppleness and agility,

by turns firm and wily, baffled all combinations, and came safely out of the most appalling dilemmas. At one moment all nations were in a manner tributary to them, because they were the greatest merchants, the bravest sailors, the most skilful builders, and the richest ship-owners in the world. When France, already beginning to move the world, had raised the cry of "Dieu le veult," she had to beg of the Venetians a passage on

board their ships to transport her army to the Holy Land. These, being a practical people, demanded payment for this service in blood, since the gold wherewith to pay was lacking. Thus the French went to the assault of Lara, and retook for the Venetians the Dalmatian colonies which had shaken off their yoke.

The oldest, perhaps, of modern nations, the Venetians outstripped all others in the arts of civilization.

ple of our hemisphere, the Arabs and the Greeks, to borrow from them the elements of their delicate and exquisite arts.

The more familiar we grow with the history of Venice, the more we come to marvel at the practical commonsense of this handful of human beings, who, by the fourteenth or fifteenth century, were making more noise in the world, and filling a greater place, than the populations of the largest empires.



THE STORIED COLONNADES.

Before the tenth century they had built on their group of islands no less than seventy churches, some of which, like those of Torcello, were miracles of art. They were the first to have the sense of luxury, to appreciate the refinements of life, the first to delight in sumptuous houses and fabrics, in the splendour of gems and the sheen of pearls. While Europe was yet plunged in the darkness of the Middle Ages, the Venetians went to the only two civilized peo-

As early as the fifth century we find them in possession of a government, in the shape of Consuls sent from Padua to administer the islets of the Rialto. In the seventh century they begin to feel their way toward a new form of government, and nominate a Doge, Paul of Heraclea. In 737 they appoint as heads of the State certain yearly magistrates, called "masters of the militia;" but, five years later, finding that the constant transfer of power gives in-

stability to their society, they revive the office of Doge.

No doubt the conditions of power will yet need modification. The future will not be free from struggles; new institutions will come to complete the system, but from 742 to 1797 there will be no essential change in the mode of government: the State has found its formula. Whilst all the nations of Europe are constituting themselves into monarchies, and

mocratic, or, at least, grants certain rights to the people, but it soon becomes aristocratic, and remains so till its fall.

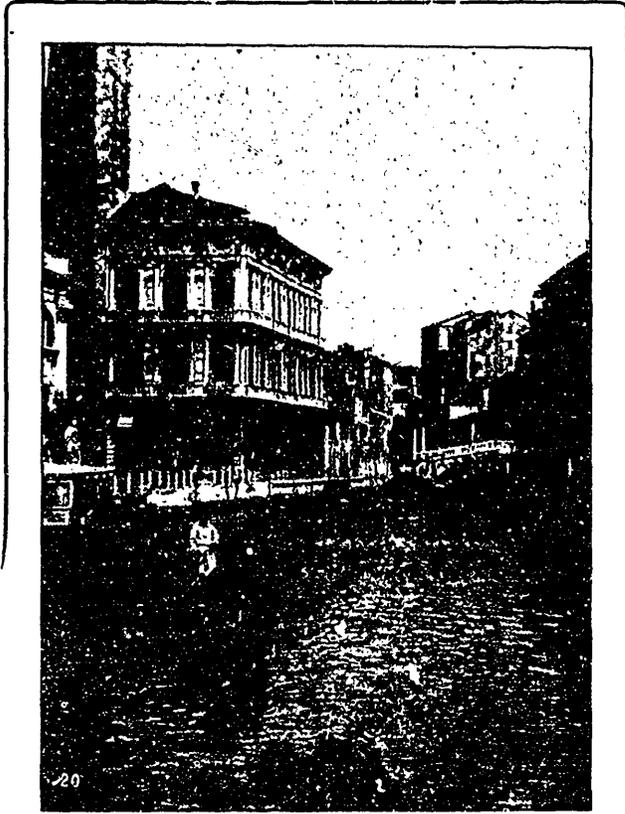
The first advantage the Venetians derived from their long sojourn in the East with the French, was the horror they conceived for the idle discussions, the religious controversies, and the vain subtleties of the Lower Empire, which had brought Byzantine to decay. Never after the tenth century was



ON THE GRAND CANAL.

progressing along the same lines to unity, with more or less rapidity and success, the Venetians, on their part, shape their State into a Republic, make its chief, the Doge, the most constitutional of sovereigns, a living emblem of the Republic, intended only to represent her before ambassadors, at public ceremonies, and on the occasion of royal visits, but without any real power, and acting only under constant and permanent control. At first the Republic is de-

there civil war in the territory of the Republic, not even at that moment when, as if seized by some terrible infatuation, the towns of Lombardy rushed in arms against each other, and the sons of the same sacred Italy tore the breast of their mother. Constantinople being put to fire and sword, the men of science and letters were to be seen emigrating thence, carrying their ancient manuscripts with them. Florence became the Athens of Italy, and Venice fol-



PALAZZO LABBIA.

lowed the movement. The Venetians had long ago borrowed and adapted their architecture from the East. The manufacture of glass came to them from the Arabs, whose rich fabrics they also imitated. Wealth abounded—it was the dawn of great days for the Italian spirit throughout the whole Peninsula—and the sacred fire ran through all the veins of that great intellectual body.

It is no partial verdict to repeat, that never did any country so small in area fill so important a place in the world, and never did greater wisdom preside over the destinies of any people. No doubt, in this great historic total, all is not alike praiseworthy. The ambition of the people, over-excited by im-

mense successes, led them to assume a right of lordship over many populations who only submitted to this suzerainty because they knew that the alternative was inevitable annexation. They courted the alliance of the great, and often oppressed the feeble; but never elsewhere did patriotism rise to so great a height as often as the fatherland was in danger. Ten times over in the course of its history the Republic was within an inch of ruin; and ten times did the Council, the Senate, the College, with the Doge at its head (ever at one with the people in its supreme resolves), stake their all with unequalled courage, and come out triumphant.

No, the Republic could not escape

the general law; but she did not succumb, like the greater number of other States, because of the imperfection of her constitution, or from any lack of harmony in her laws with the movement of men's spirits. The day on which the French Republic, represented by a man destined later to show the compass of his genius and ambi-

where. True, intrigue, jealousy, immorality held their sway in this Republic. The Senate was perhaps tyrannical, the State Inquisitors and the Council of Ten may sometimes encroach upon the rights of citizens. At certain times they may even have established a reign of terror. But the profound motive which guided statesmen, the

one fixed idea of each and all, was the greatness of Venice and her splendour above other States. Two hundred thousand inhabitants scattered about the lagoons, which they had transformed into a city the most beautiful in Europe, from the unexampled conditions of its site, grew so powerful as to seem like a nation of many million citizens, and to fill the world with their renown.

To taste in all their fulness his first impressions of Venice, the traveller should arrive there by sea, at mid-day, when the sun is high. By degrees, as the ship which carries him enters the channels, he will see the unparalleled city merging from the lap of the lagoon, with its proud campaniles, its golden spires, its gray or silvery domes and cupolas. Advancing along the narrow channels, many posts and piles dot here and there with black that sheet of



“OVER THE GARDEN WALL.”

tion, declared that the Venetian Republic had ceased to exist, the causes which rendered the accomplishment of this crime possible were not due to any inherent decay in her institutions, but to a thousand circumstances independent of Venice herself, her customs, or her laws.

True, the rein was given to human passions at Venice as else-

steel, and give substance to the dream, making solid and tangible the foreground of the illusive distance. Just now, all that enchanted world and fairy architecture floated in the air; little by little all has become distinct; those points of dark green turn into gardens; that mass of deep red is the line of ship-building yards, with their leprous-looking houses and

with the dark-coloured stocks on which are erected the skeletons of polaccas and feluccas in course of construction; the white line showing so bright in the sun is the Riva dei Schiavoni, all alive with its world of gondoliers, fruit-sellers, Greek sailors, and Chioggiotes in their many-coloured costumes.

Looking over the bow, the traveller has facing him the Grand Canal, with the Custom House, where the figure of Fortune veers with the wind above her golden ball; beyond rise the double domes of the Salute, with their great reversed consoles, forming the most majestic entrance to this watery avenue bordered by palaces. He who comes for the first time to Venice by this route realizes a dream—his only dream perhaps ever destined to be surpassed by the reality; and if he knows how to enjoy the beauty of nature, if he can take delight in silvery-gray and rose-coloured reflections in water, if he loves light and colour, the picturesque life of Italian squares and streets, the good humour of the people and their gentle speech, like the twittering of birds, let him only allow himself to live for a little time under the sky of Venice, and he has before him a season of happiness without alloy.

But if, instead of entering Venice by the Adriatic, the visitor comes from France or the Peninsula, and crosses at night the long viaduct which connects the town with the mainland, what a strange impres-

sion he will receive! To glide silently in the middle of the night over still, black waters, to see glimmering lanterns flitting right and left, to hear the splash of an oar on the water, to glide between high banks of architecture, processions of palaces that flit by, more felt than seen, as in an etching of Piranesi—to pass under bridges,



DELIVERY OF GOODS BY BOAT.

hear cries without catching their meaning, every moment to brush past those sombre catafalques, which are other gondolas gliding through the darkness as silently as your own—then, from time to time, to see as in a flash of lightning the outline of a figure leaning forward on its oar, a lamp burning and casting a keen reflection at the corner of a winding canal, a window



EVERY ALLEY IS PICTURESQUE.

brilliantly lighted and making a flaring hole in the midst of night—to get entangled in dark water-lanes, turning, twisting, moving without the feeling of movement, and all at once to land at a staircase which plunges its steps down into the water and leads into a large and noble hall of fine architectural proportions, a palace gleaming with lights, full of life and activity, and of busy men who bring one back after that strange journey to the commonplaces of hotel life—this is certainly the most wonderful of dreams, a sort of ideal nightmare.

It has all scarcely lasted an hour; but you are tired from a long journey; you soon fall asleep from weariness, hardly asking yourself, in the first uncertainty of fatigue, over what Styx you have sailed, what strange city you have traversed, and whether you have not been the dupe of a dream. In the morning you rush out upon the balcony, and there amidst dazzling light and a very debauch of colours, with a shimmering of pearl and silver, triumphant upon the waters of her lagoon you behold that

Venice which you have never seen before except in Byron, in Otway, Musset, and George Sand. She glows, she sings in silvery radiance; here in very truth is the Queen of the Adriatic! A pigeon of St. Mark's flies over the balcony throwing its shadow on the flagstones, and you cherish the long-awaited sight. Here are the islands, the Arsenal, the Lido, the Mole, the Redentore, Santa Maria Maggiore, the Ducal Palace, the gondoliers; in a word, all the city of Canaletto! But is it not an illusive scene, a phantasmagoria, a treacherous dream?—if it were but a mirage after all!

The traveller who delights to linger on St. Mark's Place, in the Basilica, at the Ducal Palace, in the museums and churches, should also halt long and often at the Rialto. This is a corner with a character quite its own; here crowd together, laden with fruit and vegetables, the black boats that come from the islands to provision Venice, the great hulls laden with *cecomeri*, *angurie*, with gourds and watermelons piled in mountains of colour; there the gondolas jostle,



A GLIMPSE OF GREEN.



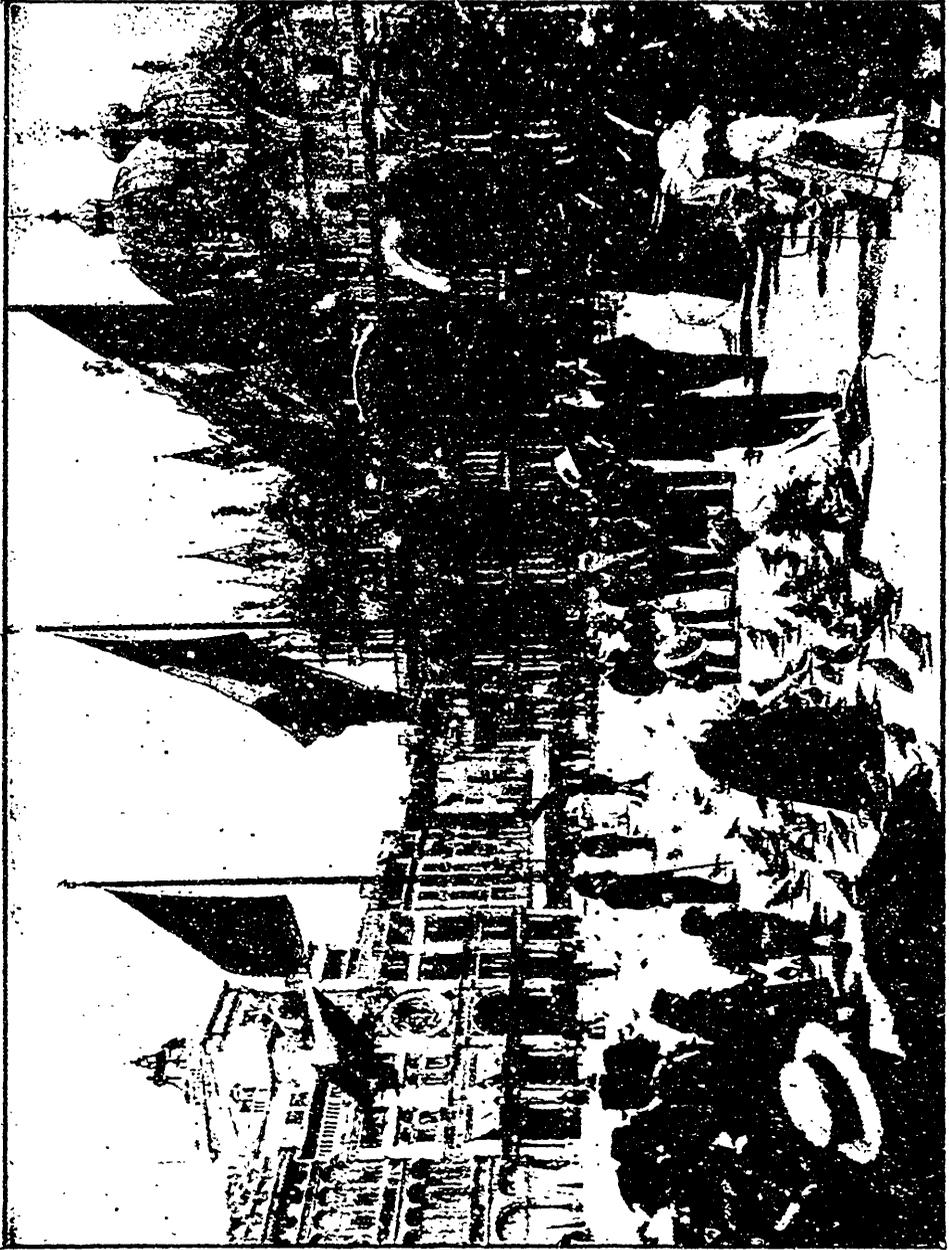
TYPICAL "BIT" IN VENICE.

and the gondoliers chatter like birds in their Venetian idiom; there too are the fishermen in their busy, noisy, black-looking market, an assemblage of strange craft and strange types of humanity. As a pleasant contrast, on the steps of the bridge and stopping before the jewellers' shops, are girls from the different quarters of Venice, from Canareggio, Dorso Duro, San Marco, and Santa Croce, and from every corner of the town, come to buy the coloured handkerchiefs they deck themselves in, and jewellery of delicately-worked gold, or bright glass beads from Murano, or glass balls iridescent with green, blue and pink; while, wrapped in old gray shawls and showing only their wrinkled profiles and silver locks, the old women of the Rialto drag their slippers up the steps, and glide among the crowd, hiding under the folds of their aprons the strange viands they have just bought from those keepers of open-air provision stalls who ply their trade on the approaches to the Rialto.

## THE STONE BIBLE OF VENICE.

Ruskin has written of St. Mark's Cathedral in Venice as follows: "It was in the hearts of the old

Venetian people far more than a place of worship. It was at once a type of the Redeemed Church of God, and a scroll for the written word of God. It was to be to them both an image of the Bride, 'all glorious within, her clothing of wrought gold,' and the actual table of the Law and the Testimony, written within and without. And whether honoured as the Church or the Bible, was it not fitting that neither the gold nor the crystal should be spared in the adornment of it; that as the symbol of the Bride, the building of the wall thereof should be of jasper, and the foundations of it garnished with all manner of precious stones; and that as the channel of the word, that triumphant utterance of the Psalmist should be true of it—'I have rejoiced in the way of thy testimonies, as much as in all riches?' And shall we not look with changed temper down the long perspective of St. Mark's Place, towards the sevenfold gates and glowing domes of the temple, when we know with what solemn purpose the shafts of it were lifted above the populous square? Men met there from all countries of the earth for traffic and for pleasure; but above the crowd swaying for



FEEDING THE PIGEONS IN THE GRAND PLAZA - ST. MARK'S IN THE BACKGROUND

ever to and fro in the restlessness of avarice, or thirst of delight, was seen perpetually the glory of the temple, attesting to them, whether they would hear, or whether they would forbear, that there was one treasure which the merchant man might buy without a price, and one delight better than all others, in the word and the statutes of God. Not in the wantonness of wealth, not in vain ministry to the desire of the eyes, or the pride of life, were those marbles hewn into transparent strength, and those

arches arrayed in the colours of the iris. There is a message written in the dies of them that once was written in blood; and a sound in the echoes of their vaults that one day shall fill the vault of heaven. 'He shall return to do judgment and justice.' The strength of Venice was given her so long as she remembered this; her destruction found her when she had forgotten this; and it found her irrevocably, because she forgot it without excuse. No city ever had a more glorious Bible."

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### A CLIFF.

BY CLARA E. RAMSKILL.

That ancient watcher by the rolling tide  
 Grim wave-washed cliff in silv'ry lichens dressed,  
 Steadfastly buffeting the angry crest  
 Of reckless waves, which gather far and wide  
 To dash their baffled waters 'gainst its side,  
 Stands still serene, as if they but caressed  
 Its giant form, Like one with them at rest  
 It seems to stand; forever to abide.  
 Ah! that I, too, amid the world's dark waves,  
 Surging in angry billows round my life,  
 With steadfast hope, and faith serene that braves  
 Oncoming tides of quickly gathering strife,  
 Might calmly rest upon a strength not mine,  
 A rock secure, eternal, and Divine!

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### SUMMER REGNANT.

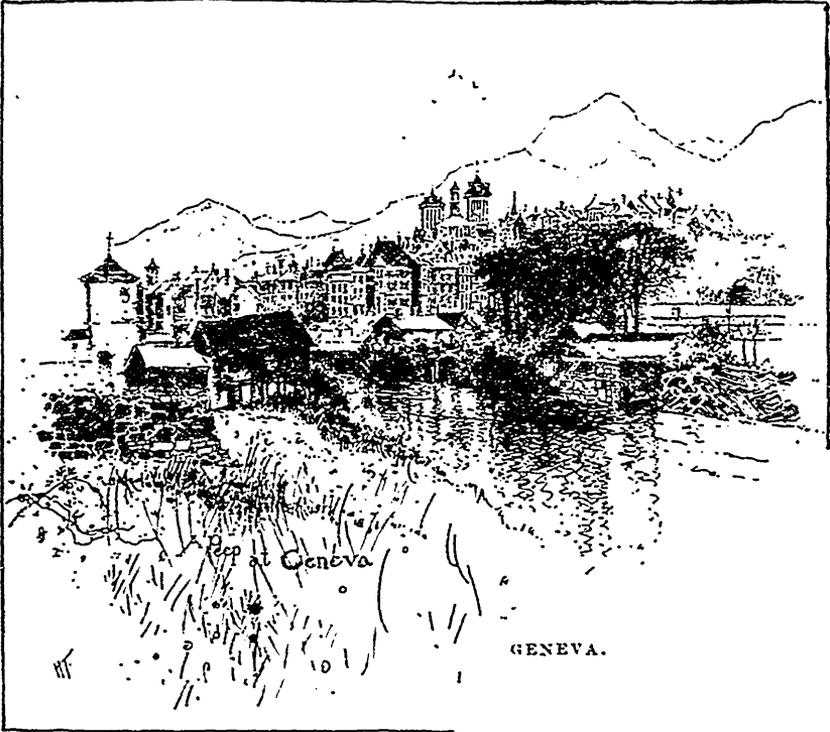
BY CLINTON SCOLLARD.

With sweet reluctance in her golden eyes  
 Summer hath put the imperial rose away,  
 And donned her poppy-crown, whose gorgeous dyes  
 Are like the skies of the declining day;  
 The minstrel wind that erst was wont to say  
 Musical matins at the prime of morn  
 Now swoons within the pine-tree tops afar;  
 And when the bee forsakes his drowsy horn,  
 Red glows the evening star.

It is the season of forgetfulness,  
 And e'en the sharp cicada, filing high,  
 Jars us not back to any sense of stress:  
 We are content to let the hours slip by  
 As doth the stream that lapseth languidly;  
 Why should we tease ourselves to find the clue  
 To life's enigma—whence, and why, and where  
 With o'er us brooding such ethereal blue,  
 Such vasts of hazy air!

## MADAME GUYON.\*

BY FRANCIS HUSTON WALLACE, M.A., D.D.,

*Dean of the Faculty of Theology, Victoria University.*

## II.

Having traced the process by which this gifted woman was led into a very wonderful state of Christian experience, and described that experience, let us go back to the point where we left her history, and briefly trace that history from 1680 onward. She waited for some time for providential guidance as to her life and work. She

\*The authorities for this life of Madame Guyon are her autobiography and other works, and Upham's "Life of Madame de la Mothe Guyon." A new edition of the latter work has just been issued by Sampson Low, Marston and Company, London. It is much to be commended to all who are interested in the literature of holy living.

was somewhat inclined to take the veil and enter the Benedictine convent. But the thought of her children deterred her from this plan. The question of a second marriage was forced upon her by several proposals. But after prayerful consideration she felt that God's call was in another direction, though she did not at once know where. Meanwhile, she was very happy with her little family in the delightful suburbs of Paris.

Finally came the conviction that she was needed and called to do religious work among the neglected people of France and Savoy, at the

foot of the Alps, not far from Geneva, perhaps in Geneva itself. From the moment that she entered upon such work it was inevitable that her strong emphasis upon the inner life as the essential thing in religion should bring her into conflict with the authorities of a church which lays such stress upon outward rites and ceremonies.

Her initial difficulty lay in the question of her duty to the children whom God had given her. But the impression was in various ways forced upon her: "He that loveth father or mother more than me, is not worthy of me; and he that loveth son or daughter more than me, is not worthy of me." She made careful arrangements as to her property, placed her two sons in the hands of suitable guardians, and took her little daughter with her.

As she, a devout companion ("Sister Garnier"), two maids and her little daughter floated down in their boat on the river Seine, a pathetic and prophetic incident occurred. The child formed a large number of little crosses out of leaves and twigs, and fastened them to her mother's dress. The latter, finding herself thus covered with crosses, felt that they were typical of the sufferings which awaited her. Sister Garnier begged the child to give her some crosses too. "No," she replied, "they are all for my dear mother." Presently the child wove a crown of leaves and flowers, and placed it upon her mother's head, saying, "After the cross you shall be crowned."

With the full assent of D'Aranthon, the good bishop of the diocese, Madame Guyon settled at Gex, within twelve miles of Geneva, and began an apostolic work of charity among the sick and poor. The bishop appointed as her spiritual director Father La Combe, who resided at Thouon, at

the other end of the Lake of Geneva. At Gex Madame Guyon lived with the Sisters of Charity, who received her kindly. But it was not long until her profession and teaching of sanctification by faith aroused suspicion, her opposition to profligacy among the ecclesiastics excited bitter hostility, and a storm of petty persecution broke upon her. She was treated in the convent with great indignity.

In order to put a stop to all the irregularity of her work, and yet retain her services in his diocese, Bishop D'Aranthon insisted that she give up her property to the convent and settle down as prioress. When she resolutely refused, D'Aranthon ceased to be friendly to her and to her work, and her position became most desolate and defenceless. Her doctrine was denounced, her character was traduced. She was driven from place to place. She spent twelve dreadful years in prison, but her courage was superb and her faith unflinching. She uttered no word either of provocation or of recantation, and finally she finished her course with joy.

Her position in Gex becoming intolerable through petty persecution and slander, she removed to Thouon, and took up her residence in the Ursuline convent as a boarder. Here, as in Gex, her character and her conversations produced a strong influence. She had many spiritual children, and her great success in promoting the inner life gave deep offence to those who were anxious for the authority of the church and its methods. That fatal cry, "The Church is in danger!" was raised, and, finally, Bishop D'Aranthon expelled both Madame Guyon and Father La Combe from his diocese.

She felt her homelessness keenly, and says:

"The words which are found in the Gospel of Matthew were deeply impressed

upon my mind. 'The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests; but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head.' This I have since experienced in all its extent, having no sure abode, no refuge among my friends, who were ashamed of me, and openly renounced me, at the time when there was a great and general outcry against me."

We cannot follow her wanderings, note her hardships by lake and river, over mountain and plain, in those days of difficult and dangerous travel, rehearse the triumphs of the Gospel wherever she abode, and tell the story of the persistent and unscrupulous hostility which followed her from Thouon to Turin, from Turin to Grenoble, from Grenoble to Marseilles, from Marseilles to Nice, from Nice to Genoa, from Genoa to Verceil. At one place, she says:

"I walked in the streets; I saw the tradesmen busy in the shops; all seemed to me to be happy in having a home, a dwelling-place to which they could retire. I felt sadly that there was none for me."

At Verceil she once more put herself under the direction of Father La Combe, who had settled there after his expulsion from Thouon. The bishop was desirous that she should make Verceil her home, but her health was so impaired by the climate that her physicians ordered her away. Her friends advised her to return to her native air, and to settle down in Paris, and there use her many talents in the cause of God and the Church. It was customary at that time that ladies travelling should be accompanied by an ecclesiastic. It was arranged, with the consent of the General of the Order to which La Combe belonged, that the latter should accompany Madame Guyon on her long journey to Paris. She arrived in that city on July 22nd, 1686, after five years' absence.

In Paris Madame Guyon hired a

house, gathered her little family once more together, lived a retired life, but gradually attracted about her a circle of ladies of the highest social station, who were interested in spiritual religion. Her work at this time reminds one of that of Selina, Countess of Huntingdon, in England, in the next century. Father La Combe, meanwhile, was eloquently preaching the same doctrine of sanctification by faith as Madame Guyon was quietly teaching to a circle of distinguished women, and the same hostility which had been aroused elsewhere now showed itself in Paris.

Father La Mothe, Madame Guyon's half-brother, was one of the instigators of the persecution which now ensued. In 1687 La Combe was arrested and plunged into the infamous prison of the Bastille in virtue of a royal "lettre de cachet." His imprisonment in the Bastille, in a prison at Lourde, in the castle of Vincennes, and in the castle of Oleron lasted for twenty-seven slow-rolling years. He was accused of sympathy with the famous Spaniard, Michael Molinos, whose views of sanctification by faith and the inner life of union with God, as expounded in his "Spiritual Guide," had recently been condemned at Rome and himself imprisoned in the dungeons of the Inquisition.

But the enemies of the new spiritual movement were not yet satisfied. It was not enough that King Louis XIV. had recently revoked the Edict of Nantes and purged France of Protestant heretics if new heresies were to be tolerated within the Catholic Church itself. La Mothe did not rest until he secured an order from the king for the arrest of Madame Guyon in January, 1688. She was confined in the convent of Ste. Marie, Faubourg St. Antoine. With the refinement of cruelty her persecutors separated her daughter

from her. Accepting her new situation as appointed for her in God's providence, she set herself to writing her autobiography—a task enjoined upon her by La Combe, as her spiritual director, before his own arrest, to correspondence with friends, and to conversation with the few visitors who were admitted to see her. She was carefully examined as to her views by two judges, who were specially anxious to ascertain her attitude to the Church in her teachings and in her actions. She claimed to be a good Catholic, and it is certain that in many points, such as the adoration of the mass, the worship of Mary, belief in purgatory, and a superstitious regard for relics, she was far removed from Protestantism. Nevertheless, the instinct of the authorities was not at fault, for her characteristic doctrine of the inwardness of religion, of salvation by faith, if accepted and experienced, is certain to affect the attitude of men to outward ceremonies and church authority.\*

With failing health, under very close surveillance, with no prospect of release, she became depressed, though still kept in peace. She has exquisitely expressed her prison experience in the familiar little poem:

“ A little bird I am  
Shut from the fields of air ;  
And in my cage I sit and sing  
To Him who placed me there ;  
Well-pleased a prisoner to be,  
Because, my God, it pleases Thee.

“ Nought have I else to do ;  
I sing the whole day long ;  
And He, whom most I love to please,  
Doth listen to my song ;  
He caught and bound my wandering wing.  
But still He bends to hear me sing.

\* She said to her judges: “ I am a Catholic in the substance and spirit, and not merely in the form and letter. The Catholic Church never intended that her children should remain dead in her forms; but that her forms should be the expression of the life within them, received through faith in Christ.”

“ Thou hast an ear to hear,  
A heart to love and bless ;  
And, though my notes were e'er so rude,  
Thou wouldst not hear the less ;  
Because Thou knowest, as they fall,  
That love, sweet love, inspires them all.

“ My cage confines me round ;  
Abroad I cannot fly ;  
But though my wing is closely bound,  
My heart's at liberty ;  
My prison walls cannot control  
The flight, the freedom of the soul.

“ Oh ! it is good to soar  
These bolts and bars above,  
To Him whose purpose I adore,  
Whose Providence I love ;  
And in Thy mighty will to find  
The joy, the freedom of the mind.”

Through the intervention of a pious lady, Madame de Miramion, with Madame de Maintenon, and of the latter with the king, Madame Guyon was released from imprisonment in October, 1688. She made her home with the good Madame de Miramion, and resumed her work of promoting holiness by conversation and correspondence, a great interest having been awakened in her views and experience of the inner life. In 1690 her daughter (in her fifteenth year) was happily married to the excellent Count de Vaux, and for two years the mother lived with her daughter.

At this point begins the momentous intercourse of the subject of our sketch with the illustrious and supremely eloquent Bossuet, Bishop of Meaux, and the yet more illustrious Fenelon, Archbishop of Cambray. The former was, perhaps, the prince of modern preachers; the latter, perhaps, the prince of modern Christians. The former most eloquently defended and expounded the Christian faith; the latter most eloquently lived it. Fenelon was of the highest social rank, his position at court as tutor to the heir-apparent was exalted and influential; but none of the cares or pleasures of his position made him other than a pure and humble Christian. His eager de-

sire to know God in all the fulness of the Christian salvation led him to ignore all danger to his own reputation in association with a suspected heretic, and he sought opportunities of intercourse with Madame Guyon in order that he might be taught the way of God more perfectly. Several interviews and much correspondence with her profoundly impressed and moved Fenelon. In the extensive correspondence which remains between these two kindred souls there is much illuminative discussion of the great truth of sanctification by faith.

About this time the influence of Madame Guyon in various high quarters was keenly resented by the ecclesiastical authorities. A loud cry arose for her repression, a fiendish attempt was made to poison her, and she was compelled to live in close concealment. The great Bossuet became interested in the case, especially as his friend Fenelon was connected more or less with it, and he determined to crush the heresy. However, his sense of justice revolted from the infamy of judging without knowing, of condemning without hearing. He had several long conversations with Madame Guyon, in which he most skilfully investigated her opinions. He left her apparently satisfied that her views were essentially sound, and that she was docile and humble in character.

The popular outcry against her teaching and her character continued so vehement and persistent, that she requested of Madame de Maintenon that a commission might be appointed to investigate her case and deal with her as might be thought best. Bossuet, Noailles, and Tronson, three very eminent churchmen, acted on the royal commission. She laid her works before them, met them in conversation, and prepared for them her "Justifications of the Doctrine of

Madame Guyon," proving the consonance of her views with those of a vast number of earlier writers on vital religion.

Noailles and Tronson were satisfied with her statements, but Bossuet was now hostile. No condemnation was pronounced. But the end was not yet. To conciliate Bossuet, Madame Guyon went to live at Meaux. Here she remained six months in a convent. The great bishop treated her with severity, demanding that she should sign a confession and recantation of heresy, and enforced his demand with a threat of excommunication. She bravely refused to acknowledge errors of which she was not guilty. Bossuet's conduct in this whole affair seems to be that of a modern Pilate, who had not the courage of his own convictions, but, while not altogether void of a sense of justice, he yet loved the honour that comes from men rather than that which comes from God, and therefore sacrificed justice to a selfish expediency. He acknowledged at this very period: "I see nothing wrong in her conduct; but her enemies torment me, and wish me to find evil in her."

Madame Guyon returned to Paris, remained concealed for five months, was arrested and confined in the castle of Vincennes, in December, 1695. Here she was harassed with a close examination as to her conduct and her doctrines, being accused of both immorality and heresy. Amid the detractions and desolations of her lot, she was still kept in great peace, content, she declares, to spend the remainder of her life in prison if such should be the will of God. She here composed many of her poems, such as the following:

" Strong are the walls around me,  
That hold me all the day;  
But they who thus have bound me  
Cannot keep God away:  
My very dungeon walls are dear,  
Because the God I love is here.

"They know, who thus oppress me,  
 'Tis hard to be alone;  
 But know not One can bless me  
 Who comes through bars and stone:  
 He makes my dungeon's darkness bright,  
 And fills my bosom with delight.

"Thy love, O God, restores me  
 From sighs and tears to praise;  
 And deep my soul adores Thee,  
 Nor thinks of time or place:  
 I ask no more, in good or ill,  
 But union with Thy holy will.

"'Tis that which makes my treasure,  
 'Tis that which brings my gain;  
 Converting woe to pleasure,  
 And reaping joy from pain.  
 Oh! 'tis enough, what'er befall,  
 To know that God is all in all."

In 1696 Bossuet published a very learned and able treatise on the questions of spiritual life which were agitating the religious world, entitled, "Instructions on the States of Prayer." In this work, while his own teaching was very similar to Madame Guyon's, he impugned her character and opinions. Fenelon, asked to approve the book, demurred to the personal attack, and in 1697 chivalrously defended her, without, indeed, naming her in his celebrated "Maxims of the Saints," an admirable exposition of the doctrine of the inner or higher life, the life of divine union or perfect love.

Thereupon ensued a long and painful controversy. Bossuet was determined at all hazards to vindicate his position as leader of the Church of France by crushing Fenelon. Fenelon would sacrifice neither the truth of God, as he saw it, nor the good woman who had so long incarnated it. He declared, when Bossuet charged him with introducing a "new spirituality," that he was defending not a new spirituality, but the old, that of the apostles, the fathers, and the best writers throughout the ages. Nobly did he reply to Bossuet's taunt that Fenelon would be vanquished:

"In respect to the controversy between

us, there is nothing which I wish more than to be vanquished by you, if the positions which I take are wrong. Two things only do I desire—truth and peace;—truth which may enlighten, and peace which may unite us."

Very notable is it that both Fenelon and Madame Guyon were preserved by the peace of God within them from all violence and bitterness and controversy and under persecution.

The affair was referred to the Pope. The investigation and discussion dragged on from 1697 to 1699. King Louis did not wait for the action of Rome, but, in 1697, dismissed Fenelon from the court of which he had been such a distinguished ornament, and confined him to his humbler duties in the diocese of Cambrai. At the urgent solicitation of Louis, the Pope finally condemned Fenelon's views, but as understood by others, not as explained by himself. Fenelon, with majestic patience, resignation, and love of his enemies, desisted from all controversy, devoted himself to his practical duties, and continued to quietly teach and exemplify the doctrine of perfect love, until his death in 1715, with the words, "Thy will be done," on his lips.

While controversy thus raged in high places, poor Madame Guyon lay in prison, deprived of the society of friends, and keenly suffering from atrocious attempts to blacken her character. From the castle of Vincennes she was removed to Vangirard, and from Vangirard to the infamous Bastille. She was kept in one of the dungeons of that horrible prison from 1698 to 1702, probably in solitary confinement, and probably not far from the cell in which the Man in the Iron Mask had been secluded for thirty-seven years, when she entered those portals of despair. A mantle of absolute silence falls upon those four terrible years, for

each Bastile prisoner took oath never to reveal the secrets of the prison.

In 1702. at the age of fifty-four, borne down with almost continual physical infirmities, which continued through the rest of her life, Madame Guyon was liberated from the Bastile. But she was permitted only a brief visit to her daughter, the Countess de Vaux, and was then banished to Blois, at a distance of one hundred miles from the capital. Here she felt herself called for the fifteen years of life which remained, "to glorify God by submission and private prayer rather than by active labours." She heard mass daily, partook of the holy communion every second day, held religious intercourse with visitors from all lands, conducted a considerable correspondence, and lived and died, after all her persecutions, in full communion with the Roman Catholic Church. Her experience continued to be that of perfect submission to God's will and profound rest in His love. She disclaimed all goodness in herself, apart from God.

"All good is in Him and for Him.

The greatest satisfaction I can have is the knowledge that He is what He is; and that being what He is, He never will or can be otherwise. If I am saved at last, it will be the free gift of God; since I have no worth and no merit of my own. . . . My soul is in such a state that God permits me to say that there is no dissatisfied clamour in it, no corroding sorrow, no distracting uncertainty, no pleasure of earth, and no pain which faith does not convert into pleasure; nothing but the peace of God which passes understanding, perfect peace. But nothing is of myself, but all of God."

And so, in her seventieth year, on June 9th, 1717, Madame Guyon passed peacefully away from all the controversies, calumnies, and sufferings of this life into "the rest which remaineth to the people of God." And still she speaks to us in tender, loving words of the higher life and of the way to it:

"Peace has unveiled her smiling face  
And woos thy soul to her embrace:  
Enjoyed with ease if thou refrain  
From selfish love, else sought in vain;  
She dwells with all who truth prefer,  
But seeks not them who seek not her.

"Yield to the Lord with simple heart  
All that thou hast, and all thou art;  
Renounce all strength but strength divine,  
And peace shall be forever thine;  
Behold the path which I have trod—  
My path 'til I go home to God."

## THE GREAT HEREAFTER.

BY OTWAY CURRY.

'Tis sweet to think while toiling,  
The goal of life to win,  
That just beyond the shores of time  
The better years begin.

When through the nameless ages  
I cast my longing eyes,  
Before me, like a boundless sea,  
The great hereafter lies.

Along its brimming bosom  
Perpetual summer smiles,  
And gathers like a golden robe  
Around the emerald isles.

There, in the blue long distance,  
By lulling breezes fanned,

I seem to see the flowering groves  
Of fair old Beulah's land.

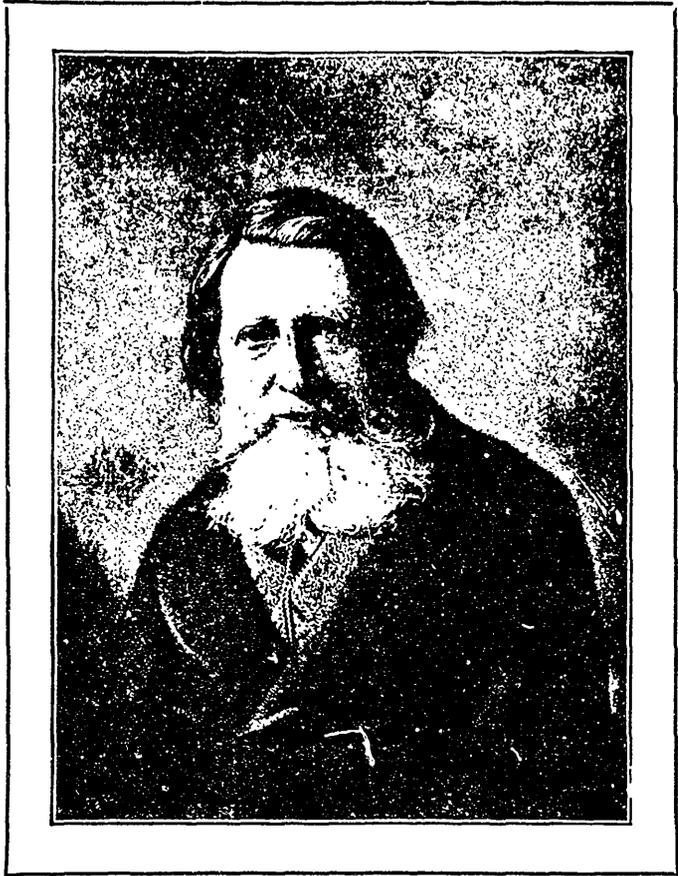
And far beyond the islands,  
That gem the waves serene,  
The image of the cloudless shore  
Of holy heaven is seen.

Unto the great hereafter—  
Aforetime dim and dark—  
I freely now and gladly give  
Of life the wandering bark.

And in the far-off haven,  
When shadowy seas are passed,  
By angel hands its quivering sails  
Shall all be furled at last.

## RUSKIN AS MASTER OF PROSE.\*

BY FREDERIC HARRISON.



THE LATE JOHN RUSKIN.

The world has long been of one mind as to the great charm in the writings of John Ruskin. But it has hardly yet understood that he stands forth now, alone and inimitable, as a supreme master of our English tongue; that as preacher, prophet (nay, some amongst us do not hesitate to say as saint), he has done more than as master of Art; that his moral and social influence on our time, more than his

aesthetic impulse, will be the chief memory for which our descendants will hold him in honour.

Such genius, such zeal, such self-devotion should have imposed itself upon the age without a dissentient voice; but the reputation of John Ruskin has been exposed to some singular difficulties. He is a man of the Thirteenth Century pouring out sermons, denunciations, rhapsodies to the Nineteenth Century; and if Saint Bernard

\* Abridged from the *Nineteenth Century*.

himself, in his garb of frieze and girdle of hemp, were to preach amongst us in Hyde Park to-day, too many of us would listen awhile, and then straightway go about our business with a smile. But John Ruskin is not simply a man of the Thirteenth Century; he is a poet, a mystic, a missionary of the Thirteenth Century—such a poet as was the young Dante in the days of his love and his chivalrous youth, and his Florentine rapture for all beautiful things, or as was the young Petrarch in the lifetime of his Laura, or the young Francis beginning to dream of a regeneration of Christendom through the teaching of his barefoot Friars.

But this being so, it is inevitable that much of his teaching—all the teaching for which he cares most in his heart—must be in our day the voice of one preaching in the wilderness.

The Nineteenth Century has been too strong for him. Iron, steam, science, democracy, have thrust him aside, and have left him in his old age little but a solitary and most pathetic Prophet, such as a John the Baptist by Mantegna, unbending, undismayed, still crying out to a scanty band around him, 'Repent, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand'!

Ruskin's genius, as most men admit, will carry him at times into fabulous extravagances, and his exquisite tenderness of soul will oftentimes seem to be but a second childhood in the eyes of the world. Thus it has come to pass that the grotesque side of this noble Evangel of his has been perpetually thrust into the forefront of the fight; and those who have professed or expounded the Gospel of Ruskin have been for the most part such lads and lasses as the world in its grossness regards with impatience, and turns from with a smile.

As one of the oldest and most

fervent believers in his genius and the noble uses to which he has devoted it, I long to say a word or two in support of my belief:—not that I have the shadow of a claim to speak as his disciple, to defend his utterances, or to represent his thoughts.

The world has long been of one mind, I have said, as to the beauty of Ruskin's writing; but I venture to think that even yet full justice has not been rendered to his consummate mastery over our English tongue—that it has not been put high enough, and some of its unique qualities have not been perceived. Now I hold that in certain qualities, in given ways, and in some rarer passages of his, Ruskin not only surpasses every contemporary writer of prose, (which indeed is obvious enough), but he calls out of our glorious English tongue notes more strangely beautiful and inspiring than any ever yet issued from that instrument. No writer of prose before or since has ever rolled forth such mighty fantasias, or reached such pathetic melodies in words, or composed long books in one sustained strain of limpid grace.

It is indeed very far from a perfect style: much less is it in any sense a model style, or one to be cultivated, studied, or followed. If any young aspirant were to think it could be imitated, better were a millstone round his neck and he were cast into the sea. No man can bend the bow of Ulysses: and if he dared to take down from its long rest the terrible weapon, such an one might give himself an ugly wound. Ulysses himself has shot with it wildly, madly, with preposterous overflying of the mark, and blind aiming at the wrong target.

It cannot be denied that Ruskin, especially in his earlier works, is too often obtrusively luscious,

that his images are often lyrical, set in too profuse and gorgeous a mosaic. Be it so. But he is always perfectly, transparently clear, absolutely free from affected euphuism, never laboriously "precious," never grotesque, never eccentric. His besetting sins as a master of speech may be summed up in his passion for profuse imagery, and delight in an almost audible melody of words. When Ruskin bursts the bounds of fine taste, and pelts us with perfumed flowers till we almost faint under their odour and their blaze of colour, it is because he is himself intoxicated with the joy of his blossoming thoughts, and would force some of his divine afflatus into our souls.

Ruskin is almost always in an ecstasy of admiration, or in a fervour of sympathy, or in a grand burst of prophetic warning. It is his mission, his nature, his happiness so to be. And it is inevitable that such passion and eagerness should be clothed in language more remote from the language of conversation than is that of Swift or Hume. The language of the preacher is not, nor ought it to be, the language of the critic, the philosopher, the historian. Ruskin is a preacher: right or wrong he has to deliver his message, whether men will stay to hear it or not; and we can no more require him to limit his pace to the plain foot-plodding of unimpassioned prose than we can ask this of Saint Bernard, or of Bossuet, or Jeremy Taylor, or Thomas Carlyle.

We know that the sentence is too long, preposterously, impossibly sustained—200 words and more—250, nay, 280 words without a single pause—each sentence with 40, 50, 60 commas, colons, and semicolons—and yet the whole symphony flows on with such just modulation, the images melt so

naturally into each other, the harmony of tone and the ease of words is so complete, that we hasten through the passage in a rapture of admiration. Milton began, and once or twice completed, such a resounding voluntary on his glorious organ. But neither Milton, nor Browne, nor Jeremy Taylor, was yet quite master of the mighty instrument. Ruskin, who comes after two centuries of further and continuous progress in this art, is master of the subtle instrument of prose. He has achieved in this rare and perilous art some amazing triumphs of mastery over language, such as the whole history of our literature cannot match.

Lovers of Ruskin (that is, all who read good English books) can recall, and many of them can repeat, hundreds of such passages, and they will grumble at an attempt to select any passage at all. But, to make my meaning clear, I will turn to one or two very famous bits, not at all asserting that they are the most truly noble passages that Ruskin ever wrote, but as specimens of his more lyrical mood.

I take first a well-known piece of an early book (*Modern Painters*, vol. iv. c. i., 1856), the old Tower of Calais Church, a piece which has haunted my memory for nearly forty years:

The large neglect, the noble unsightliness of it; the record of its years written so visibly, yet without sign of weakness or decay; its stern wasteness and gloom, eaten away by the Channel winds, and overgrown with the bitter sea-grasses; its slates and tiles all shaken and rent, and yet not falling; its desert of brickwork, full of bolts, and holes, and ugly fissures, and yet strong, like a bare, brown rock; its carelessness of what any one thinks or feels about it; putting forth no claim, having no beauty, nor desirableness, pride, nor grace; yet neither asking for pity; not, as ruins are, useless and pitiful, feebly or fondly garrulous of better days; but useful still, going through its

own daily work,—as some old fisherman, beaten gray by storm, yet drawing his daily nets: so it stands, with no complaint about its past youth, in blanched and meagre massiveness and serviceableness, gathering human souls together underneath it; the sound of its bells for prayer still rolling through its rents; and the grey peak of it seen far across the sea, principal of the three that rise above the waste of surfy sand and hilloaked shore,—the lighthouse for life, and the belfry for labour, and this—for patience and praise.

This passage I take to be one of the most magnificent examples of the "pathetic fallacy" in our language. Perhaps the "pathetic fallacy" is second-rate art; the passage is too long—211 words alas! without one full stop, and more than forty commas and other marks of punctuation—it has redundancies, tautologies, and artifices, if we are strictly severe—but what a picture, what pathos, what subtlety of observation, what nobility of association—and withal how complete is the unity of impression! How mournful, how stately is the cadence, how harmonious and yet peaceful is the phraseology, and how wonderfully do thought, the antique history, the picture, the musical bars of the whole piece combine in beauty! What fine and just images—"the large neglect," "the noble unsightliness." The tower is "eaten away by the Channel winds," "overgrown with bitter sea-grasses." It is "careless," "puts forth no claim," has "no pride," does not "ask for pity," is not "fondly garrulous," as other ruins are, but still goes through its work, "like some old fisherman." It stands blanched, meagre, massive, but still serviceable, making no complaint about its past youth. A wonderful bit of word-painting—(and, perhaps, word-painting, at least on a big canvas, is not strictly lawful)—but such a picture as few poets and no prose-writer has surpassed! Byron

would have painted it in deeper, fiercer strokes. Shelley and Wordsworth would have been less definite. Coleridge would not have driven home the moral so earnestly; though Tennyson might have embodied it in the stanzas of *In Memoriam*.

Turn to another famous passage (*Modern Painters*, vol. iv. cap. 19). It is the account of the peasant of the Valais, in the grand chapter on "Mountain Gloom":

They do not understand so much as the name of beauty or of knowledge. They understand dimly that of virtue. Love, patience, hospitality, faith,—these things they know. To glean their meadows side by side, so happier; to bear the burden up the breathless mountain flank un-murmuringly; to bid the stranger drink from their vessel of milk; to see at the foot of their low death-beds a pale figure upon a cross, dying, also patiently;—in this they are different from the cattle and from the stones; but, in all this, unrewarded, so far as concerns the present life. For them, there is neither advance nor exultation. Black bread, rude roof, dark night, laborious day, weary arm at sunset; and life ebbs away. No books, no thoughts, no attainments, no rest,—except only sometimes a little sitting in the sun under the church wall, as the bell tolls thin and far in the mountain air; a pattering of a few prayers, not understood, by the altar-rails of the dimly-gilded chapel,—and so, back to the sombre home, with the cloud upon them still unbroken—that cloud of rocky gloom, born out of the wild torrent and ruinous stones, and unlightened even in their religion, except by the vague promise of some better things unknown, mingling with threatening, and obscured by an unspeakable horror—a smoke, as it were, of martyrdom, coiling up with the incense; and amidst the images of tortured bodies and lamenting spirits in hurdling flames, the very cross, for them, dashed more deeply than for others with gout of blood.

The piece is over-wrought as well as unjust, with somewhat false emphasis, but how splendid in colour and majestic in language! "To bear the burden up the breathless mountain flank un-

murmuringly"—is fine in spite of its obvious scansion and its profuse alliteration. "At their low death-beds a pale figure upon a cross, dying, also patiently"—will not scan, but it is charged with solemnity by soft "l," "d," and "p," repeated. How beautifully imitative is the line, "as the bell tolls thin and far in the mountain air"—a, e, i, o, u,—u, o, i, e, a— with ten monosyllables and one dissyllable! "The cross dashed more deeply with gout of blood." No one who has ever read that passage can pass along the Catholic valleys of the Swiss Alps without having it in his mind. Overcharged, and somewhat consciously and designedly pictorial as it is, it is a truly wonderful example of mastery over language and sympathetic insight.

We may turn now to a passage or two, in which perhaps Ruskin is quite at his best. He has written few things finer, and indeed more exactly truthful, than his picture of the Campagna of Rome in the preface to the second edition of *Modern Painters*, 1843.

Perhaps there is no more impressive scene on earth than the solitary extent of the Campagna of Rome under evening light. Let the reader imagine himself for the moment withdrawn from the sounds and motion of the living world, and sent forth alone into this wild and wasted plain. The earth yields and crumbles beneath his foot, tread he never so lightly, for its substance is white, hollow, and carious, like the dusty wreck of the bones of men. The long knotted grass waves and tosses feebly in the evening wind, and the shadows of its motion shake feverishly along the banks of ruin that lift themselves to the sunlight. Hillocks of mouldering earth heave around him, as if the dead beneath were struggling in their sleep. Scattered blocks of black stone, four-square remnants of mighty edifices, not one left upon another, lie upon them to keep them down. A dull purple poisonous haze stretches level along the desert, veiling its spectral wrecks of massy ruins, on whose rents the red light rests, like dying fire on de-

filed altars; the blue ridge of the Alban Mount lifts itself against a solemn space of green, clear, quiet sky. Watch-towers of dark clouds stand steadfastly along the promontories of the Apennines. From the plain to the mountains, the shattered aqueducts, pier beyond pier, melt into the darkness, like shadowy and countless troops of funeral mourners, passing from a nation's grave.

Here is a piece of pure description without passion or moralising; the passage is broken, as we find in all good modern prose, into sentences of forty or fifty words. It is absolutely clear, literally true, an imaginative picture of one of the most impressive scenes in the world. All who know it, remember "the white, hollow, carious earth," like bone dust, "the long knotted grass," the "banks of ruin" and "hillocks of mouldering earth," the "dull purple poisonous haze," "the shattered aqueducts," like shadowy mourners at a nation's grave. The whole piece may be set beside Shelley's poem from the "Euganean Hills," and it produces a kindred impression. In Ruskin's prose, perhaps for the first time in literature, there are met the eye of the landscape painter and the voice of the lyric poet—and both are blended in perfection. It seems to me idle to debate, whether or not it is legitimate to describe in prose a magnificent scene, whether it be lawful to set down in prose the ideas which this scene kindles in an imaginative soul, whether it be permitted to such an artist to resort to any resource of grace or power which the English language can present. This magnificent piece of word-painting is hardly surpassed by anything in our literature.

I turn now to a little book of his, written in the middle of his life, at the height of his power, just before he entered on his second career of social philosopher and new evangelist. "The Har-

bcurs of England" was published nearly forty years ago in 1856 (ætat. 37), and it has now been happily reprinted in a cheap and smaller form, 1895. It is, I believe, as an education in art, as true and as masterly as anything Ruskin ever wrote. But I wish now to treat it only from the point of view of English literature. And I make bold to say that no book in our language shows more varied resources over prose-writing, or an English more pure, more vigorous, more enchanting. It contains hardly any of those tirades with which the preacher loves to drench his hearers—torrents from the fountains of his ecstasy or his indignation. The book is full of enthusiasm and of poetry: but it also contains a body of critical and expository matter simple, lucid, graceful, incisive as anything ever set down by the hand of John Ruskin—or indeed of any other master of our English prose.

Every one remembers the striking sentence with which it opens—a sentence, it may be, exaggerated in meaning, but how melodious, how impressive—"Of all things, living or lifeless, upon this strange earth, there is but one which, having reached the mid-term of appointed human endurance on it, I still regard with unmitigated amazement." This object is the bow of a boat,—“the blunt head of a common, bluff, undecked sea-boat lying aside in its furrow of beach sand.” . . .

The sum of Navigation is in that. You may magnify it or decorate it as you will: you will not add to the wonder of it. Lengthen it into hatchet-like edge of iron,—strengthen it with complex tracery of ribs of oak,—carve it and gild it till a column of light moves beneath it on the sea,—you have made no more of it than it was at first. That rude simplicity of bent plank, that [ *! should be 'which'* ] can breast its way through the death that is in the deep sea, has in it the soul of

shipping. Beyond this, we may have more work, more men, more money; we cannot have more miracle.

The whole passage is loaded with imagery, with fancy, but hardly with conceits; it is wonderfully ingenious, impressive, suggestive, so that a boat is never quite the same thing to any one who has read this passage in early life. The ever-changing curves of the boat recall “the image of a sea-shell.” “Every plank is a Fate, and has men's lives wreathed in the knots of it.” This bow of the boat is “the gift of another world.” Without it, we should be “chained to our rocks.” The very nails that fasten the planks are “the rivets of the fellowship of the world.” “Their iron does more than draw lightning out of heaven, it leads love round the earth.” It is possible to call this fantastic, over-wrought, lyrical: it is not possible to dispute its beauty, charm, and enthusiasm. It seems to me to carry imaginative prose exactly to that limit which to pass would cease to be fitting in prose; to carry fancy to the very verge of that which, if less sincere, less true, less pathetic—would justly be regarded as euphuistic conceit.

And so this splendid hymn to the sea-boat rolls on to that piece which I take to be as fine and as true as anything ever said about the sea, even by our sea poets, Byron or Shelley:

Then, also, it is wonderful on account of the greatness of the enemy that it does battle with. To lift dead weight; to overcome length of languid space; to multiply or systematize a given force; this we may see done by the bar, or beam, or wheel, without wonder. But to war with that living fury of waters, to bare its breast, moment after moment, against the unwearied enmity of ocean,—the subtle, fitful, implacable smiting of the black waves, provoking each other on, endlessly, all the infinite march of the Atlantic rolling on behind them to their help, and still to strike them back into a wreath of smoke

and futile foam, and win its way against them, and keep its charge of life from them ;—does any other soulless thing do as much as this ?

This noble paragraph has truth, originality, music, majesty, with that imitative power of sound which is usually thought to be possible only in poetry, and is very rarely successful even in poetry. Homer has often caught echoes of the sea in his majestic hexameters; Byron and Shelley occasionally recall it; as does Tennyson in his milder moods and calm rest. I know no other English prose but this which, literally and nobly describing the look of a wild sea, suggests in the very rhythm of its cadence, and in the music of its roar, the tumultuous surging of the surf. "To war with that living fury of waters,"—"the subtle, fitful, implacable smiting of the black waves,"—"still to strike them back into a wreath of smoke and futile foam, and win its way against them,"—here we seem not only to see before our eyes, but to hear with our ears, the crash of a stout boat plunging through a choppy sea off our southern coasts.

I would take this paragraph as the high-water mark of Ruskin's prose method. But there are scores and hundreds of pages in his books of equal power and perfection. This book on "The Harbours of England" is full of them. "O si sic omnia!" Alas! a few pages further on, even in this admirable book which is so free from them, comes one of those ungovernables, overladen, hypertrophied outbursts of his, which so much deform his earlier books. It is a splendid piece of conception: each phrase, each sentence is beautiful; the images are appropriate and cognate; they flow naturally out of each other; and the whole has a most harmonious glow. But alas! as English prose, it is impossible.

It has 255 words without a pause, and twenty-six intermediate signs of punctuation. No human breath could utter such a sentence: even the eye is bewildered; and, at last, the most docile and attentive reader sinks back, stunned and puzzled by such a torrent of phrases and such a wilderness of thoughts.\*

He is speaking of the fisher-boat as the most venerable kind of ship. He stands musing on the shingle between the black sides of two stranded fishing-boats. He watches "the clear heavy water-edge of ocean rising and falling close to their bows." And then he turns to the boats.

And the dark flanks of the fishing-boats all aslope above, in their shining quietness, hot in the morning sun, rusty and seamed, with square patches of plank nailed over their rents; just rough enough to let the little flat-footed fisher-children haul or twist themselves up to the gunwales, and drop back again along some stray rope; just round enough to remind us, in their broad and gradual curves, of the sweep of the green surges they know so well, and of the hours when those old sides of seared timber, all ashine with the sea, plunge and dip into the deep green purity of the moulded waves more joyfully than a deer lies down among the grass of Spring, the soft white cloud of foam opening momentarily at the bows, and fading or flying high into the breeze where the sea-gulls toss and shriek,—the joy and beauty of it, all the while, so mingled with the sense of unfathomable danger, and the human effort and sorrow going on perpetually from age to age, waves rolling for ever, and winds moaning for ever, and faithful hearts trusting and sickening for ever; and brave lives dashed away about the rattling beach like weeds for ever; and still at the helm of every lonely boat, through starless night and hopeless dawn, His hand, who spread

\* In the second volume of *Modus in Paintures*, p. 132, may be found a mammoth sentence, I suppose the most gigantic sentence in English prose. It has 619 words without a full stop, and eighty intermediate signs of punctuation, together with four clauses in brackets. It has been reprinted in the revised two volume edition of 1883, where it fills four whole pages. (L. 347-351.)

the fisher's net over the dust of the Sidonian palaces, and gave into the fisher's hand the keys of the kingdom of heaven.

It is a grand passage, ruined, I think, by excess of eagerness, and sympathetic passion. Neither Shelley nor Keats ever flung his soul more keenly into an inert object and made it live to us, or rather, actually lived in it, felt its heart-beat in his, and made his own its sorrows, its battles, its pride. So Tennyson, gazing on the Yew which covers the loved grave, cries out—

I seem to fail from out my blood  
And grow incorporate into thee.

So the poet sees the ship that brings his lost Arthur home, hears the noise about the keel, and the bell struck in the night. Thus Ruskin, watching the fisherman's boat upon the beach, sees in his mind's eye the past and the future of the boat, the swell of the green billows, and the roar of the ocean, and still at the helm, unseen but of him, an Almighty Hand guiding it in life and in death.

I have dwelt upon this passage as a typical example of Ruskin's magnificent power over the literary instrument, of his intense sympathy, of his vivid imagination, and alas! also of his ungovernable flux of ideas and of words. It is by reason of this wilful megalomania and plethoric habit, that we must hesitate to pronounce him the greatest master of English prose in our whole literature: but it is such mastery over language, such power to triumph over almost impossible conditions and difficulties, that compel us to regard him as one who could have become the noblest master of prose ever recorded, if he would only have set himself to curb his Pegasus from the first, and systematically to think of his reader's capacity for taking in, as well as of his own capacity for pouring

forth, a torrent of glowing thoughts.

As a matter of fact, John Ruskin himself undertook to curb his Pegasus, and, like Turner or Beethoven, distinctly formed and practised "a second manner." That second career dates from about the year 1860, when he began to write "Unto This Last," which was finally published in 1862.

I myself judge that book to be not only the most original and creative work of John Ruskin, but the most original and creative work in pure literature since "Sartor Resartus." But I am now concerning myself with form: and, as a matter of form, I would point to it as a work containing almost all that is noble in Ruskin's written prose, with hardly any, or very few, of his excesses and mannerisms. It is true that, pp. 147-8, we have a single sentence of 242 words and 52 intermediate stops before we come to the pause. But this is occasional; and the book as a whole is a masterpiece of pure, incisive, imaginative, lucid English. If one had to plead the cause of Ruskin before the Supreme Court in the Republic of Letters, one would rely on that book as a type of clearness, wit, eloquence, versatility, passion.

I am one of those who feel that John Ruskin has told us in his second life things more true and more important even than he told us in his first life. But yet I cannot bring myself to hold that, as magician of words, his later teaching has the mystery and the glory which hung round the honeyed lips of the "Oxford Graduate."

If, then, John Ruskin be not in actual achievement the greatest master who ever wrote in English prose, it is only because he refused to chasten his passion and his imagination until the prime of

life was past. A graceful poet and a great-moralist said:

Prune thou thy words; the thoughts control,  
That o'er thee swell and throng:—  
They will condense within thy soul,  
And change to purpose strong.

This lesson Ruskin never learned until he was growing grey, and even now he only observes it so long as the spirit moves him, or rather, does not move him too keenly. He has rarely suffered his thoughts to condense within his soul. Far from controlling them,

he has spurred and lashed them into fury, so that they swell and throng over him and his readers, too often changing into satiety and impotence. Every other faculty of a great master of speech, except reserve, husbanding of resources, and patience, he possesses in measure most abundant—lucidity, purity, brilliance, elasticity, wit, fire, passion, imagination, majesty, with a mastery over all the melody of cadence that has no rival in the whole range of English literature.

## WHY AM I A PRESBYTERIAN.\*

BY THE REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER, D.D., LL.D.

The simplest answer to the question, "Why am I a Presbyterian?" would be that I was born and reared in that communion. One of my maternal ancestors was for more than half a century the pastor (in Morristown, N.J.) of the only Presbyterian Church at whose sacramental table George Washington ever sat. What I have originally received by inheritance I have continued to hold by the convictions of judgment and experience.

The ecclesiastical polity of no one denomination of Christians has a complete model in the New Testament; but the Apostle Paul gave us both our name and some helpful hints when he wrote to Timothy, "Neglect not the gift that is in thee, which was given thee by prophecy with the laying on of the hands of the presbytery." Paul and his fellow-apostles also gave us two of our distinctive features—the parity of the ministry, and the office of the eldership. There was the ovum of a General Assembly in that convo-

cation of apostles and elders at Jerusalem which sent out its deliverance to the Gentile brethren of Antioch and Syria. We have "bishops" in our denomination, but they are not set in authority over other ministers or over a territorial diocese, but simply in the oversight of their own flock; every installed pastor is a bishop. Ours is not a religious democracy, but rather a republican or representative form of government. The ruling elders are the representatives of the people, chosen by them for the purpose of exercising government and discipline in conjunction with the pastor. We also have deacons, whose business it is to take care of the poor and to administer the charities of the church; in many of our churches they also distribute the elements at the celebration of the Lord's Supper.

Our normal legislative body and the fountain head of ecclesiastical authority is the Presbytery, which consists of all the ministers and one ruling elder from each congregation within a certain district. The presbytery has power to examine and license candidates for the ministry;

\* From "Corner Stones of Faith." By the Rev. C. H. Small, M.A. New York: E. B. Treat & Co. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price, \$2.00.

to ordain, install, remove, or judge ministers; to examine the records and proceedings of each church; to settle all questions of doctrine or discipline, and to condemn erroneous opinions which injure the purity or peace of the whole Church. The General Assembly is our highest judicial body, and represents all the presbyteries, and a majority of the presbyteries is required in order to its adoption. No ecclesiastical polity ever devised by men is absolutely perfect; but for those who like strong, well-ordered representative government, firm and yet not inflexible, Presbyterianism is just about the thing that they like. The great President Jonathan Edwards (who, until just before his death at Princeton, did not belong to our denomination) once said: "The Presbyterian way has always appeared to me the most agreeable to the Word of God and to the reason and the nature of things." To which sentiment I beg leave to utter my humble "Amen."

Its system of doctrine is of vastly more importance to a Church than its system of government. The one appertains to form, and the other to substance; for we do not subscribe to the preposterous modern notion that "doctrine is only the skin of truth set up and stuffed." The Bible is our sovereign creed, and we hold it to be divinely inspired and the one only infallible rule of faith and practice. Presbyterianism frowns on the whole ruthless and revolutionary school of biblical criticism; the scholarship which rejects the supernatural and dishonours the dicta of Jesus Christ we reject. Our interpretations of the most vital truths revealed in the Holy Scriptures are contained in that venerable confession of faith prepared by that wise assembly of masters in Israel which met at Westminster just two hundred and fifty years ago. To those shallow

scoffers who are wont to sneer at this solid structure of theology, we say, "Build better if you can." Its cardinal features are condensed into what is known as the "Shorter Catechism." Our confession of faith affirms the great pillar truths of the Trinity, the sovereignty of Jehovah, the divinity of the Lord Jesus Christ, the quickening and sanctifying work of the Holy Spirit, the atonement, regeneration, adoption, the resurrection and the final judgment; it embodies, in fact, the evangelical doctrines of grace dear to Christ's followers in all denominations. It is not a faultless symbol of faith. The seventh article of the chapter on God's decrees contains a statement of what is known as the doctrine of "preterition"—a theory which is rarely held, and never preached, among us. Its utterances, also, in regard to the salvation of infants are unhappily worded, and have been the occasion of no little misrepresentation and caricature. When a minister is ordained he is expected to accept this "confession for substance of doctrine," but latitude of opinion is allowed in the non-essentials.

Presbyterianism recognizes and requires a thoroughly educated ministry. In John Knox's time "the kirk and the scule" went together, and they do so still; no denomination in our land has a higher standard of culture in its colleges and theological seminaries, and none does more for popular education. While it gives wide scope to the Christian activities of the laity, both male and female, I have often wished that it made more provision for the employment of lay preachers and exhorters, who are so effective in the Methodist body. Women are not formally ordained to the sacred ministry, but we have no law which forbids their being heard in religious and benevolent assemblies.

Toward sister Churches we are thoroughly catholic. While one denomination bars its pulpits against all clergymen who have not been prelatially ordained, Presbyterianism welcomes to its pulpits all evangelical ministers of every name; and while another denomination excludes from its communion table those who have not been immersed, Presbyterianism makes no particular mode of baptism essential to church membership. We cordially join with other denominations in all Christian societies and benevolent enterprises, and no other outstrips us in generous contributions. It has been playfully suggested that in New York the City Bible Society be called the Presbyterian Bible Society outright. In the grand enterprises of home and foreign missions the Church of Alexander Duff and David Livingstone, of the Jessops and Sheldon Jackson, has risen to the full measure of its stewardship.

As it is good to live in a big country, so it is a good thing to belong to a big Church. It widens one's horizon, and saves from a narrow provincialism. Presbyterianism, with all its various wings and branches, ranks the third among all the evangelical denomina-

tions in America; and if we add all those who adopt the same faith and form of government in Europe, then the Presbyterian is not outnumbered by any Protestant denomination in Christendom. Of its history we, its loyal sons, may well be proud. It has always stood for the sovereignty of God, for the authority of conscience, for civil liberty and the majesty of law. Its literature has enriched all libraries. In Europe it can point to its Knox, its Calvin, and its Chalmers; in America to its Edward Robinson, its Alexanders, its Hodge, its Barnes, and other great leaders in theology, in scholarship, and in practical religion. Its pulpits have exalted the sin-atonng Lamb of God; millions of precious souls have been converted in its sanctuaries. Its stiffening vertebrated theology has imparted backbone to the popular conscience, and its iron has entered into the nation's blood. Hard-headed, long-winded, and stout-hearted, Presbyterianism has marched on down through the centuries, "with cunning in its ten fingers, and strength in its right arm;" and, for one, I am not ashamed to answer, "Why am I a Presbyterian?"

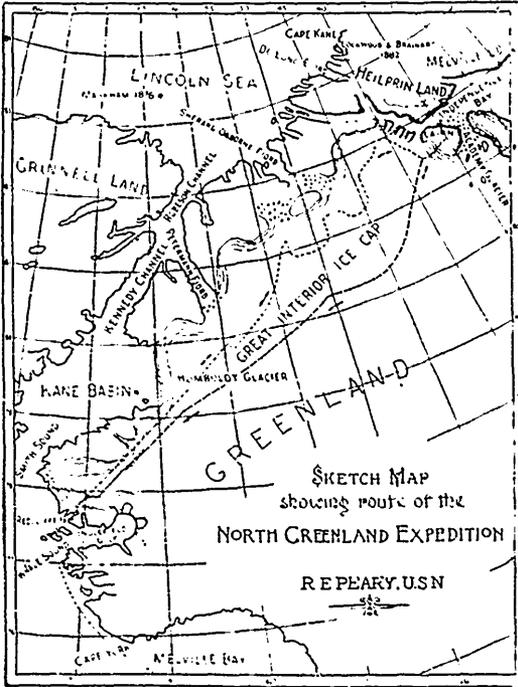
THE BUSY MART AND GRASSY WAYS.

I am tired of the city's sounds and sights,  
Tired of the glare of the noisy town;  
I long for the quiet farmhouse lights,  
That shine through the trees when the dusk comes down.  
I long for the scent of the berry-vines,  
That over the hedges climb and fall;  
For the song and the breath of the wind-blown pines,  
And the stars and the darkness over all.

I am tired of the city's sin and strife,  
Of the bargain mart and the busy maze;  
I dream of the dear old country life,  
Of the blossomed fields and the grassy ways.  
And I yearn, like a homesick child, to steal  
To my garret-room, by the starlight's gleam,  
In the dear old home of my youth, to kneel  
And pray, like a child, and sleep and dream.

—M. S. Bridges, in "Ladies' Home Journal."

## NARRATIVE OF THE PEARY EXPEDITIONS.



MAP SHOWING DISTRICT BETWEEN MELVILLE BAY AND LINCOLN SEA.

Dotted Lines indicate Lt. Peary's journey across the Great Ice Cap.

## II.

The following is Lieutenant Peary's own account of his more recent exploration within the Arctic circle:

There probably is no more interesting Arctic locality than that known as the Smith or Whale Sound region of Greenland, comprising that portion of the western coast of North Greenland, included between Melville Bay and Kane Basin.

The interest of the locality depends upon several circumstances. It lies at one of the gateways to the Polar Sea; its westernmost cape is one of the Arctic Pillars

of Hercules which stand guard across Smith Sound. It is in reality an Arctic oasis, its abundance of vegetable and animal life being in striking contrast to the icy waters of Melville Bay and Kane Basin south and north of it, and to the desolate, barren shores of Ellesmere Land to the westward across Smith Sound. It is one of the earliest known of high Arctic regions, and for the past one hundred years has been the principal focus of Arctic effort, no less than six expeditions having wintered within its limits, while almost every ship of all the expeditions which have attempted to solve the secrets



SAILING THROUGH THE PACK.

of the Arctic regions of the western hemisphere, except the few that have gone north through Behring Straits, has passed along its shores; and, finally, it is the home of a little tribe of Arctic aborigines, the most northerly known individuals of the human race, and in many ways the most interesting of aboriginal peoples.

I selected this region as the basis of my work of northern exploration, and I have spent something over three years in the midst of its savage, magnificent surroundings, and among its human children.

length from north to south, and a little over 100 miles in width, yet every condition in this region of rapidly assembling meridians is so different from what we are accustomed to, that the sun is as long in traversing this short distance as he is in passing from Halifax to New York.

The average length of the Arctic winter night in this land is about 110 days, and the length of the long summer day about the same; in other words, for 110 days in the summer the sun shines continuously throughout the twenty-



AN AUGUST MIDNIGHT IN WHALE SOUND.

The rough yet comfortable houses which have sheltered me and my parties, were both located on the northern shore of the inlet Whale Sound.

The latitude of the southern point of this Arctic oasis is  $75^{\circ} 55'$  north, or, to speak in a more popular way, it is located about 3,000 miles from New York City as a steamer would go, or 2,100 miles in an air line. It lies 600 miles within the Arctic circle, half-way between the confines and the heart of the great polar night, the Arctic circle and the north pole. It is only 235 miles in

four hours on the savage grandeur of the country, and in winter for an equal number of days no rays of light, except those from the icy stars and the dead moon, fall on the silent, frozen landscape; while during the intervening periods in spring and fall there is night and day of rapidly varying proportions.

The coast presents characteristics different from those of any portion of the western coast of Greenland to the south. The nearly continuous glacier faces of Melville Bay, broken only here and there by nunataks, as well as the meshwork of narrow fjords and



ARCTIC MODE OF TRAVEL.

labyrinth of off-lying islands forming the coast from the Devil's Thumb to Cape Farewell, give place here to the bold, continuous lines of the main rock mass of the glacial continent, presenting impregnable ramparts which need no picket line of islands to break the assaults of sea and ice.

The country is really a double peninsula lying between Melville Bay and Kane Basin on the south and north respectively, and Smith Sound and the Great Inland Ice on the west and east respectively, and cut nearly in two, near its middle latitude, by the great inlet Whale Sound.

Whale Sound is one of the largest, most diversified, and most interesting of Arctic inlets. Divided at its mouth into two wide channels by a trio of commanding islands, it extends eastward into the land some sixty miles, presenting almost every phase of Arctic scenery, climate, and life. It is

in fact a little Arctic epitome in itself.

This Sound was one of the earliest discovered localities of the Arctic regions of the western hemisphere, Baffin, in 1616, having anchored behind "Hakluits Isle," yet its entire extent and features are now known only as a result of my expeditions.

Scattered along the shores of this region is to be found a little tribe—or perhaps more properly speaking, family—of Eskimos, for they number but 257 in all, men, women, and children, maintaining their existence in complete isolation and self-independence, and under the utmost stress of hostile conditions; without government, without religion, without money or any standard of value, without written language, without property except clothing and weapons; their food, nothing but meat, blood, and blubber, without salt or any substance of vegetable origin; their clothing



BREAKING A TRAIL FOR THE DOGS.

the skins of birds and animals; their life a continuous struggle for something to eat, and something with which to clothe themselves; with habits and conditions of life hardly above the animal, they seem at first to be very near the bottom of the scale of civilization, yet closer acquaintance shows them to be quick, intelligent, ingenious, and thoroughly human. They are in fact a race of happy human people.

Want of space prevents my going into a description of their habits, customs, ways of living, methods of hunting, etc. Long experience, however, handed down from generation to generation, has taught them to make the most of every one of the few possibilities of their country, in the way of affording them sustenance, clothing, comfort or safety, and as a result they are practically independent of the varying moods of their frigid home.

By following closely their methods and using their materials, I and the members of my party gradually became as independent

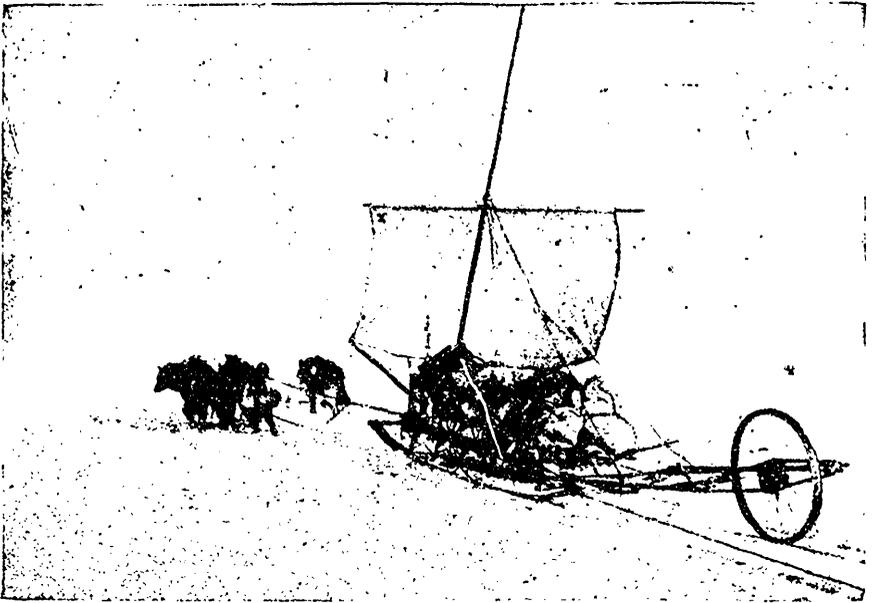
of the cold and savage storms as the natives themselves. We accompanied them upon their hunting trips for walrus, bear, and deer, sleeping at times in their own houses, or, when none of these were to be found near our halting-place, in temporary snow shelters, or even sleeping upon our sledges entirely without shelter. This experience and the constant careful study of the details of their costumes, and the utilization of the same materials which long experience has taught them to be best adapted to protect them from the cold, enabled us when the time came, to face and live through the fearful blizzards of the Great Ice Cap, where the wind, utterly unobstructed, and at an elevation of from five to eight thousand feet above the sea level, sweeps upon the traveller at velocities of from forty to seventy miles an hour, with temperatures all the way down to minus sixty-six degrees or perhaps even lower.

Naturally a life in a region like this abounds in exciting incidents,

even a small part of which it would be impossible to note in the limits of this article.

For fierce animal excitement there is nothing in the Arctic regions to compare with the sport of harpooning the walrus, and the protracted struggle with the herd of the infuriated animals, which almost invariably follows the killing of one of their number. Hunting the Polar bear is interesting, but with a team of good dogs the

of the great ice, wandered for two or three days in the savage cold and semi-darkness, without food and sleep, except for occasional snatches of the latter, which he obtained seated upon the snow, and finally climbing down the ragged, crevassed surface of one of the glaciers, reached the sea level, and slowly struggled home, falling exhausted on the ice-foot in front of the house, where he was seen and brought in. Had it not been for



SAILING ACROSS THE GREAT SNOW DESERT.

sport does not give the excitement, or contain the spice of danger of the walrus hunt.

Frequently the combats with the natural conditions of the country itself call for the exhibition of the highest qualities of endurance, courage, and perseverance.

I recollect how, in February, 1894, in the dawning twilight of the returning sun, brave young Lee, one of my companions who got lost in a fog upon the surface

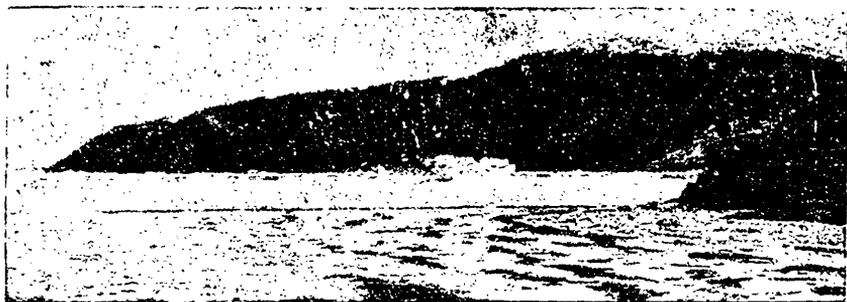
his perfectly adapted fur clothing, this experience would have been his last.

I remember distinctly, too, a spring experience of my own, when travelling upon the rapidly disintegrating sea ice, and being forced out away from the shore by the projecting face of a great glacier, my Eskimo driver and myself struggled for an entire day across the broken cakes and disconnected floes, knowing that a

chance in the tide or the wind would carry us out into the North Water, to starve or drown.

I have vivid recollection also of another winter experience along the same savage black coast. It was in the latter part of December, in the very heart of the great Arctic night. I had been on a visit to Cape York, and was now returning to the lodge. We had reached Cape Parry, the great black cliff which forms the southern portal of Whale Sound. For a mile or two off this Cape the Arctic ice, driven in by westerly winds during the previous summer, had been frozen

My driver uttered a cry of fear, jumped from the sledge, whirled his team towards the edge of the old ice, urged the dogs to their utmost with whip and voice, and with each a hand upon the up-standers, we dashed for the old ice with all possible speed. When but a few yards from it the young ice beneath our feet rose and fell, and as we jumped from it upon the old ice, alongside a big berg, the young ice behind us broke into cakes between which the black water spouted in hissing sheets. The heavy ice on which we stood heaved and groaned, while cracks opened



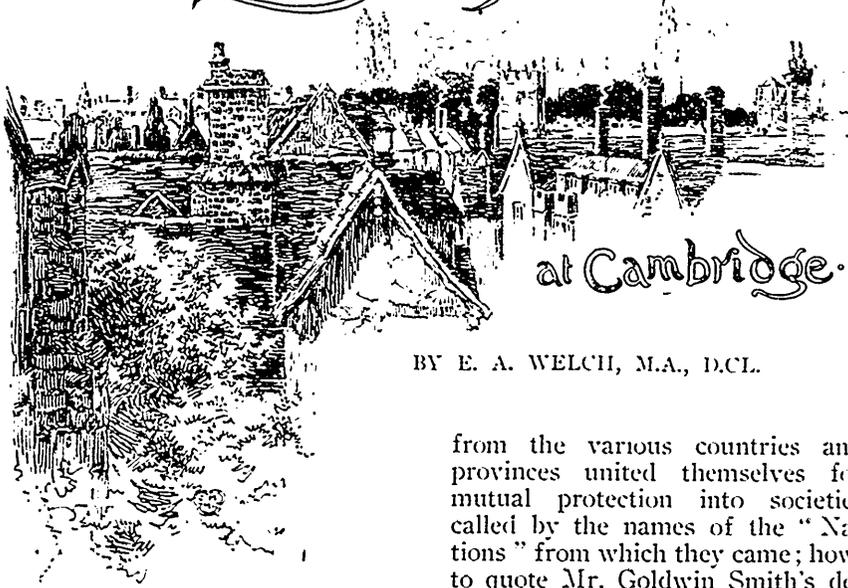
BOURDEIN BAY.

into a frightful chaos which, in the darkness that enveloped us, was almost impassable for men or dogs. Just outside of this, along the edge of the still open North Water, was a narrow ribbon of newly formed ice which, although it bent and buckled beneath our weight, presented a smooth surface, and consequently was too much of a temptation to resist. Much against my driver's inclinations I directed him to keep the sledge upon this, and drive with all possible speed until we had rounded the rough ice. We were just abreast of the Cape when a sudden roar as of distant thunder came rushing towards us out of the western darkness.

through it in every direction, the dogs crouched at our feet, whining and trembling, and the big berg under which we stood, rocked and swayed till it seemed about to fall upon us. Then the infernal tumult passed on through the darkness towards the savage shore.

A huge berg somewhere out in the North Water had gone to pieces or capsized, and the great waves caused by the convulsion had narrowly escaped destroying us. When quiet was restored I looked at my watch: it was an hour past the Winter solstice, the midnight of the Arctic night.

# University Life



at Cambridge.

BY E. A. WELCH, M.A., D.C.L.

Life at an English University has so many sides that it is difficult to know from what point of view it is best to try to sketch it. Perhaps Canadian readers will be most interested by a glimpse—it can only be that—at some of those features in which the contrast is most marked between the two great English Universities and all others. University life, like other life, changes from generation to generation; and a University generation is very short lived; “so soon passeth it away and we are gone.”

Most people know the origin of the Universities of Europe, how they sprang from attempts made here and there to provide teaching beyond the range of the monastic and purely ecclesiastical schools; how at first there were no Colleges, no University buildings, no organization, and then how the students

from the various countries and provinces united themselves for mutual protection into societies called by the names of the “Nations” from which they came; how, to quote Mr. Goldwin Smith’s delightful little volume on “Oxford and her Colleges,” “The teachers, after the fashion of that age, formed themselves into a guild, which guarded its monopoly. The undergraduate was the apprentice, the degree was a license to teach, and carried with it the duty of teaching, though in time it became a literary title, unconnected with teaching, and coveted for its own sake.”

About the origin of Cambridge there are many legends, which for the most part have their source in a harmless desire on the part of her sons to make out that she is older than her sister. Both were born in the twelfth century; and Oxford perhaps a little before Cambridge. In those early days there was no discipline, and no authoritative provision for teaching, no duly appointed University professors, no lecture rooms. “Instead,” says Mr. J. R. Green, speaking of Oxford, though the picture is an

\* By courtesy of the “Massey Press.”



THE GATE OF HONOUR AT CAIUS COLLEGE.

equally accurate one of Cambridge. "Instead of long fronts of venerable Colleges, of stately walks beneath immemorial elms, history plunges us into the mean and filthy lanes of a mediaeval town. Thousands of boys, huddled in bare lodgings, clustered in church porch and house porch round teachers as poor as themselves."

The first College in the University, St. Peter's, commonly known as Peterhouse, was founded toward the end of the thirteenth century. It marked at Cambridge the origin of that college system which began some twenty years earlier at Oxford by the foundation of Mer-

ten, has ever since been the chief mark of distinction between the English Universities and the other Universities of the world. There are seventeen Colleges, strictly so called, at Cambridge, founded at dates ranging from 1284 to 1800; there is also an eighteenth—Selwyn—founded a few years ago in memory of the great Bishop, George Augustus Selwyn, which is different in its constitution from the other seventeen and is technically known as a Public Hostel. Each of these eighteen Colleges is a distinct corporation, with a right to acquire, hold and manage its own property; they are distinct

from one another for all purposes of internal organization and discipline: the authorities of each decide who may and who may not be admitted to join the body whether as undergraduate or Fellow, i.e., one who has a personal interest secured to him by law in the government and property of the College. The Colleges may be compared to the various Provinces of the Dominion, each regulating independently the affairs which concern itself alone, while the University, governed by representatives from each College, is like the Dominion itself, whose Government deals with matters which concern the common weal of all alike.

The University accepts as a matriculant any one recommended by a College, the authorities of which are supposed to have satisfied themselves as to the candidate's fitness: some Colleges hold entrance examinations, others do not; and, strange as it seems to those who know only Canadian customs, there is no such thing as a University matriculation examination. Besides the members of the Colleges, there are also some non-Collegiate Students, who become members of the University on certain special conditions.

Teaching is provided by the University for all its members in the shape of Professors' Lectures: each College also has its staff of Lecturers who teach the undergraduates of their own College: and there is also a system of Inter-Collegiate lectures, by which the lectures given in any particular College are thrown open by arrangement to members of other Colleges. Each College is supposed to provide residence for its students, but as a matter of practical experience few, if any, have sufficient room within their own walls. The need for further accommodation has given rise to a system of "licensed lodging

houses." Any person wishing to let lodgings to an undergraduate must obtain a license from the University authorities, and promise to obey certain regulations. Residence in such lodgings with the consent of the College authorities is then allowed to count as residence in the College for the purpose of "keeping the term."

One other remark may be of interest: while graduates wear gowns, of which the shape and cut denote their degree, each College has its own peculiar gown for its undergraduates, who thus proclaim, not only from the shape of their gowns the fact that they are in "statu pupillari," but also by means of the colour, or the material, or certain distinguishing marks, the College to which they belong.

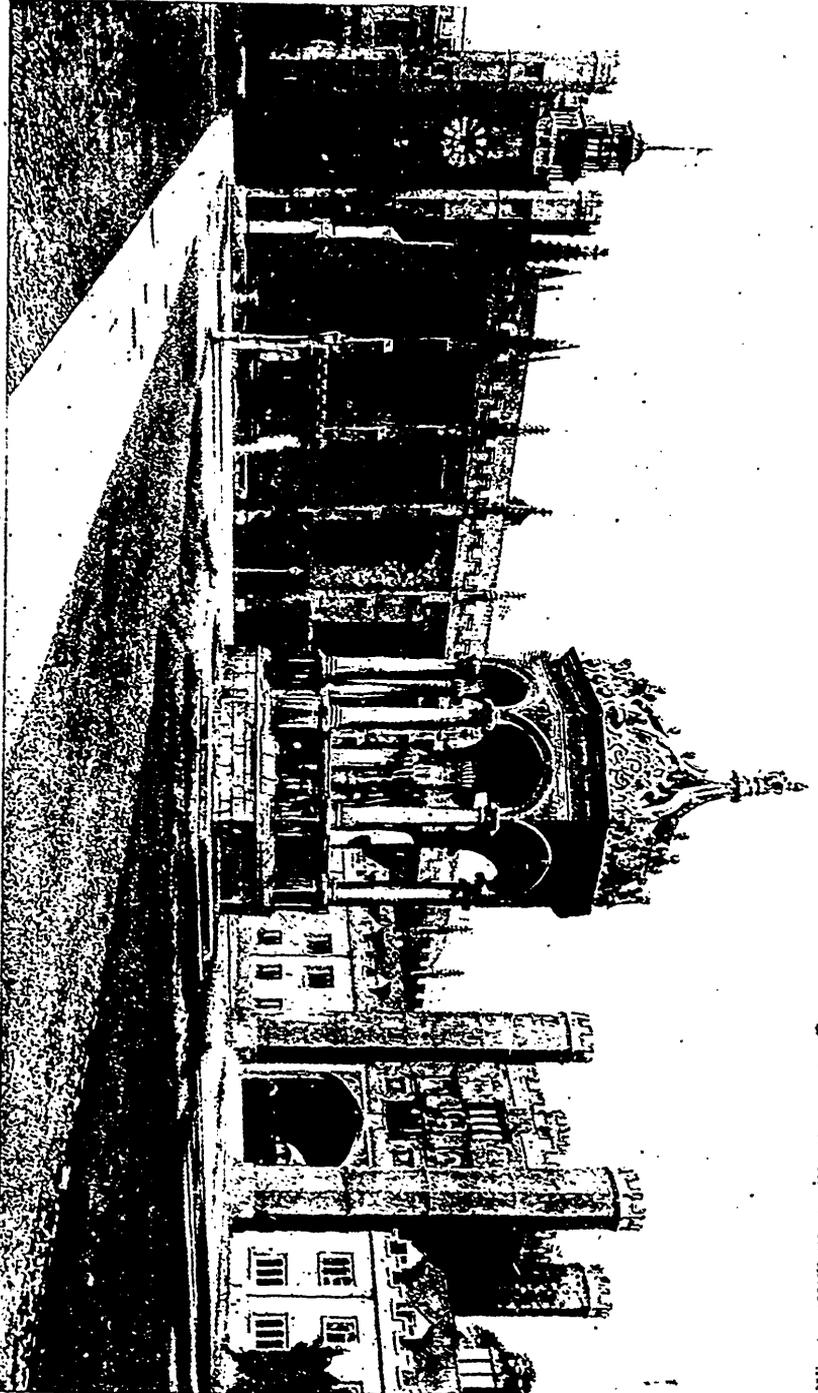
It is time now to speak of some of the architectural features of Cambridge, and yet it is not easy to know what to say. In spite of Mr. Ruskin's well known strictures, King's College Chapel remains perhaps the chief glory of the University:

"That branching roof  
Self-poised, and scooped into ten thousand  
cells,  
Where light and shade repose, where music  
dwells  
Lingering and wandering on as loath to die."

Jesus College Chapel—one of the oldest bits of Cambridge—the second Court of St. John's, a very fine specimen of Tudor work, the old Court of Trinity, and the Senate House—each has an interest peculiar to itself. But the confession may as well be made at once that the beauty of Cambridge is not to be found in its architecture: it is rather a beauty of trees and lawns, of "immemorial elms" and turf soft and green and springy with the accumulated care of three hundred years.

Every one knows that there are two great Universities in England,

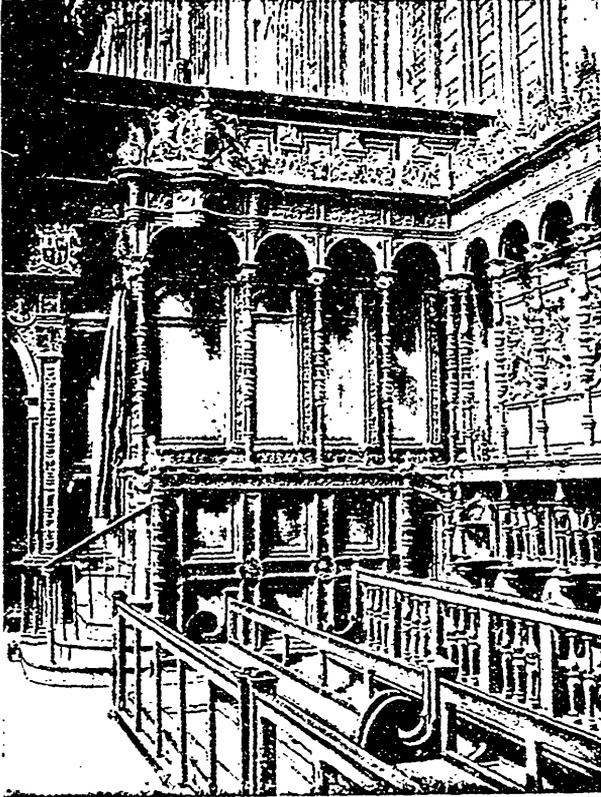
THE OLD COURT, TRINITY COLLEGE.



and that there are certain differences between them, though they never regard each other as rivals or even as competitors, except for athletic distinctions. To define the difference that exists is not so easy as to see that it is there. There are, or have been, various popular delusions about it, some people imagining, for instance, that

notion once—in the reign of George I., who happened to make a present to the Cambridge University Library about the same time that a troop of horse was quartered at Oxford. A Jacobite at the latter University produced the following epigram:

“The King, observing with judicious eyes  
The state of both his Universities,



STALLS IN THE CHAPEL, KING'S COLLEGE.

if you want to become a classical scholar you must go to Oxford, and that Cambridge is only for those who have a mathematical bent; while others have been convinced that Oxford is “High Church” and Tory, and that Cambridge is “Low Church” and Whig.

There was some truth in this

To Oxford sent a troop of horse; and why?  
That learned body wanted loyalty.  
To Cambridge books he sent, as well discerning  
How much that loyal body wanted learning.”

The Cambridge Whig had the best of it, though, when he retorted:

“The King to Oxford sent a troop of horse,

For Tories own no argument but force ;  
 On the other hand, to Cambridge books  
                   he sent,  
 For Whigs allow no force but argument."

Some one has said that Oxford produces movements and Cambridge men. The first part of the remark is certainly true. The two greatest religious movements of the last two centuries—the evangelical revival of the eighteenth and that which is specially known as the "Oxford movement" of the present century—arose on the banks of the Isis; and the same atmosphere gave birth to that movement toward a larger æsthetic culture which, though some of its votaries have brought the terminology and indeed the whole tendency into some discredit by their extravagances, has yet done much to beget and nourish a truer taste than formerly existed in the ranks of English Philistinism.

Whether the second part is equally true is, perhaps, doubtful. A Cambridge scholar at any rate remembers with pride that Erasmus is more intimately connected with his University than with Oxford. In literature he looks back to Spenser and Milton and Gray and Byron and Tennyson; in philosophy, to Bacon and Newton; in politics, to Cromwell and Pitt; and in religion recalls the fact that Cranmer, Ridley, and Latimer were Cambridge men, that Cambridge reared them and Oxford burnt them.

But, to return to the Cambridge of the present—it seems, perhaps, strange to those who look at the University with Canadian eyes, to see that, properly speaking, there is no course or curriculum. Rather more than half the students who enter make no attempt to "get honours"; such an one—the "poll" man (so-called as being one of "οἱ πολλοί") is required to pass during his first year the "Previous Examination," more commonly

known as the "Little-Go," which consists of a little Greek and Latin and Divinity and Mathematics, with very slight margin allowed in the direction of "options," a term, by the way, altogether unknown in the English Universities.

Then, not earlier than the end of his second year, he must go in for the "General Examination," which is a second and enlarged edition of the Little-Go; and not earlier than the end of his third year, and as much later and as often as the long suffering and forbearance of his College authorities allow, he enters for his "Special." This is, according to his choice, Theology, or Law, or History, or one of several other possible subjects. Whenever he passes—and he may try, if his College makes no objection, till he has sons of his own competing with him, and longer, if he likes—he receives from the University the degree of B.A. Such a degree, so obtained, is not thought much of by those who know, and, therefore, nearly half of the 800 or 900 freshmen who enter every year decide to read for "Honours." A man may read for Honours in Mathematics, Classics, Theology, Law, History, Moral Science, Natural Science, and one or two other subjects; he may, by arrangement, pass the Little-Go before he goes up to the University, and then he can devote his whole time to one subject. Some men read for two "Triposes," as the Honour Examinations are called, at once; others begin to read for a second when they have got through the first. But, naturally, most men are content with Honours in one subject.

The name Tripos takes us back again to early days—to the time when Students who aspired to the dignity of Bachelor of Arts betook themselves on Ash Wednesday to the schools and found themselves, we are told, "confronted by an



WEST END OF KING'S COLLEGE CHAPEL.

"ould bachilour" (old in academic status rather than in years), to whom the University for the nonce delegated its functions. The "bachilour" was seated on a three-legged stool (hence tripos) and it was his function to dispute

(hence the term wrangler) with the candidate and his "father," the delegate of his College, who presented him.

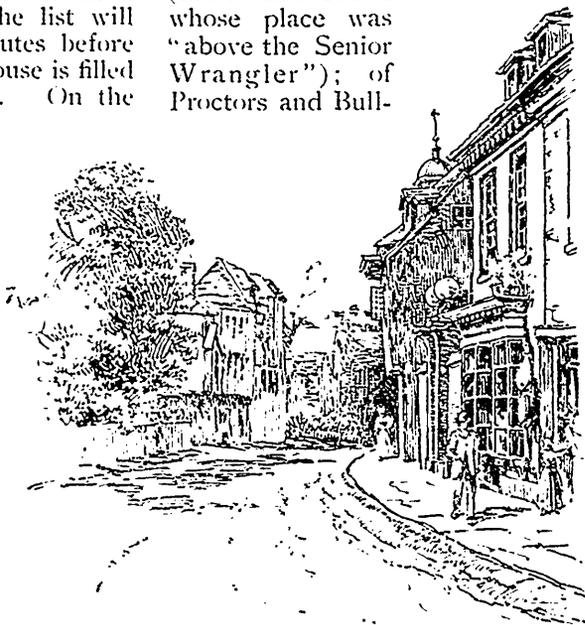
The reading of a large Tripos list, such as the Classical or Mathematical, in which the fates

of many were involved, used to be a function of the most thrilling and exciting kind. Of late years the almost complete abolition of the practice of publishing the names in order of merit has robbed the reading of the list of much of its interest. The *Mathematical Tripos* is, however, still so printed, and to hear it read is an experience not to be forgotten. Every one knows that at nine o'clock on a day fixed by statute the list will be read. A few minutes before that hour the Senate House is filled with an excited crowd. On the floor are the undergraduates, who have come to learn their own fate or the fate of their friends. In three sides of the gallery are some privileged visitors, mostly ladies. The west end of the gallery is vacant until a minute or so before the hour, when the Examiners enter by a private staircase. The senior of the six has a roll of papers in his hand. He takes his place in the middle and leans over the rail, until the clock of the University Church close by begins to chime the quarters. There is a sudden hush below, and the strokes of the hour are counted. On the ninth there is one roar below of "Time! Time!" then a stillness that can be felt.

The Examiner with the papers in his hand stands erect and proclaims, "The Senior Wrangler is Smith, of Blank College." Then every throat that belongs to a member of Blank, or to any friend of Smith from elsewhere, roars in exultation by the space of several seconds; then another hush like the

first, and again the voice from the gallery, "Second, Jones, of Dash." Another roar, which Jones' friends make as loud as the first in order to conceal their disappointment that he is not Senior.

If there was room one might run on and tell of the Degree day and the "Wooden Spoon," and the cheers for the women students who are bracketed with high wranglers' (there was once one whose place was "above the Senior Wrangler"); of Proctors and Bull-



A CAMBRIDGE BY-WAY.

dogs; of the place's social life, its breakfasts and bump-suppers, its debates, even its dances; of the relations between undergraduates, of the kindly welcome the Freshman gets, such that many a man looks back upon his "Freshman's year" as the best time he ever had; of the river (by courtesy so called), with its "bumping races," which must be seen to be imagined, and which can be seen only at Cambridge or Oxford in all the wide world.

Memories of these and of a hundred other things spring up, but may not, for lack of space, be writ-

ten down; memories, too, of the friends with whom all these delights were once shared, who talked and laughed across the same table in Hall, who sat side by side in the lecture room, who rowed in the same boat, who walked arm-in-arm up and down the courts, and leaned together on the bridge's parapet, who worshipped in one chapel, entered for the same Tripos, knelt on the same day to receive the coveted degree, and then parted with a lingering pressure of the hand but with few words, and now are scattered all the world over—some in India, civil servants, merchants; some in Australia, some in the army, some at the Bar, some in the school-room, some fighting poverty and sin in squalid slums, some in quiet country rectories, some sleeping the last long sleep, while some are still to be found "beside the reverend walls, in

which of old" they "wore the gown," doing for younger men what was done for them a dozen years ago, and more handing on the undying torch, kindled into ever fresh flame, and pouring afresh the sacred chalices; "*hinc lucem et pocula sacra.*"

Rooted in the middle ages, but flourishing in these later days, belonging to an old order which nevertheless "changeth, yielding place to new," secure in their practical autonomy, caring nought for party politics, having no fear of any Education Department before their eyes, going on forever while ministries come and go, the English Universities are becoming more and more truly national, more and more closely woven into the fabric of English life, more and more faithful to their splendid ideal, fulfilling more and more completely their great vocation.

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### THE TWENTY-THIRD PSALM.

BY AMY PARKINSON.

The Lord is my Shepherd, His love cannot cease,  
He will fill every need of my heart;  
He gives me repose in His pastures of peace,  
From my side He will never depart.

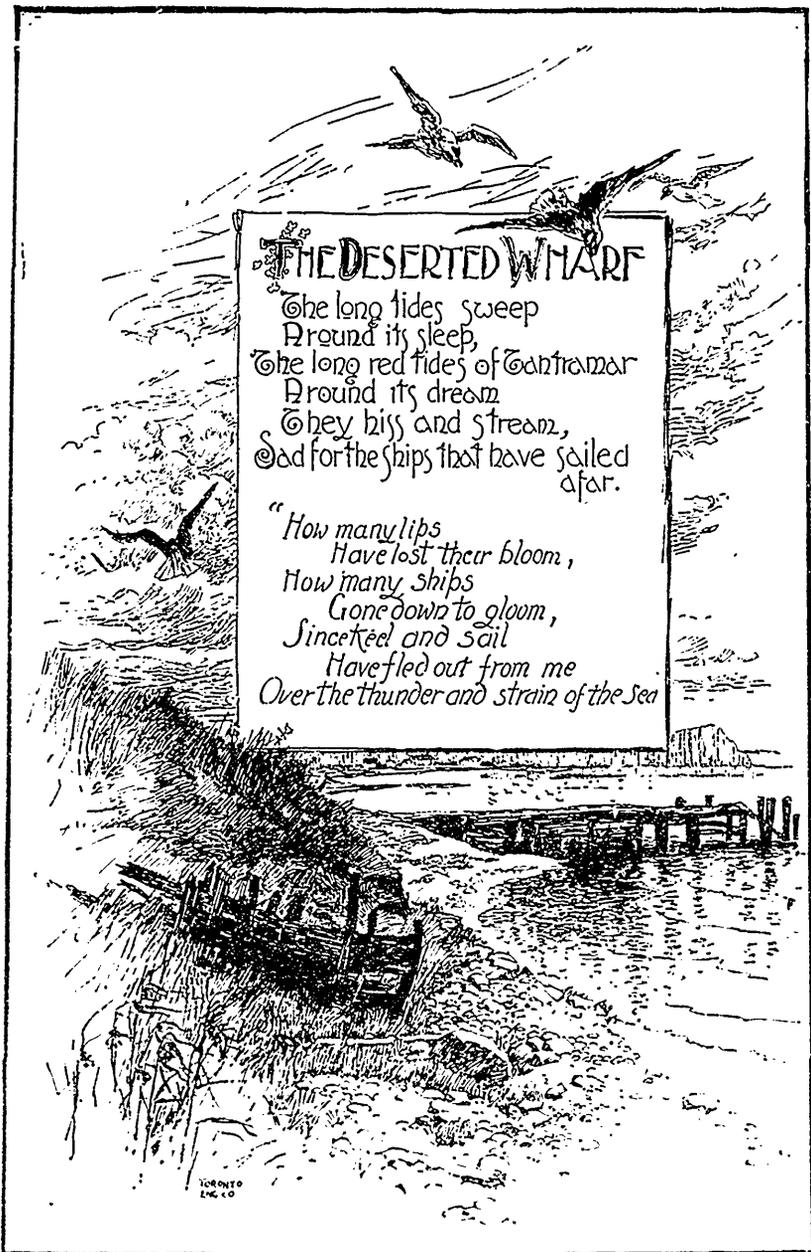
He gently conducts by the waters of rest;  
He recalls me whenever I stray;  
His wisdom directs in the path that is best,  
And His love doth illumine the way.

And e'en though death's shadowy vale must be trod,  
I will fear no dark spirit of ill,  
For Thou, Lord, art near, and Thy staff and Thy rod  
They defend me and comfort me still.

Thou preparest a table from which I may take  
The refreshment Thy grace doth bestow,  
And thus when temptations around me awake,  
Find new strength to subdue every foe.

The oil of Thy joy Thou dost pour on my head,  
And my cup with Thy blessing o'erflows;  
Thy goodness and mercy about me are shed,  
And shall follow me on to life's close.

Then, when at His bidding I thankfully move  
To the place my dear Lord doth prepare,  
I will gladly sit down in the house of His love,  
And forever abide with Him there.



## THE DESERTED WHARF

The long tides sweep  
Around its sleep,  
The long red tides of Connamara  
Around its dream  
They hiss and stream,  
Sad for the ships that have sailed  
afar.

*"How many lips  
Have lost their bloom,  
How many ships  
Gone down to gloom,  
Since keel and sail  
Have fled out from me  
Over the thunder and strain of the sea"*

W. H. W. W.  
L. C. 10

## ELIZABETH FRY.\*

## THE ANGEL OF THE PRISONS.



ELIZABETH FRY.

In a sermon preached at the City Temple, June 18, 1806, Doctor Joseph Parker said: "There it was—there! at Smithfield Market, a stone's throw from here, that Ridley and Latimer were burned. Over this spot the smoke of martyr fires hovered. And I pray for a time when they will hover again. Aye, that is what we need! the rack, the gallows, chains, dungeons, fagots!"

Yes, those are his words, and it was two days before it came to me that Dr. Parker knew just what he was talking about. Persecution cannot stamp out virtue any more than man's effort can obliterate matter. Man changes the form of things but he does not cancel their essence. And this is as true of the unseen attributes of spirit as it is of the elements of matter.

\*Abridged from Elbert Hubbard's "Little Journeys."

Did the truths taught by Latimer and Ridley go out with the flames that crackled about their limbs? and were their names written for the last time in smoke? 'Twere vain to ask. The bishop who instigated their persecution gave them certificates for immortality. But the bishop did not know it—bishops who persecute know not what they do.

The Quaker, best type of the non-resistant quasi-ascetic, is the exception that proves the rule; he may be persecuted, but he persecutes not again. The gray garb of the Quaker is only a revulsion from a flutter of ribbons and a towering headgear of hues that shame the lily and rival the rainbow. Beau Brummel, lifting his hat with great flourish to nobility and standing hatless in the presence of illustrious nobodies, finds his counterpart in William Penn, who was born with his hat on and uncovers to no one.

Quakerism is a protest against an idle, vain, voluptuous, and selfish life. It is the natural recoil from insincerity, vanity, and gourmandism which, growing glaringly offensive, causes these certain men and women to "come-out" and stand firm for plain living and high thinking. These men who come out effect their mission, not by making all men Come-outers, but by imperceptibly changing the complexion of the mass.

The city of Norwich has several things to recommend it to the tourist, chief of which is the cathedral. Great, massive, sullen structure—begun in the eleventh century—it adheres more closely to its Norman type than any other building in England.

Within sound of the tolling bells

of this great cathedral, aye, almost within the shadow of its turrets, was born, in 1780, Elizabeth Gurney. Her line of ancestry traced directly back to the de Gournays who came with William the Conqueror, and laid the foundations of this church and England's civilization. To the sensitive, imaginative girl this sacred temple, replete with history, fading off into storied song and curious legend, meant much. She haunted its solemn transepts, and followed with eager eyes the carved bosses on the ceiling, to see if the cherubs pictured there were really alive.

And so Elizabeth grew in years and in stature and in understanding; and although her parents were not members of the Established Religion, yet a great cathedral is greater than sect, and to her it was the true House of Prayer. It was there that God listened to the prayers of His children. She loved the place with an idolatrous love and with all the splendid superstition of a child, and thither she went to kneel and ask fulfilment of her heart's desire. All the beauties of ancient and innocent days moved radiant and luminous in the azure of her mind.

Once in the streets of Norwich she saw a dozen men with fetters rivetted to their legs, all fastened to one clanking chain, breaking stone in the drizzle of a winter rain. And the thought came to her that the rich ladies, wrapped in furs, who rolled by in their carriages, going to the cathedral to pray, were no more God's children than these wretches breaking stone from the darkness of a winter morning until darkness settled over the earth again at night.

She saw plainly the patent truth that if some people wore gaudy and costly raiment, others must dress in rags; if some ate and drank more than they needed, and wasted the good things of earth,

others must go hungry; if some never worked with their hands, others must needs toil continuously.

The Gurneys were nominally Friends, but they had gradually slipped away from the directness of speech, the plainness of dress, and the simplicity of the Quakers. They were getting rich on government contracts—and who wants to be ridiculous anyway? So, with consternation, the father and mother heard the avowal of Elizabeth to adopt the extreme customs of the Friends. They sought to dissuade her. They pointed out the uselessness of being singular, and the folly of adopting a mode of life that makes you a laughing-stock.

But this eighteen-year-old girl stood firm. She had resolved to live the Christ-life and devote her energies to lessening the pains of earth. Life was too short for frivolity; no one could afford to compromise with evil. She became the friend of children; the champion of the unfortunate; she sided with the weak; she was their friend and comforter. Her life became a cry in favour of the oppressed, a defence of the downtrodden, an exaltation of self-devotion, a prayer for universal sympathy, liberty, and light. She pleaded for the vicious, recognizing that all are sinners and that those who do unlawful acts are no more sinners in the eyes of God than we who think them.

The religious nature and sex-life are closely akin. The woman possessing a high religious fervour is also capable of a great and passionate love. But the Norwich Friends did not believe in a passionate love, excepting as the work of the devil. Yet this they knew, that marriage tames a woman as nothing else can. They believed in religion of course, but not an absorbing, fanatical religion! Elizabeth should get married—it

would cure her mental maladies: exaltation of spirit in a girl is a dangerous thing anyway.

And so the old ladies found a worthy Quaker man who would make a good husband for Elizabeth. The man was willing. He wrote a letter to her from his home in London, addressing it to her father. The letter was brief and business-like. It described himself in modest but accurate terms. He weighed ten stone and was five feet eight inches high; he was a merchant with a goodly income; and in disposition was all that was to be desired—at least he said so.

The Gurneys looked up this Mr. Fry, merchant of London, and found all as stated. He was invited to visit at Norwich; he came, he saw, and was conquered. He liked Elizabeth, and Elizabeth liked him—she surely did or she would never have married him.

Elizabeth bore him twelve children. Mr. Fry was certainly an excellent and amiable man. I find it recorded, "he never in any way hampered his wife's philanthropic work," and with this testimonial to the excellence of Mr. Fry's character we will excuse him from these pages and speak only of his wife.

Contrary to expectations, Elizabeth was not tamed by marriage. She looked after her household with diligence; but instead of confining her "social duties" to following hotly after those in station above her, she sought out those in the stratum beneath. Soon after reaching London she began taking long walks alone, watching the people, especially the beggars. The lowly and the wretched interested her. She saw, girl though she was, that beggards and vice were twins.

In one of her daily walks, she noticed on a certain corner a frowsled woman holding a babe, and thrusting out a grimy hand for

alms, telling a woeful tale of a dead soldier husband to each passer-by. Elizabeth stopped and talked with the woman. As the day was cold, she took off her mittens and gave them to the beggar, and went her way. The next day she again saw the woman on the same corner and again talked with her, asking to see the baby held so closely within the tattered shawl. An intuitive glance told her that this sickly babe was not the child of the woman who held it. She asked questions that the woman evaded. Pressed further, the beggar grew abusive, and took refuge in curses, with dire threats of violence. Mrs. Fry withdrew, and waiting for nightfall followed the woman: down a winding alley, past rows of rotting tenements, into a cellar below a gin-shop. There, in this one squalid room, she found a dozen babies, all tied fast in cribs or chairs, starving, or dying of inattention. The woman, taken by surprise, did not grow violent this time: she fled, and Mrs. Fry, sending for two woman Friends, took charge of the sufferers.

This sub-cellar nursery opened the eyes of Mrs. Fry to the grim fact that England, professing to be Christian, was essentially barbaric. She set herself to the task of doing what she could while life lasted to lessen the horror of ignorance and sin.

Newgate Prison then as now stood in the centre of the city. It was necessary to have it in a conspicuous place so that all might see the result of wrongdoing and be good. Along the front of the prison were strong iron gratings where the prisoners crowded up to talk with their friends. Through these gratings the unhappy wretches called to strangers for alms, and thrust out long wooden spoons for contributions that would enable them to pay their fines. There was a woman's de-

partment, but if the men's department was too full men and women were herded together.

Mrs. Fry worked for her sex, so of these I will speak. Women who had children under seven years of age took them to prison with them. At one time, in the year 1826, we find there were one hundred and ninety women and one hundred children in Newgate. There was no bedding. No clothing was supplied, and those who had no friends outside to supply them clothing were naked or nearly so, and would have been entirely were it not for that spark of divinity that causes the most depraved of women to minister to each other. Women hate only their successful rivals. The lowest of women will assist each other when there is a dire emergency.

In this pen, awaiting trial, execution, or transportation, were girls of twelve, and senile, helpless creatures of eighty. All were thrust together. Hardened criminals, besotted creatures, maid-servants accused of stealing thimbles, pure-hearted, brave-natured girls who had run away from brutal parents or more brutal husbands, insane persons—all were herded together. All of the keepers were men. Patrolling the walls were armed guards who were ordered to shoot all who tried to escape. These guards were usually on good terms with the women prisoners—hobnobbing at will. When the mailed hand of government had once thrust these women behind iron bars, and relieved virtuous society of their presence, it seemed to think it had done its duty. Inside, no crime was recognized save murder. These women fought, overpowered the weak, stole from and maltreated each other.

Visitors who ventured near to the grating were often asked to shake hands, and if once a grip was gotten upon them the man was

drawn up close, while long sinewy fingers grabbed his watch, handkerchief, neck-scarf, or hat—all was pulled into the den. Sharp nail-marks on the poor fellow's face told of the scrimmage, and all the time the guards on the walls and the spectators roared with laughter. Oh, it was awfully funny!

One woman, whose shawl was snatched and sucked into the maelstrom, complained to the police, and was told that folks inside of Newgate could not be arrested, and that a good motto for outsiders was to keep away from dangerous places.

Every morning at nine a curate read prayers at the prisoners. The curate stood well outside the grating; while all the time from inside loud cries of advice were given and sundry remarks tendered him concerning his personal appearance. The frightful hilarity of the mob saved these wretches from despair. But the curate did his duty: he who has ears to hear let him hear.

Waiting in the harbour were ships loading their freight of sin, crime, and woe for Botany Bay; at Tyburn every week women were hanged. Three hundred offences were punishable by death; but, as in the Western States of America, where horse-stealing is the supreme offence, most of the hangings were for smuggling, forgery, or shop-lifting. England being a nation of shop-keepers could not forgive offences that might injure a hawkerdasher.

Little Mrs. Fry, in the plainest of Quaker gray dress, with bonnet to match, stood outside of Newgate and heard the curate read prayers. She resolved to ask the governor of the prison if she might herself perform the office. The governor was polite, but stated there was no precedent for such an important move—he must have time to consider. Mrs. Fry called again, and

permission was granted, with strict orders that she must not attempt to proselyte, and further, she had better not go too near the grating.

Mrs. Fry gave the great man a bit of fright by quietly explaining thus: "Sir, if thee kindly allows me to pray with the women I will go inside."

The governor asked her to say it again. She did so, and a bright thought came to the great man: he would grant her request, writing an order that she be allowed to go inside the prison whenever she desired. It would teach her a lesson and save him from further impotunity.

So little Mrs. Fry presented the order and the gates were swung open, and the iron quickly snapped behind her. She spoke to the women, addressing the one who seemed to be leader as sister, and asked the others to follow her back into the courtway away from the sound of the street, so they could have prayers. They followed dumbly. She knelt on the stone pavement and prayed in silence. Then she arose and read to them the 107th Psalm. Again she prayed, asking the others to kneel with her. A dozen knelt. She arose and went her way amid a hush of solemn silence.

Next day, when she came again, the ribaldry ceased on her approach, and after the religious service she remained inside the walls an hour conversing with those who wished to talk with her, going to all the children that were sick and ministering to them.

In a week she called all together and proposed starting a school for the children. The mothers entered into the project gladly. A governess, imprisoned for theft, was elected teacher. A cell-room was cleaned out, whitewashed, and set apart for a school-room, with the permission of the governor, who granted the request, explaining,

however, that there was no precedent for such a thing. The school prospered, and outside the school-room door hungry-eyed women listened furtively for scraps of knowledge that might be tossed overboard.

Mrs. Fry next organized classes for these older children, gray-haired, bowed with sin—many of them. There were twelve in each class, and they elected a monitor from their numbers, agreeing to obey her. Mrs. Fry brought cloth from her husband's store, and the women were taught to sew. The governor insisted that there was no precedent for it, and the guards on the walls said that every scrap of cloth would be stolen, but the guards were wrong.

The day was divided up into regular hours for work and recreation. Other good Quaker women from outside came in to help; and the tap-room kept by a mercenary guard was done away with, and an order established that no spirituous liquors should be brought into Newgate. The women agreed to keep away from the grating on the street, except when personal friends came; to cease begging; to quit gambling. They were given pay for their labour. A woman was asked for as turnkey, instead of a man. All guards were to be taken from the walls that overlooked the women's department. The women were to be given mats to sleep on, and blankets to cover them when the weather was cold. The governor was astonished! He called a council of the Lord Mayor and Aldermen. They visited the prison, and found for the first time that order had come out of chaos at Newgate.

Mrs. Fry's requests were granted, and this little woman awoke one morning to find herself famous.

From Newgate she turned her attention to other prisons; she travelled throughout England, Scot-

land, and Ireland visiting prisons and asylums. She became well feared by those in authority, for her firm and gentle glance went straight to every abuse. Often she was airily turned away by some official clothed in a little brief authority, but the man usually lived to know his mistake.

She was invited by the French Government to visit the prisons of Paris and write a report, giving suggestions as to what reforms should be made. She went to Belgium, Holland, and Germany, being received by kings and queens and prime ministers—as costume, her plain gray dress always sufficing. She treated royalty and unfortunates alike—simply as equals. She kept constantly in her mind the thought that all men are sinners before God: there are no rich, no poor; no high, no low; no bond, no free. Conditions are transient, and boldly did she say to the King of France that he should build prisons with the idea of reformation, not revenge, and with the thought ever before him that he himself or his children might occupy these cells—so vain are human ambitions. To Sir Robert Peel and his Cabinet she read the story concerning the gallows built by Haman. “You must not shut out the sky from the prisoner; you must build no dark cells—your children may occupy them,” she said.

John Howard and others had sent a glimmering ray of truth through the fog of ignorance concerning insanity. The belief was growing that insane people were really not possessed of devils, after all. Yet still, the cell system, strait-jacket, and hand-cuffs were in great demand. In no asylum were prisoners allowed to eat at tables. Food was given to each in tin-basins, without spoons, knives, or forks. Glass dishes and china plates were considered es-

pecially dangerous; they told of one man who in an insane fit had cut his throat with a plate, and another who had swallowed a spoon.

Visiting an asylum at Worcester, Mrs. Fry saw the inmates receive their tin dishes, and, crouched on the floor, eating like wild beasts. She asked the chief warden for permission to try an experiment. He dubiously granted it. With the help of several of the inmates she arranged a long table, covered it with spotless linen brought by herself, placed bouquets of wild flowers on the table, and set it as she did at her own home. Then she invited twenty of the patients to dinner. They came, and a clergyman, who was an inmate, was asked to say grace. All sat down, and the dinner passed off as quietly and pleasantly as could be wished.

And these were the reforms she strove for, and put into practical execution everywhere. She asked that the word asylum be dropped, and home or hospital used instead. In visiting asylums, by her presence she said to the troubled spirits, Peace, be still! For half a century she toiled with an increasing energy and a never-flagging animation. She passed out full of honours, beloved as woman was never yet loved—loved by the unfortunate, the deformed, the weak, the vicious. She worked for a present good, here and now, believing that we can reach the future only through the present. In penology nothing has been added to her philosophy, and we have as yet not nearly carried out her suggestions.

Generations will come and go, nations will rise, grow old, and die, kings and rulers will be forgotten, but so long as love kisses the white lips of pain will men remember the name of Elizabeth Fry, Friend of Humanity.

## A GREAT NEED.

BY MRS. ISABELLA BIRD BISHOP.

I can most profitably utilize the time allotted to me by passing on to you a few of the impressions produced on me by years of intimate contact with the peoples of Japan, Corea, China, Western Tibet, the Malay States, Kashmir, Persia, and Asiatic Turkey. These countries represent the great creeds of Asia, with their numerous ramifications, dæmonism underlying all. These creeds and their founders undoubtedly started with much that was noble in their teachings and with ethical standards higher than the world then knew. But the good has been lost out of them in their passage down the ages, and even Buddhism, the noblest of all, in its eastern march of triumph, has incorporated so much of the gross idolatry, superstition, nature-worship and dæmonism of the nations which it subordinated, that in the crowds of idols in its temples, in the childish superstitions of its votaries, in its alliance with sorcery and dæmonolatry, and in the corruption and gross immorality of its priesthood, it is now little raised above the cults of the inferior races.

The study of these Oriental creeds and their fruits compels me to the conclusion that there is no resurrection power in any of them, and that the sole hope for the religious, political, and moral future of the countries of Asia lies in the acceptance of that other and later Oriental creed which is centred in that Divine Person to whom, in spite of her diversions, Christendom bows the adoring knee.

Among the prominent and outstanding fruits of these religions

which have fallen so low are shameless corruption and infamies of practice past belief in the administration of Government, which has obtained the sanction of custom. Law is simply an engine of oppression and justice a commodity to be bought and sold like any other, and which the poor have no means of buying. Lying is universal, and no shame attends the discovered falsehood. There are polygamy and polyandry with their infinite degradation, and the enthronement and deification of vice, many of the deities of India being the incarnations of unthinkable wickedness. There are unbridled immoralities and corruptions, and no public opinion to condemn them or to sustain men in doing right. Infanticide is openly practiced. There is no truth and no trust between man and man, and no man trusts any woman.

Every system of medicine in the East is allied with witchcraft, sorcery and dæmonolatry; immorality prevails universally. Some of the nations are given up to unmentionable infamies, and nearly always the priests and monks are in advance of the people in immoral practices. Superstitions, childish or debasing, linked with every circumstance in life, enslave whole populations, and piteous terrors of malignant demons or offended ancestral spirits shadow this life, while a continual dread of being exposed hereafter to their full malignity darkens the prospect of the next. Speech, the index of thought, is foul with a foulness of which, thank God, we have no conception, and each generation from the cradle is saturated with an atmosphere of pollution. The dis-

\* Read before the Missionary Conference, New York.

inction between right and wrong is usually lost, and conscience is deposed and destroyed. The corrupt tree of the dead and degenerate faiths of Asia brings forth corrupt fruit from the Black to the Yellow Sea, and from Siberian snows to the equator. The whole head is sick, and the whole heart faint, and for the grievous hurt there is no balm in Gilead and no Physician there.

Let us bear in mind that to-day, nineteen centuries after the birth of our Lord, one thousand and fifty millions of our race are un-Christianized, and eight hundred millions have never even heard His name. Let us also steadily bear in mind the fact that, though during this century nearly 4,000,000 persons won by missionary effort have been baptized into the Christian Church, there are now more than 100,000,000 more heathen and Moslems in the world than when the century began. We must face the truth. Much as we congratulate ourselves, missionary effort has but touched the fringe of the darkness of this world; the *Io Pæans* of victory are not for us to sing.

Of the Christless population of the world, over 500,000,000 are women. Throughout Asia the natural distrust of women by men, and the degrading views held concerning women in seclusion behind high walls, in separate houses, known to us as the harem, the *zenana* and the *anderun*. I have seen much of the inmates of all, owing to the detentions in traveling which have made me frequently their unwilling guest and have unveiled for me the mysteries of their secluded lives. Such contact has banished from my mind, so far as Asiatic countries are concerned, all belief in purity in women and innocence in childhood. We know what Christianity has done for us. We realize it more or less fully to-

night as we meet to discuss the important and unfettered work of women. We know, or rather guess, and that only in part, what Islam and heathenism have done for our sisters. May God give us sympathetic instincts, by which alone we may realize their contrasting lives.

I have been a storm or peril-bound guest in more than fifty women's houses, including the women's tents of the large nomadic population of Persia. In all, the arrangements, so far as means allow, are the same. The women's rooms are built around a yard, and have no windows to the front, a room near the entrance is tenanted by eunuchs, or by an old woman who acts as custodian or spy in the husband's interests. Such secluded women can never stir outside except in rigidly closed chairs by day, or in some cities on foot at night, properly attended, along streets from which men are excluded.

In many countries it is a crime or a folly to teach a woman to read; in some, a lady loses caste by employing her fingers even in embroidery. They know nothing. They have no ideals. Dress, personal adornment, and subjects connected with their sex are their sole interests. They are regarded as possessing neither soul nor immortality; except as mothers of sons they are absolutely despised, and are spoken of in China as "the mean ones within the gate." With dwarfed and childish intellect is combined a precocity on a gigantic scale in the evil passions of adults—hatred, envy, jealousy, sensuality, greed and malignity. The system of polygamy, the facility for divorce and the dread of it, the fiendish hate, the vacuity and apathy, and the tortures inflicted by the ignorance of the native female doctors, especially at the time of "the great pain and peril

of childbirth," produce a condition which makes a piteous appeal to every woman here.

In a rich man's harem there are women of all ages and colours, girl children, and very young boys. There are the favourites and other legitimate wives; concubines, who have recognized but very slender rights; discarded wives who have been favourites in their day, and who have passed into practical slavery to their successors; numbers of domestics, slaves and old women; daughters-in-law and child or girl widows, whose lot is deplorable, and many others. I have seen as many as two hundred in one house, a great crowd, privacy being unknown, grossly ignorant, with intolerable curiosity forcing on a stranger abominable or frivolous questions, then relapsing into apathy but rarely broken except by outbreaks of hate and the results of successful intrigue. It may be said that there are worse evils than apathy. There are worse evils and they prevail to a great extent in upper-class houses. On more than fifty occasions I have been asked by women for drugs which would kill the reigning favourite, or her boy, or make her ugly or odious.

In the house of the Turkish Governor of an important vilayet, where I was stormbound for a week, the favourite wife was ill, and the husband besought me to stay in her room lest some of the other women would make away with her. My presence was no restraint on the scenes of fiendishness which were enacted. Scandal, intrigue, fierce and cruel jealousies, counting jewels, painting the face, staining the hair, quarrels, eating to excess, getting rid of time by sleeping, listening to impure stories by professional reciters, and watching small dramas played by slaves, occupy the unbounded leisure of Eastern upper-class women. Of these plays, one of which was pro-

duced for my entertainment, I can only say that nothing more diabolically vicious could enter the polluted imagination of man, and it was truly piteous to see the keen, precocious interest with which young girl children, brought up amid polluting talk of their elders, gloated over scenes from which I was compelled to avert my eyes.

Yet these illiterate, ignorant women, steeped in superstition, despised as they are in theory, wield an enormous influence, and that against Christianity. They bring up their children in the superstitions and customs which enslave themselves. They make marriages for their sons and rule their daughters-in-law. They have a genius for intrigue, and many a man in the confidence of a ruler or another loses his position owing to their intrigues. They conserve idolatries and keep fetich and demon worship alive in their homes. They drag the man back to heathen customs, and their influence accounts, perhaps, for the large number of lapses from Christianity. It is impossible to raise the men of the East unless the women are raised, and real converts among Asiatic women, especially among the Chinese, make admirable Christians.

The magnitude of the task, not only of conquest, but of reconquest, which lies before the Christian Church is one that demands our most serious consideration. To bring 500,000,000 of our fellow-women to a knowledge of a Saviour is the work especially given to women. I will not make any plea either for funds or workers. The Master, whom we all desire to honour, has made a distinct declaration—"He that reapeth receiveth wages and gathereth fruits unto life eternal"—a promise of a reward for work which can never fail. Yet, far away, on a thousand harvest fields, earth's whitened harvests ungarnered die.

## RECENT SCIENCE.—METEORITES AND COMETS.

BY PRINCE KROPOTKIN.

A great shower of shooting stars is certainly one of the grandest and most magnificent sights of nature. Those who have witnessed one in their life have never forgotten it, and for many a thoughtful mind the splendour of a pure sky furrowed in all directions by thousands of shooting stars and fire-balls has been the impulse for a higher poetical understanding of nature, for patient research, and generalizations of the highest standard. Humboldt, who saw under the pure, tropical sky of Venezuela, during the night of the 12th of November, 1799, one of the grandest displays of shooting stars on record, retained from it a lasting impression, and some of the best pages he ever wrote were inspired by it. For two hours in succession the sky was ablaze with a formidable bouquet of rockets, some of which appeared as large as, and even larger than, the visible disc of the moon; while smaller shooting stars in countless numbers crossed the sky in all directions, many of them leaving after their passage long phosphorescent trails.

Olmstead, who witnessed an equally grand display of shooting stars and fire-balls at Boston on the 13th of November, 1833; the British astronomers who had the chance of observing the next great shower of Leonids in 1866, when as many as forty, and nearly a hundred, meteors could be counted per minute at the hour of its maximum; and, in fact, all those men of science who have ever witnessed a great downpour of shooting stars on the 13th of November, or in August, or by the end of November, were equally and lastingly impressed by these grand sights. In the history

of science, the two great showers of 1833 and 1866 were important dates which have left a deep trace upon the development of astronomy and physical science altogether.

It was by the great shower of 1833 that the cosmical origin of the shooting stars was definitely settled. When the lines which the shooting stars described on that night in the sky were traced on a celestial globe or on a chart of the sky, it appeared that by far the greatest number of them seemed to issue from a certain star in the constellation of the Lion. But this point is exactly the point towards which the Earth is rolling on that night in its orbit. A tangent line to the orbit, traced at the spot where the Earth is that day, passes through the constellation of Leo. Moreover, as this constellation rises above our horizon during the night, the point from which the shooting stars radiate rises also, always remaining close to the same star of that constellation. But this could by no means be the case if the shooting stars originated in our atmosphere, or at any spot near to it. It was thus rendered evident that they must come from interplanetary space, and gradually it was recognized that they can only be due to a swarm of countless, usually visible, small bodies which the Earth meets in her path. As our planet pierces that swarm at a speed of about twenty miles per second, the meteorites appear as if they were flying upon the Earth along thousands of parallel lines which, in consequence of perspective, seem to diverge from the spot from which they are coming. The rays of the sun, when they pierce the clouds at sunset, produce the very same

effect; they also seem to diverge from the sun, although in reality they are strictly parallel to each other.

The cosmical origin of the shooting stars thus becomes a certainty. Together with the fire-balls, or bolides, or the aeroliths, or "stones falling from the sky," they were recognized to belong to one large family. Bolides and shooting stars are continually seen falling together and issuing from the same radiating points; and bolides are now known to be globes of incandescent gases formed, in most cases, around stones penetrating into our atmosphere from interplanetary space. The difference between a bolide and a shooting star is only one of size. The former may contain a stone which weighs several pounds or even tons, while the latter is only a bit of cosmical dust, and generally weighs only a few grains, or even a mere fraction of a grain. But, coming as it does from cosmical space, and endowed with a tremendous velocity of about twenty-eight miles per second (to which the velocity of the Earth itself must be added if our planet and the meteorite fly in opposite directions), its considerable kinetic energy is spent in compressing the gases which it meets as soon as it reaches the utmost limits of our atmosphere. The gases become incandescent and so much raise the temperature of the stone that the surface of an aerolith becomes glazed, while the tiny meteorite is entirely vaporized before it reaches the surface of the Earth. Nothing but vapours added to our atmosphere, or some cosmical dust, such as was collected by Nordenskjöld on the virgin snows of Spitzbergen, remains after the most brilliant display of shooting stars. In the year 1869 no fewer than seventy-eight different "radiants" were determined. This number, however, was still far below the

reality, and W. F. Denning, who has continued that work, has lately brought the number of well-determined radiants up to 918.

The importance of these extremely laborious researches is self-evident. They have proved that thousands of swarms, composed of myriads of invisible little bodies, people the seemingly desert and lonely regions lying between the planets, and that these swarms are as regular members of our solar system as the planets themselves. They do not move to and fro in a hap-hazard way, but obey the same laws of gravitation, and for centuries in succession they follow their own orbits, traced, like all other orbits, by the combined effect of their own initial speed and the attraction of the Sun. There remained only to determine the elements of these orbits—their shape and their position—with the same exactitude with which the orbits of the comets are calculated; and this was done in the year 1866.

The great shower of shooting stars on the 13th of November, 1866, will remain connected in the history of astronomy with the next important step in our knowledge of our meteorites. It gave us the correct determination of the orbits of several meteorite swarms, together with the most important discovery of the relationship which exists between shooting stars and comets.

The investigations which were made with a special ardour after 1833 had firmly established the fact that the tiny meteorites are grouped into rings of different density, which revolve round the Sun, and some of which intersect, or pass very close by, the orbit of the Earth. They were assimilated to the small planets which were known to revolve in great numbers in the space between Mars and Jupiter. Like them, the meteorites were considered as permanent and very

ancient members of the solar system, perhaps the *debris* of some planet or the building stones of planets not yet born.

The meteorites move in space at a speed which does not belong to planets, but is only attained by comets. Secchi ventured to suggest that the swarms of meteorites must have formerly been comets which, owing to the unequal attractions exercised upon their different parts by the Sun and the major planets—especially by Jupiter and Saturn—lost their original globular form, and gradually were transformed into serpent-like agglomerations of meteorites which continue to move along the orbits of their parent comets.

Quite a revelation was contained in this discovery of the common origin of comets and shooting stars, which was further confirmed when a grand shower of shooting stars took place quite unexpectedly on the 27th of November, 1872, just as the Earth was passing very near to the orbit of the Biela comet.

At the present time, since several other meteorite swarms have been identified with comets, and the comets themselves have been studied in more detail, the theory of the cometary origin of the shooting stars stands upon a remarkably strong scientific basis.

Humboldt laid stress in his "Cosmos" upon the fact that the aeroliths are the only medium through which we, the inhabitants of the Earth, are brought into a direct intercourse with interplanetary space. All that we know of this space is only based upon light vibrations which strike our eye; while the aeroliths bring upon the earth the actual matter which circulates in the space between the planets. Now, since relationship has been established between meteorites and comets, we are entitled to say that the meteorites bring down upon our

globe the matter which circulates in *interstellar space*, as they come from the spheres which lie far beyond the utmost limits of our solar system.

Clusters of those little bodies, out of which both meteorite swarms and comets are composed—perhaps, vapours which suddenly pass from the gaseous state into the solid state, as Daubree was inclined to think—circulate in the infinite space in which the Sun, with all the planets attached to it, is moving. When such clusters meet our solar system in their wanderings, they enter it in virtue of the attraction exercised upon them by the Sun, and they describe round our luminary a parabolic curve which carries them away, after this short visit, back to the unfathomable interstellar regions. We take notice of them during this short passage, and as the cluster approaches the Sun, and while it flies round it at a tremendous speed, and becomes luminous in this part of its course, we catch a glimpse of it, either in the shape of a small nebulosity, which is only visible through the telescope, or under the aspect of an elegant, tailed comet—in which men see the announcement of coming misfortunes.

According to the calculations of a Russian astronomer, J. Kleiber, no fewer than 240 comets enter every year within the boundaries of our solar system. Most of them after having described a curve round the Sun, never return to it; but some of them pass near enough to one of the outer planets to have their speed slackened and their orbit changed into an elliptical one. In such cases they become permanent members of our system, and will—periodically—make their appearance on our sky. Astronomers even attempt to classify the comets according to the times of their "capture." However, a comet,

once it has become a member of our system, will not remain what it was. It is bound to disaggregate. The unequal force with which the attraction of the Sun and the planets which it passes by acts upon the different parts of the loose aggregation tears it to pieces.

The displacement of the radiants, which thus indicates the existence of a considerable number of side streams of meteorites accompanying the main one, gives fresh support to the idea that some inner forces must have been at work in the parent comet before it was transformed into a meteorite ring. In fact, a comet, when it comes from the extremely cold interstellar space and approaches the Sun, is seen to be full of inner life. Its most brilliant part, the nucleus, often changes its aspect. Sometimes it expands beyond measure, and dissolves into a nebulosity; or else it takes all sorts of strange aspects. Sometimes the comet appears so suddenly in the sky that one is induced to believe that it has suddenly become incandescent, like a variable star. Sometimes it protrudes immense tails, attaining in some cases the length of 25, 50, 100, or even 160 million miles, and such tails grow in a few days, or even in a few hours, sub-divide, and sweep through space at an incredible speed, always remaining turned away from the Sun, while the comet describes a sharp curve. Streams of incandescent matter have been seen to be emitted by some comets, and many of them show changes of luminosity unattended by corresponding changes of structure. Even traces of rotation have been noticed in a comet, while the comet Coggia of 1874 and 1881 seemed to drive before it waves of compressed and glowing matter similar to the waves of air which we see in instantaneous photographs of bullets flying through the air.

So far as spectral analysis goes, we know that incandescent or, at least, glowing gases of carbon compounds (perhaps acetylene and carbon oxide), as well as vapours of iron and sodium—all in that extremely rarefied state which we see in Geissler's tubes—enter into the composition of comets and we know, on the other hand, that the heads of the comets contain swarms of solid meteorites and cosmical dust. Besides, it is certain that as a comet approaches the Sun considerable inner changes are going on in it. Its matter becomes luminous, and incandescent gases appear round its head, or may be in the head itself. The difficulty of explaining all these changes is certainly immense.

There are, at least, three hypotheses—which, by the way, do not contradict each other—by means of which the various luminous effects which we see in the comets have been explained; and all these support the idea that the matter of a comet must be scattered more and more in space each time it passes near the Sun. The collision of the meteorites within the comet and the rise of temperature and evaporation have been advocated by Tait, and afterward by Sir William Thomson (Lord Kelvin) before the British Association in 1870.

Then, others have advocated the theory of electric repulsions taking place in the body of the comet under the influence of the electro-magnetic force of the Sun; and the exhaustive mathematical treatment of this subject by Bredikhin has convinced most astronomers of the necessity of taking these inner repulsive forces into account.

And finally, there is the theory of Rydberg, which he has summed up in one sentence. "The comets," he says, "are the meteors of the interplanetary medium." In other words the Sun, he maintains, is surrounded

by a sort of outer atmosphere, composed of extremely rarefied gases, and extending far beyond the limits of its corona; and when a stony mass or a cloud of cosmical dust penetrates into that medium, it drives it, compresses it, and becomes inflamed in the very same way as a meteorite becomes incandescent when it enters the extremely rarefied gases surrounding our atmosphere at a height of a hundred miles or more above the Earth's surface. It is thus evident that whichever of these three hypotheses be accepted to interpret the observed facts, the disaggregation of the comets which pass periodically near the Sun necessarily follows. Their constitutive matter is bound to be scattered in interplanetary space, either in the shape of vapours or in the shape of clusters of meteorites wandering along elliptic orbits.

Such being the present state of our knowledge about comets and meteorites, it can be said in full confidence that the chances of our planet colliding with the head of a comet are extremely, if not infinitely, small; and that if such a collision took place, its effects upon the life of our globe would be hardly noticed at all. The thing which we know best about comets is their weight, and the total weight of a comet—grand though its luminous display may appear in the sky—is quite insignificant. The assertion of the astronomer who maintained that a whole comet could be carried in a sack upon the shoulders was not meant as a joke.

As to the shooting stars and the aeroliths which enter our atmosphere, their speed is so much reduced by our aerial envelope that we see aeroliths which have entered our atmosphere with a velocity of twenty to fifty miles per second, moving at the end of their course through the air at the sluggish

speed of only a few yards per second. The heaviest authenticated aerolith that has fallen upon the Earth in historical times weighed only eighteen tons. This does not mean, of course, that there are not much heavier bodies moving in space without our knowing anything about them, and there is no reason whatever why such bodies should not occasionally meet the Earth in their wanderings; but what we can maintain is, that if they entered our atmosphere all the chances would be in favour of their being exploded by their own overheated gases, in which case they would reach the surface of the earth in the shape of small fragments.

Our aerial surroundings and the extremely rarefied gases which undoubtedly spread far beyond what may be properly described as the Earth's atmosphere are a far better protection of the earth than might have been imagined at first sight. As to the small meteorites, they certainly reach the earth in formidable numbers; it has been calculated that every year no fewer than 136,000 millions of them enter our atmosphere, where they continue to float in the shape of vapours or microscopic dust. But if all that dust were evenly distributed over the whole surface of the globe, it would take a hundred thousand years to raise that surface by one single inch.

In the slow process of evolution of celestial bodies the matter which is spread in space in the shape of solid dust and vapours plays, undoubtedly, in the long run, a considerable part; and it will be one of the greatest services rendered to mankind by modern science, both for the increase of actual knowledge and for the general comprehension of the life of the universe, and consequently the unity of nature, to have brought into evidence this formerly unnoticed and unsuspected world of tiny mites of the celestial

space, the meteorites. In how far the great display of shooting stars have already contributed to widen our conceptions of the great Cosmos has been faintly indicated in the preceding pages. But these showers have also suggested to several astronomers the idea of a new and very probable hypothesis of origin

of stars and planets out of that cosmical dust. This hypothesis, which has been worked out in detail by Sir Norman Lockyer, slowly grows in the minds of the students of Nature. But it is too important to be treated incidentally, and must make the subject of a separate study.

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## MEDICAL MISSIONS.\*

BY GEORGE E. POST, M.D.,

*Beirut, Syria.*

If the Good Samaritan had sat down by the side of the wounded man who fell among thieves and preached the law and the prophets, our matchless parable would never have been told, and the lawyer would have been as uncertain as ever as to who was his neighbour. But when the Samaritan bound up the wounds and poured over the bandages oil and wine, the best antiseptic dressing in his power, and then made an ambulance of his ass, and took the injured man to the nearest inn, and made provision for his nourishment and nursing until his return, he became a true medical missionary, and gave to our Saviour a luminous illustration of His own Golden Rule.

Medical missions are the natural and inevitable expression of Christianity; that is, of the Golden Rule. It is the glory of Christianity that its author and finisher is the "Son of Man," and that he lost no opportunity of showing his regard for the welfare of the bodies of men as well as their souls. He fed them, healed them, raised them from the dead. He took their form, bore their pain, and shared their temptations. His principles have eman-

ated man and woman, abolished polygamy and slavery, built innumerable hospitals, asylums, orphanages; reclaimed the vicious and restored them to virtue. The humanity of Christianity, as much as its godliness, is capturing the hearts of men.

Medical missions are the pioneers of evangelism. They can be planted where no other branch of evangelical work is possible. They are founded on a need which is universal. The doctor, therefore, has welcome access to vast numbers who neither wish nor will have any intercourse with other missionaries. Some savages cannot be persuaded by a lifetime of effort to be decently clothed. Many can never be induced to sit on a stool. The desire for education, especially of girls, is often a very slow growth. Above all, a yearning for the higher spiritual life usually comes after long and patient training, and then only to a comparatively small number of those who hear the saving message of the Gospel. But from the moment that the doctor pitches his tent in an Arab encampment, or by an African kraal, or opens a dispensary in a Hindu village, or itinerates among the teeming multitudes in China, or opens a hospital in any of the cities

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\* Condensed from a paper read at the Ecumenical Conference, in Carnegie Hall, New York, April 30th, 1900.

of heathendom or Islam, he is besieged by applicants for his healing skill.

Often those who have for their lifetime scoffed at Christ and spat upon His followers, will beg in the name, and for the sake of Jesus, that the doctor would take pity on them, or their father or brother or child. A doctor may live in security among robbers and thugs. He can visit districts closed to all else. He is called to the inmost recesses of the harem and the zenana. He is a welcome guest in the houses of Jewish rabbis, of Mohammedan ulema, of Druse 'akkals, of Hindu and Buddhist priests. He is regarded as a guardian angel by the poor, and he stands as an equal before rulers and kings.

Medical missions are permanent agencies of evangelism. Were the offices of the doctor merely a bribe to induce men to listen to the Gospel, they would soon lose their power to draw men to Christ. Long after the work of preaching, printing, teaching, and civilizing has been firmly established, medical work should be continued. In many instances its form may advantageously be changed. Instead of being pushed through the country by foreign doctors, schools of medicine may better be established by means of which native men and women may be trained to carry forward the good work. Model hospitals and dispensaries are required to make possible the ripest results of modern science, and to give opportunity for prolonged instruction both in medical treatment and medical evangelism.

#### MEDICINE VS. QUACKERY.

Medical missions are the only efficient opponents of the quackery which is so intimately associated with religious superstition. Those living in Christian lands can have little conception of the extent and

power of quackery in the unevangelized world.

Among the lower types of humanity in Africa, Polynesia, and aboriginal America, religion is quackery. The abject fear of the unknown on the part of the people, and the devilish cunning and malice of the sorcerers and the medicine men or witch doctors, have given to the latter an incredible power for evil. The people believe that woods, fountains, caves, rivers, are inhabited by malignant spirits, or the ghosts of dead men. They believe that disease is produced by such spirits, and that wizards and witches have the power to afflict their victims with all sorts of complaints. If the witch doctors diligently foster these superstitions, and pretend to be able to find out by their incantations who the wizards and witches are, and cannot exorcise the sick person, the friends usually torture and kill the alleged wizard or witch.

These sombre beliefs beget a contempt for human life and for suffering. In proportion to the rank and power of the afflicted parties is the number of victims sacrificed to promote recovery, or revenge death, or provide for the repose of the dead. Human beings, sometimes by the hundred, are hacked to pieces, pierced by spears and javelins, poisoned, drowned, burned, or buried alive, during the sickness, or at the burial of the chief. This compound of medical and spiritual quackery destroys the sentiment of human brotherhood, and annihilates sympathy for suffering, prevents the sick man and his friends from attributing disease to its true causes, and seeking rational means of relief. By fostering suspicion, cruelty, and revenge, it develops the worst qualities of the soul, and urges it more and more into the path of sin.

Medical missions break the power and destroy the prestige of

the medicine men and witch doctors. They teach the true nature of disease and death, and their independence of the malignant spirits which are supposed to be their cause. They urge the use of the means which God has given to men to cure the one and ward off the other. The care and tenderness of the missionary doctor and nurse for the sick enhance the value of human life, and teach sympathy with suffering. Thus through beneficence to the body the doctor undermines the quackery which has so long crushed the soul, and unveils the face of a merciful God, who seeks to save body and soul together from suffering and sin.

It is not only among barbarians, however, that quackery prevails in intimate association with superstition. The masses of Asia, notwithstanding the ethical principles of Brahmanism, Buddhism, and the other ethical religions, are sunk in a quagmire of bodily and spiritual quackery. The belief in the transmigration of human spirits into the bodies of animals, emphasizes the kinship of man with the brutes, and tends to lower man to their level. If a child sickens in China, at first the parents may go to much trouble and expense to treat it. The quacks prescribe disgusting mixtures of ordure, punctures with hot needles into the joints and cavities of the body, searing with hot irons, the use of amulets and charms. If the child gets well, the quack assumes all the credit. If he becomes worse, the parents are assured that he never was their child, and they lay him on the floor near the door, and pay no more attention to him until death relieves him of his sufferings. They then throw him into the street to be devoured by dogs, or picked up by the scavenger, and thrown out on the garbage heap outside the town, to be carrion for hyenas, jackals, and vultures.

How different is it with the missionary physician! His potent medicines soothe pain, cool fever, assuage thirst, remove weakness, bring back health and vigour. His surgical operations restore sight to the blind, hearing to the deaf, make the lame to walk, remove all manner of tumors, and repair all sorts of injuries. The power which works such wonders seems little short of miraculous to those accustomed to the crudities and cruelties of the native charlatans.

Medical missions are peculiarly adapted to work in Moslem lands. The intense fanaticism of Mohammedan men makes direct evangelism well nigh impossible. Street preaching is wholly out of the question. The death penalty always impends over a convert from Islam. The mere fact that a Moslem is reading the Scriptures, or conferring with a Christian, exposes him to most serious peril. But Moslems sicken and suffer pain like other men, and, notwithstanding the fatalism which leads them to attribute disease to direct divine appointment, they have a traditional respect for doctors. The missionary physician is a privileged person among them, and when his healing work is done, he can fearlessly explain to them the person and doctrines of Christ.

Mohammedan women are no less fanatical and far more difficult of access than men. Medical missions, however, have broken down this barrier. Under the stress of pain and danger the doctor is called, or the sick woman comes to him, and so hears the Gospel of Christ. Nothing is more encouraging in all our labours than the eagerness with which Mohammedan and Druse men and women listen to the story of Christ from the lips of their doctor in our mission hospitals and dispensaries.

All the influence of medical work should be diligently utilized for the

winning of souls to Christ. The ministry of healing has a motive and an end in itself, and to be effective as an evangelistic agency it must be unencumbered by any conditions as to religious teaching. But the ministry of healing has also a motive and an end above itself, which raises it to the highest plane of Christian service. This motive and end are the saving of the soul from sin and death. There is a peculiar appropriateness in the association of bodily and spiritual healing. During sickness the soul is usually open to conviction of sin, and after the restoration to health, is often strongly moved by gratitude to God.

The physician who has given his knowledge and strength to the sick man has a special right to speak to him on the state of his soul, and the patient will listen to him with a confidence and affection which he can have for no other man. If the doctor is filled with love for souls, and has the gift of utterance, he can never fail for illustrations to enforce his appeal. Even if he has the gift of healing, but not of teaching, his brother missionary stands upon the vantage ground won by the doctor's skill and devotion, from which to reach and capture the healed man for Christ. It may be safely said that no opportunity is more carefully used in mission work than that growing out of medical relief.

Missions of every Christian nation and of all denominations have, by a common consent and an unerring instinct, established and de-

veloped medical work, and every year sees a wider extension of its sphere and usefulness. Worldly people, who look askance at other forms of mission work, applaud medical missions, and give of their substance to sustain them. Kings and rulers in Mohammedan and heathen lands have built hospitals, and given means for their endowment. Far out on the picket line of evangelism heroic men and women gather around them such crowds as collected on the pathways where Christ was wont to walk. Fearless of death, they grapple with cholera, plague, leprosy, smallpox, scarlet fever, diphtheria, and other contagious diseases. In the tainted atmosphere of the dispensary they toil on hour after hour to relieve the mass of misery. They go late to sleep, and often rise a great while before day, to watch the crisis of disease and operations. They remain in sultry, fever-stricken cities of the coast during the long tropical summer, if haply they save some of God's poor. They travel under the burning sun, or through blinding storms to reach new centres, and open up the way for a farther extension of the work. The church which sends them knows the value of that work. The sick whom they cure have given proof of it. He who maintains them in all their arduous labours will say to them: "I was sick, and ye visited me. . . Forasmuch as ye did it unto the least of these, my brethren, ye did it unto me."

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#### INFLUENCE.

No stream from its source  
Flows seaward, how lonely soever its course,  
But what some land is gladdened. No star ever rose  
And set without influence somewhere. Who knows  
What earth needs from earth's lowest creature? No life  
Can be pure in its purpose and strong in its strife,  
And all life not be purer and stronger thereby.

—Meredith.



Its kale-dark sides  
To hrob in the tides;  
The long winds over its spin and hum,  
Its timbers ache  
For memory's sake,  
And the throngs that never again will  
come

*"How many lips  
Have lost their bloom,  
How many ships!  
Gone down to gloom  
Since keel and sail  
Have fled out from me  
Over the thunder and strain of the Sea"*

*Charles G. D. Roberts*

## FROM THE HILLS OF ALGOMA.

BY MAUDE PETITT.

## CHAPTER XI.

## WEARY DAYS.

It was about the first of March when Tirzah returned to her Algoma home, and she was struck indeed by the change in her grandfather, so withered and whitened, and unable to rise from the lounge without assistance. They, too, gazed anxiously at her, with her thin, pale face.

"One kin see you've hed a struggle to pull through," said Granny Hurst.

"Never mind, I'll soon be all right now I have Algoma air to brace me."

She tried to speak cheerfully, yet nevertheless she was glad to retire early, for she was still very weak. The cold room made her shiver after the even warmth of her boudoir in Glendonan, but she was not thinking of the cold. Was she really back again? Back again! It was amid these same scenes she had known one—one who loved her. But he was gone now.

Hush! Woman heart, be still! If she had suffered, none should know. She would not sadden others with her pain; neither would she sit with folded hands and moan. She must be "up and doing," wheresoever her Master called.

She meant to be brave and good, and when spring broke, and she was strong again she would go away to the far West and teach. She had no certificate to teach on in Ontario, but perhaps on the prairies to the westward she could get a humble school and support herself and her grandparents, if Grandpa Hurst did not recover, as there was little hope of at present.

It was not till the light of the next day that she began to feel the full sting of their poverty.

"We don't run a fire in the front room any more," said Granny Hurst. "It takes so much wood and choppin' to run two fires."

Breakfast over, Tirzah sank wearily into the old rocker by the kitchen window, and it was the first of many weary, weary days to follow—days which brought no colour to her pale cheeks, no strength to her languid step. There was nothing in the

simple, unwearied fare to tempt the appetite of an invalid—only the driest, scantiest meals possible, without delicacies and without change. She sat down to the inevitable bread and potatoes as a conscientious duty, but the food always seemed to stick fast in her throat. She never murmured, however; she had grown too unselfish for that.

Yet those were trying days for her, the most trying, perhaps, she had ever lived. She was too weak to attempt any kind of work. There was no library or recreative reading within her reach. Not even a congenial friend, for Margrete Clifton had gone South for the winter. Nothing but to sit at the window looking out upon the same scene—snow, snow, snow and gray clouds, that looked as if they never would part again. It was an event when some wild bird went flapping its black wings over the changeless landscape.

Sometimes an old neighbour came in and spent the afternoon talking in a drowsy tone of this one's aunt who was a sister to somebody else's brother, who was a son of some third body's father, etc., till her poor head was almost bursting. It would have been a relief to have sat by the window in the little parlour, but it was cold in the fireless room, and her little garret upstairs was far too chilly. Nothing for it but to be confined, day after day, within those four walls with her grandparents.

In her weak state a new restlessness seemed to be trying to master her. Oh, to escape somewhere! To be alone just for an hour or two a day—alone where none could mark her pale, wan face—far, far away, it did not matter where. There were moments when she could have shrieked with this agonizing desire for a little solitude, a little rest. To a mind like hers there is, perhaps, nothing more harrowing than the continual presence of others, hour after hour, day after day, no matter how dear. It is like the water in the Inquisition falling ceaselessly, drop by drop, on the head of its victim.

But the approach of night always soothed her. Her soul seemed to find something kindred in the shadows

that came creeping—creeping up the hills. Sometimes, in such moments, the face of Augustine would flash before her with a vividness that surprised her. She could feel those dark eyes fixed upon her. At such times she shuddered at the thought, would he ever master her? He who, with that mysterious, half-hypnotic power of his, could make his haughty mother see in her, a penniless girl, the desired Mrs. Auldearn.

Then, for a moment, she would recall another face. But she brushed the memory back.

Bed-time was always a relief to her, though it was cold in her room—bitterly cold some nights. The March winds would moan and moan outside, and whistle through the little crevice under the windowsill, as she lay thinking sometimes of the thousands of little hands and feet blue with cold, little lips pale with hunger. She understood the meaning of poverty now.

Perhaps, though, the most trying days of all were wash-days. The old red tub, the pile of dirty clothes, buckets of water standing on the floor, clouds of steam, and the ceaseless “rub, rub, rub”—sometimes for a moment, she was lost in the past, in that cosy boudoir of hers at Glendonan, or at a university reception, with bright lights and young faces on every side, or in some elegant drawing-room she had attended, amid music and flowers and song. Then a half-humorous, half-sad smile would cross her face. What if those people could see her now—Miss Auldearn of Glendonan? What if they could look into that old kitchen? Was she really the same girl?

But her hardest cross was the thought of being dependent on those who had not sufficient themselves. The very bread she ate seemed to choke her. Oh, if spring would only come! Spring, that was to bring back her health and strength! Her whole hope was fixed on that.

There were little veins of humour, though, running through the days sometimes. Dame Morris would run in for a few minutes with her bit of sewing or knitting, and chat.

“Are you a-thinkin’ o’ teachin’ agin, Tirzy?” she asked, one day.

“Yes, I expect to.”

“It’s a pity you can’t teach this school here; but they allus wants a teacher with a stiffcat (certificate, she meant). It’s funny, now, you

have no stiffcat with so much learnin’! That teacher they got there now, she’s no good at all. Our Will’s been goin’ all winter, and he don’t know no more now than when he started.”

“Well, she’s a young thing,” put in Granny Hurst. “I wouldn’t like to say anything agin her.”

“Nor me, neither. I wouldn’t say anything agin her, but I kin grunt a lot inside, all the same. That young Gray was the man. You could tell, now, by the look of him he knew some’at. It was talked at one time you and him was a-goin’ to make a match of it, Tirzy. How was it you never come to it?”

Poor Tirzah! She fairly writhed as she tried to evade answering, but she could not help feeling amused.

It seemed as if that winter never would end, but at last the trailing arbutus thrust up her face through the snows, and the ice loosed its grip on the little creeks. Winter was gone. Sunshine, bird-song and softer airs! Spring was come with all that suddenness with which it bursts upon Algoma. The birch and the aspen put forth their green; the linea wove her garments over the rocks; the lake, its darkest and deepest blue, lashed mirthfully the foam-caps against the rocky islets, reflecting the fleecy clouds in the paler blue above.

Then Tirzah ventured forth into the lanes and fields. But her step was still languid, her cheek still pale. A hopelessness weighed her down at times as if she had no part in all this life around her, as if she were like the charred trunks of the pines across the lake yonder, tall and dark and lifeless amid the fresher green of birch and aspen.

She was sitting thus one sunny afternoon, on the old stone by the gate, when she saw a tall, dark figure coming up the lane. She did not move—or start with surprise. She had never really hoped to escape him. She had felt all along that he would follow her, no matter where she went. It was Augustine. A chilly sensation crept over her, and there was a fixed look in her eyes, but she never moved from her seat until he was at her side. He was thinner, and a shade paler, with an expression a trifle gentler and more yielding, she noticed, as she took him into the house.

“My cousin, Mr. Auldearn, grandma,” said she.

"How d'ye do, sir! It seems like you've took us by surprise."

The old lady, in her mended gown, was perhaps a contrast to his elegantly got-up mother at home, but Tirzah looked every inch a queen, in her graceful black dress, with the lace ruffle about her throat.

"What train did you come on, Augustine?" asked she. "It's after three o'clock."

"I came in this morning by the eleven. I left my luggage at the Indian Arrow—I think that's what you call it—that palatial hotel on the corner."

"It looks as if he means to stay a while," she thought.

"How d'ye do, stranger," said her grandfather, when he had hobbled in from the garden on his cane, and a stern glance darted from beneath his brows. It was plain he meant that word "stranger" to express his attitude to Augustine Auldearn.

Grandma Hurst, however, understood she must exercise the virtue of hospitality, and it seemed strange to Tirzah to see her lordly cousin sitting there at that humble supper, with the kitchen fire purring cheerily; for the chill of evening had descended.

"I was looking at the manse on my way up. It is a beautiful old place for such a new part of the country."

"Yes," said Grandpa Hurst, "there was some two or three wealthy Scotch folk here in those days. They had interests in the minin', and they put up the manse and got your uncle, her father, out here. Great days—great old days, then." And for a while the old man's sullen silence vanished, as he was drawn into talking of the past.

Augustine did not seem to notice Tirzah very much, but he surprised her by the way he adapted himself to her grandparents. It was not an air of condescension or vulgar familiarity, but of perfectly respectful kindness. She had never seen him in this light before.

"One can hardly help liking him," thought she; "and yet no—I could almost hate him for trying to make me like him. I am afraid."

There was a dead silence in the house when the door had closed behind him that night.

"Well, he's fine-lookin', anyhow," said granny, as if to protest against the stillness.

"Fine looks!" answered the old

man. "Yes, the devil often enters your door with a white hand and a fine suit of clothes on. I'll sell no child of mine for gold! You're a fool, Tirzah, if you ever marry that man."

They were the sternest words he had ever said to her in all her life, and they wounded far more deeply than she let him see.

She determined to avoid Augustine's visit next day if he should call, and as Margrete Clifton was home again she decided to go down to the manse for the afternoon.

Grandpa and Granny Hurst were out in the garden, and she had just made ready to start, when a step came hobbling up outside, and Witch Barrum knocked on the door with her green cotton umbrella.

"Come in, Mother Barnum."

The old dame entered without any response to the invitation. She hobbled to the chair in front of the fire, and seated herself, muttering most mysterious incantations, and swaying backward and forward, as was her manner before delivering some great and weighty fortune.

Tirzah sat down in somewhat perplexed and expectant silence. As she had long ago incurred the old dame's wrath by never employing her services, she could not but wonder the object of her visit. She sat there long, swaying and muttering; then silently began to pile the glowing coals in a pyramid in the stove front, and undo the red 'kerchief in her lap. Out of it came her most sacred treasure, a dead snake, a thick, striped creature, with a vicious-looking head. Tirzah had often heard it spoken of by the village people with superstitious horror. It was supposed to have the power to work wondrous good or wondrous evil to those who looked upon it according to the will of its owner. It was never used in common fortune-telling, but only for "great leddies," and only on the payment of a high fee, "a golden guinea, must be solid gold, no paper would call forth its charms."

More swaying and muttering followed. It was a weird picture, indeed, the aged figure in the bright plaid shawl rocking to and fro before the blackening coals, her white hair hanging in dishevelled shreds about her face, the wild eyes, the unnaturally deep furrows on her brow, the bony, yellow hand stroking the snake across her lap.

Then she turned to Tirzah suddenly.

"Your hand, dear leddy, your hand."

Half-resisting, half-curious, Tirzah let her place her hand on the snake's head. A light shot through the wild eyes of the fortune-teller.

"Riches! Riches! Money—piles of money! Silks and laces and carriages! Fine horses and elegant rooms! Diamonds! Pearls! and heaps of gold! Shining gold!"

"But you must cross the sea, dear leddy, you must cross the sea. There is a great castle for you there, a grey-stone castle, among the mountains, with peasants' houses below. You will be mistress of a castle! Do you understand? Mistress of a castle!"

"But you must cross the sea, dear leddy, you must cross the sea."

"And there's a handsome husband, dearie, handsome and loving and true. Tall and brave, black hair, black eyes, fair skin, and he wears a big emerald on the third finger."

"But you must cross the sea, dear leddy, you must cross the sea."

"And there's beautiful daughters and clever sons, and rich English lords and ladies will come to see you, and you will one day pour the tea for England's King."

"But you must cross the sea, dear leddy, you must cross the sea—cross the sea—cross the sea."

Chanting this last in a high and quavering voice, she hobbled away, without further ceremony, leaving Tirzah in a very puzzled state of mind. It was well known Witch Barnum never threw away her services. What was her object then?

However, Tirzah started for the manse without delaying longer.

"Your cousin, Mr. Auldearn, is here now, isn't he?" was almost Margrete's first question.

"I met him when I was in Boston early this spring, just after you left the hospital."

Tirzah made no reply.

"Wouldn't it be funny if something should happen, Tirzah?" with a teasing smile. "Do 'fess up. It's all right between you, isn't it?"

"No, there is nothing whatever between us."

"Well—there is likely to be, then?"

"O Margrete, please don't! I couldn't bear the thought of it!"

But Margrete still wore her most provoking smile.

"People change their minds suddenly on such points sometimes, and I can't help thinking—but no, I'll not tease you, you dear sweetheart."

And she threw both arms about Tirzah after the manner of girlish love. Margrete was growing very dear to Tirzah of late.

"Do you know, Margrete, I once thought you cold and heartless. I can hardly forgive myself when I think of it now."

"Oh, people often have far more warmth of feeling than we suspect them of—especially Scotch people."

But Tirzah did not hear her words. Her eyes were fixed on a dark figure coming up the walk toward the door—a dark figure that seemed to follow her everywhere, like her shadow.

"I saw you coming in here," said Augustine, on entering, "and as I thought it a very convenient excuse for renewing my acquaintance with Miss Clifton, I, of course, could not resist the twofold temptation."

Margrete was called out of the room a few minutes later, and Tirzah was alone again, face to face with Augustine.

"Are you going over to Scotland this summer?" asked she, after a pause.

"No. I don't know that I shall. I did intend to at one time. I suppose you heard the sad news of my uncle—our uncle's loss?"

"No! What loss?"

"Oh, didn't you hear about his two sons being drowned? Clifford and Archibald?"

"No! Poor man! How he will feel!"

There was a moment's silence, broken by Tirzah.

"Then—why, Augustine! You are the heir to Glendonan Castle now!"

"Yes," said he; "I am the heir, but what is that to me? What is that to me without you, Tirzah? Can being lord of Glendonan Castle make a man happy when he has lost all that is dear to him?"

His voice and look grew softer as he spoke. She had never before seen those eyes so tender.

"Tirzah, if you cannot love me, have you no feeling for me? Do you not see how loveless and lonely I have lived? I can never love again, Tirzah. You are the only woman on earth I care for—the only one I can ever marry."

In an instant it flashed before her, the dark-browed, gloomy lord of the

castle, wifeless—childless, growing more silent and sad, day by day. She had shrunk from him when he tried to master her, but now, when she saw him who was wont to rule, humbling himself, pleading even for pity—

"Why should you struggle with the world, Tirzah? Why should you suffer poverty and toil? You have not strength. You are young. You are lovely. You are frail. Lean on me. Let me protect you and care for you. I will do anything to make you happy, Tirzah—anything."

He was holding her fever-wasted hand in his, and his breath came with a quick, gasping sound.

A heavy step drew near the door, and Mr. Clifton entered brusquely. Augustine did not lose his self-possession, though inwardly he cursed the fates (after infidel manner) that interrupted him in an hour when he knew he was nearer victory than he had ever been before.

As for Tirzah, the truth flashed across her suddenly. It was a plot of Augustine's. Glendonan was the castle of Witch Barnum's prophecy. It was doubtless the Auldearn guineas that had inspired the witch of the hills. And her cheek crimsoned with indignation.

"Does he think to influence me, I wonder, with fortune-tellers and stuffed snakes? He will try to please me with the bauble from a pawn-shop, next."

Nevertheless a terrible fear seized her, alone in her room that night—a fear that almost made her shudder. Was he really gaining any influence over her? No! No! It was not right. She would not yield.

The next morning she went out for a walk in the sunshine, as much for the sake of solitude as anything. As she sauntered up the garden path on her return, she heard the sound of angry voices in the house. They were those of her grandfather and Augustine. She heard her grandfather's voice rise in a shrill, quavering tone.

"No! I'll not do it! I'll never do it! The girl doesn't love you. Even if she did, she'd never get my consent to the marriage. None of your soft-gloved, di'mond-fingered schemes for me! You may be a sharp gambler, but you'll not get me to help you in your tricks and schemes. No! You'll never get the girl with my help."

She heard Augustine reply something indistinct, in a low tone.

"No! No! I'm not to be bought with gold, now that I'm grey-haired. The Lord hasn't cared for us all these years to forsake us now. I'll sell my child's soul to no black-whiskered infidel for money. No! I've arnt my bread with these hands, and she can arn hers."

She heard Augustine give a threatening reply of some kind, then her grandfather's voice again. "And I tell you, sir, to get out of this house! You're not wanted here. I may be old and helpless, but if you don't get out of here, there's them that can put you out. I haven't lived all these years in this neighbourhood without hevin' friends that'll stand by me."

Tirzah suddenly remembered that she was playing the part of an eaves-dropper, and as she did not care to face the scene, her sense of honour prompted her to walk away. No allusion was made to what had taken place when she returned, neither did she see Augustine, but a few days later she learned from Margrete that he had left the village.

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## CHAPTER XII.

### ON THE KANATA.

June had passed, and July was upon them, but Augustine was never mentioned in the Hurst home. The hot season came earlier that year than usual, but not before Tirzah had begun to gain strength; slowly, it is true, but yet fast enough to waken hope within her breast. She had taken a loaf of bread down to a poor village woman, whose husband had been drowned while fishing the week before. The Hursts might be poor, but they were always willing to share their crust. Standing by one of the old pines on the roadside, and idly pulling a sprig of green from its branches, as she returned, she was startled for a moment by Witch Barnum's shadow at her side:

"Who pulls a sprig from yon green bough  
Will take this month the marriage vow."

There was something humorous in this croaking rhymester, haunting the hills with her couplets—"wild genius gone to seed," Augustine used to call it.

Tirzah only greeted her kindly and turned away to the lake. In spite of the beauty of the day, a strange sense of loneliness overcame her as she stood there on the rocks by the blue Kanata.

Plash! She turned and saw a canoe approaching. It was Augustine! Swiftly and silently, like a visitant from another world, he bore down upon her.

"Why, I thought you had left Beth-aven!" exclaimed she.

"So I did, but—was I never to return?"

She never knew what impulse seized her to accept his invitation and get into the canoe. She knew her grandfather would have disapproved, but in a few minutes she had forgotten all about home, as they went gliding over the water. Blue above—blue below—sunbeams and ripples—white caps and fleecy clouds! On the farther shore were miles of that desolate country, where the fires had swept through a mighty forest of pine—nothing left but the tall, black trunks, some broken and bent by storms, with here and there the pale foliage of a young aspen raising its head. On the shore, close beside them, the rocks rose, in some places almost perpendicular, and on the hills beyond a bluish ridge of pine. Sometimes a few sea-gulls went flapping overhead, or there was a "whirr" of wings, as a flock of wild birds started from a ledge of rock.

Augustine was a skilled boatman, and rowed without any apparent effort, talking as he did so in that cultured English that fell so pleasantly on her ear after the uncouth barbarisms of her native village. There was a gentle, half-tender melancholy on his face to-day; he seemed in one of his finest moods. A new volume of poems had just come out, some of them on this same north country, and he recited little snatches as he rowed. Sometimes, too, he sang an old boat song, in his rich, tenor voice. Then they drifted on in silence for a while.

"What is your ideal of life, Tirzah?"

"My ideal of life?"

"Yes. I mean your ideal of home-life? If you were going to marry your ideal man, what would he be like?"

Her eyes were fixed on the far-away, and she seemed talking to the woods and waters as she answered:

"My ideal man is a good man—a man who is very, very good. I should want him to be a man with a cultured, refined nature—one who could appreciate the beautiful in literature and nature and art, and in everything; but I should want him, above all, to be a Christ-like man, a man whose whole ambition was to live a holy, helpful life. Then I think marriage would be sweet. I think I could toil and rest and be happy with such a man."

"Your ideal is high, Tirzah. The Christ-life, as Christians conceive it, is a beautiful life, but it is all a myth to me—only a myth."

"He is not a myth. He is real," she said, gently.

"How do you know He is real?"

"Because—because I know Him."

He did not laugh or sneer at her answer. There was a gentle sadness on his face.

"It is a beautiful faith. I should hate to rob the world of anything that makes life easier. Sometimes I almost wish I had not seen the delusion of it, then I should have had the same hope as others."

"You think it all a delusion now, but—pray and see."

That was just the trouble with Augustine. It was not that flippant carelessness that says, "Some day, away off in the future, I will hear and believe." It was the blind, stony Darwinism that sees in Christianity only a beautiful fairy tale to solace all earth's woes.

In a moment he had turned the conversation, and seeing one of those little inlets, where the water-lilies grow in beds, he plied his way thither. Oh, those water-lilies, with their great chalices of waxen cream! Tirzah gathered them by handfuls until her end of the canoe was full. A beautiful picture, the green canoe gliding over the water, the strong, masculine face, the slender girl with the lilies all about her. The gentle "dip" of the oars seemed part of nature's music, as they passed through the rocky islets that rose, some sharp and pointed, like the towers of a buried city.

Then all at once the solitude seemed to smite her with a sense of oppression. No boat on the waters save their own—no dwelling along the shore—no trace of man among those tangled woods and rocks! They were all alone. The wind had suddenly hushed into a strange, uncanny

silence. The rocky shore rose straight and perpendicular as a wall, its shadow outlined as by an unseen hand on the clear bosom of the lake. Stillness! Unbroken stillness! Then she turned to look again at Augustine. The calm, the gentleness, the tenderness of an hour ago—they were all gone now. Instead was a dark, threatening flash in his eye, a struggle of passion on his brow. A terrible fear seized her and made her weak and faint.

"Take me home, please," she said, like a little lost child.

He fixed one piercing look upon her.

"No! I am going to marry you. I am going to row straight for Onora. There is a minister there, and I am going to marry you before this day is done. You are mine. You cannot escape me. Promise me you will be my wife. Promise me—" (He leaned forward, and his voice died away into a hoarse whisper)—"or I will drown you here this hour. Look! The water is deep. There is no one here to tell the tale. The rocks are high and steep, and if the winds should toss you to the other shore" (pointing to the burnt lands), "there is no one there to find you."

Perhaps it was some dramatic power of his that made her see herself tossed upon that desolate shore with matted hair and dripping garments—lifeless and cold.

"And if you break your promise," continued he, "instead of saying the vows when we get there, I will come back here to die before to-morrow."

"Look!" The diamond on his finger flashed in the sunlight as he pointed downward. "One of us will sleep in these waters to-night."

The words came back in a hollow echo from rock and wood and wave.

He leaned forward, touching her with one hand. She could hear his irregular breathing in the stillness. One quick movement, and he could plunge her into the waves. Then, like a flash, came the thought of home. For their sake she must live. And the love of life itself was strong in her young breast. She cast one glance at the rocks that rose so grey and cold and steep. No help! O God, have pity now!

"Answer, woman!" came that hoarse whisper again.

Then a instant of silence! Far inland she heard the loon's despairing cry. They were drifting close to the rugged cliff, jutting out into the

water. *Plash!* O, joy! it was the *plash* of an oar.

"Ship ahoy!" called Margrete Clifton's cheery voice, as she and her father suddenly rounded the cliff.

"Why don't you raise your ship's flag and salute us?" asked Margrete. "We've the first water-lilies of the season. Oh, no! you've a lot, too."

"Are you going home, Margrete?"

"Yes."

"May I burden you with my weight and company, then? Mr. Auldearn intends going to Onora, but I am really tired of the water to-day, and if you will be so kind as to give me free passage—"

Margrete interrupted her with a warm invitation, and though there was an angry flash in Augustine's eye, he yielded readily.

What is the matter, Tirzah? Why, you look like a ghost, girl," said Margrete when they had moved off. "Nothing! Oh, yes, something! Please don't question!"

She seemed to have utterly lost her self-possession now that her danger was over.

A few weeks passed, and Tirzah was gathering strength more rapidly than she had expected. She was waiting for a school in the West. She no longer regarded teaching as the drudgery it had once been to her. She looked upon it as a holy commission, and waited in patient silence for the Master's command, "Go forth and do good." Were they not a holy trust, those little lives entrusted to her care?

"Dear heavenly Father, help me, that I may reflect Thee in every word and deed. Let me leave the impress of Thyself upon every little life Thou givest me."

Sometimes, too, she thought of Augustine. The last she knew of him was when she had looked back and seen him, rowing westward, a mere speck on the blue Kanata. "One of us will sleep in these waters to-night." What if there was anything beneath those waves. She shuddered at the thought.

### CHAPTER XIII.

"IN SUCH AN HOUR AS YE THINK NOT."

It was the close of a sultry August day, and Tirzah had just come in from gathering the first ripe blueberries.

She went out into the yard again, when the supper table had been cleared.

The sun was setting—a great red ball, in the west—without sending forth a single ray. A lurid, reddish cloud covered the entire sky. It was not a rich glowing crimson, but a dull, angry red, that tinged earth and sky and rock. The air had that strange, expectant silence in it that sometimes foretells a storm; even the birds flying lower had something ominous in their black, flapping wings. It was time for the evening train, but there was no sound of it as yet.

Once she thought she heard something like a crash in the distance, then a strange medley of sounds, unlike anything she had ever heard before. Sometimes it was like the tumult and roar of a city there in the mountain solitude. What could it be? She saw, too, there were people running and hurrying to the gorge, some on the railway track, some crossing the fields. She listened a while in wonderment, then turned to the house, just as old Mrs. Holmes came hurrying up to the door.

"Hev ye heard about the wreck?"

"Wreck! What wreck?" asked Granny Hurst.

"Why, the evenin' train's been thrown down the bank there at the gorge! Some rascals wanted to rob it. They're dead an' killed an' dyin'. My man's gone! Everybody's goin'!"

Granny Hurst snatched her sun-bonnet and went off with her old neighbour, leaving the knitting forgotten on the floor. As for Tirzah, she turned sick and faint at the mere thought of such suffering. She walked to the door now and again; always the same confused murmur of sounds, like the tumult of voices and the fall of axes, and sometimes something like a shriek or cry!

It seemed hours that Grandma Hurst was gone, though it was in reality but a little while. The sun had gone down, and there was a peculiar white border all around the horizon. The very atmosphere seemed white, as though nature had turned pale and faint just at the fall of night.

"Look, Tirzah! Look! What's this coming up the lane?" cried Grandpa Hurst, excitedly.

Tirzah hurried to the other door. There were four men coming toward

the house bearing some one on a stretcher. Mr. Clifton was walking ahead. Had Grandma Hurst been hurt while looking on? She turned pale at the thought. But no, there she was, following at a distance behind. Mr. Clifton met Tirzah at the gate.

"You must not be frightened, my child. Mr. Auldearn has been hurt—badly hurt, I'm afraid."

"Mr. Auldearn!"

"Yes, he was on the wrecked train coming here. He was only conscious for a few minutes, and asked to be brought here to you."

One look at Augustine's white face and she saw all was nearly over with him. They laid him on the bed, in the little front room, helpless as a child. There was no bruise or wound visible of any kind. His eyes were closed, his handsome features white and still as a marble statue, one hand resting upon his bosom. It was some internal injury.

The blackness of the starless night had fallen like a pall outside, and Tirzah sat watching beside the sleeper. No breeze—no breath from the blackness without. Sometimes the cry of some stray night-bird broke the silence, or the voices of passers-by on the highway, as they went home from the scene of suffering. The old clock ticked away; the hours passed on, and still no change—only the same faint, half-broken breathing.

Then his lips parted, murmuring brokenly. She bent over and heard something about the "diamond," the "queen of hearts"; he was at the card-table now. Suddenly his eyes opened with a flash of fire, and he rose, leaning on his elbow.

"Graham, you're a fraud! You cheated! That's not fair play!" he shouted, then fell back, helpless, his eyes closed, and Tirzah wiped away the blood that kept oozing from his lips.

"Tirzah! Tirzah!" he whispered softly.

She laid her hand on his brow, and he seemed to sleep in peace for a while, but again there was a restless toss of the head.

"A delusion! Yes, it's all a delusion, this Christ-life they talk about, but I wish—I wish I had been deluded with the rest of them."

There was a great tearless sorrow in her eyes as she listened to the sleeper's murmurings.

## CHAPTER XIV.

## THE CAT SETTLES MATTERS.

Midnight had passed. One! struck the old clock—another hour—another, and still another, passed. She pulled aside the muslin curtain and looked out; the first grey light of dawn was outlined over the hills. A quick movement of the sleeper made her turn. He was reaching upward.

"It's so dark—I can't—get—hold of it," he whispered, hoarsely. Then the arms fell helplessly upon the counterpane, and a smile, half-careless, half-resigned, crossed his face.

Her hand rested a moment upon his brow, where the death-dew was gathering fast. She leaned over the silent lips. No broken breathing now! Only silence—echoless silence! Augustine was dead. She folded the cold hands tenderly over the prayerless breast, then went out into the night alone.

An awful chill seemed to have paralyzed her. She had a helpless, lifeless feeling. She could not weep. Ah! how many thousand such deathbeds where no Christ is seen in the peace on the fainting brow—where no angel hands are waiting to bear the spirit home. No wonder it chilled her, young and tender as she was.

If he had only struggled at the last, she thought! Only that smiling, careless sleep, as he drifted out into the unknown—so dark to him! As in life, so in death!

Morning was breaking in the east, crimson and golden, its glory creeping over the rocks and hills. The birds were awakening with song—the blue Kanata rippling in the early light. Morning! And where was he? He, who would never heed the loving whispers of that Divine voice, had been startled by the trumpet-call to judgment. He who had said, "There is no God," how shall he stand before the great God of all?

The day was advancing when one of the village boys came with a telegram from Scotland for Augustine. Sir Douglas Auldearn, of Glendonan Castle, had passed away. Augustine, being the new owner of the estate, was urged to come at once.

Tirzah walked back into that silent room again where the young lord of Glendonan lay, still in death, far beyond the reach of the urgent call.

He who had indirectly driven Edgar Allen to that sudden and terrible death, that dark spring morning long ago—death, sudden and terrible, had come to him. "As a man soweth, so shall he also reap."

Two half-packed valises, a trunk two-thirds packed, and a pile of clothing on every chair—for Tirzah, with all her grace and brilliancy, could make about as big an upset in the house as the average girl when she starts to pack for a journey. She was thankful for this excitement and removal after that awful night a month ago in the little parlour, and the day that followed, when the dead was removed to his resting-place in Boston. If grim Self-Reproach had come to her in those days, saying, "You were the indirect cause of that terrible death; it was coming to you he died"—if such thoughts came to her, she never spoke of them. She had followed the path she believed to be right. The consequences were with God. Through former bitterness she had learned to leave the past an unopened book.

A few weeks before she had communicated with the Fiske Teachers' Agency, and, as a result, had secured a position as governess in Toronto. She had expected life on the western prairies. She was sent to the city instead—the city where she had once planned to take her college course. It was a position with little labour and fair remuneration she had secured, but both her work and the needs of those at home forbade her attempting to complete the course at present. And she thought, with a sigh, of one whom she had scorned while passive beneath the same weight.

But she could at least take one or two studies, and cultivate her voice in her spare moments. She was a sturdy climber—this dreamy-looking girl. Perhaps occasionally she was excited by thoughts of one whom, when she had last heard of him, was in that same city. Yet she dreaded the thought of meeting him face to face.

"Here's your wrapper you're a-goin' to furgit," said granny.

"And there's your dressin'-case you've left upstairs. You'll furgit half your things. They ought to give you longer notice. This startin' off so sudden! You're liable to accidents, too. You'll be all befustered with furgettin' things. An' you must mind about there bein' two valises when you git to the station. An' mind about steppin' when you

git off the cars. There was a man got his head broke in that way about a month ago, I see, in one o' them papers upstairs. (She didn't see, though, that the paper was three years old.) An' that gas, too, you'll blow it out if you don't mind. An' don't be a-drinkin' too much of that water. You never kin tell what's in that city stuff. There never wuz any water like that out of the ground, to my thinkin'."

All these little warnings from the child-like and unworldly old grandmother were soothing to Tirzah. Two years ago they would have annoyed her. That was when she was a restive bird with untried wings. She was thankful now for anything that bore the semblance of protection, even the warnings of an old woman, who knew but little of the world.

A dirty-faced boy knocked on the door just then.

"Please, miss, old Witch Barnum wants you to come over to-night before you go away."

Tirzah looked ruefully at the packing to be done before the early morning train to-morrow.

"Why didn't she come over if she wants to see me, I wonder?"

"Please, miss, she's sick a-bed."

"Oh! All right, I'll come. I'm sorry she's sick."

"You better go before dark, then," said granny, who had her own ideas about Witch Hill. "You'd better go right off, and mind her now. She's queer."

It was about the middle of the afternoon when Tirzah entered the narrow, dingy little hut on Witch Hill. There was only a little light from the small window in the end, half-filled with balls of yarn, sheep's wool, medicine bottles, and other such like bric-a-brac. There was a mixed odour of everything that gathers in a filthy house. In the dim light lay the figure of poor old Witch Barnum on her bed of rags. She held out her hands—her bony, yellow hand, to Tirzah. It was the death look in her eyes.

"Pray for me, child, pray for me," she said. Even in death her voice had not lost its half-prophetic, half-imperative tone.

Tirzah knelt beside the bed and prayed—prayed, feeling how weak her own words were, and thus casting herself more earnestly and confidently on God.

"That's me! That's me! Sin,

sin, sin, all over me. Look here," and she drew back the bedclothes and revealed the snake-skin cut open and showing its stuffed interior. "It never had any power to foretell the future. I lied! I lied! I have lied these many a year for my bread, and now I can't swallow bread. But I'd never 'ave done it if it hadn't been fur him. They killed—they hanged him—my poor boy. Oh, my boy! My boy! If ever you have a child of your own, girl, you'll know what a mother feels." A sob that was almost a scream came from the parted lips.

"After that I didn't care what I did. The world had used me tough, an' I was bound to get even with it. An' nobody said to me, 'Woman, you've got a soul to save.' Nobody cared, not even Mr. Clifton. But you remember how you carried that basket up the hill for me—I thought of it as I laid here. Nobody ever does me kindness, an' I thought maybe you could do some'at fur me now. Do you think He'll take me, child—I mean Christ?"

And Tirzah talked of the sinner on the cross, that beacon-light that has guided so many dying wanderers to life.

"Pray again, child, pray again."

And as she prayed, the peace that had never come to the young lord of Glendonan overspread the haggard face on the pillow.

White as snow—white as snow," she murmured.

And on her knees, by the wretched bedside, the rich young voice broke out with—

"O think of the home over there."

The quavering voice on the pillow took up the strain after her.

"The home over there! the home over there! Oh, praise God, I can go too!"

There was a few minutes' silence.

"Look, child, bring me yon red mitten from the cupboard."

Tirzah brought it and looked on wonderingly as she pulled forth shining gold pieces.

"He gave me that, your man that died, to tell you a fine fortune an' make you believe you wuz to be mistress of the big house across the sea. Take 'em, child, they are yours."

"Oh, no, I couldn't bear to touch them."

"Then take 'em and buy fur the poor. Use 'em fur the Lord's sake."

She was not going, then, without some attempt to garner for her Saviour—this poor old body, that every one looked upon with superstition and horror.

The sun was sinking low, and the shadows began to thicken in the corners of the old hut. So Tirzah had only time to rearrange the bed and make a little gruel for the neglected woman. She decided, however, that she must sacrifice a little more time and go down to the village to get some one to stay with her that night. For she saw well that death was likely to come before dawn.

It was nearly dark when she crossed Parson's Lea, on her return home. Just for a moment she lingered there where they had parted. Was it the night wind made her shudder? But the wind never brought that look of bitterness to her face.

"Oh, if——"

But no! Life was not given back to her to waste in sighs.

She paused but once more on her way home. It was at the fir-tree nook. She bowed her head again there where she had first learned to pray that another might do good. Thank God, she could still pray for him. She had been cruel—ruthlessly cruel. That one little word sounded in her ears day and night. Cruel! Cruel! Cruel! But there was at least prayer left to her.

But the darkness was coming on, she must hurry home. The cat the Grays had left behind them, and which Granny Hurst had adopted, was sitting on the gate-post as Tirzah entered. She was not particularly given to cat nursing, but an impulse seized her to take that cat in her arms, and cuddle it with all sorts of endearing terms. She did not hear a step on the path behind her.

"Good evening, Miss Auldearn."

"W—Walter Gray!" She stood gazing in amazement. "What are you doing here?"

"I just came to look after our cat. I hope you are feeding——"

She interrupted him by dropping, or rather flinging, the cat to the ground, with a flush of shame.

"Oh, cruel!" (with affected compassion).

Instantly she broke into hysterical sobs. Why had he used that word cruel? That word that haunted her. She could not stand it. In a

passion of weeping she threw herself upon his bosom.

"O Walter, I'm not cruel! I'm not cruel!"

Yes, Tirzah Auldearn, the passionless, white-robed singer that faced the Boston audience scarce two years ago, acting like this! Then the thought of it came over her. She drew back, drooping with shame.

"Oh, forgive—pardon—excuse. I—I don't think I'm quite in my right mind. I had a fever last spring, you know. Please overlook my strange actions. I think my head must be affected."

For answer he drew her gently to him.

She was the first to break the silence.

"O Walter, I am not the same Tirzah—I am changed."

"I know. Do you think I would have called you by that sacred name if I had not known? But come into the house. Your hands are like ice. What has old Witch Barnum been doing to you?"

"Nothing. She is dying, and she wanted to know the way to heaven, and I believe she found it."

"Oh, I'm so glad. Do you remember when I wanted to see the ideal Tirzah? I think I see her now."

"Where is your mother?"

"She is matron in —— Ladies' College. You see, that gives me a chance to work my own way in the world."

"Oh, how is your course coming on? What year are you in?"

"This is my graduating year."

"However did you manage?"

"Followed your scheme of teaching a night-school, and in vacation I have been conductor on a street-car."

"Plucky."

"But you are paler," she continued. "Much paler. You are working too hard."

"I am well, though. People are naturally paler in the city."

They were a jolly party at tea that night, old folks, and all. The cat came mewing to the door.

"Do let that cat in," said Walter. I have the greatest respect for the animal. It made you betray yourself even before I spoke. I shall keep it in a glass cage when we have a house of our own."

"A house of our own," re-echoed in Tirzah's ears.

"I'm afraid his catship will object to such an honourable life."

The light shone late that night from the old log house on the hills. Mrs. Holmes was alarmed when she wakened up and looked out, toward midnight.

"I believe the ole man's tuk bad again," said she. "I've a good mind to get up an' go an' see if I can help 'em any."

The next morning dawned gloriously fair. Mrs. Holmes was up and knitting, while Jussira made the fire for breakfast.

"Look! Look, quick, Jussira! There's a-goin' to be a weddin' at Hursts'. See, there's a white pigeon on the end o' the roof. There, it's flying toward the risin' sun! That's a sign it'll be a sudden one."

But it was not a sudden one. It was several years before Walter Gray reached the height he had aimed at—several years later, when one day a carriage stopped in front of a brown-stone house on one of the much-frequented avenues of an American city, and Professor Gray, Lecturer on Biology in one of the most prominent colleges, alighted, to

lead his wife and mother to their new home—a home where the poor little ones of the city got many a Christmas treat, and in whose big, cosy old drawing-room the students of the college were many an evening kept out of the path of temptation.

Tirzah, with her sweet voice and musical talents, had a wonderful influence with those homeless boys. Few, indeed, among them who would not have done almost anything for her.

Perhaps the secret of it was that she was not one of those women who cease all improvement with marriage. She moved among the students as one of themselves, a student with them, and thus, in some measure, her ambition to take a college course was fulfilled.

But her time was not to be all her own. Little fingers were coming to caress the dimples in her face. Little voices were to re-echo through the halls. And thus we leave them, one more home, with the golden ladder connecting it with heaven. Sweet happy home, adieu!

The End.

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## REDEMPTION.

BY AMY PARKINSON.

"We have redemption through his blood, even the forgiveness of sins."—Col. i. 14.

Jesus, King of glory,  
Laid aside His crown,  
And, fashioned as a man, to dwell  
With men on earth came down.

Through a life of sorrow,  
Toward a death of shame,  
Steadfast He trod the world's rough ways,  
'Mid buffeting and blame ;—

Answered His revilers  
With no threatening word—  
But ne'er was from His purpose turned  
By stave or stone or sword.

Why those years of scoffing,  
Those last hours of scorn  
For the only sinless man  
That e'er on earth was born?

Lived He our example,  
Died that we might share  
His glory, where He now again  
The kingly crown doth wear.  
Toronto.

Oh, for fitting language  
The story to unfold!  
Oh, for a pen that would transcribe  
The tale in lines of gold!

That all the world should listen,  
That none could fail to see  
The mighty love that took for them  
The path to Calvary.

Love of Christ so boundless,  
So strong, so high, so deep!  
It reaches to the last descent,  
And climbs the crowning steep

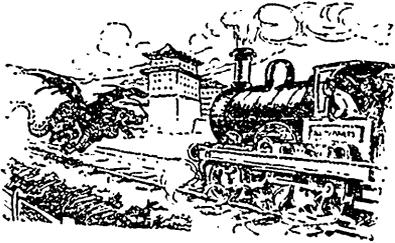
No sin-stained soul there liveth  
That can have sunk too low  
For that great love to follow it  
And make it white as snow,—

And lift it up to heaven—  
Yea: even to God's right hand—  
Pardoned and unreprouable  
In His pure light to stand!

## The World's Progress.

### THE CHINESE QUESTION.

The Chinese question is increasing in magnitude, and while the fact is that the Legations and the other foreigners in Peking are yet alive, they are either in a state of siege or held as hostages by the Chinese officials. These officials, with Li Hung Chang at their head, are greatly opposed to the advance that is being made by the allied forces on Peking, and threaten to withhold their protection from the besieged foreigners if the Allies do not cease their march. The Allies have determined to put no trust in the promises of these Chinese officials and have sent a large army to rescue their Legations. Europe, however, is filled with gloom, for the Chinese question is complicated; the jealousies of the Western nations involved are very keen and active, and the end seems far away.



BAD FOR THE DRAGON.

From *News of the World* (London).

As to China herself, she appears to be thoroughly aroused, and no wonder. Her pride is unbounded, her people regard themselves as heaven-born, superior to all other races of men, and they believe that their civilization is higher than that of any other nation. Yet for sixty years this people have been flouted and insulted and bullied and fined as no other nation has ever been humiliated, and that by peoples deemed immeasurably beneath them, save in the power given by ships and guns. Since the opium war ending with the treaty of Nankin in 1842, which ceded Hong Kong to Great Britain, opened five ports to foreign trade and promised a money indemnity, down to the demand of Italy for Sammun Bay last year, the history of the relations of the western nations with China has been one long series of aggressions by the former powers. The destructive war

begun by England in 1857, ending in the treaty of Tien-Tsin, was of this character, as was also that begun by France in 1882, both ending in the acquisition of Chinese territory by the foreign Governments. But the aggressions of Europe previous to 1895 were infinitesimal as compared with those that have followed the war with Japan. Impressed with the belief that China could not or would not fight, the nations have treated the empire as dead, and openly discussed plans for its partition, some of which they have practically carried into effect. Russia, with the assistance of France and Germany, interfered after the treaty of Shimonoseki to deprive Japan of the fruits of her victory, securing in return the virtual cession of the great province of Manchuria. France recouped herself by "rectifying" the boundaries of her Tonquin colony, Germany by the seizure of the Kiao Chau peninsula, with an expansive hinterland, and England by a second "rectification" in Burmah and the opening of the Yangtse-Kiang to foreign navigation. Finally, in 1898, Russia forced from China the cession of Port Arthur and Talien-Wan, with connection with the East Chinese Railway, which brought her down to the Great Wall. But a belated demand last autumn by Italy, which has been left out of the division, for Sammun Bay, with a sphere of influence in the province of Chekiang, met with something like contumely. The mighty empire has begun to assert herself. The Chinese soldiers have shown more bravery and skill in using the many munitions of war which they have acquired than was anticipated, and instead of the dragon of the superstitious past meeting modern civilization, it looks more like the soldiers of the west being confronted with their own arms and tactics.

### THE CHINESE WAR AND CHRISTIAN MISSIONS.

The saddest part of the war in China is the interruption it has caused in the work of the Christian missionaries. At the outbreak of the war there were six hundred ordained Protestant missionaries and about two thousand other Protestant mission workers labouring in China. Their work radiated from nearly five hundred mission stations and they had between eighty and ninety thousand communicants.



PRINCE SHENG.

The Roman Catholic Church had, it is said, over two hundred missionaries and one hundred and fifty thousand converts in the Pekin district alone. With religious hate against any foreign religion and patriotic zeal against "foreign devils," the Chinese have wrecked many of the mission stations, killed many of the missionaries and converts, and those who have escaped death are either held as hostages by Chinese officials or have taken refuge in fortified centres under foreign protection. Our own Canadian Methodist missionaries, Dr. V. C. Hart; George E. Hartwell, B.A.; H. M. Hare, M.D.; O. L. Kilborn, M.D.; W. E. Smith, M.D.; R. B. Ewan, M.D., and their wives and children, and Wellington Stephens, M.D.; Miss Minnie Brimstin, Miss Lottie A. Brooks, Miss Mary A. Foster, Miss Anna Henry, M.D., and Miss Maud Killam, M.D., succeeded in reaching Hankow on August 10, from which place Dr. Hart sent a cable message stating that they had arrived safely and were all well. For this we are thankful, but we hope and pray that the war may soon be brought to an end, so that these noble missionaries and their Christian co-labourers may return to their work of spreading peace and blessing through the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

#### TREATMENT OF THE REBELS.

Now that the war in South Africa is nearing its close, the question that is receiving the keenest attention is the

treatment of the rebels. Many are calling for the severest measures, and there are not a few who are demanding the most lenient. Recently this question caused a most spirited debate in the House of Commons, in the course of which Liberals again aired most of the old charges against the Colonial Secretary, Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, and indulged in criticisms of the war in South Africa. Finally, Sir Wilfrid Lawson moved a reduction of Mr. Chamberlain's salary as a mark of censure of his policy.

Mr. Chamberlain, replying, welcomed the issue raised by the motion, which he declared meant that the war was wrong, and that, consequently, annexation of the South African Republics was wrong, and their independence should be restored to them. In his opinion, however, the war was just and righteous, and should not be judged by its consequence in loss of life. John Bright had defended the civil war in America as just and righteous, although the loss of life was as thousands to units as compared with South Africa.

Mr. Chamberlain combated the Liberal assertion that the Afrikaner Bond had remained loyal, and ought to be consulted with regard to the settlement. He charged the Radicals with condoning rebellion. The policy of the Government, however, was not vindictive, and instead of subjecting the rebels to the death penalty or



THE HON. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN.

imprisonment, it only proposed to disarm them politically for ten years. As regards the future, there would not be an indefinite military occupation. At the earliest moment a civil administration would be established. The Government desired to give the States at the earliest possible moment a system of self-government



THE LATE KING HUMBERT OF ITALY.

similar to that enjoyed by the other British colonies. He believed the hope of a reaction at home was prolonging the war. Therefore, in the interests of the country, he hoped it would be made clear that the Government had substantially a united House and people behind it.

#### THE ASSASSINATION OF THE KING OF ITALY.

The world has again been shocked with another cruel assassination. Humbert, King of Italy, was the victim, and the foul deed was done at Monza on July 29, by Bresci, an anarchist weaver, who had been a resident of the United States. King Humbert, who had been attending the distribution of prizes after a gymnastic competition, was entering his carriage when he was struck by three bullets from a revolver, one of which pierced his heart. He was taken at full speed to the Royal Villa, and though the journey occupied

but three minutes, the king was dead ere the palace was reached. When Queen Margherita arrived, and heard the dreadful news, a heartrending scene ensued. Bursting into tears, she exclaimed, "It is the greatest crime of the century. Humbert was good and faithful. No person could have loved his people more. He was one who bore ill-will to none." Both Humbert and his queen were very popular with the people of Italy, as they were exceedingly democratic in their views and conduct. When cholera prevailed in 1884, their personal services and sacrifices for the good of their people greatly increased their popularity. King Humbert personally visited hospitals and conversed with patients until the panic which accompanied the disease passed over.

Bresci, the assassin, says that he had no accomplices, but circumstances indicate differently. Many arrests have been made and greater efforts will be put forth by the Governments of Europe to stamp out



THE LATE DUKE OF SAXE-COBURG-GOTHA.

anarchists. Bresci says that he had no personal hatred of Humbert, but that his terrible deed was done because of his hatred of monarchical institutions and his love of the anarchist's creed. This fatal attempt of Bresci is the third that has been made on King Humbert's life. In 1878, an attempt was made by a cook, whose only reason was that he hated kings. He used a dagger, and only succeeded in wounding the king on the arm, as the king protected himself from further injury by striking his assailant down with his sword. Another attempt on his life was made in 1897 by an insane blacksmith, who also used a dagger. The king's only son, the Prince of Naples, succeeds his father to the throne of Italy

as Victor Emmanuel III. King Humbert will be buried in the Pantheon, the most perfect ancient structure in Rome.

#### THE DEATH OF PRINCE ALFRED.

Death has again entered the royal household. On July 30, Prince Alfred Ernest Albert, Duke of Saxe-Coburg, died suddenly from paralysis of the heart at Roseau Castle, Coburg. The Duke was better known to the English people, and especially to Canadians, as the Duke of Edinburgh and the "Sailor Prince." He was the second son of her Majesty the Queen, and was born at Windsor in 1844. From the first, Prince Alfred was destined for the royal navy, which service he

entered in 1858 as a naval cadet. He took great interest in his work, and steadily rose until he became a naval commander, his most distinguished command being that of the Mediterranean fleet, which he held from 1884 until 1888. In 1861, after a long cruise, he visited Canada, and spent a short time at Halifax, Quebec and Toronto. The Greek people offered him the throne of that country in 1862, which dubious honour he declined on the advice of the Queen's Ministers. On the Queen's birthday in 1866, among the honours granted, Prince Alfred was created Duke of Edinburgh, Earl of Kent and Earl of Ulster. In 1874 Prince Alfred was married to the Grand Duchess Marie, the sister of the late Czar of Russia.

To his abilities as a sailor, the Duke added the graces of an accomplished musician. On the death of his uncle, the late Prince Consort's brother, the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, in 1893, the Duke of Edinburgh succeeded him to the title and throne. He will, himself, be succeeded by his nephew, the Duke of Albany, who is in his sixteenth year. In her sore bereavement, our beloved Queen has the heartfelt sympathies of her loyal people.

tion in preference to surface or overhead systems. The building of this new road, therefore, is being watched with keen interest by other municipalities, and its success or failure is likely to be accepted as a precedent for the future of traffic management in the crowded cities of the country. Although popularly known as a tunnel, it will be constructed as a tunnel proper only a small portion of its extent. For another small distance it will be a viaduct or elevated structure. Throughout the greater part of its course, however, the new road will be built in an open trench, which afterward will be covered over and will form a subway.

Sewers, gas and electric mains, and street-car tracks must be moved into new positions, and the work must go on with as little interruption to street traffic as possible. The route of the underground road carries it nearly the whole length of the island of Manhattan, while a branch line is to pass beneath the Harlem River and to continue thence, above ground, to Bronx Park.

Instead of the system of switches, which makes the handling of trains slow and liability of blockade great, the tracks will form a loop about City Hall Park. There will be no backing of trains, and they will be able to follow one another as



[Courtesy of Pearson's Magazine].

STRUCTURE OF THE TUNNEL IN LOWER NEW YORK.

### NEW YORK'S UNDERGROUND RAILWAY.

Of all the engineering works now in progress in this continent, says Earl W. Mayo, in the *Outlook*, the construction of the Rapid Transit Underground Railway for Greater New York is undoubtedly the enterprise of chief popular interest. This interest is due not alone to the magnitude of the task involved (it is said that the \$35,000,000 award for building the road is the largest ever made in a single contract), but also to the fact that it marks the first departure on any elaborate scale in America in favour of underground trac-

rapidly as the pace will allow. Moreover, as this is one of the busiest spots in the city, the park itself being abutted by sky-scrapers, the road is made a double-decked or two-story structure, instead of having all four of the tracks on the same level, as in the case throughout most of its course.

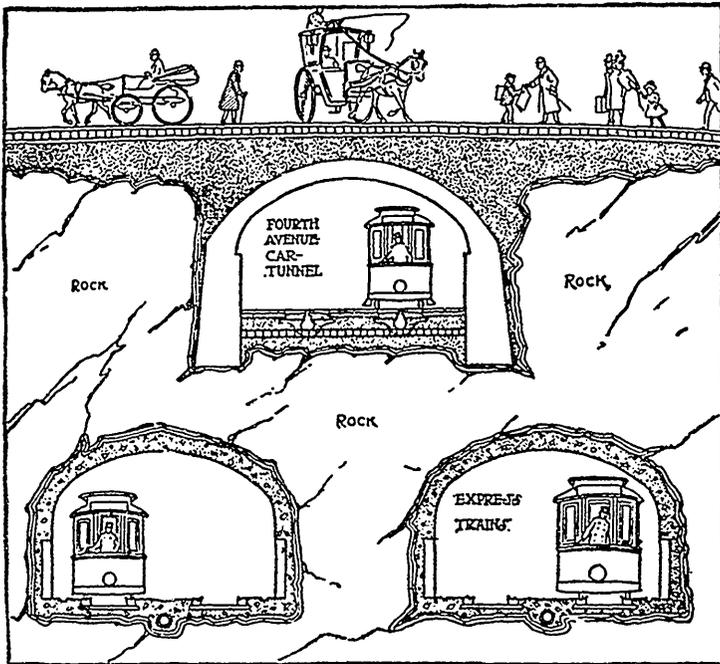
The lower level of the tunnel will be forty-five feet below the surface. Elevators will be required to carry passengers from the sidewalk to the station platforms, which will be placed one above the other, as will be the tracks. It is an interesting fact that here, at one of the

deepest points on the lower portion of the underground line, it passes close to the foundation of the thirty-story Park Row building, the tallest in the world.

The method of "cut and cover" work, that is, of laying the tracks in an open trench which afterwards is to be covered over, will be followed for two miles, until Thirtieth Street is reached. At this point the elevation known as Murray Hill will be encountered. The Fourth Avenue surface-car line now runs through a subway from Thirty-third to Fortieth Streets, and the rapid-transit road will

marked off is blown out. Other holes are then drilled straight into the rock in tiers of three or four placed about two feet apart. This process is repeated over and over, and the rapidity with which the work can be carried on is indicated by the fact that a gang of twenty men can advance about ten feet per day through the solid rock.

At Fourth Avenue and Forty-second Street, opposite the Grand Central Station an interesting situation will be developed, as the tunnel will provide the fourth level on which traffic will be carried on.



[Courtesy of Pearson's Magazine].

STRUCTURE OF THE TUNNEL WHERE IT MUST RUN UNDER THE PRESENT FOURTH AVENUE TUNNEL.

burrow still further down, as shown in our diagram.

The value of the rock which will be removed will fully compensate for any increased cost in the actual work. The non-pressed air-drill plays a prominent part in it. Three or four of these drills are operated side by side on each facing. The first step is to drill three holes into the face of the rock at such an angle that they meet at the depth of two or three feet in a "V" point. A blasting-charge is then inserted in the openings, and the three-cornered section thus

Above it will be the tunnel through which the street-car lines pass; still higher will be the surface of the street; still above that will be the elevated railway.

At One Hundred and Forty-first Street, the tracks will be carried beneath the river by means of two tubular tunnels placed side by side. In the actual construction a cylindrical steel tube known as a tunneling shield will be used. Its forward end will be sharpened to a cutting edge, and it will be driven forward through the silt and soft soil underneath

the river by hydraulic power. Within the shield workmen will shovel away the soil, which will be carried out in buckets or small cars. The shield will be moved forward as fast as the men advance. Behind the first lot of workmen will come others who will put into position the plates which are to form the circular walls of the completed tunnels.

Above the Harlem River the road will emerge from beneath the surface, and will be carried on an elevated structure to its terminus at the Bronx Park.

At One Hundred and Ninetieth Street it will be more than one hundred feet below the surface. At Manhattan Street, on the other hand, the tracks will be fifty-eight feet above the ground.

The tracks of the underground road will be of standard gauge, with rails weighing eighty pounds to the yard, so that ordinary railway trains may be run over them if desired. The cars for regular service will be about as big as the largest trolley cars now in service, and will be run in trains of three or four. They will be driven by the third-rail electric system. The interior of the tunnel and the cars themselves will be lighted by electricity, and the whole effect will be light and pleasant, as the walls will be finished in glazed enamel of a warm tint.

New York's tunnel promises to fulfil the three great requirements of comfort-

able underground travel. It will be light, clean and dry. The road will cost less per mile than the London underground line. The cost of the latter was nearly five million dollars per mile, while that of the New York road is less than one and three quarter millions per mile. What it may mean for the labourers of the city may be judged from the fact that Mr. McDonald estimates that he will need ten thousand men to carry on the work, which will mean a daily pay-roll of \$20,000. Three thousand tons of steel rails will be required for the tracks, sixty-five thousand tons of structural steel for the framework, and other materials in proportion. The amount of rock and earth to be removed will aggregate something like 80,000,000 cubic feet.

#### "THE TWO-PENNY TUBE,"

As some papers call the new Central London electric underground railway, is proving a great success, and thousands of people have already learned that they do not need to waste two hours in or on an omnibus in order to reside five or six miles from their places of business. The omnibuses which were packed last month are now empty, while house rents at the terminus of the lines are increasing and the people are riding in cars well lighted and well ventilated for the first time.

## A NATION'S WELCOME.

BY FLORENCE EARLE COATES.

Come home! The Land that sent you forth  
From East and West, from South and North,  
Looks wistfully beyond her gates,  
Extends her arms and waits—and waits!

At duty's call she stilled her woe;  
She smiled, through tears, and bade you go  
To face the death you would not shun.  
Brave hearts, return! Your task is done.

Not as you journeyed come you back;  
A glory is about your track  
Of deeds that vanquished tyranny  
And set a tortured people free:

Deeds, sprung of manhood's finest grace,  
That envious Time will not efface;  
Deeds that proclaim a Nation's worth,  
And crown the Land that gave them birth.

America but waits to greet  
And bless you, kneeling at her feet,  
Your standards fair in honour furled,  
The proudest mother in the world!

Come home! The Land that sent you forth  
From East and West, from South and North,  
Looks wistfully beyond her gates,  
Extends her arms and waits!

—*Presbyterian Review.*

"I like that man who faces what he must  
With steps triumphant and a heart of cheer;  
Who fights the daily battle without fear;  
Sees his hopes fail, yet keeps unflinching trust,  
That God is good; that somehow, true and just,  
His plans work out for mortals; not a tear  
Is shed when fortune, which the world holds dear,  
Falls from his grasp . . . He alone is great  
Who by a life heroic conquers fate."

## Religious Intelligence.

### BISHOP THORURN ON THE PHILIPPINES.

The present is a dark hour in Manila, and many Americans have grave misgivings concerning the future of the islands; but, for one, I cherish no doubts on the subject. God has good and gracious purposes concerning the people of these beautiful islands. The Chinese will come in, if permitted, in large numbers, and in a generation or two a stronger type of physical and moral manhood will be found here than exists now. Vital Christianity will infuse a new life into the people, the superstitious and immoral phase of Romanism which holds religious sway here now will rapidly give way before the advance of education and a pure gospel. Both cloud and sunshine may be in store for the people, but it is my assured belief that at the close of another century fifty millions of happy Christian Filipinos will be found living on these fair islands, all of whom will bless the day when, in the providence of God, the Americans first set foot upon Philippine soil.—*Central Christian Advocate*.

### THE ZIONISTIC MOVEMENT.

"Already," writes Edward A. Steiner, "the movement has become a formidable one in some of the European countries. Its leader is Dr. Theodore Herzl of Vienna, an author of European reputation, who, unwilling to bear longer the taunts of the anti-Semitic mob of his native city, and unable to erase from his face and heart the marks of his race, has planned this exodus with the view of restoring to his people the land once their own, in which, unmoled, they might live and govern themselves.

"An able aid to Dr. Herzl is Rabbi Moheleth, of Russia, one of the noblest and most charitable of men, revered for his piety and saintliness of character. At his word of command the Jews would come out of Russia like bees out of a hive. Why should they not be glad to leave a country where they have experienced only hatred, shame and cruel oppression? In Germany there are scholarly men yearning to lead their people— not from narrow ghettos and squalid homes, but from the broad streets of Berlin and from the merchant palaces of Leipsic and Frankfurt—into a country of their own

government, where they will no longer be the despised and persecuted beings they now are. In Rome, in Venice and in many other places in Europe the exodus fever is spreading and burning in the hearts of the downtrodden but hopeful people."

The *Methodist Times*, of London, publishes a series of figures with regard to the expansion of Methodism during the century. Commencing with Great Britain and Ireland, the Methodist membership is given as advancing from 140,000 in 1801 to 881,637 in 1898, while the population has advanced from a little less than 16,000,000 to 39,000,000. So that the proportion of members of Methodism to the total population has changed from 1 in 113 to 1 in 44. In addition there are given the figures of adherents—560,000 in 1801, or 1 in 28 of the population, to 3,526,548 in 1898, or 1 in 11 of the population. Then, taking world-wide Methodism, the entire Methodist community in 1801 is given as 260,000 members and 1,040,000 adherents; in 1898, 7,100,601 members and probationers and 28,402,404 adherents. Estimating, as the compiler does, the population in the world in 1801 as 650,000,000, and in 1898 as 1,507,000,000, the proportion of members to the entire population of the world is 1 in 212 and of adherents 1 in 53. He then gives the geographical distribution of present-day Methodism. The total is 7,100,601 members and 28,402,404 adherents. America leads with 5,864,175 members; then comes the United Kingdom with 881,637.

"Many will recall," says the *Canadian Baptist*, "the great mission enterprise of Bishop Taylor in South Africa. His idea was to plant a line of self-supporting, industrial mission stations across the continent. He pushed the enterprise with tremendous vigour, and enlisted the sympathies of multitudes. After heroic labours, he finally handed over the mission to the Methodist Episcopal denomination of the United States. With all his heroic energy and self-sacrifice, he was unable to make it a success. Bishop Hartzell, to whose care the Methodists committed it, has been gathering up the fragments. On the Congo, of the fifty-eight people sent there, but five remained. All the rest had either returned home or died.

Of the eighty-six sent to Angola, but twenty-four remained on the field. The work on the Congo has been abandoned, while that inland from Angola is to be conducted on general missionary principles. This hoped-for self-supporting industrial mission has been one of the most costly, and a great failure in every way."

For fifteen years Dr. Goucher has been supporting more than 100 primary village schools in India, at an aggregate cost of over \$100,000. The Goucher schools have educated pastors, presiding elders, pastor teachers, local preachers and day-school teachers, through whose influence, as the reports of the presiding elder distinctly show, in the fifteen years since they began, 27,000 converts have been added to the Church.

The Wesleyan Church has this to say of its missions: "The statistical returns for the year are encouraging. The Transvaal and Swaziland District leads the way with an increase of 849 members in addition to 3,500 on trial. The Canton District comes next, with an increase of 359, the largest hitherto recorded. All the districts in the Asiatic fields show an increase.

#### RECENT DEATHS.

Within one week, four of our beloved senior ministers, at or over eighty years of age, passed away. On July 18th, the Rev. W. Woodman was buried in Warton; on the 17th, the Rev. James Brock passed away at his residence in Kingston; on the 20th, the Rev. James Caswell died in this city, and on Sabbath morning, July 22nd, the Rev. Thomas Crews fell asleep in Jesus. It is very seldom that one week sees so many of our veterans fall, and the rapidity with which they are passing away as speedily robs us of the pioneer preachers whose mighty words, noble deeds, and heroic sacrifices laid the foundations of our Church in a new land, and have built up a civilization, the fruits of which we richly enjoy. Sons of the morning, they brought hope, cheer and salvation to many a settler's home; and, too often, like the sunshine, the regularity of their service has often caused its beneficence to be accepted as a matter of course, and due thankfulness was and is too constantly forgotten. Large circuits were faithfully travelled, privations were cheerfully endured, and the Word was so convincingly preached, that souls born into the light were the constant fruit of



THE REV. JAMES CASWELL.

their labours. Incalculable is the debt which modern Methodism owes to these pioneers, and as they are passing from us, in sorrow we lay our tributes of love and praise at their feet, thanking God for such preachers and nation-builders.

The oldest of these pioneers was the Rev. James Brock, who had reached the advanced age of ninety-six years. He was said to have been the oldest Methodist preacher in Canada or the United States. Born in 1804 in Ireland, Mr. Brock came to Canada when he was about twenty years of age. He entered the Methodist ministry in 1830 and served in many places in Quebec and Ontario, but principally in Quebec and the east. In 1874 Mr. Brock was a delegate to the first General Conference, which was held in this city. He was chairman for many years. Always popular, he was especially noted as a controversialist. After forty-five years of active work, he superannuated in 1875.

The Rev. James Caswell had reached the eighty third year of his age. The closing months of his life saw much suffering patiently borne, and the testimony of his patience and faith were benedictions to his children, all of whom were around him. Mr. Caswell was born in England in 1817 and was the son of a talented Methodist local preacher. In 1844 he was sent to Canada as a missionary in the Methodist New Connexion Church. He served the Church with zeal and success.



THE REV. THOMAS CREWS.

A fluent speaker, he was ever earnest and forceful. His gifts as an evangelist were specially marked and he was considered one of the most successful revivalists of his Church. The movements towards union found him a hearty sympathizer. He enjoyed many honours at the hands of his brethren, was a member of the first General Conference and served on the committee which was appointed to compile the hymn-book now in use in our Church. Most of the circuits which he served were in Western Ontario. Full of honours, he superannuated in 1891. He left a widow, seven daughters and three sons, one of whom, the Rev. W. B. Caswell, B.A., is pastor of the Norwich Avenue Methodist Church in Woodstock.

At four-score years the Rev. W. Woodman, of Warton, and the Rev. Thomas Crews, of London, passed away. Mr. Woodman was a member of the Bible Christian branch of the Church, and has been little known, but his faithful labours and consistent life caused him to be greatly beloved and respected by those who knew him. Mr. Crews was widely known throughout Western Ontario, where he has exerted a lasting influence upon the social and religious life. He entered the ministry of the Wesleyan Conference in 1851 and was in the active ministry for thirty-eight years. He was a faithful preacher, an eager evangelist and a true, diligent and systematic pastor. Place and power he shunned, but he was frequently honoured by his brethren, by whom he was ever held in love and highest esteem. He has given three sons to our ministry: the late Rev. L. W. Crews,

B.A., who died at London in 1884; the Rev. A. C. Crews, General Secretary of Epworth Leagues and Sunday-schools, and the Rev. H. W. Crews, pastor of Central Methodist Church, St. Thomas.

## MR. J. J. WITHROW.

Mr. John Jacob Withrow, the brother of the Rev. Dr. Withrow, died very suddenly at his residence in Toronto, on Sunday, August 5. Mr. Withrow was a trustee of the Metropolitan Church, and was one of the most useful citizens of Toronto, having served that municipality in many important capacities. He was ever noted for fidelity to work, cautious judgment and shrewd business ability. On Sunday morning he was attacked by a species of paralytic stroke. All that was possible was done by skilful medical attendance, but he never rallied, and death ensued in the evening. Mr. Withrow was born in Toronto in 1833, of U. E. Loyalist stock, was educated at old Toronto Academy, and began life as an architect. He started with Mr. Hillock the firm of Withrow & Hillock, builders and con-



MR. J. J. WITHROW.

tractors. Among the offices he has filled are councillor for Toronto, president of the Mechanics' Institute, president of the Canadian Mutual Loan and Investment Company, and City Assessor. He was president of the Toronto Exhibition Association from its organization to a recent date, and rendered great service in that capacity. Mr. Withrow leaves a widow, two sons and two daughters, and a wide circle of friends to mourn his loss.

## THE CONCEPTION OF IMMORTALITY.\*

BY REV. PROF. E. I. BADGLEY, LL.D.,

*Professor of Ethics and Apologetics, Victoria University, Toronto.*

This is the fourth Ingersoll lecture delivered in Harvard University on the "Immortality of Man." The lectureship was founded by Miss Caroline Ingersoll in memory of her father, and a lecture on the above subject is to be delivered each year "between the last day of May and the first day of December." Professor Royce is one of the most brilliant thinkers and writers on philosophical subjects now before the public, and his words are entitled to the most serious consideration. It is impossible for me to do much more than briefly outline his views, leaving their fuller exposition and defence to his other published volumes. To those capable of following a close and compressed line of argument, who seek for thought rather than rhetoric, this little volume will amply repay perusal.

Without offering any criticism upon his position, we shall aim to briefly reproduce the general trend of the lecture.—Immortality means permanence. But this is of two sorts, of type, *e. g.*,  $2 \times 2 = 4$ , and of individual being. Immortality is concerned with the permanence of individual man. The question then becomes,—What do we mean when we talk of the individual man? Only as we know and can answer this question can we raise the other question of man's immortality. The answer to the first will carry us to the heart of things—God, the world,—man's place in the world,—and the question of our immortality will become, in great measure, a mere incident in the course of this deeper discussion. The main question then is,—“What do we mean by an individual man?” In defining him we have defined his immortality.

This one question now resolves itself into two. The first is a problem of logic,—“What is it that makes *any* real being an individual?” The second relates to life in relation to the individual,—“What place do I fill in God's world that nobody else either fills or can fill?”

The chief mystery about man,—a most mysterious being, as every one must admit,—is the mystery of his individual

nature, whereby he is this man and no other man. “The only solution of this mystery lies in conceiving every man as so related to the world and to the very life of God, that in order to be an individual at all a man has to be very much nearer to the Eternal than in our present life we are accustomed to observe.” In relation to man, individuality means *this* person, *not* the other. In his personality and individuality he is different from the rest of the world of existences. This difference between myself and every other existence is the deepest truth of my being. An individual is defined as “an essentially unique being, or a being such that there exists, and can exist, but one of the type constituted by this individual being.”

This general and abstract characterization is not so very difficult a problem. The difficulty is intensified when we attempt to define a particular individual—not the type, but *this* man, myself. In fact, the individual is always undefinable; we can only define types.

Again, the difficulty of defining or obtaining a clear conception of the individual results from the fact, that in the problem of knowledge we never can know likenesses except in relation to differences. The one can never be grasped without the other. As a consequence all “individuality is known to us only as an aspect inseparable from what is not individuality.” Existence in itself, and apart from relations, being thus unknowable and inconceivable, the conception of individual immortality labours under difficulties of no ordinary character.

Again, true individual existence is unsharable in the sense that its individual nature can never be shared with or merged into any other individual. A Socrates to-day living the same conscious life in every respect as facts of consciousness, would be individually and personally no more the Greek sage of that name than Plato was. But such uniqueness can never be presented to our senses. The common-sense assumption of “such a difference between any individual and all the rest of the world as lies deeper than any resemblance can never be made good as a fact of knowledge.” But our own individuality

\* “The Conception of Immortality.” By Josiah Royce. New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Company. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, \$2.50.

presupposes such a difference from all other beings, actual or possible. But, is a definition of such uniqueness in any way possible? Evidently not.

Again, the conception of individuality is the foundation of all intimate human relationships. We love our child as we love no other. The lover's affections centre upon an individual, not upon a type, and yet "an individual is a being that no finite search can find," although "essentially the object of an exclusive interest." Justly the author says: "The problem of the lover is as technically metaphysical as is that of any theologian. His exclusive interest is a typical instance of the true principle of individuation." Bayard Taylor has the soldiers singing in the trenches before Sebastopol. They sang the same words but with a different meaning to each singer.—

"Each heart recalled a different name,  
But all sang Ammie Laurie."

Love takes hold of, and is loyal to individuals, but they are invisible and indescribable.

But is there any truth in this idea of individuality? Does it represent anything? An entire system of philosophy is involved in any adequate answer. "There is in it more than an emotional interest. All serious science is impossible without it. Science means a practical interest in individual truth and in the truth of individuals. It postulates the individual as its goal. Genuine reality implies individuality. The conception of reality is an expression of human needs and purposes. The question ultimately resolves itself into the following,—“Is reality in its wholeness a reason of purpose, rather than merely of observable finite facts and of abstractly definable characters?”

He holds that the concept of individuality is a teleological concept. "An individual is a being that adequately expresses a purpose." No other being can take the place of this individual as an expression of this purpose. Individual beings, if real at all, are real only as unique embodiments of purpose.

Does the world, then, express will? and this question raises the deeper one—“What is Reality?”

The view-point now would seem to be that we must define the whole reality of things in terms of purpose. A discussion of this involves a doctrine about God as an Absolute Being, and of His relation to every conscious finite life, in so far as that life, seeing its own imperfections,

seeks for truth beyond itself. This search implies in some way our union and unity with the Absolute Life, the ground and source of all truth. Ignorance, error, evil, viewed as such and in their separation from the whole, are imperfect self-expressions of the Absolute that can only appear within the limits of a finite fragment of the whole, such as any one of us now is. The world as an absolute whole is an expression of God's immanence. All reality is one and for One, and is the expression of a single purpose; and all that we consciously intend in all our finite strivings is oneness with God.

But "what has become of our individuality, in so far as we were to be just ourselves and nobody else?"

God must be regarded as the only true personality. "Only the Absolute Life can be an entirely whole individual. God is the primary individual." To come into possession of His life, His fulness, is the effort of all science, of all moral striving. "A will satisfied has in God's whole life found its goal, and seeks no other." But we constantly fail. "By no mystic vision can we win our union with Him," and hence our perpetual restlessness, our continued toil, while still it is in Him that "we live, and move, and have our being." But "not now, not here in time and amidst the blind strivings of this instant" can we hope to attain our goal, for, as Augustine says,—“Restless are our souls until they rest, O God, in Thee.”

Again, meaning and purpose are the two deepest facts about the real world. Here are the two realms of theory and practice, of science and of life. Both are possible for us, and are demanded of us; one is expressive of intellect, the other of will. Viewed from the standpoint of their totality, the real world is "an unique fulfilment of purpose,—the only begotten son of the Divine will." Of this unique whole, and because of its relation to it, every fragment and aspect is unique. Every fragment of life fills a place that can be filled by no other. Each expresses a meaning and a purpose in the Eternal plan. "And so, although we can never see, and never absolutely define, our unique or individual place in the world, or our character as this individual, we are unique and therefore individual in our life and meaning, just because we have our place in the divine life, and that life is one. We finite beings are unique and individual in our differences, from one another and from all possible beings, just

because we share in the very uniqueness of God's individuality and purpose. "We borrow our variety from our various relations to His unity."

And so we seek the true individuals but we do not find them. Our "eyes are holden" that we cannot see them. To the world of merely human sense and thought they are invisible. "They even now belong to a higher and richer realm than ours. Herein lies the very sign of their true immortality. For they are indeed real, these individuals. We know this, first, because we mean them and seek them. We know this, secondly, because in this very longing of ours, God too longs; and because the Absolute life itself, which dwells in our life, and inspires these very longings, possesses the true world, and is that world. For the Absolute, as we now know, all life is individual, but is individual as expressing a meaning. —We all, even now, really dwell in this realm of a reality that is not visible to human eyes. We dwell there as individuals." And "that this individual life of all of us is not something limited in its temporal expression to the life that now we experience, follows from the very fact that here nothing final or individual is found expressed." As individuals we dwell in God, and all the variety of life and love is an expression of the oneness of the Absolute will which lives in and through it all. Our present life is but a glimpse, a fragment, a hint, and in its best moments a visible beginning of our true individual life. There are in it prophecies of a future, but "how, when, where, in what particular higher form of finite consciousness our various individual meanings get their final and unique expression, I also in no wise pretend to know or to guess." He closes this brilliant lecture with the following statements: "I know not in the least, I pretend not to guess, by what processes this individuality of our human life is further expressed, whether through many tribulations as here, or whether by a more direct road to individual fulfilment and peace. I know only that our various meanings, through whatever vicissitudes of fortune, consciously come to what we individually, and God in whom alone we are individuals, shall together regard as the attainment of our unique place, and of our

true relationships both to other individuals and to the all-inclusive Individual, God himself. Further into the occult it is not the business of philosophy to go. My nearest friends are already, as we have seen, occult enough for me. I wait until this mortal shall put on—Individuality."

This summary is but an imperfect presentation of an exceptionally suggestive lecture. The author admits that there are in it many gaps that the reader must fill in by reference to his other published volumes. It is, however, a cause of unspeakable satisfaction that the testimony of one of the ablest philosophers and psychologists finds as a result of his investigations, that our personal and individual existence is not limited to this life. Nor ought it to be objected that he finds a veil of mystery hanging over and shutting out that unknown future. With him, as with St Paul, "we see through a glass darkly," and with St. John he admits that "it doth not yet appear what we shall be." It is enough that the reasoned conclusions of philosophy on this great question support the teaching of revelation. It is an unreasonable demand that it should give us clearer and fuller light.

Professor Royce's views are, in many respects, not unlike those of our own great laureate poet, Tennyson. Few writers have felt more deeply the fact of our immortality, or realized more fully its mystery, than did he. In one of his latest poems, "Vastness," he says:

"What is it all, if we all of us end but in being our own corpse-coffins at last,  
Swallow'd in Vastness, lost in Silence,  
drown'd in the deeps of a meaningless Past?"

And again, that the after-life is one of progress he fully believed, as expressed in the following lines, which he frequently quoted:

"The Voices of the day  
Are heard across the Voices of the dark.  
No sudden heaven, nor sudden hell, for  
man,  
But thro' the Will of One who knows and  
rules—  
And utter knowledge is but utter love—  
Æonian Evolution, swift or slow,  
Thro' all the spheres—an ever-opening  
height,  
An ever-lessening earth."

"Thanks to the human heart by which we live,  
Thanks to its tenderness, joys and fears,  
To me the meanest flower that blows can give  
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

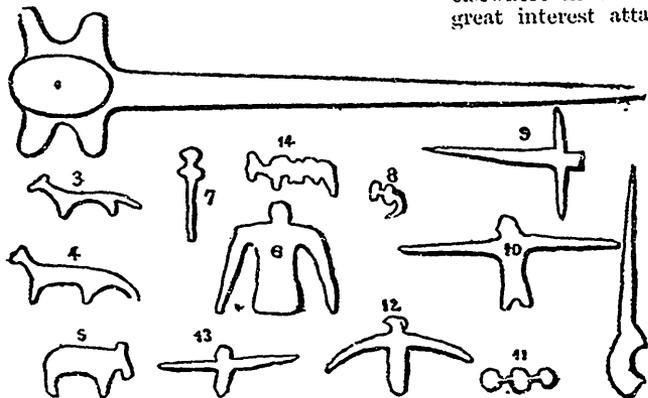
—Wordsworth.

## Book Notices.

*Prehistoric America. The Mound Builders: Their Works and Relics.* By REV. STEPHEN D. PEET, PH. D., Editor of *American Antiquarian and Oriental Journal*. Vol. I. Illustrated. Chicago: Office of the *American Antiquarian*, Toronto: William Briggs.

This is the most complete and exhaustive work that we know on this interesting and important subject. It is the result of many years' study and exploration. It describes the burial mounds and sacred inclosures of these interesting people, their village life, defensive works, migrations and religious sentiment as expressed in their remarkable structures.

The author discerns different



ANIMAL MOUNDS IN WISCONSIN.

- 1, Turtle mound, 306 feet long, 6 feet high; 7 and 8, lizard mounds, 8 with curved tail; 9, crutiform figure, 209 feet long, 72 feet wide; 3 and 4, fox figures; 5, bear; 14, buffalo; 12, 13, 10, and 6, bird-like forms.

kinds of religion, manifest among the mound-builders. Animal worship and serpent worship, indicated by the effigies of the mounds; fire worship, as shown by cremation mounds; the moon cult, of which traces are found in crescent-shaped walls and altars; the water cult, indicated by walls and parallel walls connected with the watercourses; and sun worship, evidenced by oriented pyramids, sun circles and graded ways and sun symbols, ornaments and shell gorgets of the natives. The whole subject is treated with full detail in a very interesting and instructive manner, and is illustrated by two hundred and thirty-five cuts, and several full-page maps.

It has been supposed that no traces of the mound-builders existed in Canada, but what may prove an extremely valuable discovery or identification has just been made in the township of Otonabee by Mr. D. Boyle, the accomplished Canadian archaeologist. His examination of embankments or mounds on De Zang's or Roach's Point have resulted in establishing that these form the combination of serpent-and-egg emblems, of great antiquity in Europe and Asia as well as in America. These Otonabee earth structures are upwards of two hundred and fifty feet in length, the head of the serpent or snake pointing due east.

No similar structure is known to exist elsewhere in the Dominion, and very great interest attaches to Mr. Boyle's identification. The embankments have been regarded hitherto as entrenchments, but the fact that they are of the serpent-and-egg arrangement would seem to connect them with some sort of semi-worship or superstitious ceremonial observances.

Dr. Peet writes as follows: "Certain effigies which are called serpent mounds have been discovered near Balsam Lake in Canada. There is a mystery about this whole

subject of serpent mounds in America which is difficult to solve. It is strange that we have the sun symbol in the Ohio mingled with the serpent effigy, but south of the Ohio the sun worship and pyramid mounds prevail, and no serpent effigies: but when we get to Central America we find the two once more combined.

"I am advocating Sir Daniel Wilson's theory of winning nations into America by three routes. First, by way of Behring Strait; second, by a more direct route—after the time of the Buddhist religion had spread; third, by way of Ireland, before the times of the Norsemen, and, perhaps, a fourth, by way of South America and the West Indies."

All over the North American continent, from Lake Superior to the Gulf of Mexico, from the Alleghanies to the Rocky Mountains, are found the remains of an extinct and prehistoric people. These remains consist for the most part of earthen mounds, often of vast extent and almost countless numbers. Hence their unknown creators are called the mound-builders.

These strange structures may be divided into two classes: enclosures and mounds proper. The chief purpose of the enclosures seems to have been for defence—the formation, as it were, of a fortified camp. They were sometimes of great size, covering many hundreds of acres. They were surrounded by parapets of earth, in the form of circles, octagons, or similar figures. They were evidently designed for protection against an intrusive race, and formed a line of forts from the Alleghanies to the Ohio.

Another striking form of enclosure is that designated animal mounds. These are outlines in earthwork, in low relief, of sacred animals—probably the totems of different tribes, as the turtle, lizard, serpent, alligator, eagle, buffalo, and the like. They are especially numerous in the valley of the Wisconsin. The “Great Serpent” of Adams County, Ohio, is over a thousand feet long, and the “Alligator,” of Licking County, is two hundred and fifty feet long and fifty feet broad. The mounds proper are of much less extent, but of greater elevation. Some, there is reason to believe, from the presence of charred bones, charcoal, trinkets, etc., were used as altars for the burning of sacrifice, and perhaps for the offering of human victims. Others are known as temple mounds. These were chiefly truncated pyramids, with graded approaches to their tops, which are always level, and are sometimes fifty feet in height. In Mexico and Central America this class is represented by vast structures, faced with flights of steps and surrounded by temples of stone.

More numerous than any are the sepulchral mounds. They always contain the remains of one or more bodies, accompanied by trinkets, cups, and vases, probably once containing food provided by loving hands for the departed spirit faring forth, as was fondly believed, on its unknown journey to the happy hunting-grounds beyond the sky. The size of these is generally inconsiderable; but they sometimes attain great magnitude: in which case they probably cover the remains of some distinguished chief. One

of these, known as Grave Creek Mound, in Virginia, is seventy feet in height and nine hundred feet in circumference. Sometimes earthen vessels are found, containing charred human remains, indicating the practice of cremation among the mound-builders.

But there are other evidences of the comparatively high state of civilization of those remarkable people. There are numerous remains of their art and manufactures. Among these are flint arrow-heads and axes, pestles and mortars for grinding corn, and pipes, frequently elaborately carved with considerable artistic skill. These last often occur in the form of animal or human figures, sometimes exhibiting much grotesque humour, and frequently executed in very intractable material.

Remains of closely woven textile fabrics have also been found, together with implements used in the spinning of the thread and manufacture of the cloth. The pottery and other wares of the mound-builders exhibit graceful forms, elegant ornamentation, and much skill in manufacture. On some of these the human face and form are delineated with much fidelity and grace, and the features differ widely from those of the present race of Indians. Copper implements, the work of this strange people, are also found in considerable quantities. Among these are knives, chisels, axes, spear and arrow heads, bracelets, and personal ornaments.

But the most striking proof of the mechanical skill of the mound-builders is their extensive mining operations on the south shore of Lake Superior. Here are a series of mines and drifts, sometimes fifty feet deep, extending for many miles along the shore at Ontonagon and at Isle Royal, off the north shore. In one of these was found, at the depth of eighteen feet, resting on oaken sleepers, a mass of native copper weighing over six tons, which had been raised five feet from its original bed; numerous props, levers, ladders, and shovels, employed in mining operations, were also found.

These old mines had become extinct long before the discovery of America, for the present race of Indians had no knowledge of copper when first visited by white men; and trees whose concentric rings indicated an age of four hundred years have been found growing upon the accumulated rubbish that filled the shafts.

The commerce of the mound-builders was also quite extensive. Copper from these northern mines is found widely distributed through eighteen degrees of

latitude from Lake Superior to the Gulf of Mexico. Iron was also brought from Missouri, mica from North Carolina, and obsidian from Mexico.

An examination of the skulls of those prehistoric people, scattered over a wide area, indicates, together with other evidences, that they were a mild, unwarlike race, contented to toil like the Egyptian serfs in the vast and profitless labours of mound-building.

Agriculture must have received among them a high degree of development in order to the maintenance of the populous communities by which the huge mounds were constructed. Their principal food was probably maize, the most prolific cereal in the world.

The question, "Who were the mound-builders?" only involves the inquirer in the mazes of conjecture. They seem to

have been of the same race with the ancient people of Mexico, Central America and Peru. They probably came, by way of Behring's Strait, from the great Central Asiatic plateau, which has been through the ages the fruitful birthplace of nations. As they advanced towards the tropical and equatorial regions of the continent, they seem to have developed the civilization which met the astonished eyes of Cortez and Pizarro. Successive waves of Asiatic emigration of a fierce and barbarous race apparently expelled them from the Mississippi Valley and drove them south of the Rio Grande. Probably little will ever be known of their history unless some new Champlion shall arise to decipher the strange hieroglyphics which cover the tablets of the ruined cities of Yucatan and Guatemala.

#### RECOMPENSE.

BY FRANK WALCOTT BUTT.

What is the price, the price of war,  
That men give life's brave service for:  
Fierce slaughter on the battle-field,  
The dread Death Angel's sword revealed;  
An army's rude and riotous haste;  
The city and the farm laid waste;  
Then, when the victor bids the battles cease,  
Behold, the wide world's larger liberty and peace.

What are the hopes, the hopes of war,  
That men despoil their foemen for?  
To make a master's proud demands,  
To win fair cities and broad lands;  
At least for country's sake, to spend  
One's life, and gain a glorious end.  
But, best of all, when storms and battles cease,  
To win the wide world's larger liberty and peace.

What is the end, the end of war,  
That men have ever battled for?  
The savage joy of lording o'er  
Slaves, who were lords and kings of yore;  
The exultation and delight  
When nations crown their men of might.  
But, at the last, when moil and battles cease,  
Behold, the wide world's larger liberty and peace.\*

—*The Independent.*

\* This is not always true; and even when it is, the same result could in almost every case be secured at a tithe of the cost, and without stirring up all the hatreds of hell.—*Ed.*

#### THE GIFT OF THE POET.

Say, what is the gift of the Poet.  
And what is the guerdon he brings?  
And, say, will his music avail him,  
If alone and unheeded he sings?  
What glimpses of vanishing beauty  
Are his, as the seasons go by?  
What hint of unrealized sweetness,  
What song, what melodious sigh?

Say, what is the gift of the Poet?  
The light of the beautiful years;  
The tumult of weariless passion,  
That vibrates from laughter to tears;  
The scorning, when genius is given;  
The glow, when that gift is withdrawn,  
Which throws o'er the brow of the future  
A hue like the glory of dawn.

Say, what is the gift of the Poet?  
A gift of the cloud and the air;  
The soul's gifts of sadness and gladness,—  
The gift to exult - to despair:  
The gift of the pipe and the viol;  
The nightingale's heart, the lark's wings.  
And are these the gifts of the Poet?  
And are these the guerdon he brings?

Say, what is the gift of the Poet?  
The gift to discern, to admire;—  
The insight, the rapture prophetic;  
The gift to delight and inspire;  
The beauty of Love that comes flowing  
From secret, invisible springs;  
Ay, these are the gifts of the Poet:  
And good is the guerdon he brings.

—*Pastor Felix.*