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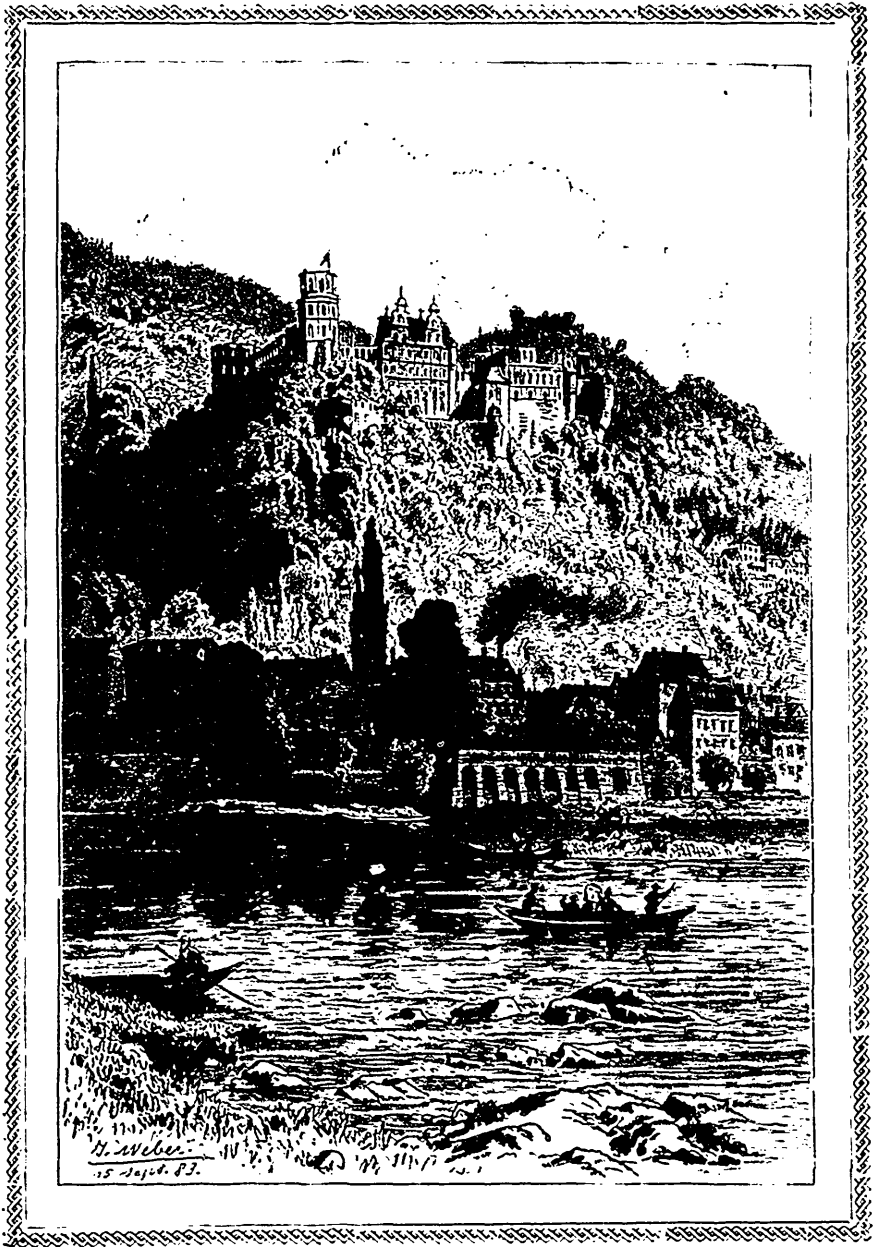
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HEIDELBERG CASTLE.

Methodist Magazine and Review.

JUNE, 1901.

STUDENT LIFE AT HEIDELBERG.

BY PROF. H. ZICK AND W. H. WITHROW.



THERE are two foci around which life swings at Heidelberg, like the sun in its orbit or like the twin stars of a binary system—the castle and the college. Thousands of pilgrims visit the town by the Neckar to see the ruins of its incomparable castle. Thousands of students throughout the Fatherland revere the grim old pile in the Ludwigs-Platz as their *alma mater*. Compared with the splendid university buildings at Toronto and Montreal, at Bonn and Berlin, at Vienna and Prague, that of Heidelberg is a distinct disappointment. It is a plain, uncompromising square building, with monotonous, factory-like windows, its only picturesque feature being the great double ogee roof; yet, with the exception of the universities of Prague and Vienna, it is the oldest in central Europe. Its five-hundredth anniversary was celebrated in 1886 with much academic pomp and state. All the learned bodies of Europe were represented, and one of its unique features was conferring the title of Doctor of Divinity upon Prince Bismarck, the man of Blood and Iron. Its period of greatest prosperity was in the sixteenth century, when it was the chief seat of Reformed learning in Germany, and here



LIBRARY TOWER, HEIDELBERG CASTLE.

Luther lived for a time. During the stormy period of the Thirty Years' War, when the whole Rhenish Palatinate was devastated with fire and sword by the French, it survived with difficulty. But of recent times it has recovered much of its ancient prestige. Its halls are thronged with about fourteen hundred students, and its noble library contains four hundred thousand volumes, and many unique and precious ancient manuscripts.



ENTRANCE TO STUDENTS' PRISON, HEIDELBERG UNIVERSITY.

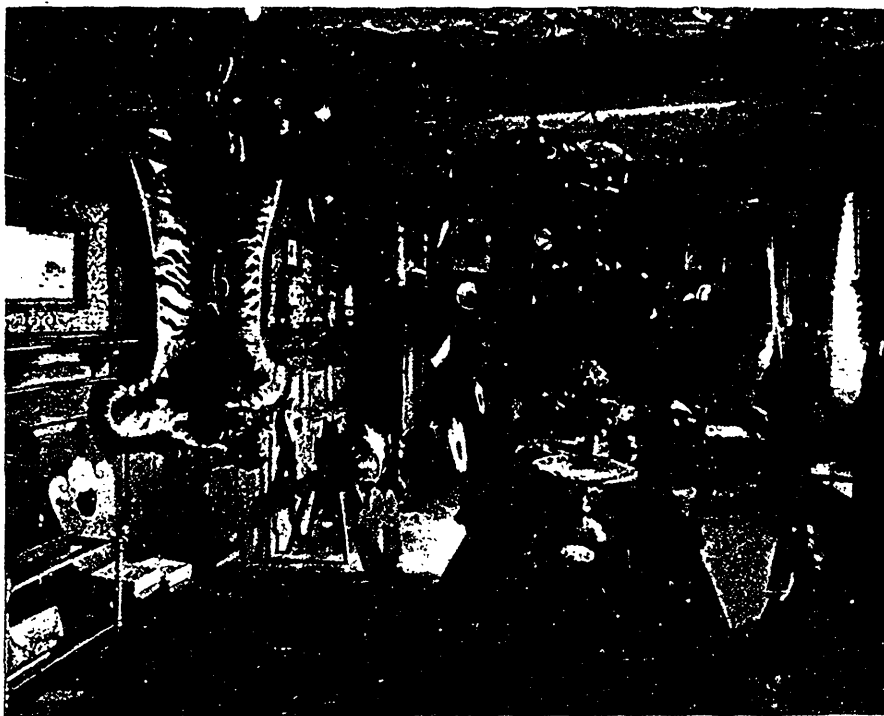
The jaunty students, with their semi-military uniform and scarlet pill-box cap with broad, gold band, through the narrow streets, seem to own the sidewalk and run the town. They are often marked by a great scar of a sabre-slash of some recent duel, or still more conspicuous sticking-plaster on their cheeks.

The old building, which dates from 1711-15, has been restored and beautified for the university's five-hundredth anniversary, the wide halls laid with costly tile, and a magnificent new Aula, or convocation hall, constructed. Finely-painted symbolic figures of Law, Theology, Medicine, and Philosophy, look down from the ceiling. The raised dais for civic and other functionaries, and the carved stalls for the professors, create a very imposing effect. Its scientific laboratory and staff have special reputation. We met two of these

learned professors eight hundred miles up the Nile, who cordially invited the strictly prohibitionist Canadian to share their refreshments of lager and something stronger.

The point of chief interest, however, is not the magnificent Aula or spacious lecture-rooms, but three dingy chambers up under the roof. The good *haus-frau* took me up the narrow stairs into three dismal and shabby-looking cells known as the *Carcer* or students' prison. It is rather a jolly imprisonment which the refractory students enjoy—that is the only word which can describe it. A portrait gallery of the former occupants of the prison presents the youthful faces of some of the most distinguished men of Germany, among them that of the great Chancellor, Prince Bismarck.

Many students consider it an essential item in their college curriculum to have tasted the joys and



THE KNEIPE CHAMBER OF THE SAXO BORUSSIA.

sorrows of *Carcer* life. Being caught fighting, breaking the peace by untimely singing at night, guying the police, playing practical jokes, and other minor offences lead to the desired goal. The students' prison is one of the sights of the town. In Heidelberg the prison cells consist of three small rooms, named Villa Ruinke, Palais Royal, and Sans Souci. Each cell contains a bare wooden bedstead, a small stove, a table, and one or two chairs. The walls are covered with humorous drawings and with portraits (silhouettes) in ink, soot, pencil, coloured chalk, or paint. Poetry also abounds—poetry so original that it cannot be translated without losing flavour and point. The confinement is only nominal. The prisoners may call on each other and receive callers from the outer world, and they are liberally supplied with food

and drink at their own expense. They can even obtain permission to attend lectures.

Of late years there have been set on foot movements to correct the semi-barbaric customs of the German student by the formation of temperance societies, anti-fighting leagues, athletic clubs, singing societies and debating clubs.

A word here about student life in general in the Fatherland.

The children of the poor, if endowed with intelligence and industry, may receive a free education, university training included.

There are in Germany proper twenty universities, with a total attendance of about thirty thousand students. All the universities are state institutions. A German university is perhaps the most perfect republican organization in the world; there is absolute liberty of



GERMAN STUDENT AFTER A DUEL.

teaching and also of studying or not studying. The German professor is proverbially a paragon of learning. Any student may become one of the fraternity if he can; that is, if he is capable of passing with high honours (*summa* or *in-signi cum laude*) a very difficult examination, showing extraordinary proficiency in learning and special fitness for scientific research. At first the young savant has to be satisfied with the title and honour of

a *Privatdozent* (private lecturer). As such he receives no salary, but only lecture fees—if he is able to attract students to his lectures. After some years the faculty of professors may recommend his appointment as an extraordinary professor (assistant professor), who holds a more honourable but still unsalaried position. After a further, indefinite lapse of time the extraordinary professor who achieves distinction in his special branch of science is called upon by some university to fill a regular chair, and then he is an ordinary professor, drawing a fixed salary aside from the lecture fees. The path leading to a full professorship at a German university is a very thorny one. The difficulties with which it is beset tempt only the ardent student, the scientist for science' sake, and demonstrate clearly Darwin's principle of the survival of the fittest.

The students may be classed as those who study and those who do not. Nearly all students belong, for some time at least, to the latter class. And it is only natural that they should; for the young man has just gone through a nine years' course of hard mental labour, and



AFTER A GERMAN STUDENTS' DUEL.



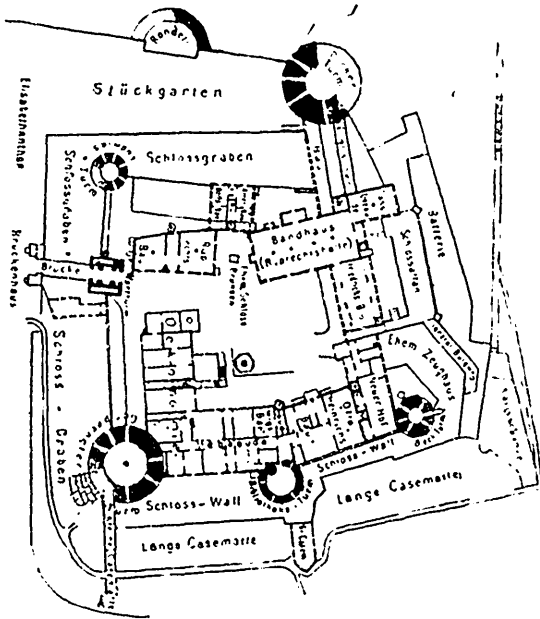
CHEERING THE ALMA MATER, HEIDELBERG UNIVERSITY.

he feels like "letting up" a little before he puts himself into harness again. The would-be student has had to undergo for nine years a thorough grinding in a preparatory school, figuratively called a *Gymnasium*. Latin, Greek, French, German, history, mathematics, and the sciences must be fairly well mastered before the aspirant is admitted to the sacred halls of the university, where nearly all the courses are strictly post-graduate courses. During his preparatory studies at the *Gymnasium* he has been subject to the strict discipline of the school, and the not less severe supervision of the home, but as a university student he enjoys for the first time absolute freedom in every respect. He can live where he pleases and how he pleases, for dormitories are unknown. Free from parental restraint, he is very apt to mistake license for liberty, and to sow his wild oats with a

vengeance. He is absolutely free to study or not to study. There are no roll-calls, no recitations, and no examinations until after the whole course of three to five years' study. The young student is therefore conspicuous by his absence from most or even all lectures for a time, varying according to personal inclination or the study chosen. It would not do for the student of medicine to absent himself too often or for too long a period, while a student of law may study from books altogether.

German student-life finds its most picturesque expression in the smaller university towns like Halle, Jena, Göttingen, Freiburg, and dear old Heidelberg; while in the larger cities, like Leipzig, Munich, and Berlin, the student is but one of the important factors of city life.

Nearly every student belongs to some social organization. The most distinguished ones among those



HEIDELBERG—PLAN OF CASTLE.

whose members wear caps of various colours are the "corps" (corporations). Next in public regard stand the *Burschenschaften* (fellowships), and then follow no end of so-called *V'rbindingen* (unions) of little or no standing. There are, however, many clubs of good standing whose members do not wear any distinguishing insignia. The main object of all these associations is to "have a good time"—to drink, to fight, to play practical jokes on the police and the patient "philistines," the ordinary citizens.

The members of a regular association meet as a rule every day before dinner for the *Fruhshoppen* (appetizer), after dinner for a cup of coffee and a walk or drive, and in the evening for a more or less extended carousal. The officially great day, or rather evening, is Saturday, when all the members are expected to be at their club-houses or meeting-rooms and to take part in a solemn drinking exercise called *Kneipe*, which is conducted

according to a code of strict and elaborate rules. After the presiding officer has formally opened the *Kneipe* the company of jolly good fellows engage in talking, guying, joking, drinking to each other's health, and singing. It is strictly forbidden to "talk shop." The singing is quite a feature of the *Kneipe* and is as a rule very good. Most of the songs have great poetical and musical merit, as for instance the famous student-songs of Victor von Scheffel, the author of "The Trumpeter of Sackingen."

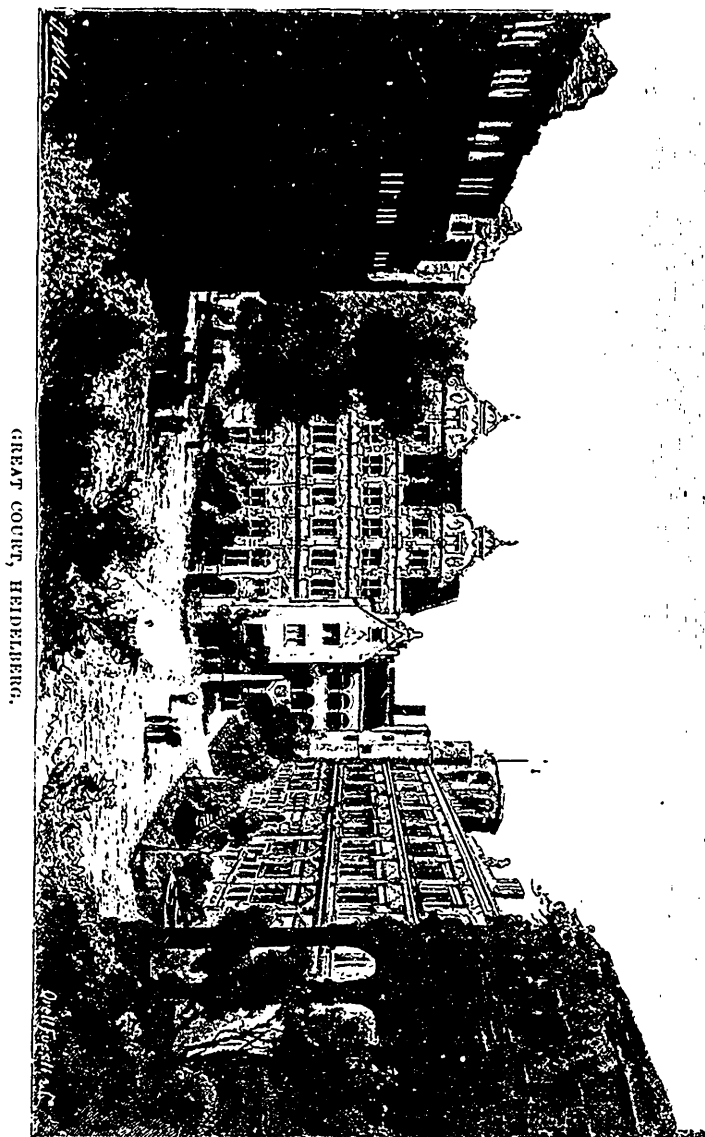
As the hours advance the general hilarity increases and so does the



A BIT IN THE GREAT COURT.

sentimentality inborn in the German breast. Then one may often see one student approaching another and inviting him to drink *Bruder-*

sister." With this ceremony they drop the formal *Sie* (you) and address each other in future by the familiar *Du* (thou). There are



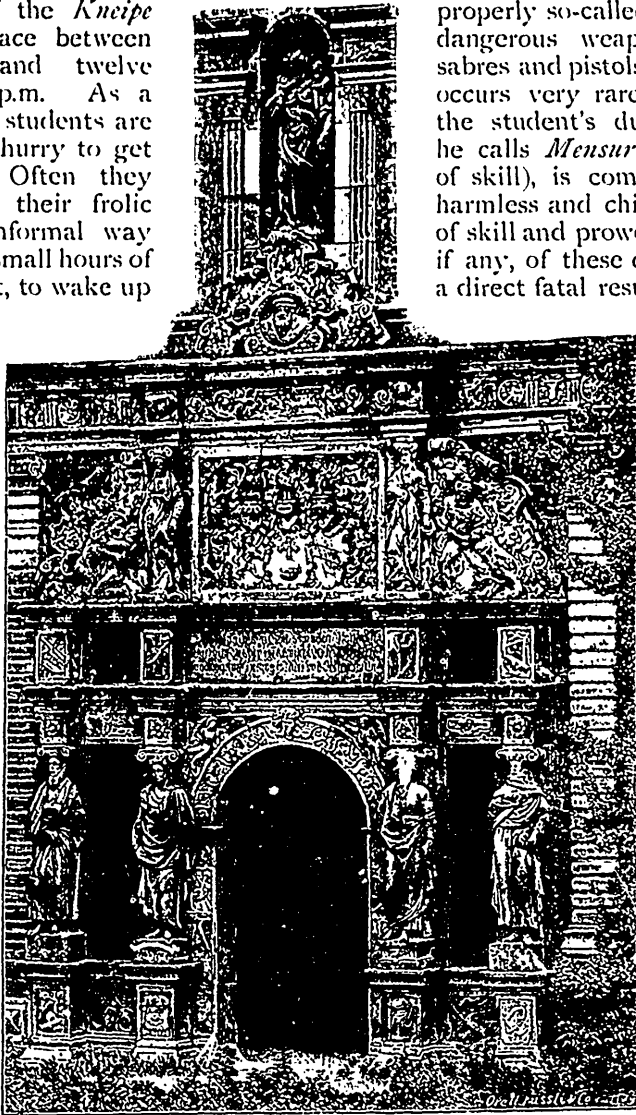
GREAT COURT, HEIDELBERG.

schaft (brotherhood). They intertwine their arms, empty in this position their glasses, shake hands, and say as with one voice: "Be my friend, pay my debts, and marry my

many other quaint rites observed on special occasions, like the election of a *Bierkonig* or the reception of a *Fuchs* (freshman) into full fellowship (*Bursche*). The official

close of the *Kneipe* takes place between eleven and twelve o'clock p.m. As a rule the students are not in a hurry to get home. Often they continue their frolic in an informal way into the small hours of the night, to wake up

properly so-called, in which dangerous weapons, like sabres and pistols, are used, occurs very rarely among the student's duel, which he calls *Mensur* (measure of skill), is comparatively harmless and chiefly a test of skill and prowess. Few, if any, of these duels have a direct fatal result. They



GREAT DOORWAY, FRIEDRICH'S BAU.

with a tremendous headache and an indescribable feeling of misery.

Next to the *Kneipe* the most prominent feature of the picturesque side of German student-life is duelling. It is to the German youth what sport is to the Canadian college boy. There are, however, two distinct kinds of duels. A real duel,

are fought for various reasons; sometimes, too, for no reason whatever. Any slight insult or offence—and a German student is very "touchy" and frequently most willingly offended—may be made the occasion for a challenge. Besides, all the young members ("foxes") of the crack associations have to fight

three times before they are given the rights and privileges of full-fledged "fellows." Often two "corps" match their "foxes" or their "fellows" against each other in a most friendly spirit, simply to test their courage and skill.

The make-up of a duelist is remarkable. As to grotesque appearance the football player cannot compare with the German student. The right leg and the chest are amply protected by cushion-like garments; the right arm is guarded by a padded glove reaching to the shoulder; the neck is safely covered with heavy wrappings and the eyes are shielded with tin goggles. The rules and regulations regarding the combat are intricate and are strictly enforced. The duel is over when the allotted time, fifteen minutes' actual fencing, has passed, or when one of the combatants has received a wound which the attending surgeon considers somewhat serious.

Duelling is of course forbidden by the law. The authorities, however, connive at its breach, and interfere only when fighting is done to excess or threatens to degenerate into mere slashing. The offenders when caught in the act are committed to the *Carcer*, the students' special prison. Bismarck, who was a swashbuckler when a student, as well as when Chancellor, is reported to have fought no less than fourteen duels.

The student's intercourse with society, so called, is very limited. Most of the time he considers it a bore to attend dinners and parties, for the young people in Germany enjoy hardly any freedom. "Gretchens" are very particular about being always within the range of their mothers' vision. The young, lively students therefore prefer to go to a kirmess, in a neighbouring village. Yet many a romance has its beginning at the university, and its happy ending in marriage after the *examen rigorosum* has been

passed and a position secured by the faithful Romeo.

But the life of the German student is not all play by any means. After a few terms of unlimited and unchecked indulgence in frivolities, the student realizes the necessity



CHARITY.

or settling down to arduous, conscientious work, which is mainly post-graduate work. In planning it the student suits himself, although the sequence of subjects to be taken up is arranged by custom or the nature of the study.

The professor is essentially a lecturer. But the student has the right and opportunity to consult him

about his studies in general and difficult points that may come up in the lectures. In medicine and the sciences professors and students are naturally in closer touch than in the other branches of learning. Yet in these also (law, philology, philosophy, and theology) the advanced student has the opportunity of studying and working under the personal direction of the professor in the *Seminarien* (seminaries), the practical courses.



FRIEDRICH THE WISE.

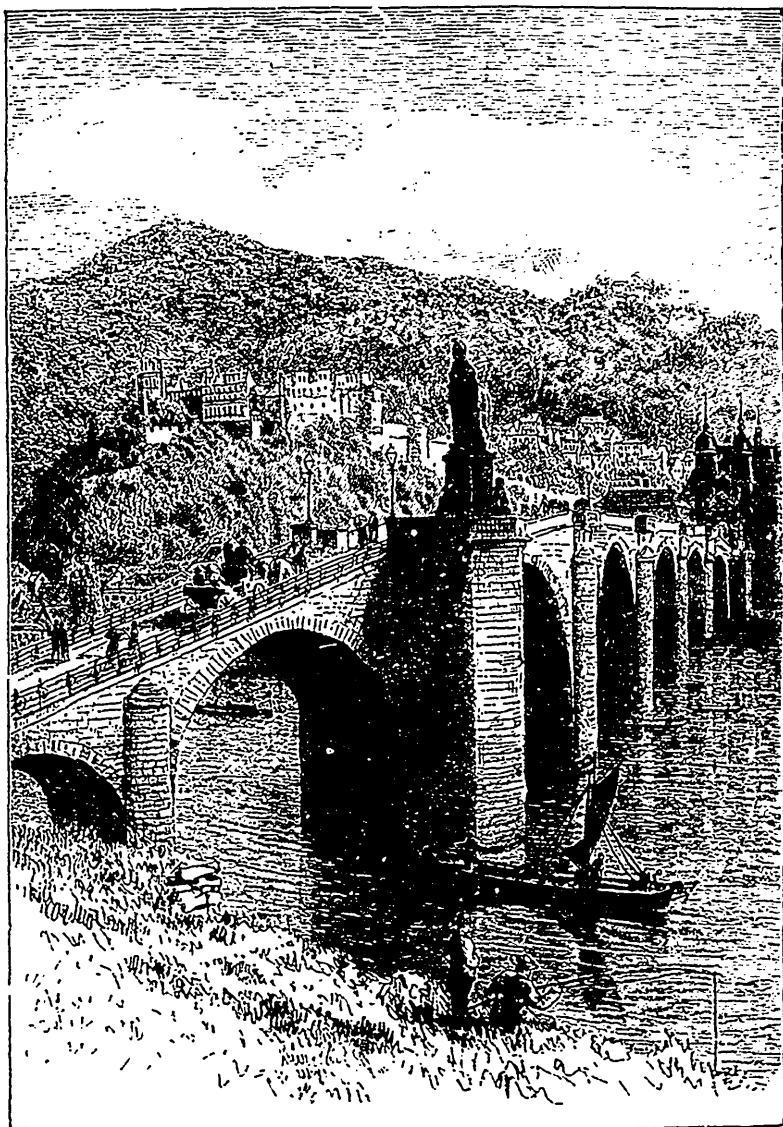
Each lecturer has the right to use a definite room for certain hours during the week. The single lecture lasts exactly forty-five minutes. During the quarter of an hour between lectures a regular migration of students from floor to floor or room to room takes place, but they are all in their places when the professor enters the lecture-room. While he is passing through the

aisle to his desk the audience expresses its appreciation—in case the professor is popular—by stamping on the floor, raising a cloud of dust. As soon as the lecture begins, complete silence ensues, and for three-quarters of an hour nothing is heard but the professor's shrill voice. Any disorder would be punished by suspension from the university, or, in grave cases, from all German universities.

In accordance with the principle of liberty in study, the student does not even need a certificate of attendance to be admitted to the final examinations; but he must furnish proof that he has registered and paid his tuition fees for the requisite courses of lectures. It goes without saying, however, that in certain studies, medicine for instance, attendance is an absolute necessity. His own common sense—if he has any at all—and the experience of those who have gone the same road before him, are sufficient guidance to the student in deciding which lectures and exercises he must attend as a matter of course and which he may safely "cut." The student knows also that he is allowed to fail but once in his examinations, and that he is judged by the examiners, appointed by the government, impartially and severely, *sine ira et sine studio*.

Apart from the state examination, qualifying the student for the pursuit of a profession, he may take a university degree—*honoris causa*. As there is a considerable fee (\$100 to \$150) connected with the acquisition of a degree, and since it confers only honours and no substantial rights, the majority of professional men in Germany do not enjoy that distinction which is so much coveted by foreign students.

The German scholastic year consists of two semesters of about fifteen weeks each. The term is followed by a ten to eleven weeks' vacation. Toward the end of the semester the students, at least the



FROM THE OLD BRIDGE, HEIDELBERG.

affiliated associations, unite in a common farewell celebration. In the afternoon of a specified day they drive to the neighbouring villages, where they spend a few hours in merry-making. In Heidelberg they return to town by boat. Passing the castle they cheer their beloved *alma mater* and sing Scheffel's

famous song in praise of "Alt Heidelberg." After dark they form in line for the torchlight procession, and march to the university square, headed and followed by big brass bands. There they form a circle and join in a solemn Latin song, *Gaudeamus igitur, juvenes dum sumus*, while the bands play

the tune and the officers of the procession, picturesquely dressed for the occasion, beat the rhythm with their swords. Then the torches are thrown high up in the air toward the centre of the circle, whereupon the students go to their farewell *Kneipe*, while the "small boy" takes care of the bonfire. The following days the railroad station is crowded with students homeward bound, apparently glad to speed to father, mother, brothers and sisters,



ELIZABETH GATE.

or somebody else's sister. But some leave with sad hearts and moist eyes, namely those who go never to return, because their studies are finished. Never to return? No! They all will come back once in a while. With every fibre of his heart the German student is bound to his *alma mater*.

Dominating the old town, a conspicuous figure far and wide throughout the valley of the Neck-

ar, is the famous old Heidelberg Castle. It seems to be under the special care and patronage of the students. Here they hold their banquets, and in its picturesque garden consume their restoration of pretzel and lager.

On the occasion of our first visit it was a students' fete day, the schloss garden was full of merry-makers, and at night the old castle was illuminated with coloured Bengal lights. Every window, which in daytime looks like the eyeless socket of a skull, and every loophole and cranny was ablaze, as if with the old-time revelry of the vanished centuries, or with the awful conflagration by which it was destroyed. A thunderstorm swept down the valley, and the firing of the old cannon on the castle ramparts blended with volleys of heaven's loud artillery.

The great event of a visit to Heidelberg is the climb to the castle. As we ascend, ever widening views of the winding Neckar and its vine-covered hills meet the view. On my first visit I wanted to ride up on a donkey, but there was none to be seen. I therefore inquired of an honest shoemaker, working in his stall, as to where the donkeys were to be found, and on obtaining the desired information, was about to drop a penny in his hand by way of thanks, when he cordially grasped mine in a hearty handshake. These homely, kind-hearted people greatly appreciate the exhibition of human sympathy and goodwill. Another honest fellow who took much trouble to give me information and show me the way, positively refused to accept anything for his services; he evidently felt that he was playing the role of a host. The German *frauleins* are not very good-looking, but they make amends for that by being very good-natured. One kind-hearted girl, from whom I bought some

photographs, on taking her leave, dropped a pretty courtesy with "Good-bye, dank you."

Next to the Alhambra, says Longfellow, Heidelberg Castle is the most magnificent ruin of the Middle Ages. Its older portions date from 1294, but it was frequently enlarged, till it became of vast extent and extraordinary magnificence. The deep, wide moat, the massy walls and ivy-mantled towers—at once a fortress and a palace—have an air of stern feudal grandeur that I have seen nowhere else. After being the abode of kings and electors for four hundred years, it was captured by the French, consumed by fire, blown up by powder, and left the magnificent ruin we now behold. Beneath a grim portcullis, with its gate drawn up, we enter the great court-yard (shown in our illustration), once gay with tilt and tourney, with martial array or bridal train. All around are stately facades of various ages and of splendid architecture, adorned with exquisite arabesques, garlands of fruit and flowers, mouldings and fluting and lace-work admirably carved in stone. In niches on the wall stand rows of knights in armour, and on the front of the Rittersaal the heroes of Jewish history and classic fable: Joshuà, Samson and David, Apollo, Mars, Hercules, and other gods and demigods, but all, alas, marred and effaced by the iron mace of war!

We are led through vaulted corridors; through roofless banquet halls, where kings once feasted; through a ruined chapel and up stone winding stairs to the bower chambers of fair queens and princesses—now open to the owls and bats. In the great kitchen is a huge fireplace, big enough to roast an ox, an evidence of the royal hospitality of ancient days. The *Gesprenge Thurm*, or "shattered tower," was, as its name signifies, blown up by the French. One-half

of its cliff-like wall, twenty-one feet in thickness, fell into the moat, and, after two hundred years, still lies an unbroken mass. On the ruined "Elizabeth Tower," built for the daughter of James I. of England, grows a tall linden, and in her bridal chamber the swallows make their nests. An air of desolation mantles over all.

The ground is covered for many a rood and the walls are heavily festooned with ivy. The striking contrast here presented between the



VIEW TOWER ON THE KONIGS-STUHL, HEIDELBERG.

eternal rejuvenescence of nature and the instability of the proudest of human monuments has called forth many a poetic effusion.

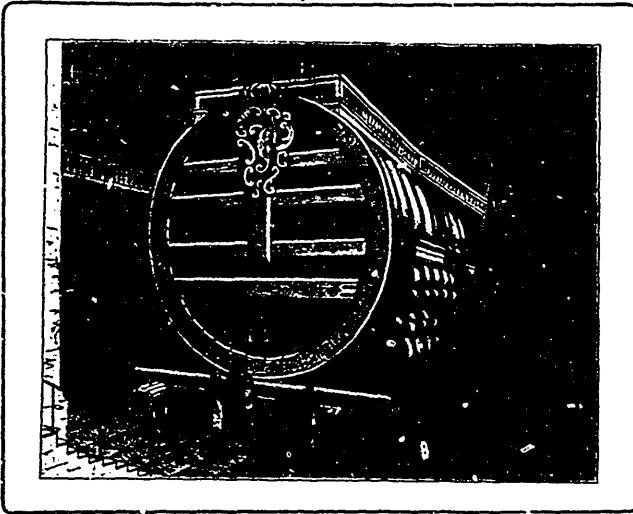
Herr Karl Pfaff writes thus of the grand old structure: "Its monuments bear reliable witness to the history of more than six centuries, from the splendour of the Hohenstaufen emperors, through the sorrowful times of the humiliation of the Fatherland, down to the glorious restoration of the ancient empire by the Hohenzollerns. The Palatinate bled for its faith from a thousand wounds, the superb castle of its princes fell into decay, the

town sank in dust and ashes, unshielded by the Fatherland."

The historian Ranke writes thus of the vandalism of his most Christian Majesty Louis XIV.: "Like Spire, so too, Worms, Mannheim and Heidelberg were given over to destruction—the castles and villages, the battlements of the walls and the burghers' dwellings, the council-houses and cathedrals, the bridges arching the rivers, the tombs of the ancient emperors, the possessions of the living generation and the monuments of the past—priceless in this ancient land of culture.

collection of historic portraits, relics and antique furniture, china, embroidery, ornaments and weapons of former inmates of the castle. I was specially interested in the portraits of the fair English princess, Elizabeth, the hapless mistress of these stately halls; of Maria Theresa; of Luther and his wife, and the wedding-ring with which he espoused the gentle nun.

From the castle terrace overhanging the valley is enjoyed a glorious view of the lovely Neckar, winding among the vine-clad slopes of the forest-billowed Odinald—the ancient haunt of the "Wild Hunts-



THE GREAT TUN OF HEIDELBERG.

"Upon the news of the destruction of Heidelberg, Louis XIV. caused a solemn *Te Deum* to be sung, and a medal to be struck bearing his own effigy and the inscription '*Rex christianissimus*'; the reverse showed Heidelberg in flames, with the legend '*Heidelberg deleta, 1693*.' It would seem almost like a divine retribution that exactly one hundred years later, similar outrages were perpetrated upon the royal tombs at St. Denis."

In an old gallery is preserved a

man of Rodenstein"—and the more remote "blue Alsatian Mountains." Of course nobody leaves without seeing in the castle vaults the "great tun," which will hold eight hundred hogsheads of wine. It lies on its side, is as high as a two-story house, and one goes up a ladder to a platform, twelve by eighteen feet on the top, on which many a dancing party has been held. The hogshead shown in front of the tun gives some idea of their relative sizes.

OUR PRISON PROBLEM.

BY ALFRED E. LAVELL, B.A.

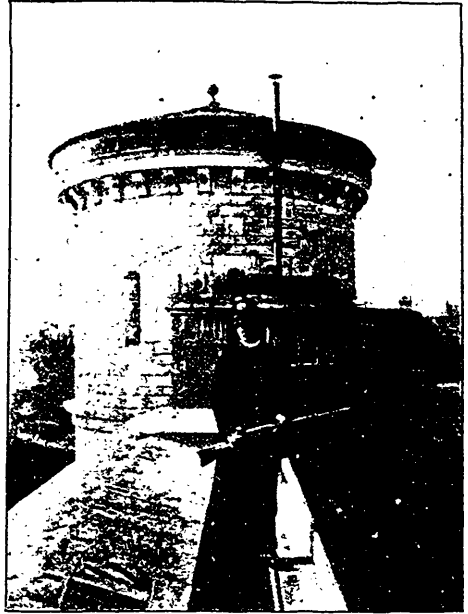


THE poet has sung,

“ Stone walls do not a prison
make,
Nor iron bars a cage.”

Properly understood, that statement is, we suppose, correct enough; but no one who has ever stood within the high stone walls of a prison, and, more than that, within the convict's cell, with the thick walls on either hand, and before him the steel bars of his prison door, will look lightly upon the fact that, bodily speaking, stone and iron afford a tolerably good means of putting limitations upon one's liberty. Sad to say, in all the history of the race, the use of stone and iron for this purpose has been found necessary to the safety of the state and the rights of the citizen. Even in such an enlightened and favoured land as ours, though nineteen centuries have passed since the Master preached “liberty to the captive,” there seems to be as much need as ever for material, enforced restraint to be put upon man by man. Penitentiaries, prisons, and gaols, scattered through province and county from Atlantic to Pacific, tell the stern tale that we are yet far from the long-sung Golden Year of the poets. Crime and prison bars are an uncomfortable, nettling, and grim reality.

Speaking generally, we have the same essential principles in force in all our prisons throughout the Dominion. A glance into one of these, therefore, will give us some idea of the nature of at least our larger penal institutions. Perhaps the penitentiary at Kingston is the best type to take, for it is much the largest we have, and its population

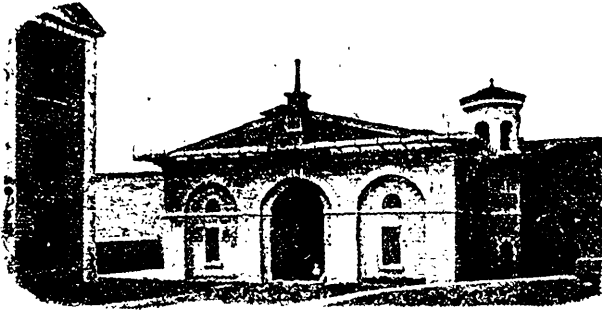


A GUARD AS SENTINEL ON THE WALL,
KINGSTON PENITENTIARY.

is gathered from points more widely scattered than is that of any of the others.

(a) *The Shell.*

As the accompanying illustration shows, the main prison lies upon the lake shore, and, viewed from the south, as one floats out in the western end of Kingston harbour, lies, like a heavy mass of grey, streaked at the top with the dash of the dark red of the roofs, and capped in the centre by the great, bulging, silvery dome. To the north of this stretches the couple of hundred acres of the prison farm and quarry land, where work all day, in prison though outside the walls, a hundred or more convicts, watched by the men in the blue uniform of the prison guard.



INSIDE THE WEST GATE, KINGSTON PENITENTIARY.

The section bordering on the lake is the walled city in which five-sixths of the men work at all sorts of trades—blacksmithing, stone-cutting, tailoring, shoemaking, carpentering, cooking, etc., etc., etc., where all of them eat and sleep, and from which all the different departments are administered and controlled.

The only gates through the high stone walls are one each on the north and west. A view of the latter we give from the inside. It looks out upon the wharf and across Portsmouth Bay to the Rockwood Asylum, and in it, as in the other, two guards keep watch night and day. The building on the left hand in this same picture is the insane ward, which is seen in full in the illustration of the central yard, together with the power-house. To the north of this central yard lies the dome; to the east the prison of isolation; to the south all the workshops.

Our view of the main prison shows the north gate in the foreground. The building just peeping over the wall on the left is the hospital—which is also the building shown in the picture of the

eastern wall; that on the right, corresponding to this, is the Protestant chapel; that in the centre is the dome, out of which, like great stone and iron spokes, run the four wings—the east wing, south wing, and west wing, con-

taining the cells; and the north, the Roman Catholic chapel, the main administration offices, and the female prison. The illustration showing the circular galleries inside the dome gives one some idea of how the five tiers of cells are reached by the men as, each with his tin of tea and bread, they retire for the night.

(b) *The Life Within.*

So much for the shell, the stone and iron, the dead material buildings and walls and gates and reach of land. But what of the life within? We have nothing like the space here in which to give the incidents and descriptive sketches which might fill many articles or lectures, but, as briefly as may be, let us specially glance, for illustration, at two or three features of prison life—the routine, the feeding, and the work, with a word on the "silent" system.

To be received into prison for the first time is an event which stamps

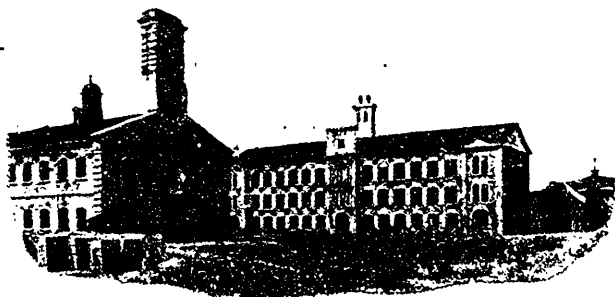


FRONT VIEW OF MAIN PRISON, KINGSTON PENITENTIARY.

itself indelibly upon the memory of every convict. He is not quite hardened. His thoughts before his crime had never dwelt long on the stern possible realities of a prison. He had other ambitions than this. His

crime, he thought, would be but the open door to riches, or favour, or comfort, or pleasure,—not to prison; and hard is the blow, when after the dazing experience of the apprehension and trial, he finds himself actually in charge of an officer in a closed cab, which is reined up at the north gate of Kingston Penitentiary. The great, heavy, double pair of gates swing back, and, as they drive on through, clang behind him, as with a harsh and heavy knell to all his bright ambitions, now passed for ever beyond his reach.

But little time is allowed him for thought. He is immediately given in charge of the chief keeper: all his possessions are taken from him, packed, labeled, and laid away against the time of his leaving; he is given a bath, is examined, measured, weighed, and a full description of him is registered. A suit of clothes—grey, with cross streaks of red, is presented to him, with his number and letter stamped here and



THE CENTRAL YARD, KINGSTON PENITENTIARY.

there upon it, and in a few minutes he stands forth, in dress and in reality a convict, ready for the kindly but firm counsel of the officials that he obey rules and behave himself, ready for the work that is to be allotted to him, and off he goes, a prisoner in charge of his guard.

There are few occupations more wearing in their monotony than is that of a penitentiary guard. For about twelve hours in every twenty-four, either during day or night, he is on guard, walking to and fro on high wall or quarry-mound, standing in ward, or shop, or yard, releasing or locking up the men at morn or eve, and ever but with one thought, "watch." There is little relief during hours, no reading, or smoking, or talking with the convicts, no work allowed, and everything has to move with such clock-like regularity that this compulsion to no occupation but the strain of watching, becomes as hard labour as man could wish.

The new-comer soon becomes acquainted with the bare, grim surroundings of the spacious central yard, with its pavement of fine broken stone; for across it, if he works in the "shops," he passes



PART OF EASTERN WALL, KINGSTON PENITENTIARY.

at least four times daily. At the sound of the great gong, the men in these workshops at noon or evening lay down their tools, and are soon lined up in single file facing the door. One by one the gangs pass out beneath the low arching of stone, with steady, swinging step, and under the constant surveillance of the guards, who, in strategic positions, are stationed along the line of march. Guards, stone walls, bars, prison clothes, no grass, nor tree, nor child, nor anything else of free life; surely they will not for-



GALLERIES IN THE DOME,
KINGSTON PENITENTIARY.

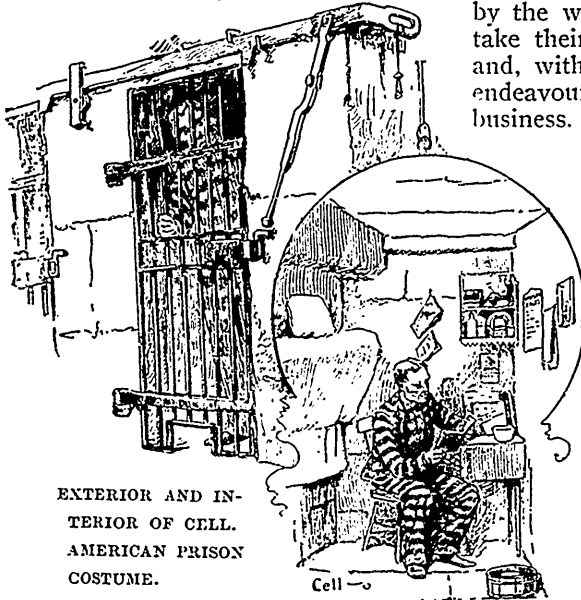
get that they are in prison, these men. Out they go, one by one, not in the lock-step, which some so strongly favour, though for what reason the god of tradition and of "deterrent" punishment alone can tell, and file over the hard, well-worn paths of stone, as directed by the officers in charge. Young men of sixteen and old men of seventy; rogues, well trained in deliberate crime, weak-willed fellows who have allowed circumstance to rule them, and men whose faces are full of horror and shame as they think of the one great mistake of their lives, and full of determination as they resolve never more to let crime have dominion over

them; on they march toward the dome, to take their ration of food and retire to their cells.

All meals are taken in the cells. This is unsociable, but has advantages. Breakfast consists mainly of bread, tea, and cold beef, and supper is strictly of tea and bread. Dinner is more elaborate. Vegetable soups, with a healthy allowance of beef therein, or pork, make up the general bill of fare, with a few variations, such as fish on Fridays, etc. One thing we have learned, that it does not pay in any sense, financially or morally, to starve our convicts or feed them bad food. We have learned also that it pays in every way to give convicts mental, as well as physical food. The result is an excellent circulating library in the penitentiary, containing works of science, history, fiction, and all the other branches of literature. The grade of education possessed by convicts in general is not of a very high order, but the books are read well, and are one of the few really uplifting influences which we allow to penetrate our general prison system. For those whose literary knowledge is almost nil, a school is provided, which, though handicapped in many ways, yet gives many a man ground for future success in the outside world.

Capping the provision for mental food is the means for imparting spiritual instruction. This work is in the hands of two chaplains, Protestant and Roman Catholic, and is centred in two chapels, well ordered places of worship, which, by the aid of the stained glass which hides the bars, are constructed so as to remind the convicts as little as possible of prison surroundings. In the Protestant chapel, beautiful and wise texts are in various places on the walls: "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever;" "The truth shall make you

free ;" etc., draw the thoughts to higher things, and the Lord's Prayer, and the Ten Commandments, lettered in full, face the worshippers throughout the service. Choir and organ—conducted by inmates—lead the singing, and hearty and deep is the music that arises at the two regular Sunday services. This mental and spiritual instruction of the convicts is the most hopeful part of our anomalous and self-contradictory prison system.



What is meant by the words, "with hard labour," attached to a sentence? It is largely now a fanciful phrase which we inherit, along with other features of our prison system, from the dim past. Convicts are *always* supposed to work hard, though as a matter of fact, when we come to consider (1) that they are not free men; (2) that most of them have come to prison through laziness—desire to get something for nothing; and (3) the essential defects of our system, we must not be surprised if "hard labour" has a different signification in prison from what it has outside.

There are trade instructors in all

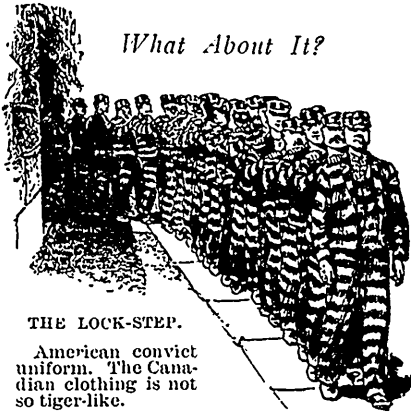
the more important lines of work—tailoring, shoemaking, blacksmithing, etc., and if any young fellow really wishes to learn a trade, there is generally nothing to hinder him.

Altogether, if a visitor passed through the penitentiary at any time during morning or afternoon, he would, with the above conditions considered, see an active, busy place, and here and there he would see careful and excellent work being done in all the departments by the wiser of the convicts, who take their position philosophically, and, with their eye on the future, endeavour to make the best of a bad business.

Neither while at work nor at rest are the prisoners supposed to carry on any conversation with one another. In theory the "silent" system is in vogue; but of course it and the congregate system cannot work together, and the silence—though as a rule, especially in some departments, well observed,—works much more thoroughly on paper than in practice. Convicts should have no

dealings whatever with one another, and certainly, therefore, the silent system ought to prevail; but we, by our laws, give the congregate system complete right of way. Of course silence and non-intercourse between convicts cannot rule until the "congregate" is superseded by the "separate" system. This latter is not in practice anywhere in Canada. In less than a hundred years there will be no other. Of course we have the "solitary" system in one prison in the penitentiary, the prison of isolation, but this is for "incurables" from all the Dominion penitentiaries, and though it marks a stage in a right development, is not an illustration

of the "separate" system, and has features abhorrent to humanity.



What About It?

THE LOCK-STEP.

American convict uniform. The Canadian clothing is not so tiger-like.

Such is a brief, imperfect outline of the institution of stone and iron in which you and I and the rest of us keep six hundred of our kind, that they may think over their past, and rue the day of their attempt to successfully break our laws. What is it all for, anyway? What is the object of a prison? Is the object a good one, and is this ancient tool of punishment in prison the most effective instrument for its attainment; or are we unthinkingly following past tradition in a wrong direction? In this age of science, has the pathology of the criminal been examined, and has the prison been found to afford the best treatment for him in the interest of the state? If so, is our prison system, as we at present conduct it, the last and best expression of what prisons should and can be? From the point of view of the scientist, what are the facts and what are the inferences therefrom? Is the present prison system a monument to wisdom, ignorance, or folly? From the point of view of the citizen, are we taking the best course for the protection of society and advancing the interests of the State? From the point of view of the humanitarian, the Christian, is our present treatment of our criminals the best

for them, for us, and for all concerned, and is it a logical sequence of the following out of the Golden Rule? If not, why not, and what are we going to do about it?

Now, be it remembered, we in the first place sketched out the arrangement of Kingston Penitentiary, merely to give us a concrete basis to start with. It was impossible to be exhaustive. He who knows no more about our prison system in Canada than what we have related in this article about the penitentiary at Kingston, knows neither that prison, nor has he any correct conception of our prisons generally. Nor will he at all understand the point of the question we have asked above. It is only to be hoped that any reader of this article who is so situated will hereafter take all possible steps to get a good working knowledge of some gaol or penitentiary, or both, and let that take the place of the slight outline of a concrete prison in this article. Especially let him look into his local gaol, examine its arrangement, enquire into its workings, and learn about its usual inmates as they there meet in forced conclave, and he will find the attempt to answer the questions which we have placed above a highly interesting, difficult at times, and not very satisfactory business.

The Reason for Prisons.

Let us briefly deal with some of these questions. First, what is the object of a prison? Speaking generally, it is that we may have a safe place in which to keep men and women whom, having grossly infringed the rights of other citizens, society sees fit to compel, for a longer or shorter time, to live apart from their fellow men.

Since those thus detained are generally held against their will, a prison must be built strongly and must be further strengthened by

armed officers, that no prisoner make his escape therefrom. While in prison the prisoner must be so treated as to deter lawless persons outside from lightly committing a similar crime. He must, however, also be so treated that, if possible, he may be drawn from his evil ways and uplifted by reforming influences.

It should be noted, in passing, that this statement of the aim of a prison is hardly so simple as might at first appear. It is very general, and a change of emphasis from one phrase to another, or a quite legitimate change of meaning to be inferred from certain phrases, may completely alter the whole definition. In the old days, for instance, especially before John Howard, "so treated as to deter" was the all-important phrase, and all but the barest and tritest reformatory treatment was held to be inadmissible, as it detracted from the necessary "deterrent punishment." Modern penologists, on the other hand, while they by no means neglect the importance of deterrent punishment, put the phrase, "that he may be uplifted by reforming influences" at the forefront, in stating the reasons for having such institutions as prisons.

Is the Object Good?

Is the object a good one, and are prisons a necessary feature of its attainment? Surely these must be affirmed. The right of forcible detention and punishment of citizens by the State must ever be taken for granted, unless citizenship is but an empty name. Past traditions, therefore, so far as they have claimed this right, we do well to follow. But not for a moment does this mean the countenancing of the distorted emphasis which in the past has been put upon the "deterrent" features of punishment in prison. So far as prisons of past

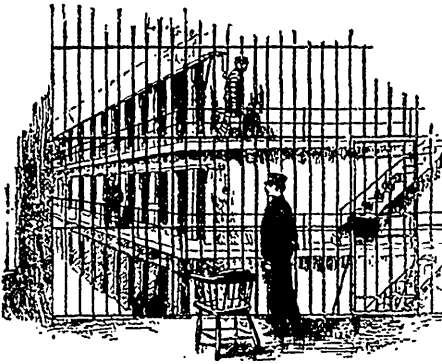
or present are the outcome of desire for revenge, selfish satisfaction, irrational longing to punish, with little or no regard to the consequences, mere immediate protection to the State without consideration of the rights of criminals, or the thoughtless neglect of the public, we can in no sense commend their object or use. But in the—if necessary—forcible detention of men and women under prison authority, for the protection of society, with a minimum "deterrent" and a maximum reformatory treatment, we find a necessary, just, and laudable duty of society.



TAKING RATIONS.
American prison view.

Prisons are necessary, then, either potentially or actually. Under the old conception of punishment, "potentially" would be largely left out. Of course then, as now, the mere existence of the prison authority, and the certainty that discipline at its hands would follow crime, and the deterrent effect of this upon citizens otherwise criminal, showed the power of potential punishment over those not actually incarcerated. But the advisability of the actual imprisonment of the thief or the assaulter was rarely questioned, and so long as the fetish of "deterrent punishment" and the crime are kept in exclusive view, and the best interests of society and the rights of the

criminal are put in the background, this will ever be held. But the more society realizes its responsibility to even its erring members, and becomes conscious that often the door into prison is the beginning of settled criminal habits from which many a man might be saved if, instead of being sent to serve his sentence in prison, he were allowed to remain outside on parole, the more will it be held that often the potentiality of the prison is a greater good to society, even with some convicted criminals, than its actual use.



A BLOCK OF PRISON CELLS.

Barbarous Tradition vs. Science and Religion.

In this age of science, the phenomena of the criminal have been examined and noted as never before. The literature of criminology is rapidly on the increase, containing the mature views of men who have spent years of close and patient observation among criminals of all sorts. The surroundings, the motives, the treatment of convicts have been noted, with their effects; and deliberate, thoughtful conclusions, based upon carefully authenticated facts, are now before the public, divorced from all prejudice, sentimentality, or partiality.

How does our present treatment of criminals square with these universally accepted scientific infer-

ences? Time and space do not permit the detailed contrast which we would like to draw between the two; but we can say, at once, that for the most part they are almost completely opposed to each other.

Our present system is the growth of century upon century. It is largely the result of primeval savage hypotheses, of the belief in the almost utter forfeiture of all rights by the criminal, and the presumption that revenge upon the criminal is the natural, sane, and right motive for punishment. It goes largely upon the assumption that all criminals can be classified according to their crimes; all thieves, for example, are equally bent on stealing, have the same motive, are equally responsible, equally damnable. Some variation may be allowed in the term allotted for punishment, but that variation is so uncertain that though it sometimes harmonizes with justice, it is just as liable to put the balance of the light sentence on the side of the more heinous crime.

It insists, too, upon prison punishment (or its money equivalent) in virtually all cases. Recent legislation in the direction of prison reform is perhaps considerable enough to demand a very slight modification of this statement. It puts the emphasis first and foremost upon deterrent and revengeful punishment, and rarely allows its sanction to any except the most trite methods for the reformation of criminals. It gives the maximum severity of treatment allowed by public opinion, and the minimum of reformatory treatment suggested by the same self-satisfied party. To ease our consciences, to slightly lessen the immediate (though increasing the ultimate) financial tax upon us, without making the real necessary changes, it herds all convicts, good and bad, together, with a few good-looking restrictions

upon their intercourse, and busies its officials mainly with the daily routine of receiving, guarding, feeding, punishing, employing and discharging the wards of the state committed to their charge.

The Contrast.

Contrasted with this, sentence by sentence, we find the overwhelming weight of modern penology to be in favour of the recognition of all the rights of the criminal, except those which he has clearly forfeited by his crime. It declares that to let punishment take the form of revenge is senseless, inhuman, and costly. It proves clearly that criminals cannot be classified according to their crimes, and that criminals are as widely divergent in motive, guilt, and merit of punishment as east is from west. It claims that to hold, as is generally done, that all criminals are equally responsible, is to be blind to the undoubted fact of moral imbecility, insanity, variety of circumstance, temperament, and a host of other things, some of which it is undoubtedly impossible to make allowance for in a practical court of justice, but others of fundamental and far-reaching importance, which it is easily possible with the proper machinery, to always take into account. It holds, therefore, that punishment is not proper in all cases. The moral imbecile, the confirmed inebriate, and other similar cases should be treated for the disease they clearly have. Many law-breakers there are, too, who should be held under the authority of the prison, but should serve little or no time in prison.

Modern penology holds, further, that when imprisonment is necessary it should be firm, serious, and in no sense pampering; but on the other hand, that all the surroundings of the prisoner should give stimulus to, and hope of, reformation, at least as strongly as it is designed

to cause sorrow for crime committed. It claims that to make good citizens out of bad men and women should be second to no other object than that of the prevention of crime by the proper training of the children, and that these two objects attempted and achieved will give the surest protection to society.

It holds also that when the criminal is obdurate, or morally spineless, he should not be repeatedly sentenced to short terms, but be kept continually under prison authority, for the good of society and himself, even though this should mean imprisonment for life. It unanswerably proves that, to the end of reformation, every man should be kept separate from all other convicts; neither in gaol nor in any other place should one prisoner have any communication with any other prisoner,—though it should be noted in passing that this does not mean necessarily the "solitary" system, nor does it mean the bare stone and iron cage of the traditional and actual prison cell.

More could easily be said, but surely the utter contrast and contradiction of these principles with our practice has been made sufficiently clear.

What Are We Going To Do About It?

The practical scientist has given us the facts. The inferences drawn from these facts unmistakably convict our forefathers of ignorance, more or less natural and pardonable, but gradually growing more and more culpable, and us of ignorance which is foolish, costly, and almost, if not quite, criminal. The citizen looking upon these facts and inferences can only conclude that he has been woefully astray in his treatment of the criminal, so far as the protection and betterment of society is concerned. And what

of the Christian? Is our prison system the best for all concerned? Is it the best practically possible at present? It is best for none of the parties and is far from the best practicable. What can be done in other lands can surely be done here, but other countries which we should lead, not follow, in practical Christianity and sociology, are far in advance of us.

The main suggestions of the penologist of to-day are not only practicable, but urgently so. In fact, in the light of clear possibilities and actual present conditions, the question, "Is our treatment of the criminal an application of the Golden Rule?" should bring a blush of shame to every follower of Jesus of Nazareth, and every true citizen. Crime needs certainly a firm hand and stern discipline, but just as needful are kindness, thoughtfulness, insight, and sympathy.

In times past, economy, ethics, science, and religion, have often been at sixes and sevens on questions which were up for settlement, and have thwarted their solution, but on this matter of the necessity for a radical change in our treatment of the criminal, these four all point unmistakably in the same direction. This being so, the duty of the citizen is easy and clear. The darkness, prejudice, and inertia,

even of centuries, cannot stand at the approach of the light, and these, with a lurking and heathenish revenge, are the only opponents of the needed change.

The task we give our magistrates and our prison officials is an impossible one. We demand that they be an harmonious part of our criminal machinery. At the same time we insist that they be wise, humane, and just in their treatment of those committed to their charge. The thing is absurd. It is impossible. No class of men attempt in a more high-minded way to carry out these contradictory demands of the State, but they simply cannot succeed, and the result of the attempt to any earnest, thoughtful official must needs be either cynicism, an unconscious lowering of ideals, or a broken heart.

Let us stop this grim farce. Either let us cease to appoint wise, humane, and just men to carry out an unwise, scientifically inhuman, and unjust system, and instead give the work to a lower class of men who will more resemble the system; or let us so modify and change that system as to give the freest opportunity to our criminal experts to wisely, humanely, and justly do their duty to society in the positions which we have given them to fill.*

Ayr, Ont.

Dr. A. M. Rosebrugh, the indefatigable Secretary of the Prisoners' Aid Association, Confederation Life Building, Toronto, is always glad to furnish any information to any one on the matter of Prison Reform.

J U N E .

With blossoms fair and fragrant June doth lead
 The summer fresh and lovely in soft green;
 So gracious are her smiles and sweet domain,
 We would that June might stay.
 Rare days indeed she brings—
 Rare perfect days in park and mead.
 Snow-white and rich-hued roses grace each scene,
 Diffusing choicest perfume. Half unseen
 Are modest buds, full worthy of their meed
 Of praise—the opening blushing buds that rise
 To deck anew with beauty our proud earth
 In June, so beautiful that Paradise
 Could ne'er have won more love and song at birth
 Of this fair globe; and lo! in cloudland view
 Celestial pictures framed in heaven's own blue.

THE COMMONWEALTH OF CARIBBEA.*

BY THE REV. F. A. WIGHTMAN.



POINT ANTONIO AND HARBOUR, JAMAICA.



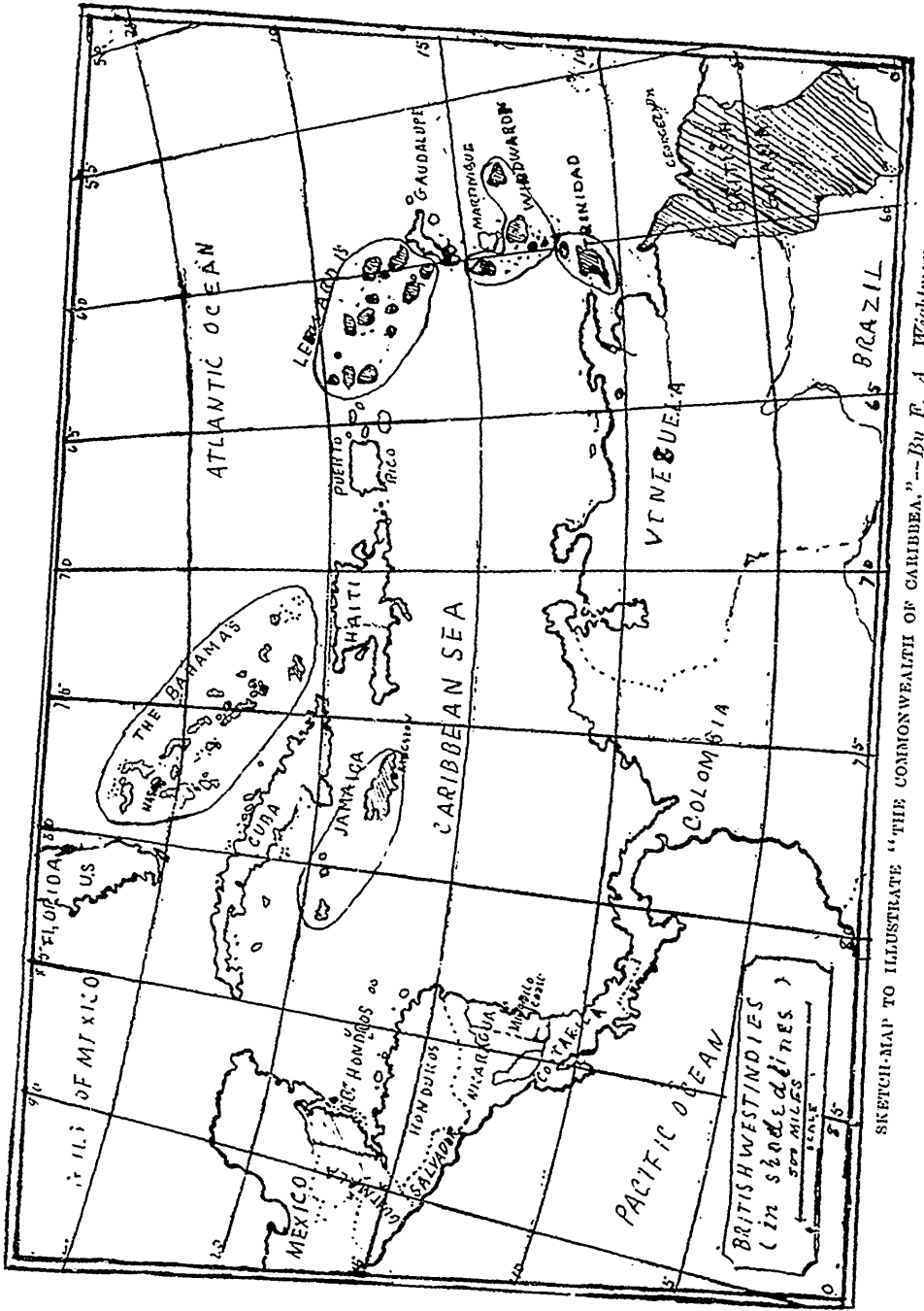
FEDERATION, in and of the British Empire, seems now to be the magic word which is destined largely to determine, not only the future of Britain, but of the world. The example set by Canada—"Britain's premier colony"—more than a generation ago, and her subsequent success, has carried the question of federation beyond the stage of experiment. It is now popular—or even contagious, throughout the British world.

Behind the history of all nations and colonies, and apart from all popular movements, there is in operation a natural law governing their growth and development. It is this: First the blade, then the ear,

*Thirty years ago the Government of Great Britain gave notice of a bill to provide for the Federation of the British West Indies.

after that the full corn in the ear. In other words, after the period of natural growth and early development has passed, there comes a time of more complete and definite maturity. The period of foundation-laying reached by Canada thirty-four years ago has now been realized by our antipodean cousins in Australia. The birth of the Dominion and the Commonwealth are each the natural sequences of earlier aspirations.

The same preparatory influences which produced these results are now operating effectually in other parts of the Empire, and in other groups of colonies. Evidences of this are found in the ambitions of New Zealand to become the centre of a new federation and also in the hopes of a pacified South Africa. These achievements and aspirations furnish us with faith, and food for thought, as we contemplate the future of Britain's far-severed possessions. The British West Indies affords us an inviting field for such



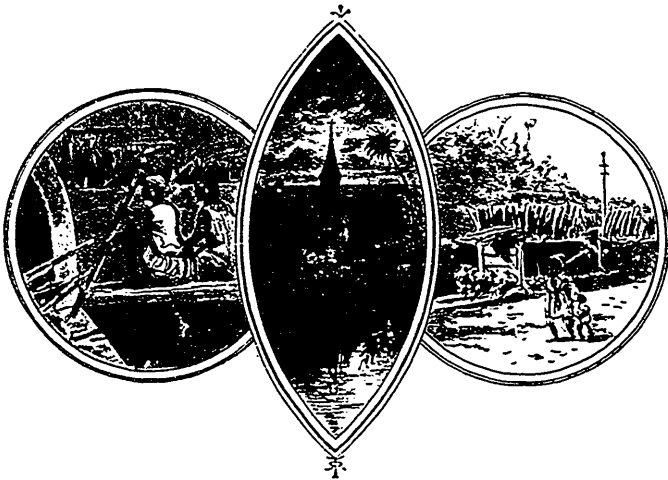
SKETCH-MAP TO ILLUSTRATE "THE COMMONWEALTH OF CARIBBEA." --By F. A. Fichtman.

consideration. Is the federation of British Tropical America practicable or desirable, and are the present conditions favourable to its accomplishment? To a brief consideration of these questions this paper will be devoted.

The West India Islands, as a whole, enclose the Carribean Sea, dividing it from the Gulf of Mexico and the Atlantic Ocean. They thus completely guard, if not command, the coast of Central and South America, from Mexico to the mouth of the Orinoco, a distance of eighteen hundred miles in

miles, with a population of some four and a half millions. In other words, the area is about equal to the mainland of Italy, and the population little less than that of Canada. On these islands Columbus landed in 1492, in his search for the Indies of the East, hence the name. They are also associated with the legend of the fabled lost continent of Atlantis.

Rich as these islands are in nature's gifts, they are unfortunately not prosperous as measured by the standards of modern progress. The reasons for this are many, but



SANTA MADDALENA, JAMAICA.

a straight line. These wonderful islands lie chiefly between latitude 10 and 28 degrees north, and longitude 50 and 85 degrees west, and are therefore tropical as to climate and products. Britain's share of these sunny isles, though not the greatest in point of area, is most widely distributed, and consequently most varied. In this enormous archipelago there are, in round numbers, a thousand islands, varying in size from Cuba, with her forty-five thousand square miles, to the mere rock or sand-bank. In all, there is a combined area of well-nigh ninety-six thousand square

chiefly, it would seem, because nature's design concerning them has been entirely thwarted. Probably no equal area of earth's surface is richer in all the resources of wealth; none is more ideally located with respect to the markets of the world. But on the other hand, because of their peculiar position and products, probably no similar area could suffer so greatly for lack of a strong central government in which every island would be included.

This is nature's suggestion, and the key to true prosperity and greatness; but the past history and present condition of these favoured

though unfortunate islands, has been the exact opposite of this. Soon after their discovery their exploitation began; and almost from the beginning they have been a sort of grab-bag, toward which every nation in Europe has cast longing eyes, or lifted violent and greedy hands. Finally, through much bloodshed and barter, in which they had no voice, they were



another, has had the right or opportunity to possess the larger part, if not the whole, of these islands, we can only regret, both for their sake and for that of the Empire, that advantage was not more fully taken of these opportunities. If, however, the best opportunity has been lost, it is still more important that the most should be made of that which still remains. Though Brit-



PORT ROYAL, JAMAICA. †

parcelled out to a half-dozen different owners who were able or willing to defend them. This variety of ownership, with its sequences of race animosity, and confusion of tongues, and forced allegiance, is quite sufficient to constitute a true misfortune, rendering impossible a high degree of prosperity, even when there have been the best examples of colonial administration.

Since a oneness of interests under one government is the undoubted suggestion of nature, and since England is the one nation of all others which has learned the lesson of successful colonial administration; and since she, at one time or

ain may have lost her main chance in the Caribbean Sea, yet there, as elsewhere, she has probably come out best in territory, as well as in resources and future prospects. Though the British West Indian Islands are rather more numerous than large, having an area of something less than fourteen thousand square miles, to this we must add her two mainland possessions of Guiana and Honduras. This gives the British West India Colonies an aggregate area of about 135,000 square miles, with a population of about two millions of souls. In other words, the area is more than twice as great as European Turkey,

with a capacity for population probably equal to any other part of the world. Neither the Kingdom of Italy, the United Kingdom, or the Empire of Japan are equal in area, and probably not in natural resources, to the Caribbean possessions of Great Britain.

To indulge in a little further comparison, it may be added that these tropical American colonies, about equal in size the maritime provinces of Canada and the New England States combined. They are one and a half times the size of New Zealand (whose ambition is to equal the mother land). Belgium, Denmark, Holland, Switzerland, Portugal, Servia and Greece, could all be contained within the same area, with something to spare. This area in that part of the world ought to easily maintain fifty million people. Its economic resources quite warrant this estimate; for, apart from the ordinary products of tropical countries, it is rich in many of the precious and economic minerals. In tropical America, then, the Empire has a magnificent heritage of goodly proportions, adorned with beautiful cities, and enriched by an extensive commerce, while the future is full of promising possibilities, if rightly conserved.

It must, however, be apparent to the most casual student of current history, that the *status quo* in the West Indies is not likely to be maintained. Indeed, it is already broken, and the dull monotony of the past is now likely to give way to further changes. The acquiring of Puerto Rico by the United States and the domination of Cuba by that country marks the advent of a new imperialism, and introduces a new element to be reckoned with in that part of the world. Already its activity is apparent in the negotiations now in progress for the purchase of the Danish West Indies. This in itself is not to be regretted, but the disturbing of tariff arrangements and the prejudicing of avail-

able markets for staple products, is a result most likely to follow. This, together with other disabilities growing out of the free trade policy of England, as against the bounty-fed sugar industry of continental Europe, has greatly, and will likely still further interfere with the prosperity of the British West Indies if relief is not afforded. Indeed, a crippled commerce, unde-



CATHEDRAL SPANISH TOWN, JAMAICA.

veloped resources, and depleted treasuries may, at the present time, be said to characterize the most of these British colonies, with little immediate prospect of improvement on the old lines. It would seem that new conditions had brought about a crisis demanding a radical change in administration, if the proper development of their resources is to be realized. What does the crisis demand? What is the best solution of the difficulty?



Canadian annexation has been seriously suggested as a certain cure for the ills experienced.

In answer to these questions, various propositions have been made. A territorial exchange with the United States has been suggested. This needs little comment, since it is out of the question, being distasteful alike to the West Indians and the Empire generally. There is no certainty that such an arrangement would bring prosperity, but much to indicate that conditions might be made worse rather than better. Moreover, if a change of allegiance would bring larger prosperity, the loyalty of the West Indians is such that they would probably prefer their present disadvantages to a change of flags. This proposition is, therefore, dismissed.

Trade reform is also put forward as a possible means for the restoration of their prosperity. This is desirable enough, and should be worked to its fullest value, but for various reasons, under existing conditions, it does not seem to give a guarantee, or even a promise, of the measure of prosperity all would desire to see.

Probably no Canadian would have any other feelings than those of pleasure at the prospect of having the borders of our fair Dominion enlarged; but looking at the question from the standpoint of practicability and utility, it does not seem to afford the solution it at first suggests. The fact that such a union would probably only include a small part of the West Indies; the distance from our seat of government; the uncertainty of the resultant relief afforded, the apathy of the people themselves, with other things, seems to stamp this as not only undesirable, but impossible at the present time.

Having considered these various propositions, may we not, after having found them inadequate, venture to suggest a federal union of all British Tropical America, as affording the most practical solution of the present difficulties, as well as giving the most attractive and promising destiny? It is, of course, realized that many difficulties would have to be met and overcome, and objections answered, before such a union could be consummated. Let us look at some of these probable

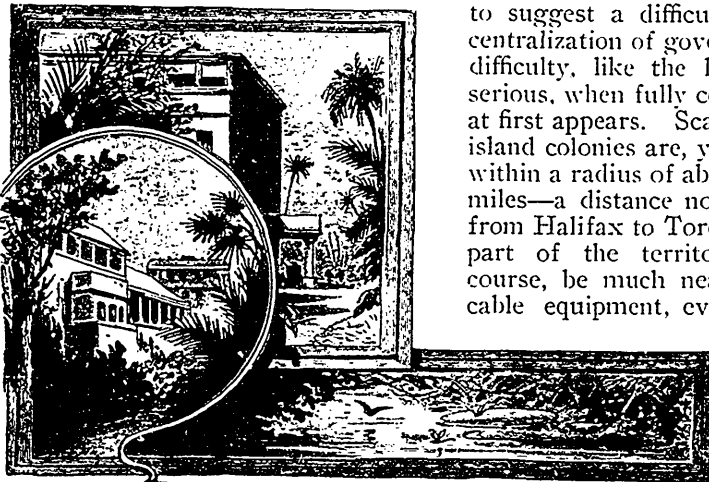
difficulties, and answer some of these objections.

In the first place, the race question would, to many, seem to be both a difficulty and an objection from the social, as well as from the political standpoint. It, after all, should not be as serious as it might at first appear. It is true that the European element is greatly in the minority in all parts of the West Indies, and yet in all parts there is a sufficient number of the Anglo-Saxon race to guarantee the stability of political institutions and

tradition that the negro bids fair to become a great factor in the future of the West Indian colonies.

"I have heard a great deal about his indolence. I have seen little." This question of the predominance of the so-called inferior race I regard as more imaginary than real, and would not be more of a problem in a federal union than under the present regime. Besides this, a larger prosperity would always tend to increase the European element.

The somewhat widely-scattered nature of small communities seems to suggest a difficulty concerning centralization of government. This difficulty, like the last, is not as serious, when fully considered, as it at first appears. Scattered as these island colonies are, yet all parts are within a radius of about a thousand miles—a distance not greater than from Halifax to Toronto. A large part of the territory would, of course, be much nearer. Modern cable equipment, ever open seas, and swift steamers, would, with marine rates be a full compensation for the lack of continuous railway or other communication.



GOVERNMENT HOUSE, TRINIDAD.

preserve social order. Moreover, it must be borne in mind that the African element, as a whole, is of a rather superior type, while many members of that race are men worthy of all respect, and fitted for, and actually filling, the most respectable of positions with ease and honour. The two races get along admirably, and the race question there is not fraught with the difficulties that surround it in the United States. H. G. DeLas-er, an authority on this question, has made the following statement: "I think it may be said without fear of con-

The consideration of self-government under a federal union, while the colonies in question, at the present time, are administered by the crown, may seem premature. This, it must be admitted, is a true barrier as long as it continues, as it is inconceivable that federation should take place until it became the outgrowth of local self-government. This, of course, would hinder any immediate accomplishing of the union suggested, but there seems no good reason why it need be long delayed on account of the present

conditions. Local self-government is not now an experiment in the administration of British colonies. Wherever it has been adopted it has proved successful, and generally beneficial, both as regards the general prosperity and the impartation of larger conceptions of citizenship.

There seems to be no very good reason why local self-government, even now, should not be granted to the more advanced of the West In-



GOVERNMENT
HOUSE,
NASSAU.

dian colonies. For instance, Jamaica, Trinidad, Barbadoes, and British Guiana, with provisions in their charters respecting the franchise and representation, might, without further delay, be raised from crown colonies to self-governing communities. Responsible government having been granted, they, without further delay, might take the necessary steps toward a federal union. This being accomplished, the remaining colonies could easily be included as federal territories, looking toward full autonomy when local conditions justified. Considering the success which has attended the federation of colonies in the past, there is no reason to believe that such a movement in the West Indies would be received with anything but favour, both by the West Indians and the Colonial Office.



If there are some opposing problems, there are also many apparent advantages which would be expected to follow such a union. Among these advantages we would expect to see an increased prestige and a larger influence exercised in England, in the other colonies, and, most important of all, in their own immediate surroundings.

Another manifest advantage would be the exercising of concentrated effort in their attempts to improve their financial conditions. Concentrated action in the framing of tariff regulations, and the negotiation of their own trading privileges and policies, would place them in a position to take advantage of all opportunities to improve their markets.

Another, and perhaps the greatest advantage, would be opportunity for the exercising of economy in the administration of government. One of the many causes of their financial distress is the fact that they are overgoverned. The expenses incurred for the maintenance of gubernatorial functions and functionaries, is out of all proportion to the areas and populations governed, and is far beyond the ability of the colonies to meet. There should be enough saved, by a reasonable economy along these lines, to make all the difference between a handsome surplus and the discouraging deficits which have been so common of late. Let us look at a few examples. Take the case of Trinidad, for instance, with an area of 1,868 square miles, considerably less than the area of Prince Edward Island, and a population of 300,000; yet, it pays its governor the sum of \$24,-

333. This is an amount equal to about half what is paid to the Governor-General of all Canada, who rules over half a continent and six million people, or half the amount paid the President of the United States. The governors and other officials in the islands are equally well rewarded.

This will be apparent if we consider them in the aggregate. They have a united area of about 14,000 square miles, or about one-half the size of the Province of New Brunswick, with a total population of about 1,500,000, yet this small area, and somewhat small population, pays its governors the sum of \$105,000, or more than twice the amount paid to the Governor-General of Canada! This does not include British Honduras or British Guiana. To this must be added the sums necessary to defray the salaries of other government officials, all of which are out of proportion to the duties performed, or the demands of circumstances. It is, of course, theoretically true that the expenses of administering crown colonies are in a measure met by the Imperial Government, but it is said these islands practically pay their own expenses. If these statements be correct, these colonies, on the basis of Canadian governors' salaries, could afford the expense of a federal government and still be in pocket on the transaction.

Not the least among the possible advantages resulting from such a union would be the increased prosperity resulting from the introduction of outside capital inspired by the establishing of a strong and progressive government. Large investments would undoubtedly be made in plantations and other resources, if there were sufficient guarantee of success. The case of Cuba is an illustration of this fact. Perhaps, too, we might venture to suggest the possibility of increasing the federal area for the same rea-

sons. A high state of prosperity in the federated British colonies would present a strong attraction to other colonies less favoured, that they might, by joining, also have their conditions improved.

Then, too, if the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty is abrogated mutually, or disregarded by the United States, either one or the other of which is almost sure to take place, it would seem that England would have a moral right to the Mosquito Coast territory, which she, by that treaty, and for its sake, relinquished. This itself would in time be a valuable acquisition to the proposed federation.

Last, but not least, Canada herself would likely be largely benefited by such an arrangement between our tropical American fellow citizens. Canada has long sought a trade preference in natural products with the British West Indies, but without success. The chances for this would be greatly increased under the conditions proposed. And if Canada and the West Indies are ever to enter into a political union, such a union must first take place among the islands themselves.

It will be observed that these unfederated American colonies fall into natural groups, and are now for the most part administered in groups which would answer for provinces. Six or seven provinces could thus be constituted as follows: The Bahamas, the Windward Islands, the Leeward Islands, Trinidad (with Tobago), British Guiana and British Honduras. British Guiana might with advantage, since it is so greatly in excess of all the others, be divided into two, or even three parts, as population increased and the interior became developed and occupied.

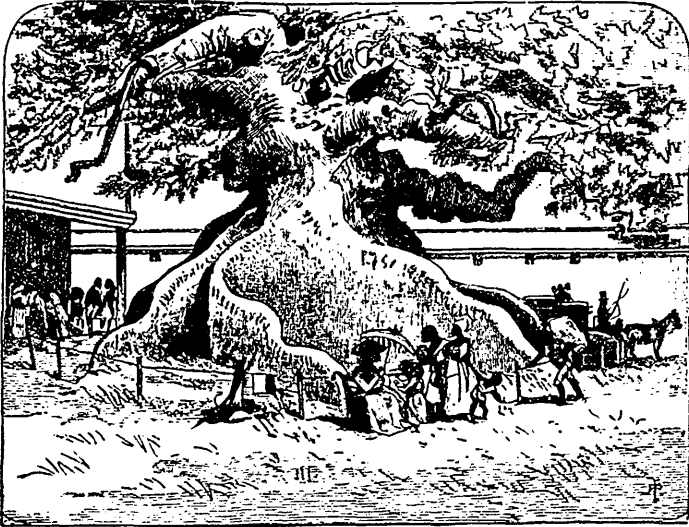
It would, perhaps, be interesting here to speak in detail of these various colonies, but the scope of this article will not permit. A few paragraphs, however, might be de-

voted to the Bahamas and British Honduras, since these colonies are the least known, and considered to be of the least value. They are now by far the least populous. My apology for speaking of these especially is that I consider their present backwardness the result of being misunderstood rather than the lack of resources or attractiveness.

The Bahamas, "The Isles of the Pink Pearl," cover an extensive space and have a combined area of about 4,500 square miles, being

climatic advantage, as well as the benefit of being much nearer the trade centres of the United States and Canada.

Nassau, the capital, which contains a quarter of the entire population, is about six hundred miles nearer Halifax than Kingston, Jamaica. These islands are said to have a more salubrious and equable climate than any other known. The following, from the official report, are the average daily temperatures, taken at 9 a.m., through the winter and spring



SILK COTTON TREE, NASSAU.

about four times as large as the State of Rhode Island. They are twice as large as either Delaware or Prince Edward Island, and nearly twice as large as the State of Connecticut; yet their population was, at the last census, only a little over 47,000. It is evident that there is in these islands room for a great increase in population. Their position should be greatly in their favour, since they have a more northerly situation than any other of the West Indian Islands. This must give them a

months. November, 74°; December, 71°; January, 70°; February, 71°; March, 72°; April, 75°. The summer temperatures, on account of the sea breezes, are said to be no more trying than in Canada, and heat prostrations are exceedingly rare. The Bahamas certainly constitute one of the best and most accessible health resorts on the western hemisphere.

The natural products of the Bahamas are varied and capable of vast development. They consist of sponge-fishing, fruit-growing, mar-

ine shells, mahogany and other woods, the growth of the sisal plant, and other industries of minor importance. Mr. E. B. Worthigle says: "The Bahamas are bound to show up sooner or later as a great fruit-growing centre. There is a future before the islands, but under what flag their destinies will be cast it is hard to foretell, owing to the proximity of the shores of the great Republic." The manifest needs of the Bahamas are federation and the infusion of a larger spirit of enterprise.

British Honduras, though situated on the mainland of the continent, and possessed of a larger and thoroughly compact area, is nevertheless isolated. It has a somewhat smaller population than the Bahamas, and like them suffers solely for the lack of sufficient enterprise and capital to develop its splendid resources. This colony is variously estimated to contain an area of from eight to thirteen thousand square miles. It is safe to say that it is half as large as the Province of Nova Scotia, and about as large as the States of Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and Connecticut combined. These States have a population of over 3,000,000, while British Honduras has less than 50,000. That is to say, a similar area in somewhat sterile New England has about seventy times as many people. This fact alone is sufficient to demonstrate the undeveloped character of the country.

British Honduras has generally been regarded as having a very unhealthy climate, and quite unsuited to European settlement. This reputation has militated, doubtless, greatly against its prosperity. This tendency to malaria is now, however, found only to apply to the somewhat narrow strip of low coast lands, and the coastal islands. Even here the conditions are not worse than many other parts of Central America, and are capable of great

improvement. The country, however, rises quickly, after leaving the coast, and soon reaches an elevation of from one to three thousand feet above sea level, and here is said to be found one of the most genial and healthy climates imaginable. The country is traversed by a number of noble rivers, and is well drained and watered. Gold and other minerals are found, and are said to exist in considerable quantities. The soil is rich, and the climate is capable of producing all the fruits of the tropics in abundance, while on the higher altitudes most of the products of the temperate zone are produced with complete success. The chief products now are mahogany and logwood. As much as 10,000,000 feet of the former wood is said to have been exported in a single year. Even this industry for the most part is carried on in a primitive way, and is capable of great expansion and larger profits to the country.

The following may be regarded as a brief, though good, description of this interesting colony:

"The country, on receding from the coast, completely changes its character, rising into little hills separated by delightful valleys, the highest of which are the Cockscomb Mountains. Gold has been discovered in the streams; valuable specimens of crystals have been found, and strata of fine marble and alabaster formation are known to exist. . . . The soil for the most part is very fertile. In this respect the country is distinguished into two divisions, the Pine and the Cahoun ridges. The subsoil in the first is composed of loose reddish sand, peculiarly genial to the pine from which it takes its name, and similar productions; and extensive prairies also cover this soil. In the Cahoun ridges the soil consists of a rich, deep loam, suitable for every species of European and many tropical food plants. . . . Sugar, cotton, coffee and indigo are comparatively neglected, notwithstanding the suitability of the soil for their production."

It would seem that the only requisites needed to make British Honduras one of the most prosper-

ous of countries, are capital coupled with enterprise.

It is not expected that a federation of these isolated colonies could be accomplished in a day, or that such a federation would in a day convert them from a state of stagnation to one of marvellous prosperity. It is regarded, however, that the highest prosperity lies in that direction, and that the difficulties attending are not insuperable. Such a scheme is worthy the best efforts of the Colonial Office, and the highest energies of the colonists of British Tropical America. Certainly the active sympathy of Canada and the Empire would be given to such a movement. There is still room in the imperial family circle of federated states; and when the time comes for the advent of the Commonwealth of Caribbea, her birth will be an event whereof the Empire will be glad.

No mention has, so far, been made of the Bermudas, in this prospective federation. Their position makes it somewhat difficult to determine their classification, as between Canada and the West Indies. Apart, however, from the question

of climate and products, the natural affinities seem to suggest a Canadian rather than a West Indian grouping. Not only are those lovely little islands nearer Canada than to Jamaica, but socially, commercially and ecclesiastically, their relations are with the north rather than the south. Even the matter of climate and products would seem to favour such a classification rather than present a barrier thereto. They are, however, entirely too small in area and population to enter the Canadian federation as a separate province, though as a county of Nova Scotia they might find a place within our borders with advantage to both. In considering the Bermudas, however, it must be borne in mind that they are practically administered as a fortress rather than a colony. As a fortification they are thought by some to be even stronger than Gibraltar itself. Holding this somewhat peculiar relation to the crown, it is questionable whether federation, either with Canada or the West Indies, would be either possible or desirable.

Bedeque, P.E.I.

THE SONG-SPARROW.

BY ARTHUR JOHN LOCKHART (PASTOR FELIX.)

When the sweet-scented cherry is snowing,
And red the maple-keys are growing,
And the gold dandelion is blowing,
I listen to hear the silence stirred
By the "sweet, sweet, Canada-bird!"

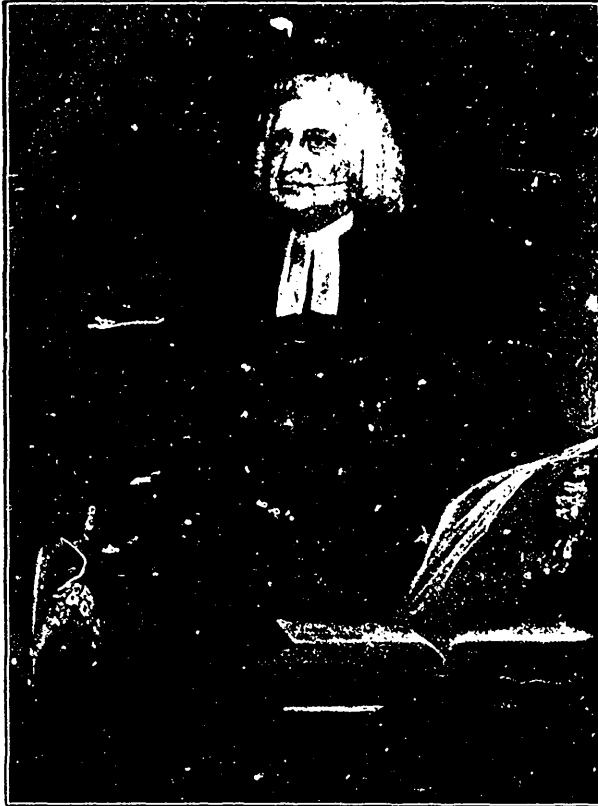
Other birds are here, and are singing sweet,
But the voices of Spring are not complete
Till we hear him his golden notes repeat:—
Most liquid song ear ever heard
Of the "sweet, sweet, Canada-bird!"

O, the world seems dark, and the range seems narrow
Of our lives, when the wintry winds do harrow;—
But 'tis changed with the sound of the first song-sparrow!
Our boundless, far-away dreams are stirred
By the "sweet, sweet, Canada-bird!"

Its silver clarion exalts the day,
And his music charmeth evening away, —
Ay, night is broken by his glad lay;—
As if he could never enough be heard—
Our "sweet, sweet, Canada-bird!"

CHARLES WESLEY.
CO-FOUNDER OF METHODISM.

BY THE REV. JAMES COOKE SEYMOUR.



CHARLES WESLEY.

This is a new portrait of Charles Wesley, painted by J. W. L. Forster, and unveiled by the Rev. Dr. Briggs, in the Metropolitan Church, April 22nd, 1901.



HIS least praise was his talent for poetry. The man who made that declaration respecting Charles Wesley, just after his decease, was as competent a judge as any man in Great Britain,

* "The Life of the Rev. Charles Wesley." by John Telford, B.A. London: Wesleyan Methodist Book Room. Toronto: William Briggs. 1900.

or in the world—John Wesley. Probably that is not altogether the opinion of the world in regard to the immortal Methodist bard.

It is not unlikely, however, that while the world should think no less of Charles Wesley as the Christian poet, it might justly think more of him as the mighty preacher, the apostolic saint, the heroic evangelist—in a word, the grand co-founder of Methodism.

Mr. Telford's recent book* will

help us to a fuller appreciation of Charles Wesley, whose character and life-work have probably been somewhat overshadowed by the extraordinary grandeur of his illustrious brother, John.

The Wesleyan genealogical tree has its roots struck deep into a highly honourable past, and its branches full of vigorous and noble fruit. From Bartholomew Wesley to John and Charles, we have four generations of Methodists, if by Methodists we mean men of earnest Christianity, scholarly attainment, intelligent, systematic work, and distinguished usefulness. In that line we find men of the staunchest adherence to Christian principle, the most evangelical preachers, the most faithful pastors, talented writers, poets of the highest order, men of uncommon good sense and uncommon seriousness, unselfish, large minded and large hearted. All these qualities seemed to grow from one generation to another, and found their climax in John and Charles Wesley.

The unworldliness of the Wesley family is strikingly seen in the refusal of young Charles to accept the generous offer of his wealthy Irish namesake, Garret Wesley, to adopt him as his heir. The one who did accept this offer became the Earl of Mornington, and grandfather of the Duke of Wellington. John Wesley's simple remark on this, was that it was a "fair escape" for Charles.

Charles, like the rest of the large family in the Epworth parsonage, had to cry "softly," learn the whole alphabet in a day, spend six hours in the parsonage school daily, exercise self-restraint, show due respect to others, prompt obedience to his parents, and above all, was taught in the fear and love of God. His mother had her own system of education, and it was as thorough as it was systematic, impressive, com-

prehensive, and, if judged by its results, was of the highest practical success. Of Susannah Wesley Dr. Adam Clarke said, "I have been acquainted with many pious females; I have read the lives of others; but such a woman, take her for all in all, I have not heard of. I have not read of, nor with her equal have I been acquainted."

In 1716, Charles Wesley was sent to Westminster School—the school of the famous Dr. Busby, who had died a few years before. Here he spent nine years of faithful study, materially helped by his elder brother Samuel, a fine scholar, who had been there since 1704, and who was now "usher" in the school. In 1725, Charles had won the much-coveted position of "captain." And more than that, he had won the respect and friendship of many boys who became distinguished men. Among these were Lord Mansfield; Newton, Bishop of Bristol; Sir Thomas Clarke, Master of the Rolls; Johnson, Bishop of Worcester; Andrew Stone, Under-Secretary of State; George Stone, Primate of Ireland, and others.

In 1726, he went up to Oxford. John, who was now Fellow of Lincoln, had already reached the firm determination to be a Christian, through the reading of Jeremy Taylor, Thomas a Kempis, and William Law.

When he spoke to Charles about religion, the latter warmly answered, "What would you have me to be a saint all at once?" and would hear no more. It was not long, however, until he came to the same determination as his brother, in great measure, we believe through his mother's prayers.

John Wesley, after a brief absence from Oxford in 1729, on his return found his brother Charles with a little band of students—three in all—known as "Methodists."

A student of the college happened to say, "Here is a new set of Methodists set up." It seems to have been first applied to a school of ancient physicians, who laid down strict rules for their diet and practice. The name took at once. And with John Wesley's interpretation, "one that lives according to the method laid down in the Bible," it has answered a splendid use ever since, and is likely to do so for a long time to come. Fasting, self-examination, close study of the Greek Testament, frequent communion at the Lord's Table, and other strict rules of religious life, were observed by the devoted little band. They went out instructing the children, visiting the sick, and especially the prisoners in the gaol. In this latter work Charles Wesley took the deepest interest, and continued a constant visitor at Newgate to the close of his life.

An opportunity for the exercise of missionary zeal and self-sacrifice in the newly-organized colony of Georgia presented an irresistible attraction to these godly young men. The whole period of Charles Wesley's stay in Georgia was scarcely five months. But his sufferings were terrible; and they were borne with Christian fortitude. The voyage home was a long series of violent storms, and a long series of drunken brutalities of the infamous captain who commanded the vessel.

The muse of Charles Wesley voiced the gratitude of his heart in those tender lines:

"Oft hath the sea confessed Thy power,
And given me back at Thy command;
It could not, Lord, my life devour,
Safe in the hollow of Thine hand."

The troubles the two brothers had in Georgia were due in no small degree to their rigid adherence to what they conceived to be the true requirements of religion—a burdensome formalism, which neither they nor their colonial parishioners were

scarcely able to bear. Neither of them at this time knew what evangelical religion was. But Providence overruled their painful experiences to bring this knowledge to both. The strange calmness of the Moravians in the face of impending death; the impressive teaching of Peter Bohler; the great help given by Mr. Bray, the brazier, "a poor, ignorant mechanic," as Charles Wesley said, "who knows nothing but Christ, yet, by knowing him, knows and discerns all things." These, and other influences, blessed by the Spirit of God, led Charles Wesley to the exercise of simple faith in Christ for conscious salvation. He found rest on Sunday, May 21st, 1738. Three days later his brother John found the same blessed peace in believing. This date marks the true starting-point of the Wesleyan evangelism, and Methodism.

The Methodist revival was no sooner born than it began to sing. Charles warbled forth his new-found joy, and John heartily joined in:

"Where shall my wandering soul begin?
How shall I all to heaven aspire?
A slave redeemed from death and sin,
A brand plucked from eternal fire,
How shall I equal triumphs raise,
Or sing my great Deliverer's praise?"

"O how shall I the goodness tell,
Father, which Thou to me hast showed,
That I, a child of wrath and hell,
I should be called a child of God,
Should know, should feel my sins forgiven,
Blest with the antepast of heaven."

Charles Wesley could not conceal the good news. His heart was on his lips. Conversions began to multiply in the homes where he visited, in the churches where he preached, and wherever he went. He was for a short time curate at Islington. But he soon incurred the displeasure of the churchwardens. They employed two men to keep him by force from entering the pulpit in defiance of the vicar himself. They treated Whitefield

in the same manner. The latter quietly walked out into the church-yard, and standing on a tombstone, preached to the people, who all streamed out of the church and left the disconcerted churchwardens at the foot of the pulpit stairs. Charles Wesley witnessed this scene. He went with Whitefield to Blackheath, where over ten thousand people sometimes assembled. He heard the cries of mourners on every side. "What," he said, "has Satan gained by turning Whitefield out of the churches?"

He soon became a field preacher himself. Whitefield urged him to make a beginning in London. He did not take willingly, however, to the task of field-preaching. The poet's finely-strung nature revolted against it on the one hand, as well as his strongly conservative churchmanship on the other. A hard struggle ensued. But he was able to offer up "friends, liberty, and even life" for the Gospel. His success was extraordinary from the first. But he was often ready to run away from this service. Writing to Whitefield on August 10th, 1739, he says: "Do not reckon upon me, my brother, in this work God is doing, for I cannot expect He should long employ one who is ever longing and murmuring to be discharged."

Charles Wesley, however, got no such discharge in that war. A lady friend, who was much scandalized at his field-preaching, said to him: "What, Mr. Wesley, is it possible that you, who can preach at Christ Church, St. Mary's, etc., should come hither after a mob?" "I cut her short," he said, "with 'The work which my Master giveth me, must I not do it?' and went to my mob."

In August of 1739 he set out for Bristol, to relieve his brother. Here he remained until November—his first visit to a place ever memorable in his after history. Great

success attended his labours. He reproved some of the female members of the society for "lightness, dress, and self-indulgence." When he reached the third chapter of Isaiah in his expositions, he showed that the prophet condemns notorious profligates, worldly-minded men, and well-dressed ladies."

In that very place, he afterwards spent the happiest years of his life with a well-dressed lady—well-dressed in the *best sense* of the term—one of the noblest women and best of wives, Mrs. Charles Wesley. He was at this time often sorely depressed. He had not quite recovered from the effects of his dreadful experiences in connection with Georgia. He had a morbid longing for death. His devotion bore him up while he was preaching, but when the day's work was over the reaction set in.

Already the storm of persecution had begun. While he was preaching to about six thousand people at the Bristol bowling-green, on September 16th, 1739, he says: "Before I began and after, the enemy raged exceedingly. A troop of his children, soldiers and polite gentlemen, had taken possession of a corner of the green, and roared like their brethren, the two Gergesenes, before the devils were sent into the civiller swine. For above an hour I preached the Gospel with extraordinary power, and as confident it could not fall to the ground."

At Bengeworth, a man called him "a rogue, rascal, villain, pickpocket;" and finally, says Charles, "he started up and courageously took me by the nose," an insult which he "bore patiently, rejoicing that he had been counted worthy to suffer shame for the name of Christ."

The year 1739 saw the first Methodist church completed—the Foundery at Moorfields. Here Charles Wesley was a constant

labourer ever after: Up to 1742, the work of the Wesleys had been almost entirely confined to London and Bristol. During that year John Wesley visited Newcastle. Methodism began to spread rapidly over the kingdom. A sketch of Charles Wesley's labours during this year may be taken as a fair sample of his itinerant life for many years.

On Sunday morning, January 2nd, he rode to Bexley and preached there, and returned to conduct service at the Foundery. Next day he was at Brentford and Eton. On Wednesday he reached Bristol, and the following Tuesday he set out for London. Here he remained six weeks, visiting the prisoners at Newgate, and preaching almost constantly. He returned to Bath. In the middle of May he started for the North of England. In six weeks he had visited Wednesbury, Walsall, Birmingham, Nottingham, Sheffield, Birstal, Leeds, Newcastle, Sunderland, Shields, Epworth, and Oxford. After a busy fortnight in London, he went through Bristol to Exeter and Cornwall. A month later he returned to London for two months more of exhausting work. Again he journeyed north, to meet his brother in Nottingham. October 20th he was in Bristol again. He then visited Wales, and spent the last month of the year in London. Those were not the days of the railway palace car. It was on horseback these journeys were mostly performed. And they were performed at this time, too, in the midst of a wild storm of persecution.

At Sheffield, the clergy of the town had so stirred up the people that they were ready to tear the Methodists to pieces. While he was preaching, the stones flew and hit him in the face. An officer of the army forced his way through the crowd, and presented his sword at the preacher's breast. Charles

Wesley laid bare his breast and smiled at his enemy. Fixing his eye upon him, he said: "I fear God and honour the king." The captain's countenance fell, he sighed deeply, put up his sword, and quietly left the place.

The Cornish clergy were likewise conspicuous among the opposers. On one occasion he had just announced his text at St. Ives, when the rioters burst in upon them. "They dashed the windows in pieces, tore away the shutters, benches, poor-box, and all but the stones." Charles Wesley stood looking on. The Mayor's son headed the rioters. He struck out the candles with his cane, and began to beat the women. Charles Wesley laid his hand upon him, and said, "Sir, you appear like a gentleman; I desire you would show it by restraining those of the baser sort. Let them strike the men or me, if they please, but not hurt poor helpless women and children." From that moment the young man exerted himself to quiet the disturbers.

In Nottingham, John Wesley had come very near being murdered by the mob. Not long afterwards Charles, nothing daunted, came to preach into the "very scene of the riot." He had the joy of receiving Munchin, the captain of the mob, into the Methodist society. He asked this man what he thought of his brother. "Think of him," was the answer. "that he is a man of God, and God was on his side, when so many of us could not kill one man."

In 1747, Charles Wesley landed in Ireland. He was not long there until he experienced the truth of what one of the "itinerants" told him, "No one is fit to be a preacher here who is not ready to die at any moment." But he had many signal instances of success.

At Tyril's Pass, he says: "Never have I spoke to more hungry souls.

They devoured every word. Some expressed their satisfaction in a way peculiar to them, and *whistled* for joy."

At Cork he had a wonderfully kind reception. But he was not deceived in the mercurial temper of the Irish. He foresaw the coming storm. It came sure enough, and the grand jury at the Cork Assizes reported that "We find Charles Wesley to be a person of ill-fame, a vagabond, and a common disturber of His Majesty's peace; and we pray he may be transported."

The Evangelical Revival had its controversies within, as well as its fierce persecutions without. In both, Charles had his full share of painful experience, as well as his brother John. The "stillness" of the Moravian heresy was quite able, as Charles said, "to rage above measure against him." He met their denunciation of Gospel ordinances, as usual, with a hymn:

"Still for Thy loving-kindness, Lord,
I in Thy temple wait;
I look to find Thee in Thy word,
Or at Thy table meet.

"Here, in Thine own appointed ways,
I wait to learn Thy will;
Silent I stand before Thy face,
And hear Thee say, 'Be still!'"

In the heated Calvinistic controversy, he wisely left the defence of the Methodist side to a man whose irresistible logic was only surpassed by his sublime saintliness of character—John Fletcher. At the same time there was scarcely anything of the mighty "Checks to Antinomianism" of Fletcher but passed under the keen and scholarly eye of Charles Wesley, before publication. Charles put his argument into song.

"Help us Thy mercy to extol,
Immense, unfathomed, unconfined;
To praise the Lamb who died for all,
The general Saviour of mankind.

"Thy undistinguishing regard
Was cast on Adam's fallen race;
For all Thou hast in Christ prepared
Sufficient, sovereign, saving grace."

As to Charles Wesley as a preacher, Henry Moore, who was a good judge, says: "John's preaching was all principles, Charles' was all aphorisms. Where only God and conscious sinners were before him, it seemed as if nothing could withstand the wisdom and power with which he spake. It was all thunder and lightning."

Even in later life, Moore had known him so mighty in proclaiming Christ, that he would not have been surprised to see a whole congregation on their knees or prostrate on their faces before God, crying for mercy. The power of the Holy Spirit rested on no worker in the Evangelical Revival more mightily than on Charles Wesley. He sometimes spoke for two or three hours, and then scarce knew how to break off. His brother John said to him:

"Oh, insist everywhere on full redemption, receivable now by faith alone! You are made, as it were, for this very thing. Just here you are in your element. In connection I beat you; but in strong, short, pointed sentences you beat me. Go on in your own way, what God has peculiarly called you to. Press the instantaneous blessings. Then I shall have more time for my peculiar calling,—enforcing the gradual work."

Like all such impetuous and highly-strung natures, Charles was sometimes hasty. In one of the early conferences, he was very indignant because a preacher took up the time in relating his experience. "Stop that man from speaking," he said, "let us attend to business." The preacher still went on. "Unless he stops I'll leave the Conference," said Charles. John effectually checked this outburst by saying, "Reach him his hat." Yet no man was more generous and more truly affectionate than Charles Wesley.

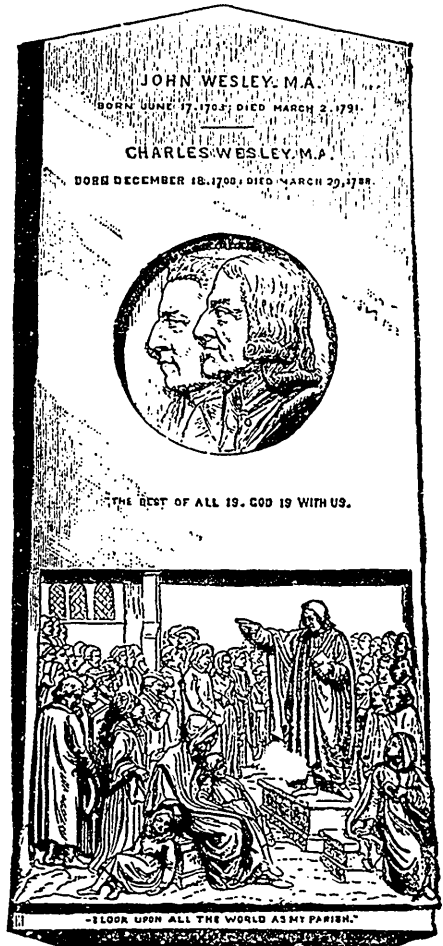
His interference in preventing John Wesley's marriage to Grace Murray was the severest trial, John himself declared, he had ever ex-

perienced, since the Epworth parsonage fire, in which he had been nearly consumed. Yet it did not cool the ardour of the love which these two most noble of men ever afterwards cherished for each other.

Charles Wesley's marriage to Miss Gwynne, of Garth, was a most happy one, in marked contrast to several other marriages of the Epworth parsonage family. Through the conversion of Mrs. Rich, the accomplished wife of the proprietor of Covent Garden Theatre, he was introduced to the highest circle of musicians in London, or indeed in Europe. Two of her sons became musicians of continental fame. Methodism, in its origin and development, was pre-eminently a child of Providence. That great fact even John Wesley himself was slow to appreciate. His brother was a good deal slower than he, and when Charles ceased to itinerate, and took up his permanent residence in London in 1771, he was much slower still.

The Wesleys were, by education and constitution, strong churchmen. The startling innovations on churchly order and precedent which Methodism was developing from time to time, did not in the first instance properly originate with either of them, and were regarded especially by Charles with no small disfavour. An unseen hand was at the helm. God used these noble instruments to accomplish His own purposes, often very much against their will.

John, with a far more statesman-like eye than his brother ever had, discerned the signs of the times, and where God led. Charles did that too, in a lesser degree, while in the full activities of the itinerancy, where he could see and hear for himself. His residence in London did not check his zeal in evangelistic labour, nor his love for the great Methodist Revival, but he could not follow his brother in the



WESLEY MEMORIAL TABLET IN
WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

new and necessary phases which developing Methodism was taking on.

This divergence of opinion made no difference in their love for each other. In 1788, the end came. The poet's soul was breathed out soon after he had asked his wife to write down these lines:

"In age and feebleness extreme
Who shall a sinful worm redeem?
Jesus! my only hope Thou art,
Strength of my failing flesh and heart,
O could I catch one smile from Thee,
And drop into eternity!"

A fortnight after Charles' death, John Wesley was at Bolton. He gave out as the second hymn:

"Come, O thou Traveller unknown,
Whom still I hold, but cannot see!
My company before is gone,
And I am left alone with Thee;
With Thee all night I mean to stay,
And wrestle till the break of day."*

When he reached the third line, the sense of his recent loss quite overpowered him, he burst into tears, and sat down in the pulpit, covering his face with his hands. Charles Wesley was dead, but he

* This hymn was quoted with very pathetic effect by Dean Stanley at the unveiling of the Wesley Memorial tablet in Westminster Abbey, shown in the accompanying cut.—Ed.

lives still, in wider influence than ever. Concerning a certain hymn, Henry Ward Beecher once said:

"I would rather have written that hymn than to have the fame of all the kings who ever sat on earth. It is more glorious. It has more power in it. That hymn will go on singing until the last trump brings forth the angel band, and then I think, it will mount up on some lip to the very presence of God."

It was Charles Wesley's hymn:

"Jesus, Lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high:
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life be past;
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last!"

Paisley, Ont.

THE MOUNTAIN.

BY THE REV. J. C. SPEER.

Afar against the azure sky the peak reared high its head;
Adown the canyons far and nigh the roaring torrents sped.
The rolling fields of Douglas fir like shaven lawns below,
Are rimmed by river-ribbons there, where flashing waters flow.

The hamlet, nestling in the glen, in loneliness forlorn,
Kneels down to hold his garment's hem, in worship night and morn.
His foothills stand like acolytes, to serve their Lord and King;
His clouds attend with banners bright, and wide their glories fling.

The music of the mystic pine, with waving wings on high,
Chimes with the glacier's runic rhyme, in limpid streams hard by.
Far out upon the dizzy height the bold escarpments stand;
Wild wastes of rock on left and right are hurled by God's own hand.

The glacier, gleaming vast and free, moves slowly toward the vale
Like frozen billows of the sea, with phantom ships full sail.
But far amid these awful heights, and nestling 'neath the snow,
And red like blood, or drops of light, sweet mountain daisies grow.

The roaring winds, 'mid shine and shower, and sculptured drifts of snow
Would rush to blight this little flower, of heaven's celestial glow;
But sheltered 'neath the ermine robe, which wraps his kingly form,
The winds may rage, or sigh, or sob, the little flower is warm.

Bold sentinel of sea and land, what history hast thou?
The solid rock where thou dost stand? the glory on thy brow?
Dost thou not teach the tedious years, man needs not fret nor dread?
Thy feet the flowery sandal wears, though winter crowns thy head.

Toronto.

SALT LAKE CITY.

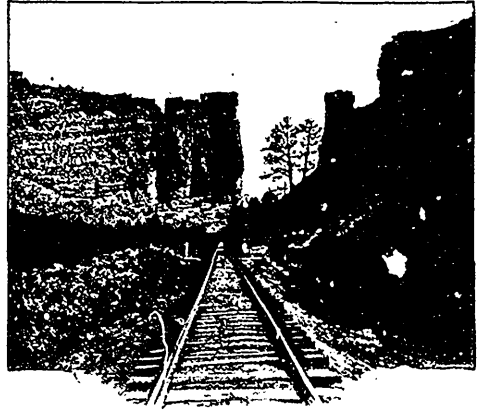
BY THE EDITOR.



FORTY-SIX years ago Brigham Young stood on on Ensign Peak, the "Mount of Prophecy," and there announced to his followers that

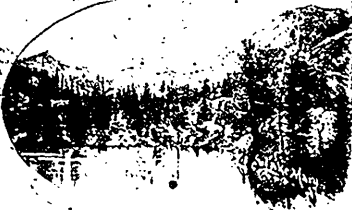
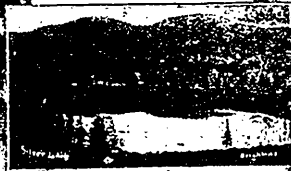
down in the valley below should be founded the new "City of Zion," the future home of the Latter Day Saints.

The city has much the appearance of any busy Western town, with fine railway station, electric cars, great manufacturing and commercial establishments. But soon



CASTLE GATE, ENTRANCE TO UTAH.

certain aspects of its peculiar institutions are apparent. High in air tower the walls, battlements and spires of the Mormon temple, which was nearly forty years in construction. On its facade is the inscription: "Holiness to the Lord, House of the Lord, Built by the Church of Jesus Christ, Latter Day Saints," and, carved in stone, the all-seeing eye. The vast and ugly Tabernacle, with a roof like a soup tureen, low walls, and a capacity for seating eight thousand persons, is a conspicuous feature. The picturesque and graceful Assembly Hall is the best architectural building of Mormon construction. A great square, formerly surrounded with a stone wall, contains the old and new Tithing Houses, the Bee Hive House, formerly the residence of Brigham Young, and the extraordinary-looking, long, many-gabled building—divided into many sections for his numerous wives—the so-called Lion House, with the effigy



SOME UTAH MOUNTAIN VIEWS.



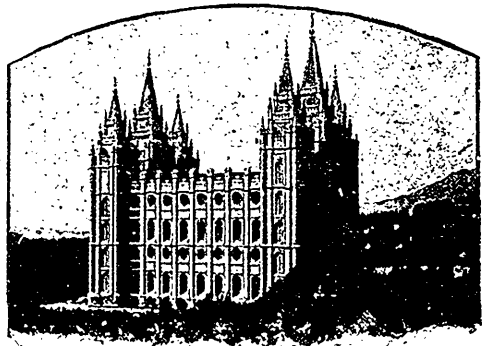
VIEWS IN SALT LAKE CITY.

of the lion of the tribe of Judah in front. A sumptuous mansion across the road is known as "The Amelia House," the home of his favourite wife.

The great business block, with many branches throughout the city, known as "Zion's Co-operative Mercantile Institution," or more briefly as "The Co-op," with the mystic initials "Z. C. M. I.," and the carved or painted all-seeing eye above it, represent the commercial side of Mormon life.

I conversed freely with Mormons of every rank and grade, and tried to find out the true inwardness of their belief. They seemed very anxious to make a good impression upon Eastern men. My firm conviction is this: There are two sorts of Mormons: one the sincere and honest dupes, who, are, I think, the minority; the other the arrant

frauds and knaves. With one of the former I had a long conversation. He was employed as gardener in the temple square. His name, he told me, was "Brother Williams." He had been brought up as a New Connexion Methodist in England, was a student in theology with the late Dr. Cooke, and "came into the larger liberty," he said, of the faith of the Latter Day Saints, and was for many years a missionary of that creed. He was willing to preach to me by the hour, assured me that the new Mormon temple was God's Holy of Holies on earth, that Christ was soon to come to judge the earth, and drive away the Gentiles from the Holy City. He urged me earnestly to "come into the ark" and be saved before that terrible day. He admitted that some of the Mormons were vile as devils, but others of them, he affirmed, were as good men as could be found on earth. On the subject of plural marriages he declared that every woman must be married or be cut off from the kingdom of glory. In reply to my question he answered that when women got to understand the principle of having only one-fifth of a husband, they would gladly give



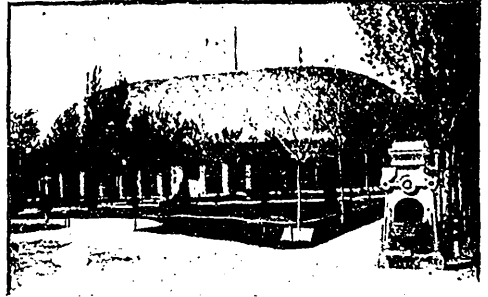
MORMON TEMPLE, SALT LAKE CITY.

him additional wives in order that they might gain eternal life. They are married for eternity.

One of the fraudulent classes of Saints, as I judge, was the man in charge of the Tabernacle, who showed off its points and glibly defended polygamy by the example of David and Abraham. This man was a renegade Methodist, formerly a member of Great Queen Street Church, in London. The Tabernacle is one of the acoustic wonders of the world. A whispered utterance could be distinctly heard at the opposite end of the building, two hundred feet distant, and, more wonderful still, a pin dropped from the height of two inches on a table, was also distinctly heard.

The Tithing House is a curious institution, where the country people bring their offerings, in kind, of almost everything they raise or make. The large building was filled with fresh vegetables, flour, feed, manufactured articles, clothing, harness, books, millinery, toys, patent medicines, and every conceivable thing, as well as salt from the waters of Salt Lake. The Saints are supposed to pay one-tenth of their income in money or in kind, but the Gentiles declare that the elders shirk this duty very much.

An elderly man whom I met there, formerly a Sunday-school



MORMON TABERNAACLE, SALT LAKE CITY.

scholar in Lancashire, "Brother Kirkham," (they all call each other brothers; even the cash boys in the "co-op stores" speak of the clerks as "Brother So-and-so"), complained bitterly that the United States Government had robbed them of their property, confiscating all the immense wealth of the Church beyond \$50,000. He affirmed that the Bible was very good in its way, but it was full of errors, that seventy books of the Bible were lost entirely, whilst the Book of Mormon was a perfect revelation. In their printing office was a great stack of this book, hymn books, and the like, in all sizes, from pocket size to huge pulpit Mormon Bibles.

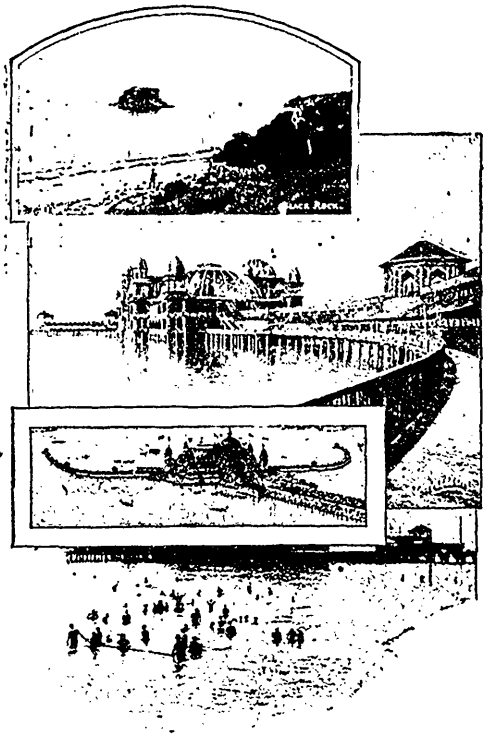
In the evening I went to see the Methodist minister of the place, to hear the other side of the story, and found that there was a very different side to the shield. In the opinion of the Gentiles best capable of judging, the Mormon system was a mystery of iniquity, honeycombed with fraud, lying and most abhorrent wickedness. The confiscation of property was merely the nationalizing of vast estates held by the elders in the name of the Church. The memory of the late Brigham Young was held in execration, even some of



EAGLE GATE, SALT LAKE CITY.

his nearest kin speaking of him with the utmost detestation. The testimony concerning the influence of Mormon doctrines on social life was of the most damning description. The alleged literacy was said to be of a very meagre character. The influx of Gentiles attracted by the mining and other developments of the country has swamped Mormondom. The management of the city has passed into Gentile hands, and under Gentile enterprise rapid progress is being made. Great blocks of buildings are going up, and sixty miles of electric tramway are in operation.

One day I rode out to Fort Douglas, three or four miles from the city, on a lofty plateau, commanding a magnificent view of Salt Lake and surrounding country. The "fort" is a magnificent group of good stone barracks, elegant officers' quarters, chapel and reading-room, with broad campus for drilling. The men's quarters were admirably neat, and kitchen and dining-rooms bright and clean. A young subaltern told me that were it not for the presence of Uncle Sam's troops in years past, Gentile life would not be worth living, if it could be lived at all. Brigham Young bade open defiance to the military, and was only brought to his senses by the commandant firing live shell over the city, to show him the range of his artillery. When the supremacy passed into Gentile hands the Mormons threatened the direst consequences. A battery of artillery was hurried from Omaha, a thousand miles distant, at forty miles an hour, with sealed orders. The troops in the fort marched down with fifty rounds of cartridge and loaded ammunition waggons, and formed a cordon round the railway station.



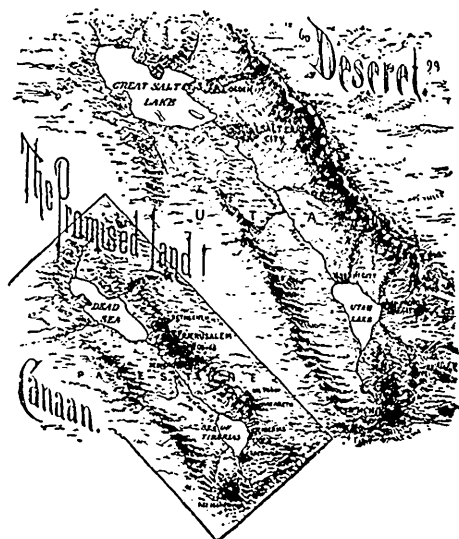
SALT AIR BEACH, SALT LAKE CITY.

The "Saints" didn't know what to make of it, and, as no message could be had by wire, they sent off riders to Ogden, forty miles distant, to find out what it all meant. To their intense chagrin, the long train, laden with artillery, pulled into the station, and the prestige of the Mormon dynasty passed away for ever. There are many Mormon towns throughout the State, and they have great preponderance in numbers, but Salt Lake City holds the key. Two or three vigorous Methodist churches and other evangelical bodies will soon work a great moral transformation in the city. The military and other unprejudiced persons affirm their confident belief in the stories of murder and outrage by the early Mormons. The Mormons are noth-

ing if not scriptural. Hence, we find in the Territory the Jordan River, and Mount Nebo, as well as their New Jerusalem.

I ran down by train to Salt Lake, eighteen miles distant, for a dip in its dense saline waters. There were hundreds of persons bathing there; it is the Coney Island of Salt Lake City. The experience is anything but agreeable. The water is so heavy that it is tiring to wade through it, and when breast high in the water, one's feet are irresistibly raised from the bottom. It is difficult to swim, because one's feet and hands will rise above the surface. Climbing the banks, too, in one's water-logged bathing-suit is very fatiguing. It is easiest of all to float on one's back, in which position one can rest as comfortably as on a spring-bed. I saw gentlemen smoking on the water, and ladies bathing with their hats or bonnets on, without danger of getting them wet. The water is acrid and pungent; and if it gets in one's eyes or nose is extremely irritating. It contains 17 per cent. of solid matter, whereas that of the Dead

The most important feature of the Epworth League Excursion to San Francisco is the stop-over at Salt Lake City. The Epworth Leagues of Salt Lake City propose giving a special reception to the League Convention excursionists, and showing them other attentions and courtesies. All excursion tickets via the Rio Grande Western Railway, in connection with either the Denver & Rio Grande, or Colorado Midland Railroads, will permit of this stop-over in either direction. The great Mormon Temple and Tabernacle, the Tithing Place, the Lion and Bee Hive Houses, Amelia Palace, the Church Institutions, the



COMPARATIVE MAPS—DESERET AND CANAAN.

Sea contains 28 per cent., that of the Mediterranean 3.8, and that of the Atlantic 3.5.

The delicate tints of the Wasatch Mountains and the purple islands of the lake in the sunset light were very impressive. The old sea-beach or margin in the encircling hills, was a striking testimony of the former great extent of this lake.

Great Salt Lake, with its magnificent Salt-air Beach, the Salt Palace, the Drives, Parks, and near-by canyon and lake resorts, are but a few of Salt Lake's attractions. Furthermore, the trip between Denver and Ogden, where connection is made for the Pacific coast, is one of unequalled pleasure. No European trip of equal length can compare with it in grandeur of scenery or wealth of novel interest. Send two cents to Geo. W. Heintz, G.P.A., Salt Lake City, Utah, for copy of "Salt Lake City—the City of the Saints;" also for a copy of the Epworth League folder.

"GOD SHALL SUPPLY ALL YOUR NEED."

BY AMY PARKINSON.

Compassèd by Omniprescencè,
Lonely—thou art not alone;
On Infinitude relying,
Portionless—thou all dost own.

By Omnipotence upholden,
Weak—thou canst unshaken stand;

Toronto.

Sightless—still thou safe shalt journey
Clinging to Omniscience' hand.

Trustfully, O, then, press forward,—
Pilgrim, toward thy bourne of bliss—
Faltering never, fearless ever,
Since thy God thy Guardian is.

A PLEA FOR A NEGLECTED DUTY.

BY THE REV. S. P. ROSE, D.D.



THAT the reader shall not waste a moment over a subject which does not interest him, it may be well to say at once that the neglected duty for which we now offer a plea is the proper study of the Bible.

Unfortunately there is no room to doubt that the study of Holy Scripture is sadly neglected. Evidence of this painful fact is overwhelming. It is profitless to invite comparison with the past and to claim that we are no greater sinners than our fathers. Even if this be true, it is an excuse that can avail us nothing. Let us rather humble ourselves before the loving Father to whose good Spirit we owe the Book, and seek to remedy a fault, persistence in which means mischief and unspeakable loss. I quote from the columns of a secular paper, *The Ottawa Free Press*, the following wise and entirely justified utterances :

“The decay of biblical knowledge is a danger to the community, and presents a problem with which those responsible for national education ought to promptly grapple. No person can with safety to his individual morality, or the general morality of the nation, be permitted to rest in ignorance of the Book in which is enshrined the revelation of the source and sustaining power of all that goes to maintain the present and promote the progress of the future. Truly has it been said, that ‘unless our youth are kept imbued with the principles taught in the Bible, the salt will lose its savour and national corruption be the result.’”

My plea is for a four-fold study of Scripture.

1. It should be used, first of all, as a manual of devotion and a guide

to right living. This may be regarded as the prime and, in some respects, the ultimate purpose of the Book. Anything which tends to give it a lower place in our affections, or to weaken its authority as a guide to Christ, is to be deprecated and condemned. Whatever else we may find in the Bible, if we do not find in it the most helpful and inspiring hand-book of devotional literature and the pathway along which our spirits may travel Christward, we have not yet discovered the highest purpose which the sacred volume is intended to serve.

And, happily, this use of the Bible is possible to those of us who are not what are technically known as scholars. It should, indeed, be remembered that learning, rightly directed, can only serve to intensify the value of Holy Scripture as a book of devotion and a guide to righteousness. It is hardly accurate to say that it cannot matter, for purposes of spiritual profit, whether we know who wrote a certain fragment of Scripture, or when it was composed, or for whom it was written. To know the truth in regard to these particulars may minister directly to the religious helpfulness of the Scripture which we are reading for the cultivation of the higher life of the soul. It would be an immense advantage to a proper devotional reading of the Psalms, for example, if the could only be better informed as to their authorship and the conditions, national and ethical, which gave them birth. Scholarship makes a most direct and important contribution to the devotional study of the Word of God by teaching us all that can be known of the genesis and history of the different por-

tions of sacred literature. Light on these questions will aid materially to the worth of the Bible to the man who employs it as a means of spiritual culture.

But this is not essential. We need not wait for the last word on vexed questions of authorship and date before going to the Book to learn the way to heaven. Dr. George Adam Smith points this out in his latest volume:

"To vindicate the authorship of this or that chapter by the man whose name it bears is but a poor service compared with the proof that it rises from real life, that it is a message of a true prophet to living men, and that it deals with the essential problems of human society."—*Modern Criticism*, p. 217.

It is interesting to note that the late Mr. D. L. Moody came to hold a similar view. "It is not the authorship of the books of the Bible that matters," he declared to Dr. Smith, "but the contents." And primarily, and for the highest ends, this is undoubtedly true, though the highest ends are served by the results of wise, patient, reverent criticism. The best and indispensable preparation for the devotional study of the Bible is a reverent, teachable, obedient heart; and this the most ignorant of us may receive through the ministry of the Holy Spirit. With this qualification we shall find in the Holy Scriptures the man of our counsel and the inspiration of our service.

This, then, is the universal obligation which rests upon all Christians, the study of the Bible as a manual of devotion and a guide to righteousness through faith in Jesus Christ.

2. The Scriptures should be studied as literature. Reference at this point is not to the literary study of the Bible, but to its study as part of the great literature of the world. This obligation, though for a somewhat different reason, is equally

binding and universal, with the method of study which has just been noted. Provision for the study of the Bible as literature is something for which we have the right to look to our schools and seats of learning. The claim to be educated is not well established, if the man or woman making it is ignorant of that wonderful literature which is bequeathed to us in the Old and New Testaments. Judged by this test it must be confessed that the educational methods of this continent are defective. Evidence of this is painfully abundant. One illustration will suffice.

In a college in the United States where biblical instruction is supposed to have a place, the freshman class of a few years ago was composed of thirty-four young men, of whom thirty-three were members or adherents of some religious body. To try their knowledge of Scripture, an examination paper was set, containing twenty-two quotations from Tennyson, all of which referred to passages in the Bible, and six to passages in the New Testament. The six New Testament passages were the following:

1. "My sin was a thorn among the thorns that girt Thy brow."
2. "Arimathean Joseph."
3. "For I have flung thee pearls and find thee swine."
4. "Perhaps like Him of Cana in Holy Writ,
Our Arthur kept his best until the last."
5. "The Church on Peter's rock."
6. "Follow light and do the Right, for man can half control his doom.
Till you find the deathless Angel,
seated in the vacant tomb."

The result of the examination disclosed the fact that twenty-five members of the class understood the first reference, eleven the second, twelve the third, twenty-four the fourth, nine the fifth, and sixteen the sixth. If equal ignorance had marked an examination in Virgil, what an outcry would have arisen!

We in this Dominion have no occasion to indulge the hope that the freshmen of our colleges would acquit themselves so successfully, if a similar test of their scriptural knowledge were made, as to give us ground for boasting of our superiority over our neighbours to the south. And until ample provision is made in our national system of education for the study of the Bible as literature, we must shrink from claiming too much for the work which our schools of learning are doing. I may say, in passing, that the Protestant schools of the Province of Quebec are certainly in advance in this regard of the public schools of Ontario.

This is not a religious question, but one of education pure and simple. So Matthew Arnold regarded it.

"Only one great literature there is," he writes, "one great literature for which the people have had a preparation, the literature of the Bible. . . . If poetry, philosophy, and eloquence, if what we call in one word letters, are a power, and a beneficent, wonder-working power, in education, through the Bible only have the people much chance of getting at poetry, philosophy and eloquence. . . . The Bible is for the child in an elementary school almost his only contact with poetry and philosophy. What a course of eloquence and poetry (to call it by that name alone) is the Bible in a school which has and can have but little eloquence and poetry! and how much do our elementary schools lose by not having any such course as part of their school programme!"

Mr. Ruskin bears similar testimony. His mother required him to do, what more modern mothers might well imitate her in doing, to commit to memory whole chapters of the Bible. Writing of what he thus acquired, the reference being particularly to the book of Proverbs, he says:

"With this list thus learned, she established my soul in life. And truly, though I have picked up the elements of a little further knowledge in mathematics

and meteorology and the like in after life, and owe not a little to the teaching of many people, this maternal installation of my mind in that property of chapters, I count very confidently the most precious, and on the whole, the one essential part of all my education."

And yet this precious and essential feature of education is generally neglected in our homes, and, of set purpose, excluded from many of our schools of learning. Is this exclusion of the Bible from our schools and colleges due to the fear that its study as literature will be made the occasion of sectarian and denominational teaching? This could be easily guarded against. The sectarian teacher will be quickly detected, and punishment to fit the offence may be readily administered. Do we fear that the Bible will suffer in the reverence in which it is held? This is putting a premium on the value of ignorance as a condition of reverence, and indicates a lack of confidence alike in our teachers, the vast majority of whom are church members, and the Bible to stand on its own merits as the greatest and noblest of all literature. There was once a man who put out his hand to steady the ark! It cannot be objected that no textbook or guide to the instruction which the teacher should give is available. The splendid contribution which Professor Richard G. Moulton, of Chicago, has made and is making to the study of the sacred volume as literature removes this excuse from any honest lips.

3. A third method of biblical study may be popularly defined as the literary and scientific study of Scripture. This involves "inquiry into the origin, history, authenticity, character, etc., of the literary documents" of which the Bible is composed. The student does not, primarily at least, concern himself with the meaning of single texts. He studies the Scriptures book by book; comparison is instituted not be-

tween texts but between authors. As an able advocate of this method of study well puts it:

"We endeavour to ascertain the character of the author, his temperament, the time in which he lived, the audience to which he spoke, the immediate purpose which dominated him. . . . We measure Paul by entire epistles: the Psalmist by an entire psalm; each writer by the totality of his writing. In brief, we apply to this collection of writings the same methods of critical study which we apply to any other, sure that the best method of getting at the thought of God is to get at the life of the man i. whom He dwelt and whose experience He inspired."

The intelligent readers of the *METHODIST MAGAZINE* will need no defence of this manner of approach to the Book which they reverence and love. As Dr. George A. Smith points out, appeal may be made on behalf of the method to the example of the Divine Teacher Himself and of His apostles (see volume above noted). It must indeed be confessed that the modern critical method of the study of Scripture may prove destructive just as the keen blade in the hand of an incompetent surgeon may sever an artery instead of prolonging life. But this is not due to the method, but to the spirit or depth of scholarship of him who employs it. From the reverent, profound scholar, who unhesitatingly and courageously applies the critical method, the lover of the Bible has everything to hope and nothing to fear. Those who fear what such criticism can do are either ignorantly dreading a scientific investigation, the nature of which they are incapable of appreciating, or are unconscious but real unbelievers in the vitality and potency of the Book, which the Spirit of God inspired men to write.

It is most obvious that this mode of biblical study must be, at first hand, the work of experts. The critical and scientific investigation

of which we are now writing demands the equipment of profound scholarship. The mere student cannot be an original investigator. This rules out the busy pastor and the average hearer of the truth from the preacher's lips. But though most of us are thus disqualified from original investigation, none of us need or should remain in ignorance of the results of this form of study. The religious teacher who permits himself to remain in ignorance on questions of so vital a nature as those raised by the newer criticism, merits the punishment which will surely overtake him: the loss of the confidence of his congregation in him as a guide into truth.

The original investigators in geology and astronomy are few. Scientific experts are easily counted. But no man can justify his claim to be known as educated, who is not at pains to acquaint himself with the results of the original investigators in these realms of truth. So in regard to the Bible. What we must do is to make wise choice of our masters, and to study the teachings which they, as experts, impart. With men like Driver, and G. A. Smith, and R. G. Moulton to guide us, with such a treasure-house of the freshest biblical scholarship as *Hastings' Dictionary* at our command, ignorance on our part who attempt to instruct others, however humbly, in the great things of God, is of the nature of a crime.

4. Growing out of and forming a proper sequel to the literary and scientific study of the Bible, is its study for doctrinal or theological purposes. It has been the tragedy of much of our theology that it was built up on unscientific methods of biblical investigation. Much of it has rested for its authority upon the false assumption that "a text is a text," and of equal value wherever found, and without any regard to

the conditions under which it came to the birth. The doctrine of universal depravity has been "proved" by the text, "In sin did my mother conceive me," a suggestion which, if made to most of us as a fact of personal history, would be properly resented as a gross insult.

Dr. Lyman Abbott quotes from the "Divine Armoury," a text-book of the Latin Church, the verse from the Song of Songs, "Thou art all fair, O my love, and there is not a spot in thee," as the biblical authority offered for the "noble lineage, immaculate conception, and virginity" of the Virgin Mary. Nor can Protestantism afford to smile at the Roman Church, inasmuch as "the Westminster Confession of Faith cites in support of the doctrine that the hopes of the unregenerate are illusory and vain the argument of Bildad that Job must have been a great sinner or his prosperity would not have come to naught (Job viii. 13, 14)." Ecclesiastes xi. 3 has been often, but quite incorrectly, quoted to sanction the doctrine that future destiny is determined at death.

An amusing instance of the danger of appeal to texts is cited by Dr. Abbott. On one occasion, years ago, a Judge of the Supreme Court of New York, in the course of legal decision, said: "We have the highest possible authority for saying, 'Skin for skin; yea, all that a man hath will he give for his life.'" Whereupon a daily paper, commenting on this decision, retorted: "We find that it was the

devil who said, 'Skin for skin, yea, all that a man hath will he give for his life.' Now we know who it is that our Supreme Court Judges regard as the highest possible authority." A more accurate and modern study of the Book of Job would have taught that New York editor that the Satan, by whom these words were spoken, was not the devil of the New Testament or of Milton's poem, but an inferior, cynical, and pessimistic angel, whose conception of humanity was painfully low and unworthy.

Now, if we are moving away from this vicious dependence upon single texts, if the inductive method of theological research—of which our own Church has recently afforded so splendid an example—is gaining ground, we owe it to the active influence of the newer and critical study of the Bible, which so many of us, in the times of our ignorance, regarded with alarm. And of this we may be confident, that the theology which will abide because it commends itself to Christian consciousness, will be based upon the scientific study of the Word of God, which has given us, and will give us in yet larger measure, a new Book, redeemed from the grave of ignorance and ecclesiastical superstition, and liberated from the grave-clothes of false theories of inspiration and interpretation. Thus shall it have a free course and be glorified in its ever-increasing victories over sin and error.

Ottawa.

AFTER THE STORM.

BY HENRY BANNISTER MERWIN.

The stars alone are calm; the waters rage
In unabated frenzy on the bar,
Like restless human hearts, constrained to war
Against the undeviating spirit of the age.

The futile struggle all your beauty mars;
Billows and hearts, that lie within His palm,
Remember that the stars above are calm,
That God abideth still above the stars.

—*Christian Advocate.*

MORE HOURS WITH OUR HYMN-BOOK.

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



IN spite of the "defects in our hymn-book" enumerated in a paper recently read before the Toronto Ministerial Association, it easily goes for the saying that we have a most inspiring and helpful collection of hymns, filled with gems of holy and uplifting thoughts, thoughts that flash and shine from the open song-treasury of the Church. Souls laden with the burden of sin are lifted into an atmosphere of strength and hope, while "in notes almost divine" they sing the praises of their Redeemer, and the glories of their redemption. Ministers of the gospel, and all Christian workers, will find larger equipment for better service by spending more hours with our hymn-book, and, if need be, fewer hours with the newspapers.

Many of our most frequently used hymns fail to convey to the mind of the worshipper the wealth and beauty of the author's meaning, because of the meaningless manner in which they are rendered by the preacher or leader. A clearer vision and an interpreting voice, both in regard to the gospel in story as well as the gospel in song, are among the pressing needs of to-day. It were well worth while to spend hours with the hymn-book, so to understand the origin, and grasp the thought of the hymn as to be able, by proper expression, to make others see and feel the force and beauty of the song. It will be a good day for the Church when the study and reading of our hymns shall form a part of our college and conference courses. Hymns are pre-eminently the utterances of

spiritual life; and should be so read and sung as to voice forth the aspirations, as well as the adoration, of all true worshippers. It is a matter for thanksgiving that our Methodist Hymnal contains so many hymns that are so expressive of the heart's purest devotion.

Dr. Ray Palmer has enriched American hymnology with a wondrous wealth of song. The poetical productions of his pen are more numerous than those of any other



American hymn-writer. But *one* alone would have made his name immortal. It is:

"My faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine."

Ray Palmer was born in Rhode Island in the year 1808, the son of the Hon. Thomas Palmer. As a lad he felt the presence and pressure of poverty and hard surroundings. At the age of thirteen he was clerk in a dry-goods store in Boston. Not long after this he united with the Park Street Congregational Church. It soon became apparent to his pastor and Christian associates that the young sales-lad was destined to a higher vocation, which hope and expectation were ultimately realized, for soon there-

after we find him busied with academic and then theological studies. In 1835 he was called to his first pastorate in Bath, Maine, where he spent fifteen years. The next fifteen he was in the Albany church pastorate. Then he was called to New York City. For fifty years Ray Palmer's ministry was one of intense and earnest activity.

During all those years he was a most voluminous hymn-writer, sending forth the Gospel on the wings of the press, on the pages of magazines, as well as in the song-treasuries of the churches. Three hymns in our collection are from the pen of this gifted divine. Nos. 712 and 718 are songs of coronation. In grand and stately processional move before us the hosts of heaven, and the redeemed of earth, and with united and triumphant voices they chant the praise of Christ, our conquering King. Such songs as these lift us above earth's carking cares, and place us in communion with the skies. The hymn, however, by which Ray Palmer is best known, and on account of which his name will be wafted down the aisles of the coming century, is No. 400:

“ My faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine;
Now hear me while I pray,
Take all my sins away,
Oh, may I from this day
Be wholly Thine.”

Dr. Banks says this is the most spiritual of all American hymns. It was written while Mr. Palmer was a student. As the author himself intimates, it was the simple and earnest expression of his own heart's longings. Without effort his thought crystallized into song. And the last stanza flowed from his pen amid fast-flowing tears of deep and tenderest emotion. For two years he carried the hymn in his pocket. It was not intended for the public gaze. And when it did see the light it seemed to attract but

little attention. It was carried across the Atlantic and published in Scotland as a waif. The staid Scottish mind, however, was deeply impressed with its wondrous force and fervour, and before long this pious prayer of its unknown author was breathed into the ear of the Eternal from many an honest, earnest worshipper among the hills and dales of old Scotia. The echoes of its melody, as sung beyond the sea, soon travelled back to its native shores, and the song was seized upon, and devoutly used by Christian workers and religious leaders all over the American continent. It has been translated into many foreign languages, and is sung to-day wherever the gospel message is proclaimed to the sons of men.

Among the many touching incidents that might be cited in connection with the use of this incomparable hymn, one occurred during the late American Civil war. It was the eve of one of the most sanguinary battles of that grievous conflict. A company of young Christian soldiers had met in a tent for prayer. Knowing that on the morrow they might lie among the slain, they wished their friends to know that they had died in the faith of Jesus. So one of the number wrote out Ray Palmer's matchless hymn, and the signature of each member of the company was attached thereto. In the ensuing battle only one of the group escaped the thickly-flying shafts of death, and from his lips was told the story of their faith and devotion. Oh that the Church of God, moving out into the opening doors of the new century, with a purer faith and intenser devotion would sing:

“ May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire;
As Thou hast died for me,
Oh, may my love to Thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire.”

One of the truest tests of the

worth of a hymn is found in the fact that there is in it that which awakens and stimulates the heart's purest devotion. We ought to prize highly those hymns which give expression to the earnest desires of the penitent soul, and to the deep experiences of the Christian life. Our hymnal is enriched by many such hymns from the pen and heart of the immortal Dr. Doddridge. Save Watts and Wesley, no other hymn-writer has left to the Church such a legacy of sacred song. Philip Doddridge, son of an oil-merchant, was born in London in 1702. Early converted to God, he became pastor of the Congregational Church at Northampton. He was an earnest, eloquent preacher, and a tireless literary worker. Nearly all his hymns were written for immediate use in connection with the sermon of the day. Thus there was an almost continual flow from his gifted and poetic mind. Standing on the vantage-ground gained by the incoming of the new century, we naturally look back over the trodden pathway of the past, and gratitude for divine guidance and divine protection will find apt expression in the words of Doddridge's famous hymn:

"O God of Bethel, by whose hand
Thy people still are fed:
Who through this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led:

"Our vows, our prayers, we now present
Before Thy throne of grace;
God of our fathers, be the God
Of their succeeding race!"

Or if we turn our face toward the opportunities and responsibilities of the unknown future, it should stimulate our zeal and devotion to sing some of Doddridge's consecration hymns, as No. 420:

Death is a name. Death is the portal
Unto a higher way.
Life is eternal. Man is immortal,
Rising victorious,
Radiant, glorious,



"My gracious Lord, I own Thy right
To every service I can pay,
And call it my supreme delight
To hear thy counsels and obey."

Or that grand hymn, No. 369 of our hymn-book:

"God of life, through all my days,
My grateful powers shall sound Thy
praise;
My song shall wake with opening light,
And cheer the dark and silent night."

Such songs of the heart, that kindle our loftiest aspirations, that warm our holiest emotions, that intensify our ardent desires "to work and win as conquerors may," may well find a place in the religious services of the sanctuary, as well as in the homes of our people.

Girding on the armour afresh, praying, working, hoping for larger victories and greater achievements for God and for souls, we do well to make the best use of our best hymns—hymns that throb with spiritual life—hymns that voice forth the earnest longings and the changeless needs of the sin-laden heart—hymns that lift the trembling as well as the trusting soul nearer to God.

Belleville, Ont.

Out of the clay;
Out of the bounds of time,
Into the realms sublime,
Into a golden clime,
Into the day.

THE FATHERS.

BY THE REV. ARTHUR J. LOCKHART (PASTOR FELIX).

Room for the Fathers! In the crowded way
 Where press the strong and bold for prize
 and place
 Too eager, let our reverent feet delay ;
 While, with bared head and the becoming
 grace
 Which best adorns the blooming youthful
 face,—
 Rare modesty, that virtue of old time, -
 We mark them pass who led us in the race,
 Who made our greatness in their ardent
 prime
 With deeds by Earth unprized, but owned by
 Heaven sublime.

Dear reverend heads, to you our gaze we turn!
 Dear hands, that broke the sacramental
 bread
 For us, and bade our hearts within us burn.
 With Heaven communing, as in prayer ye
 led!
 With sacred rapture, with supernal dread
 Ye moved our souls to trembling and to
 tears,
 With men entreating in your Master's stead,
 While at your call the hour of doom appears,
 The awful bar of God, the Soul's eternal
 years.

What if unpolished or uncouth the phrase,
 When the roused heart its living burden
 pour'd,
 If saints were stirred the love of God to
 praise,
 And sinners felt the terrors of the Lord!
 A finer scabbard hides that searching sword
 The Spirit wields; but unless we, to-day,
 Can so divide the never-changing Word
 That souls we save alive and sin we slay,
 We for the old-time power have need again to
 pray.

Love to the Fathers! Love, the wealth of
 worth,
 With gifts of love! O Church! their
 strength that knew,
 With warm, unstinted service, and the birth
 Of steadfast loyalty, when ye were few,
 When poverty was yours, and your name drew
 Scorn of the proud and insult of the base;
 Then flamed their word like lightning, fell the
 dew
 Of benediction, while the narrow place
 Of prayer brightened as with an angel's shining
 face.

Seems not earth greener that they smiling live,
 The sun more radiant in its dome of blue?
 What can Earth render, what can mortals give
 To match the sacrifice of hearts so true?
 Their lips for others eloquently sue,
 But not for self; 'tis ours their cause to
 plead;
 Not praise of men, tho' just, we claim their
 due;
 But be it by a graceful Church decreed
 That they who served her best shall never suffer
 need.

Need! Blush we may to speak a word like
 this:
 Ouations wait on heroes, gifts on kings:
 And such were they, who took no lot amiss,
 Singing high songs of joy, as the thrush
 sings
 In woody vales when Peace her twilight brings.
 What are our gold, our gems, but splendid
 dust,
 Matched with their rare devotion? What the
 things
 We so much prize but food for moth and rust
 Before self-sacrifice and all-*o*-ermastering
 trust?

Revere the Fathers! Soon the Lord, who gave
 Treasure with them, shall summon them
 away;
 Our richest wealth we garner in the grave,
 Our brightest stars melt in the tide of day.
 Soon will they shine with a serener ray,
 Exalted to that light and joy they crave:
 Conjoined with souls who pioneer'd our way
 Our first great traveller,* the lone and brave,
 And that grand heart asleep beneath the Indian
 wave.†

God bless the Fathers! Long may they abide,
 Palms, ripest in their fruitage; beauteous
 trees
 Of God, in whitest blossom! Eventide
 Bring sheenest sunsets over softest seas
 That lave their prows; 'til, by serene degrees,
 Unrent by storms, they reach the wished-for
 shore;
 Then, when withdrawn to Heaven's sweet
 sanctities,
 Our tearful eyes their faces see no more,
 Theirs the exalted sight where raptured hosts
 adore!

* Bishop Asbury.
 † Dr. Coke.

ON THE BLUFF BY THE SEA.

BY MAUDE PETITT, B.A.



THIS bold bluff on the coast of Prince Edward Island, and the Le Fevre dwelling perched like the nest of a sea-bird on its top-most brow. A big unpainted structure, but yet palatial compared with the other fisher-dwellings of Arcotte hamlet.

For the Le Fevres were well-to-do—"King of Fishers" they called the father Le Fevre, and certainly it seemed that his mackerel

must have had golden scales.

Sunset was softening those scenes of toil, casting its changing glow on the nets drying at the rear of the house and the great fish-stages displaying their scaly wealth. Before the door stood a woman in scarlet blouse and holland apron, elbows akimbo. She was gazing at what looked a mere speck on the sea, in reality a fishing-boat. Her blouse, low at the neck, revealed almost masculine proportions, but her dark face was tender and motherly with its waves of snowy hair. They were French people from Newfoundland, and though they had settled in Arcotte many years ago, Mrs. Le Fevre's conversation still had a naïve mixture of the dialect of the French peasantry of her native island. She was talking just now to some one inside the door.

"Dat was a mackerel sky if ever I see one, dis morning. It's one big piece o' folly not takin' de nets. Dey'll be catching wid de hook an' de mackerel around 'em in shoals."

"I wonder if Jim Caldwell was badly hurt, mother," said a girl's voice from within. "I don't believe he's fishin' today. See there's a smoke startin' up from his chimney."

"No' badly hurt, de lazy young lout! It's just an excuse to sneak out o' a day's

fishin' he wants, and drink whiskey with Johnny Armstrong. You'll do well not to be botherin' your head about de likes o' Jim Caldwell."

"Who said I was botherin' my head about him, mother?"

"Well, it's time you bothered your head about some un—a girl turned twenty-three last autumn, an' her face not at fault. I was a mother afore your years. It all comes o' the way you took up wid dat preacher last winter. You'll never see his shadow again."

"It matters not, mother. I would not marry him if I might. Besides, he has taught me the love of One who will never leave me. I am content to go on weaving nets here. In that other world, where there's no rich an' poor, great an' small, I shall be worthy at least to know him there."

The hope was pathetic in one so young, but there was almost an exultant note of joy in the voice that spoke.

"Yes, dat's de worst of all, leadin' you away from de Holy Mother. If your fader's lost in a storm some night it'll be because o' your sin, forsakin' the Virgin."

"I've no fear, mother. The Christ of the old-time fisher-folk can protect us from all harm. I would that father trusted in Him."

The mother answered not; there was something in the deep spirituality of the girl within that awed her, as it did many a humble villager; for spirituality, like intellectuality, is power, only power a hundred-fold more impressive on the lives of men.

Mother Le Fevre continued to gaze at the little group of fish-houses along the shore, the little strip of beach at the foot of the bluff where the shells and the Irish moss lay tangled in the bristly seagrass, and away off yonder the shimmering lagoon, reflecting an opalescent sky. Then her eyes wandered back to the little reef where eight children, the young Le Fevres, were launching an old fishing-boat.

"I declare dere's dat Manon down dere playin' wid de children like a girl o' ten. Go down dere, Marie, and tell her to come back and finish her nets before de dark. An' see if de children have broken de clams. Just like 'em to go-



"THE YOUNG LE FEVRES WERE LAUNCHING AN OLD FISHING-BOAT."

fill any place gracefully, or grace any place perfectly.

No wonder the mother gazed proudly upon the retreating figure as she sat down on the bench outside the door and took up her netting. She glanced up the shore and watched the smoke-wreath curling upward from the chimney of Jim Caldwell's fish-house.

Inside, two men sat smoking in a dingy room, its walls hung with fish. A half-drained bottle of Brian's best whiskey stood on the table between, and Caldwell, the younger man, carried one arm in a sling, the result of an accident on the boat yesterday.

"And you think this is the same carriage you saw in the village to-day, Johnny?" And Johnny Armstrong pulled himself together with a knowing look.

"The same carriage! The same as black's black and white's white! D'ye think I could be mistaken in them black horses, sleek an' shinin', an' the nigh one with a white spot on his forehead?"

"An' you think it's something to do with the youngster."

"Hah! Look here, Caldwell, between you an' me, Le Fevre's gittin' rich mighty fast for a fisherman. His cod ain't got golden gills any more'n any other man's cod. He's never a bit sociable talkin' his affairs over the glass either.

and poke the stick right down de middle an' break every shell

A young woman emerged from the door, with a face that people in the most crowded thoroughfare could hardly have resisted the temptation to turn and look at. She knew nothing of Delsarte, but as she descended the bluff—tall, erect, well-poised—there was no rhythm or beauty wanting in her step and bearing. The face was dark, strong, mysterious; the cheeks freshened by the sea-breeze, and the hair drawn back in a rich dark crown, with here and there a curl escaping to the breeze. It was a face that in some moods could look perhaps a trifle masculine, but the eyes were tender and innocent as a child's. They were filled with that seriousness of the woman who looks long and often into the face of her Maker. Altogether she might have been a queen masquerading in red calico, or just a fisherman's daughter. She looked like one of those versatile people who could

I tell you, Jim, there's something in that man's eye he keeps to hisself pretty close. Why should Le Fevre git rich any faster'n you or me? Ha! ha! I tell you it's plain on the face o' it." And Johnny Armstrong took another pull at the black bottle before proceeding to expound matters.

"Why, look! big storm comes up. Big ship wrecked off the coast of Arcotte. One passenger saved—a little mite of a cripple boy. Le Fevre rescues him; Le Fevre takes him home—nine brats o' his own, an' hard up. The thing is in all the papers. Then a big carriage comes into Arcotte one night. Some big gentleman sneaks into Le Fevre's house, stays several hours. Le Fevre keeps mum, an' nothin' more's said about the poor little brat he picked up out o' the sea. But the youngster lacks fur nothin' after that, nor his'n either, fur that matter. In a little while up goes a bran, new house, you'd think he owned a farm. Why, man, you can see through it with one eye, an' that shut!"

"You think, then, old Le Fevre got somethin' to keep quiet about findin' the youngster."

"Where else did he git his money an' his airs?"

"But what good would it do anybody to have him keep that child out of the way?"

"That's more'n you or me knows. But what puzzles me is that this young Marlowe that held the meetin's here last winter should be drivin' the carriage this time."

"Oh, well, he was no common fellow, that Marlowe. He was rich, whoever he was. He took no collection, you know; held the meetin's fur nothin', just fur the fishermen."

"That may be, but he rides in that same carriage, an' that same carriage 'as been in black business, I'll be bound. You can't always tell what them strange preachers is up to."

"Well, Marlowe was no preacher, you know. His father's some big gun in Montreal, runs some factry there, an' they own a big farm they call 'The Ramblers,' just outside Charlottetown. This young chap does the lookin' after the farm, an' in the winter he goes around preachin' to the fisher-folk just for love o' the work, an' that's the right kind 'o preachin' to my mind."

Johnny took another draw from his black companion before replying.

"You've been just a little touched by the preachin' yourself, Caldwell."

"Ha. ha! ha! Don't be a fool,

Johnny. I'm not to be carried away by a thing like that; but when preachin's good a man that's a man'll say so." His laugh was nervously careless, like that of a man once half-convicted of sin, but ashamed, and cowardly concealing his burden.

"Did you ever hear, though, that there was something like an engagement between him and Marie Le Fevre?" continued Johnny.

"The young preacher? No!"

Johnny suppressed a smile.

"I heerd he'd won her over from bein' a Catholic," resumed Caldwell. "They say she put the Virgin an' the holy water out o' her room, an' she was mighty strict about goin' to the meetin's last winter. But I never heerd o' anything else goin' on."

"Anything else goin' on! Why, man, the whole place was talkin' an' pointin' out that couple, an' they as innocent as lambs o' it all! There she goes now!"

"Speak o' the angels," quoted Caldwell.

"Speak o' the other fellow, too."

Meanwhile Mrs. Le Fevre had gone into the house "to put the kettle on." It was a fresh, cheery room she entered, deserted apparently but for the yellow cat upon the hearth. But no; a child's voice spoke from the little curtained nook to the south of the big living room.

"Aren't the boys coming back from the shore yet, mother?"

"Marie's gone after 'em, dear. Dey'll soon be back."

It was the fair, delicate face of a crippled boy of about ten years of age, evidently the child discussed in Caldwell's fish-house. It was about five years since the child had been rescued, strapped to a floating board. Apparently the fright had caused a temporary loss of memory. He did not even remember his father's name. He only remembered he was called Beverly; that his home was a stone house in the midst of a large yard in a strange city. He also spoke of a little sister they threw into the sea with him, and the terrible storm, and the cold. Gradually, however, his memory had been restored and he was able to describe the house more minutely.

"He belongs to rich folks," said the fish-wives; "you should advertise more, Mrs. Le Fevre. You'd get big money fur 'im."

But after the mysterious visit of the strange carriage to Arcotte the Le Fevres had grown strangely negligent about advertising. The child had grown contented with them, had developed a stu-



“LIKE ECHOES FROM THE HEAVENLY STRAND.”

dious little mind and an intense love for music. Briton Marlowe, the young gentleman who had held revival meetings among the fisher-people last winter, had taken a great interest in the little fellow and given him a handsome rosewood mandolin. He played entirely by ear, but he had a genius for music, and often, as the young fishermen rowed on the lagoon with their sweethearts at evening, those little tinkling notes floated down from the open window on the bluff like echoes from the heavenly strand.

“Isn’t Marie coming back yet?” asked the child’s voice again.

“No, little one. Canst not live without Marie an hour? I believe de child worships her.”

There was a sudden noise of hurrying feet in the yard outside, and three of the children burst in breathless.

“Mother! mother, look at the lovely big carriage comin’ up the road!”

A sudden crimson dyed the mother’s cheek as she looked out of the window. Her breath seemed to stop and her eyes brighten with something between joy and fear.

“Alf says it looked just like Mr. Briton Marlowe inside. D’ye think he’s come back to see Marie?”

“Hush the foolish gab, child.”

“See, there’s Jim Caldwell stoppin’ ’im for a talk.”

“And what’s Jim Caldwell to talk about to Briton Marlowe?” she asked, with a flush of angry defiance that frightened the little ones. “Where’s Marie?”

“She’s talkin’ to Mrs. Crane down there on the shore; see!”

Then Mrs. Le Fevre began to show her agitation. She washed and re-washed little Beverly’s face, already two-fold cleaner than that of any other child in the house. She dusted the imaginary specks from the chairs and spread the table with her whitest linen. It was evident that there was bearing down upon the Le Fevre household one of those hours into which the history of years seems compressed.

Marie came in a few minutes later with a half shame-faced look. Mother and daughter exchanged a look, then, without a word, the household preparations went nervously on as before. Both cast the same anxious glances at the carriage standing on the roadside, and Jim Caldwell, with one foot on the hub. Both heaved a sigh of relief when the black span moved onward.

Then it was that Marie sat down to her knitting, and her face became a strange battle-ground of changing colours, of joys

and fears and resolutions. The creak of a shoe in the yard outside! A tremor runs over her whole figure! But she controls herself, and the eyes are calm that meet Briton Marlowe's a moment later.

But he—with her woman's instinct she divined something strange in his manner. There was a new sternness on his brow and a something like suspicion in his eyes. He looked around him with the air of a detective, or rather of a judge. This frightened her. But he did not appear to notice her feelings. In fact, his whole interest seemed wrapped in little Beverly. You would have thought it was solely on Beverly's account he had come.

He went in to where the child lay and sat down by his couch.

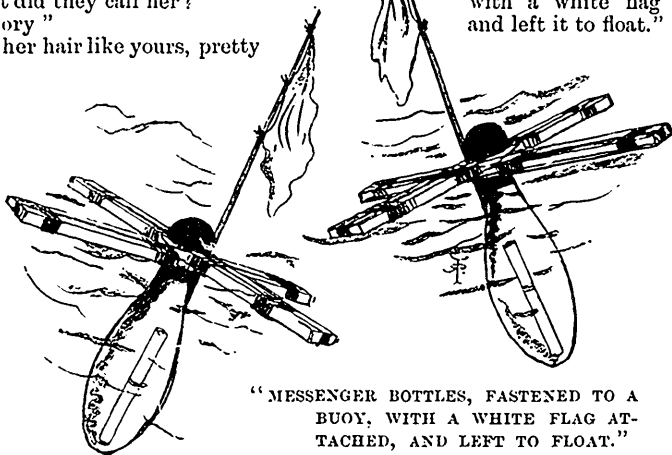
"Did you use to tell me you remembered a little sister, Beverly?"

"Yes, sir."

"What did they call her?"

"Marjory"

"Was her hair like yours, pretty curls?"



"MESSENGER BOTTLES, FASTENED TO A BUOY, WITH A WHITE FLAG ATTACHED, AND LEFT TO FLOAT."

And so on, he plied the child with questions about his home, the trees in the yard, the fence, the place where the fountain stood, the things in the drawing-room, the ornaments on the mantelpiece, etc.

Mrs. Le Fevre listened with face sometimes scarlet, sometimes white, sometimes purple.

Suddenly he turned upon her with eyes of fire.

"Woman, whose child is this you have hidden here?"

"De Holy Mother preserve us!" said Mrs. Le Fevre, crossing herself. "I have nought to do wid de child. Have ye not heerd hunnerds o' times how he was tied to a plank in the sea? I not make de storm an' de wreck. De Good Mother deliver us all."

A strange smile settled on Briton's features.

"After all it's not your fault, poor woman," and his attention then turned to Marie.

The Nancy pulled to the shore and Le Fevre came in to his tea, where everyone looked ill at ease and where finally he became ill at ease himself. It was strange, he thought, that young Marlowe should begin to ply him with questions about the wreck of the *Alexandra*, a thing that took place five years ago.

"Was there no record at all of the passengers lost?"

"None as I ever heerd on. You see she wuzn't a regular passenger vessel."

"But I thought, in case of a storm, they always took the name and home address of all the passengers, put them in a bottle fastened to a buoy with a white flag attached, and left it to float."

"Well, it 'pears it wuzn't done this time," and Le Fevre moved uneasily on his chair.

"Many's the white flag I've come to though off de coast of Newfoundland. Sailors never like to take 'em up."

So Le Fevre managed to turn the conversation to seafaring life. The meal ended and the quiet of the evening began to settle on that seaside dwelling.

Briton and Marie took the bluff path out to the banks of the lagoon. Some young fishermen looked up at them and tittered. But theirs was not a love to laugh at; it was the love of a matured man and woman, bound by nature's most abiding tie. He had found her a devout Roman Catholic—devout, but not quite content. He had led her out into the light, and in guiding her learned to love her.

Soft dove-coloured clouds curtained the sky around them ; the first stars shone in the lavender above ; the waters of the lagoon slept and dreamed at their feet and the birds waked and twittered and hushed and twittered again. They sought the little rocky seat on the cliff's brow, where they had a range of vision over the fisher-dwellings for miles around, but all was quiet there, a silent world of rock, and cloud and sea.

All the unrest had gone from the face of Marie Le Fevre. A deep peace rested on her brow, a sacred love in her eyes. Her face looked like that of the Madonna, lulling the sea to quiet, and Briton Marlowe talked with her as a pastor to one of the lambs of his fold.

"And you are quite at rest now, Marie ? You see the light ?"

"Oh, yes. It is wonderful ! wonderful ! Sometimes I almost feel the blessed Jesus right beside me when I am weaving the nets and when I wake in the night. And when the storms come up and father cannot cross the bar, I no longer count my beads ; I tell the blessed Christ himself and I know it's all right."

She spoke with all the fearlessness of a child of nature and all the fervour of a convert from the Roman faith.

He thought how her testimony would have thrilled a church, but there was no church in Arcotte to hear it.

She was calm enough to be lovely and excited enough to be unusually beautiful. He thought he had never loved her as he did in that hour.

"Marie Le Fevre, you know what I have come back to Arcotte for," he said solemnly. "You know the answer I have come for. God has bound you to me by a peculiar tie as no other woman is bound. He sent me to you in your darkness to lead you into the light, and now my soul asks for your soul. Will you share your life with me ?"

She was silent.

"I shall not come again, Marie. Answer me to-night and for ever."

Still she answered not and her face was toward the sea.

One hour ! one sweet hour ! But those clouds in the west would darken to-morrow and hang like lead on the morning sea, and she would go on weaving nets—weaving nets—weaving nets. For she was only a fisher-girl. What was she that she should become mistress of Briton Marlowe's manor ? That his friends should laugh at him and point out his fisher-wife ?

"No, I will not marry you, Briton Marlowe."

She did not turn or look upon his face.

Her eyes were fixed on the clouds, that darkened even already.

One little "yes" would have carried her out to the great world yonder. One word even yet and she would be with him—with the man she loved, aye, almost worshipped !

"But you love me, Marie."

"Yes."

The bell of some passing vessel echoed across the waters. It rang like a knell to her. And still her face was turned away, her hands clasped in agony.

"Listen, Marie. I was a rich man when I first asked you to be my wife. But things have changed since then. I have lost, or as good as lost, everything. I am not worth a dollar. I have been raised to no profession. I have only been entrusted with the care of the Prince Edward Island property. I have nothing to go into business with. I can only work. Thank God, I can do that. Will you, too, forsake me now, Marie—now, that my fortune has gone ?"

Her hands had relaxed as he spoke. She turned upon him suddenly, and joy illumined all her being.

"Is it really true, or do I dream, Briton ? Yes, I will come to you now."

Then they were still, and the deep was filled with love and the heavens shone with it.

They talked in broken sentences of the cottage where they would live and where she would await him at evening. Then a shadow crossed her face. She drew away from him.

"But you have not told me how all this loss came about. Your father has cast you off because you love me."

"Not so. Do you remember I told you father and I were poor till my uncle and his family disappeared in Newfoundland five years ago. It was commonly supposed for a while that they were murdered, then it was thought they were drowned on the *Sea King*, or possibly on the *Alexandra*. But you see if my uncle's children were found to be living, after all, we would not be worth a dollar. I have found to-night what I suspected before. One of them lives. It is the boy you call Beverly Le Fevre."

"Beverly !"

"Yes, do you not believe, Marie, that your father has received money from somewhere for keeping that boy ?"

She burst into tears and the guilty family secret was confessed.

"And you do not know the man's name who came to see your father that night ?" he asked.

"No, but I can never forget his face."

That night he handed her his father's photo by the light of the little oil lamp in the Le Fevre kitchen, and she saw then that he who robbed little Beverly of his name and rights was the father of the man she loved.

Beverly was told of his good fortune on the morrow.

"But who will take care of me in my big house?" he asked. "I must have my Marie; and who will look after the business till I grow up? You must do that, Briton, and you must both stay with me till I die."

So the child arranged their lives.

"It is part of God's justice, you see," said Briton, "that I should find the boy and restore him to his rights, and you who loved him should share them."

Little Beverly grew in mind, but never sufficiently in body and health to be able to dispense with Briton and Marie, nor did he even once desire so to do. In after years people turned in the streets of Montreal to admire a graceful woman wheeling a dwarfed and crippled youth with a face that shone like an angel's.

And the elder Mr. Marlowe? The world was asking how he took it when his only son brought home a wife of lowly birth together with the lost heir to claim the last dollar.

He listened to the words that fell from her lips one day, when his son had induced him into a fellowship service—the warm, fervent confession of a proselyte from the Roman faith, grateful for the Light that was sent to enlighten her darkness, whilst men listened as though a benediction fell upon them. Even the slight uncouthness of her speech seemed to take in something of music and sweetness on her gentle lips. He watched her

again as she looked upon her husband with eyes of love, and as he saw her hand extended in charity to the poor at their open door while her little ones clustered about her. And that evening he went in and laid his hand upon his son's arm.

"Briton, my boy, you have done well and wisely," he said. "Your conscience is clean. When I would have kept the boy, Beverly, from his right and bribed them to keep him out of the way. Oh, my son! my son! I cannot talk of it. It tortured me day and night. Now I am old. I have served money all my days and I have none. Had I but served God as you are doing I could be happy to-night. But I may still follow where I should have led in my son's footsteps, and I may yet gain a starless crown."

"Why starless, father, since you yet have life? Confess His name before men and do you know the power of your confession?"

And the old man followed the guiding of his son.

Then they went back one winter to the little fishing-settlement by the bluff, and Briton Marlowe preached the word with power among the people. For they knew his story, how the hour he discovered the lost heir to the home and wealth that the world called his—that same hour, for the sake of justice and in the name of Jesus, he restored him all. They listened, the Le Fevres, John Caldwell, even Johnny Armstrong and the others. Instead of beads and sculptured Virgin, men communed face to face with their Redeemer, and the ingathered harvest was great there, on that island coast, and the surrounding sea bespoke the glory of their God and the winds chanted His praise.

Toronto.

C H I N A .

BY MARY A. WOODS.

Type of the changeless, thou: yet not of Good,
Whose high immutable is but the chime
Of waves that ceaseless throng the shores of Time,
Conquerors of fate and all vicissitude.
For thee, thy calm is of the enchanted wood
And wizard spell: a trance that—countless years—
Has scaled thy heart to love, thine eyes to tears,
And blasted so thy flower of maidenhood.

Is there no charm to rouse thee save the word
Of impotent hate, whereby thy sleep is stirred
To fevered dreams, not life? Across that sea
Whose waters, circling all, encircle thee—
The eternal Good—shall not a voice be heard—
"Ephphatha! break thy bonds! be strong and free!"

ROMANCE OF A COUNTRY TOWN.

BY ANNETTE L. NOBLE,

Author of "Dave Marquand," "How Billy Went Up in the World," etc., etc.

CHAPTER VIII.

On the table in Miss Goddard's summer-house was a German dictionary and a copy of "Wallenstein's Tod." In the chair sat Kate Hamilton; but a dialogue outside of the thickly shaded retreat held all her thoughts, to the exclusion of heroics and dead heroes.

Pulsatilla Huggins had come to borrow a "basque pattern," by which her "Ma wanted to cut a new calico dress." She had found Hannah absent, and had lingered to talk with Andy.

"Ain't that Miss Hamilton that wears such good clothes to home?" asked the lank maiden.

"No; I guess she is down to the Hopkineses."

"Is she goin' to marry the swell that lives to the Bogert House? Ma says folks say they be."

"Be what?"

"Going to get married."

"Oh, yes," drawled Andy, taking in the new idea with big round eyes; then, dropping one lid, he nonchalantly remarked, "She don't know yet; she talks about it some, and some she thinks she had better marry the preacher."

"Miss Goddard said you shouldn't tell tales."

"Your ma always knows a lot about folks. Did the minister tell her?"

"No, Mrs. Ferris told her. She said Miss Hamilton wanted him herself, and went a-pretendin' to study—to study—religion, I guess 'twas, of him—"

"Shoo!" sneered Andy. "Miss Goddard knows all about religion; she could teach her; and Miss Hamilton don't want that preacher."

"So that is what Cairnes' people say, is it?" was Kate's indignant question, but apparently to a huge grasshopper that suddenly bounced on her open dictionary; then she sat awhile, in a half-angry, half-amused mood, out of which she aroused herself at the call of "Kate! Kate!"

"I am in the garden, Hope," she answered. "Come to the arbour."

"I was looking first for Miss God-

dard, to give her half a dozen messages about as many different things, and all from Mrs. Ostrander," explained Hope, coming lightly down the beaten path.

"Well, deliver them to me, and I will note them on this blank paper," said Kate, making a place for her friend on the rustic bench.

"You will not be likely to forget that we are all expected to meet at Mrs. Ostrander's Thursday evening, to organize a literary society," began Hope, fanning herself with her broad straw hat.

"No; Hope, let us drop German."

"Why?"

"Does it not take a great deal of time?"

"Yes, but you have not much to fill up your time, neither has Mr. Aller, and Mr. Willard seems to enjoy the class."

"You and Mr. Willard, being in the same house, might read German together at odd times without us."

"Indeed!" returned Hope, with a dry laugh. "Mr. Willard loses his interest in the conjugations whenever Miss Hamilton stays away, but I do not care if we give up the lessons. No, now I think of something else, I do not want to stop them. We see more of Mr. Aller than we should see otherwise."

It was Kate's turn to laugh, and Hope's cheeks grew very red at Kate's response: "We see Mr. Aller rather frequently outside of that German class."

"We will not do him any harm."

"I am not so sure of your influence," said Kate, teasingly.

"I am going to tell you about a talk we had last night," said Hope.

"Who are 'we'?"

Hope paid no attention to the mocking tone, but went on earnestly, "Mr. Aller asked me to go for a drive with him yesterday. You know I never accept invitations from Cairnes' young men, as the girls about here do. But when he came in the afternoon with a very fine carriage and Bill Bogert's pony, I just longed to go—it was such a lovely day. Mr. Willard, who was talking to mother,

seemed to take it for granted that I must accept the invitation, and I went."

"And you had a delightful time?"

"I came home ready to cry, and more melancholy than I ever was in my life."

"Why, Hope Hopkins!" exclaimed Kate, now quite sober enough. "What happened?"

"Nothing happened, but Mr. Aller began talking of his father, and what a noble old man he was, and then he said that he had felt lately as if he must tell both you and me that if we thought he himself was a man good enough to stand on an equality with Mr. Willard, and good enough to be received by us as a friend, we were deceived. He began with his entrance into college life and his joining a club of fast fellows."

"Yes, what then?" asked Kate, when Hope hesitated.

"Then he said that he has been very intemperate; had often been drunk; had grieved his father most terribly; that he had time and again repented, resolved to reform, and gone on as bad as ever."

"What did he tell you all this for, Hope Hopkins?" asked Kate, with a certain judicial coolness.

"Because he said he wished us to—well, not exactly to know the worst about him, but he never wished us to think that we had ignorantly given him a friendship of which he was not worthy."

"But we have."

"No, I cannot say that. He has good and generous qualities; Mr. Willard likes him heartily, and if he has failed to reform thoroughly, at least he has tried."

"Why did he tell you all this instead of telling Cousin Hannah, for instance, or your mother?" asked Kate, still with that air of critical coolness which a less sweet and truthful character than Hope might have found annoying.

"Don't you know why? He is nearer our age. He cares more for us, he likes us better," answered Hope, simply.

"Don't you want to tell if he said anything more?" asked Kate, merging her dignity into a very winning sympathy.

Hope coloured again and said, very slowly, "Once a great rough country fellow whom I always detested asked me to marry him, and I could barely

be civil enough to refuse him, he disgusted me so with his bold, coarse ways. I never had before or since what the Cairnes people call a beau. I am not sure—yes, I am sure that Mr. Aller meant me to know that he would tell me that he—could love me—if—"

"If he were not what he is by his own confession," suggested Kate, musingly. "But if he were what he has seemed to be, what then?"

"There is no use in thinking what might be, if everything were quite different," replied Hope, with a sigh that did not escape her companion.

"No, I suppose not. But what did you say to the young man?"

"I said just what I thought; that perhaps if I were a society young lady, brought up out in the world where he lived, I would not be so shocked and depressed at the meaning of all he confessed; but as it was, it seemed dreadful. A drunkard was to me one of the most loathsome objects on earth, and any young man who drank enough to get drunk was likely to become a drunkard. All the same, while he talked, I could not feel disgusted with him, for he seemed so full of life, very sorry for the past, and half-way discouraged, yet hopeful because Mr. Willard clung to him with encouraging faith. When he went on to tell that I seemed different from the young ladies he knew, and—well, he has idealized both of us a little—then I said we would gladly continue our friendship with him if he would let it be a helpful one to him."

"How can we help a young man like that?" asked Kate.

"If he were my brother, I would find ways. I would make innocent things so pleasant to him that coarse dissipation would be repulsive."

"Try that in this case, and you will be giving Mr. Aller just so many more opportunities to find Hope Hopkins different and more lovable than other girls," sagely commented Kate.

"He is not my brother, and I would not let any one—"

Kate never knew just what Hope would have said, for she ended her sentence by telling Kate that Mr. Willard had more influence over Aller than any one else possessed.

"I told him," she continued, "that Christian influence was the only influence worth anything. When I said he must use all his will, and then ask the Lord Jesus Christ to help him,

and he must expect help to conquer this habit, he seemed surprised and more touched than he had been before, although later he said that was precisely what Mr. Willard said."

"He expects to hear such things from a minister," said Kate, "but not many society girls tell him that."

"They ought to say it, if they do not. I was very sorry for him, and seeing that, perhaps, he very meekly received some plain truths from me. He grew very earnest about how much a man might do to prove himself worthy of a woman he loved, and I said surely no man would do more for such a one than he would for his own grey-haired father. I did not mean to make him ashamed, but he turned almost scarlet with mortification. It was not with anger, for the tears came in his eyes, and he said, a minute after, 'That hurt, Miss Hopkins, but it will do me good.'"

"Would you ever marry a man who drank?"

"Never."

"What if you married and afterward your husband fell into intemperance?" asked Kate.

"I would never give him up while there was one hope of saving him; and while there is life, I would believe there was hope," replied the minister's daughter.

"It is melancholy," said Kate. "It alters the aspect of everything. Until to-day our life here has seemed like an idyl in this pretty, sunny village. When you came to me I was just waking up to a realization that Cairnes was not Arcadia after all—that there were vulgar, gossiping, meddling people here as elsewhere. Now gossip is scarcely worth being annoyed about, when one remembers the real troubles, temptations and dark things of life back of what seems so simple and all open to the daylight. Why, I thought Mr. Aller was very like a merry-hearted, guileless boy."

Both girls relapsed into silence after this speech of Kate's, and both were having characteristic thoughts. The knowledge of Aller's weakness made Hope sad and Kate gloomy. The latter (who knew the world better, but lacked her friend's child-like faith) argued with herself that only will power could save Aller, and very likely he would fail in force and persistency, so making his final downfall inevitable. Hope was thinking, "He is so full of life and gaiety that probably he finds what I said to him very

old-fashioned and stupid. If he could be convinced that divine help and his own will alone could save him, he might become a Christian."

"What are you thinking about?" Kate asked, after a while, and when Hope told her, by some not plain connection of ideas, her own thoughts returned to Andy's talk with Pulsatilla, and she reflected, "I should suppose that Mr. Willard would be very much impressed by Hope. This is a new phase of her character. She is better than I am. I could not talk about religious matters without feeling as if I were doing it for effect, without getting a little self-righteous, too."

At that moment there came the sound of voices from the house, and Hope exclaimed, "Miss Goddard is home! I must go in before I forget the messages."

"Cousin Hannah must not know of this, or may she?" asked Kate.

"Yes, Mr. Aller told me that he wanted you and Miss Goddard to know the truth about him, so that he might feel when he came here (in case you did not drop his acquaintance) that he was not sailing under false colours. He does not think his personal affairs are any concern of other people, so long as he behaves as a gentleman."

However, it was Kate, not Hope, who told Miss Goddard all that evening as they sat alone together. Hannah was glad to believe (she read a great deal back of what was directly told her) that it was not Kate in whom Aller was most interested. She was a little troubled about Hope, and resolved to use tact in the delicate matter of warning the minister's daughter not to lose her heart in an effort to reclaim one who might enjoy her artlessness for a season, and then take himself off for ever. At the same time she planned to help Mr. Willard in his work for and with young Aller.

From that time there was a change in the mutual relations of the four young people. Aller remarked to Mr. Willard one day, "Let your scruples go, old chap! Every time Miss Goddard or Miss Hamilton or Miss Hopkins see me now, they read on my back, in invisible, great letters, 'Black Sheep.' I painted it to their mental vision as big and glaring as 'Vinegar Bitters' was ever inscribed on the Palisades."

Mr. Willard was the person who felt the difference in the mental atmos-

phere, and he did not well understand its cause. Aller ceased to jest about visiting Willard for the sake of seeing Hope, and Willard fancied that Fred did not enjoy her society as at first, for now he talked so much less nonsense to her. Again, Aller seemed to have established the friendliest relations with the inmates of the grey cottage. On warm afternoons he went to read aloud to Hannah and Kate. He drove with Hannah to Kent. He made himself agreeable, useful, and "at home" in a way the minister found enviable, but impossible so far as he himself was concerned.

The literary society was organized, and began to grow and expand in a manner not at first pleasing to fastidious Kate, although she saw the justice of Miss Goddard's opinions when she criticised the new society.

"If you and I want to gratify our literary tastes, Kate, we have only to walk over to that book-case and take out the book we like. We would get some new ideas about it by talking it over with Mr. Willard, and some very original ones from Maria; yet our book would not suit five other people in Cairnes."

"But, Cousin Hannah, can you fall in with Miss Pixley's programme? She would like, I have no doubt, to read aloud one of Ouida's novels, to have recitations like Poe's 'Bells,' then invariably to end with five kinds of cake."

Of course; and she is not the only one whose taste will be for just such exercises. I want this society in order to make Mary Ferris more friendly with her neighbours, and her neighbours more helpful to her. I want to get a hold for good on Mr. Aller, and, last of all, to interest women like Miss Pixley in some literature a little better than Ouida's novels. We can have books, new, vigorous, and interesting; can keep out the recitations, and compromise on one kind of cake, with coffee."

The first meeting of the literary society was rather a trying affair to those most sincerely interested in the enterprise. The invitations had been very diffusely given out.

"You know, Hannah," confided Maria, "that if we manage properly, we can have a lot of people who will get good ideas by coming, and yet feel at perfect liberty to be mere listeners. We will not have any non-

sense about 'everybody taking part.'"

"Shall you have one 'lot' put on one side of the room and marked, 'These have ideas to impart,' and another lot marked, 'These will receive ideas, having none of their own.'"

"Oh, you just come at the time appointed, and help all you can," returned Mrs. Ostrander, and this was the purport of her invitation to the minister, the doctor, Fred Aller, Kate, Hope, and Mr. Ferris. She held out various inducements to other persons, and when Thursday evening came, at least forty people were assembled in her big, cool parlours. There was, at first, informal talk about having officers and a constitution. While this went on, Mrs. Hopkins and a few older ladies clustered around the centre-table, to knit and chat under their breath about more homely topics than literature.

Mrs. Ostrander called all to order when the clock struck eight, and Mr. Willard proposed that Miss Goddard and Mrs. Ostrander be chosen managers of the society for the next three months, and that at this first meeting every one should express their minds as to future exercises and a more or less flexible order of arrangements be agreed upon. He had previously suggested that everybody be encouraged to show what sort of thing they liked best for that one time at least, then it would be easier later to direct individual tastes and repress reprehensible tendencies. They began with music. Kate sang a sweet old ballad, which suggested to Mr. Willard that it would be a pleasant task for Kate and Hope to study up the history of national ballads, the origin of troubadours, and their connection with mediæval life. To this proposal they agreed, promising to give the result of their study next time the society met. Hannah then advised the reading of a new book of travel, with ample time given to conversation about the matters to which it related.

There was a little more chatting after that, and then Mrs. Hopkins and Hope put on their bonnets, while Mr. Willard reluctantly gave up unavailing efforts to have a few words with Miss Hamilton, and started toward the parsonage. He did not fail to offer his arm to Mrs. Hopkins, and politely discuss with her the evening's exercises, but he was piqued at a cer-

tain coolness in Miss Hamilton's manner.

"Why can she not be as friendly to me as she is to Aller? Even if she does like him better, she need not act as if I had been putting on priggish ministerial airs to hold her off. I wonder she does not call me Reverend Father, and have done with it," meditated the young man, who had once rushed down that very road on a bicycle, and discovered the damsel whose ways were now causing him to gnaw his black moustache and scowl in the darkness.

"Well, how was it for a beginning?" exclaimed Maria, vigorously fanning herself.

Hannah opened her lips to reply, when the front gate slammed, some one rushed heavily up the gravel walk, then Polly Huggins burst into the bright parlour, crying, "For mercy sakes, come over to the house. John's gone, and Joel's away, and Mrs. Ferris is dead, or dying—I don't know which!" Then, espying Mr. Ostrander, she added, "Oh, do you go for the doctor jes' as quick as ever you can, for I don't know nothing what to do!" and turning she fled rapidly, followed by both the other women. Mr. Ostrander was left for a moment alone to collect his scattered wits and think what was expected of him. Polly rushed down the road, but Hannah was close at hand when the Ferris' porch was reached.

Mrs. Ferris was fully dressed, but stretched on the bed in her own room, adjoining the one they entered first. Hannah laid her hand quickly on Mary's ghastly face, finding it cool and clammy. Her pulse was scarcely perceptible, yet Hannah, who was used to invalid's symptoms, detected a slow, interrupted respiration, in spite of what seemed the death-like insensibility.

"It is not an ordinary fainting attack," she exclaimed, hurriedly loosening Mary's garments. "When did you see her before this came on, Polly?" But Polly had turned and fled again, and to Hannah's intense relief she heard Tilly's shrill shriek, "Doctor's comin', ma! He'll be here in just a second. I found him at Bill Bogart's!"

Polly tore in again, talking fast to Mrs. Ostrander—"She come to dinner lookin', if anything, ten per cent. better'n usual. Mr. Ferris went to Kent early this morning, and I see her

potterin' about until dinner, when, as I say, she was well seemin' as you be. Oh, doctor, have you come?" she ejaculated, as the old man hurried in, heated with his haste.

Examining Mary, he said peremptorily: "Quick, Polly, tell everything in half a dozen words, then fly around and help me!"

"Well, right after dinner she came in here and laid down; about five o'clock I wanted to know if she could 'tend door, and let me go to the store for somethin'. I put my head in to ask, and she was sound asleep. She didn't look pale, and she was a breathin' powerfully hard, almost a snore it was. 'Taint good to sleep like that, and thinkin' maybe she had the nightmare, I waked her up, and had hard work to do it. She seemed sort of stupid, but she told me to go along to the store. I said, 'If you feel sick, I won't go,' and she said somethin' about wishin' I would let her sleep. Of course, I did not go, and I fetched her some toast and tea when she wouldn't come out to supper; then I let her alone. A few minutes ago I got scared, for the house was so still, and she not stirrin', so I come and looked at her, and if she ain't got appleoplexy, what does ail her?"

Fast as Polly talked, she had not finished before both Hannah and Maria were promptly obeying the doctor's orders, and Polly was answered only by being told to prepare and bring thither the strongest coffee she ever made in her life.

"Has she tried to kill herself?" whispered Hannah, seeing the old doctor seemed not at all perplexed to know what to do. "Is it poison?"

"An overdose of morphia. She can stand so much that she has either grown reckless or has made a mistake and taken it in some stronger form than usual," he replied, ordering Maria to dash cold water on Mrs. Ferris' head and shoulders, while he continued other treatment.

"Has she been ill, and did you prescribe morphia and—"

"She is a morphia drunkard; but she has nearly ended her career this time," said Doctor Summers, too busy to see the horror on the women's faces.

Neither of them asked another question, but for more than an hour they all worked with unceasing energy to awake Mary from the death-like stupor from which she

could be aroused only slightly, and into which she continually relapsed. At last Doctor Summers succeeded in getting her conscious enough to make feeble efforts to help herself.

"I have given her all the counter-acting remedies she can endure, and now the chief thing is to keep her awake. John and I, with Joel to help us, must walk with her the rest of the night."

The old man had scarcely uttered his name when John's step was heard outside, with an exclamation of surprise at the unusual stir and excitement. Moved by the same impulse, Hannah and Maria would have retreated through the kitchen homeward, for they dreaded to be witnesses of what might be John Ferris' humiliation. But inadvertently Doctor Summers blocked the door for one and demanded a service of the other. John, entering the bedroom, stared at the scene with eyes full of astonishment. His wife, supported by Polly Huggins, looked like an idiotic person, her eyes and mouth were half-open, her face was utterly expressionless.

"She is out of danger now, John. She took too much morphine," remarked the doctor, as simply as if he had said she sprained her ankle; and adding: "If Polly had found how things were sooner, we would have got her out of the fix quicker. Been over to Kent?"

For a moment all colour seemed to leave the man's face, then the blood rushed back and mounted to the roots of his hair.

Mary opened her drowsy eyes and gave a silly giggle; suddenly she discovered Hannah standing behind the doctor. Excitement and compassion were making her countenance almost

beautiful. Stupid as Mary was, a malignant gleam shot across her leaden face, and she mumbled:

"Who wants all the neighbours? Wish you'd go home!"

John's expression was for a second agonized. It showed horror, disgust, as if his soul was wildly questioning a relentless fate; was entreating in vain for mercy; then with a groan he turned and went out of the house.

"There is nothing more that you two need to stay for," said the old man. "John, poor fellow, takes it hard, sort of feels as if it were a sin on his own conscience, and a disgrace in his life. Well, I'm sorry it happened, but I knew it would sooner or later; she has kept it a secret longer than I should have said she could. Give us some more of that coffee, Polly."

The two women hastened quietly home, appalled at the wretchedness so suddenly laid bare before them. At Hannah's cottage they stopped a moment in the cool night air.

"I do not think our literary society will be any great help to Mary Ferris, or to John, either," said Maria.

"I wish I could forget her face. Oh, this is infinitely worse than I thought," shivered Hannah.

"Go in," said Maria. "You are getting cold. I wonder where Amos is; perhaps he looked in there and thought he had better keep away. I do wish it had all happened when her husband was home, and then she need not have to realize that we know."

"Indeed, I wish it!" echoed Hannah.

Hearing her voice, Kate hastened to open the cottage door, and Hannah went in to explain very reservedly the reason of her absence.

(To be continued.)

THE ANVIL AND THE HAMMER.

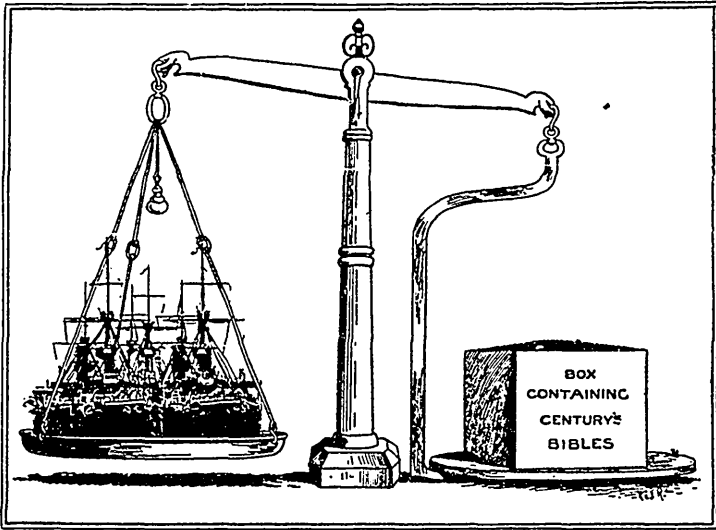
Last eve I paused beside a blacksmith's door,
And heard the anvil ring, the vesper chime;
Then looking in I saw upon the floor
Old hammers worn with beating years of time.

"How many anvils have you had," said I,
"To wear and batter all these hammers so?"
"Just one," he answered; then with twinkling eye,
"The anvil wears the hammer out, you know."

And so, I thought, the anvil of God's Word
For ages sceptic blows have beat upon;
Yet though the noise of falling blows was heard,
The anvil is unworn—the hammers gone.

—*The Current.*

A CENTURY OF BIBLES.*
 THE MARVELS OF BIBLE DISTRIBUTION.
 BY W. G. GREENWOOD.



The stupendous figures which I have obtained give but a small idea of the real number of bibles distributed during the nineteenth century. There are numerous other societies and publishers, which, if included, would make our pictures more stupendous even than they now appear. It would be impossible for the human mind to grasp the actual figures, but the pictures will convey something of the spread of truth during the century. We may believe that, marvellous as the nineteenth century has been, the twentieth may see even greater things.

*The statistics and comparisons furnished in the accompanying article, which we abridge from the *Sunday Strand*, are of an astounding character. The British and Foreign Bible Society represent only one of many such societies in Britain, the United States, and many countries in Europe. According to trustworthy estimates 280,000,000 copies of the Bible have been printed by seventy three Bible Societies during the nineteenth century. Of these the British and Foreign Bible Society has issued 165,000,000 copies. The American Bible Society, since its foundation in 1836, has issued 66,000,000 copies. What book in the world exhibits such an undying energy. The miracle of Pentecost is repeated, and men of many lands read in their own mother tongue wherein they were born the unsearchable riches of Christ.

In the stately library of the British and Foreign Bible Society, in Queen Victoria Street, are treasured many of the rarest and most interesting bibles in the world, from the red and gold bound volume which brought comfort to Charles I., the "Royal Martyr," to King Theodore's bible, with its gaudy and grotesque illustrations; and from a smeared and defaced copy of the Scriptures, for which Rogers suffered at the stake, to the curious English dialect bibles compiled under the supervision of Prince Lucien Bonaparte.

The most treasured of them all, however, is a modest-looking, well-thumbed and time-worn Welsh bible, which in a sense was the parent of hundreds of millions of copies of the Scriptures which have carried light into all the dark places of the earth.

The story is well worth telling and can be told in a few words. Just a hundred years ago, Mary Jones, a young Welsh girl, was in the habit of walking eight miles every week that she might read a bible belonging to one of her friends. All the time she was carefully saving her pence in the hope that some day she might have a treasured copy of her own; and when at length she had saved the requisite sum she bravely tramped all the way to Bala, a distance of twenty-five

miles, where, she had heard, the Rev. Thomas Charles had bibles to sell.

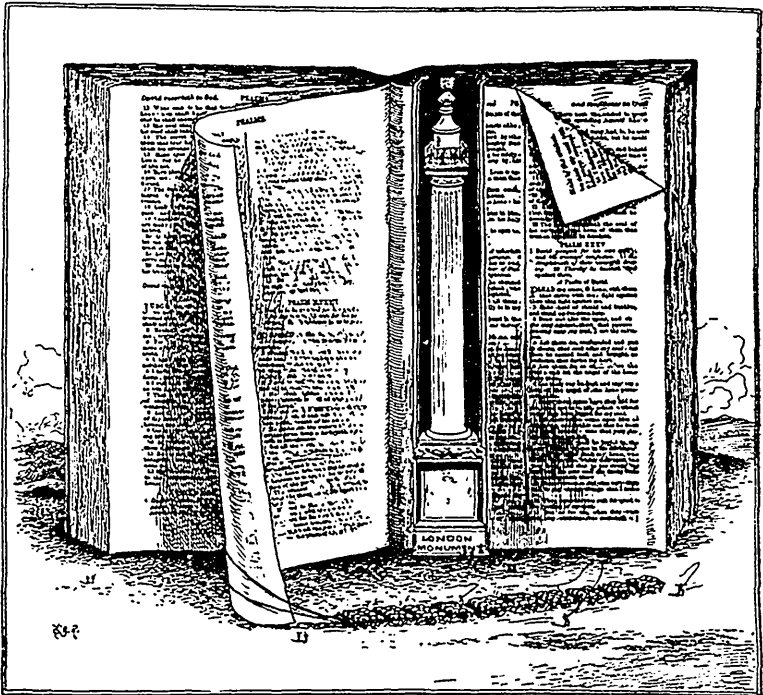
When, weary and footsore, she reached the minister's house, it was only to discover to her dismay that the minister had not a single bible left that he could spare. The girl's distress was so great and her pleading so pathetic, that Mr. Charles was at last impelled to let her have a copy that he could ill dispense with; and Mary Jones faced her long tramp home with a buoyant heart, clasping the treasured volume which now has its fitting resting place in the Society's library.

The incident of the Welsh maid's touch-

house overlooking Old Swan Stairs, founded, in 1804, the British and Foreign Bible Society, whose work in disseminating the Gospel over the world is one of the most amazing feats of a century of marvels.

The immediate object of this article is to try to translate the enormous figures in which the Society's work of ninety-six years is expressed, into pictures which may help to convey some intelligent conception of the vastness of the work which resulted from the Welsh maid's twenty-five miles' tramp to purchase a bible.

The Society might well have shrunk



visit brought home to Mr. Charles so forcibly the terrible dearth of bibles in Wales that he went to London, and pleaded the needs of the principality before the Committee of the Religious Tract Society with such effect that a committee was appointed to consider the whole question of sending bibles, not only to Wales, but to every part of the world, where the need was equally great and urgent.

Thus it came to pass that a number of earnest Christians—men like Wilberforce and Granville Sharp, Charles and Hughes—meeting in Mr. Hardcastle's counting-

room from a task so stupendous as that of supplying bibles to the whole world; but so bravely and successfully has the duty been faced, that within less than a century it has scattered all over the earth no less than 165,000,000 copies of the Scriptures, or the equivalent of forty-four chapters of the bible for every man, woman, child now living.

These figures are so immense that the mind unaided is quite unable to grasp their full significance; but our conception of them becomes clearer when we find that if we were to place these 165,000,000 copies of the "Bible, Testaments

and portions" into one pan of a gigantic pair of scales, and in the other pan place the entire population of the city of Liverpool, the bible pan would show as little sign of rising as if it were balanced against a pound of feathers.

If for the city of Liverpool we substitute as weights three men-of-war, each of a dead weight of 10,000 tons, we shall still be unable to make any impression on the century's bibles; and we shall have to add as make-weight nine 81-ton guns before the bible pan will condescend to rise.

If we would transport our mountain of bibles we must call into requisition 150 strong locomotives and 3,836 trucks, each capable of bearing a burden of eight tons, and making a train sixteen miles long.

If it were possible to fashion from our millions of bibles a single volume which should combine them all, we should find that our aggregate bible would be 202 feet long, 140 feet wide and 41 feet thick. That is, if reared on end it would rise just as high as the London Monument, and on its side it would be only six feet shorter than the Nelson Column in Trafalgar Square.

The task, however, of opening our mammoth bible can be appreciated when we say that each page weighs sixty tons, and that to turn one over would take the strength of 40 horses, or 1,200 strongmen.

Each page of the bible would or should contain over 65,000,000 chapters, having an average of 650 words; and to read it, at the rate of six hours' diligent reading daily, would take as long a time as has elapsed since the Roman legions were in England, a period of 1,500 years.

But to fashion a volume of these proportions would be a more difficult task even than to pile the separate bibles one on top of another until they rose as high as the loftiest peak on the earth, Mount Everest. We shall be able to make one such pile (29,000 feet high) every day for more than twenty-eight weeks (more exactly, 197½ columns) before we exhaust all the copies issued by the Bible Society since its birth ninety-six years ago.

If we are content to make a bible column as high as the Eiffel Tower it must be on a base forty feet long and nearly twenty-four feet wide; of such an area in fact that two dozen ordinary men could barely clasp hands around its base.

To pack them all away in one enormous box we must make it 116 feet long, and 100 feet wide and high.

Perhaps we shall get a better conception of our bible sheets if we make of them a pathway thousand of miles long—so long indeed that it winds it way en-

tirely round the earth at the Equator, and so wide (43½ feet) that two dozen colporteurs can march along it, shoulder to shoulder; or we may fashion from it a magnificent highway from the south of England to the north of Scotland, along which a thousand men could march abreast with comfort.

It is interesting to discover that on this stately bible avenue there would be standing room for twice as many people as are living to-day on the earth.

The century's output of 165,000,000 bibles and portions of the bible represents, to be a little fantastic, a line of print no less than 220,000,000 miles long, a line long enough to stretch from Queen Victoria Street to the sun and back, and yet to leave a remnant from which 155 lines could be drawn between the earth and the moon. To read once through these millions of copies at the rate of six hours' assiduous reading every day would occupy a million and a half years.

These are but a few of the statistical marvels of the century's work of the British and Foreign Bible Society—a work which is growing in enterprise and vastness every year.

Great as were the efforts made in 1898 and 1899, the issues of last year exceeded the previous year's record by no less than 568,000 copies—reaching the truly wonderful total of over 5,047,000 copies, of which three of every ten were in English or Welsh.

The Society's bibles appear in more languages than there are days in a year—or more exactly in 373 different tongues. At the present moment translations or revisions are proceeding in over 100 languages. It is especially interesting to note that wherever the sword goes the Bible either goes with it or follows quickly in its trail. To-day the Society's bibles are being sold in the market-place of Omdurman, and colporteurs are hard at work in the Philippines in spite of the devastating fire and sword. The British prisoners at Pretoria were liberally supplied with the Society's bibles, and the Boer prisoners read them on the voyage to St. Helena; while over 130,000 gospels and testaments, bound in khaki, accompanied our troops to South Africa.

When one considers the phenomenal work done by the Society it is surprising to discover that its total income last year was only £211,468 (two-fifths of which came from sales); and it is a sad and instructive fact that its beneficent work could be doubled if its yearly income were only equal to the amount spent in the United Kingdom on intoxicants *in any one day* of the year.

THE NEW WESLEY PORTRAITS.



SUSANNAH WESLEY IN EPWORTH RECTORY.

A service of unique interest was held in the Metropolitan Church, in Toronto, on Tuesday, the 23rd of April, the occasion of unveiling the portraits of Susannah Wesley, the mother of Methodism; of John Wesley, its distinguished founder;

* Mr. J. W. L. Forster is a native Canadian, born in Halton County, Ontario. He studied art in Paris, in the Atelier Julian, under Bouguereau, Fleury and Lefevre. He was first admitted to the Salon in 1880, and has exhibited occasionally since. While he paints landscape and figure pieces, his specialty is portraiture, which he aims to make a psychologic study, that is, to distinctly interpret the character and prevalent moods of the subject. Several of his portraits have been placed in the Government House and Dominion Parliament at Ottawa; the Legislative Buildings, Toronto; in Victoria and McMaster universities, and

and of Charles Wesley, its sweet singer. These admirable works of art were executed under the direction of the Methodist Social Union of Toronto. The distinguished artist, Mr. J. W. L. Forster,* was commissioned to visit England in

in Knox and other colleges. He is an associate of the Royal Canadian Academy of Arts, has written much on art and art criticism, and lectured on the same subject in the University Extension Course of Ontario. It is the intention to publish a steel engraving of his portrait of John Wesley, and probably also of Susannah and Charles Wesley.

It does not lessen our interest in these portraits to know that the artist has been for many years an earnest Methodist class-leader and Christian worker. This, we doubt not, has given him a special insight into the spiritual nature of the great founder of Methodism.



JOHN WESLEY.

“The world is my parish.” “The best of all is, God is with us.”

order to study the best available data and portraits of those illustrious persons. He received valuable assistance from many prominent gentlemen, and studied especially the celebrated Romney portrait of John Wesley, and obtained reliable data concerning those of Susannah Wesley and Charles Wesley. With much artistic and

interpretative skill Mr. Forster has executed masterly portraits. They are a little over life-size.

John Wesley is represented in his clergyman's gown, as he might have appeared in Moorfields, London, or in the Gwennap Pit, in Cornwall, proclaiming to the assembled thousands the rediscovered

evangel, "Ye must be born again." His right hand is stretched out in eloquent appeal, while his left hand clasps his field Bible—the Bible which is still handed from president to president of the Wesleyan Conference—to his heart.

Charles Wesley, with the glow of more than a poet's inspiration on his face, is represented as giving out, from a manuscript held in his left hand, one of his own hymns, perhaps the soul-stirring lines :

"See how great a flame aspires,
Kindled by a spark of grace."

Susannah Wesley, having an expression of sweet motherliness, purity and gentleness that appeals to every heart, is seated in her chair at the window of the Epworth Rectory, where a mother's instruction and prayers planted the seed from which the fruitage of Methodism sprang. Through the open window is seen the old Epworth Church and the tombstone of the Rev. Samuel Wesley, her husband, standing on which John Wesley preached the word of salvation—a not unfit simile of Methodism standing on the traditions of the past and inspiring them with new life.

It is, we think, rather the credit of Canadian Methodism that, so far as we know, this is the first time that portraits of the founders of Methodism have been placed on view as the property of any church or organization. These pictures are hung in Victoria College, where is already an important gallery of distinguished leaders of Methodism. The Metropolitan Church possesses an admirable portrait of the late Rev. Dr. Punshon; a bust of the Rev. Dr. Ryerson, founder of the Public School System of Ontario, a most distinguished Canadian Methodist, and we hope soon will have a copy of the fine bust in City Road Chapel of Dr. Punshon, whose five years' residence among us are remembered with such devout gratitude to God.

All the hymns were selected from Charles Wesley's incomparable writings. The Rev. Dr. Potts presided, and the portrait of Susannah Wesley was unveiled by the elect lady, the widow of Mr. Hart A. Massey, one of the chief benefactors of Canadian Methodism. On behalf of his mother, Mr. Chester D. Massey, head of the largest manufacturing firm in the Dominion, paid a noble tribute to the mother of Methodism and to the spell of the power exerted by good mothers, of whom he thanked God he had one to whom he owed all of good that he possessed.

The Rev. Dr. Carman unveiled the portrait of John Wesley. He paid an eloquent tribute to the character of the

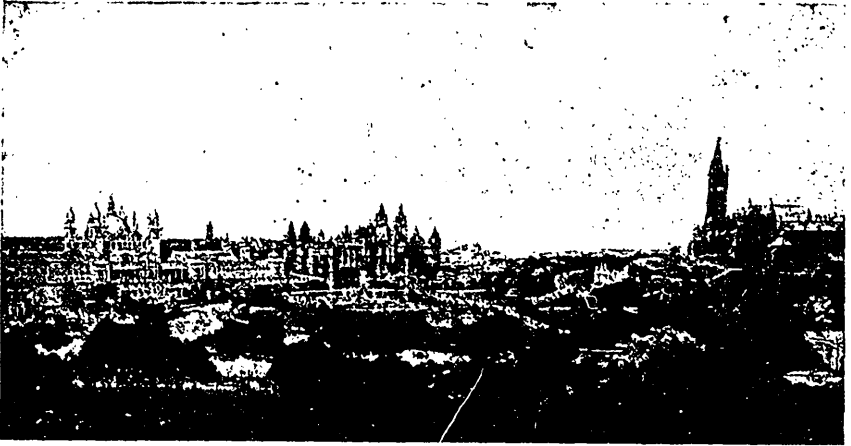
founder of Methodism. He revered his memory because of the doctrines which he preached, the doctrines of experimental religion, of the sense of sin, and the absolute and unmistakable knowledge of sins forgiven. "Do you seek his monument?" he asked, and bade his hearers look to the Methodism of Great Britain, of Canada, of the United States, of the islands of the sea and the far places of the earth.

The Rev. Dr. William Briggs, Book Steward, Toronto, unveiled the portrait of Charles Wesley.* He referred to the fact of John Wesley having established the first Methodist Book Room, from which an annuity was paid to the widow of Charles Wesley, and that the name of the first book steward was William Briggs, so he felt that he was in a sort of apostolic succession. He paid an eloquent tribute to the influence of the laureate of Methodism, who had crystallized its doctrines in undying song. He contrasted the joyous and exultant character of Charles Wesley's hymns with the pensive note of those of Cowper, and sometimes also of Watts, and, later, of Keble. His hymns were sung in all the Protestant churches and brought Methodism in closer touch with the other branches of Christendom.

A feature of special interest was the presence of a representative of British Methodism in the person of the Rev. J. T. L. Maggs, D.D., Principal of Wesleyan Theological College, Montreal. Principal Maggs pronounced a very thoughtful, discriminating and just tribute to the character of the three great elements represented by the three portraits. He described Susannah Wesley as the force, John Wesley the thought, and Charles the emotion of Methodism. He dwelt upon the expression of high culture in the refined features of John Wesley—the culture of descent, of careful training in the Epworth Rectory, of the Charter House School, and of Oxford University. Contrasted with the portraits of Luther, there was not less force, but more of spirituality and refinement. The songs of Charles Wesley made Methodism come into closer touch with other forms of religion, and its historic development, in England, at least, made it the great centre of Protestantism. The influence of Mrs. Wesley was seen in the life of her sons, and to her piety and consecrated common-sense he attributed much of the character and success of early Methodism. The placing of these portraits in our college halls was an honour to England and a new link in the unity of the Empire.

* See portrait on page 523.

GLASGOW INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.



GLASGOW EXHIBITION, 1901.

The educative value of expositions is being widely recognized. They form a great museum of the world's wonders. They illustrate the progress of the arts and sciences as can nothing else. They bring from the ends of the earth the most striking achievements of mankind. One can in a few hours "survey mankind from China to Peru." A great world's fair like that of Paris and Chicago is too big. It wears out strength of body and of mind. But those like the Glasgow or Buffalo expositions enable most people to see all they have time, strength and mental receptivity for.

Our engraving gives a good idea of the Glasgow Exposition. It occupies seventy-two acres in the beautiful Kelvin Grove. The large building to the right is the Glasgow University, the central group is the new museum and art gallery, the Oriental looking group to the left is the industrial and machinery halls. The

buildings cover about twenty acres. The art gallery is to be a permanent addition to the attractions of the city. It will cost a million and a quarter dollars. While many foreign nations will be represented the exhibition will specially illustrate the British Empire. Canada is to have a building of twelve thousand square feet, and will present a magnificent exhibit of minerals, manufactures, agricultural products and fruit. A hundred thousand dollars is to be expended for music. The four hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the foundation of Glasgow University will be celebrated during the summer. The Ecumenical Methodist Conference and this exposition will attract many Canadian visitors across the sea. The most wonderful exhibit will be Glasgow itself, the city which, long after the beginning of the century, had only seventy thousand people and now has over seven hundred thousand.

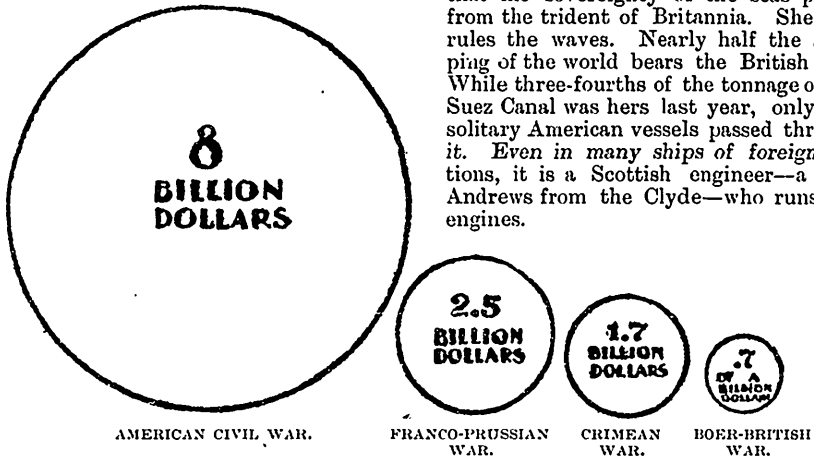
"IN MANUS TUAS, DOMINE!"

The glow has faded from the west
The splendour from the mountain's crest ;
Stern Day's relentless task is done
And Nature rests at set of sun.
But ere she shuts her weary eyes
Soothed as by airs of Paradise,
She softly prays on bended knee,
" *In manus tuas, Domine!*" . . .

And thou, my soul, be sure when night,
In God's good time puts out the light,
And draws the curtains soft and dim
Round weary head and heart and limb,
Thou wilt be glad! But ere you go
To sleep that no rude dreams shall know,
Be this prayer said for you and me,—
" *In manus tuas, Domine!*"
—*Julia C. R. Dorr, in the "Atlantic."*

Current Topics and Events.

Some of the pro-Boer critics of Great Britain seem to lie awake at night wondering how she will pay her war tax. They need not worry about that. The whole war loan was subscribed five times over in twenty-four hours. The whole of it would have been taken in New York if that were permitted—so confident are the capitalists of the value of British consols as an investment. The accompanying diagram from an American paper shows the relative cost of the American Civil War with the other great wars since that time. The national debt of France is



about twice as great as that of Great Britain, and that of Russia is much greater, and neither of them have the financial resources of the tight little island. Eighty-five years ago, when its wealth was insignificant compared with its present financial strength, and its population, manufactures, trade and commerce were comparatively insignificant, it had a debt of four and a half billions against about three and a half billions at the present time, including the Boer war debt.

In a single battle of the Franco-Prussian or American war very many more men were slain on each side than in the whole of the Boer war on both sides. The profound commiseration for this loss of life is due in part to the greater humanitarianism of the day, and in part to an intellectual strabismus as to the losses nearer home. Never, said the Wes-

leyan missionary at Pretoria, speaking at the London Missionary meeting, was war more humanely waged than that provoked by the wanton and wicked ultimatum of Paul Kruger.

THE TRIDENT OF THE SEAS.

Some American journalists seem to think that the purchase of the Leyland fleet by the Morgan Syndicate will convert the Atlantic into an American lake. John Bull will be quite ready to build ships for Uncle Sam and sell them at a good round profit, but that does not mean that the sovereignty of the seas passes from the trident of Britannia. She still rules the waves. Nearly half the shipping of the world bears the British flag. While three-fourths of the tonnage of the Suez Canal was hers last year, only two solitary American vessels passed through it. Even in many ships of foreign nations, it is a Scottish engineer—a McAndrews from the Clyde—who runs the engines.

The United States, having become, by the conquest of the Philippines, a world power, must create by purchase or subsidy a mercantile marine. The rivalry on the high seas shall be one of honest and generous competition, like that between the *Shamrock* and the *Constitution* for the international cup. The vast area, the exhaustless resources give a potential wealth to the United States beyond the dream of avarice. Still it is surprising that the little island of Britain, from its comparatively limited coal fields, exports annually more than the whole of the United States with its vast coal areas.

THE END IN SIGHT.

All interest has practically dropped out of the Boer War. It is in its final stage of suppressing the guerilla cam-

paign of a band of desperate men whose policy is to avoid fight, to snipe at the British from behind rocks, and run away in the effort to escape capture, which many of them fail to do. DeWet's invasion of Cape Colony was a total failure. He is entitled only to the credit, whatever that may be, of being nimbler in escape than the British in pursuit. Knowing the country like the palm of his hand, and following by-roads and secret passes, his exploited retreat is less heroic than his admirers claim.

Current History, an impartial record, says DeWet's incursion had made clear that the Boer cause had largely lost its former support among the Cape Colony Dutch. There were no signs of the expected uprising to welcome him; indeed, the farmers are reported to have shown disgust at the brutal methods to which he and Steyn, his companion, are said to have resorted. Northward in Orange River Colony the Brandford, Kroonstad, and Bloemfontein burgher companies were actually in arms on the British side, not for active operations against their former comrades, but for defence of their homes and property against marauding bands."

COST OF MILITARISM.

Senator Hale is reported as saying, in the United States Senate, "We were shocked at the idea of a billion-dollar Congress, and before we know it we will have a billion-dollar session. . . . It ought to be known and appreciated that we are going on in a way that the military budget of this country will be nearly \$400,000,000—about twice that of any great European power."

The *World* says: "Our army and navy numbers 120,000 men only—the smallest establishment of all the great nations. We pay for it more than twice as much as France, with her army and navy of 622,000 fighting men; almost twice as much as Russia's, with nearly a million soldiers and sailors; nearly double Germany's, with her half-million of enlisted men, and almost five times as much as Austria's, with a fighting array of 278,000 men."

Great Britain is adding immensely to her naval and military defences. In one day four great ironclads were launched. France, Russia, Germany, even bankrupt Italy, are piling up warlike expenditure. Why not call a halt for, say, ten years, and devote to industrialism the men and money now devoted to destructivism?

OUR COLLEGES.

Victoria University has made another grand forward movement. Since removing to Toronto nine years ago it has erected a beautiful college building at a cost of \$240,000, the gift of Mr. William Gooderham. It has also more than doubled its number of students in art and theology. It finds its four-acre space in the Queen's Park too little for its needs, and has just purchased another large area at a total cost of \$70,000. On this will be erected at once, through the be-



REV. J. T. L. MAGGS, D.D.,

Principal of Wesleyan Theological College, Montreal.

quest of the late Hart A. Massey, a woman's residence, at a cost of \$50,000, to bear the honoured name of Barbara Heck, the mother of Methodism in the United States as well as Canada. The college has received donations of about \$85,000 from the Twentieth Century Fund, and is in the high tide of prosperity. In addition to its arts department, it is now one of the largest theological colleges in America.

Victoria University honoured itself by conferring upon Principal Maggs the degree of D.D. It also received, as well as

conferred, distinction by granting the same degree to the Rev. J. S. Banks, B. A., the distinguished professor of Systematic Theology, Headingly College, England.

Principal Maggs preached with great force and eloquence the baccalaureate sermon to the graduating class of Victoria University. His ministrations among us have won golden opinions on every side. We regard him as a very important gift of the parent Methodism of Britain to the loyal daughter Methodism of Canada.

The Wesleyan Theological College, Montreal, under the able administration of the Rev. Dr. Maggs, has had a good year. The new Principal has won golden opinions from all sorts of people. The College conferred the title of D.D. on the Rev. A. G. Gregory, successor of Dr. T. Bowman Stephenson at the Children's Home, London, England, and on the Rev. R. Whittington, B.Sc., B.C.

We are pleased to learn that our friend, the Rev. Dr. Jackson, has been elected by the Board of Governors of Wesleyan Theological College to the vacancy in the chair of Apologetics and Homiletics caused by the resignation of the Rev. Dr. Antliff. Few men are better qualified for this important position than Dr. Jackson. He has made the subjects on which he shall lecture a special duty for many years. His logical mind, his intellectual acumen, his spiritual insight, will enable him to make luminous these important subjects.

Of Mount Allison's Convocation we are not at the time of writing advised.

EXTENSION OR INTENSION.

Professor Young, in an article in the *Canada Educational Monthly*, says: "It is not always, perhaps it is seldom, safe to prophesy, but, so far as one can read the signs of the times, Ontario will have, not one nor two University centres, but in the old and the new parts of the Province she may have at least as many as England has altogether, or even as many as England, Ireland, and Scotland put together. With her great tracts of land and her prospective wealth and population, she will need them all to keep her sons from thinking overmuch of mere material things."

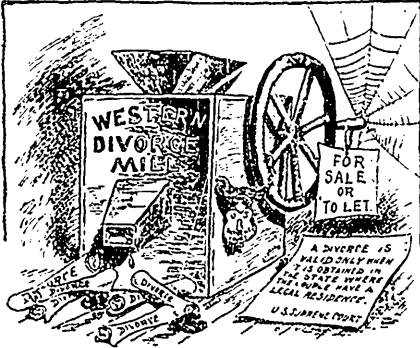
An adequate conception of what a great modern university, worthy of the premier province of the Dominion, really

means would contra-indicate, we think, the result which Professor Young anticipates. This is a day of generous endowment of great universities. Harvard, Yale, Johns Hopkins, Princeton, Cornell, McGill, Chicago, and Stanford are setting up a standard of what a great university should be, and in the near future will be. It is only by concentrating our efforts upon one or two well endowed institutions that a great university can be created. It is not to our credit that the brightest and best of our students have had to go to another country for post-graduate training. The best we can get is not too good for our Canadian young men and young women, God's best gift to our country.

It is the judgment of not a few wise educators that excellent as is the work that has been done by the smaller universities of Britain, as Glasgow, Aberdeen, St. Andrews, Edinburgh, Durham and others, better results still would be achieved by consolidation. It may be true, as Garfield said, that Dr. Hopkins at one end of a log and an earnest student at the other would make an effective college. But a score of Dr. Hopkins, each master in his department, working together, would be better still. A university in Toronto announces degrees in seven faculties. To have such degrees worth much they cannot emanate from a dozen universities, as Professor Young seems to expect, in a single province which cannot within a century or two reach the population of Great Britain. It is only in a large city like Toronto or Montreal, with its great hospitals, law courts, musical opportunities and large professional class and literary atmosphere that a great university can be built up. Let us try and create the one or two to begin with before we talk about having as many as there are in the United Kingdom. Dr. Joseph Parker recommends consolidating eight English colleges into three.

The Ontario Government, in its generous grants to the scientific department of Toronto University and the School of Mines at Kingston, has done much toward solving the University problem in this province. These grants may not be all that the friends of higher education could wish, but it is a liberal instalment of the more adequate aid which the growing needs of the University may require in future. The remarks on the importance of the university keeping in touch with

the people by means of extension lectures and the like are very timely. If the professors will come out of their monastic seclusion a little more and come into contact with the living, throbbing themes of the day, there will be no lack of the popular sympathy which will be the best fund it can draw on for support.



OUT OF BUSINESS.

—New York Tribune.

SAFEGUARDING MARRIAGE.

The United States has won a very unenviable reputation for fraudulent and criminal divorce. Especially is this true of some of the western states of the Union. In some of these twelve per cent. of the marriages ended in divorce, or about one in every eight. Many of these divorces were procured by fraud and guile and perjury, and even without the knowledge or consent of the innocent victim. The effect has been to greatly weaken the marriage tie, to break down the sacred family relation and to impair the restraints of morality all over the land. So intolerable has this evil become, so cruel the wrongs which it perpetrates that the Supreme Court of the United States has given a decision that both parties to any divorce must be *bona fide* residents of the State in which said divorce has been secured, otherwise it is null and void. This decision strikes consternation to very many who have imagined that they had shaken off the obligations, legal and religious, to which they had solemnly plighted their faith.

The *Christian Observer*, a leading Presbyterian paper of St. Louis, gives the following facts: In the year 1870 the ratio of divorce to marriage was three and a half per cent., in 1890 it was upwards of six per cent., and at present in some States as much as twelve per cent.

This evil is greater in the towns and cities than in the country, and the much faster growth of the urban than the rural population is a still further menace to society. In a recent year the number of divorces in the United States was 23,427, in France the same year it was 6,245, in Germany it was 6,145, in Canada it was 12. Thank God that our country is to so large a degree freed from this evil which eats like a very canker at the national and domestic life.

Our small cartoon shows how the divorce mill, which ground out its daily grist of seventy-five divorces for every week day in the year, has been effectively thrown out of gear.

A REVEREND RUFFIAN.

Seldom, if ever, have we known such universal and vigorous denunciation of any man as that which the religious and secular press of the United States mete out to the "Rev. Professor Herron," of Grinnell, Iowa. This man acquired considerable notoriety by his apostolate of Christian Socialism. Seventeen years ago he was ordained as a Congregational minister and married an estimable lady. He preached for several years when he became Professor of Applied Christianity in Iowa College. A Mrs. Rand, a wealthy lady, and her daughter, with whom he travelled in Europe, became his most ardent supporters, and Herron forced his wife to apply for divorce on the ground of cruelty and desertion that he might marry Miss Rand, and secured for her an alimony of \$60,000 or \$100,000 furnished by Mrs. or Miss Rand.

Dr. Josiah Strong, one of the leading ministers of the United States, who preached Herron's installation sermon seventeen years ago, says: "The depths of baseness of this man is beyond belief. I have no words in which to characterize his whole action. He and his female accomplice, in breaking up a family, have committed a crime against the fundamental institutions of society, and have trampled under foot the explicit and unmistakable teachings of Jesus Christ. Their conduct has been despicable beyond the resources of my vocabulary to express, and if all the facts were known these people would not be tolerated in any self-respecting society for an hour."

Dr. Hillis, of the Plymouth Church, in a published interview in the *Brooklyn Eagle* thus expresses his manly indignation: "There are sins so grievous, so bald, vulgar and crass in their persistency,

their virulence, that they consume the mantle of charity as a flame the garment. This man's four children, mere babes, are weak, physically, and Herron owed his strength to them; they are ignorant, and he owed his wisdom to them; they are poor, and the father owed his earnings and the right to a good name to them. I cannot hear what Herron says, because the sobs of his deserted babes fill my ears. If he will publicly renounce this woman friend; if he will then rinse out his mouth with sulphuric acid and cleanse it of foul pledges; if he will ask the judge to remarry him to his deserted wife; if he will return to his little children and, when they are old enough to understand it, beg their forgiveness, I will, after I am confident of his penitence, gladly meet him on any platform, though I will never have any interest in the economic statements of a man whose intellect can be guilty of such vagaries. The time has fully come for some one to say to Mr. Herron that Brooklyn is a town that represents faith in the ten commandments. We believe in liberty, toleration and charity, but we also believe in the home, in the moral law, in God Almighty."

Professor Herron is an advanced—very far advanced—liberal. The *Western Christian Advocate* quotes his ravings as follows: "The world is no longer fit for free men to live in. We are all slaves. The world waits for that word, the daring word which shall tell the average man that he is a god to be revered. The new religion must teach that man is law unto himself, and that he has no priest or king but his own soul."

This reverend ruffian brazens out his guilt, and in a lecture in Park Theatre in Brooklyn, on April 22nd, said: "The time was coming when marriage laws would be modified, that a meaningless ceremonial need not be part of the union of the man and woman who loved." Dr. Herron has been tried by the Church which he disgraces and expelled from its communion.

THE GAMBLING MANIA.

A strange recrudescence has been given to the gambling mania in the United States—not merely in the Stock Exchange in Wall Street, but in fashionable society as well. It is affirmed that even during Holy Week, when the Church commemorates the passion of our Lord, society women in New York fleeced their guests—there is no other word for it—students from the colleges.

invited to spend their Easter in that city. Some had to borrow money to go home. One indignant father who protested against this abuse of hospitality was laughed at for playing the baby act. The fair hostess held on to her winnings but heard some wholesome truths. It is said that some of these spoiled daughters of fashion tried to appease their conscience by special donation from their winnings as an Easter offering. The indignant Church might well say, as Peter said to Simon Magus, "Thy money perish with thee."

Dr. Huntingdon, of Grace Church, New York, pronounced a scathing rebuke on this crime and sacrilege. The *Presbyterian Review* affirms that a Canadian society woman sat one afternoon after another from week to week behind closed blinds playing cards. It quotes the statement that the average gambling exchange of money throughout Christendom during twenty-four hours may exceed, though it is not less than, eighty millions of dollars, or over a hundred and twenty-three billions a year. The unprecedented stock gambling in Wall Street was at a much more rapid pace than even this. Many millions were lost and won in a few hours. With shattered nerves and wrecked health many, both winners and losers, came out of the maelstrom physically and financially ruined. After this excitement legitimate business seems dull as ditch-water.

The *Review of Reviews* says, that, if Mr. Carnegie live for thirteen years more and die at the age of eighty, leaving behind him a fortune of £25,000,000, he will still have to dispose of from £50,000,000 to £55,000,000 before his death. That is, he will have to dispose of £4,000,000, say \$20,000,000 a year till 1914. If he were to give a £5 note a minute day and night throughout the year he would have disposed of only £2,500,000. He will have to distribute his money at the rate of £8 a minute day in and day out, making no reduction in time for sleeping or Sundays. At this rate he will still have £25,000,000 intact at the age of eighty. Yet compared with the wealth accumulated by stock gambling in Wall Street, the money made by Carnegie in making steel is honourably and honestly earned. No wonder Mr. Carnegie says he has just begun to give.

Religious Intelligence.

UNION IS STRENGTH.

The tendency of the times is strongly in the direction of an integration of forces. This is seen in the unification of Italy and Germany, in the confederation of Canada and Australia, in the union of the Presbyterian and Methodist Churches of this country. A strong trend towards union is shown in the Methodist Churches of the Old Land. The benefits of union have been so marked in Canada that an extension of the principle is by many strongly desired. The response of the General Conference to the strong union sentiments expressed by the venerable Dr. Caven shows how receptive our highest court was to this generous sentiment. The address of Dr. Chown at the recent annual meeting of the Society of Christian Unity in Toronto was another mark of this trend. Referring to the political unions of the past he said: "But more glorious far will be the momer.' when the divinely-anointed leaders of the embattled hosts of our Canadian Zion shall meet in fraternal conference, and in solemn conclave, sign, seal, and deliver the holy compact—the constitution of the Federal Council of the Christian Church in Canada." The time for polemics has largely passed; the time for irenics has come.

At Ottawa recently the Rev. S. G. Bland strongly urged the appointment of a Federal Council of Presbyterians and Methodists with powers to direct the missionary and educational work of these two Churches. It would promote economy of men and means and would help on the cause of general church unity. It is especially important that such union should take place in 'he mission field. We are glad to know that the Methodist Churches in Japan have arranged a preliminary basis of union. "Such a union," the *Guardian* remarks, "will have the hearty approval of the Methodists of Canada. A united Church in Japan should mean a new life and power for aggressive work." It would also do much to move the cavil of the critics as to the disunion among Christians, would lead to the economy of men and means, and would promote a generous glow of Christian love and fellowship.

The versatile Dr. Parker, chairman of

the Congregational Union of England, has proposed in that body a plan for the union of the Congregational, Presbyterian and Baptist Churches of Britain. He urges, says *The Outlook*, the members of the Free Churches to unite in providing a theological education for their respective ministers, so both economizing expenditure and increasing results. Three high-grade colleges at Oxford, Cambridge, and Durham would replace the present eight existing theological colleges belonging to the above-mentioned denominations. Both economy of management and greater working power would be secured by the application to the religious world of that spirit of combination which has already achieved such success in the commercial world. If Dr. Parker's proposal is accepted, as we hope it may be. English Dissent may date a significant development from the 1901 meeting of the Baptist and Congregational Union. We hope that in the not distant future, British Methodism may follow this example.

THE ECUMENICAL CONFERENCE.

The third Methodist Ecumenical Conference will give a striking illustration of the way Methodism has spread throughout the world. Her sons shall come from afar, even from the ends of the earth. Special prominence will be given, says *The Methodist Recorder*, to Methodism in its relation to national life, to biblical criticism and Christian faith, to Protestantism and modern Sacerdotalism, to education, modern unbelief, secularism, and indifference. It will include all phrases of Methodist literature, young people's societies, spiritual vitality and family religion; the liquor traffic, gambling, wealth and luxury, pulpit effectiveness, the mobilisation of the whole Church, and, finally, a whole day devoted to foreign missions. Bishop Galloway will open the Conference in the old City Road Chapel, the mother church of universal Methodism.

The Conference will last twelve days. Our own Canadian Methodism is given a prominent part in this programme. We may be sure our delegates will acquit themselves with credit to the great Church they represent. Canadian Methodism has given a notable example to the

world in the way in which it has merged all its differences into a united whole from ocean to ocean—an example which has been followed by our brethren of the new Commonwealth of Australia, and which we hope our father in England and elder brethren of the United States will soon follow.

METHODIST UNION IN AUSTRALASIA.

The Rev. Dr. Burgess, well known in Canada, writing to the *Independent* from South Australia, notes the reality and success of the Methodist Union at the antipodes so far as it has gone, by the action of two of the Annual Conferences recently held. They chose as their presidents ministers who formerly belonged to other than Wesleyan Methodist Churches, thus proving that ecclesiastical distinctions have disappeared in fact as well as in form. The Rev. John Orchard, who was elected to the chair of the New Zealand Conference, was an influential minister of the Bible Christian Church prior to the union. In Queensland the Rev. William Powell, a member of the former Primitive Methodist Church, has been elected president of the united Conference.

In Victoria and Tasmania the date of organic union is definitely fixed to be January 1st, 1902. In Western Australia the Primitive Methodist and Bible Christian ministers that were employed have been temporarily loaned to the Wesleyans, and the properties transferred, so that union is already practically complete.

In South Australia the union of the Wesleyans, Primitives and Bible Christians is to take effect on next New Year's Day. Out of three hundred delegates at the Union Conference lately held only three hands were held up against the proposition. "It is a little singular," remarks Dr. Burgess, "perhaps more than an accidental coincidence, that New South Wales, which has blocked Australian federation, should be the colony in which the union movement in Methodism is the most backward and slow. There still a probability that union will be effected in New South Wales at the same time as in Victoria, and a moral certainty that it cannot be much longer delayed.

PROMOTED.

God still buries his workers though he carries on his work. Every month adds to the number summoned from labour to reward. On April 20th, at the advanced age of eighty-three, Rev. W. Norton

passed peacefully away at his home in Brussels. He entered the itinerancy forty-six years ago. The field of his ministry has been chiefly in the Province of Quebec, where he laboured on arduous circuits. Growing infirmities for some years compelled a superannuated relation, but according to the measure of his strength he continued to labour.

For the lofty and the lowly awaits alike the inevitable hour. A distinguished member of the Methodist Church has been called from the Supreme Court of Canada to the high court of heaven. Justice George Edward King was born in St. John, N.B., sixty-two years ago. He was a graduate of Mount Allison College and Wesleyan University. He was a leading member of the New Brunswick bar, for eleven years a member of its Provincial Assembly, for eight years Attorney-General in his native province. He became a puisne judge of the Supreme Court of Canada in 1893 and was a member of the British Commission on the Behring Sea seal fishery. Mount Allison and New Brunswick universities both conferred upon him the highest scholastic titles in their gift. A summary of his life can be expressed in the words of the prophet, "Do justly, love mercy, and walk humbly with thy God."

By the death of the Rev. John Hunt passed away another of the venerable fathers of Canadian Methodism. He was born eighty-three years ago in what we may call the native county of Methodism, Lincolnshire. John Hunt, the famous Fiji missionary, was the son of his father's brother. The pathway of the cousins lay far apart, but each served his generation by the will of God. Coming to Canada with his parents in his fourteenth year, our John Hunt spent twelve years in the hard work of clearing and working a farm about fifteen miles from Toronto. Deprived of early educational advantages, he was, according to opportunity, a diligent student and throughout life a voracious reader. After his conversion and inward call to the ministry he was wont to fasten his Greek grammar to the plough handles, and so mastered the key to the New Testament in the original. To the very last he was a diligent reader of the best literature. We have a letter written on his death-bed describing, in detail, the pleasure and profit he derived from recent reviews we had the pleasure of furnishing him.

His ministry was chiefly in western

Ontario, and since the union, in Toronto Conference. He spent fifty-seven years in faithful ministry. He served seven years as financial secretary and also as chairman of his district, and with scarce an exception remained the full possible limit on his circuits. In old age he shamed many a younger man by his diligence and zeal in the Master's service. For several years he was chaplain to the Methodist patients in five Toronto hospitals, visiting them daily when strength permitted, and often going in the middle of the night to minister to the sick and the dying. Testimony has reached us from the patients of the unspeakable blessing his faithful, sympathetic ministry was. There are many hundreds of persons throughout Canada who cherish with deepest gratitude the memory of this service of love. When himself a very sick man, at the call of suffering he felt that "the poor in body and estate, must not on man's convenience wait," and would up and away in any weather to the bedside of the dying. His sick-room was an antechamber of heaven. Surrounded by love and sympathy he passed from the toil and travail of earth to the rest and rapture of the skies.

The Rev. Thomas Webster, D.D., was at the time of his death, on May 2nd, probably the oldest Methodist minister in Canada, being then in his ninety-second year. He was a man of very marked character, and for many years one of the most influential ministers in the Methodist Episcopal Church. He entered its ministry sixty-three years ago, and wielded great influence in its councils and in its fields of labour. He was for some years editor of its official organ, *The Canada Christian Advocate*. Dr. Webster kept his mental vigour even to extreme old age. He was marked throughout life by his progressive spirit, and a few years ago wrote a paper for this magazine on woman's place and power in the Christian Church, and claimed for her rights and privileges which are only now being generally conceded. We do not possess now data for a more adequate reference to this noteworthy life.

The many friends of the Rev. Dr. George Young, one of the most honoured and best-loved men of Canadian Methodism, will sympathize deeply with him under the loss he has sustained in the death of his wife. Mrs. Young was a lady of marked graciousness of life and character, a fitting helpmeet and companion of our

bereaved brother. A more adequate tribute will be paid elsewhere to her memory.

Another of our veterans, the Rev. Hamilton Leith, in the last week in April also entered into rest. He was one of the many gifts of Ireland to Canada, and had all the genial characteristics of his native land. He began to labour among us in 1859. In the old Canada Conference his stations varied from the shores of Lake Huron to the Bay of Quinte. After the union his work was, we believe, entirely in the Toronto Conference. For the last ten years he resided in Hamilton, where he frequently assisted his brethren in church work. For sixty-four years his devoted wife, who still survives him in remarkable strength and vigour, shared the joys and sorrows of the itinerancy, a faithful helpmeet in the service of the Lord.

With the death of the Rev. Dr. Henry Scadding, Toronto, at the ripe age of eighty-eight, passed away a conspicuous figure in our civic history. It makes us feel that we are not quite of yesterday, to note that he was head boy at Upper Canada College seventy-one years ago. He was afterwards for twenty-five years classical master of that institution, and for thirty years rector of the church of the Holy Trinity. His "Toronto of Old" is an interesting record of the city with which he has been so long connected. He was a genial, cultured and scholarly Christian gentleman.

Archbishop Lewis of Ontario died May 4th, at sea, of pneumonia. He was on his way to Egypt for the benefit of his health, which had been undermined. He was in his seventy-sixth year. He was a hard-working bishop, not only in his earlier years, when he travelled through a rough mining country, frequently sleeping in his clothes at railway stations all night. Even since his seventieth year he has gone on visitations of 123 days and slept in 118 different places. The heroic days of the Church have not passed away.

Dr. Justin Fulton, a distinguished Baptist minister, has passed away during the month. Dr. Fulton won notoriety by the violence of his attacks upon the Roman Catholic Church. He was doubtless an honest man, but exhibited all the intolerance of a Torquemada or St. Dominic in his denunciations. He was so bitter towards the Roman Catholics as to more than neutralize any good his lectures could do them.

Book Notices.

Historical Memoirs of the Emperor Alexander I. and The Court of Russia. By MADAME LA COMTESSE DE CHOISEUL-GOUFFIER. Translated from the Original French by MARY BERENICE PATTERSON. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 321. Price, \$1.50.

A contemporary memoir is often of more value than a ponderous history. It gives impressions at first hand and throws many side-lights on character and conduct. The Comtesse Choiseul-Gouffier was the daughter of a wealthy Polish family who had intimate relations with the Emperor Alexander and his court. She gives vivid impressions of Napoleon's invasion of Russia and subsequent events. The government of Russia has been described as a despotism tempered by assassination, and Paul I., Alexander's father, shared this fate. Alexander is described as a model of kindness, courtesy to lofty and lowly, and of devotion to his country.

Our author cordially disliked Napoleon, and rejoiced that "it was in the wilds of Russia, it was by the light of the burning of Moscow, in the midst of the snows and frosts of the North, that misfortune was to seize its illustrious prey, to pour down upon his own head the evils which his ambition had inflicted upon the world, and to make him submit to imprisonment upon a rock in the midst of the ocean—him who complained that he suffocated in Europe." "I would that Napoleon," she says, "could be drowned in the tears he has caused to be shed." She had often pictured him with a countenance sparkling with genius. "What was my surprise and disappointment on seeing only a little, short, fat, waddling man, with sleek, plastered-down hair, with good enough features, but little expression in his face." He was rude and uncouth to ladies of the highest rank. The beautiful Queen Louise of Prussia was driven from her home in ill health, and conveyed on bales of cotton to the frontier. She was received with enthusiasm by the Russians. A ball was given at which were twenty thousand persons dressed in fancy costume; for the queen a dress was provided which cost a hundred thousand roubles. It was thus that Alexander I. honoured and respected the royal unfortunates.

When Napoleon invaded Russia the Czar

declared that "God would be against the aggressor," and soon through the writer's native town of Vilna the French armies swarmed, the streets resounded with the crash of arms, the blare of trumpets, the neighing of horses, and the confusion of many languages. "I seemed to see" she says, "even in the clouds armies, and my imagination recalled with a sort of terror the visions of the Apocalypse." But in a few weeks the remnant of this grand army was straggling back over the wintry wolds.

Our author describes the scene. One man had thrown away his helmet and was muffled in a woman's hood and black satin mantle under which you could see his spurs; another was wrapped in the ornaments and vestments of the Church and altar cloths, to keep out the cold; others had ladies' fur dressing gowns, others trailed woollen blankets after them. In Vilna alone the bodies of forty thousand dead men were found frozen in the snow. Cossacks pillaged the country and sold watches, pearls and jewels for the merest trifle. They amused themselves by dressing up like French marshals and generals in the clothes which they had taken during the day.

A contagious fever broke out. The Comtesse and household did their best to succour the fugitives. Her house became a volunteer hospital. The Emperor Alexander brought a sick French soldier and left money for him. The Emperor Alexander's account of the French hospital made the Comtesse shiver with horror. "One single lamp," said his Majesty, "lighted the high vaulted room in which they had heaped the piles of corpses as high as the walls." The greatest confusion prevailed. Lint and linen in vast quantities were prepared for the hospitals, but were sold to the paper makers, and the soldiers were bandaged with wadding and hay.

Napoleon abandoned his own soldiers, the instruments of his fortune and glory. The Emperor Alexander sent, at his own expense, a number of Spanish soldiers whom Napoleon had deserted to their native country. "You do not know the French," said Napoleon, "they must be driven as I do it, with a rod of iron." Alexander, on the contrary, called his soldiers his children, and to them he was the "Little Father."

In a few weeks the allies were in Paris. Many French soldiers were captured. These Alexander promptly set free. "We shall see," he said, "which shall succeed best, to make one's self feared or to make one's self loved." He spent a month in England and returned to Russia. He described Paris as filthy and frivolous, dirty morally as well as physically. "What a happy country," he wrote, "is England, where the rights of each individual are respected and inviolable." When the Emperor returned to Poland, the people, not knowing that he travelled in a sleigh, swept the snow from the road for miles and covered it with pine branches.

Chiefly through Alexander's generosity Napoleon received the sovereignty of the island of Elba, but he soon broke his parole and again plunged Europe into war.

After her marriage the Comtesse, by the Emperor's invitation, visited St. Petersburg, where she lived in a palace and received very high honour, and the Emperor became sponsor for her son at his baptism. He used to rise at four, even half-past three, in the morning (the Emperor, not the baby), and worked harder than any of his ministers. In the spring the Neva overflowed, inundating part of the city to the depth of seventeen feet, and caused great distress. Salt was sold at twenty-five francs a pound. The Emperor showed the greatest solicitude and devotion on behalf of his people.

In his youth the Emperor dreaded the task before him and wished to escape to America to live there as a private citizen. In his forty-eighth year, with broken health and with a broken heart on account of the death of his beloved daughter, he went with the Empress to the Crimea, and in a few weeks died of fever, soon to be followed by his august spouse. His later years were unhappy. He became reactionary and obstructive, and his death but anticipated a revolt and probable assassination, like that of his sire. These memoirs are of fascinating interest.

Up from Slavery. An Autobiography. By BOOKER T. WASHINGTON. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. ix-330. Price, \$1.50.

Booker T. Washington is the most noteworthy figure of his race. He has been more helpful in solving the problem of our brother in black than we believe any other man. Fred Douglass, who climbed from the position of slave to

that of marshal of the United States, has not wielded so wide an influence. Booker T. Washington's life story is one of pathetic interest. It shows, too, what can be accomplished by an indomitable will. Few persons as boy and man have ever had such difficulties to overcome, and fewer still have so successfully overcome them. The best of it is his victories have been for the uplift of his race. The Tuskegee Institute and the whole educational and industrial movement for which it stands is, we judge, the key to the negro problem. The story is more fascinating than a romance. This slave boy becomes the eloquent orator who pleads the wrongs and rights of his kinsmen in the highest circles of the land, where their voice was never heard before. He, first of his race, receives the highest distinction Harvard University has to bestow. He receives distinguished honours from his nation at home and from courtly circles abroad. Out of absolutely nothing he has created a vast property and a great institution whose noble purpose is not to make money but to make men. The book is one of great interest and of blended humour and pathos.

The Changing View-Point in Religious Thought, and Other Short Studies in Present Religious Problems. By HENRY THOMAS COLESTOCK. A.M., B.D. 303 pages, small 8vo, \$1.00. New York: E. B. Treat & Co. Toronto: William Briggs.

Several chapters of this book have stood the test of publication in high-class religious periodicals. Their importance and value has called for their reproduction in permanent form. The following judgment is that expressed by a leading religious review:

"The present volume recognizes a considerable change in the religious thought, both among ministers and laymen, but maintains that a changed opinion does not mean a moral departure, because the change is not in character, in the man himself, but only in his 'view-point.' He here urges the great importance of saving an active thinker from supposing that by changing his point of view he has lost his faith. He insists that we greatly need sound religious instruction, but soundness does not consist in accepting the teachings of earlier theologians, or even of the present, as an absolute finality, but rather in adopting principles of thinking which are according to what is accepted as true in education."

Atoms and Energies. By the REV. D. A. MURRAY. Just issued by A. S. Barnes & Co., New York. Cloth, 12mo. Pp. 204. Price, \$1.25.

Mr. Murray was Government Instructor in the schools of Japan, and is now pastor of the East End Presbyterian Church, Ottumwa, Iowa. The propositions advanced are more in the nature of a discussion than a theory, being an effort, based on known data, to consistently apply the laws and processes of every-day mechanics, to what we know as atoms. Advance sheets have been submitted to leading scientific men, who express a keen interest in the book. Prof. Starr of the Chicago University says: "The subject is interesting, the point of view novel, the argument clear, the book itself satisfactory." Students and scientific men in general, will find much in the book to interest them, for, while conservative in treatment, it is quite radical in conclusions.

First Steps in New Testament Greek. By J. ALEXANDER CLAPPERTON, M.A., Secretary of the Union for Biblical and Homiletic Study, author of "Pitfalls in Bible English," etc. London: Chas. H. Kelly. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. x-120.

We read in Wesley's Journal that in February, 1751, John Wesley's horse fell on the ice and seriously lamed his rider. Wesley was confined to the house of the Widow Vazeille, in Threadneedle Street, London, for a week, which he spent in writing a Hebrew grammar and lessons for the children. That bit of ice seems to have precipitated, if it did not ensure, the most disastrous blunder of his life—his marriage to the Widow Vazeille. From Wesley's time to this the study of Greek has been an important part of a Methodist preacher's education. With such manuals as this it has become a very easy matter. This book is simple, clear, plain and the paradigms are reduced to a minimum.

The Tora of Moses. Being a critical study of Deuteronomy; its separation into two copies of the Tora; a refutation of Higher Criticism. By WILLIAM WALLACE MARTIN, formerly Professor of Hebrew, Vanderbilt University. Nashville, Tenn.: Publishing House of the M. E. Church, South. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. xv-339. Price, \$1.50.

The advanced higher critics are not

having it all their own way. While the service of legitimate criticism is recognized and welcomed, the destructive and radical results of some of the critics are meeting opposition and in many respects, we judge, refutation. A conservative reaction seems to be taking place. One mark of this is the volume under review. The Book of Deuteronomy is the stronghold of the higher criticism, whose literary analysis makes the text often look like chemical formula—so wonderfully is it divided and distributed. The theory of Dr. Martin antagonizes wholly this literary analysis and the present volume, he considers, demonstrates its failure in Deuteronomy. Many candid readers, we are sure, will share his conclusion. The scientific method is followed and meets the literary analysts on their own ground. The phrase "reconstructive criticism" very admirably describes the method and character of his work.

The Motherhood of God. A Series of Discourses. By LOUIS ALBERT BANKS, D.D., author of "Christ and His Friends," "The Heavenly Trade-Winds," etc. Cincinnati: Jennings & Pye. New York: Eaton & Mains. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 248. Price, \$1.25.

"As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you." This is the theme of this book. What the world needs more than anything else is mothering. The restless wanderers after rest, the weary and heavy-laden, need the perpetual consciousness of God's great mother-heart brooding over them. Dr. Banks' sermons have a freshness, a vivacity and living interest that make them particularly helpful to their readers.

Understudies. Short Stories. By MARY E. WILKINS, author of "Jerome," "Pembroke," etc. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 230. Price, \$1.25.

These artistic vignettes are as clear cut and delicately finished as an etching. In several of her stories our author makes our little brothers of field and forest the humble heroes. She shows extraordinary sympathy with animal life, but with each animal sketch she connects some human feeling, humorous or pathetic. The book is a gem of illustration, having twenty-six admirable full-page half-tones, many of them of great artistic feeling.

Penelope's Experiences in England, Ireland and Scotland. Three volumes. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Toronto: Wm. Briggs.

These are ideal books for holiday reading. The clever comments of a bright American woman on the humours of travel, the queer, and quaint things which strike a tourist from the newest country in the world to one of the oldest, the Yankee mirth at the stolid dignity and pomp of the British butler and footman, the somewhat irreverent scorn of the preternatural solemnity of the Scottish elder, the hearty enjoyment of Irish bulls and bull baiting—these are just the things for a summer hammock. These books are not all frivolous fun either. There is lots of good sense, solid chunks of it, in these volumes. But the humour makes the criticism not less pungent though it disarms it of any sting. Even the victims themselves must rather enjoy the vivisection they undergo.

The Helmet of Navarre. By BERTHA RUNKLE. Illustrated. New York: The Century Company. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 470. Price, \$1.50.

This book has won such fame and favor as it appeared in the *Century Magazine* that further commendation is not needed. It is not an introspective or problem romance, but one heartily objective, a story of adventure. "The incidents," says the *Outlook*, a better authority than ourself on such a subject, "are not only dramatic and ingenious in themselves, but one leads into another, and all lead with due sense of perspective to the climax. Moreover, the story has the true dash and rush of romance; it is animated, brisk, and cheerful."

A New Way Around An Old World. By the REV. FRANCIS E. CLARK, D.D. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Bros. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, \$1.50.

Notice of this book will appear in our next number.

The Foundation Rock. A Story of Facts and Factors. By SARAH M. DELINE. Cincinnati: Jennings & Pye. New York: Eaton & Mains. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 368. Price, \$1.25.

In the form of a story important religious principles and practice are set forth in this volume. The proper conduct of

life and building of character, the duties of Christian tithing, of being and doing, of faith and works, are clearly and cogently set forth.

Sunday, the True Sabbath of God; or, Saturday proven to be neither the Sabbath of the Old Testament, nor the Sabbath of the Ancients who lived before the Christian Era. By SAMUEL WALTER GAMBLE. New York: Eaton & Mains. Cincinnati: Jennings & Pye. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 203. Price, \$1.00, postpaid.

The argument for the Sabbath is here very briefly and yet amply stated. We often have inquiries as to best literature on the subject. We can confidently recommend this volume.

An Exposition of Old Testament Sacrifices. By REV. D. MCKENZIE, B.A. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 368. Price, \$1.25.

This book is a thoughtful exposition of the doctrine of sacrifice, which runs through the whole substance of the Old and New Testament, and which points to that "one far-off divine event to which the whole creation moved" when Christ, our Passover, was sacrificed for us. The book is not fantastic or allegorical, after the fashion of Origen and some of the Fathers, but is eminently sane and sound, instructive and edifying.

LITERARY NOTE.

The Literary Era (Henry T. Coates & Co., Philadelphia, \$1.00 per annum) is a strongly edited monthly review of the progress of literature, with illustrations from new books. A contributor brings a vigorous indictment against Tennyson for plagiarizing the theme of "Enoch Arden" from Miss Proctor's poem on a similar subject. We think this a case of "much ado about nothing." Miss Proctor's is a short lyric poem, Tennyson's a long epic. There are marked differences in the story, while there are marked resemblances. On similar evidence Homer himself could be accused of stealing from earlier singers.

The Open Court Publishing Company are issuing a series of bi-monthly books on the "Religion of Science." One of these is Bishop Berkeley's treatise on the "Principles of Human Knowledge," with a fac-simile of the original title page of 1710. It is a neat reprint of a book which made a profound philosophical impression.