

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur

Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur

Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée

Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées

Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée

Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées

Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque

Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées

Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur

Pages detached/
Pages détachées

Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)

Showthrough/
Transparence

Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur

Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression

Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents

Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue

Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure

Includes index(es)/
Comprend un (des) index

Title on header taken from: /
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:

Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.

Title page of issue/
Page de titre de la livraison

Caption of issue/
Titre de départ de la livraison

Masthead/
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

Additional comments: /
Commentaires supplémentaires:

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below /
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	12X	14X	16X	18X	20X	22X	24X	26X	28X	30X	32X
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>

METHODIST MAGAZINE AND REVIEW.

DEVOTED TO

Religion, Literature and Social Progress.

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

EDITOR.

VOL. LV.

JANUARY TO JUNE, 1902.

TORONTO:

WILLIAM BRIGGS, METHODIST PUBLISHING HOUSE.

HALIFAX:

S. F. HUESTIS, METHODIST BOOK ROOM.

CONTENTS

PAGE

AMERICAN INDIANS, CIVILIZING THE. Ruth Shaffer	338
BARRADOES—"LITTLE ENGLAND." Rev. T. W. Hunter	424
BECALMED. Saddle, E. Springer	351
BEGGARS OF PARIS, THE. Louis Paulian	105
BICENTENNIAL WESLEYANA. S. Dwight Chown, D.D.	140
BLACK BELT, IN THE. W. T. Hewetson	240
BOOK NOTICES.....	93, 190, 286, 382, 478, 569
BRITISH CLEMENCY VINDICATED.....	471
BROWNSINGS UPON EACH OTHER'S WORK, THE INFLUENCE OF THE. M. Jephcott	507
BURMA, THE TRANSFORMATION OF. Ernest G. Hatmer	312, 391
CANADIAN INDIAN, THE—HIS PRESENT OCCUPATION AND FUTURE PROSPECTS. Rev. T. Ferrier	317
CANADIAN POETS, SOME. Lawrence J. Burpee.....	116
CANADIAN WATER-POWER. T. C. Keefer, C.M.G., C.E.	51
CANON'S CHRISTMAS, THE. Kate Anderson.....	155
CARMAN, REV. ALBERT, D.D.....	83
CHINA, MEDICAL MISSION WORK IN. O. L. Kilborn, M.A., M.D.	218
CHINA, THROUGH FIRE AND WATER IN. Mrs. Bryson	99
CHRISTMAS EVANS. Rev. Henry Lewis.....	406
COLLEGE PROBLEMS. Rev. N. Burwash, S.T.D., LL.D.	285
COLPORTEUR'S LAST VISIT, THE. Rev. E. Ryerson Young, Jr.	454
"CONFESSIONS OF A DIPLOMAT.".....	78
CROWNING OF THE KING, THE. Lucy C. Lillie	513
"CRUSADE MOTHER, THE." Pastor Felix.....	44
CURRENT TOPICS AND EVENTS.....	83, 186, 275, 370, 469, 561
DRUMMOND, HENRY. Rev. James M. Ludlow, D.D.	551
DUST THAT SHINES. "Oublic".....	161, 266, 356, 448
EASTER READINGS.....	303
ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING. Etta Campbell.....	335
ENGLISH REGALIA, THE. George Ethelbert Walsh.....	522
EVOLUTIONIST OF IMMORTALITY, AN. Rev. Prof. Badgley, LL.D.	79
FATHER'S MISTAKE, A. Florence Lilflon.....	458
FORBIDDEN LAND, THE.....	528
FOSTER, MRS.....	474
FROM STONE-MASON'S BENCH TO TREASURY BENCH. Ernest Phillips.....	233
GRAND CANYON, IN AND AROUND THE. Editor.....	195
"GREAT REFUSAL THE." Editor.....	273
HOSPITAL LIFE, THE BRIGHT SIDE OF. Louise Fiske Bryson, M.D.....	411
HUGHES, JAMES L.—A DISTINGUISHED CANADIAN.....	361
HYMNS WE SING. Rev. O. R. Lambly, M.A., D.D.....	501
IMMORTAL LOVERS, THE. Rev. Jesse S. Gilbert, A.M., Ph.D.....	400
IRELAND, BACK TO. Samuel H. Pye.....	387, 483
IRISH PALATINES, THE. C. C. James, M.A.....	217, 291
ITALY OF AMERICA, THE. Charles E. Keeler.....	35
KINDERGARTEN PHILOSOPHY, THE TRIUMPH OF THE. James L. Hughes.....	117
LADY HENRY SOMERSET AT DUXHURST. Sarah A. Tooley.....	202
LEGAL LUMINARIES OF ENGLAND. S. Parkes Cadman, D.D.....	301
LIGHT AT EVENING TIME. Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler, D.D.....	329
LORD DUFFERIN.....	275
MARTYRDOM OF AN EMPRESS, THE.....	267
MASSEY, W. E. H.—THE LESSONS OF A LIFE. Rev. N. Burwash, S.T.D., LL.D.	15
METEOROLOGY, THE NEW. Prince Kropotkin.....	30
METHODISM, MORAL MOMENTUM OF. Rev. Dr. Carman.....	22
MISSION LIFE IN THE GREAT WEST, PATHOS AND HUMOUR OF. Rev. James Cooke Seymour	226
MODEL, THE—A CHRISTMAS STORY. M. M. Sharpe.....	70
MOTHER IN THE CHURCH, THE. Lucy Rider Meyer.....	133
MRS. LUCY RIDER MEYER.....	178
MUSIC IN CHURCH SERVICE. F. H. Torrington.....	16
MUSIC, THE MINISTRY OF. Rev. T. E. Colling, B.A.....	139
NORTH SHORE OF CANADA, ON THE. Rev. F. A. Wightman.....	433, 490
OUT OF DOORS WITH THE ARTISTS. Charles Mason Fairbanks.....	412
PIONEERING IN KOOTENAY.....	378
POULTNEY BIGELOW ON THE BOER WAR.....	460
PREACHER'S SATURDAY NIGHT, THE. Rev. Thomas Spurgeon.....	415
QUEEN VICTORIA, LORD LORNE'S LIFE OF—"AN EPIC OF EMPIRE.".....	182
RAILWAY ROMANCE, A. Jean Blewett.....	81

	PAGE
RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.....	89, 175, 281, 375, 473, 566
RIGHTS OF MAN, THE. Rev. N. Burwash, S.T.D., LL.D.....	362
SAINT OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY, A. Mrs. W. E. Ross.....	179
SCARRED HAND, THE. Ellen Thomeycroft Fowler.....	74
SOCIAL SALVATION, THE PROBLEM OF. Rev. N. Burwash, S.T.D., LL.D.....	163
SONGS OF IRELAND. Molla O'Neill.....	557
SOME CHARACTERISTICS OF CURRENT "NEW THEOLOGY." Rev. E. H. Dewart, D.D.....	465
SPADE AS A COMMENTATOR, THE.....	555
ST. LOUIS WORLD'S FAIR.....	279
STONE, MISS ELLEN M.....	475
STUDENT'S CONVENTION, THE.....	375
SWEETNAM, LESLIE M., M.D.—THE BELOVED PHYSICIAN. Rev. N. Burwash, S.T.D., LL.D.....	127
SWORD OF THE LORD STILL EDGED, THE. Rev. J. T. L. Maggs, B.A., D.D.....	169, 259
SULTAN, THE CITY OF THE. Editor.....	3
THE WORLD A HUNDRED YEARS FROM NOW.....	162
TIMROD, HENRY. Arthur John Lockhart (Pastor Felix.).....	320
VICTORIA MEMORIAL, THE.....	559
VOYAGE OF PROBAL, THE.....	920
WEDDING RING, THE. Isabelle Horton.....	353
WEST LONDON MISSION, THREE MONTHS IN THE. Greta L. Finley.....	510
WHAT HAPPENED TO TED. Isabelle Horton.....	63
WHAT THE BELLS SAID. Isabelle Horton.....	256

POETRY.

ACCEPTABLE YEAR OF THE LORD, THE. Susan Coolidge.....	62
AS A LITTLE CHILD.....	539
ALIVE. Mary Lowe Dickinson.....	334
BALLAD OF THE TWO MARYS. Rev. Arthur John Lockhart.....	193
BIRDS OF THE CROSS, THE. Pastor Felix.....	201
CHRIST IS RISEN. May Riley Smith.....	311
DUST OF EMPIRE, THE.....	125
EASTER DAY.....	350
EASTER MESSAGES. Alice May Douglas.....	265
EASTER MORN. S. Jean Walker.....	319
EASTERTIDE. Zitella Cooke.....	255
EASTER VISION, THE.....	232
EMPTY TOMB, THE. Silas Salt.....	290
FIRST EPISTLE OF JOHN, THE. R. Walter Wright.....	447
FOUND FAITHFUL. S. E. Leeson.....	352
GOD'S BURIED WORKMEN. Rev. G. J. H. Northcroft.....	125
GOOD TRIUMPHANT. Harriet Warner Requa.....	132
GOSPEL OF JOHN, THE. R. Walter Wright.....	21
GREAT GREY KING, THE. Samuel V. Cole.....	560
HAVE FAITH IN GOD. Amy Parkinson.....	145
HEBER'S COMMUNION HYMN. Pastor Felix.....	355
ICEBERG, THE. Edward Sydney Tylee.....	439
LET DOWN YOUR NETS.....	181
LOVE'S LEADING. Amy Parkinson.....	168
MARCH.....	232
MARCH. Duncan Campbell Scott.....	194
MY OWN LOVED LAND. Pastor Felix.....	393
NEW YEAR, MARCHING SONG FOR THE.....	13
NEW YEAR, THE. Lucy Larcom.....	34
OUR FARMER KING. Robert Elliott.....	385
PEAN. Harold Begbie.....	481
PROGRESS. Llewellyn A. Morrison.....	366
RESURGAM. S. Jean Walker.....	352
"SACER JESI, CARE CRISTE." Pastor Felix.....	258
SECRET, THE. Harriet Beecher Stowe.....	513
"SO MUCH TO DO; SO LITTLE DONE!" Theodore Watts-Dunton.....	489
SOUTH AFRICA.....	337
STABAT MATER.....	289
SUNRISE. Mary E. Allbright.....	303
THINE AND MINE. Rudyard Kipling.....	457
TRIBUTE, A. Pastor Felix.....	50
TRUST. Amy Parkinson.....	50
UNSPOKEN, THE. Pastor Felix.....	365
"WHERE GLORY DWELLETH." Amy Parkinson.....	405
WINTER IN THE SIERRAS. Mary Austin.....	62
WISE MAN'S ADVANTAGE, THE. Lewis Frederick Starret.....	174

7-49-3-6
NOVEMBER and DECEMBER Numbers FREE to NEW SUBSCRIBERS

Methodist
Magazine and Review

W. H. Withrow, D.D., Editor

VOL. LV.
NO. 1.

JANUARY, 1902

\$2.00 Per Annum.
Single Copies, 20c.



THE LATE WAITLE EDWARD HART MASSEY.

(See p. 11)

TORONTO:
WILLIAM BRIGGS

HALIFAX:
S. F. HUESTIS

PUBLISHER

MONTREAL:
C. W. COATES

THE

Central Canada

LOAN
AND
SAVINGS
COMPANY

Corner King and Victoria Streets, Toronto
HON. GEO. A. COX, President

Capital \$2,500,000.00
Invested Funds 6,187,412.71

Savings Department

3½% Interest allowed on deposits, repayable on demand.
4% Interest allowed on debentures, repayable on sixty days' notice.

Government and Municipal Securities bought and sold.
Money to loan at lowest current rates on choice security.

E. R. WOOD,
Managing Director

F. W. BAILLIE,
Assistant Manager

IMPERIAL LIFE

Assurance Company of Canada

— HEAD OFFICE — TORONTO, CANADA —

Good Appointments

The Company is open to consider applications for District Agencies, there being a vacancy in each of the provinces for an intelligent, honorable and ambitious man who intends to make life insurance his life work.

Applications will also be considered for Local Agencies in such Towns and Villages in Canada in which the Company may be unrepresented.

All applications will be considered strictly confidential if so desired.

For full particulars apply to

A. H. FAIR, Prov. Man., Halifax, N.S.

W. J. MURRAY, Dist. Man., Toronto, Ont.

A. McN. SHAW, Prov. Man., St. John, N.B.

G. R. HAMILTON, Dist. Man., London, Ont.

E. S. MILLER, Prov. Man., Montreal, Que.

J. S. WALLACE, Prov. Man., Winnipeg, Man.

H. M. BODDY, Dist. Man., Ottawa, Ont.

J. W. W. STEWART, Prov. Man., Vancouver, B.C.

Or to

F. G. COX
Managing Director

J. O. McCARTHY
Supt. of Agencies

T. BRADSHAW, F.I.A.
Secretary & Actuary



THE WALLS OF CONSTANTINOPLE.
(Copyright.—From Grosvenor's "Constantinople." Little, Brown & Co., Boston.)

Methodist Magazine and Review.

JANUARY, 1902.

THE CITY OF THE SULTAN.*

BY THE EDITOR.



IT is very hard for Constantinople to live up to its reputation. Even Naples must yield the palm in rhapsody of description to the famous city of the Golden Horn. The calm pen of Professor Grosvenor is moved to enthusiasm. "These varied and winding shores," he says, "combine in the perfection of ideal terrestrial beauty. It embodies a panorama such as one who has never beheld it cannot conceive, and those who have seen it oftenest find it impossible to adequately describe. Moreover, all this vision of scenic loveliness is pervaded and enhanced by its halo of romantic and historic memories, which transform every rock and cliff and touch every inlet and ravine, till the most phlegmatic gazer vibrates with the thrill of ever-present associations."

From our own personal experience, we can bear record that this testimony is true. Never have we seen more magnificent view than that from the old Genoese Tower at Galata. The bold sweep of the Golden Horn, the deep blue Bos-

phorus, the Sweet Waters of Europe, the snowy minarets and marble domes, rising amid the vivid foliage of gigantic planes and palms, and the deep purple of the far Bythinian mountains, made the most august and impressive view which we have ever beheld.

During Professor Grosvenor's many years' residence in the city he seems to have had access to every place of interest, including many from which the passing tourist is excluded. It is not often that archaeology and description are made so interesting. The eloquence and poetic feeling of the book give it the fascination of romance.

Constantinople is one of the most cosmopolitan of cities. "The sign over a cobbler's shop," says Professor Grosvenor, "may be painted in half a dozen languages, and the cobbler within violate the rules of grammar in a dozen or more." The endless variety of national types, costumes, and customs on Galata Bridge, which is crossed by a hundred and fifty thousand people a day, is probably unequalled elsewhere in the world.

To him who is familiar with the stirring story of the past of Byzantium, its mouldering monuments are eloquent with old-time memories. Our author traces these from the days of Byzas, its founder, coeval with the founding of Athens and Rome. Its chief interest, how-

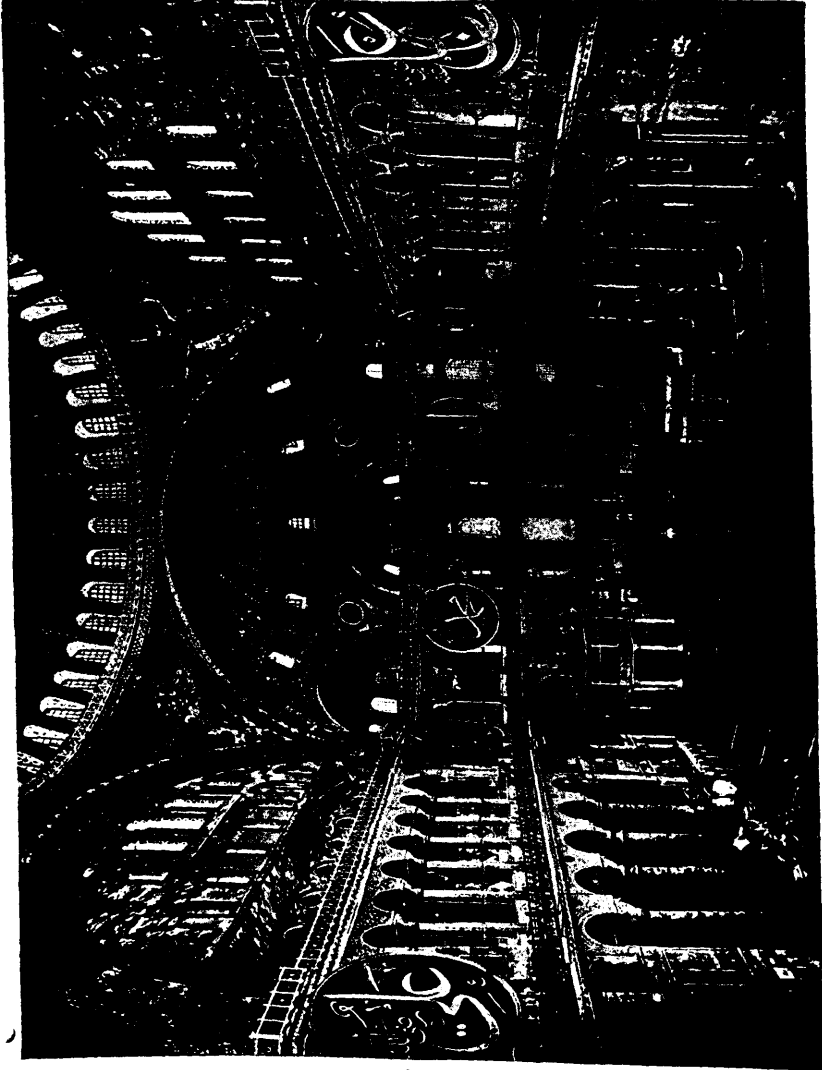
*Constantinople." By Edwin A. Grosvenor, Professor of European History at Amhurst College, etc. With an Introduction by General Lew Wallace. In two volumes. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. Svo. Pp. xvi xiii 811.

ever, is the fact that it was the first city distinctly Christian, erected by the first Christian emperor from the ruins of a vanquished paganism, and bearing for ever the name of the British-born conqueror, Con-

stantine the Great. For more than eleven hundred years Constantinople yielded but once to foreign attack—when she was sacked by the Latin Crusaders. For many long centuries she was the bulwark

of Europe against the assault of the Ottomans, till in 1453 this last barrier was broken down and the Turkish horde encamped on European soil.

To the shores of the Bosphorus,



INTERIOR OF ST. SOPHIA.
(Copyright.—From Grosvenor's "Constantinople." Little, Brown & Co., Boston.)

stantine the Great. For more than eleven hundred years Constantinople yielded but once to foreign attack—when she was sacked by the Latin Crusaders. For many long centuries she was the bulwark

according to tradition, came St. Andrew, preaching Christianity three years after the crucifixion. Here the stylite saint, Daniel, built his lofty pillar. On its narrow top he remained twenty-seven years

without once descending to the ground, enduring

“Rain, wind, frost, heat, hail, damp and
sleet and snow,
Battering the gates of heaven with storms
of prayer.”

Here Constantine, after his vision of the fiery cross in the heavens, built his new Rome, dedicated to the worship of Almighty God. Here in his presence were laid the foundations of Saint Sophia. Here, after being thrice destroyed, it was rebuilt by Justinian, and for nine hundred years was the most august church in Christendom, and for five hundred more the most august mosque in the world. Within its walls St. Chrysostom, the golden-mouthed, and St. Gregory Nazianzen, preached in the ancient tongue in which the Gospels were written, and here in cruel massacre the Crescent triumphed over the Cross. “O Solomon, I have surpassed thee,” said Justinian at its dedication, on Christmas Day, 537, as he looked on the great mosaic of the wise king of Israel.

The expenditure on the Church of Holy Wisdom was greater than for any other sanctuary ever reared to the glory of God. St. Peter's cost less than forty-eight million dollars; Sancta Sophia cost more than sixty-four millions. St. Peter's occupied in building 120 years, Notre Dame, in Paris, 72, St. Paul's 35, Sancta Sophia, erected a thousand years before St. Peter's, was completed within six years. It was the scene of the great ecclesiastical and state pageants of the Byzantine empire for a thousand years.

“In fadeless, incorruptible mosaic,” says Professor Grosvenor, “the whole of the Old and New Testament story, the life of the Holy Virgin, the sublime tales of martyrs and saints, who had won their crowns and in their footsteps guide the world up to glory,

streamed their priceless sermons everywhere on the rapt worshipper. When the sun was set the flames of six thousand silver lamps, tossed from the sacred glittering surface, ‘made the night,’ says Theophanes, ‘as brilliant as the day.’”

Though the crescent has superseded the cross on its lofty dome, it still retains its name of Holy Wisdom. Of the great mosaic, which for well-nigh fourteen hundred years has portrayed the figure of our Lord, the writer says: “The right hand, gentle

‘as when
In love and in meekness He moved among
men,’

is extended still in unutterable blessing, and in its comprehensive reach seems to embrace the stranger. Within the shadow one feels Christ is keeping watch above His own.”

Our author goes on to describe many other churches and mosques in the ancient city, with their often thrilling and romantic history. Among the most remarkable features of ancient Byzantium still remaining in the modern city is the Hippodrome.

This is a large square, occupying in part the site of the ancient circus, nine hundred feet long and four hundred and fifty feet broad. Here occurred those fierce conflicts between the red and green factions which at times almost convulsed the empire. In its centre rises an obelisk of Egyptian granite brought from Heliopolis. Its deeply-carved hieroglyphics and the Greek and Latin inscriptions at the base still speak of the past to the present in tongues almost forgotten of mankind. A considerable portion is concealed in the well-like enclosure around it, for the whole square has been raised to a considerable height by the accumulated debris of centuries. This column consists of three serpents



ONE OF THE CORRIDORS, ST. SOPHIA.

(Copyright.—From Grosvenor's "Constantinople." Little, Brown & Co., Boston.)

twined together, dates from the fifth century before Christ, and is alleged to have supported on its three serpent heads a golden tripod from the oracle of Delphi.

The Burnt Column, so named by the fires by which it was blackened and shattered, is a porphyry shaft, one hundred feet high, surrounded with copper rings. On its top once

stood the statue of Constantine the Great.

The "Cistern of One Thousand Columns" is a vast subterranean hall where rows upon rows of graceful Byzantine columns are seen in the dim light struggling through the openings in the roof. These rows of columns seemed always to radiate

from the point of view wherever one stood, till lost in the darkness. The entrance is by a narrow, dirty, ruinous stairway. It was probably once used as a reservoir, although now dry. On some of the pillars crosses were carved, indicating its Christian occupation at some time. In the dim light we found a number of ghost-like sink-winders spinning gold and silk thread, which they were anxious to sell us.

Taking a caique, a very light and frail sort of canoe, I was rowed with a friend up the Sweet Waters of Europe, a winding channel between meadows of bright green enamelled with many-coloured flowers spreading into acres of purple bloom, with elegant pavilions on either side, the favourite picnic grounds and refreshment booths of Moslem families. Hundreds of boats were gliding to and fro, conveying white-veiled figures from the harems of wealthy Moslems, often accompanied by the pleasant music of percussive or stringed instruments. Varied groups upon the shore, beneath the shadow of majestic walnut or plane trees, were listening to the monotonous singing or dramatic recitation of professional musician or story-teller. It seemed to be also a favourite amusement of the people to picnic among the graves in the vast cemeteries.

One of the most curious features of Constantinople is the multitude of masterless dogs that throng its ways. They seem to be the only scavengers of the city, and may be seen devouring the offal and garbage of the streets. I repeatedly found a dozen of them lying in groups, so lazy that they would hardly get up as one walked past or over them. They belong to no one, but each dwells in a district of its own, and should a neighbouring dog invade another's territory, the whole posse will violently assail and eject him.

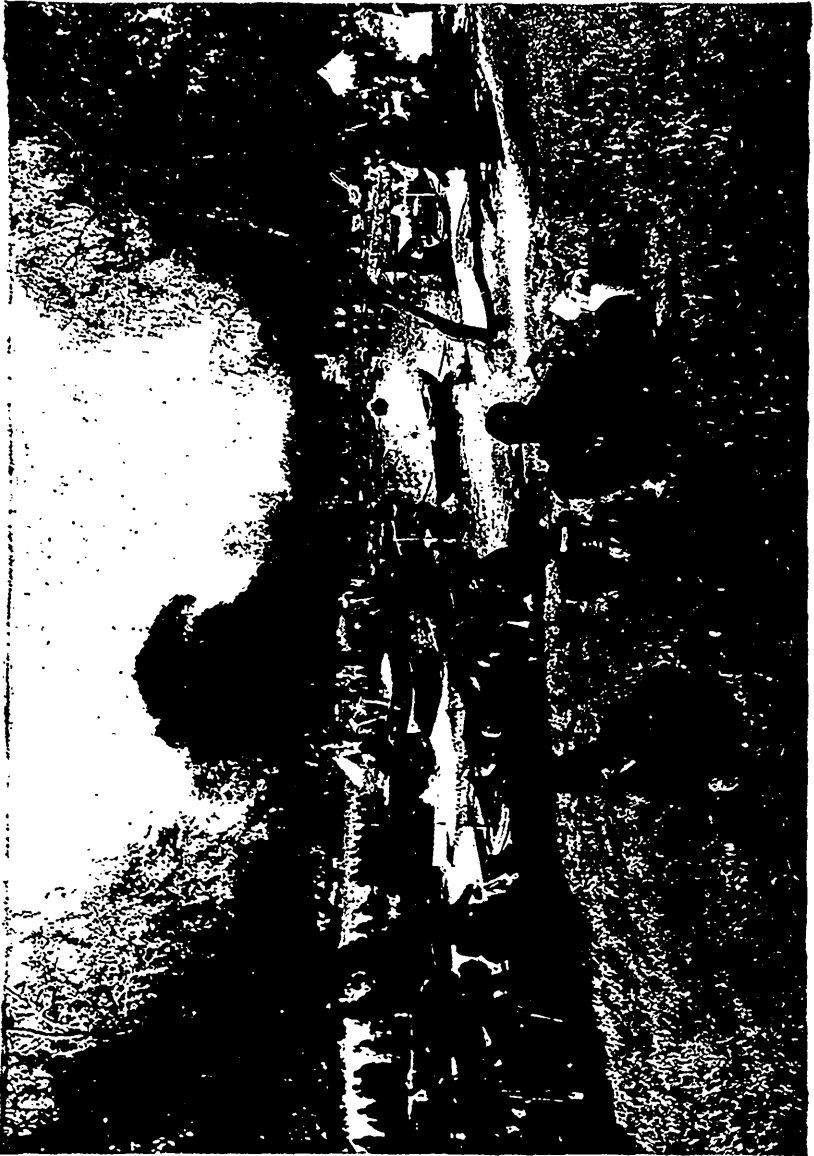
The most interesting and well-preserved relics of ancient Byzantium are its ramparts, walls and gates. The whole city was formerly enclosed by massive walls, once formidable in their strength. The entire circuit is about thirteen miles. On the water side they are extremely ruinous, but on the land side the solid triple walls, with their grass-grown moat and ramparts, still rise in melancholy majesty. They were founded by Constantine the Great, rebuilt in great part by Theodosius and his successors, and are composed chiefly of brick with courses and facings of stone. Time, sieges, and earthquakes have done their worst. They are studded with castellated mediæval towers of all shapes, polyangular, square and circular, often rent from top to bottom, or altogether fallen into the moat. The breaches made by catapult and battering-ram, and in later times by cannon, are still visible.

We stand by the city of Constantine, amidst the ruins of the fifth century, and beside the crumbling palace of the founder of Byzantium with its picturesque and broken arches, dowered with a melancholy beauty even in their decay. Both walls and towers are overgrown with trees and shrubs, and bound together with clinging parasitic plants which mantle with a veil of beauty their grim desolation. As recently as 1869, the late Sultan, Abdul Aziz, was about to sell these venerable relics of the past for the paltry sum of \$40, to be obtained by their demolition for building material. This act of vandalism was actually commenced when the British Minister interfered and prevented their destruction.

Without the walls are thousands upon thousands of Moslem graves, overshadowed by the sombre and melancholy cypresses. In the distance lie the blue Bythinian Mountains, and the whole scene recalls

vividly the many sieges and sorties of which this historic spot has been the scene. The walls are pierced

The Seven Towers were used by the Janissaries in the height of their power as a prison for the sultans



THE SWEET WATERS OF EUROPE.
 (Copyright. From Grosvenor's "Constantinople," Little, Brown & Co., Boston.)

by over thirty gates, ruinous, and of scant architectural pretensions. The most impressive is that known as "Seven Towers."

whom they dethroned. Seven sultans lost their lives in this place, as well as many other illustrious prisoners. A small open court where

heads were piled high as the wall, was called the "Place of Heads." A deep hole in the ground near by bears the significant name of "The Well of Blood." There was also a wall built by human bones raised as high as the wall of the fortress. These grim fortifications bring vividly before our minds the final conflict between the Crescent and the Cross for the possession of Byzantium.

"Through more than a thousand years," says Professor Grosvenor, "these walls were watched with scrupulous and unremitting care. Now they are venerable ruins, sublime and awful in their utter desolation and decay. Throughout their entire length lies the white line of Justinian's once well-paved Triumphal Way. At its side spreads to the west the continuous cemetery, sombre with its thousands of mournful cypresses and plane-trees. Nowhere in the world is there a promenade so pathetic, so dreary, so supremely sad, as this imperial broken highway, which reaches on mile after mile between ruins and a cemetery. Even the dust that stifles in the hot winds of summer, and mixes in deep, muddy sloughs all the winter through, is the dust of the dead. And yet the beauty of the scene, in the sunshine and amid the bursting life of spring, beheld through the transparent air, and under a sky of Ionian blue, is equal to its austere magnificence."

A chapter of weird interest is devoted to the mysteries and massacres of the Seraglio—"Beauty and anguish walking hand in hand the downward slope to death."

The historic associations of this ancient palace and treasure-house are thus described:

"All is at first silence and shade; empty desolate courts, where grass is growing between disused flag-stones, overshadowed by great trees centuries old, contemporaries

of the mighty Sultans of other days: black cypresses, as lofty as towers, plane-trees which have assumed weird forms, all distorted as they are with age, are still upheld merely by huge fragments of bark, and stoop forward like old men.

"Then come the galleries; colonnades in the antique Turkish style; the verandas, still retaining their quaint frescoes, in which the Sultan deigned to receive the ambassadors of Europe. This spot, fortunately, is not open to profane visitors, it is not yet haunted by idle tourists, and behind its lofty walls it retains a mysterious peace. It is still stamped with the impress of bygone glories.

"Crossing the first courts we leave on the right impenetrably-closed gardens, from which emerge amongst groves of cypress, ancient kiosks, with closed windows, the residences of imperial widows, of aged princesses, who are to end their days in a secluded retreat on one of the most beautiful sites in the whole world.

"All round about us are ancient white buildings, which contain all the rarest, the most valuable treasures of Turkey—first, the kiosk, closed even to the faithful, in which the mantle of the prophet is preserved in a case studded with precious stones; then the kiosk of Bagdad, lined with Persian porcelains, now of priceless value; then the Imperial treasury, also of gleaming whiteness, with grated windows like those of a prison, the iron gates of which will presently be opened to allow me to enter.

"No cave of Ali Baba ever contained such riches! For eight centuries matchless precious stones and priceless marvels of art have been hoarded up here. Here are weapons of every period, from that of Yenghis Khan to that of Mohammed, weapons of silver and weapons of gold, loaded with precious stones; collections of golden



TURKISH LADY WITH YASHMAK OR VEIL.

(Copyright.—From Grosvenor's "Constantinople." Little, Brown & Co., Boston.)

chests of every size and every style, some covered with rubies, others with diamonds or sapphires, some actually cut out of a single great

emerald resembling an ostrich's egg; coffee services, flagons, and ewers of antique forms of exquisite beauty."

The imperial and imperious Sultans of romance and legend no longer haunt these former abodes of pride and pomp and sybaritic luxury. But, instead, we catch glimpses, in closed carriages, on the Galata Bridge, and at the Sweet Waters of Europe and Asia, of veiled figures, whose tenuous yashmaks reveal rather than conceal the beauty of their wearers.

It is very amusing to observe the efforts made to seclude the Turkish ladies from observation. On the railway trains they are confined in closed apartments, at whose door the conductor knocks and waits till they get their veils adjusted, before he enters to collect the tickets. On the steamers they are penned within a canvas enclosure, and at the landings they scuttle like frightened pigeons across the gangway to a similar one on the wharf. My dragoman frequently warned me not even to look toward the women's apartments. I have seen a girl in Palestine veil herself as our horses approached. Even the missionaries' wives in Moslem villages find it best to conform to this usage, and in the mission churches a high partition separates the sexes.

The lives of the Turkish women, thus cut off from intelligent intercourse with mankind, become narrowed, their minds dwarfed and shrivelled. They beguile the tedium of the harem by smoking nargilehs, eating candy, listening to professional story-tellers or minstrels, in gossip and intrigue. Ladies who have had the entree to the privacy of a palace say that they sometimes possess much beauty, some intelligence, and an intimate acquaintance with the latest Paris fashions.

Standing on the bridge across the Golden Horn one will note the great variety of figures passing by—Turkish ladies in yellow silk,

whose gauzy and transparent yashmaks reveal rather than conceal their pale faces and brilliant eyes; Turks in military costume and scarlet fez; merchants in Frank dress; young officers in brilliant uniform; soldiers with great brass gorgets on their breasts; White-wimpled nuns, passing in pairs; ladies in European dress; Turks in fur-lined cloaks with huge green turbans, indicating that they have made the long pilgrimage to Mecca.

On a steamboat on the Bosphorus I made the acquaintance of a very intelligent Turkish gentleman, a physician, who gave a most interesting account of the attempt to establish constitutional government in Constantinople. A Parliament was convened at the very time that the treaty of Constantinople was signed. It consisted of two houses—an appointed Senate and an elected Lower House. When the cannon was fired at the opening of this Parliament the Turkish Commissioner, who was negotiating the treaty with the great powers, said: "There, gentlemen, is the beginning of a Constitutional Government in Turkey." But the Parliament soon began to ask inconvenient questions, and to use the expressive language of my Turkish friend, who felt the force of good strong English slang, "they were incontinently fired out and never allowed in again."

The palaces of the Bosphorus are of white plaster covered with stucco flowers, with latticed windows, and are surrounded by gardens, whose roses filled the air with their fragrance. The Sultan's palace is overladen with ornaments in most debased rococo style. Around the harem garden was a jealous wall forty feet high.

Professor Grosvenor gives the best account we have anywhere



TURKISH LADY, INDOOR COSTUME.

(Copyright.—From Grosvenor's "Constantinople." Little, Brown & Co., Boston.)

seen of the priceless archaeological treasures, brought from many lands, of the Imperial Museum. He was furnished every facility for

their study. The present writer was very much hampered in his investigations in 1892. At the Imperial Museum the custodians

would not allow him to write a single line in his note-book, and such a thing as photographing was unheard of. Even the soldiers of the Galata Bridge and elsewhere were very obstructive.

Among the treasures was a unique inscribed stone style or slab from the temple of Herod at Jerusalem, which stood in the temple court, whose rescript threatened death to all Gentile intruders within the sacred precincts. This must have often been seen by our Lord when He visited the temple. So careless was the Sublime Porte of these treasures that for fourteen

years this monument of such unique interest was forgotten in a dark cellar, and only by accident was rediscovered.

The most exquisite high-relief sculpture I ever saw, surpassing even that of the tomb of Maximilian at Innsbruck, was the so-called tomb of Alexander, probably made by Lysippus at the command of Alexander for his friend Clytus, whom he had slain in a fit of passion. My notes of this are necessarily imperfect, because the custodian of the museum peremptorily interrupted all use of pencil or paper.

MARCHING SONG FOR THE NEW YEAR.

March along, brothers! There's no time for grieving;
Let each man buckle his harness more taut,
Losses are gains, if by losses achieving
Wisdom, at last we shall fight as we ought.

Up the long slope of the year did we clamber:
We saw from afar this uttermost crest—
Thought, as we saw it in purple and amber,
"Yon steep summit gained, perhaps we shall rest."

Now—night and labour! bellowing thunder—
Blackness of darkness—the shouts of the foe!
March along, brothers! Divide not asunder—
Man should touch man in the dark as ye go.

'Tis but the last ridge of one of the ranges
To be scaled ere we reach the City of God.
Then, *wons to rest in!* Ah! Who exchanges
'The Now for the Then treads where the saints trod!

Keep the course easterly, tow'rd the new morning:
There the star burns, and soon comes the sun!
March along, brothers! The night is the warning
That day is at hand, and triumph begun.

—*Alfred H. Vine, in Methodist Times.*

ON THE THRESHOLD.

We are standing on the threshold, we are in the open door,
We are treading on a border-land we have never trod before;
Another year is opening, and another year is gone,
We have passed the darkness of the night; we are in the early morn;
We have left the fields behind us o'er which we scattered seed;
We pass into the future, which none of us can read.
The corn among the weeds, the stones, the surface mould,
May yield a partial harvest; we hope for sixtyfold.
Then hasten to fresh labour, to reap and thresh and sow;
Then bid the New Year welcome, and let the Old Year go.
Then gather all your vigour; press forward in the fight;
And let this be your motto—"For God and for the Right!"

—*Lucy Larcom.*



THE LATE WALTER EDWARD HART MASSEY.
Born April 4th, 1861. Died October 25th, 1901.

THE LESSONS OF A LIFE.*

W. E. H. MASSEY.

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

LIVES are measured by deeds, not years. And in the final judgment all deeds will be estimated, not by the place which they fill in the newspaper

page, but by their moral worth. Moral character is the divine standard of value, whether found in the use of one talent or of the ten. Character is indeed often dependent on years of experience for its gradual perfection and its complete testing, but at times the providence of God brings forth its rarest perfection of work in a few brief years, and then transfers its polished gem to a higher sphere.

The course of a man's life is determined first of all by the opportunities or talents which fall to him in the order of Divine Providence. Physical strength, mental endowments, liberal education, wise moral and religious direction, abundant wealth, a position of far-reaching influence over his fellowmen, these constitute a man's responsibilities, not his deserts. Even when attained in whole or in part by his own exertions, they do not in themselves constitute moral value, and they leave character still to be judged. But while we recognize this, we must also recognize that a man's opportunities as well as his fidelity enter into the final estimate.

These two sides of moral judgment are clearly set forth by our Lord in the two distinct parables of the talents. In one parable the

opportunities are equal and the results proportioned to fidelity. One pound gained ten, another five, another two. In the other case the opportunities varied; to one was given five talents, to another two, to another one. Here in each case the commendation for fidelity is the same. "Well done, good and faithful servant: because thou hast been faithful over a few things I will make thee ruler over many things, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." But at the end the buried talent is transferred to him that had the ten talents. The greater responsibility involved more perfect fidelity as well as ability.

The life whose lessons we seek to learn this morning was one of the richest opportunities and the largest responsibilities, as well as of the highest fidelity. Its example is therefore rarely impressive and instructive. It was a life which touched almost all the most difficult moral and social problems of our age, and perhaps came as near to the Christian solution of those problems as men have yet attained. It is, therefore, a life which invites and even commands the careful study of all Christian business men.

For the life-work which lay before him, Mr. Massey's gifts and opportunities were rarely rich. On his father's side he inherited the talents of generations of men conspicuous for intelligent enterprise, energy, and success in business. On his mother's side he was heir to an ancestral line not less distinguished for piety and the social and domestic virtues. In his own

* A Memorial Address, given at the Central Methodist Church, Toronto, November 10th, 1901.

person the two were combined in full measure. From childhood he showed a genius for mechanical work and delight in every form of scientific knowledge and experiment. A chemical laboratory, a telegraph line constructed by his own hands, and photography, were some of the forms in which this genius of the boy developed itself. For such recreations as these the common sports and delights of boyhood were all forsaken.

In his home he found that which filled up the quickly-passing years of boyhood, and thus the blessed influences of a mother's pure love and deep piety wrought their refining and sanctifying work without touch of the outer world's hardening and too often defiling contact. This was doubtless the secret of that rare refinement, that delicacy of taste, and gentle kindness of manner, the beauty of which all who knew him admired, and the power of which all could not but feel.

At the same time the foundations of religious life were so well and deeply laid that at twelve years of age, just as he was stepping out into the larger school life, he publicly took his stand for Christ, entered by personal experience into the rest and peace of God's children, became an acknowledged member of the Church of God, and thus fully entered upon that religious life from which, for twenty-five years, he never turned aside. It was indeed a noble triumph of a mother's loving prayers and teaching that just as the boy was passing out of sheltered home into school and college life, she sent him forth a Christian in the truest and fullest sense of the term.

Nor was his religion of the feeble nothouse character, which withers under the first rude blast from the outside world. Within a year of his public profession of Christ, we find him already busy with that

active Christian work from which to the time of his last illness no pressure of business life ever deterred him. He almost immediately became the leader of a band of boys of his own age for the cultivation of religious life and experience, prayer and the study of God's Word, at the same time taking part in the promotion of the principles of temperance among his youthful companions. The lines of active Christian work thus marked out for himself when, like Samuel, a mere lad, he followed up with unfaltering zeal and fidelity until God's higher call came to him.

The eight years, from twelve to twenty, were among the important formative influences of his life, his school and college days. He was first sent to the public school, and then to the Brooks' Military Academy, where his preparation for the university was to be completed.

The type of school in which he was placed is one very largely recognized in the educational work of the United States and of England, although in Canada it has not obtained the same general recognition. A school under the moral and religious influence of the Christian Church, presided over by an educator who, like Arnold or Thring, moulds the entire character of the school by the force of his personal, moral and religious, as well as social and intellectual life, a school which is largely residential, and in which the pupils form an enlarged family community, a school world of their own, is a most powerful moral, as well as intellectual, factor in education.

Nearly all the strongest men in English history have been moulded in such schools. In a former generation the same was true in Canada, and in the United States they still do an important work. No mere place where a certain amount

of technical knowledge can be secured can take the place of such a school as an educative force, developing the whole character and powers of the growing man. To conduct such a school demands the consecrated life of the highest type of man. It requires talents and culture such as would secure success in any line of life. The rewards are not such as would attract the worldly mind. Neither present fame nor fortune are to be acquired in such a work. The demands upon time, energy, patience, and faith are most exhausting. He who would succeed here must lay aside all other care, and forego almost all the social pleasures of life. His must be in the truest and highest sense the care of souls, and of souls in the most important and susceptible period of their life. But the results are not an earthly object of ambition, but a heavenly prize of eternal reward.

To such a school was entrusted this gifted, sensitive, eager lad, as he stepped over the threshold of a loving Christian home to test himself in the arena of the outer world. Of this school life we have no striking reminiscences. There is only a record of steady growth to manhood, of rapid acquisition of scientific knowledge, of eager love of scientific pursuits, of growing literary taste, of developed strength, of moral manhood, and, above all, of unswerving fidelity to the obligations of a religious life, until at twenty years of age he enters the university, with a broad foundation of thorough scholarship, with the spirit and manners of a true gentleman, and with a strength of Christian manhood which placed his moral future beyond peradventure.

Happily indeed is that godly mother who thus sees her son step forth from her side, and knows in her heart neither doubt nor fear as to his course in life; that come in the future to her boy triumphant

success, or only hard struggle and lifelong toil, of one thing she is certain—he will do his duty, and not fail in the day of temptation. With such proud confidence an aged mother still remembers the outgoing of her boy years ago. "I never had a fear that he would yield to temptation," are still her words of remembered faith.

Let me say a word to mothers to whom God has given the care of precious souls, as we review the lessons of this beautiful life. Remember the true nobility of your work. There is no greater work than this. Politics, business, literature, social life, are all light weight when weighed in the balance with this work. The women who aspire after dazzling earthly ambitions, and clamour for a place beside men in the public fields of life, are making every one of them the mistake of a life. The mother whose heart is filled with the loving cares of her own home, whose sympathetic energies are all centred in the well-being of the boys and girls whom God has entrusted to her care, and who, out of a patient, quiet, unostentatious life gives to the world its great, good men, has accomplished infinitely more in the eye of God than all leaders of society, the queens of fashion, or the advocates of women's rights, that have ever lived.

The seat of woman's queenly power is in her home, and thence she rules the world to come with a sceptre of almost infinite potency over the hearts and lives of her children. Her white hairs in after years will be a crown of glory before which strong men will not be ashamed to bow with reverent, loving regard, and her face will ever be radiant with the beauty of holy character and the purity of heavenly love, while the withered votaries of fashion drag out a miserable old age in envious regrets

and repinings over the pleasures which they have lost forever. The children of the virtuous woman rise up and call her blessed.

A young man's college days mark the third great epoch of his life. It is true that college days come only to a few, perhaps to one in two hundred in the Province of Ontario. To the great majority of our boys the pathway leads from the school directly to business, and their education is completed in the immediate preparation for practical life. Nor is this practical form of education to be despised as if it were inferior to the college life. If college life makes us either unpractical dreamers, unfit for business life, or snobs afraid to soil our hands with hard work, then it is a curse rather than a blessing. The complete outfit and the full development of the practical man, fit for the business of life, is not only essential, but it is the goal, the summit of all other education. Without it all other education is a failure.

But when we have said this, we must still assert that the college education has its place in the full development of the young man, to whom God gives its opportunities. Its great end is not the imparting of new or more extensive knowledge for the practical purposes of life, although incidentally it may do this. It rather perfects all knowledge by carrying us down to the deeper reasons of things. Whether in the field of nature, or in that of human life, or in the field of literature, or of the inner consciousness, it seeks for force which operates and for laws which direct, and in this search it calls out the highest powers of intellect. To the active, inquiring mind, the knowledge gained is at least the source of intense satisfaction. It often becomes, further, the means of enlarged utility, and in our day almost every form of human work

has become dependent on this higher knowledge for its advanced methods and most perfect results. The university may well be thus an important element in the preparation of men for practical life. In fact, it need not and should never fail in this.

In his twentieth year Mr. Massey entered Boston University. This institution, then still in its youth, was planted by Methodism in the midst of the oldest and ripest culture of the American continent to maintain, side by side with the highest and most advanced learning, the spirit and power of evangelical Christianity. This evangelical and Methodist spirit made it a congenial home for such an active young Christian, and we have never heard him speak except in terms of pleasure of his residence within college halls. At the same time, under such men as Dr. Warren and Dr. Bowne, Dr. Lindsay, and others, there was opened up to his keen intellectual vision at least an outline of all the problems of the present-day world, and he was speedily gaining that higher grasp and that broader vision and that liberal sympathy which distinguishes the truly educated man.

He had scarcely proceeded more than midway in his college course when an event took place which compelled a change in his plans of life. The death of an elder brother, who was now his father's helper in business, called for his speedy return home to enter business life. This became a call of duty to the young collegian, to which he at once responded.

With a younger brother he made a journey around the world, quietly enjoying the sunny climes, the beautiful scenery, and the historic memories of all the world's oldest seats. This year was a very rich completion of Mr.

W. E. H. Massey's education, and one of which he made abundant use in the later years of his active work.

The transition from school and college days to the settled work of life is the crucial point in the career of all young men. To none is this transition more dangerous than to the one who has before him the dazzling prospect of large wealth. To most of us, hard necessity is the only safe master, and stern poverty is our faithful friend. We betake ourselves to the work of life, not as a noble ambition or a high duty, but because we must. With many young men years of life are wasted and a fortune is squandered before the great lesson of work is learned. Blessed is he who enters upon life with the earnest and steadfast determination to make something worthy of that life, not in pleasure, but in service. Still more blessed is he whose purpose in life is of the highest and best, who finds the true place which God intended him to fill.

We think no one can doubt that Mr. Massey found that place, and was led to it by the very highest ideals and motives. The earnest, conscientious religious character of the boy now determined once for all the career of the man. Life to him was real and earnest. It was the sphere of duty. It was the field of service for God and humanity. From this point on, life centred around three great things—home, church, business. If I have estimated the man aright, not one of these was taken up as a task, nor yet as a mere personal gratification, but under a high and intelligent sense of responsibility, in which a loving heart and active spirit, and a broad and cultured mind with great capacity for work, found its scope and satisfaction.

Of his home life, the members of his church, and especially its young men, know something.

They were most freely made to share its tasteful beauty, its wealth of intellectual treasures, and its quiet, simple Christian spirit. Uniting the fortunes of his life with a noble Christian woman, they exerted their united ability, taste and heart in the building of an ideal home. In that home the children were the most precious treasure. Of that home, religion was the controlling law, and all who entered it would say that it was a paradise upon earth, a perfectly beautiful and holy home. And yet its glories are such as are within the reach of God's lowly children—love, truth, sincerity, intelligence, good taste, and religion.

Most young men look to the building of a home of their own as the ambition of their life, and to build such a home as his was in itself a great life-work. Conspicuous in that home was the fact that he gave to it not mere money. That was freely and abundantly given. But to it he gave himself, his love, thought, and time; he found in his home the supreme delight of his life, and his presence was in that home the central thing which made it a noble Christian home. O fathers, what a mistake of life are you making if you let politics, business, clubs, dissipation, rob your home of its due share of your presence and life. What a mistake if the money you spend on your homes is forced from a grudging soul, and the few hours you give it are filled with grumbling and the irritation of a weary brain. Home should stand in a chief place, nay, in the very chiefest place, in the life of every man and woman. This is God's law. We should think, and work, and live, and long for home, and take our full heart's joy in it when we get back to it from the toils of daily life.

A second element in Mr. Massey's life was the Church of God.

To his mind and life the Church was neither a narrow sectarian conventicle nor an irksome piece of duty. It was a large and delightful side of life, viewed and lived with broad and intelligent understanding of its full significance. He was both by education and intelligent conviction a Methodist, but it was not narrow sectarian prejudice and ambition which bound him to his Church, but Christian sympathy with all her work. His own clear, old-fashioned Methodist experience, gained as we have seen when a boy at the penitent bench, made him sympathize with her evangelistic work, and made him especially prize the class and prayer-meeting. His pastor always found in him a loyal, generous, sympathetic friend. He had a clear grasp of the financial interests of the church, and gave them not only liberal aid, but also wise business-like direction and oversight. Office in the church was to him a responsibility.

But one field in the work of the church he made peculiarly his own. The care of young men. Once I asked him for aid to a young Indian student who came to college without means. Next day came a prompt response, enclosing a cheque for sevenfold the amount I had asked, in the name of himself, his brother and sister, with these words: "I will always be glad if you will let me know of such a case, where I may usefully give help to a worthy young man."

But his interest in young men was not to be measured by money. With delightful energy and wonderful success he worked personally for the upbuilding of an intelligent, Christian young manhood. His motto, like McCheyne's (whom in many points he resembled), was "Beaten oil for the sanctuary." Hours of time every week, with all the resources of his educated mind,

and his costly library, were not too much to give to his weekly class for Bible study. In this work he was a master, and it will be no easy matter to find his successor.

This spirit, which sought out and found and gave heart and life to the work for which God had specially fitted him, is the New Testament and Apostolic rule: "Having gifts differing according to the grace that was given to us, whether prophecy, let us prophesy according to the proportion of the faith; or ministry, let us give ourselves to our ministry; or he that teacheth, to his teaching; or he that exhorteth, to his exhorting; he that giveth, let him do it with liberality; he that ruleth, with diligence; he that showeth mercy, with cheerfulness" (Revised Version). Few men fulfilled this law of Christian service more faithfully, and the example of his life should lead each one of us to seek and find, and fill our place in the Church of God.

Of his business life, others are better qualified to speak than I. Of his energy, his thoroughness, his broad grasp of fundamental principles, his integrity and his capacity, able business men are the most competent judges. I would refer only to a single point. The great variety, as well as the magnitude of his business interests, brought him into contact with the most serious social problems of our modern industrial age. He was a large capitalist; he was a great captain of industry, controlling thousands of workmen. He was a distributor as well as a producer. He thus stood in relation to a vast army of labour on the one side, and to almost the whole world of consumers on the other. On the one side were men calling for better wages for their work, on the other consumers calling for cheaper goods. Only strong men, men of iron, are able to stand for any length of time between these

giant forces. A few such men have successfully beat back both forces, controlled them to their purposes, and accumulated fortunes, of which the world hitherto has known no precedent.

The success of such men is due, first, to the advantage of their position; second, to their ability to direct safely and energetically great business affairs; and lastly to the iron will which, with inflexible purpose, pursues its object, the accumulation of wealth. The opportunity and the ability both came to Mr. Massey. But I think the strength of his business purpose was not to multiply wealth, but to do right. That with his judgment of the right each of these vast opposing interests should always be satisfied is not to be expected in the struggle and conflict of human interests. But as he passes out from us, I think the unprejudiced verdict of every thinking man will be, that few men have ever more successfully combined fidelity to the safety of all interests with justice to all interests, and the kindly consideration of all interests.

The failure of such business interests would be a calamity to every working man and to the

country. The safety and strength of the business must be a supreme concern, not for his own sake, but for that of all related thereto. If, in securing that object, a surplus accumulated, no one can say that it was not distributed with a liberal, unselfish regard to the highest well-being both of the people more directly concerned, as well as of the whole country.

In this Christian spirit of justice and broad philanthropy, rather than in any patent device of the theorist, lies, we think, the true solution of these great problems of our age. Not by industrial war, but by wise, kindly co-operation on a basis of mutual justice, will the world's best interests be secured, and of this principle Mr. Massey's life was a notable example. It was this, together with the beautiful proportion of his life, which enabled him to combine the love of home, religion and business in such rarely perfect unity. And to-day the record of his life stands out as a monument, of which his children may be proud, which is an honour to his church and his country, and a most noble and useful example to young men the world over.

THE GOSPEL OF JOHN.

BY R. WALTER WRIGHT.

It is the voice of the Almighty Word,
 Creator of the worlds, on earth made known
 In mortal flesh, through which there dazzling shone
 His glory. Men thrilled, enchanted, heard
 His words of truth, and grace, and in them stirred
 Longings unutterable for Him alone;
 And loyal to His person and His throne,
 With chains of love have sought the world to engird.
 O gospel of the Son of God! thou art
 The eagle hovering o'er Redemption's heights;
 The infinite pure azure of the heart
 Of God, with all its tenderness above;
 Beneath, where thou dost rest thee from thy flights,
 The heaven-lit peaks of Life and Truth and Love.
 Beamsville, Ont.

MORAL MOMENTUM OF METHODISM. *

BY THE REV. DR. CARMAN,

General Superintendent of the Methodist Church.



MOMENTUM carries two elements of power, weight and velocity. When the velocity is great, though the weight be small, there is effect; for instance, the rifle or cannon-ball. When the mass or weight is great, though the velocity be small, there is effect; for example, the glacier or iceberg. So a rifle-ball is good in its place, and may do what the glacier or million-ton landslide could not accomplish. And the grinding glacier or ploughing iceberg will reduce the rocky barriers, and pulverize the granite ledge or battlemented mountains into the fertile plain, when sharpest Minie or most ponderous Krupp would be of little use. But what will you do without either weight or velocity?

There are some very nice things in the world, and in their way harmless, even if not particularly necessary or useful, to which you can give neither of these elements of power. They will never be guilty of either weight or velocity. Such a beautiful thing is a feather, One of them can choke a man, but a hundred of them would not make a cannon-ball. One of them may make an ornament, a thousand of them a pillow, and a million of them a bed; a nice thing to look at or sleep on, but not the thing for rugged work, aggressive toil, heroic warfare; not the thing for labourers and conquerors. Old King William in his shaken chair and bed

would have no cushions, plush and finery. "They were not the stuff," he said, "for valiant, robust Hohenzollerns." Going softly, and mincing as they go, living deliciously and clad in purple, are not in the Bible written of the Church of God, or of the saints of the Most High.

And jelly, unguents, pulp, and pomatum are nice things in their way and have their uses. They are not bad for the delicate, and even for dandies. They make simpering and superficialism gliding and enduring. They are sometimes refreshing in the chambers of the sick, or soothing to the couch of the dying. They can make the soft softer; the gentle, gentler; and the weak, weaker. But they will do the work of neither weight nor velocity. They are good for the hospital and infirmary, though scarcely the thing for the active campaign and the battle-field. It is somewhat too bad when the whole army is in the hospital, on perfume and gruel; the whole labouring gang in the infirmary, on broth and disinfectants. It is hard when the troops and toilers are all down to jelly and olive oil. They must have had a sore fight, a terrible defeat, a crushing fatigue, or been smitten with fell disease. Perhaps they were caught sleeping upon their arms; or perhaps miasma or foul water swept the camp with cholera or typhus.

It is a strange church that has "carded" all of its fibre into floss, or danced all its joy into gelatine. It is scarcely ready for the hard knocks and sharp thrusts implied

in the cleansing of the heart and life from sin, and the subjugation of the world to Christ by the way of the cross. It may be ready to fight the "dogma" battle, or the "ritual" battle, or the "hierarchy and apostolic succession" battle, or the "form and ceremony" battle; but some of the wickedest and bloodiest men the world has seen have relentlessly and savagely fought these battles. There is a better way, when the soul is humbled before God by the terror of its own crime and the enormity of its own guilt, and proves this salvation is great and omnipotent because it saves such a soul. "It must be omnipotent, for it saves me," is the argument. There is a better way, when the machinations of sin are frustrated, and the structures of selfishness and pride are demolished by the sharp two-edged sword of the Eternal Word.

There is a better way, when the Ajax of the Gospel, not skilled in the dainty touch of the finger or the artful shuffle of the hand, but with an arm like a Hercules, well poised, hurls the metal of divine truth, swift-winged and straight-aimed by the Holy Ghost, upon the glittering and tasselled helmets of iniquity and wrong. Oil and balm, to be sure, after the wounding; but first let the flying shaft go crushing through the tinsel and false defences. If we would build up character have a robust and prolific religion, and achieve the ends for which Christ died, the best way is a gospel of spiritual force, of divine energy, to produce men of fibre and fire.

What a church-life, that is for ever asking, "Is this indulgence any harm? Is this selfish gratification any sin? How far can I go toward evil and maintain among men my consistency? How far can I argue and descend toward hell and yet not slip into it? How much worldly pleasure can I enjoy,

what slackness can I allow myself, the natural mind, and keep my religion and get to heaven? And if it weren't that I believe there is a hell to which the evil tends, it is not much I would trouble myself about the truth on earth or the heaven of glory."

In view of such a gospel and such a church-life, what a barren thing the Atonement must be! How little satisfaction spiritual-mindedness must bring to the believer in Christ! What an ado about nothing for Christ to die for sin, when sin on its prettier side and upper crust is, after all, so harmless, indeed, so beautiful! You are all right, forsooth, if you do not break through the "upper crust" and tumble into the steaming, stenchful pits beneath. How vain the self-denial and agony of the Lord Jesus, and the zeal, labours, privations and afflictions of the holy apostles! What poor occupation for the mind are the doctrines of God's Word and the developments of His providence! What poverty-stricken amusements for an eternity-bound soul are the social means of grace and the behests and employments of a Christian beneficence. How much better are the ways, maxims and delights of the world, so long as enough religion can be thrown over them to keep them fairly respectable!

It all may be so; but does that bring up a church to the conceptions of genuine Methodism, to the ideal and aim of the Holy Scriptures? Wesley, not that we would like to say Christ and the apostles, may have been mistaken. The fathers of our Methodism may have been mistaken. But in the providence of God, Methodism, as Dr. Paley says of Christianity, is a fact. Methodism, by their labours, self-denials and sacrifices; by their denunciations of sin and their proclamations of holiness; by their condemnation of things that some

would be pleased to allow, and their encouragement of things that many now neglect, has acquired momentum. In God's wonderful goodness it has both weight and velocity. It is not a pulp, that bespatters everything if moved quickly; it is not a feather, that falls harmless when hurled with energy into the air. By the grace of God it ploughs in the movements of the century like a resplendent glacier. By the power of the Holy Spirit it crashes through obstacles to revival like a cannon-ball. So may it continue.

The mind of the writer was set upon this train of reflection by a Sabbath's ministrations to a grand congregation of Methodist people in one of our country circuits, and his involuntary contrast of it with what he knew of some other places. And how, when there were only about four hundred people, were they a "grand congregation," considering we have congregations of sixteen hundred and two thousand and over? To come direct to a focal answer, this congregation had produced many Gospel ministers; and it was but one band in a section of the country that had sent them forth in the Master's name by scores. The region round about had produced enough Boanerges and Barnabases for a Conference, and had enriched every Conference in our Canadian Methodism.

But is this the only end of the Church's existence, to raise up and send forth ministers? Is it not a grand work to lead forth earnest, intelligent laymen, devoted Sabbath-school workers, and consecrated toilers in other fields? Is it not potent, prolific Christianity when a central church colonizes into mission churches, and plants and sustains outposts for the kingdom of Christ? Be it observed, in reply, that the churches that are so truly living and energetic are also training ministers of the Gospel.

They have bands of devoted toilers from which ministers arise.

Further, let us answer this question with another. What kind of a church is it, though large, learned, wealthy and refined, that does not raise up and send forth ministers of God? How much divine energy, if there be no "Here am I, send me"? If all churches were like some opulent, beautiful and luxurious churches, bringing forth and training up no consecrated warriors of the cross, what would become of our Methodism except what has happened to the proud, the gay and the dissolute since the beginning of the world? If all were like the more zealous and meeker sort, birthplaces and training-schools of soldiers in the fight and labourers in the vineyard, how long would it be till Jesus Christ had His own, and the uttermost parts of the earth were His possession?

Why must the Church of God, as soon as it becomes a little wealthy, become also luxurious and sluggish? Why must the Church of God as it becomes learned, become also proud, indifferent to spiritual life, and indolent? There is no good reason it ever should have been thus, and there is no necessity that it should be so to-day. But there is only one remedy. Consecration! Consecration! If wealth comes upon us, as always it must come by the Christian life under the Christian covenant, we must avoid and avert its damning power, its softening, enfeebling and corrupting energy, only by offering it up to God and using it as He would have us use it. The living God, not selfish indulgence, must be in our wealth as well as our knowledge. By self-denial and liberality riches may become a ministrant to spiritual power and enhance the glory of eternal life.

If learning comes upon us, and it must always come to awakened and

truth-loving and truth-seeking souls, its harmful and fatal derelictions may be avoided by laying all acquisitions on the altar of the cross, and in meekness of humility making all attainments subservient to the work of God. Knowledge alone puffeth up, but knowledge controlled by love buildeth up; that is, it becometh part of the material, and only a part, wherewith love buildeth up a noble character. There is no need that either wealth or learning should bring us into softness and sin, and alienate us from God. By as much as they do this they destroy our moral momentum. By as much as they do this thing, by so much we admit and prove our apostasy and tendency to worldliness and irreligion. The opportunity has been given again and again, and the experiment tried over and over, of putting the means of the conversion of the world into the hands of the Church, and likely shall have to be repeated till selfishness and selfish religion shall have been overcome, and faith's triumph shall have been consummated.

Christians must become true enough, Christ-like enough, and the Church get religion and spiritual power enough, to turn wealth, learning and social energy outward upon the world in benevolence, instead of having them turn inward upon the moral life in corruption, eating the very energy out of the soul. Whoever heard of mighty faith and godly heroism wrapped in purple and fine linen and there in this rough world abiding? They that wear soft clothing are in the splendour and too often the folly and sin of kings' courts. The deliverers of the people, the saviours of men, never arose from those quarters; certainly not, unless by stern discipline they kept the possible luxuries beneath their feet,

and, rising superior, first conquered themselves and then the world.

"The friendship of the world is enmity with God. Your riches are corrupted and your garments are moth-eaten. Your gold and silver are cankered, and the rust of them shall be a witness against you and shall eat your flesh as it were fire."

Can a church in which this is in any considerable degree true preserve its moral power? Could you expect such a church to be the birthplace of heroes after the mind and pattern of Christ? There are moral impossibilities in the world; we know it, and this is one of them. Yet we give ourselves willingly into their bonds, and then faintly, feebly struggle to break away. Must the pious, then, be all and always poor? Nay, verily, but they must conquer wealth by the power of God. The day must come when we, in consecration and holiness, can be trusted with riches and learning for God. Until that day we may struggle onward; God may keep a church in the world; but the conversion of mankind will never till such an era be achieved. The time to favour Zion, even the set time, cometh, when the servants of God take delight in her stones and favour her dust. Why may it not be to-day?

It is ill enough with a church when the very test, sign and demonstration of its power is corrupted, when the stream is polluted at the fountain. It is sad enough when men enter the holy ministry and continue therein for other motives than the spirit of Christ and the salvation of men. What if the ministry be sought as a place of ease by idle men! "Impossible," you say, "for the ministry is a place of hard, and often of rough, work." Yes, but this very thing has been done, and idle men have neglected grand opportunities and perverted the right way of the Lord. What if

the ministry be sought as a place of emolument by covetous men! "Impossible again, for the Gospel ministry is a place of privations and hardships." Still men have entered the ministry for pelf, or for a piece of bread; and too often have coloured or slackened the truth for money or bartered the law and righteousness for gold. What if the ministry be sought as a place of honour, of the flattery of the crowd, of the favour of princes! "Impossible again, for the Gospel minister is everywhere spoken against and always scorned by the mighty, the dissolute, and the proud." Yes, but justice has fallen in the street and truth has not been allowed to enter, because cringing ambassadors of the cross, for fear of the great, have put the jewelled crown of their Lord beneath the feet of his enemies; or, for the applause of the multitudes, have degraded their embassy, falsified their commission, and deluded those to whom they professed to be sent.

The raising up and perpetuation of a true and faithful ministry, while not everything in a church, is so central, focal and pivotal, that in its sweep it includes about everything. The church that comes to do that will likely come to do everything. Hence, when we look upon a congregation, a church, that has proved itself by supplying the Church at large with tried ministers of the Gospel, mighty and successful, we say, Here is the moral momentum of Methodism. Compared with it, what are larger and richer congregations, if they live but for themselves in refinement, luxury and ease? What would become of them if the poorer, plainer, solidier congregations did not find out and build up their ministry?

But, of course, there are other things a church is for and can do besides sending out preachers. A church can play the lyceum, the

lecture-room; give a general diffusion of religious knowledge; cultivate religious sentiment; secure the outer decencies and some of the inner desires and affections of piety; instruct in the emotions and obligations of humanity; provide society, agreeable acquaintance, and friendly intercourse; rear a generation somewhat respectful to virtue and good manners, and educate children and youth in the same mould and groove; attempt to form public opinion for righteousness—howbeit, the history of nations that have depended on natural religion demonstrates that the attempt is futile without spiritual force, moral momentum; foster liberality, generosity, magnanimity, fraternity—all of which things heathen peoples have done without revealed religion, and Christian peoples have done with a pretence and show of religion, and left themselves an easy prey to multiform error, to blinding and despotic systems, to a cruel and artful Satan and seductive sin. Dissipated has been the moral force, sapped the moral foundations, honeycombed like spring-rotted ice the moral fabrics, faded the moral beauty, and lost the moral joy, when such views of human duty and destiny are cherished, or such an indifference to them allowed; such conceptions of God, truth and religion, are formed and entertained as are harmonized with soft living, self-indulgence, self-seeking; to say nothing of the deeper sins and grosser vices to which the gentler worldly maxims and quieter natural desires offer no obstruction or so readily open up the way.

"Fit via vi," said the martial old Roman; and often Napoleon proved it in military campaign, and again the victorious Wolsley, bursting upon the affrighted Arabs in the gray of the dawn after his all-night's march over the sands,

when the men of the desert were fancying themselves secure behind the ramparts of Tel el Kebir. And so it has been, and so it will be; the way opens to conviction, earnestness and power. Awake even the Gospel ministry to a keen sense of that old heathen postulate in the spiritual realm, and the conversion of the world is nigh at hand, yea, even at the door. And a greater than a heathen hath said: "The kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force." Love is good, meekness is good, gentleness is good, and the quiet of assurance for ever. But softness, luxurious ease, questionable amusement, mere sensual delight and worldly pleasure have again and again proved, and must to the end prove, the bane of spiritual life; the danger, and, if persisted in, the doom of the Church of God.

Also there may be a higher level for a church than the one of heathen philosophy and morality we have spoken of; to which some have attained, and yet have not reached the throne of spiritual power, or vindicated their affinity to Christ by preparing men of His spirit, and sending them forth on His mission. There are Christian churches—dare we say Methodist churches?—in which Christ, despite the anguish of faithful souls, is repressed, suppressed, moulded to maxims, and allowed only in certain associations and places. They talk of more than probity, morality and virtue, as did Socrates and Cicero; and yet, perhaps, fail to possess and spread even these.

Christ may come into the lyceum of debate; His office and character into the intellectual symposium of rational and satisfactory knowledge, and His spirit and example objectively into stated instruction and cheerful admiration. But Christ as the revealed of God, Christ as the sent of Heaven,

Christ as guide of the intellect, instructor of the conscience, lord of the will and ruler of the life, Christ as the renewer of our nature, the purifier of our hearts, the framer of our convictions and habits, the power repressing and uprooting all wrong and the incitement of all good; Christ our wisdom, righteousness, sanctification and redemption; Christ the supreme authority and the supreme satisfaction, in all things accepted with implicit obedience and perfect rest; such a Christ, so admitted, alone can make a Christian church, and raise up and send forth faithful messengers of God and His truth.

We return, then, to the church where the moral and spiritual forces are in full sweep, and where at least, one of the products is mighty men for the ministry of the Word, and urging outward the Gospel evangelism. Such a church in Methodism will likely have its class and prayer-meetings in intense glow, its Sabbath-school at white heat, and turn a strong blast upon the mission cause and possibly upon our educational institutions and publishing interests. Though, true as you live, this is by no means always the case. We have seen it, indeed, quite otherwise. It must be admitted that churches that are the more impressed with their belief in the human agencies, more freely support the human instrumentalities. So here, as elsewhere, we often to our damage rend asunder what God, in the counsels of infinite wisdom for extended personal improvement and successful co-operative enterprise, has joined together.

On the other hand, life is so short and the human heart so sinful, there can be no doubt the chief part of religion in this world, whatever may be true in the next, is abiding in Christ, cleaving to God, filled with the Spirit; so that

the man and the church that have the most of this actual divine indwelling, this personal spiritual experience, will, scripturally estimated, be the grandest and most successful man, the mightiest and most fruitful church. This may explain some things that many people have their queryings and wonderings about, and their questionings with themselves, why God does not do this and that by them when they are so much nicer, better informed and more refined than some other people whose spiritual power they turn a sidewise glance at.

More spiritual momentum is what God prizes in a church. Spiritual force, in humble reliance, is the force that manifests God, secures His favour, and brings Him most glory. The blasts of the Spirit must kindle and heighten our fires; the glow of divine life must warm and brighten our churches; the white heat of God's truth under pressure of keenest activity and severest, most self-sacrificing toil, the Holy Ghost's intensest flames, must burn up the dross of our sins, destroy every weight, dispel every cloud, and purify our souls to leap free and glad in the fellowship of Christ, in the enjoyments of religion, in the self-denials of the cross, and in the service and work of God. No wonder some sing with zest: let all the churches sing:

"O that He now from heaven might fall,
And all our sins consume!
Come, Holy Ghost, for Thee we call;
Spirit of burning, come.

"Refining fire, go through my heart,
Illuminate my soul,
Scatter Thy life through every part,
And sanctify the whole."

If the Word of God made no promise, no demand; offered no privilege, no holy joy; enjoined no duty, no self-discipline; assured no triumph, no reward, let us consider nature, how she operates, and go to the volumes of the cen-

turies and the treasure-houses of the mountains for the lessons they teach. It happeneth that the firm oak and resinous pine fall to the earth, and by quiet air and gentle dew, by zephyr and rain, and silent heat and cold, by the soft influences of the sky and the tender embraces of the moistened earth, are gradually loosed of their strong bands, weakened and destroyed in their fibre, and scattered upon the fitful winds and trickling waters, and carried no man knows where. A great treasure is lost, a great strength is gone; what man shall gather the good thereof? Only God in His opulent kingdom and infinite resources knoweth whether it is loss or gain. For humanity of this generation, for this particular men, it seemeth well-nigh all loss.

Again, it hath happened that the oak and pine have fallen, they have been swept by the torrent in violence over the brow of the mountain, and buried in its gorge. All seemed desolation and quick decay. Men would call this ruin, and the other salvation and peace. But the pressure hath come on from above, and the fierce heats have heaved and seethed from beneath. Fibre, integument, fissile wood and twisted knot, and fat and gum have been fused and compacted into the coal bed, and sublimated, purified and hardened into the diamond. And now we have ornament and glory for kingly coronet, and resources of mechanical power and physical energy that are awaking the nations, revolutionizing travel and trade, and transforming the face of the globe. Why all this difference? It is the same majestic pine, the same massive oak. Why coal and diamond in one case and weakness, decay and fetid, death-dealing rot in the other? The one was seized with violence, and bore heat and pressure; the other was left to sweet air and softness, to roseate dawn and per-

fumed flowers, was let alone in most delicate touch and gentleness and perpetual quiet. The storm and the pressure made the coal; the perfume and the softness wrought decay, and spread miasm and death.

This also cometh to pass in the Church of God. Some churches are like those subterranean furnaces; you can put on the pressure and the heat. There are produced the diamond and the coal. Other churches, mayhap, are like the mossy, leafy bed of the wood, or the tangled, grassy hillside, all softness, chilliness, dampness, decay. Instead of coal and diamond, the products are baser wood and degenerate grass. The pressure must be slight, the heat moderate; they will endure neither heat nor pressure. Ferns and fungi grow there; foxfire abounds, and lichens and mosses; and thistles and briars find good nurture and lodgment. When on a church you can lay the pressure of the truth of God, and duty to God and men, and the obligations of labour and sacrifice for Christ's sake; when you can kindle the fires of genuine conviction, regeneration and entire sanctification by the Holy Ghost, and the people will receive the truth in the love of it, young men will crystallize into faithful ministers of the Word; light gases and volatile elements will become wood; wood, coal; and coal, diamond. Such a force must develop into consecrated labours and colonizing Sabbath-schools and churches. But when on a church you lay the pressure of such sacrifice and attempt to kindle the fires of conversion

and perfect love, and it begins to sputter and fly in your face, or insist upon lightness, ease and softness, that it may float as it has been wont upon the gentle streams or in thin air, possibly there may be a nice people and a pleasant time, but there will be no outpost missions planted and no preachers for God; and if there is anything in religion, there will be at the end a strange eternity.

In such circumstances there will be quite likely a demand for a new preacher, who must be unctuous without unction, eloquent without argument, powerful without plea, seraphic without the Spirit, and captivating without Christ, without alarming the conscience or distressing the gentle soul; dispensing a gentle doctrine, floating like the down on a zephyr, or the lily on the quiet pond. Possibly it sometimes happens that people that like the limber things, become very stiff-necked; that like soft things, become very hard of heart; that like light things, become very dull and gross of hearing; that like gentle things from the pulpit, become raging in their own passions; and that prefer quiet things from the men of God, become very violent in their own excesses. There is such a thing as being heady, high-minded, and having itching ears, heaping to ourselves teachers to suit the itching. There is such another thing as being humble, teachable, receiving the truth of God in the love of it, and believing that men are called of God to preach, and accepting them and their faithful instruction because they are so called.

ENDED—BEGUN.

"Le roi est mort: vive le roi!"

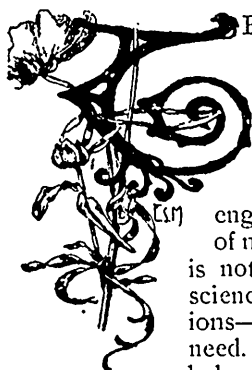
Why question now? The king is dead!
 White lilies hide his bier,
 So! falter not. Uncrown his head!
 Let fall no useless tear.

With eager step and eager eyes
 The heir-apparent comes,
 In haste to snatch the glittering prize—
 Why march to muffled drums?

—Sarah E. Sprague.

THE NEW METEOROLOGY.*

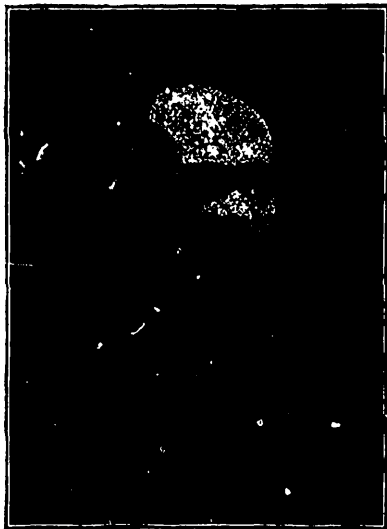
BY PRINCE KROPOTKIN.



THE exploration of the higher layers of the atmosphere by the aid of high-level observatories, kites and balloons continues to engross the attention of meteorologists. This is not a mere fashion—science also has its fashions—but an urgent need. To gain knowledge of what is going on in the air, miles above the earth's surface, has become a matter of first necessity. Our instruments carefully record the displacements of cold and warm air close to the earth's surface, but it is only at much greater heights that we find the mighty air-currents blowing undisturbed round the earth, and discover the origin of the great "heat waves" and waves of cold weather. Thereto we must go to study them. Glaisher had fully understood this necessity when he undertook his venturesome balloon ascents; but while interest in such explorations died away in Britain, it was born with new vigour in the United States, in France, in Germany, in Austria, in Russia, and the work is now carried on with a remarkable zeal.

The idea was, first, to build meteorological observatories on the tops of high isolated peaks. The Ben Nevis observatory in Scotland, Jansen's on Mont Blanc, and others, were the fruit of that effort, the highest observatory in the world having been planted by the Americans in Peru, on the El Misti peak, at an altitude of 19,200 feet.

These institutions have already



PRINCE KROPOTKIN.

rendered good service to science, However, they necessarily remain but few in number; they do not reach the uppermost levels of the atmosphere, and moreover the air currents which are observed on more or less isolated peaks still remain complicated by the proximity of the plains and the mountains. Consequently, the United States meteorologists, keeping in view their practical aim, the prediction of weather, came to the conclusion that a survey of the temperatures, pressures, and air-currents which prevail at a height of, let us say, one mile above the surface of the soil, ought to be made regularly every day over the whole of the American continent. Seventeen spots were selected for that purpose, and the idea of Willis Moore—the promoter of the scheme—

* Condensed from "The Twentieth Century and After."

was that every morning kites provided with self-registering instruments would be flown at each of these spots, so as to bring down regular reports of temperature, pressure, and so on, from the one-mile level above the soil.

The problem was evidently by no means an easy one. A small kite would not lift the instrument-box when the wind was not strong enough, while a big kite was liable to break off its moorings when it met a stronger wind at a higher level, and thus to be lost for ever. Finally, the American meteorologists settled upon the Hargrave type of kite, which has the shape of a quadrangular box, of which the lid and the bottom have been removed, or rather of a tandem composed of two such boxes. Thousands of such kites of miniature dimensions are now flown by old and young at all watering-places. The meteorological kite is of course much bigger than the toy. It has eighty to ninety square feet of lifting surface (slightly concave), and it is held by a steel piano wire. A spring bridle, a machine for winding up miles of wire when the kite is brought down, and a meteorograph—that is, an instrument weighing a trifle over two pounds, but containing self-registering instruments for taking note of temperature, pressure, moisture, and course of the wind—complete the equipment. The length of the wire which is paid out and the angle of its inclination give the exact height reached by the kite.

The kite became in this way a powerful aid to meteorology. Gradually perfected, it extended its excursions higher and higher in the air, and while the first kites hardly reached an altitude of 2,070 feet, they now rise beyond 12,000 feet, and thus penetrate into the regions of which the normal temperature

is near the Fahrenheit zero. Altogether, the kite offers many advantages. The height it has reached being measured directly, a control of barometric measurements is obtained. Its ascension can be slackened at will so as to be sure that the instruments have taken the temperature of their surroundings, and it may be kept any length of time at a given height so as to represent a real floating observatory. But it has also its disadvantages. Thus the scheme of Willis Moore could only partially be realized, and there are many days (54 per cent. on the average) when the kites cannot be flown, either for lack of wind or on account of too much wind. With all that, the kites were doing good work, when the Cuban war, which put the meteorological service to a hard, practical test, and the subsequent necessity of extending the meteorological net over the West Indies, put an end to the regular kite explorations.

Most valuable data, especially as regards the laws of decrease of temperature in the higher strata of air, were obtained during the 1,217 kite ascensions which had been made in the meantime. It was also found that the kite observations would often warn the meteorologist about the coming changes of weather; a "hot wave" was actually caught while it was coming. As to the clouds, their coming down at nights and their floating higher up in daytime were registered with perfect accuracy by the instruments attached to the kites. Most interesting observations relative to the circulation of air in areas of low and high pressure were also made in this way.

While the United States made thus a specialty of kites, France took chiefly to unmanned balloons, or "ballons sondes." The very first experiments proved to be most

encouraging, when an unmanned balloon launched from Paris by Hermite rose to a height of 45,000 feet, its self-recording instruments working perfectly to an altitude of 36,000 feet; while Assmann's unmanned balloon, launched from Berlin, crossed over in ten hours to the Servian frontier, and brought full records of its journey. It rose to about 46,500 feet, where the barometric pressure was only 3 3-10 inches—thus showing that eight-ninths of the whole atmospheric air lay below the balloon. In both cases the temperature of the 36,000-foot level was found to be much lower than it was expected; namely, as low as 60 degrees below the Fahrenheit zero. Eight balloons out of ten came down to the earth in perfect order.

Beginning in the spring of 1888, Teisserenc de Bort, at Trappes, near Paris, has regularly launched his "ballons sondes," several each month, so that he could report in 1900, and tabulate the results of no fewer than 240 ascensions. A sort of nearly permanent floating observatory was thus established. One-half of the balloons reached the 27,000-foot level, one-quarter rose to 39,000 feet, and several went beyond the altitude of 42,000 feet (eight miles). Very few were lost. An inscription in different languages, asking those who find the balloon to take care of it and to warn the nearest observatory, promising a reward of a few pounds for that trouble, is quite sufficient—even in Russia—to secure the safety of the messenger which descends from the skies. An excess of zeal is all that is to be feared—the good people who took care of one of the early balloons of Violle going even through the trouble of well polishing a smoked cylinder upon which the records of the meteorograph were

scratched by a needle, thus wiping off both the dirt and the records.

At the same time the system of exploration of the atmosphere by means of manned balloons was worked out, especially in Germany, and partly also in Russia, where one of the members of the military balloon staff, Pomortseff, published, in 1891, the results of his forty ascensions, and fully confirmed Hann's conclusions as regards the distribution of temperature in areas of low and high pressure.

However, isolated observations, even when they are numerous, are not sufficient, and at the international aeronautic conferences of 1896 and 1898, it was agreed between Austrian, Bavarian, Belgian, French, German and Russian aeronauts that international ascents at the beginning of each month would be organized. Manned and unmanned balloons, as also captive balloon-kites, consequently start in considerable numbers on given days from Paris, Brussels, Strasbourg, Munich, Berlin, Vienna, and St. Petersburg—all provided with identical or similar instruments, approved by the conferences. In this international exploration Germany stands foremost with her manned balloons, the difficulty of breathing in the extremely rarefied air of the great altitudes having been overcome by taking a supply of oxygen. In this way Dr. Berson could reach at Berlin an altitude of 9,155 metres (30,030 feet), and so long as his supply of oxygen lasted he experienced none of the symptoms of "mountain sickness." No man had been before at such a height, but even this record was beaten on the first of August last by Berson and Suring, who reached the altitude of 10,300 metres (33,700 feet), finding there a temperature of —40 degrees Fahrenheit.

As to the unmanned balloons they have explored, of course, still greater heights; the capricious Berlin "ballon sonde" "Cirrus" rose as high as 53,500 and 60,600 feet, while one of Teisserenc de Bort's unmanned balloons went to a height of 22 kilometres, or about 13 1-2 miles.

The results obtained from all these explorations of the last twelve years are already full of importance. Every one knows that the temperature of the air decreases as we rise higher and higher in the atmosphere, and that the summits of our high mountains lie amidst layers of air so cool that the snow does not disappear from them.

There may be occasionally a local inversion of temperatures—that is, in certain localities, under certain conditions, especially under a cloudy sky, the temperature may increase up to a certain height; but as a rule it decreases as we rise above the soil at a rate of from three to five Fahrenheit degrees for each thousand feet. Consequently, even in summer, we find in middle Europe the temperature of freezing at a height of from 6,600 to 10,000 feet, and a still greater cold prevails at still greater heights.

However, it was never expected by meteorologists that the upper layers of the atmosphere would be so cold as they are in reality. It appears now that all the observations of Glaisher, upon which our knowledge of the upper layers was chiefly based, gave too high temperatures. Not only because a thermometer, unless it is very sensitive and the air round it well ventilated, takes some time before it shows the real temperature of the layer of air which the balloon is piercing, but especially because of the solar radiation, which, in the high layers of a rarefied atmos-

phere, and in the full sunshine which reigns above the clouds, is very strong, and overheats the instruments. This was one of the first difficulties which the meteorologists had to overcome before such perfected instruments as Assmann's psychrometer and the instruments of Violle and Teisserenc de Bort were introduced. Thus it appears now that the average temperature at an altitude of 20,000 feet is 13 degrees below the Fahrenheit zero, and that at the altitude of 25,000 feet the air is full 35 degrees below the Fahrenheit zero, instead of the minus 4 degrees to plus 16 degrees Fahrenheit which Glaisher gave for that altitude. Such low temperatures prevail, it must be remarked, all the year round.

Another important fact was revealed by these explorations. It was generally believed that the decrease of temperature becomes slower and slower in the higher portions of the atmosphere. It appears, however, that at great altitudes it is the reverse which prevails. The ratio of decrease which is about three Fahrenheit degrees for each 1,000 feet in the lower strata, grows higher and higher, reaching nearly twice as much at the highest levels. This upsets many a current theory.

Two points deserve a special mention. One is the quite unexpected discovery that the difference between summer and winter is felt even at such great altitudes as 30,000 feet. Of course, the seasons are not so well pronounced there as they are with us; but even at this great height they are fully noticeable—the average temperature of the 30,000-foot layer in March being about 65 degrees below the Fahrenheit zero, while that of August (the warmest month) is only —44 degrees. Higher up, the layers of extremely thin rarefied

air are even much cooler than that, and rapidly merge into the frozen depths of the interplanetary space.

Another extremely interesting fact is this. Every one knows the spell of cold weather we experience in Europe and Northern Asia about the middle or in the first half of May—the so-called “Saints de glace” of the French peasants. This “cold wave” has long since been a puzzle for meteorologists. It is so widely spread that some cosmic cause—not telluric—was suspected; but then the retardation with which the cold reaches Siberia, whereto it comes about the 20th or 22nd of May, was an argument against the cosmic origin of the cold wave. If it were due to the earth entering an especially cold portion of the solar system, no such retardation would take place.

Consequently, an international balloon ascent was organized on the 13th of May, 1897, balloons starting on that day from Strasburg, Berlin and St. Petersburg. These ascents proved that the cold wave surely is not due to some

small local disturbance, such as icebergs and the like. It is caused by a mass of air, 30,000 feet thick and covering all Europe, which is brought into a rotatory motion, so that cold air from the north is brought down upon Western Europe, while warm air is poured upon Eastern Europe from the southwest. What is the cause of that regularly recurring rotation of the atmosphere we do not know yet, but the amount of energy it represents is immense, and its cause must be consequently more general than mere local disturbances.

Altogether, when one rises in a balloon far above the petty asperities of the earth's surface, one finds also a much simpler distribution of temperatures, pressures, and air-currents; and it will be through such data as those which were collected during an international ascent on the 3rd of October, 1899, that knowledge will be won about the cyclonic and anti-cyclonic disturbances to which our weather is due.

THE NEW YEAR.

The corridors of Time
Are full of doors—the portals of closed years.
We enter them no more, though bitter tears
Beat hard against them, and we hear the chime
Of lost dreams, dirge-like, in behind them ring,
At Memory's opening.

But one door stands ajar—
The New Year's; while a golden chain of days
Holds it half shut. The eager foot delays
That presses to its threshold's mighty bar;
And Fears that shrink, and Hopes that shout aloud,
Around it wait and crowd.

It shuts back the Unknown.
And dare we truly welcome one more year
Who down the past a mocking laughter hear
From idle aims like wandering breezes blown?
We, whose large aspirations dimmed and shrank
Till the year's scroll was blank!

We pause beside this door.
Thy year, O God, how shall we enter in?
How shall we thence thy hidden treasures win?
Shall we return in beggary, as before,
When Thou art near at hand, with infinite wealth,
Wisdom, and heavenly health?

—Lucy Larcom.

THE ITALY OF AMERICA.

BY CHARLES E. KEELER.



SOUTHERN California is by no means one continuous garden of fruits and flowers. Much of it is a vast and dreary desert, a region of arid plains and barren mountains. Indeed, there is always something cosmic and elemental about the desert. We seem to be transported into some earlier geologic time, when the heart of nature lay bare to the action of the elements, and the bleak, barren world knew not the songs of birds nor the glory of flowers. And herein lies the wonder of it! There is a fascination in its very sterility—in its boundless expanse

and its haughty disdain of all that is tender and lovely. It is terrible and grand.

Mountains are a dominant feature in nearly every Californian landscape. They command all approaches to the State, and he who would gain this garden of the Hesperides must first cross the desert and then scale the heights. The passenger on the Santa Fe road, as on other transcontinental lines to Southern California, gets his first impression of this noble State on the desert. As seen from the railroad, it is only too often but a hot, dreary, dusty waste, uninteresting and barren, and in the hurry of travel its unique picturesqueness and vast undeveloped resources are alike overlooked. But once across San Bernardino Mountains he is in the land of flowers and orange groves.

Redlands is situated in one of



BLOSSOM TIME.

the great citrus belts of Southern California. Within twelve years almost a city has been built. Palms, acacias and pepper trees line the streets and avenues for miles, while about the comfortable

happily long since over, the people have given up selling town lots on the desert, and instead are now converting the wastes into orange groves.

There are still many miles of



SAGE BRUSH DESERT BEFORE IRRIGATION.

homes of the inhabitants are groves of orange trees loaded with their golden fruit.

Ontario is in the midst of a great orange district. The feverish, unwholesome days of the boom are

desert waste between the areas of cultivation, which are only awaiting the application of water to bring forth in prodigal bounty the wealth of grove and vine. These wastes are not without a charm of

their own, however. Here is the land as it looked when Father Junipero used to pace its length from San Diego to Monterey. Sagebrush, chamiso, grease-wood and chaparral—a vast expanse of dull green and gray bushes, generally no higher than a man's waist, with sandy or adobe soil, starred in spring with wild flowers, varied here and there by arroyos, dry creek beds of gravel and sand, where sycamores and live oaks

fields of grain, with the dark, dense rows of orange trees and clusters of eucalyptus.

But it is not all sunshine and flowers. There are days that are cold, for Pasadena, and days that are windy and disagreeable. In winter there are some rainy weeks and in summer an endless amount of dust. To one who comes here expecting to find the Garden of Eden just as the Lord originally planted it, the first impression may



ONTARIO, SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

form groves of rare beauty—such is the scenery of Southern California where man has not altered it. But the picture is incomplete if the blue mountains are omitted, or the far-away views with hints of the mist of the sea and hazy islands half visible on the horizon.

Pasadena, as the word means, is the crown of the valley! A town on the broad slopes that sweep up to the rugged sides of the Sierra Madres, commanding from its many points of vantage, a panorama of valley covered with green

be just a trifle disenchanting. The ground under the orchards and in the vineyards is bare.

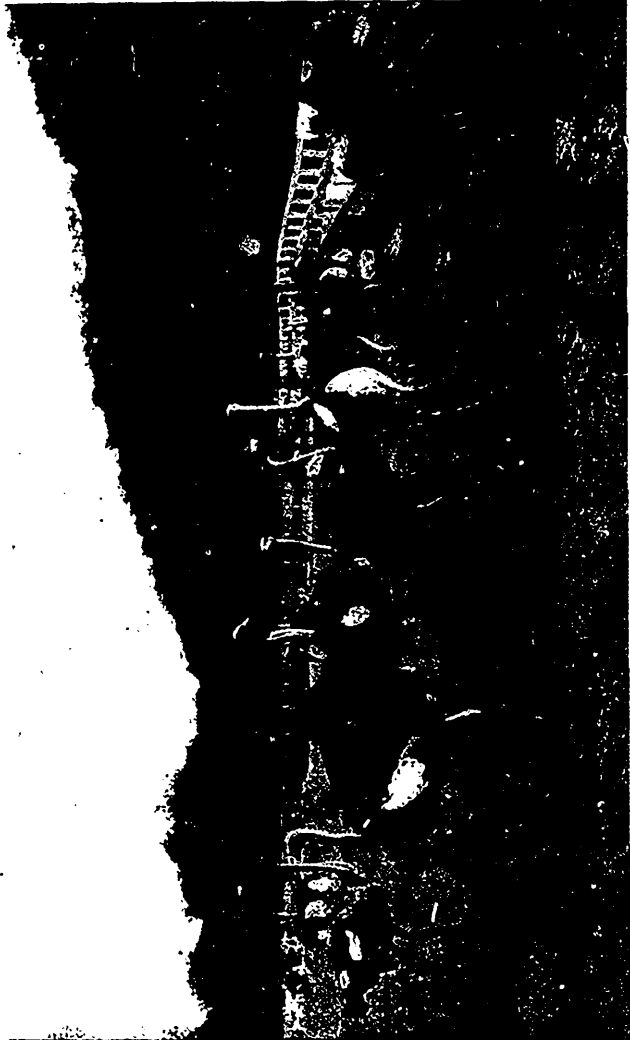
But when the worst has been said of Pasadena it remains one of the most charming of towns.

It is especially notable for its beautiful residences set in the midst of gardens which are often extensive enough to give the effect of parks. Houses in the mission style stand out as a feature of the local architecture.

There are several ostrich farms in Southern California, but a de-

scription of one will suffice for all. The ostrich is one of the most ungainly, unlovely creatures that walk the earth. It is a relic of an earlier geological epoch handed down to us in all its paleolithic

brown eyes bulge out, ever looking about for something to eat—grass, oranges, sand or newspaper—it makes little difference. When its great, flat, clumsy beak is opened, there seems to be nothing left of



OSTRICH FARM, PASADENA.

ugliness. Its great bare legs support a massive body, to one end of which is attached a long, stiff neck ending in a little crook in lieu of a head. This apology for a head is flattened on top, and two great

the head but a cavity, and its note is a sudden, open-mouthed explosion, half sputter and half hiss. It also on occasion roars more vociferously than a lion.

The body of the male bird is

glossy black with plumes of white in the wings and tail, and the wonder is that anything so lovely can spring from so ugly a soil. The females and young are brown and gray, the latter more or less mottled; but even at the most callow age they have a mouth like a crocodile—it hardly seems like a beak, so flattened, broad and dull it is. Stand beside the fence with an orange in your hand and one of these great birds will come stepping up to you with as elegant and dainty an air as a fine lady in satin about to be presented at a court ball. There is something extremely comical about the airs of the creature. Pass over your orange and you may see it work its way down on the side of the neck, or if there are enough oranges to spare you may see a dozen slipping down at once. Do not fail to stand at a respectful distance, however, for that great toe is wielded by a powerful leg, and is capable of inflicting dangerous wounds.

This novel industry of ostrich farming has proved a great success in Southern California, for the birds thrive and multiply in this genial climate, and besides the sale of the feathers, large numbers of sight-seers daily visit the farms and contribute to their support.

In less than an hour's ride it is possible to ascend from the orange groves and flower gardens of Pasadena into the heart of the pine forests at an elevation of five thousand feet, where snow covers the ground at times to the depth of many feet. The suddenness of it, the thrilling grandeur of the ride, the rapid changes of scenery and the boundless region over which the eye can sweep, makes the excursion an event in a lifetime.

At Rubio Pavilion the great incline cable road commences. Up we go, slowly and impressively—sixty-two feet up in the air for every one hundred feet forward.

Rubio Canyon, a great gorge in the mountains, plunges off at one side, while miles and miles of valley expand beneath as the car ascends.

Again we change cars, for an electric road which winds back and forth up the face of the mountain, around the edge of precipices, with canyons below and around, and with incomparable vistas through forests of oak and pine of the far-away regions of the plain.



MT. LOWE INCLINE--GRADE 62° PER CENT.

It is glorious to watch the sun go down and the blue shadows creep across the wilderness of plain! To see the great world swoon softly into darkness, and finally to see the stars come out above, matched on the plain by the twinkling electric lights of two cities!

Riverside, the mother of the orange culture of Southern Cali-

ifornia, extends along the valley of the Santa Ana River. It is surrounded by rugged hills and mountain ranges, which rise in striking contrast to the tropical verdure of the valley. All about the lowlands

tiful ever-present background for the picturesque valley.

For many years Riverside supplied half of the orange crop of Southern California, but the recent development of new districts has

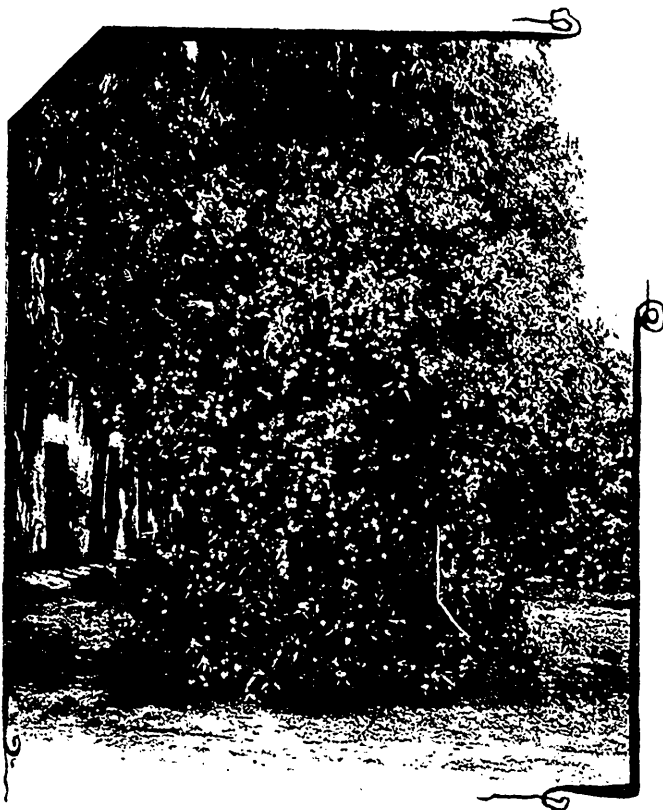


REDLANDS.—MT. SAN BERNARDINO IN THE BACKGROUND.

are orange groves and avenues of shade trees, broad irrigating ditches and gardens of flowers. Across the valley lies the San Bernardino Range, coloured by the atmosphere a purplish blue, a beau-

reduced this proportion to about a third.

The orange is the staff of life in this district. It is the golden yield for which all men toil. Its culture has been reduced to a fine art, and



BLOSSOM TIME.

nowhere is the cultivation of the soil conducted more intelligently or more scientifically. The original intention of the colony was to grow the mulberry tree and propagate the silkworm; but this plan was soon abandoned and the people turned their attention successively to the raising of walnuts, deciduous fruits and grapes. When the Washington navel orange was discovered and its success demonstrated, practically all the farms of the country were planted with this tree.

The first requisite for success in the culture of the orange is an abundance of water. In this section, as in so many other districts of Southern California, which were

found a desert occupied by a scanty, unprogressive Mexican population, and which have been made by Saxon industry perennial gardens of verdure and bloom, the irrigating ditch has been the magic wand of transformation. At Riverside there are three canals for irrigating the adjacent country. They are broad, even streams flowing from the headwaters of the Santa Ana River, and led in cement channels down through the higher parts of the valley, to be tapped all along the way by smaller rivulets which supply the orchards. They are exceedingly picturesque in their windings and turnings, now flanked by orchards, and again with rows of palms bordering the

ever-flowing water. Here rise imposing groves of eucalyptus, their dark foliage and white stems reflected in the placid stream; and again the ditch winds serenely down an uncultivated reach of plain, where the rocky mountain slopes are full in view.

The orchards are irrigated from four times a year to twice a month, according to the location of the land, little rills of water being directed between the rows of trees, where they flow from twelve to

temperature is increased by this dry heat to the safety mark, which is about 38 degrees. The soil is enriched with fertilizers from time to time, and the trees are trimmed with great regularity and uniformity.

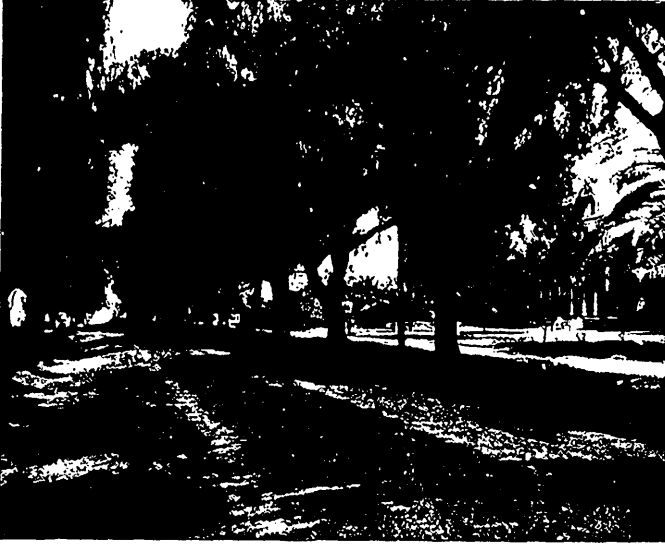
As the orange ripens throughout the winter months at varying intervals, fruit is being constantly picked and carried to the packing houses at this season. Both white and Japanese labour is employed in this work, but the cultivating,



PALM GARDEN, LOS ANGELES.

twenty-four hours continuously. After irrigating an orchard it is always cultivated, and the ground is left perfectly level and finely pulverized. The trees are watched and tended with the same scrupulous care that a millionaire's trotting horses receive. As a temperature of 25 degrees Fahr., which is about the minimum in the orange district, is low enough to damage the fruit and new leaves, fires are lighted throughout the groves whenever the thermometer threatens to fall so low, and the

ploughing and general care of the trees is as a rule done by the owner of the orchard. At the packing-houses, twenty-nine of which were in operation during the past season, the oranges, which are brought loosely packed in boxes, are weighed and, if necessary, cleaned by groups of young men and women who scrub the fruit to remove the scales or any surface imperfections. It is then thrown into the grader, a device for automatically assorting the fruit in lots of uniform size, and as it rolls into



MAGNOLIA AVENUE, RIVERSIDE.

the various compartments it is taken out by hand, incased in tissue paper by a dexterous toss and twist, and packed ready for shipment. Each box is then put under a press where the bulging covers are nailed down, and it is ready to take its place in the freight car, which stands at the door. When the cars are packed they are sent to San Bernardino to be iced, and thence on their long journey to give refreshment to countless multitudes in the snow-encompassed cities of the north and east.

The most picturesque feature of Riverside is Magnolia Avenue, a broad double street extending for miles down the valley. Along its centre is a continuous line of pepper trees, with twisted and spread-

ing branches bearing their vivid green streamers of foliage, drooping and waving with every breath of wind. In vivid contrast are the great eucalyptus trees, lofty and dignified, with straight bare trunks one after another in stately defile down one side of the avenue. Upon the other side are rows of palms, their great trunks amply sheathed in a garment of dead leaves, and high in the air the clusters of large fan-shaped leaves, picturesque with their ragged edges. The border of palms is varied from time to time by magnolias, cypresses, and other ornamental trees, while orchards and gardens extend back to the half-hidden homes along the way.

THE UNKNOWN.

I see not a step before me
As I enter another year,
But the past is left in God's keeping,
The future His mercy shall clear ;
And what looks dark in the distance
May brighten as I draw near.

For perhaps the dreaded future
Has less bitter than I think ;
The Lord may sweeten the water
Before I stoop to drink ;
But if Marah must be Marah,
He will stand beside the brink.



MRS. ELIZA TRIMBLE THOMPSON.

"THE CRUSADE MOTHER."

BY "PASTOR FELIX."



IN December of the year 1873 began one of the most remarkable movements in the social and spiritual history of the nineteenth century; known as "The Temperance Crusade," the incipient stage in its development, of the "Woman's Christian Temperance Union." In the town of Hillsboro', in Highland County, Ohio—justly marked among the towns of the State for the high intelligence and strenuous character of its womanhood—a public lec-

ture had been given by the well-known physician, Dr. Dio Lewis, in which he suggested a woman's crusade among the liquor-sellers of the town, with an attempt by prayer and entreaty to dissuade them from their business. His scheme and his appeal met with an instant and warm response from the women of the audience. A resolution was there taken to meet on the following day at the vestry of the Presbyterian Church, for the purpose of effecting an organization.

There was an elect lady, not pre-



THE HON. JAMES H. THOMPSON.

sent at Dr. Lewis' lecture, who was providentially designated to be the director of this important enterprise. Her son, who was present, returned to his home, and related to her the proceedings,—“And,” he said, in conclusion, “You are on some committee to do work at the Presbyterian Church in the morning, and the ladies expect you to go out with them to the saloons.”

Judge Thompson, who had returned very weary from a day spent at Adams County Court, and who lay apparently asleep on a sofa near by, overheard the last words of this conversation, and took alarm. Raising himself upon his elbow, he

inquired: “What tomfoolery is all that?” The son retired; and alone, in quiet and gentle tones, the wife reassured her startled husband; she said she should not, on any account, be hurried into unconsidered and compromising action, but would make it the subject of prayerful meditation; and that if she should be convinced of her duty she should not shrink from it.

Let us give her own account* of what she was led to do:

“Nothing farther was said upon

* “Hillsboro' Crusade Sketches, And Family Records.” By Mrs. Thompson, her Two Daughters and Miss Frances E. Willard. Cincinnati: Cranston & Curtis. 1896.

the subject until the next morning, after breakfast. 'Are you going to the church this morning?' asked the children. I hesitated, and doubtless showed in my countenance the burden upon my spirit. My husband walked the length of the room several times, and finally said: 'Children, you know where your mother goes to settle all vexed questions. Instead of family prayers this morning, let her alone to make her decision.' I went to my room, kneeling before

those promises (so often read before), and the Spirit said: 'This is the way, walk ye in it.' No longer doubting, I quickly repaired to the Presbyterian Church, and took my seat near the door. Several of my friends came and urged me to go up to the front. While hesitating, I was unanimously chosen as president or leader, Mrs. General McDowall vice-president, and Mrs. D. K. Fenner secretary of the strange work that was to follow.



THE BIRTHPLACE OF THE CRUSADE.

God and His holy Word, to see what would be sent me, when I heard a step at the door, and upon opening it my daughter stood there. With tearful eyes she handed me her small open Bible, and said with trembling voice: 'See what my eyes fell upon. It must be for you.' She immediately left the room, and I sat down to read the wonderful message of the great 'I Am,' contained in the 146th Psalm. And as I read new meaning seemed to attach to

"Appeals were drawn up to druggists, saloon-keepers, and hotel proprietors. Then the pastor of the Presbyterian Church, Rev. Dr. McSurely, who had up to this time occupied the chair, called upon the chairman-elect to come forward to the post of honour. But your humble servant could not; her limbs refused to bear her. The dear ladies offered me assistance, but it was not God's time. My brother, Colonel Trimble, observing my embarrassed situation, said

to Dr. McSurely : ' I believe the ladies will do nothing until the gentlemen of the audience leave the house ! ' After some moments Dr. McSurely said : ' I believe Col. Trimble is right. Brethren, let us adjourn, and leave this work with God and the women.'

"As the last man closed the door after him, strength came unknown to me, and without any hesitation or consultation I walked forward to the minister's table, and opened the large Bible, explained the incidents of the morning, then read, and briefly (as my tears would allow) commented on its new meaning to me. I then called upon Mrs. McDowall to lead in prayer ; and such a prayer ! It seemed as though the angel had brought down ' live coals ' from off the altar and touched her lips—she who, by her own confession, had never before heard her own voice in prayer !

"As we rose from our knees (for all were kneeling that morning), I asked Mrs. Cowden, the Methodist Episcopal minister's wife, a grand singer of the olden style, to start my favourite hymn, ' Give to the winds thy fears,' to the familiar tune of St. Thomas, and turning to the dear woman, I said : ' As we all join in singing this hymn, let us form in line, two and two, and let us at once proceed to our sacred mission, trusting alone in the God of Jacob.' It was all done in less time than it takes to write it. Every heart was throbbing, and every woman's countenance betrayed her solemn realization of the fact that she was going ' about her Father's business.' As this ' band of mysterious beings ' first encountered the outside gaze, and as they passed from the door of the old church and reached the street beyond the large churchyard, they were singing these prophetic words :

When fully He the work hath wrought
That caused thy needless fear.'"

Having surveyed the initiation of the movement from the standpoint of the chief actor, let us regard it from that of her husband. Judge Thompson writes :*

"It was a dark, cloudy, cold and still December day, no sun shining from above, no wind playing around, a little snow leisurely drooping down ; and under the magic command of their own leaders, chosen on the instant at the hurried previous organization at the Presbyterian Church, the procession moved with solemn steps, as if each woman had been trained for that day's work from her cradle. . . . Husbands saw their wives, sons and daughters their mothers, and neighbours their friends, moving along with the strange apparition, and knew not what it meant, until before some liquor saloon, or hotel or drug store, you could hear the singing of some familiar hymn warble through the air in tones of the most touching note ; and then—solemn silence prevailing up and down street—the utterance of a soul-stirring prayer, made by some lady, with all others kneeling around on curbstone or pavement or door-sill—could be heard ascending to the throne of God to avert the curse of intemperance.

"No crowd of shouting boys followed ; no cliques of consulting men on the street corners were gathered ; every countryman halted his team in awe ; no vociferous angry words were heard, and no officer commanded the peace—for it was death-like peace. Throughout the day, songs and prayers were heard at all places kept for the sale of liquors, and at night, consultation was resumed at the church from whence the ' Phoenix-like body,' springing from the ashes of the ' funeral pyre'

"Far, far above thy thought
His counsel shall appear,

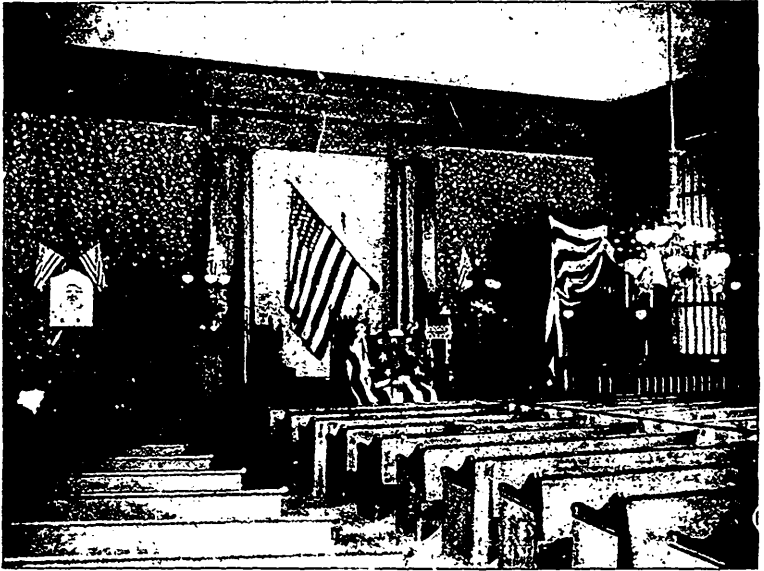
* "History of the Town of Hillsboro'." By Judge James Henry Thompson.

of woman's immolation, had emerged in the morning; and there, in making reports, prayer, and singing in spirit as never before, was sung on Christmas Eve:

“ ‘Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.’ ”

They remained until the moon, in the last quarter, lighted their pathway to homes whose inmates, as

Need we recall in detail to the memory of our reader the continuation of this work from day to day, until the good they sought was in a large degree accomplished; of the relenting of hardened and careless hearts, and of their abandonment of their evil traffic; of the opposition and resistance of others; of the extension of the movement, like a fire enkindled amid prairie grass, until in many a town



INTERIOR OF THE CRUSADE CHURCH.

spectators of the troupe when the first curtain was raised, stood around the hearth-stones in as much wonder as if a company of celestial beings had on that day come down from the skies.

“Such is a dim outline of the first parade of the Woman's Temperance Crusade at Hillsboro'; and well may it be said of the 'opening of the heavens' on that memorable day, that 'He who made a decree for the rain and a way for the lightning' will alone limit its effects on the nations of the earth.”

throughout Ohio, and in other States, the gracious work was initiated; and, at length, the inauguration of the now universal Woman's Christian Temperance Union, from which the world has learned a new and impressive lesson as to the instrumentality and leadership of woman in social reform.

Dr. W. J. McSurely, then the pastor of the “Crusade Church, and whose wife was one of the original crusaders, is its pastor still. But the edifice in which that notable assembly was convened no longer exists. In the place that

structure, which was of wood, stands a more modern and substantial one of brick and stone, in which is an apartment for the use of the W. C. T. U., of Hillsboro', of historic significance, and sacred to memorials of the crusade. Much of the interior woodwork of the old church—particularly the pulpit and pews—has been manufactured into souvenirs and widely dispersed throughout the temperance world. The writer became possessed of several, through the kind offices of a friend in Hillsboro', by whom also he came to some acquaintance and correspondence with the "Crusade Mother," of whose personal history the following brief account is given.

Mrs. Eliza Jane Trimble Thompson, a daughter of a former governor of Ohio, Hon. Allen Trimble, was born at Hillsboro', August 24th, 1896. She came of Methodist lineage, prominent in the State, and belongs to its intellectual and spiritual nobility. One of her brothers—the eldest—Rev. Joseph M. Trimble, D.D., is one of the honoured and useful ministers of the Methodist Episcopal Church; and others of her family, of both sexes, have been distinguished for their services to the cause of religion and of Methodism in the State of Ohio.

All that a home can yield of training, atmosphere, affection, taste, piety, and material comfort, it was hers to enjoy; and she developed into a rich and generous womanhood, well equipped for the part to be assigned her by Him who had so nourished her life. She was as fortunate in the home to which she came by marriage as in that whereinto she had been born. Her union with Hon. James H. Thompson was one of kindred hearts and minds. Their household life has been of ideal harmony

and beauty. "The heart of her husband has proudly trusted in her, and most lovingly have her sons risen up to call her blessed. Early in life she confessed Christ as her Saviour, and by Bible study and prayer and Gospel obedience, she sought to walk closely with God; and she dwelt among her own people, greatly beloved by many, honoured and respected by all, fitted by social standing, by training, by native gifts, and by rare personal influence to be a leader; yet, withal, modest and self-distrusting, she waited unconsciously for the call of the Lord."*

This elect lady has been, and still is, happy in her children, by whom in her widowhood she is surrounded, and who regard her with affectionate devotion, and count it their pleasure to minister to her needs. Seven were born to the amenities of this home, two of whom died in infancy. Of the survivors, Mary T. Thompson (Mrs. Rives), and Mary McA. Thompson (Mrs. Tuttle) are gifted ladies, with intellectual and artistic leanings, who in authorship have done worthily. The home at Hillsboro', where they dwell, and where the venerable mother sits in the tender light of her life's reclining sun, beloved and revered by all who know her—and these are now multitudes—is such a shrine as "Rest Cottage," a centre of hospitality to all good, a source of purifying, ennobling influence. Thither have come the sainted Frances Willard, Lady Henry Somerset, and many a gifted successor of her who inaugurated their world-wide work, to gaze in the serene eyes and sweetly placid countenance of Eliza Trimble Thompson, "the Crusade Mother."

* Dr. McSurely in "Hillsboro' Crusade Sketches."

A TRIBUTE.

Addressed to the venerable Mrs. Eliza Trimble Thompson, "The Crusade Mother," at Hillsboro', Ohio, on her Golden Wedding.



FRIEND revered! who in
that day
When evil bore unhindered
sway,
Would not confer with flesh
and blood,

But in the van of duty stood;—

Thy trembling woman's heart confessed
The prowess of the Mightiest;
The Spirit's Sword thou didst lay bare,
And wield that surest weapon—prayer.

"As Nature, and as God-designed,
At home the woman's aim confined:"
The Many spake: the Few said, "No,
God calls us forth—with Him we go!"

"In His dear name: O who can tell
What courage in that thought may dwell!
In His dear Name: Ah who can know
Where by that impulse she may go!"

"Yea, in His Name, and not our own,
Our life into this scale is thrown;
His will, His aim will we pursue,
And what He bids us we will do.

"In His dear Name who loved us so,
Forth to His harvest will we go:
The task may seem like loss—like shame—
Forth will we go in His great Name.

"In His dear Name, and for His sake,
Hearts dared the dungeon and the stake;
Ay, cross, and cup with bitter brim,
Are sweetly ours, if be ne for Him."

O woman-hearts, that wax not faint!
O woman-lips, without complaint!

By deeds our foolish words have blamed,
The coward souls of men are shamed.

Let flowers along thy path be strewed,
By tears of sympathy bedewed;
Love's laurel on thy brow be laid,
Mother of Pity's own crusade!

For ye went forth, in His dear Name,
Through cheerless streets and haunts of
shame:

In vain the taunt, the oath, the jeer,—
A cry of woe possessed your ear;—

The wail of woman o'er her dead,
Thy cry of children robbed of bread;
And that most deep and bitter cry
Of famished souls about to die.

Nor vain your toils: the hardest toil
The holy fire of martyr-zeal:
Your songs o'er brutal men prevailed,
And at your prayers the spoiler quailed.

Your loving sisterhood conjoined,
With heart devout, with constant mind,
Rise, a great a-my,* on our view,
To share the amaranth with you.

O friend! the years approve thy choice;
The world has heard thy lifted voice;
Now woman's sphere is wider made,
Ennobled by thy famed Crusade.

May Time touch tenderly thy brow,
Thy tranquil face, so winsome now!
For many a word of hope and cheer
Long may Heaven spare thee to us here!

—Pastor Felix.

* The Woman's Christian Temperance Union.

TRUST.

BY AMY PARKINSON.

Dear Lord, Thou know'st I cannot understand;
Bewildered and confused,
Sometimes I almost fear to lose my Guide;
Hold Thou my hand!

Dear Lord, I will not try to understand;
I cannot see my way,
But surely, in the dark the touch I feel
Is Thine own Hand.

Dear Lord, I thank Thee *Thou* dost understand;
And through the mist and cloud
Safe Thou wilt lead me to the light at last,
Holding my hand.

Toronto.

CANADIAN WATER-POWER.*

BY T. C. KEEFER, C.M.G., C.E.



CANADA, with a small population and insufficient capital, has nevertheless held a foremost position in the products of the Forest and the Fisheries, as well as in the quality of those cereals and fruits which attain their

highest development in a northern latitude. In live stock she has not suffered by comparison with any other portion of this continent, while in dairy products she is pre-eminent. If she has not, until recently, made such progress in mineral development, it has been more from want of money than of mines. If she has been long in attaining a position as a manufacturing country, it is accounted for by the fiscal and financial conditions of a sparsely settled country, the smallness of a home market, and the competition of greater capital and output, and therefore cheaper production elsewhere.

Amongst the many partially developed resources of Canada, perhaps there is none more widespread or more far-reaching in future results than her unsurpassed water-power. The value of this has been enormously enhanced, first by the expansion of the wood pulp manufacture, and the introduction of electro-chemical and metallurgical industries for which this country possesses the raw material; and,

more recently, in the revolution which has been brought about by success in transmitting the energy of waterfalls from remote and inconvenient positions to those where the work is to be done.

Electrical transmission brings the power to the work, and when the prime mover is water, we have the cheapest power, and perhaps nearest approach to perpetual motion which it is possible to obtain; one which is always "on tap," and, like gravity, maintained without cost and applied without delay.

An examination of any good map of our broad Dominion reveals, as its most striking feature, an extraordinary wealth and remarkably uninterrupted succession of lakes and rivers, suggestive of ample rainfall, the first great requisite in the occupation of any country. These rivers and lakes have been the most important factors in the settlement of the country, as they formed the earliest lines of approach for the penetration and exploration of the interior, and for the exploitation of our forests.

Over a length of several thousand miles between Labrador and Alaska and over a width of several hundred miles, there is an almost continuous distribution of lakes, lakelets, and rivers;—the lakes of varied outlines, dimensions and elevations above sea-level, and many possessing facilities for the storage of their flood waters. This power of storage has been largely taken advantage of by lumbermen to retain the needed supply for their spring "drive" into the main stream. In many places the outlet from the lake, or the connection between a chain of lakes, is a narrow cleft in rock where an inex-

* Presidential Address, read before the Royal Society of Canada, May, 1899. The full title of Mr. Keefer's paper is "Canadian Water-Power and its Electrical Product in Relation to Undeveloped Resources of the Dominion."

pensive dam will hold back the water supplied by the winter's accumulation of snow.

tributaries, in that they are not naturally navigable from their mouths, or above tidal influence to



PAIR OF GIANT 7-INCH NOZZLES AT WORK AT CARIBOO HYDRAULIC MINE.

With the exception of her prairie region, the rivers of Canada differ from the Mississippi, Missouri and Ohio, and the larger part of their

any considerable extent, except in detached sections; while the former are navigable for thousands of miles and are therefore without

water-power. Those great western rivers flow upon a nearly uniform grade of a few inches per mile, whilst the St. Lawrence and its tributaries are interrupted by rapids, chutes, and cataracts, affording a great variety, quantity, and quality of water-power.

In the United States, between the Atlantic Coast and the Rocky Mountains, as far south as the Gulf of Mexico, and as far north as the Dakotas (with the exception of part of New York and New England), there is an entire absence of lakes; while throughout Canada, north of the St. Lawrence and stretching north-west towards the Mackenzie River basin, these are innumerable, in fact have never been numbered, and thousands of the smaller ones have never been represented on any map.

The terrace-like profile of the rivers and their frequent expansion into lakes, often dotted with islands, not only enhances the beauty of the scenery, but, for utilitarian purposes, constitutes a series of elevated natural mill ponds, containing latent power of unknown extent and value, awaiting that demand upon them which is now being made in consequence of the discovery that our second-rate forest growth, which has hitherto served chiefly to ornament their shores and islands, has become the most important, and can be ground into pulp and rolled into paper to meet the ever-increasing demand of the newspaper, the bookmaker, and the innumerable forms into which wood pulp can be compressed for useful or ornamental purposes—or as a substitute for wood or metal.

These steps from higher to lower levels in every rivulet, branch, tributary or main stream of nearly every one of our northern rivers produce more or less broken water which never freezes over, but re-

mains open during the coldest weather, giving an alternation of closed and open water sections, of ice-covered lakes and broken water in rapids, which may cover miles in extent, as well as at chutes or cataracts with more or less open water above and below them.

It is an interesting question for specialists to determine what effect, if any, this often large percentage and almost general distribution of open water during the coldest weather (of which every stream, large or small, has a portion) may have in modifying the extremes of temperature in these northern latitudes. When all the ground is frozen solid and covered with a deep mantle of snow, extending over the lakes and checking increasing thickness of their ice-covering, large bodies of water are impounded and maintained at a temperature above the freezing point, although there may be fifty degrees of frost in the air, and are constantly poured forth into this frigid atmosphere.

It is conceded that our Great Lakes modify the temperature of their border lands, and although these open water spaces in our northern rivers may be inferior in surface, they exist on every river over such a vast field that their aggregate area must be very large. Unlike the great lakes, these open spaces are constantly receiving fresh supplies of warmer water to temper the severity of the air.

If mother earth, in mid-winter, contributes any of her impounded heat to the outer atmosphere, these almost innumerable unfrozen spaces certainly offer great facilities for giving vent to her suppressed emotions.

Water-Power.

From the Straits of Belle Isle to Montreal, and thence ascending the Ottawa, the tributaries of the



GIANT, WITH 8-INCH NOZZLE, AT WORK 70 FEET FROM BANK (CLOSE QUARTERS),
CARIBOO HYDRAULIC MINE.

St. Lawrence and the Ottawa descend, through the Laurentian region, from elevations of 1,800 to 1,000 feet above tide, and debouch within a few miles of each other, except immediately about the Saguenay. In many cases they bring their principal cataracts very near their outfall, notably in the case of the famous Falls of Montmorency, which, leaping directly into the St. Lawrence, from a height of 250 feet, are utilized to light the streets and drive the tram-cars of Quebec. Somewhat similar conditions exist on the south shore of the St. Lawrence.

The divide between the St. Lawrence and the Ottawa is studded with lakes, west of the Rideau Canal, a principal outlet for which, on the south, is the River Trent, discharging into the Bay of Quinte, with large mills and much undeveloped water-power at its mouth:

and on the north, some half a dozen important tributaries discharging into the Ottawa.

At Sault Ste. Marie, a water-power canal fed from Lake Superior supplies the largest pulp mill yet erected in Ontario, and a similar work at the Lake of the Woods (which lake is 1,000 feet above tide, gives power to the largest flour mill in the Dominion. The waters of the Winnipeg River (the outlet of the Lake of the Woods) descend about 300 feet, unused, into Winnipeg Lake, adjoining Lake Manitoba, from whence the water-system extends to the Saskatchewan, and thence via Athabasca, the Great Slave and the Great Bear Lakes, to the Arctic Circle.

It is the object of this paper to draw attention to the continuity and broad distribution of water-power across the continent, on Canadian territory, and to the un-

numbered natural reservoirs of water at elevations which impart to them latent powers for the future development of this country. British Columbia has not been included in this field, because its occupied portion is separated by our great prairie region from the lake system of Eastern Canada, which system is deflected towards the north-west at the Lake of the Woods.

While the mountains south of the Canadian Pacific Railway are rich in metallic veins, the region north of this railway extending into the Arctic Circle, appears to be a veritable land of Havilah, a continuous "placer" gold-field, in which much of the precious metal is to be obtained by hydraulic mining, wherever that is practicable.

This gold-field, over a thousand miles in extent between the Fraser and Yukon Rivers, and of unascertained width, has been exploited at Cariboo (from whence fifty million dollars has been taken), at Cassiar and Omenica, and recently at Atlin,—all in British Columbia;—as well as in the far-famed Klondike, in the Yukon district, said to be the richest gold-field in the world.

Water, in whatever way it is used, is necessary to the recovery of this gold, but in many places water-power alone will profitably unearth it from its hidden recesses. This is collected in quantity from lakes, and reservoirs on the high levels, and carried for miles by ditches, aqueducts and flumes, to the banks of a primeval, deserted river channel, at the bottom of which, under forest-covered clay banks, lies the auriferous gravel studded with boulders and resting on the bed rock. Under a head of about 300 feet "six-inch rapid fire" hydraulic guns are pointed against the bank, breaking down the earth, uprooting trees, scattering boul-

ders, and washing out the gold—which remains in the traps set for it in the bottom of the sluices, after all else has been carried off by the power of the water.

These "machine guns," called "giants" and "monitors," are models of simplicity as well as of ingenuity and efficiency. While working they are great consumers of water, and can only be used when the ground is unfrozen, but this season is generally sufficient to use up all the water which can be collected at the necessary elevation.

It requires at least two men to hold and direct the force of the issuing stream from the Ottawa fire hydrant, but a boy can direct the movement of a stream, twenty times greater in quantity and fifty per cent. stronger in pressure, as it rushes forth from the nozzle of one of these "giants," which is fixed to a well-secured platform, and moved forward as the bank in front of it melts away.

A thin, short tube, of larger diameter, projects beyond the nozzle to which it is fixed by gimbals, so that the tube can be moved independently, both horizontally and vertically, to touch the issuing stream, which immediately recoils from the obstruction, moving the "giant's" nozzle in the opposite direction. Thus a boy "behind the gun" can control its movement and compel the "giant" to fall back upon his own resources for motive power.

Horse-Power.

It is impossible to give anything but an approximate estimate either of quantity or value of the available water-power over so vast an area, because the first would involve the survey of every power-site; and, as to the second, the value begins when the power is wanted.

All which now can be done is to

state the conditions and endeavour to estimate the quantity, hypothetically. We must fall back upon the average rainfall of the whole region as far as that can be procured for any time, and assume the proportion of this precipitation (of rain and snow) which, after deductions for evaporation, the demands of

the St. Lawrence, as well as all north of it in the St. Lawrence valley, and so much of the Hudson Bay and Mackenzie River watersheds as can be utilized, or imported by transmission.

As regards the power of the water thus estimated, we must embark in a much more speculative



CLEANING UP THE AMALGAM FROM SLUICES, CARIBOO HYDRAULIC MINE.

vegetation, or infiltration, would reach the wheels. An allowance must also be made for that portion of the rainfall which may be carried off in floods.

The area over which this precipitation would be in reach for water-power purposes, would embrace all the mainland of Canada south of

estimate as to the average fall which should be assigned to it for the whole region. For the whole river the total fall may be less than 100 feet, as in the case of the French River, which has Lake Nipissing for a mill pond, or rise to 1,500 feet or more, as at the river below Anticosti. The most valu-

able will be those which, like Montmorency, bring all their water with sufficient head to the point where it is worth most. The upper sections of the rivers will be the least valuable, as having less water and being more remote until reached by a new railway, or a transmission wire.

Assuming, however, an average annual precipitation of twenty-four inches, and taking one-half of this as available for water-power, every ten square miles would yield an average of nearly one horse-power for every foot of fall. A million square miles (and there is much more) would give nearly 100,000 horse-power for every foot of fall. As there would be several hundred feet of fall which could be utilized, our water-power must be immense—and commensurate with this country in other respects.

Canada's share of the St. Lawrence water-power from Lake Superior to Montreal would be about ten million horse-power.

While water-power was at first the only substitute for the wind-mill in new countries, and its economy as well as superiority has always been recognized, several causes have contributed to limit its more general application. Before the invention of the turbine in the first half of the present century heads exceeding about seventy feet could not be utilized on account of the comparative weakness and excessive cost of wheels of large diameter. In these days of structural steel, and "Ferris" wheels, this difficulty could be overcome; but with the turbine the conditions are reversed, the higher the head the less the size and cost of wheels, so that the most valuable water-powers were the most cheaply utilized in this respect.

A previous check to the greater extension of water-power was

given in the latter part of the last century by James Watt's discovery of the steam engine, which by bringing the power to the work, to the city, and to the mine, revolutionized industrial conditions.

A still greater revolution has recently occurred which brings water-power to the front again, by its amalgamation with electricity, whereby its economical power is transferred to the work, over many miles of distance, upon a single wire.

Within the last ten years high voltage electricity has been firmly established with annually increasing power of extension, and this has brought Canada into the first rank of economical power-producing countries. Water is thus represented by a power to which it can give birth, but which is superior to its own, in that, wherever transplanted, it can do nearly all the parent power could do, as well as give light, heat and greater speed; moreover, it has given rise to industries only possible with abundant cheap electricity. What is more important to us is that such industries are those for which Canada possesses the raw material, but which, without water-power, she could not engage in.

Heretofore we have cut our spruce into deals and exported it to Europe, and more recently into pulp wood and exported that to the United States; but, manufactured by our water-power into paper, the raw material would yield this country ten times the value it is now exported for.

The extension of railways, combined with electrical transmission, will promote the local manufacture of such wood products (including all valuable hard wood) as can bear transportation; thus giving the largest amount of local employment, as well as tonnage to the

railway; and delivering us from the position of "hewers of wood" for other countries.

Electricity.

In order to present more fully the recently enhanced value of our Canadian water-power, some reference is necessary to certain properties of electricity, the power which has happily been described as "the most romantic form of energy" by William Henry Preece, C.B., F.R.S., in his recent address as President of the Institution of Civil Engineers.

The shores of the St. Lawrence, from the Atlantic to the Lakes, are lined with water-power, which can be used to light in fair, or protect in foul, weather the passing vessel; to ring the bell or blow the horn.

When water is applied for light and power purposes its economy is always the important factor; but it is chiefly in its value for electro-chemical industries that Canada will look to reap the greatest benefits, because in these it is not merely a question of competition of power producers, but one in which intense electricity has the monopoly, and in the case of some of them, as in the production of aluminum, calcium carbide, carborundum, liquid air, etc., their existence depends upon ample supplies of an intense electric current for the generation of which abundant and cheap water-power is indispensable.

Mining.

There is another field nearly as widespread as our water-power in which electricity is destined to play a most important role, and this is mining, which is now spreading over the Dominion with the same rapidity as the utilization of our forests for pulp and paper purposes. Over this area, from the

Atlantic to the Pacific, minerals have been discovered and in many cases tested and successfully worked, and from recent results we appear to be on the threshold of remarkable developments in this direction, especially as so small a portion of so great an area has been prospected sufficiently for mining purposes.

For power purposes alone, electricity is invaluable in mines, and its multifarious uses (as enumerated by Mr. Preece) are "for moving trams and for working hoists: it lights up and ventilates the galleries, and, by pumping, keeps them free from water. It operates the drills, picks, stamps, crushers, compressors, and all kinds of machinery. Electric energy is safe, clean, convenient, cheap, and produces neither refuse nor side products."

The Canadian mining districts are well supplied with water-power, and all the wonderful effects of electricity are available for us upon a larger and more economical scale than elsewhere.

In connection with this abundance of water-power, and from the fact that an important proportion is now situated remote from existing railways and settlements, the question of profitable limit of electrical transmission is most important,—if indeed it be now possible to put a limit on anything connected with electricity, with or without the aid of a wire. If as reported, Lord Kelvin has placed the profitable limit at 300 miles, this is sufficient to utilize the greater part of the water-power upon the two watersheds north of the St. Lawrence River.

Electric Railways.

The substitution of electricity for steam, as the motive power for railways, is regarded as inevitable sooner or later on many roads.

It has already taken place as regards suburban railways, notably in the case of the Charlevoix road and Hull and Aylmer railway, where water is doing the work which has heretofore been done by coal. The chief obstacles to an early change on the larger roads are the hundreds of millions invested in locomotives, and the very large outlay required to equip existing steam roads with the electric system. The principal inducement would be the passenger service; owing to the increased speed possible,—it being confidently stated that, with electricity, a speed considerably over one hundred miles per hour could be attained. Moreover, there would be entire abolition of the poisonous smoke which drops upon the Pullman in preference to any coach ahead of it.

While the conversion of trunk lines would be attended with a cost which is for the present prohibitory, this objection does not apply to new lines which may be worked independently, or in connection with electric ones. When the time arrives for such railways, water-power will have a field of usefulness of which we can at present form little conception. Water wheels and wires would displace the coal docks, the coal-laden vessels, the huge coal yards, and the trains required for distributing their contents over hundreds of miles of lines.

Transportation.

Transportation, next to production, is the most important commercial question to a country of vast distances, and low-priced products affording great tonnage such as we produce, and for which we have expended hundreds of millions in canals and railways, harbours, lighthouses and steamers,—a sum disproportioned to our real-

ized wealth, as it certainly is to our population. But, noblesse oblige, we possess a vast estate, are compelled to develop it—and await results.

The geographical position of Canada in relation to the commercial centre of gravity of the North American continent is at least noteworthy. This centre is very near Lake Erie. From the western end of this lake the water route to the Atlantic, at the Straits of Belle Isle, follows the general direction of a great circle which cuts the commercial heart of Europe, and is therefore upon the shortest route, or "air line." Our two peninsulas, Sarnia-Detroit and Sault Ste. Marie, which are the railway gates of the lake region, afford the most direct routes to the Atlantic for all the Northwestern States, and are traversed by the trunk lines of railway. From Lake Erie water communication on the largest scale extends through Lake Huron to the extremities of Lakes Michigan and Superior. One-third of the population of the United States are dependent upon the Great Lakes, largely as to exports and imports, and wholly as to rates—which are fixed by the water for the rail routes.

One-half of the population of the United States is found within a radius of 400 miles from Cleveland, a Lake Erie port claimed to be second only to the Clyde as a ship-building one, and also the largest iron ore market in the world.

The paper and pulp industry, as well as some of the electro-chemical and metallurgical ones, are distinguished by the large tonnage produced, the output of several pulp mills exceeding one hundred tons per day. For this the St. Lawrence is the natural route for exportation, and to it this heavy tonnage is of the greatest importance as a means of attracting "tramps" as well as

liners during the open season. There is probably no place in the world where inland transportation is carried on with greater expedition and economy than in the valley of the St. Lawrence.

More than half of the iron ore produced in the United States is mined around Lake Superior. Into this lake an increasing number of railways are pouring the produce of the vast wheat-fields between it and the Rocky Mountains, and thus placing this grain within a thousand miles of Montreal, which is the nearest seaport by hundreds of miles, and the only one which can be reached by vessels capable of navigating the lakes.

Wheat grown in the foot-hills of the Canadian Rockies has already reached Lake Superior by the all-rail haul of fifteen hundred miles, a distance considered prohibitory in the early days of railways, as one which would absorb the whole value in the cost of carriage.

The lateness of harvest in our North-West, and the early closing of navigation in the St. Lawrence, will soon overtax all our means of transport, both water and rail, during the interval between September and December. The Welland and the St. Lawrence Canals and the portage railways between Montreal and Lake Huron constitute the Canadian routes, and much, which cannot reach Montreal in time for export, will be stored up at nearest

lake ports for winter railway carriage to tide-water warehouses on the St. Lawrence, for export at Atlantic ports,—or for conversion into flour at Ontario and Quebec water-powers.

This accumulating tonnage from our western plains and our eastern forests must call for a proportionate extension of export facilities which should attract tonnage to the St. Lawrence. Already Montreal has eighteen regular lines of steamers to transatlantic ports, exclusive of tramps. New York alone of the Atlantic ports exceeds this in number. Montreal has five regular lines to Liverpool and the same number to London, two lines to Glasgow and two to Hamburg, and one each to Bristol, Manchester, Belfast and Antwerp. Baltimore has twelve regular lines of steamships to Europe, Boston nine, and Philadelphia eight. No doubt all these Atlantic lines exceed Montreal in number and tonnage of vessels as well in cargo carried, as they have twelve months navigation against seven for the St. Lawrence. The real significance of Montreal's eighteen regular lines of steamships is the demonstration that, in spite of climatic drawbacks, or inferiority in other respects, the St. Lawrence is the route towards which northern exports will gravitate during its open season.

I ASKED THE NEW YEAR.

I asked the New Year for some motto sweet,
Some rule of life by which to guide my feet.
I asked and paused. He answered soft and low :
" God's will to know."

" Will knowledge then suffice, New Year?" I cried,
But ere the question into silence died
The answer came : " Nay, this remember, too,—
God's will to do."

Once more I asked : " Is there still more to tell?"
And once again the answer sweetly fell :
" Yes, this one thing all other things above,—
God's will to love."

—Christian Work

MUSIC IN CHURCH SERVICE.

BY F. H. TORRINGTON,

Choirmaster of the Metropolitan Methodist Church, Toronto.



THE purpose of the music service is, like the church itself, worship and ministry. The spirit of worship finds its deepest expression in music.

Even amongst savage races music

was used to enhance, intensify, and beautify the worship of their gods. The evidences of its ministry in our churches are an inspiration to nobler living, giving comfort in sorrow, strengthening in weakness, and rejoicing in prosperity.

The Church has been the medium through which this ministry and power have been felt. The best musicians have consecrated their endeavours to giving purpose and direction to the musical services of all the Christian centuries. Appropriate music in church prepares pastor and people for worship, and inspires their devotions; inappropriate music unfits them for worship, and nullifies the best efforts of the preacher. When the music of a church is intelligently conducted, and prelude, anthem, hymns, the Scripture reading, the postludes, all have the same theme, the service is a unit of force, one great act of worship, whose impressiveness and influence are unspeakable.

A writer has said that, "Sometimes clergymen either belittle or ignore the influence of this art in church through ignorance, and many nullify the efforts of competent choirmasters and singers by ignorant criticisms." This remark does not, fortunately, apply to our ministers here—for they are real-

izing that sacred music used in church service in connection with the ministry of the Word, make a combined force that draws and leads people of every station in life towards the common goal of godly influence.

The same writer says: "Unfortunately, much of the musical service in our American churches seems purposeless. The most sacred and impressive words are sung to the popular melodies of sentimental songs, to operatic airs, purely secular in their character, and the organist plays operatic themes and arrangements, degrading worship, and disgusting intelligent and sincere worshippers."

We also hear, everywhere, sentimental doggerel set to music of a similar character. The two great religious movements of modern times have introduced such music far and wide, endorsing it with their great influence. This is a misfortune both to the Church and the cause of good music. Real sacred music is inherently so. We are impressed by the exalted spiritual character in it. Its influence is refining and ennobling. A church which demands music of a trivial and sentimental style is likely to have a religious life of a similar character, while the church which requires sacred music of the most dignified and noble character—albeit musically beautiful and expressive,—is sure to have a grand faith, and a life full of inspiration and holiness! Such music is abundant; we need not seek far for it.

Trivial, sentimental, and secular music in the house of God fosters a spirit of criticism, not of worship,

in the congregation, and a spirit of professionalism in the choir gallery which is fatal to all worship-music.

The Jewish, the Roman Catholic, the Episcopal, and in large degree the Methodist churches recognize fully the power and influence of really religious music, and make it an integral part of their services. With the inspired ministry of God's Word, give us the noble hymns of the Church wedded to sacred music, and so intensified we shall have imparted to us the unspeakable things that can only come to us through inspired song. Let us

not hear, in the solemn services of the sanctuary, "Pull for the Shore," "Hold the Fort," and many others of this class, but rather "O Come, Every One that Thirsteth," "O Rest in the Lord," "I know That my Redeemer Liveth," "Peace I Leave with You," "The Church's One Foundation is Jesus Christ Our Lord," "Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty," and the many beautiful hymns of the Wesleys and other standard writers—sacred words set to purely sacred music.

The College of Music,
Toronto.

THE ACCEPTABLE YEAR OF THE LORD.

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

Some years come bearing roses,
Some years come bearing rue,
Some with harmonious closes,
Some discord through and through.
We may not mould or shape them,
Or alter, or escape them,
We dare not blame; but we
May make all years acceptable,
O Lord of time! to Thee.

By patiently abiding
The secrets of Thy will;
By daily sure contending
In Thee through good or ill;
By fight with self and sinning,

Now baffled and now winning;
By service brave,—may we
Make each new year acceptable,
O Lord of time! to Thee.

Thy wisdom is unfailing
Though we are dull to know,
Thy comfort all-prevailing
For every want and woe.
The little moment's trial
Beat out on Time's great dial
Builds to eternity,
Where years are all acceptable,
O Lord of love! to Thee.
—*Sunday School Times.*

WINTER IN THE SIERRAS.

BY MARY AUSTIN.

The pines are black on Sierra's slope,
And white are the drifted snows;
The flowers are gone, the buckthorn bare,
And chilly the north wind blows.
The pine-boughs creak,
And the pine-trees speak
A language the north wind knows.

There's never a track leads in or out
Of the cave of the big brown bear;
The squirrels have hid in their deepest
holes,

And fastened the doors with care.
The red fox prowls,
And the lean wolf howls
As he hunts far down from the lair.

The eagle hangs on the wing all day,
On the chance of a single kill;
The little gray hawk hunts far and wide
Before he can get his fill.
The snow-wreaths sift,
And the blown snows drift
To the canyons deep and still.

WHAT HAPPENED TO TED.*

BY ISABELLE HORTON.

CHAPTER VII.

A MORNING CALLER.

"THERE'S a woman with a child in her arms down in the parlour who wants to see you."

"Who can it be so early?" said Miss Westcott with just the ghost of a sigh, for this early call she knew meant trouble somewhere, trouble which she should be expected to share and relieve. And these last few days had been crowded so full of other people's troubles. She had awakened with a dull headache and a wearied feeling that made her shrink a little from taking up new burdens, as the overwheeled draught horse shrinks from the yoke that has bruised his shoulders.

She dropped upon her knees, but brain and heart were too dull for formal petitions. She could not ask grace even "just for to-day," but rather just for this hour—just to be able to meet this new claimant upon her sympathy in the spirit of the blessed Master. A little crimson, illuminated card, bearing in silver letters, the words, "What would Jesus do?" was pinned up on her door, and was the last thing her eyes rested upon as she left the room. As she hastened down the stairs the wish of her heart framed itself into words, "Dear Master, help me to take thy human place to this woman, whoever she may be."

"Why, Mrs. Breen! What has happened?" The rich, soft voice vibrated with wonder and alarm, for the caller's face was white and drawn, and the eyes full of unspeakable suffering.

"It's come, Miss Westcott, it's come—just what I've been expecting. Tom was drunk last night—and—and—"

Miss Westcott saw that the speaker's face and indeed her whole form was quivering. The parlour was likely to be invaded at any moment by other callers.

"Come up to my room, where we can be alone;" and taking the baby in her own arms Miss Westcott led the way, while the mother followed silently. She turned the key in the door, and placing Mrs. Green in a low

rocking-chair, seated herself on the bed close beside her, with her hand on the back of the chair.

"Now, tell me about it."

"He was terrible last night, and—he struck me—Tom did." The appealing eyes turned upon the listener with a look of misery and horror that she could never forget.

"I knew how it would be ever since he began drinking. In a little while he will be like Jim Shannon and Mike Radcliff, and I shall be like those awful women—ragged and wretched and hopeless. But I can't stand it, Miss Westcott. I can't live so—it is hell. I took the baby and came away at twelve o'clock last night. I've been walking about the streets ever since; and—I shall never go back."

Then, with a sort of desperate calmness she went on:

"I came to see if you would take the baby, Miss Westcott, and find a good home for her."

"That would not be hard to do," said Miss Westcott, her arm tightening around the little form in her lap; "but what about yourself, Mrs. Breen? What are you going to do?"

"I—oh—I could go out to service, or go to the factory again. There are plenty of things I could do if I was alone."

But her eyes drooped and wandered evasively, and Miss Westcott knew that some darker and more desperate resolve was forming itself in the half-crazed brain of the woman.

"Mrs. Breen," she said, "you are not planning to give up your baby and go back to the factory? What is in your mind? Have you come to me and forgotten your Best Friend?"

"I haven't any friend but you; I tried to think of God last night. I tried to pray, but everything was dark. My heart is all in a turmoil. How can I believe He is a friend to poor people and lets such things happen?"

"He doesn't want such things to happen. I don't understand it myself, any more than baby understands why you whipped her hands that day to make her let the broken glass alone. You loved her, but you made her cry. Do you

remember how bad you felt when she turned away from you and stood in the corner crying? Don't let this trouble drive you away from the Father that loves you."

"Do you think I ought to go back and live—like that—until our home is like Jim Shannon's?" she asked, defiantly.

Clear and terrible before Miss Westcott's eyes rose the vision. Shrieking children flying from the drunken fury of a father who staggered after them with oaths and imprecations—a mother, grown coarse, degraded, terrible—and then one awful night, when a man reeled away, sullen and muttering, from the house. And within a woman with gray, disheveled hair lay on the floor, white and silent, and children wailed in terror. And that woman was once young like Nellie, and loved the man whose hand had been raised against her as she loved Tom.

"No," she said hotly, "not that way! God does not mean His children to live lower than beasts. But there must be some other way—there shall be."

A long, heavy sigh startled her, and the woman's head dropped forward upon her shoulder. "She's fainted," thought Miss Westcott. Letting the baby slip to her feet on the floor, she lifted the sinking form to the bed. Then she brought water and bathed the white face, until the eyes opened languidly.

"Poor child! You are all worn out," she said, putting back the hair from the damp forehead. "I'm going to bring you some hot coffee and a breakfast."

But first she slipped on her knees beside the bed, and holding one of Nellie Breen's small, work-hardened hands in her own she prayed as she had done but few times before in her life. Her own weariness was forgotten, her headache gone, her faith strong and triumphant. She knew it was not the Father's will that one of these little ones should perish, and she claimed His promise with the assurance that sees the answer before it comes. Nellie's eyes remained closed, but a tear slipped from between the lids and rolled over the white face.

Before Miss Westcott went to the kitchen she found one of the nurses, and sent her to see the patient. As she was returning with her steaming tray she met the nurse at the door.

"I was coming to look for you," she said. "That is a very sick woman; she must be taken to the hospital at once."

CHAPTER VIII.

TOM AND TEDDY.

The sickly March sun, struggling through smoke and murk, was looking in at the narrow paned window, when Tom Breen awoke from his heavy slumber, and rubbed his eyes, trying to account for the uncanny stillness that reigned throughout the little cottage. His head was throbbing; his eyes swollen and bloodshot. It must be late—Ted had evidently gone to his work. A piece of a loaf of bread lay on the table with a knife beside it; also a dish of cold potatoes and a cracked teacup half full of salt. There was no sign of fire, except that which seemed to Tom might have belonged to some prehistoric age, and had left a litter of ashes and black cinders about the cheerless hearth. An overturned chair lay in the corner; a small plaid shawl that Nellie often wore about her shoulders trailed across the floor. Sitting on the edge of the bed, where he had thrown himself without removing his clothing, he stared at the shawl, while the events of the night vaguely shaped themselves in his brain, as if parts of a nightmare.

There had been a noisy meeting of the club over the saloon, and some one treated the crowd. Then there were wild, bar-room harangues, and some more treats, and it was all a whirl after that. He was angry to find Nellie sitting up for him, with that shawl over her shoulders. Did she think him a milk-sop? And if she must sit up, why did she not manage to have a little fire?

He was wild—mad. It was an outrage that the family of an honest man could not have coal to build a fire. And whether it was Nellie to blame or the rich corporations was not quite clear. Things grew more mixed. Nellie had fallen over the bed. Whether he had struck her or pushed her, he could not say. She must learn to keep out of his way when he was—not quite himself. Then Teddy had sprung from the couch crying out, "Hold on, there, now! You've gone far enough." Tom grinned even now as a picture rose before his mind of the plucky little

fellow standing before him with a chair drawn—him, a tall six-footer. Whether or not a blow had fallen before Tom could twist the chair from his hands he could not say. His head was beating like a trip-hammer. Then there was a sense of some one being gone and that he ought to do something about it; but he—well—he would wait till morning.

And now it was morning, and he was quite alone in a cold, empty house. Nellie's hat and jacket were gone, and the baby's cloak. He must have been drunk—dead drunk. It was a shame, of course, but Nellie would get over it, and he would look out and not take too much another time. He went to the hydrant and dashed cold water plentifully over his face and head. Then he tried to put the disordered room to rights, but the cold seemed to creep into his very marrow. He grew colder every moment. He turned his pockets inside out, but there was not a penny. Some way or other he must have a fire before Nellie and the baby got back, and they might come at any moment. Finally, he put on his coat and cap, and going to the "yards," succeeded, by working an hour or two, in picking up nearly a peck of coal. It was the first time he had ever joined the army of scavengers, and he felt that now indeed, he was a pauper, a vagrant, a good-for-nothing. He started a fire, feeling more and more anxious at Nellie's continued absence, and held his stiffened hands over the blue flame as it darted in and out of the black mass. Then he went out and filled the basket again with his gleanings, and still Nellie had not come.

Then there came a knock at the door, and a lad handed him a letter. It was in a thick white envelope, addressed in a lady's hand. It read:

"Dear Mr. Breen,—I should like to see you on business that concerns your own interest and happiness. I cannot be at home this afternoon, but should like to have you call to-morrow at nine o'clock at the Deaconess Home, 245 Arch Street.

"Katherine Westcott."

"So-ho! that's where she's gone," mused Tom, thinking of Nellie first of all. "Gone to that church woman, with her yarns about me." And mingled with his sense of relief that his wife and child were probably safe, came a sense of anger that she

had told the story of his misdeeds to this woman.

"She wants to read me a lecture on the evils of drinking, and then make me promise to be good and say my prayers, before Nellie will come home. Blamed if I'll go a step," was his conclusion.

But it must have been a conclusion that needed revising, for more than once as the afternoon wore away he muttered after troubled cogitations, "Blamed if I'll go."

The cordial relations that had existed between Tom and Ted seemed a little strained that night when Ted came home and found the house still without a mistress.

"Ain't Nellie come home yet?" he demanded, and Tom, giving way to his anxiety, asked eagerly. "Where did she go, Ted? What did she say when she went away?"

"She didn't say anything, but she looked as if she might be goin' to kill herself, her face was that white," said Ted, and went on remorselessly, "I let you chase me so's to give her a chance to get out. I thought once that you'd kill her."

"I must 'a' been pretty well soaked," admitted Tom, miserably; "but I believe Nell's all right. I had a note from the deaconess askin' me to call on her to-morrow, as she wants to see me on very partic'lar business," continued Tom, airily, trying to turn the subject and making a miserable failure. "But I ain't goin'."

"Why not?" demanded Ted.

"What's the use? She'll lecture me for drinkin'. I know just as well as she does that I hadn't orter 'a' drink so much—an' she'll be wantin' me to join the church——"

"I reckon she ain't in any hurry about wantin' ye to join the church," said Ted, sardonically; "and it seems to me when a bloke gets so's he kin strike a woman, an' a woman like Nellie Breen at that, it's 'bout time somebody said sunthin' to 'im;" and Ted, disdainful to pursue the subject further, turned his back upon Tom, and taking a newspaper from inside his jacket spread his elbows upon the table and devoted himself to its perusal by the light of the lamp.

Presently an exclamation from Ted aroused Tom from a miserable reverie.

"My eyes! Look a-there, Tom. This is where I'd 'a' been, if it

hadn't been for Miss Westcott," and he read from the paper, stumbling a little over the long words :

"A band of boy thieves have been for some time infesting certain parts of our city, picking pockets, robbing delivery waggons, and even entering department stores and carrying off whatever they could lay hands on without being detected. The police have been for some time watching the house of a woman known as "Mother Tooley" on Bannock Street, which was supposed to be headquarters of one of these gangs. Last night the police made a raid on the house, but Mother Tooley had been given the alarm and fled. The house was searched and revealed a heterogeneous collection of handkerchiefs, thread, buttons, braid, etc. Several of the boys have been arrested, and two of them have given evidence which indicates that this house was a regular school of crime. The boys were encouraged to steal, and instructed in the most successful methods of shop-lifting and picking pockets.

"The boys, all of them between the ages of nine and sixteen, were held to examination, and will doubtless be sent to the reformatory."

"There, Tom, I was with that gang. I hadn't never stole anything, but I'd seen the other fellers, and it wouldn't 'a' took me long to get as smart as any of 'em. Then Miss Westcott came, and got me started off to school. 'Course she didn't know anything about it, but I tell you I'd a heap rather be workin' for Brown & Co., than to be in any of them fellers' shoes. You better mind what she says, Tom."

But Tom answered nothing, and sat in deep meditation until long after Teddy was asleep.

CHAPTER IX.

AN AWAKENING.

The next morning found Tom Breen in the Deaconess Home Parlour, nervously watching the hands of the little clock on the mantel, and changing his position every ten seconds. He had expected the interview to be a trying one, and finding his knees a trifle shaky, he had fortified himself with a glass of beer. Perhaps it was this, perhaps it was his "vaulting ambition" to appear nonchalant over-reaching itself, which gave his jaunty

air the slight flavour of boorish gallantry with which he took the proffered hand of the deaconess as she entered the room; an air which Miss Westcott calmly ignored, and, seating herself, came at once to the matter in hand.

"Mr. Breen, I'm sorry that I have bad news for you, but your wife was taken to the hospital yesterday, and lies now in a very critical condition."

Tom's face went white, and he started to his feet. "Where—what hospital?" he exclaimed.

Miss Westcott rose, too, and her face was more full of pity than reproach. "You can't go to her now, Mr. Breen; she is out of her mind, and no one is allowed to see her, but be sure that everything is being done that possibly can be to save her life. You shall have news every few hours until the crisis is over."

"And Baby—where is she?" said Tom, hoarsely.

"She is taking her morning nap upstairs. That is one thing I wanted to consult you about. Believe me, Mr. Breen, I am exceedingly distressed with the turn affairs have taken. I would gladly be a true friend to you as to your wife. But Mrs. Breen told me yesterday, before she was taken so ill, that she felt that she could not go back to your home, and wished me to make some provision for the child, so that she could go to work when she is able."

That was the last thing Tom had expected.

"Go to work!" he almost shouted.

"Why, woman, she is my wife."

There was just the slightest suspicion of a flash from Miss Westcott's dark eyes as she answered: Your wife—but still a woman. You stand for your rights as a man—a free born American citizen—do you not? And that is right. There should be nothing to hinder your shaping your own life as you please. But does not a woman also have some rights? Must one who is able and willing to earn an honest livelihood for herself be starved and beaten and abused? And even children have rights. Must they without their consent be brought into the world under a heritage of wretchedness and shame? You should be manly enough to concede to others the same rights you claim for yourself."

Tom's face was livid, and a red spot burned in either cheek. He tried to say that he was not a drunkard—that

Nellie was not starved or beaten or abused, but the vision of that night and of other days and nights came up before him, and his tongue seemed glued to the roof of his mouth. At last he stammered out, "Can't a fellow take a little 'too much once or twice without folks coming down on him for being a drunkard?"

"Let us be honest, Mr. Breen. I appeal to your own judgment. What will be the outcome of the course you have followed the past four months, for a man of your temperament? You affirm your right to a social glass, or to as many as you please, but you see for yourself to what it is leading you. I would urge you to change your course, but if you do not heed your wife's wishes, nothing that I could say would influence you. I can only urge you not to think of dragging others down with you."

It was all so utterly, so absurdly different from what he expected, that Tom could not answer. He was prepared to argue, or to excuse, but she gave him no chance; she agreed with him implicitly, and took his own ground. She accepted his standard of personal rights and carried it on, planting it upon a position which he had not thought of. Was it only a bluff after all? He stole a look into her face, but it was quite candid and earnest, and every word she had said was simple truth. Tom could not dispute it.

There was a struggle, short and sharp, in Tom's soul, and then he spoke from his heart like a man:

"Miss Westcott, I know I've acted like a brute, but don't think too hard of me if you can help it. God knows I love Nellie, and I meant to make her a good husband. She'll tell you I never drank a drop till this trouble came. But what's a man to do when he sees his family going hungry, and to save his life he can't turn an honest penny to save them?"

"Stand by like a man and bear it with them, if it must be; not heap a double portion on to the heads of the weaker ones," said the deaconess.

But Tom's brow lowered.

"There ain't any right or justice in the world, Miss Westcott. There's thousands of men in this city, willin' and able to work, that can't keep their families from starving. Do the best he can, a common labouring man can't lay up a cent over'n above his expenses, and then, just as soon as a

bit of bad luck comes, he's down, and can't get up again to save his life. Here we've been half-starved all winter, an' there's rich folks, thousands of 'em, that don't work, that throws to their dogs, every day, more'n enough to keep Nellie and me decent and respectable. Sometimes I think there ain't anything for it but to get through the world as fast as you can, and be done with it."

"And then—what?" said Miss Westcott.

Tom moved uneasily in his chair.

"I don't pretend to know anything about the next world; it can't be much worse'n this. There ain't nobody ever came back to tell us."

"One has;" Miss Westcott spoke reverently; "and I wouldn't risk it if I were you, Mr. Breen. Don't I know it's all true what you have said, and a great deal more that you haven't thought of. These are hard problems, and touch our lives at many points. I don't pretend to understand them. But I know one thing, Mr. Breen; the cure, if cure there is, must come from bringing into business relations an entirely new principle. You can't cure selfishness with selfishness, nor hate with hate. And that is just what many are trying to do. In this struggle between labour and capital, where each man is striving only for his own interests, brain will always have the advantage of brawn, and wealth and power and craft will always win. It is organized selfishness that makes the world go wrong—selfishness which so easily becomes hatred. Selfishness must be overcome by sacrifice, and hatred by love; and this conquering force is only found in Christianity."

"The church—" began Tom hotly, but Miss Westcott interposed. "Pardon me, Mr. Breen, I said 'Christianity,' not 'the church.' I know all too well what you would say against the church—much of it is too true—much is unjust prejudice. But is there anything in the life or teaching of Jesus, the carpenter's son, that you would criticize or that you would have different?"

"I'm afraid I don't know as much about Him as I ought to," confessed Tom. "I've allus heard He was a friend of the poor man, though."

"He was a friend of humanity—rich and poor alike. Wouldn't you like to know more about Him? Take this little Testament and study His life in the Gospels and see, if you can,

what His views were as to the relations that ought to exist between man and man. Take it into your meetings and ask the men there what would be the effect if they were applied to-day, and if anything else will do. Study Him merely as a reformer, if you choose, and if you find that you and your friends are not on the right track, don't blame other people too bitterly if they are wrong, too. But let me give you this from my personal experience, Mr. Breen: the more you try to bring your own life in harmony with this book, the more you will find that others are not so hopelessly bad after all."

"I'm afraid you have given me a pretty big job, Miss Westcott."

"Perhaps it will not be an altogether unprofitable one," smiled Miss Westcott. "But remember, Mr. Breen, that when you have heaped upon capital and trusts all the blame they can possibly be guilty of, you haven't begun to bring charges against them so black as can be brought against the saloon. That is the worst enemy of the poor man. See what it has already done for you and yours. Think of the heavy tax it levies year by year, in money, to say nothing of broken hearts and ruined homes."

"Right you are there, Miss Westcott," said Tom, "and if Nellie gets well I'm going to steer clear of them for ever. If she don't—" and he paused, chokingly.

"We must hope for the best. You can come here and get news by telephone as often as you choose, and you shall see her as soon as the doctor will allow."

Tom walked away feeling like a man who has received a severe shaking up. But somehow, in the process, his better nature had been stirred to its depths. The thought of Nellie's sufferings and danger, and his own responsibility therefor was torture. The fear that he might never have the opportunity to tell her of his repentance, seemed more than he could endure. All night long he tossed upon his bed or paced the floor of the little room, or turned the pages of the Testament in a vague hope that in it he might find help.

The words of the deaconess—"You can't cure hate by hate—it must be love against hatred—sacrifice against selfishness," repeated themselves over and over in his mind, and in the little book there was much about love

and sacrifice. Was it this that made her so different from the people in the alley, and the men in the club? And she was a church woman. What if they were in the right after all?

And then—"The worst enemy of the working man is the saloon." He had never thought of it that way before. The saloon had seemed his best friend—full of jollity, and good-fellowship, and forgetfulness. But where and when had he heard these words: "At the last it biteth like a serpent"? Surely, he had begun to feel the serpent's bite. How woe-fully wrong it had all been? Was it possible, he wondered, to begin all over again, and on different principles? He knew that this Jesus, the reformer, was also to be Christ the Saviour, and surely he should need some help outside of himself. He must learn more about it.

At the first dawn of morning he hurried to the Home for news of his wife. There had been little change; she had merely held her own through the night. At noon it was the same; but toward night her symptoms were pronounced a little more hopeful.

CHAPTER X.

A REUNION.

Two weeks later Miss Westcott was picking her way through the half-frozen mud of McCorkle's Alley. She carried a market-basket piled nearly to the handle with parcels. A door was suddenly opened, and she barely escaped a deluge of dirty water and potato parings on its way into the street.

"The saints presarve us! I never seed ye, Miss Westkitt. Ben't ye comin' in to my house?"

"Not this morning, Mrs. O'Hara. Mrs. Breen comes home to-day, and I'm going to help get the house ready."

"An' be she comin' back the day? Well, I be glad to know that. Her man's been nigh about crazy about her. An' she's a dacint little body. now, ain't she?"

Old Moll's cottage showed small signs of life. Several days before a patrol wagon had driven into the alley, and drunken Madge was assisted into it by two stalwart policemen, and rode away, alternately kissing her hands to the spectators, and calling down imprecations on the heads of the minions of the law. Since then

Old Moll had absorbed her daily portion of beer, and interfered little with the affairs of the alley. The Breen cottage was empty, but Tom had given her the key and promised to be on hand to assist her in putting it to rights. He had found temporary employment as janitor, which paid his board and a trifle more, while leaving him opportunity to look out for other work.

"What a horribly dismal place! Can I ever bring order out of such confusion?" was Miss Westcott's little cry of dismay as she stood upon the threshold. But she knew presently there would be a pair of strong hands to help her, so, removing her bonnet and cuffs, and carefully pinning up her skirt, she began her attack at that vital point around which the home-life always centres—the stove. She had just succeeded in starting a fire that snapped and crackled joyously when Tom arrived, boyishly happy, eager-eyed and ready for orders from "the general," as he dubbed the deaconess.

"Now you take the broom and sweep, and I will pick up things a little, and then I will wash the windows and you can scrub the floor, so as to have it dry before Mrs. Breen comes," said the "general," suiting the action to the word.

The dust flew and the water splashed. Furniture and dishes settled into their accustomed places, and presently Tom looked about admiringly.

"It takes a woman after all to make things look right. I've tried to keep things straight, but I couldn't never make it look like it did when Nellie was at home."

Miss Westcott smiled, taking the compliment quite as a matter of course.

"Now," said she, "it's time for you to go after Mrs. Breen and Baby. I'll have dinner ready by the time you get back. Isn't it nice that Ted has a half-holiday so that he can be with us," and Tom needed no second suggestion.

An hour later he was back, the baby upon one arm, and the other carefully supporting Nellie's faltering steps.

"How good it is to be at home again," she sighed contentedly, when she was comfortably bestowed in the one little rocking-chair, her feet upon the hearth, and a pillow behind her head. There was a happy light in

her hazel eyes, that was reflected in Tom's dark-blue ones, a light that Miss Westcott had never seen in either before, and in her heart she thanked God.

And what a dinner she had evolved from that basket! and all, from the snowy cloth to the potted hyacinth in the centre—which she stoutly insisted was no more an extravagance than the beefsteak—spoke of her loving thought and care.

And how happy they all were! Tom was to begin work again, just as soon as the factory opened, which would be within a week. And just as soon as Nellie was strong enough they would move out of the alley into better quarters. Tom had intended to keep this piece of good news to be announced at the dinner table, but it had proved too much for him, and he had told Nellie as soon as they were well on their way home. But it was good enough to tell again and lost nothing by repetition. Ted's eyes glistened as he told how the head of the firm of Brown & Co. had said he was to have a bicycle with which to do his errands for the firm, and the baby, not to be forgotten, drummed applause with her spoon for every happy remark.

After dinner Tom went and got his Testament and handed it to Miss Westcott, saying never a word. She opened the book and read of the true vine and the abiding in Christ.

Then Nellie petitioned: "O Miss Westcott, you must sing my hymn again—I want Tom to hear it." And once more the precious, comforting words with their ring of triumph, floated out through the murk and smoke of the alley:

"O Love Divine that stooped to share
Our sharpest pang, our bitterest tear,
On Thee we cast each earth-born care,
And smile at pain, while Thou art near."

Old Moll, going past with her pitcher of beer, stopped and listened, mumbling to herself. The faces at the windows opposite peered out until the last word, and then withdrew from sight. And in the Breen cottage all reverently knelt, while Miss Westcott, in fervent words, thanked the Father in heaven for the united household, and asked that His abiding presence should be in the home for ever. And Tom and Nellie and Ted said in their hearts, "Amen!"

The End.

THE MODEL—A CHRISTMAS STORY.

(NARRATED BY THE YOUNGEST MISS JONES.)



"HAVE you seen Mr. Harris' poem in this week's *Rexham Courant*?" Clara asked one Saturday afternoon in late autumn. We were sitting in the firelight with our feet on the fender, and I had been engaged for several minutes in debating whether I should sacrifice myself, for once, and offer to get tea ready, seeing that Clara had been on her feet all day.

"No. Where is *The Courant*?" I asked, welcoming a diversion.

"On the floor there, behind your chair. And I'll get the tea," Clara said, rising, and stretching herself. And I reflect that, after all, she hated sitting still; it would do her good to move about a little!

"If only Mr. Harris wouldn't think he can write verses!" I remarked, as I raked the paper to me with the poker. "It's his one remnant of Original Sin."

I turned the rather unwieldy sheet. It is curious that if you are looking for anything it is always on the other side of a paper, and when you search for the initials on a handkerchief you almost invariably find them in the fourth corner.

At the head of the weekly instalment of fiction, "*The Waters of Marah*," and in company with the usual lyric of the "*Autumn Leaves*" type—the seasons are very evil entreated by your local rhymester—I found, and read aloud, the following poem:

THE MODEL.

To sketch the picture of a life

Sincere in deed, in thought sublime

Worthy to reach the after-time

And win its rest beyond the strife,—

This is the highest goal of Art:

To mould a form of real device,

Fruit of a noble sacrifice,

A toiling throb of brain and heart.

In sunshine, or in darksome doubt

Remains the Model; so with song

We work, till He, the Good, the Strong,

Shall bring the perfect fulness out.

—*T. Carlyle Harris.*

"Well, what's the matter with that?" Clara asked, as she turned the slice of bread she was toasting.

"Nothing whatever," I said tartly, "except that it isn't poetry. It rhymes and scans all right. The wood is laid in order, and the lamb is ready, but the fire has not descended—that's all. You can see he has deliberately said to himself, Go to, now! Let me elaborate an affecting copy o' verses—and this is the result. Besides, fancy any man in his senses trying to conjure with the '*In Memoriam*' metre after Tennyson. It argues either conceit or insensibility."

"Why shouldn't he?" Clara persisted. "I think that's quite as good as '*In Memoriam*,' and much easier to understand. And, anyhow," she added, as she left the room, "you can do nothing like it, with all your cleverness."

I got up and stood looking out of the window at the pale watery-gold of the sunset. That's Clara all over. She is the best of girls, but the personal argument is the only one that ever looks out upon her. It has the disadvantage of being frequently unanswerable. I was forced to admit that she was right. I can make better verses than Mr. Harris any day of the week. But then, I can do all I know. His reach exceeds his grasp. So far as feeling goes, I have done nothing worthy to set beside those three stanzas.

I felt rather depressed as I drew up to the table, but before the meal was over I suddenly burst, like a revolving light, from blackness to brilliancy. An idea struck me that made me laugh.

"What's the matter with you now?" Clara asked. She has the slowly moving nature's disdain of quick transitions.

"Oh, nothing!" I said.

It was, I think, early in the next week that Fleetwood, who reported for *The Courant*, called. I was always glad to see Fleetwood, he was so jolly. For some reason or other, though, he was not in very good odour in the neighbourhood. Nothing definite was

said against him, but he had a reputation for lawlessness, resting probably upon no broader basis than that he was a clever violinist, and that he was fond of taking solitary walks when everybody else was in bed. In a little country place people are so censorious; to be singular in any way is to be a suspect. Father never had a good word for Fleetwood, but I assumed that that was because I liked him, always a sufficient reason in my parent's eyes for forbidding any man the house. And even Mr. Harris, who invariably took genial views of his fellows, and put the best construction on everything, resolutely declined to discuss Fleetwood. The impressions he made on me were rather conflicting. In his absence I often thought poorly of him, but if at that moment I met him in the street and exchanged a word or a smile with him, I would go on my way saying to myself: After all, Fleetwood is such a decent fellow! It was only when he was away that I distrusted him, and he had such a sunny disposition, and such a sympathetic manner, that he gave you the sense of comfort and well-being a bright fire does. He was, moreover, an eloquent listener. After he was gone, you frequently regretted the admissions his absorbed attention had betrayed you into making.

I found him alone in the sitting-room. He said he had called for the programme of the last Band of Hope meeting. At that time of the year, when all the cattle shows are over, and an editor can no longer pad his columns with lists of prize-winners, and print in full the names of all the farmers' daughters who added lustre to those functions, the Penny Reading or Band of Hope is a tower of strength. The most trivial entertainment can, if intelligently treated, become matter for an imposing par. Fleetwood and I had often laughed over those reports. It is an unflinching joy to a local reader to learn that a meeting opened by singing Hymn 122, and that Miss K. Jones presided at the harmonium with her usual ability.

When I had recounted the different items of the programme, Fleetwood sat biting the end of his pencil abstractedly. Presently he said:

"What did you think of Mr. Harris' poetry in *The Courant* last week?"

He smiled rather contemptuously as he spoke. There was always a certain venom in Fleetwood's tone when

he referred to Mr. Harris. And though I am usually, I hope, loyal to my friends, I had once or twice had reason for compunction in that I had allowed several slighting remarks to pass unchallenged. How difficult it is to be always quite true even to the people we love and honour most! Human nature is such a crazy patch-work. There are bits of good stuff, and alongside them, pieces so mean and unworthy that when we dare to inspect them we are ashamed of ourselves.

"Oh, I don't know!" I said, registering an inward vow, which I broke, in intention, even as I registered it.

"I have been strongly tempted sometimes to parody one of his poems," Fleetwood continued, "and send it to *The Courant*; but that particular one would not be easy to parody."

"Do you think not?" I asked. And then vanity got the better of me. I rummaged in a writing-case which lay on the table, found a sheet of paper, and handed it to Fleetwood. He looked at it, lifted his eyebrows, and began to read. Long before he had finished he was laughing uproariously.

"This is the best thing I've ever read," he said, with positive exultation. "But what's this quotation at the top?"

"Oh, that's a sentence from Lotze's 'Mikrokosmos,' that I once heard him quote—fancy!—in a sermon. It comes in well, doesn't it?"

"It certainly does. What an ass he makes of himself, with his Germans. Is there any particular joke about the dumpling?"

"Only just that apple-dumpling is his little weakness. And he is such a bilious man, you know, that it plays the mischief with his digestion. And yet he never can resist it. I believe he has even brought religion to bear upon the soft temptation in vain."

"Poor old Harris!" Fleetwood said, and then he gathered up his papers, with which the table was strewn, to depart. He had been gone some time before I had my wits sufficiently about me to notice that he had taken my sheet of manuscript with him, as well as his own. It made me feel rather uncomfortable at first. But I reassured myself by reflecting that whatever Fleetwood was, he was a gentleman.

On the Saturday following, turning *The Courant* about in an absent-minded way, I came upon something

that made my heart beat furiously.
Here it is :

THE MODEL.

"*The Real is the Ideal embodied in a form of efficacious substantiality.*"

To build a dumpling large as life,
Sincere in juice, in flavour prime,
Luscious as ministerial rhyme,
With crust that flakes beneath the knife—

This is the highest goal of Art ;
To mould a form of raro device,
Freighted with apple, slice on slice,
More filling far than puff or tart.

Enveloped in a well-floured clout
Remains the Model—boiling long—
Until the Cook, red-armed and strong,
Shall turn the perfect dumpling out.

There was no name appended.

I hardly know how I felt when I read these verses. The first thing to do seemed to be to get into the open air and think out the situation. In a few minutes I was out of doors. I hurried along past the few straggling houses which lay between me and the wildest stretch of road in the neighbourhood. Mental agitation and moorland ! There seems no connection between the two. But to me the one is the instinctively sought remedy for the other. Low lands, riverside walks, thick woods, each fittingly environ some mood of the mind. But unrest drives me up and up. The bleaker the surroundings, the greyer the colouring, the better. Barren moor with a dry stone wall or two, and the north-east wind rustling drearily through the sparse heather and stunted blaeberry bushes, is what I need.

This particular road traversed a pine-wood before it reached the moor. The climb was rather steep. I had to slacken my pace, and could no longer keep disquiet at bay by rapid movement.

What I minded most of all was what Mr. Harris would think of me. That he would guess the verses were mine I never for a moment doubted. Of course, he would conclude that I had sent them to *The Courant*, deliberately turned him into ridicule, my best friend, as kind a comrade as any one ever had. And I couldn't confess the truth without owning up to what was nearly as bad, that I had shown the parody to Fleetwood, who disliked him so. I rent myself for vanity, disloyalty, and meanness. After all, it is not what we suffer at the hands of

other people that is the hardest to bear, it is the indignities we inflict upon ourselves. That is the tragedy—this joint housekeeping of incompatibles ! Fleetwood had betrayed my confidence shamefully ; he had done what put him out of court for good. But I hardly gave him a thought. I was too much occupied with my own misdemeanours.

Under the circumstances, I did not know what course to take. At last, after long and painful debate, I decided to follow the diplomatic maxim—when in doubt, do nothing. There was a chance—though a very slender one—that Mr. Harris might not attribute the parody to me, though the internal evidence of my authorship would be very strong to any one who knew me as he did. Still, he might give me the benefit of the doubt. If, however, he said anything to me, I should make full confession—surely he would forgive me then ! That I could lose my friend seemed impossible.

As for Fleetwood, I soothed myself by rehearsing imaginary interviews in which he appeared to exceedingly poor advantage. This is a favourite resource of mine. When, however, my "imaginary conversations" really come off, they often fall out quite perversely, owing to the fact that I have not made sufficient allowances for the other person. He frequently says things that are not in the programme.

Weeks went by ; it was near Christmas, and in all that time I had seen neither Fleetwood nor Mr. Harris. Both avoided me as if I'd been a leper. And I was never more miserable in my life. I missed Mr. Harris dreadfully. Usually he was in at least once every week on some pretext or other. And at other times I was always meeting him in the street or along the roads. We had no service at our chapel in the morning, only afternoon and night, and I sometimes went to the morning service at the Congregational Church. Our way home was the same, and Mr. Harris often overtook me, and we walked down discussing the sermon. I had gone to church as usual, and there had been any number of points raised that I was simply wild to discuss, but he had given me no opportunity. I was pining for a good talk about the things we were both interested in. The habit of comradeship may become as strong as that of any other intoxi-

cant, and abstinence from its indulgence as sensible a renunciation.

The week before Christmas I met my friend in the main street of our little town. He had been visiting, came out of one of those queer little entries in which Felston abounds, and nearly ran into me in his haste. To my utter and heart-sick amazement, he merely raised his hat, mumbled something inaudible, and was round a corner before I realized what had happened. People say that suspense is worse to bear than even the knowledge of disaster. But there is latent hope in suspense. I knew the worst now, and might make the most of it.

What a wretched week I passed—writing despairing letters to Mr. Harris imploring him not to deprive me of the one solace which made life bearable, his friendship—and burning them.

Christmas Eve was, in North Country phrase, a stolen day. We had a green Yule that year. Weeks of wet and windy weather were followed by a few days of perfect calm and clear sunshine. It was mild enough to go without a jacket. I had got off my letters and Christmas cards in the morning. Directly after dinner I went out for a walk. Without thinking much where I was going, I wandered over the bridge and down by the river, the "stripling" Tyne. There, near its mountain source, it is a lovely little stream. Rivers, like children, often degenerate. But heaven lies about them in their infancy. Is there anything in God's universe, I wonder, more exquisite than those streams of the North? This one was usually a clear amber colour, like rather deeper-toned liquid sunshine. I used to stand on the bridge and stare into it for ten minutes at a time, noticing how the tints of the stones in its bed were mellowed and brought out by this inimitable natural varnish. To-day, after the late rains, it was turbid, a coffee-coloured flood, chafing the banks and breaking into foam over the largest boulders. I wandered along the overhanging path, fibrous with the roots of the fir-trees, and now matted thick with damp beech leaves and fir-needles, rather drearily for about a mile. Then I stopped opposite an eddy of the river and completely lost myself in a kind of dream. My ears were filled with the murmurous noise of water, a deep

ground-tone, breaking over the stones into a lighter treble. It was with quite a shock that another sound than that of the river at last broke in upon my musings—a very musical whistle, and that I realized what the tune was, a German ballad that Mr. Harris is very fond of. Turning my head, I saw him coming to me through the wood.

He came up to me exactly as usual. "Wherever have you been all this time?" he asked. "It is ages since I've seen you to speak to."

I choked. When I could get my breath, I said:

"Well, that isn't altogether my fault, is it?"

We turned with one consent and walked along, away from the town.

"No. It is partly mine. I have not been in to see you, and the other day I had to hurry in order to catch the post. How have you been all these weeks? You aren't looking quite so well as usual."

I was silent from sheer chagrin. To fancy you have lost a friend for good, and then to be greeted by him with jaunty indifference, to have the sufferings of the heart confounded.

I know it was babyish; I tried to prevent it, but I could not help the tears gathering. The path was narrow—I fell behind and groped for my handkerchief. Mr. Harris looked back.

"My dear child," he said, in a very different voice.

After a minute or two we walked on again.

Then he said: "Now, then, we'd better have this out. First, you have a confession to make, and then I have one."

So I began, and poured out the whole story: how I had written the parody just to amuse myself, had been betrayed into showing it to Fleetwood, and how he must have had it inserted in *The Courant*. When I ended I said:

"I cannot imagine how Fleetwood came to do such a thing, he is so good-natured. It must have been in fun."

"Ah, you don't know Fleetwood," Mr. Harris rejoined, "I do, that's just the difference. He would do me any ill turn, has done me many. He hates me because he is always afraid lest I shall tell what I know about him."

I did not feel inclined to discuss Fleetwood just then. He could wait. So I said:

"But what about your confession, Mr. Harris? What can you have to confess?"

"Merely this," he replied, "I sent those verses to *The Courant*."

Seeing that I could hardly believe my ears, he went on:

"It was this way: Fleetwood came to my house after he left you that afternoon, to see me about the advertisement of a meeting. He knows what friends we are, and in order to hurt my feelings, he left the sheet of paper with your verses on on the study floor. I saw him drop it when he thought my back was turned. As soon as he had gone, I read the verses. At first I was a little bit hurt. Then I carefully thought it all out, and divined just how it had happened. So, to show Fleetwood that his shot had missed fire, to tease somebody else a little bit in return for her mischief, and partly because they were too clever to be thrown away, I sent the verses to *The Courant*, and asked Walton, as a special favour to me, to print them. I suppose Fleetwood has kept out of your way lately? He naturally would."

"Yes, I haven't seen him since."

"Well, his little plan for parting two good friends has proved blank cartridge. But in order to preserve the unities, I thought it best to withdraw the light of my countenance from you for awhile. You don't know how hard it has been. I've seen you lots of times when you haven't seen me. To-day I watched you go along the Nab-end and over the bridge, whilst I was sitting listening to Mrs. Dickenson's account of her ailments. As soon as I could decently get away, I came after you. What lots of things we have to talk about! Conversation has fallen into arrears."

"And we are friends again, the same as ever?"

"Of course we are. We never were anything else."

So ended my first and last misunderstanding with Mr. Harris. He was not a "model" man, or I should have had no use for him. But though our friendship, like everything human, had its imperfections, it exemplified the definition of Lotze,—the real was the ideal embodied in a form of efficacious substantiality.

—*M. M. Sharpe.*

THE SCARRED HAND.

BY ELLEN THORNEYCROFT FOWLER.*



WILLIAM DIXON was an avowed infidel; he would have nothing whatever to do with religion, and openly gloried in his antagonism thereto. Even if there were a God (which he very much doubted), Will could not forgive Him for having taken away his young wife within two years of their marriage. Mary Dixon and her baby had passed away together one bitter winter's morning, and Will's house was left unto him desolate. Thereupon poor Will defied the Power which had parted him and Mary, and swore that he would never enter a church again as long as he lived; and for ten long, lonely years he kept his word.

Dixon's fellow-workmen thought that he had quite risen above his loss, and had well-nigh forgotten the sweet-faced girl whose married life had been so brief; but the heart knoweth its own bitterness, and none of them guessed how desolate Will felt under his defiant exterior, nor how passionately he wished that at any rate poor Mary's son had been spared to him, so that he might have reared a little lad of his own. Dixon was wonderfully fond of children, and the loss of the baby was almost more bitter to him than the death of his wife. Mary was a simple creature with no taste for books, but if the boy had only lived (thought Will) how he would have trained him to read, and learn, and think; and how blissful it would have been to guide his tiny feet into those fields of literature which formed the only Paradise in which Will Dixon believed! But Mary had journeyed to some undiscovered shore, and had

* Miss Fowler is the daughter of Sir Henry Fowler, M.P., late Secretary of State for India; and niece of the late Rev. Dr. Fowler of the London Conference, Canada.

taken her baby with her; and Will was left with no companionship save that of his beloved books.

But ten years after Mary Dixon's death a stirring event occurred in the grimy little village of Brackenthwaite. Old Peggy Winslow's cottage caught fire and was burnt to the ground. The poor old woman had been dragged out alive, though almost suffocated by the smoke, when the bystanders were horrified to hear a child's voice calling for help. It was the voice of little Dicky Winslow, Peggy's orphan grandchild, on whom neither his grandmother nor the world in general had ever lavished any thought or affection, and who had consequently been forgotten in the excitement of the fire until the flames awoke him, and drove him shrieking to the window of the squalid little attic where he slept. The on-lookers were much distressed to see the neglected child, but felt that it was too late to save him, as the rickety wooden staircase had already fallen in; then suddenly—with a muttered exclamation of "Cowards!"—Will Dixon rushed to the burning cottage, climbed up the tottering wall by means of the iron piping, and seized the trembling little form in his arms. Down he came again, holding the child in his right arm and supporting himself by his left, and the two reached the ground in safety, amid deafening cheers, just as the smoking walls collapsed.

Little Dicky was not hurt at all, but the hand whereby Will had held on to the hot piping was found to be terribly burnt. The burn healed in time, leaving a deep scar, which Will would carry to his grave. Poor old Peggy Winslow could not rally from the effects of the shock, but died the following day, and then the question arose, what was to become of Dicky! There was the workhouse, of course; but James Lovatt—a most respectable and prosperous person—begged that Dicky might be given to him to adopt, as he and "his missis" longed for a little lad, having lately lost one of their own, and, to every one's surprise, Will Dixon made a similar request. It was difficult to choose between the two, so a meeting was called (composed of the vicar, the mill-owner, and the principal "hands") to decide the matter.

"I feel," said Mr. Haywood, the owner of the mill, "that it is very

good of both Lovatt and Dixon to offer to adopt this orphan boy, and I am in great perplexity as to which of them ought to have him. Dixon, having saved his life, has the first claim, but, on the other hand, Lovatt has a wife, and the care of a woman is most necessary to a child of three years old."

"Moreover," added Mr. Lipton, the vicar, "a man of Dixon's avowed atheistic notions cannot be a suitable guardian for a young child; he would doubtless make the boy an unbeliever like himself. But both Lovatt and his wife are good Christian people, and regular church-goers, and would, I feel sure, train up any child committed to their care 'in the way he should go.'"

"I should be sorry," continued Mr. Haywood, "to underrate in any way the heroic courage and self-sacrifice which Dixon displayed in saving Richard Winslow's life. But we are bound to remember that heroic courage is by no means the chief thing that is needed in the education of a child. A man may be as brave as a lion, and yet utterly unsuited to take charge of the young."

"Dixon saved the child's body," rejoined the vicar, "but it rests with us to see that his soul is saved also. And it would prove a sorry thing for the boy's future welfare if the one who plucked him from the flaming cottage should be the means of leading him to his eternal ruin."

"We will hear what the applicants themselves have to say," said Mr. Haywood, "and then I will put the question to the vote. Now, Lovatt, let us hear your reasons for claiming the boy."

"Well, sir," replied Lovatt, respectfully, "you see, my missis and I lost a little chap of our own not long ago, and we feel as if this youngster here would just fill the vacant place. I've naught to say against Dixon, for a more civil-spoken fellow-workman no man need care to have, but it does seem to me that a baby like Dicky would be happier saying his prayers at my Susan's knee than listening to all the godless talk of Dixon and his friends. We'd do our best to bring up the little lad in the fear of the Lord. Besides—as you yourself, sir, have just remarked—a child like that is too young to be without a woman to look after it; and my Susan's rare fond of children, and real clever with them, and we never had any of our

own save the dear little chap that died."

"Very good, Lovatt; there certainly are many reasons why you should be permitted to adopt the boy. Now, Dixon, what arguments have you to bring forward to prove that your claim should be preferred to Lovatt's?"

"I have only one argument, sir, and it is this," answered Dixon quietly, as he tore the bandages off his left hand, and held out the sadly scarred and injured member.

For a moment there was a lull in the room, and then the men broke out into loud cheering, while many of their throats felt husky, and their eyes dim. There was something in the sight of that scarred hand which appealed to their sense of justice, and was more powerful than all James Lovatt's well-grounded reasoning; and when the master put the question to the vote, the meeting decided, by a large majority, in favour of William Dixon.

"It was the sight o' Will's hand as did it," explained old Joseph Smedley; "none of us could go ag'in that."

"And I believe you are right, my man," cried the master. "Whatever his views may be, Dixon certainly has a claim on that child by reason of what he has suffered for it."

So a new era began for Dixon. Dicky never missed a woman's care, for Will was both father and mother to the orphaned boy, and lavished all the pent-up tenderness of his strong nature upon the child whose life he had saved. He soon began to teach the boy to read, and told to the wondering Dicky all those stories which he had made ready ten years ago for the little son who could not stay to hear them. Dick was a clever boy, and quickly responded to his adopted father's training; and he further adored that adopted father with all the fervour of his loving little heart. He could dimly remember how "Daddy" had saved him from the fire, and he was never tired of hearing how James Lovatt had wanted to make him out to be the Lovatts' little boy, and how "Daddy" had claimed him because of the poor hand which had been so dreadfully burnt for his sake. This story nearly always moved Dicky to tears, and ended in the showering of passionate childish kisses on the injured member; for the sight of the hand which had been scarred for him

awoke all the chivalry dormant in the boy's soul, and intensified his devotion to his deliverer.

"I shan't never be the Lovatts' little boy, shall I, daddy?" he would say.

"No, my lad, you are mine."

"And nobody'll take me away from you when they see your hand, will they, daddy—not the Lovatts, nor the parson, nor nobody else?"

"No, Dick, I hope not."

"You'd mind awful if they did, wouldn't you, daddy?"

"Mind? I should just think I should mind. Why, I could never get on without you, my lad, my own little lad." Will would say huskily, remembering that he had been obliged to "get on without" that other little lad of his who had never learnt to call him "daddy."

"But you see they can't take me away," Dicky would say consolingly. "If the master himself, or the Queen, or everybody was to want to take me away, you'd just show them your hand, like you did when I was little, and then they'd know that it was you that had pulled me out of the fire, and that I was your little boy."

It came to pass one summer that there was a great exhibition of pictures in a neighbouring town, and Dixon took Dicky over to see them. The boy was deeply interested in many of the works of art, and in the stories which his adopted father told about them, but the picture that impressed him the most was one of the "Reproof of St. Thomas," underneath which were the words, "Reach hither thy finger, and behold My hands."

Dicky laboriously spelt out the inscription, and then said:

"Tell me the story of that picture, please, daddy"

"No, not that one," objected Will.

"Why not that one?"

"Because it is a story that I don't believe."

"Oh! but that's nothing," urged Dicky. "You don't believe the story of 'Jack the Giant-killer,' and yet it's one of my favourites. I want to hear the story of that picture, please, daddy."

So Dixon, who always fulfilled Dicky's will in the end—told the story of St. Thomas as simply as he could. It interested Dick immensely.

"It's like you and me, daddy," he cried, "when the Lovatts wanted to have me, and you showed them your

hand. I suppose when Thomas saw the scars on the Good Man's hands, he knew that he belonged to Him."

"I suppose so," answered Will.

"The Good Man looks really sad," said Dicky, meditatively; "I 'spect He was sorry that Thomas didn't b'lieve at first. It was horrid of him not to, wasn't it, daddy, after the Good Man had died for him?"

As Will was silent, Dicky continued, "It 'ud have been horrid of me if I'd contrydicted like that when they told me about you and the fire, and said I didn't b'lieve you'd done it, wouldn't it, daddy?"

"Very."

"Supposin' I'd been horrid like Thomas and not b'lieved about you and the fire, should I have had to be the Lovatts' little boy?"

"Of course not; you'd have been mine whether you believed it or not, because I had saved you," answered Will, almost fiercely, dimly conscious that he was carrying on a line of argument which he had heard somewhere before in the far past.

"And you see I should have b'lieved at once when I saw your hand, like Thomas did," added Dicky, rothingly, feeling that his beloved "a. 'r'" had somehow been ruffled, and od in need of consolation.

For the rest of that day Dicky's thoughts ran on what he called his "favourite picture," and when he reached home he insisted upon a repetition of the story of the doubting apostle.

"Thomas 'ud be sorry he'd made the Good Man look so sad," he murmured drowsily. "I should be awful sorry if I'd made you look as sad as that, daddy. I don't like Thomas much, do you?"

"I never think about him, my boy."

"I 'spect he loved the Good Man for ever and ever after that, though, like I love you. When I see your poor hand, daddy, I love you more than millions and millions and millions and——"

And tired little Dicky fell asleep before he had accurately measured the amount of his grateful affection.

Will Dixon's rest was sorely disturbed that night. He could not get

out of his thoughts the picture of a tender, sorrowful Face that had looked down on him from the walls of the Exhibition. He dreamed that Lovatt and himself were once more contending for the possession of Dicky, but when he showed his scarred hand the boy turned away from it and from him; a bitter sense of injustice surged up in his heart, and he woke to find real tears running down his face. Then he fell asleep again, and this time he dreamed that he was in Dicky's place, and that Some One was holding out a scarred hand to claim him, whilst he heard a voice, not his own, which said:

"I have only one argument, and it is this—'Reach hither thy finger, and behold My hands.'"

Even in his dream Will acknowledged the power of such an argument and the justice of such a claim; but as he was about to yield, he was aroused by Dicky's warm kisses, and he knew that it was morning, and that his little lad had come to waken "daddy."

Will Dixon never forgot the picture in the Exhibition and his dreams about it. He did not succumb to this influence all at once, but his love for Dicky had imperceptibly softened his heart, so the seed that day did not fall upon stony ground. Will was, above all things, a just man, and he could not fail to perceive that the one argument which he had employed to prove that Dicky was his own rose up in judgment against him when he denied the claim of the sacred Hands which had been scarred for him; and when he saw the child's chivalrous gratitude for the deliverance which his adopted father had wrought for him, Will felt that he himself cut but a sorry figure beside his boy.

So in time it came to pass that Will Dixon's stubborn heart became as the heart of a little child. He realized that as Dicky belonged to him, so he belonged to the Saviour who had been wounded for his transgressions; and at last he gave himself up—body, soul, and spirit—into the keeping of those blessed Hands which had once been scarred for him.

Make Thou my spirit pure and clear
As are the frosty skies,
Or this first snowdrop of the year,
That in my bosom lies.—*Tennyson.*

"CONFESSIONS OF A DIPLOMAT."*

To most persons the secrets of diplomacy are a sealed book. Indeed, from the nature of the case, they must remain secrets till in books like this "Confessions of a Diplomat" they are, after many years, revealed. Such, for instance, is the statement that Lord Lyons, in defiance of his instructions, gave the United States Government twelve hours more than the allotted term for breaking off relations, and so prevented war between Great Britain and America.

Seward wrestled with his colleagues all night long, and at six in the morning sent word that the Confederate envoys would be given up.

Sir Edward Malet served his country in many foreign chancelleries for over forty years. He entered the service as an attache of the legations at Frankfort, at the mature age of sixteen. He disposes of the idea that diplomacy is a sinecure task. At Washington, during the Civil War, his hours were from nine to seven, and often till twelve or one in the morning. He tells many good stories of distinguished persons he met. "Of all the great men I have known," he says, "Lincoln is the one who has left upon me the impression of a sterling son of God." At a reception to a deputation of Indian chiefs in the White House, the chiefs were grouped around a large globe. "This is a representation," he said, "of the great earth on which we live." "Not the legs," he added, with a twinkle in his eye, "only the globe," and putting his finger on Great Britain, he said, "We white people all came from this little spot."

During the Arabi rebellion at Cairo Khedive Tewfik said, "I never go in to my harem till three or four in the morning; I cannot face my poor wife and all the women. To them, you know, life is everything—their existence ends here—they cry and wail and fall at my feet and implore me to save them."

"Lord Dufferin," Sir Malet says, "was the most fascinating chief under whom I ever served."

The most difficult foreign chancellery was that of Constantinople.

* "Recollections of Forty Years." By Edward Malet, C.B. Svo. Toronto: Geo. N. Morang & Co., Limited. Price, \$2.00.

"One was never free from the awful reality of the pains of Sisyphus; every stone that you rolled uphill came down again." The wire-pullers of the East were pastmasters in the art of intrigue. Even the bluntest British message was wreathed with Oriental flowers of speech and translation. While there he never got to bed till two, and rose at seven.

Sir E. Malet was present at the funerals of Napoleon, the Duke of Wellington, and Von Moltke, of Victor Emmanuel, Pius IX., Kaiser William I., and Frederick II. Of Frederick the Good he says: "His death was like the passing of Arthur, or the withdrawal of Lohengrin."

When at Washington he took a holiday in the far West, buffalo hunting. It took ten days to get through the herd going northwards as he was going west. The whole country, as far as the eye could reach, was dotted with buffalo.

Among Sir Edward's many wanderings was an excursion through Formosa, where the familiar strains of "Old Hundred," heard fitfully through the bamboos, brought him in touch with the Canadian mission of Dr. Mackay.

While a member of the British Embassy at Paris, he conveyed a message from the National Government through hostile lines to Count Bismarck. Bismarck was very frank. He said, "This is the twenty-seventh war in two centuries made by the French against Germany. We must have Strasburg and Metz as guarantees of peace. If it is necessary to burn Paris, we will not shrink from doing so. Our armies will live on the country." On his return to Paris Sir Edward writes, "Is it a nightmare, or have I indeed seen abandoned towns, blown-up bridge, burning ricks, the havoc and desolation of war."

Jules Favre went to confer with Bismarck, but burst into tears when the Count proposed a cession of territory. The French declared that not a stone of a fortress or inch of territory would they surrender, and fought it out to the bitter end.

When the French Government fled to Tours, the diplomatic corps followed. The city was so congested that Lord Lyons' party had to

bivouac in the street till a place was found in a private chateau. Visiting the Castle of Amboise, the British Ambassador and three attaches were arrested as spies, and marched through the town like felons till their identity was established. Instead of exciting a crisis over the matter, Lord Lyons said, "Not a word of this must pass your lips," nor did it till it was recorded in this book, twenty-eight years later, "when time had passed its sponge over all the harm the telling of this story could have done."

A vivid chapter is given to incidents of the Commune. Lord Lyons received news of the surrender at Sedan, but remained mute as an oyster. Some hours later it became known. "The light-hearted step of the pleasure-seekers from the Madeleine to the opera had given way to the dull tread of people following a funeral, and the joyful babel of voices was sobered to a muttered requiem. All that night the waters of indignation continued to rise; in the morning it was a flood, and in a moment the Government and Empire were swept away." A mob was howling round the Tuileries when the Empress made her escape through the Louvre. Lord Lyons entrusted his faithful attache Malet with her escort to London. He procured passports for her as Mrs. Saunders, and drew 5,000 francs for emergencies, but Dr. Evans, an American dentist, smuggled her in his own carriage to the coast, and she escaped in an English yacht.

The author tells some stirring stories of adventures and rescues of imperilled British subjects during the Commune's orgie of blood and fire. One is of a little boy of eight, who came to the Embassy. "I take care of my mother," he said. "The shells

have struck many houses near us. I wish to remove her, but want 500 francs." The attache could not resist the child's appeal. Weeks after the little lad came again to the Embassy. "My mother's nerves have been greatly shattered by what she has gone through," said the tiny mite. "I think it is better to take her away from Paris, and I have decided to move her to Wiesbaden." He gratefully returned the 500 francs.

Life at the Embassy was not without its sensations. In an explosion which Sir Edward witnessed, six hundred persons were killed. Street fighting took place all around it, shells and bullets well-nigh wrecked it. National troops filled its garden. The long dining table was covered with mattresses for wounded soldiers. "It will be a grim reminiscence," said our author, "when we have our next state dinner." The staff of the Embassy took refuge in its vaulted cellars, carrying the archives and treasures of the house. They dined in evening dress and white ties. As far as the eye could reach from the Embassy there was nothing but smoke and flame. The Tuileries were a mass of fire. Unable to obtain military protection, Sir Edward engrossed a document, affixed all the stamps of the Royal arms and Embassy that they possessed, and used it as a passport through the fighting lines in order to rescue Lord Mark Kerr, who had been arrested.

For his services he received the C.B. from the Queen, and was commended by Lord Granville in the House in the words, "No man ever deserved better of his country than Sir Edward Malet." The book is one of fascinating interest.

AN EVOLUTIONIST ON IMMORTALITY.*

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

Professor of Ethics and Apologetics, Victoria University, Toronto.

The Fifth Ingersoll Lecture on Immortality was delivered before Harvard University, in December, 1900, by John Fiske; and in July following the lecturer passed into the Unseen Holy, at the early age of fifty-nine. His utterances thus acquire a mournful interest, as being the last

he gave us upon a series of great and solemn questions. The lecture is published as delivered, without the alteration or addition of a single

* "Life Everlasting." By John Fiske. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston and New York. Price, \$1.00.

monosyllable. It is a most significant utterance from an earnest and able advocate of the theory of evolution.

A sixteenth century poet expressed in Latin what is given in the following translation :

" We grieve not, Pompey, that to thee,
No earthly tomb was given ;
All lands subdued, nought else was free
To shelter thee but heaven ! "

Is the thought here expressed mere sentiment, or has poetic insight caught the glimpse of a great truth—Man's Immortality—" a new birth for the disenthralled soul, the introduction to a new era of life, compared with which the present one is not worthy of the name " ? Has the Divine Immanence acquired in man sufficient concentration and steadiness to survive the dissolution of the flesh ; and in an existence untrammelled by our present limitations found warrant to assert an individuality whose destiny is immortal ?

" The destruction of this sublime poetic conception would be like depriving a planet of its atmosphere ; it would leave nothing but a moral desert, as cold and dead as the savage surface of the moon."

What has evolution to say in support of man's immortality ?

In the earliest human animal but lately evolved from a lower race, and among existing savage tribes, we may not find the religious idea very prominent, but, even here, " the conception of a world of ghosts, more or less distinctly elaborated," and the connection of this conception through dreams with " the notion of one's conscious self as something which can quit the material body and return to it," may be found the beginnings of a belief that " is simply the primitive phase of the Christian conception of the conscious soul which dwells within the perishable body and quits it at death."

It is not a fair objection of the materialist when he asks us to reject the doctrine of immortality, because of its admitted pedigree. Beneath the crude interpretation of the dream there still remains the fact that " the savage has somehow acquired a mental attitude toward death which

is totally different from that of all other animals, and is therefore peculiarly human." In olden time a solar eclipse was explained by supposing that a dragon had swallowed the sun. " The dragon was a figment of fancy, but the eclipse was none the less a fact."

Man is the only creature that knows of death. This realizing sense has been one of the great factors in his social and upward life. A realization of the fact of death is already a solution, and shows that man has risen above it. To this must be added the evolution of the principle of causality ; the lessons that came from the lengthened period of helpless infancy and sympathetic motherhood ; the genesis of articulate speech, and numerous other new capacities, all of which have evoked and strengthened the conviction of man's relation to an unseen world, and that he is moving towards a larger and fuller life in connection with it.

This is but a partial and imperfect epitome of the author's argument. It is worked out with all that delicacy of thought and literary skill of which he was an acknowledged master. An evolutionist of the Spencerian type, he meets the materialist upon his own ground, and finds in nature an upward movement towards the spiritual and eternal. Consciousness is claimed to be more than simply molecular motion. The soul is not the music of the harp, it is the harper. Just when, or where, or how the soul comes in—whether in the individual or the race—we cannot tell. " Nature's habit is to make prodigious leaps, but only after long preparation. . . . Slowly grows the eccentricity of the ellipse as you shift its position in the cone, and still the nature of the curve is not essentially varied, when suddenly, presto ! one more little shift, and the ellipse becomes an infinite hyperbola, mocking our feeble powers of conception as it speeds away on its everlasting career. Perhaps, in our ignorance, such analogies may help us to realize the possibility that steadily developing ephemeral conscious life may reach a critical point where it suddenly puts on immortality."

Drifting out on the tide,
To the dark and unknown sea,
Away, away to the other side
That we call eternity.

Good-bye, old friend, good-bye !
We part with tender sorrow,
The clouds hang low on the midnight sky.
And the New Year dawns to-morrow.
—Margaret E. Sangster.

A RAILWAY ROMANCE.*

BY JEAN BLEWETT.



JEAN BLEWETT.



T was in one of the comfortable coaches of that comfortable road, the Wabash, and we were all enjoying the ride. The first snowstorm of the season was raging

outside. All you could see from the windows was the white, swaying branches of the leafless trees, ghostly glimpses of field and hilltop, and, at intervals, the almost deserted street of some country town. The wind ran mad races with us, got the start of us, came back to try it over again. Away, away it flew, leaving a hush behind it; back again to strike the windows and shriek and rail at us for being such laggards.

"Isn't it jolly?" said the boy, his eyes dancing, "travelling is fun on a day like this."

"You mean that the cold and dreariness of the outside world makes you appreciate to the full the luxurious chairs and warm atmosphere of the coach?" I suggested.

"No, I mean it's jolly to be going

* We don't envy the man or woman who can read with dry eyes this touching story by our accomplished Canadian poet, which we reprint from "Acta Victoriana."—Ed.

home for the Christmas dinner, the fun, the skating, the—oh, everything! I feel so good I can't sit still. Am going into the next coach and see if any of our friends are on."

He was back again in a little while, wearing an amused grin, and brimming over with excitement.

"Come on," he whispered, gathering up all the parcels. "I've gotten a seat just behind them, and we'll have no end of fun."

Before I could remonstrate I was hurried forward, helped across a wind-swept platform, plumped down

in a seat near the door.

"There they are," in a stage whisper. "It was too good to keep all to myself, I had to go and get you. One of the nicest things about you is that you see the humour of a thing always."

What I saw was a grizzled man of perhaps fifty, dressed rather shabbily, and a woman somewhat younger. But what was giving the boy and half the other travellers the greatest amusement was the affectionate way they sat there—hand in hand, hearing nothing, seeing nothing, caring nothing for aught but their two selves.

"Some old maid has captured a husband," the pretty blonde behind me was saying. "She had her head on his shoulder awhile ago. And mark the way she looks at him, will you?"

"The old girl is as proud as a peacock of him," commented the boy, "and he—did you ever see anything so silly?"

There was little sentiment about the boy; he was at the age when love is only a thing to jest about, and when even a mother's caresses are only allowed and approved of in the privacy of home. And there was, I was forced to own, something laughable

in the very public way the mature lovers were showing their regard for each other. There was much looking and smiling among us, and we all laughed at the witticisms of a smart young fellow across the aisle who seemed to know all about everything.

"Who wouldn't rather be an old maid's darling than a young maid's slave?" he wound up with, and just then the train plunged into a snow-drift and came to a standstill.

In the sudden quiet which fell, the grizzled man's husky voice could be plainly heard.

"I've thought of it so often, old girl. Through all the weary days and nights of all the long years I've thought of it. 'She'll meet me,' I used to tell myself, over and over again, 'she'll meet me and put her two arms around my neck and lay her soft cheek on mine as she used to do.'"

The boy nudged me. "Isn't this rich, eh?"

"Yes," went on the husky voice, "I knew just how your face would look—the sweetest face in the world."

"Homely as a hedge fence," whispered the blonde, and the boy snickered.

The man who was talking, and the little faded woman who was gazing up at him paid no heed. They never even knew we were there.

"Were they kind to you in—that place?" she asked. "Was the prison life awful?"

The smiling ceased, a sudden gravity fell on each of us. Prison! Ah, this was no comedy we were witnessing.

"No," he answered, "they were not hard on me; but to know that I was shut in, that I couldn't go to you though you lay dying, that was the horror—that, and the homesickness, that used to fairly tear the soul out of me."

"Dear Jim!" She drew down the grizzled head and kissed him. "It's over now, you've come home to me. It has seemed a long time, and I've cried the bloom off my cheeks, dear, and the waiting and longing has left me grey and homely, dear, and—"

"No, no," he interrupted, "never anything but good to look at, old girl. Do you remember how I used to say, in the old days,

" 'She's pretty to walk with
And witty to talk with
And pleasant to live with?'"

Two big tears rolled down her sunken cheeks, and her lips twitched piteously.

"In the old days—yes, but that was long ago," she said; "not that I'm complaining because my youth and good looks went long ago. I don't care—now that you are back with me I don't care for anything. I told the Lord, if He'd spare us both to meet again and begin life over again. I wouldn't turn wicked or bitter. I told Him it would be all right if both of us died, for I made sure we'd find one another across the river; but that if you were taken and I left I'd make up my mind He had forgotten me altogether, and lose all faith."

"And you're sure you never hated me for shaming you so?" he asked, brokenly.

The blue eyes turned to him were faded and misty, but oh the love that shone in them! The boy looked out of the window, the pretty head of the blonde neighbour was bowed.

"Oh, Jim," she said, with an earnestness that was pathetic, "it takes a man a long time to know a woman's heart."

Poor little faded woman! the tears blinded me as I looked at her.

The boy never looked up.

"I've got a job in Detroit," the man said, after awhile. "I'll work hard; I can't get back to where I was before drinking and gambling ruined me, but I'll make a home for you. It won't take long, and then you'll come to me. I couldn't have you leave your brother's comfortable home till I've gotten one ready; but you'll come then, won't you, old girl?"

"No," she said, decisively, "I will not."

"I thought you would," he returned, with the air of one who had gotten a blow; "I thought—I thought that—"

"You thought I was a selfish thing—that's what you thought. Wait till the home is ready indeed! No, thank you. I don't mind work; but of waiting I've had enough, more than enough. I'm going with you"—her two little hands clutched his arm; her voice broke with the gladness in it—"to-day, now, I'm going with you—you!"

"But we're so poor—oh, heavens, so poor!" he exclaimed, with a passion which smote sharply on us all, and made some of us pale a little.

"What of it?" she said, and smiled, "what of it? I'd rather starve with you, Jim, than feast without you. And we'll make a home and a living, never fear, Jim. The old days can't come back; but, please God, the new ones, though not so full of hope and happiness, can be fuller of love and patience and trust in each other."

"If I only had courage," he began. "If this fear—"

"Listen, Jim, you have the new year, the fresh beginning—and me." I wish you could have seen her then.

The grizzled head went up, a light shone on the thin, bearded face. He was coming into a fuller knowledge of a woman's soul than he had ever had, and it was making a man of him.

"Old girl!" was all he said, but she looked more than satisfied.

At Detroit the boy shows off at a great rate—helps the man into his overcoat, lifts the woman's parcels from the rack, insists on carrying the worn carpet bag to the door.

"I'm sorry I brought you in here," he says to me in his honest way. "If I had known—"

"I'm glad you did."

The boy whistles a merry air and does various things to prove that these sentimental affairs have little effect on him. But that night as we drive homeward from the station with the stars blinking down upon a white world, the sleigh bells jingling musically, he breaks a long silence between us by the remark, delivered in the forceful way peculiar to boys:

"By George! the old girl is a brick and no mistake."

THE REV. ALBERT CARMAN, D.D.

General Superintendent of the Methodist Church in Canada.

The honoured General Superintendent of the Methodist Church is not less a brilliant writer than he is an eloquent speaker and able administrator. Of this we need no further demonstration than the vigorous article from his pen which we print in this number. It conveys a message to the Methodists of to-day akin to that of the old prophets to the people of Israel.

The benefit to our entire Connexion of having a man of Dr. Carman's apostolic spirit and apostolic zeal going up and down among the churches all over this great Dominion and beyond, is one which cannot be adequately estimated. Our General Missionary Society, the Woman's Missionary Society, and the quadrennial General Conferences are the chief organizations which give unity to Methodism in this land. But during the intervals between their annual meetings and the quadrennial meetings the General Superintendent and the officers of the Missionary and Educational Societies are the chief effective agencies for maintaining its unity and solidarity throughout the entire country. As the interpreter of law and discipline in the various Conferences and committees in which he is called to preside, the General Superintendent accomplishes a great work



THE REV. A. CARMAN, D.D.

in securing the uniformity of administration in the far-sundered Conferences from Newfoundland to Japan.

The travel and toil that this involves is immense and intense. Not many are aware of the difficult and

delicate cases in which our chief officer is called to rule, and in which, by his tact and skill, and thorough acquaintance with the principles of ecclesiastical law, he is able to secure peace and harmony amid many diverse views and sometimes clashing interests. We have known him, over and over again, after presiding in Conference all day, to spend half the night in arduous committee work. Like St. Paul, he is in labours more abundant, only his travels far surpass those of St. Paul. From Jerusalem to Athens and Rome is but a step compared with the journeyings of our General Superintendent from Bermuda to Japan. Then, as in the case of the apostle, there cometh upon him daily the care of all the churches. This burden is only to be borne by reliance upon divine strength and support. That support for well-nigh a score of years has been graciously vouchsafed him in the administration of his great office. The vivacity of our ever youthful General Superintendent is one secret of his vigour. With Wesley he can say, "Blessed be God, I worry at nothing."

Most of our readers are familiar with the life-record of the distinguished head of our Church, but some may not be. He is a Canadian of the Canadians, descended from good U. E. Loyalist stock. His father was reeve of Iroquois for many years, and for a time warden of Stormont, Dundas, and Glengarry. His mother was the daughter of Colonel Peter Shaver, long a member of the Upper Canada Legislature. Dr. Carman was born at Iroquois, June 27, 1833, was educated at the Dundas County Grammar School and Victoria University; (B.A., 1855; M.A., 1860). He was for two years head master of the Dundas County Grammar School, and was then elected Professor of Mathematics in Belleville Seminary, now Albert College. The following year he was elected principal of the seminary, holding also the chairs of mathematics and physics. In 1859 he was ordained deacon in the Methodist Episcopal Church, becoming an elder in 1863. Through his persistent effort Albert College was affiliated with Toronto University, and received a university charter in 1868, he becoming its first Chancellor. He

also took an active part in establishing Alma Ladies' College, St. Thomas, and has been chairman of its Board of Management from its organization.

In 1874 he was elected Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church. On the union of the Methodist Churches in Canada, he became, in conjunction with the late Dr. Williams, a General Superintendent of that body, and on the decease of his associate officer, received re-election to that important post to the present time.

Dr. Carman is a born educator. He administered with success the affairs of Albert University, and has served with great efficiency on the Senate of Victoria and Toronto Universities. At the Ecumenical Conference, held in Washington in 1891, and the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, held at Omaha, and other international gatherings, Dr. Carman has ably maintained the honour of Canadian Methodism. "His ability as a presiding officer of great ecclesiastical bodies," says the Montreal Witness, "is a specially distinguishing characteristic. He is a stalwart prohibitionist, and his utterances against the evils of political partisanship and national corruption have been most scathing."

In addition to the discussion of important questions and other contributions to the press, Dr. Carman has published a volume on "The Guiding Eye," and other timely brochures. His addresses at the Annual Conferences are always heard with intense interest, and on such important occasions as the centenary of the death of John Wesley, the memorial services on the occasion of the death of Queen Victoria and of President McKinley, at the unveiling of the Wesley portraits, and of the Ryerson and Nelles busts, his addresses always strike a note of lofty eloquence.

The appearance in print of the accompanying portrait and of these notes will be our General Superintendent's first intimation of our purpose to write this brief appreciation. But we deem it well that our readers should know the estimate in which such faithful servants of God and of his Church and their services in his behoof are held in the community to which they devote such ceaseless toil.

Current Topics and Events.



LORD PAUNCEFOTE.

Lord Pauncefote closes a long and diplomatic career by welding the last rivet in international friendship and good-will. Secretary Hay has shown wise tact and skill in overcoming the many difficulties in bringing about this result. His recent definition of the policy of the United States as a combination of the Monroe Doctrine, and the Golden Rule, is one that leaves little to be desired.

The cartoons representing the attitude of John Bull and Uncle Sam on the Isthmian Canal are much better-natured than those to which we were accustomed in the old days of tail-twisting. If John Bull virtually controls the Suez Canal, there can be no objection to Brother Jonathan building and safeguarding that across the Isthmus, provided both are thrown open, as is agreed, to the whole world.

The sequel of the victory over Tammany in New York has not been reassuring. The dominance of the liquor interests seems so great that even Messrs. Jerome and Low, the champions of reform, seem willing to so far pander to the traffic as to favour saloon opening during at least part of the Lord's Day. This has called forth a vigorous protest, and is not likely to be tolerated. Even Dr. Parkhurst has expressed his approval of this compromise. We are glad that the religious press, and especially the Methodist press and pulpit, are dead against it. "If the dethronement of Tammany's rulers," says "Stylus" in The Christian Advocate, "means the upheaval of Mount Sinai, better a thousand times to have Tammany remain." The fight is on, and our cartoon from The Tribune shows its probable result. If tiger Tammany can be so thoroughly demoralized as shown in the cut, the Sunday saloon opening can be "knocked out" with equal success.



J.B.—"You'll have to boss your own ditch, Jonathan."—Minneapolis Journal.



WRESTLING WITH THE SALOON QUESTION.

-The Tribune.

AN UNFAIR CRITIC.

The Rev. Dr. Hoss, editor of the Nashville Christian Advocate, said, at the Ecumenical Conference, that it would be an impertinence for its American delegates to criticise the British Government's war in South Africa. The editor of The Cosmopolitan Magazine, of New York, has, however, no scruples on this score. In his December number he makes a violently partisan appeal to the people of the United States to protest against the English attempt to "destroy a brave republic," urges ten thousand earnest meetings on Christmas Day to demand a cessation of hostilities, and the appointment of the President of the United States and the pro-Boer Queen of Holland arbitrators for the settlement of all questions affected by the South African dispute. How men are deceived by names! "Republic," forsooth!—as dark a despotism, as cruel and oppressive of the black race, and alien whites alike, as is on record in modern times. We advise the editor of The Cosmopolitan to pluck the beam out of his own eye. to ask a cessation of the war waged by his own countrymen against the Filipinos at the opposite side of the earth, against which he has not a word of protest. If the Mexicans, say, had invaded Texas and New Mexico, besieged their chief cities, raided their farms, stirred up their people in revolt, broken bridges, destroyed railways, and sought to starve out and drown out their loyal inhabitants, including many non-combatants and women and children, would the editor of The Cosmopolitan be so eager in protest and appeal?

"Those who are asking us," the

Philadelphia Ledger more justly says, "to put an end to the South African war, seem to overlook the trouble we have to put a stop to our own."

MORE DEFAMATION.

But we cannot complain much at an American editor, when an English one keeps up his perpetual yelp at his own countrymen. Mr. Stead is reported as exulting over British defeats, protesting against the employment of "savages" against the Boers, and denouncing the camps of refuge as "a worse crime than Herod's."

Things have gone from bad to worse in the Transvaal, he asserts, the climax being reached in the suppression of his incendiary review. Mr. Stead's criticism would have more weight if he had not for years exhibited an implacable hatred of the Colonial Secretary, whom he blames for its inception and conduct. Years before the Boer war he savagely satirized the Colonial Minister in his Christmas lampoon, entitled, "Blastus, the King's Chamberlain."

Why, he asks, not have the refugee camps removed to the seaboard? Because, Mr. Brodrick replied, the British promised the Boer refugees that they should not be removed from the neighbourhood of their own homes. The British are maintaining, as no



NOTHING TO STOP HIM NOW.

-Harper's Weekly.

other nation ever maintained, 150,000 prisoners and refugees.

The Boers sometimes send in their own sick for treatment. Their tents and shelters were furnished with wooden floors instead of the damp earth of their own houses. The refugees had food, clothing, medicines, physicians, school-teachers, and chaplains, at the very time the Boers were wrecking trains conveying hospital supplies, doctors, and nurses to the succour of their own sick; and the refugees actually sell surplus food to British soldiers.

But the infant mortality has been great. Unfortunately it has. But one-half of the Boer children on the veldt die in infancy, and the ignorance and obstinacy of the Boer women are responsible for much of the infant mortality. In Vienna, in Berlin, in New York, even in London, though one of the healthiest cities in the world, the infant mortality during an epidemic of measles has been as great as that of the refugee camps.

But Mr. Stead affirms the British have employed savages to suppress the Boers. If he means that negro drivers of supply trains and camp labourers have been employed, this is true, and is quite right. If he means that they have been engaged as a fighting force, it is false. But the Boers employed Kaffirs by the thousand to dam the Klip River, and drown out the women and children of Ladysmith from their warrens in the earth, in which they had to take refuge from the murderous fire to which they were exposed. If Britain had not restrained the Basutos, the Kaffirs, the black races whom the Boers oppressed and exasperated beyond endurance, a black peril would have avenged the wrongs of their race wreaked through centuries. On December 10 Mr. Brodrick declared at Glasgow "that the murders of Kaffirs were not committed by the Boers in moments of passion, but were part of an organized system to cover the tracks of the guerillas from possible information." These barbarities will surely alienate the sympathy of every honourable and right-minded man. Yet for even these miscreants there will be an even-handed justice, such as they have never known before, as soon as they cease their futile murdering.

The Chinese, long oppressed in

Burma, on December 9, in an address to Lord Curzon, declared their appreciation of the "advantages of freedom, equality and justice under the British flag." So will the recalcitrant Boers, when they come to their right mind. Many have already done so, and are serving the King as landrosts or magistrates, and as loyal troops.

Mr. Stead, in his November "Raviler," charges Mr. Chamberlain with "straight, downright lying," in declaring that there was no shadow of foundation for the charge that the British Government was preparing a declaration of war when Kruger's ultimatum was delivered. We prefer accepting the declaration of the sworn Minister of the Crown to that of a yellow journalist of the most pronounced type, who seems ever eager to believe and endorse the lies which Dr. Leyds, with the aid of Boer gold, propagates through the Continental press. This patriotic Britisher announces as his Christmas annual "The Americanization of the World," price 1s., illustrated by a tremendous picture of the Stars and Stripes dominating the globe. Beneath that flag, however, Mr. Stead would soon find that he enjoyed far less liberty than he enjoys beneath the Union Jack. The purpose of this brochure is to show "that the leadership of the English-speaking race has now passed into the hands of the Americans, who will more and more sweep all other English-speaking communities into their orbit." But the British nation, we hope, will survive even Mr. Stead's shilling pamphlet. Britain still controls half the shipping of the world, and we note that it is a British company that is to lay the cable from San Francisco to the United States' newly-acquired islands of Honolulu.

Upon the collapse of the Confederate cause, some of its leaders, after four years' desperate fighting, wished to maintain a guerilla war in the mountains and bayous of the South, but that high-souled Christian gentleman, General Lee, on the ground of humanity, denounced the proposition. Yet the South had an infinitely better prospect of success than the Boers, but its leaders were men of chivalry and honour. The Boers have shown themselves incapable of appreciating



A SHORT MEMORY.

SHADE OF BISMARCK (to German Pressman):

"You write of British 'brutalities,' my friend. Have you forgotten your Bismarck so soon?"

[* For almost every repressive measure taken by our military authorities in South Africa, and others which may yet be taken, a precedent can be found in the measures taken by the German military authorities in France during the war of 1870-71."—Letter to The Times, September 3, 1901.]

—Punch (London.)

Britain's magnanimity. They attributed the generosity of Mr. Gladstone to weakness. Their policy has been one of "slimness," of wholesale lying, both to the people of Europe through the subsidized Leyds' press and to their deluded followers.

The honest burghers, when undeceived, are ashamed of this reckless mendacity. The leaders seem unable or unwilling to control the desperadoes in the field. The traditions of civilized war are defied, the guerilla tactics have degenerated into a policy of murder and pillage, killing the wounded and robbing the dead. A photograph in Unger's "With Bobs and Kruger," illustrates this shameful practice. After reciting the proven facts, the Montreal Star comments: "Whatever sympathy people might have had for the Boers at one stage of the game, no lover of freedom or upholder of law and order can entertain other than detestation for those who stole the clothing from the wounded of Col. Benson's column and left them naked on the veldt to suffer the rigours of a freezing South African night."

THE THIRD CONTINGENT.

Again Canada has sent forth a contingent of her sons to aid in restoring the blessings of law and order and liberty and Christian civilization to the African veldt, disturbed and destroyed by Boer invasion of loyal British colonies. They will play their part manfully in this arduous work where active operations have been going on over an area as large as all of France. Colonel Evans, who has command, will maintain his record of the past. At Nooitgedacht farm, with seventy men and no artillery, he held at bay and drove off fifteen hundred Boers, who, with a nine-pounder and a pom-pom, made a surprise attack at night. No detachment of Canadians has ever yet surrendered to the Boers. We can trust the humanity of our Canadian boys; we can equally trust that of the British soldier of all arms.

The Boer emissaries are very zealously raising funds for their countrymen on the veldt, but not much of their money seems to reach their clients. Out of several hundred dollars raised in an American city only a very few dollars were forwarded. "Theirs," says a newspaper wag, "is a very unremitting sympathy." Wessels, a Boer patriot on a collecting tour, says the Chicago Inter-Ocean, has eloped with his secretary, a married woman, leaving his own wife and children to the protection of the British. How chivalric!

THE BRITISH CLEMENCY.

The usual outcry has been raised about British barbarities to the prisoners at Bermuda. Mr. Frank Vize-telly, of New York, not a very English-sounding name, has been inspecting the prison camps. He reports, in The Independent, of December 12, with graphic photographs. Of three thousand and seven prisoners, only thirty-five patients were in the hospital, and only five have died, four from illness of enteric fever contracted in Africa. Each prisoner was supplied with two gallons of water per day, condensed by an apparatus which cost over \$35,000. They have, beside, the privilege of sea-bathing. Even the prejudices of the Boers are so far respected that no negro troops are employed as guards. Athletic games and sports,

schools, music, and amusements were furnished.

"Are you sure, captain," said Mr. Vizetelly, "that you have no complaints to make?" "Sure," he said, and added, "On this island we are as happy as the day is long." "Do you all smoke much?" "Yes, sir, we are smoking from morning till night," he replied.

"There are many persons," says the writer, "especially in our big cities, who would gladly exchange their present surroundings and opportunities to share the life of the burgher prisoners of war in the Boer laagers of the beautiful Bermuda."

Similar is the testimony of a Boer commandant of the much-decried refuge camps in South Africa.

No heir apparent ever received such an education in the history of empire-building as the Prince of Wales, in his recent tour of 45,000 miles beneath the sovereignty of the British flag. He has been making wise use of this fund of knowledge in his statesmanlike speech at the Guildhall banquet. The marked note of his observation was the universal loyalty to the Crown and love for the Mother Land which he attributed in very large degree to the life and example of our late beloved Queen.

The distinguished American writer, Captain Mahan, of the United States navy, says: "In the development of power, both local and general, the war has strengthened materially the British Empire, and furthered the Imperial idea. Loss of prestige, he says, in conclusion, will come when a nation loses heart."



SIGNOR MARCONI.

The success of Marconi in telegraphing without a wire across the broad Atlantic almost takes away our breath. Accustomed as we are to the miracles of science, this last is like a fairy-tale. Across stormy sea and the foggy Banks, from the lone outpost in the Land's End of Cornwall to Beacon Hill of St. John, the mysterious message finds its way, and ticks its record on the sensitive plate. Shall our prayers, then, not teach the listening ear of our Father who is in heaven? Marconi is scarcely thirty years of age, born in Bologna of an English mother and Italian father. His discovery is the result of seven years' experiment and study.

Religious Intelligence.

THE DUTY OF THE HOUR.

The foremost question of the month in Canada is the entrance of prohibition into practical politics. The judgment of the highest court in the Empire maintains the authority of the Provinces to restrict and prohibit the sale of intoxicants. If the rejection of prohibition by the Province of Quebec prevents its adoption by the Dominion as a whole, the Provinces are autonomous in this respect. The immense majority recorded for prohibition everywhere, except in Quebec,

is a declaration that the country is ripe and ready for the experiment.

The liquor people are, of course, loud in their protests. The plebiscite, which cost many thousands of dollars, was only a farce, they say. It discussed only an academic question, not one of any practical interest. This we do not admit, but at all events it is not an academic question now, but one of tremendous importance. The imminence of an election in Ontario brings it to our very doors. This moral issue is of

too tremendous importance to be made the football of party politics. He is no true patriot who would employ it as a means to either defeat or sustain any Government. It is a question in which every constituency, Grit or Tory, in which every household and every individual is vitally concerned.

We may be sure the liquor traffic, which is always and everywhere a reckless, unscrupulous, God-and-man-defying institution, will fight hard for its life. It breaks the law as it is; it will break any law—high license or low, total or partial prohibition. It is like the victim on the triangle under the lash, shouting, now, "Strike high!" now, "Strike low!"—no restraint of the law in any guise or form will prove satisfactory. It will endeavour to discount and disparage prohibition wherever it is or may be established, in Maine or in Kansas, in Manitoba or in Ontario. We were very much disgusted with the special pleading of a three-column article in an influential daily journal, affirming that prohibition does not prohibit in Maine.

These are the writer's words: "In a hotel office you nod your head to a clerk or porter, with a knowing smile, and, being a stranger, of course, not knowing 'the ropes,' he will immediately volunteer to guide you, quietly and unquestioningly, through a labyrinth of unsuspecting doors, hallways, and rooms, till you find yourself suddenly in a bar-room, as well stocked and palatially equipped as any licensed city bar with doors opening upon a public thoroughfare."

Strange, that there has to be such a "labyrinth" of devious ways, that it needs so many nods and winks and knowing smiles on the part of the initiated to secure the contraband article! Another *Globe* correspondent a very few years ago, writing of the State of Maine, described the tricks and stratagems and secrecy whereby, in some wretched outhouse or attic or cellar, the liquid damnation was dispensed. Professor Amos Wells, editor of *The Christian Endeavour World*, in the issue for November 28, has a six-column article in answer to the question, "Does prohibition prohibit in Maine?" He proves by the testimony of thoughtful observers, ministers, and doctors all over the State that it does prohibit; that, to use the words of the sheriff of Portland: "We have the

liquor traffic on the run"; that there are men who have never seen liquor sold in that State; that, as the Governor declares, "in the majority of the country towns there exists practical prohibition, and the law against the liquor traffic is as well enforced as against other forms of crime." We print the substance of this long article in *Onward* for January 4.

"LET WELL ENOUGH ALONE."

The apologist for the liquor traffic closes his three-column article with the words: "Our watchword should be, Let well enough alone." But is it "well enough" in Canada? With six thousand drunkards done to death every year by this nefarious business; with three-fourths of the pauperism and crime in the country caused by strong drink; with the wreck and ruin of thousands of lives, the desolation of thousands of homes, the want and waste and woe caused by this traffic in the body and the souls of men, is it well enough in Canada? And if well enough now with our sparse and intelligent and moral population, would it be well enough in a few years, when a large, heterogeneous, ignorant, unlettered community shall invade our coal regions? Will not the same cause as produced the vile orgies, the night of horrors, described by this correspondent, in Pennsylvania, produce the same results in Canada? "Obsta principiis" is a good motto. Prevention is a thousand times better than cure.

A prohibitory law will not work automatically, neither will a law against theft, or violence, or vice of any sort. The duty of the hour, it seems to us, is to create and confirm an overwhelming public opinion as to the appalling consequences of this colossal evil, this modern Juggernaut, which, in the wise words of Mr. Gladstone, has caused more human suffering than war, famine, and pestilence together; that rolls on remorselessly, crushing human hearts and hopes beneath its wheels. Let temperance voters exert their utmost influence. Let them write to their representatives in the present Parliament, insisting that the pledges already made, to give prohibition a trial, shall be fulfilled. Let them demand pledges from the candidates of both parties at the approaching election, to carry out the people's will. We do not care how

that will be ascertained, whether by plebiscite or referendum, or any other way; but once declared, let it be obeyed.

In the meantime—for this may be a long fight, not won in a day—let us, with redoubled diligence, use all the methods of moral suasion which even the liquor men so kindly commend to us, while they are using all the temptations and seductions in their power to manufacture drunkards. In our homes, in our churches, in our schools, let there be a new crusade, a holy war against the greatest enemy of our country. In this historic conflict of a hundred years in Canada, Methodism has ever been in the very forefront. She must be no laggard now. If the Churches and the Christian people will only exert their full influence in the community, they can sweep away the last vestige of this nefarious traffic. A moral crisis is upon us. Let us gird us for the strife; quit us like men; be strong.

Once to every man and nation comes the moment to decide,
In the strife of Truth with Falsehood, for the good or evil side;
Some great cause, God's new Messiah, offering each the bloom or blight,
Parts the goats upon the left hand, and the sheep upon the right,
And the choice goes by for ever 'twixt that darkness and that light.

Hast thou chosen, O my people, on whose party thou shalt stand,
Ere the Doom from its worn sandals shakes the dust against our land?
Though the cause of Evil prosper, yet 'tis Truth alone is strong,
And, albeit she wander outcast now, I see around her throng
Troops of beautiful, tall angels, to enshield her from all wrong.

—James Russell Lowell.

METHODIST MISSIONS.

In one week in November there were held the annual meetings of the boards of four of the great benevolences of the Methodist Episcopal Church. The reports of the proceedings read like a continuation of the Acts of the Apostles. No other church in Christendom, we think, is carrying on such great and comprehensive undertakings.

The Missionary Board met in Pittsburg, Ohio. Its receipts for the year ending October '31 amounted to \$1,233,186, an increase of \$9,281 on the previous year, the increase of which was \$56,987. The disbursements of

the year, however, were \$1,279,930, an excess over receipts of \$46,744, which, added to previous indebtedness, leaves a debt of nearly \$100,000. Strenuous efforts to pay this off will be made. A table shows the income for ten years; five of these show large increases, that in 1898 being \$153,203; the other five show a temporary ebb in the tide.

Bishop McCabe spoke hopefully of Methodism in South America. In Ecuador the whole public school system was administered by Dr. T. B. Wood, a Methodist presiding elder, who played the part in that Republic of the venerated Ryerson in Canada. These schools cost the Republic over \$100,000. That Conference, if turned around end for end would reach from the equator to Winnipeg, the longest Conference in Methodism. The area of the Argentine Republic is so great that it would contain the whole population of the globe, and yet have only two persons to the acre.

WORK AMONG THE NEGROES.

The Freedman's Aid Society Board met in Allegheny, Pa. It has already had over 200,000 students in its schools, has sent forth over 10,000 teachers, and nearly 2,000 ministers, holds property worth over \$2,000,000. In some of its schools nearly every unconverted student was brought to a knowledge of salvation. It is a saying of Victor Hugo's that to open the door of a schoolhouse is to close the door of the gaol. That depends on who opens the school, and what is taught in it. Christian education will largely solve the negro problem in the South. The mountain whites are among the most ignorant of the population. One-sixth of the native whites in eleven secession States can neither read nor write.

The students at the coloured colleges last year contributed \$113,334 for board and tuition. They give liberally to missions. With 1,300,000 members the coloured Baptist Churches give only one-tenth as much as the 300,000 coloured Methodists.

Bishop Cranston addressed a great audience in the South. "There were many dogs and babies in the crowd, but not a dog barked nor a baby cried." What a tribute to the Bishop's eloquence!

Here is a superb tribute to the moral courage of the race from the address of Bishop Warren: "When the terrible scourge of yellow fever

raged in Chattanooga the sufferers did not find fault because they were nursed back to health by a black man, an educated physician. When he had done his work he was crowned with honour and taken to the depot in a carriage, riding with the mayor of the city, and accompanied with a brass band, making the air resonant with the praises of his sacrifices. The sufferers did not care whether it was a black or a white face, if they could only look up into it and see the face that made them think of Christ."

Dr. Hoss, in the Southern Christian Advocate, says that the Southern States, out of the awful poverty which followed the Civil War, have paid \$150,000,000 for educating the children of their former slaves. Dr. Abbott says: "We may search the pages of history in vain for a parallel; a community of ex-slaveholders, whose slave system compelled the keeping of their slaves in ignorance, have suddenly reversed all their precedent history, and out of their poverty have contributed with such largeness for the education of those whom, a little while before, it was a penal offence to instruct."

The Southern negroes have accumulated \$300,000,000 worth of property. God in his providence has overruled the importation of vast multitudes from Africa, and their multiplying like the Israelites in Egypt, for the betterment of the race. With all their faults, failings, and disabilities, no other nine millions of negroes in the world exhibit so high a grade of morality and civilization.

The Church Extension Society Board met in Columbus, Ohio. It had for loan for church building purposes \$553,438. It gave aid to 341 churches out of a total of 12,000, which will hold 3,000,000 persons, since 1854.

GENEROUS BEQUESTS.

The generous bequests of the late W. E. H. Massey are characteristic of the large-minded liberality of this good man. As reported by the daily press, Mr. Massey leaves the very large sum of \$100,000 for charitable and religious purposes. This is divided as follows:

Victoria University, \$25,000; Methodist Missionary Society, \$20,000; Central Methodist Church, \$10,000; Deaconess work, \$10,000; Methodist Superannuation Fund, \$5,000; Victoria College scholarships, \$5,000; Agricultural

College scholarships \$5,000; Massey-Harris employees, \$5,000; Sick Children's Hospital, \$5,000; Boston University, where Mr. Massey was a student, \$5,000; city charities, \$5,000. Generous sums are also given to employees and servants.

When we remember Mr. Massey's recent donation of \$35,000 to the Twentieth Century Fund, and the beautiful letter which accompanied it, and other generous givings during his life, it will be seen how faithful was his sense of stewardship. These donations and bequests far more than equal the tithe which many persons regard as the ideal of Christian giving. But more valuable than any money gifts during his life was the gift of himself, his thought and love and anxious solicitude for every good work in which he was engaged.

"HE GAVE HIS LIFE FOR ANOTHER."

Adequate honours have not yet been paid to the medical profession for the moral and physical heroism it exhibits. None more truly walks in the footsteps of the Saviour than the good physician. In Canada alone within recent years examples not a few have occurred of physicians and surgeons who have become the victims of their devotion to duty, the martyrs of science, and heroes of a nobler chivalry than that of arms.

One of the most conspicuous of these was Dr. Leslie M. Sweetnam. He had attained great skill in his profession, to which he was devoted with enthusiasm. He laboured beyond his strength, not seldom sitting up all night by his patient's bedside to combat disease. Surgery was his specialty, in which he was remarkably successful. In operating on a very bad case, he became infected with blood poisoning, which soon cut off his useful career. His funeral was profoundly impressive. The medical profession of Toronto almost en-masse paid their last tribute of respect, while many to whom he had ministered in sickness, or members of whose household he had, by God's blessing, plucked from the grave were profoundly affected. The tributes of Dr. Potts and Chancellor Burwash to the religious character and noble manhood of the deceased touched every heart. Yet how could man die better than in the discharge of duty and in the effort to relieve suffering humanity!

Book Notices.

"Outline of a History of Protestant Missions, From the Reformation to the Present Time." A Contribution to Modern Church History. By Gustav Warneck, Professor and Doctor of Theology. Authorized translation from the seventh German edition. Edited by George Hobson, D.D. Edinburgh and London: Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. xiv-364. Price, 10s. 6d.

For many years Dr. Warneck, of Halle, has been one of the greatest living authorities on Christian missions. He is the writer of one of the most important sections on this subject in the Schaff-Herzog Cyclopaedia. With characteristic German thoroughness and accuracy he has exhausted the literature on the subject, and presented its fullest and latest results. The three great agencies in preparing the way for modern missions he describes as the obscure Moravians, the despised Methodists, and the common prayers of the faithful in many lands. He notes, too, the great place which God has given in the history of missions to his own Word. "The founding of the great British and Foreign Bible Society," says Dr. Warneck, "marks an epoch in history more important than that of the founding of Rome." The leading actors in this great drama are marshalled before us, and the noble women, not a few, who have been their collaborators. The faithful workers at home who "stay by the stuff," who send and help and pray and pay, receive striking recognition. The miracles of missions, the savages changed into saints, the cannibals converted to apostles, the noble army of martyrs who have sealed their testimony with their blood, receive eloquent characterization.

Of this great work an English reviewer well remarks, "It is a noble book, powerfully written and throbbing with the spirit of zeal and devotion, a book that must be read by all who desire to master the missionary problem, to understand it in the past, and to be prepared for its future evolution and development in the world." The author describes Sydney Smith,

the satirist of missions a hundred years ago, as realizing in their marvellous success "how hard it is to rout a nest of cobblers when God's Dove broods over the nest." A special section is devoted to our western world, from the missions of Greenland and Labrador to those of Tierra del Fuego, from Elliot, the apostle to the Indians of Massachusetts, to Duncan and Horden of to-day. Numerous missionary maps accompany the volume.

"Florence." By Grant Allen. Two volumes. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. xxi-225 and viii-254. Price, \$3. In box, with many half-tone illustrations.

These elegant volumes in white and gold are a beautiful souvenir of the fair city of the Arno—its loveliest scenes, its noblest paintings, its historic structures. They will also,

"When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
We summon up remembrance of things past,"

vividly recall the joys of foreign travel, and enable us to study again at leisure the bronze doors of Ghiberti, the lovely facade of the Duomo, the great paintings of the Tuscan masters.

Mr. Grant Allen is the most versatile of Canadian writers, for Canadian he is, born and bred in the city of Kingston, though most of his work was published abroad. He is distinguished as a writer of science of unusual interpretative skill, as a clever novelist, and as the author of a series of successful books of historical research and art criticism.

These volumes are not mere guide-books, like Baedeker and Murray. They enable the tourist to use his travel as a means of culture and education; they trace the growth of cities, of institutions, of society; describe the way in which historic monuments and art creations crystallize, as it were, in stone and bronze, in form and colour, great popular enthusiasms. In Florence, with its stirring memories of Lorenzo il Magnifico and Savonarola, of Dante and Petrarch, of Giotto and Angelico,

Buonarotti and Della Robbia, is one of the most interesting historic and artistic centres of Italy. It gives new interest to a great painting to have this genial critic point out its significance, interpret its symbolism, explain the way in which the Dominicans, as black and white dogs, worrying the heretical teachers under the guise of wolves, show forth the terrible functions of the Inquisition.

The numerous half-tones are exquisite reproductions of the chef-d'oeuvres of art and architecture. Their study, aided by the accompanying text will do more for art culture than hours of wandering through a gallery without their help.

"The Rights of Man. A Study in Twentieth Century Problems." By Lyman Abbott. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. xi-375. Price, \$1.50 net.

These lectures exhibit the ripe thought of one of the wisest thinkers of our time on a subject which has been one of conflict for centuries—the rights of man. Dr. Abbott discusses the historic struggle between Roman Imperialism and Hebraic Democracy, the political, industrial, and religious rights of man. He discusses also some of the perils and safeguards, and the goal of democracy, and the domestic and foreign problems of the American people. This book is one of such importance that we are placing it in competent hands for a more adequate review.

We wish to record our dissent from Dr. Abbott's dictum that women ought not to vote. That one-half of the community, and that in many cases the more thoughtful, moral and religious, better educated half of the community, the one having greater interest in the protection of the home and family, the training of children, the restraint of vice, the good government of the country, should have absolutely no voice in the matter, seems to be an anachronism—a belated ghost of the dark ages lingering in the light of the twentieth century. To the restricted amount of suffrage enjoyed by women in Canada is due some of the greatest moral reforms which have blessed our country. Had they the complete suffrage, we feel sure that the licensed liquor traffic would soon be swept away, that gambling and other forms of vice would be greatly restricted.

"School, College, and Character." By LeBaron Russell Briggs. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. vi-148. Price, \$1.00 net.

A hundred years ago the universities of the United States were a hotbed of infidelity, now they have a larger proportion of Christian men and women than any other institutions in the country. Yet there is still need for wise counsel, both to parents, students, and professors. In a wealthy community there is far more danger of students wasting time and indulging in luxury, and possibly vice, than in a community like ours, where life is more strenuous. Few universities have the record of our own Victoria, where Chancellor Burwash, in a recent convocation address, declared that every student, to the best of his knowledge, was living a manly Christian life.

There is a vigour, vivacity, and humour about this book that raises it from the plane of didactic counsel to that of literature. Students are not schoolboys nor hothouse plants, they must be treated like men, and encouraged to bear the stress and strain of life. The author attaches much importance to the sense of college honour, and to the use of college athletics in promoting a clean life and developing manly character. The colleges are the intellectual gymnasias and palaestrae in which are trained men who shall mould the future of the nation. Hence the importance of cultivating high ideals and developing true manhood within their halls.

"A Short History of the Mississippi Valley." By James K. Hosmer, Ph.D., LL.D. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. xv-230. Price, \$1.20.

This book is a record of empire-building, in which Canadian and British enterprise and energy bore a leading part. The stirring and tragic story of Marquette and La Salle, Iberville and Bienville, Braddock and Boone, is succinctly recounted. The Louisiana purchase from the French more than doubled the area of the young republic, yet led to complications which well-nigh wrecked its existence. The story of Aaron Burr, the grandson of the great Puritan, Jonathan Edwards, and Vice-President of the United States, is one stranger than romance. He treacherously

planned the seizure of Washington and the President, the invasion of Texas and Mexico, the separation of the west from the east, and, perhaps, to make an empire for himself out of the general wreck. He intrigued for the support of a British fleet, but the British Government, though smarting under the loss of the American colonies, refused to take part in the discreditable plot.

"He sank at last into a dishonoured grave," says Mr. Hosmer, "and the visitor who stands by its side at Princeton, New Jersey, with the ashes of his stern Puritan kindred close at hand, marvels that one so nobly fathered, so amply dowered with gifts and graces, should have left in the story of America only a name of infamy."

General Wilkinson, who was Burr's tool, presented a contemptible figure—"a traitor to his friend, as he was ready to be a traitor to his country, and to every land and cause which had ever put faith in him," and was disastrously defeated in his attack on Canada in 1812.

General Pike, an intrepid explorer from whom Pike's Peak is named, was killed in his attack on York, now Toronto, in the same war.

President Andrew Jackson, the hero of New Orleans, is described by the judicial Mr. Hosmer as "the main promoter of the spoils system, a mischief-maker in finance, a coarse bully with a chip on his shoulder toward foreign nations."

Over the great Mississippi valley, nearly as large as the whole of Europe, has rested the shadow of slavery till it was dissipated by the whirlwind of civil war. But the problem of the black peoples of the south is still one of the most difficult before the American people. On the eve of the centenary of the Louisiana purchase, this book is of intense interest. Mr. Hosmer, as the biographer of the last royal governor of Massachusetts, has shown his ability as a philosophic writer of history, which is still further demonstrated in these pages.

"Nature and Character at Granite Bay." By Daniel A. Goodsell. New York: Eaton & Mains. Cincinnati: Jennings & Pye. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. xv-219.

"Earth's crammed with heaven
And every common bush afire with God,"

says Mrs. Browning. The common things of life possess a sacred awe could we but see them in their infinite relationships. Bishop Goodsell describes with sympathetic feeling the lowly life of his summer home by the sea—the fisherman, the hermit, the doorkeeper in the house of the Lord, the local genius and other elements of seaside life. The aspects of nature bird life, and bird lore, and the like, are vividly sketched. The story of "Gentleman Gad," the noble greyhound, is as good in its way as Dr. Brown's immortal "Rab and His Friends." The book is a veritable "edition de luxe," with its wide margins and score or more of beautiful half-tones.

"The Message of the College to the Church." A Course of Sunday Evening Addresses in Lent, 1901. Delivered in the Old South Church, Boston. Boston: The Pilgrim Press. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 170. Price, 75 cents.

This is a series of thoughtful addresses by Prof. Peabody, of Harvard; Presidents Hyde, of Bowdoin; Hadley, of Yale; Carter, of Williams; Harris, of Amherst; and Tucker, of Dartmouth. They set forth the mutual dependence of the college and the Church, the work of the college in developing public conscience, and describes the type of religion which appeals to college men. The book appeals to all who are interested in a higher education, and in the welfare of both Church and State.

"Essays on Work and Culture."
By Hamilton Wright Mabie. Toronto: George N. Morang & Co. Pp. 247.

In this dainty volume one of the most wise and witty American essayists discusses some of the most important themes—the dignity of labour, the importance of culture. True work, he says, brings peace, composure, sanity to men in the "storm and stress" period of life. It enables even men like John Addington Symonds and Robert Louis Stevenson, who have been smitten by disease, instead of wasting their brief years in useless complainings, to "pluck opportunity out of the very jaws of death." He quotes Mr. Gladstone as an example of the astonishing range of interests and occupation made pos-

sible by the power of concentration. The grace of style, the high ethical spirit of this writer commend his books to all readers of taste and judgment.

"The New Covenant a Lost Secret." By Anna Ross. Author of "Bell's Story" and "The Man With the Book"; or, *Memoirs of John Ross of Brucefield.* Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. xii-193. Price, \$1.

Many of our readers will remember Mrs. Ross's striking biography of her husband, "The Man With the Book," one of the most devoted Presbyterian ministers this country has ever known. In this volume she writes of the riches of God's covenant of grace in cleansing, teaching, and filling with power the hearts of his people. The book is clearly and strongly written, and cannot fail to be a spiritual benediction to all who will prayerfully read it.

"Loiterings in Old Fields." Literary Sketches by James B. Kenyon. New York: Eaton & Mains. Cincinnati: Jennings & Pye. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 250. Price, \$1.

This is one of the most charming volumes of literary criticism we have read in a long time. It is a poet's book on the great poets, Tennyson, Morris, Keats, Lowell, the Rossettis, with chapters on George Eliot and Robert Louis Stevenson. From these oft-gleaned fields this writer brings fresh sheaves of golden grain.

"Daniel, Darius the Median, Cyrus the Great." A chronologico-historical study. By Rev. Joseph Horner, D.D., LL.D. Pittsburg, Pa.: Joseph Horner. New York: Eaton & Mains. Cincinnati: Jennings & Pye. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 142. Price, \$1.20.

The book of Daniel contains some chronological and other difficulties on which the ablest commentators are not agreed. The purpose of this book is to bring more clearly into view the general and singular accuracy of the biblical and historical notes

from the period of the fall of Nineveh to the reign of Darius the Persian, to correct some of the errors, oversights and misinterpretations of former writers, and of the later destructive criticism. The author is well equipped by scholarship and special prolonged study for this task. He is a member of the Society of Biblical Archaeology, of London, England, and has made original researches in the cuneiform inscriptions, and other sources of information.

"Love Idylls." By S. R. Crockett. Toronto: George N. Morang & Co. Pp. viii-384.

Crockett is never so much himself as in his own Galloway. There his foot is on his native heath, MacGregor is himself again. The first of these stories is one of the age-long conflict between the friends and foes of the Stuart Pretenders. "The Purple Mountains" is another of these exquisite Scotch idylls of which Crockett is such a master. Other stories come down to recent and every-day life, but over all is the spell of the master passion which in every age glorifies humanity.

"The Moral Universe." By Rev. G. W. King, Ph.D. New York: Eaton & Mains. Cincinnati: Jennings & Pye. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 92. Price, 50 cents.

This book is made up of four sermons preached during a revival to set forth the plan of salvation as expounded by the first great theologian of the Church, the inspired Apostle in this Epistle to the Romans. It is a small book on a great subject, and packed full of Gospel truth.

"Unto Heights Heroic." A Biblical Interpretation. By Gardner S. Eldridge. New York: Eaton & Mains. Cincinnati: Jennings & Pye. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 186.

This is a volume of practical religion, dealing with the paramount claims of the Word of God, the influence of heredity, life, and its vision, voices and mission, and Jesus Christ, the central figure of the world's life.

DISCRIMINATING INVESTORS

recognize the excellent security and fair profit which are combined in the **FOUR PER CENT. DEBENTURES** of

THE CANADA PERMANENT AND WESTERN CANADA MORTGAGE CORPORATION TORONTO STREET, TORONTO

This is evidenced by the increasing demand for these Bonds among people of this class, who readily admit it to be

Canada's PREMIER Company

First Canadian Edition 10,000

THE BOOK OF THE YEAR

The Man From Glengarry

A TALE OF THE GREAT NORTHLAND

The half-million or more admirers of Ralph Connor's inimitable miners of "Black Rock," and cowboys of "The Sky Pilot," will give cordial welcome to his lumbermen in "The Man From Glengarry." It is full of local color, and the types of Scottish Highlander, French Canadian, and American character form a vivid picture, drawn by a master hand.

"He uses a pen dipped in the very colors and tones of the canyon and sunlit hills."—*Boston Transcript*.

Cloth, net \$1.25, Postpaid

WILLIAM BRIGGS.

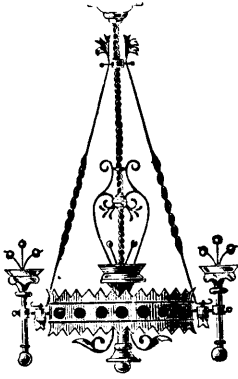
Methodist Book and Publishing House,
TORONTO.

Rain and sweat have no effect on harness treated with Eureka Harness Oil. It resists the damp, keeps the leather soft and pliable. Stitches do not break. No rough surface to chafe and cut. The harness not only keeps looking like new, but wears twice as long by the use of Eureka Harness Oil.



EUREKA HARNESS OIL

Sold everywhere in cans— all sizes. Made by Imperial Oil Company.



**GAS FIXTURES
COMBINATION FIXTURES
ELECTRIC FIXTURES**

For Lighting Churches, Halls and other Public Buildings, Dwellings, etc., are Designed and Manufactured by us.

Long Experience, Ample Facilities, and Careful Attention guarantee our customers first-class work at prices away below the market.

Write or call on us before placing orders for these goods. It will pay you.

The KEITH & FITZSIMONS CO.
LIMITED

111 King Street West, Toronto, Ont.

TAKE NOTICE

that the readers of **The London Academy** have decided by popular vote that the following are **THREE** out of the **FOUR BEST BOOKS** published this year:

KIM.	-	-	-	-	-	By Rudyard Kipling
THE ETERNAL CITY.	-	-	-	-	-	By Hall Caine
TRISTRAM OF BLENT.	-	-	-	-	-	By Anthony Hope

We have issued these books all in special holiday attractiveness, and they make ideal books for gifts at this time of the year.

Cloth, Gilt top, Deckle edge, each, - - - \$1.50

We would also suggest for your consideration the following **NEW** and **GOOD Fiction.**

AN IDOL OF BRONZE.	-	-	-	-	By L. P. Heaven
THE LADY OF LYNN.	-	-	-	-	By Sir Walter Besant
THE QUIBERON TOUCH.	-	-	-	-	By Cyrus Townsend Brady
WHY NOT, SWEETHEART?	-	-	-	-	By Julia Henshaw
LOVE IDYLLS.	-	-	-	-	By S. R. Crockett
THE ALIEN.	-	-	-	-	By F. F. Montresor
A MODERN ANTAEUS.					

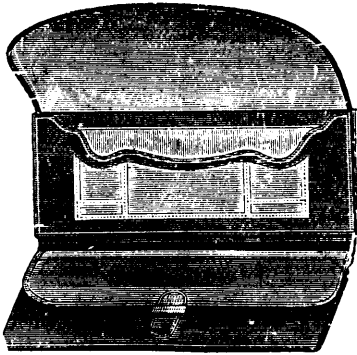
By the Author of "An Englishwoman's Love Letters."

Ask your bookseller to show you some of these books and we know they will please you; or they will be sent, on receipt of price, by the publishers,

GEORGE N. MORANG & COMPANY, Limited,

90 Wellington Street West, TORONTO

HOLIDAY GOODS



We are Headquarters for
Goods Suitable for the Holiday Season

Leather Goods Purses — Portfolios —
 Music Rolls — Letter
 and Card Cases — Dressing Cases — Photo
 Cases, etc.

Stationery Novelties

Ink Stands, wonderful variety — Fountain
 Pens, best made — Stationery Cabinets,
 Pencil Cases, Photo Frames, Paper Knives,
 Papeteries, choice line — Letter Balances, Pen-
 wipers, etc. **Popular Prices.**

The **BROWN BROS., Limited**
 Importing and Manufacturing Stationers
 51-53 Wellington Street West, **Toronto**

THE BENNETT & WRIGHT CO.

(Limited) OF TORONTO

Heating Engineers and Sanitary Plumbers

OUR SHOW ROOMS are now fitted with the latest and
 Sanitary Specialties, showing complete Bathrooms
 in various styles. **Inspection Invited.**

GAS and ELECTRIC LIGHT FIXTURES in Great Variety

72 QUEEN STREET EAST, TORONTO.



WATERMAN'S IDEAL FOUNTAIN PEN

Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pens

Reasons why
 it is to be
 preferred to all others

It is always ready, and writes continuously without shaking.
 It writes as freely as a dip pen, and feeds the ink more regularly.
 Its free flow of ink is secured without risk of overflowing or blotting
 The flow is automatic, responding fully to the act of writing, and the
 flow ceases when the writing stops.

PRICES, FROM **\$2.50 TO \$6.00 EACH, POSTPAID**

WILLIAM BRIGGS - Wesley Buildings - TORONTO, ONT.



THE

Well Shod Woman

Need not necessarily wear
high priced shoes

In point of style,
quality, fit, and
service are
unexcelled

THE
"HAGAR"
SHOE
FOR WOMEN

Price, \$3.50 and \$4.00

Sold only by

H. & C. Blachford

114 YONGE STREET
TORONTO

MASTERLY WORKS

FOR BIBLE STUDENTS

HISTORY, PROPHECY, AND THE MONUMENTS

Or, Israel and The Nations

By James Frederick McCurdy, Ph.D., LL.D. Professor of Oriental Languages
in University College, Toronto

Vol. III. Now Ready

PROF. J. E. MCFADYEN, B.D., Ph.D., of Knox College, Toronto:

Four years after the publication of the second volume, Dr. McCurdy's very important work on "History, Prophecy, and the Monuments" reaches its completion in the volume just published, which more than satisfies the high expectations raised by the volumes which preceded it. Like them, though even more than they, will it be of the highest importance to all earnest Biblical students, partly because it deals on a more extensive scale with purely Biblical material, and partly because it discusses certain literary questions—though, of course, mainly in their historical aspect—which the earlier volumes offered no immediate opportunities of raising.

Three Volumes, each \$3.00, postpaid. Complete set, \$9.00, po. tpaid.

A HISTORY OF BABYLONIA AND ASSYRIA

By Robert William Rogers Ph.D. (Leipzig), D.D., LL.D., F.R.G.S., Professor in Drew
Theological Seminary, Madison, New Jersey.

1. Between 1820 and 1900 lie the most remarkable archeological discoveries that the world has ever known, yet no account of how these discoveries were made, and no exposition of their meaning in any broad and yet detailed way, has ever appeared in the English language. 2. Between 1850 and 1900 the languages of the Assyrians and Babylonians, the Sumerians and the Chaldeans (the Vannic people), have been deciphered. The processes of decipherment form one of the most romantic episodes in the history of human knowledge, yet no full account of how the decipherers found their first clues, and how they advanced to certain knowledge, has ever been printed in English. 3. From all these excavations in buried cities and from all these decipherments of long-lost languages, men have learned anew the whole history of the Babylonians, Assyrians, and Chaldeans.

Two Volumes, \$5.00, postpaid

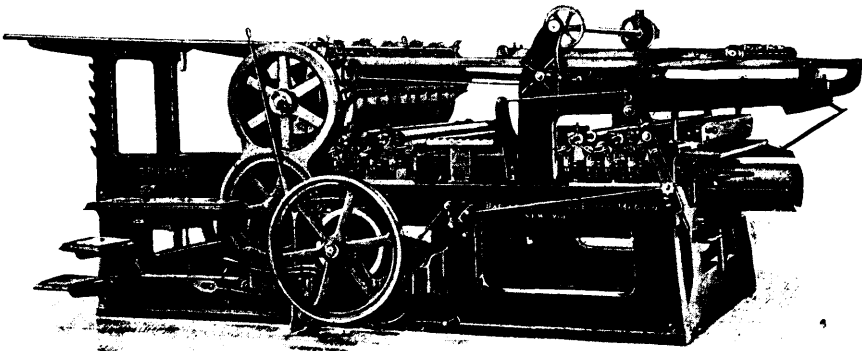
WILLIAM BRIGGS, Publisher

29-33 Richmond St. W. - - TORONTO

Babcock Presses are unequalled

USED
THE
WORLD
OVER

Ask The Methodist Book and Publishing House what they think of them. They have used Babcock Presses for years on all classes of work. They have bought six. Five "Optimus" Presses within the last two years * * * * *



Among Two-Revolution Presses the "Optimus" has no peer. Its patented devices insure perfect register and produce Color and Halftone work that satisfy the most exacting customer. All our Presses for Job, Newspaper, or Book-Work are equally well built, and as perfectly adapted each to its class * * *

We have an Attractive New Catalogue and Samples of Three-Color Printing which we shall be pleased to mail you upon application

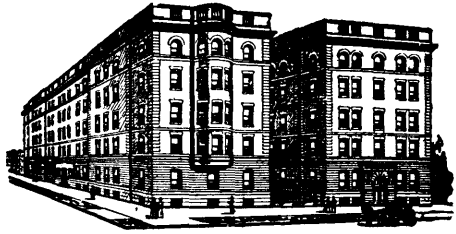
The Babcock Printing Press
Manufacturing Company

NEW LONDON, CONN.

38 PARK ROW, NEW YORK

THE   
 CHICAGO
 TRAINING
 SCHOOL
 FOR MISSIONS

Indiana Ave. and Fiftieth St.
 CHICAGO - ILL.



HARRIS HALL

THE CHICAGO TRAINING SCHOOL has had 207 students enrolled during the school year of 1900 — the largest attendance in its history. This was undoubtedly the largest enrolment of any school of its character in the world.

These women received technical preparation for the varied lines of missionary and benevolent work.

But the harvest field is white, and the doors leading to it are wide open, therefore the management of this school hope to add many more students for the coming school year, so as to at least have **Three Hundred** in attendance. We desire to call the attention of Christian young women to this school, as there is now provision for an additional building when needed, and aid for educated young women to prepare for this work.

Fall Term opens Sept. 7, 1901

Send for 48-page book giving information. Free. Send postal card for catalogue.



You can secure the
Deaconess Advocate

For one year for
 Sixteen Pages **50 CENTS**
 Published Monthly

In Clubs of ten or more, 25 cents a year



ADDRESS
 57 Washington Street
 CHICAGO

NOTE—"Phebe Series" in clubs of ten or more, 10c a year. Special rates for clubs of 100 or more.

SEND POSTAL CARD FOR SAMPLE COPY, FREE

November and December Numbers, 1901, FREE TO NEW SUBSCRIBERS



Illustrating "The Psychology of the Kindergarten." By James L. Hughes.

Methodist Magazine and Review

**W. H.
WITHROW,
D.D., F.R.C.S.,
Editor**

**Volumes
Fifty-five
and
Fifty-six**

PROSPECTUS FOR 1902

ILLUSTRATED ARTICLES

- Waterpower of Canada.** T. C. KEEFER, C.M.G., C.E.
Irish Palatines in Upper Canada. C. C. JAMES, Deputy Minister of Agriculture.
Pathfinders of Empire: Canadian Pioneers. THE EDITOR.
The Canadian Habitants.
Quebec and Its Memories.
The Northern Lakes of Canada.
Life in a Logging Camp.
Builders of Empire: British Statesmen.
Civilizing the Savage.
The Millenary of King Alfred. E. M. BURWASH.
Studies of Great Musicians: Handel, Hayden, Mozart, Beethoven, and others. T. C. JEFFERS AND OTHERS.
The Niebelungenlied and the Wagner Cycle.
Ramblings in Ireland.
A Clerical Humorist: Sydney Smith.
The Home of the Cecils: Hatfield House.
Behind Dikes and Dunes.
Norwich and Its Memories.
The Sisters of the People. MISS GRETA L. FINLEY.
The People Called Quakers.
Dead Cities of the Zuyder Zee.
Highways and Byways of Travel.
Iceland and Its People. RUTH SHAEFFNER.
Life on the Boulevards. THOMAS D. PRESTON.
Village Life in France. MARQUIS DE CHAMBRUN.
The Land of the Midnight Sun.
Scenes in the Orient.
Hours with the Artists.
Important Finds in Egypt.
In Dalecarlia.
Spanish Vistas.
Wild Wales.
Famous London Taverns. NETTIE LOUISE.
The Beggars of Paris. LOUIS PAULIAN.
The Canadian Aborigines. J. MACLEAN, PH.D.
Yachting in Low Latitudes.

300 Fine Engravings



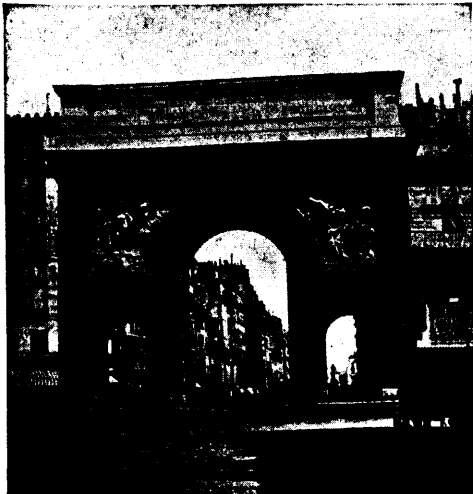
GOETHE MONUMENT, BERLIN.
Illustrating "Great Authors."



THEODOR MOMMSEN
Illustrating "Great Authors."

SERIAL & SHORT STORIES

- What Happened to Ted.** ISABELLE HORTON.
Her Priceless Recompense. LENA L. WOODILL.
More Cumberland Sketches. J. V. SMITH, D.D.
Going to Conference. REV. S. HORTON.
The Conversion of Harry Wedderburn. S. R. CROCKETT.
The Scarred Hand. ELLEN THORNYCROFT FOWLER.
Falling from Grace. MARGARET SHERWOOD.
Parson Plane. H. ESCOTT INMAN.
A Woman's Heart. GALLIENNE ROBIN.
Dust That Shines.
Preaching on Trial: An Irish Story.
In the Days of the Wesleys. M. E. BRADDON.
The Stage Driver's Story, and Others.



Illustrating "Paris the Magnificent."

MISSIONARY PAPERS

MANY OF THEM ILLUSTRATED

- Pioneering in Canada: An Exhumed Romance.** REV. W. H. ADAMS.
Pathos and Humor of Mission Life in the Great West. REV. J. C. SEYMOUR.
On the North Shore of Canada: The Tragedy and Romance of our Arctic Regions. REV. F. A. WIGHTMAN.
Medical Mission Work in China. O. L. KILBORN, M.A., M.D.
The Indian Problem and How to Solve It.
Gospel Triumphs in Fiji and Australasia. JOHN WATFORD.
More West of the Rockies Sketches. REV. A. BROWNING.
A Great Missionary Bishop.
Through Fire and Water in China.
Chalmers, the Martyr of Borneo.
Marvels of Missions in Spain.
Thomas Comber: Missionary Martyr of the Congo. REV. T. W. HUNTER.
Missions in Burma.
Methodist Missions in the Barbadoes. REV. T. W. HUNTER.



Illustrating "Through Fire and Water in China."

PAPERS ON SCIENCE

SOME OF THEM
 ILLUSTRATED

- Marvels of Mechanics: The Story of the Steam Hammer and Wonders of Water Power.**
The Sky-scraper Architecture.
Recent Science. PRINCE KROPOTKIN.
Photographing the Invisible.
Oil Wells in Canada.
Great Engineers: Brunel and Stephenson.
Double Stars. E. S. HOLDEN.
Overhead Tramways.
Astronomy on the Mountain Top. H. FICKEL.
Living Lamps.
The New Psychology.
Current Notes on the Progress of Science.

SOCIAL AND RELIGIOUS TOPICS

MANY OF THEM ILLUSTRATED

Moral Momentum of Methodism. REV. DR. CARMAN.

Some Historical Aspects of Methodism. CHANCELLOR BURWASH.

Characteristics of Current "New Theology." REV. E. H. DEWART, D.D.

The Mother in the Church. LUCY RIDER MEYER.

Education in Canada. JOHN MILLAR, B.A., Deputy Minister of Education.

More Hours with our Hymn-Book. REV. O. R. LAMBLY, D.D.

Lady Somerset's Experiment.

The Romance of Colonization. REV. F. A. WIGHTMAN.

Justice to the Jew. REV. J. C. SEYMOUR.

Lyrics of the South Land. REV. A. J. LOCKHART.

Social Betterment.

England in Egypt.

Ruskin as a Political Economist.

Social Life in Germany.

The Bright Side of Hospital Life.

The Temperance Outlook. F. S. SPENCE, Cor.-Sec. Dominion Alliance.

Primitive Woman.

Israelite and Indian. REV. J. MACLEAN, Ph.D.

The Handy Man for Christ. AGNES WESTON.

The Four Gospels: Their Unity and Variety. G. W. MCCREE.



Illustrating "The Land of the Midnight Sun."

Character Studies and Sketches

MANY OF THEM ILLUSTRATED

From Stonemason's Bench to Treasury Bench: The Career of Henry Broadhurst, M.P.

The Religious Side of Charles Dickens.

The Sailor Author: Frank T. Bullen.



Illustrating "Civilizing the Savages."

Christmas Evans, a Famous Welsh Preacher. REV. HENRY LEWIS.

Some Canadian Poets. LAWRENCE J. BURPEE.

Four Famous Brothers: The Field Family.

Helen Jackson Hunt.

Lights of Literature: Brief Studies of Leading Writers of Great Britain. With portraits.

Famous English Judges.

Lincoln, the Emancipator.

A Great Historian: Theodor Mommsen.

Bismarck at Home.

Mark Trafton: A Methodist Pioneer.

William Wilberforce.

G. Campbell Morgan.

A Yorkshire Methodist: Billy Dawson. ABEL STEVENS.

Henry Timrod: The Poet of a Lost Cause. PASTOR FELIX.



SIR PERCIVAL, Illustrating "The Nebelungenlied."



French-Canadian Village. Illustrating "Among the Habitants."

\$2⁰⁰ A Year & Six Months \$1⁰⁰

**GUARDIAN AND MAGAZINE OR
WESLEYAN AND MAGAZINE TOGETHER \$2⁷⁵**

Sunday Schools subscribing for two or more copies to one address, \$1.60 per year each.

CLUBBING RATES

These Clubbing Rates are in addition to the price paid for the METHODIST MAGAZINE AND REVIEW.

	Regular Price	Club Rate
Century Magazine	\$4.00	\$3.50
Atlantic Monthly	4.00	3.50
Harper's Monthly Magazine	4.00	3.50
Scribner's Magazine	3.00	2.80
St. Nicholas	3.00	2.50

WHAT IS SAID OF IT

- "The Canadian Church is to be highly congratulated on its magazine."—*London Quarterly*.
- "It is the best magazine for a Christian family of which we have any knowledge."—*Christian Uplook*.
- "It should be in every Methodist home."—*Kingston Whig*.
- "Abreast of the most popular literary magazines. The articles are by scholarly men and good writers."—*St. Louis Methodist*.

CONTRIBUTIONS

Are also promised by Principal J. T. L. Maggs, B.A., D.D., Dr. A. Sutherland, Dr. S. P. Rose, J. G. Angwin, J. M. Denyes, Mrs. Lottie McAlister, Miss A. M. Teskey, James H. Coyne, M.A., E. R. Young, jr.

THE DEPARTMENTS

Of the WORLD'S PROGRESS, well illustrated, CURRENT THOUGHT, RECENT SCIENCE, NEW BOOKS, RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE and EDITORIAL COMMENT will be maintained and developed.

**Reviews of High-Class Literature
A Specialty**



Ophelia. Illustrating "Hours With the Artists."



St. Roch's Day—A French Fair. Illustrating "Peasant Life in France."

William Briggs, 29-33 Richmond St. West, Toronto, Ont.

C. W. COATES, Montreal; or, S. F. HUESTIS, Halifax, N.S.

Supplement

Please Circulate

Canadian and Patriotic Verse For the Holidays

CHARLES MAIR'S POEMS

With autograph portrait of the author, and portraits of Brock and Tecumseh. Cloth, 274 pages, \$1.50; half-calf, gilt top, \$2.50.

This volume will include Mr. Mair's fine drama "Tecumseh," and all of his earlier and later work that he desires to have preserved in permanent form.

Mr. Mair is, perhaps more than any other of our writers of verse, a distinctively Canadian poet. His themes, for the most part, are of Canadian life and scenery. Mair's poems should be a favorite gift-book this year.

PATRIOTIC SONG

By ARTHUR STANLEY. With introduction by the Bishop of Calcutta. Cloth, 360 pages, \$1.25.

Here is not the Imperial note, but the whole chorus, in which the singers of every important part of the British Empire are represented—England, Wales, Scotland, Ireland, Canada, India, South Africa, Australia, and New Zealand. The old familiar patriotic songs of England, the Jacobite songs of Scotland, and the best-known Irish songs, are included. It is a delightful book, in which Canada is well represented by Roberts, Campbell, Scott, Stringer, Rand, Sherman, Clives-Woolley, and others.

TREASURY OF CANADIAN VERSE

Selected and edited by THEODORE H. RAND, D.C.L. Cloth, gilt top, net \$1.25; half-calf, gilt top, net \$2.50.

A thoroughly satisfactory, discriminative, and up-to-date collection of the best in Canadian verse. It is a substantial volume of 412 pages, attractively printed and bound. A series of biographical notes on the authors and an index to first lines are valuable features of the book. This is a splendid representative Canadian volume to send to friends living abroad. It was a great favorite last Christmas.

WAYFARINGS

By GEORGE HERBERT CLARKE. Cloth, \$1.00.

The author of this choice book of verse is a Canadian who for several years was assistant-editor of *The Baptist Union*, Chicago, and now is Professor of English Literature in Mercer University, Macon, Georgia.

"Mr. Clarke has a fine metrical sense and a facile pen."—*New York Outlook*.

"He has thought for himself on life and duty. He is master of a forceful and expressive style."—*Buffalo Express*.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ALEXANDER McLACHLAN

Cloth, \$1.25; half-calf, \$2.50.

"Not a few will continue to give McLachlan the first place among Canadian poets. The human-hearted, vigorous Scottish radical, whose *tanzas* have such a singing rhythm and direct sympathy, will long be admired by many friends."—*Canadian Teacher*.

CANADIAN CRYSTALS

Poems by THOMAS WATSON. Cloth, 160 pages, 75c.

The author, a Baptist minister in Colborne, Ontario, has yielded to the repeated solicitations of friends in various parts of the country in submitting a volume of his poems for publication. Many of his themes are of a patriotic and imperial character. His work is marked by more than usual felicity of expression, and is admirable alike in thought, spirit and form.

JOHNNIE COURTEAU AND OTHER POEMS

By WILLIAM HENRY DRUMMOND, author of "The Habitant." With illustrations by Frederick Simpson Coburn. Cloth, \$1.25. Edition de Luxe, with numerous illustrations, \$2.50.

The remarkable success of Mr. Drummond's first volume—of which no less than 25,000 copies have been sold—has prepared a large constituency for everything from his pen. In "Johnnie Courteau" Mr. Drummond strikes the same note in singing of the simple, sturdy characters of French-Canadian life.

WE PAY POSTAGE

WILLIAM BRIGGS, Wesley Buildings, TORONTO, ONT.

C. W. COATES, Montreal, P.Q. S. F. HUESTIS, Halifax, N.S.

Canadian Authors for Holiday Gifts

Better Lives for Common People

By JOHN MACLEAN, Ph.D. Cloth, 50c.

Another volume in the "Books on the Better Life" Series, of which Dr. Maclean's "The Making of a Christian"—the first of the series—has within a year run into a second edition. Rev. G. R. Turk writes: "It may be the enthusiasm of recent contact, but I know of no book of its class to excel, and very few to equal, 'The Making of a Christian.' The charm of the style is its rugged Anglo-Saxon, the language of the Bible and 'Pilgrim's Progress.'" This second volume is equally thoughtful and helpful.

The New Covenant a Lost Secret

By ANNA ROSS. Cloth, gilt top, \$1.00.

"It will not, it cannot, fail to do good. It is delightful to be reminded of Rutherford and Toplady, of the Bonars, McCheyne and Ralph Erskine. The Puritan aroma is like a breath of summer fragrance from summer fields."—*Presbyterian Witness*.

Pine Lake

By MILLIE MAGWOOD. Paper, 50c. ; cloth, 75c.

A new and entertaining story of life in Northern Ontario, narrating the experiences of a young girl who leaves home to take charge of a rural school. The occupations and amusements of country life in Canada are faithfully and pleasingly sketched, and the old, old story of heart drawn to heart receives a new setting.

Glipped Wings

By LOTTIE McALISTER. Paper, 40c. ; cloth, 60c.

"A story of Canadian Methodist life should touch a very wide range of feeling. It is written with brilliant literary skill, with force and vivacity, with wit and humor, and with some touches of tragic pathos."—*Onward*.

Etchings from a Parsonage Veranda

By MRS. E. JEFFERS GRAHAM. Illustrated by J. W. Bengough. Cloth, 75c.

Zorra Boys at Home and Abroad

Or, Success, illustrated by Example. With portraits. By REV. W. A. MACKAY, B.A., D.D. Cloth, net, \$1.00.

Lords of the North

By A. C. LAUT. Paper, 75c. ; cloth, \$1.25.

This stirring tale of the North-West when rival fur-trading companies fought for supremacy is one that no Canadian should fail to read. It is one of the best stories yet given to literature by a Canadian pen. The *New York Churchman* remarked of it that "it takes up and adds a new link to the chain of interest evoked by Francis Parkman in his remarkable episodes of British North America," and that it has "the broad sweep and pulsing energy that befits the strenuous life of those explorers who smoothed the path for the nation-builders who were to follow."

WE PAY POSTAGE

WILLIAM BRIGGS, Wesley Buildings, TORONTO, ONT.

C. W. COATES, Montreal, P.Q. S. F. HUESTIS, Halifax, N.S.

YULETIDE SUGGESTIONS

Works by Canadians

By Rev. W. H. Withrow, D.D.

Harmony of the Gospels, 50c.
Lawrence Temple, 75c.
Barbara Heck, 75c.
Valeria, 75c.
Beacon Lights of the Reformation, \$1.00.

By Rev. Egerton R. Young.

Winter Adventures of Three Boys in the Great Lone Land. New Volume, Companion to "Three Boys in the Wild North Land." Illustrated. Cloth, \$1.25.
Three Boys in the Wild North Land. Illustrated. Cloth, \$1.25.
By Canoe and Dog Train Among the Cree and Saulteaux Indians. Illustrated. Cloth, \$1.00.
Oowikapun; or, How the Gospel Reached the Neison River Indians. Illustrated. Cloth, \$1.00.
On the Indian Trail. Illustrated. Cloth, \$1.00.
The Apostle of the North: Rev. James Evans. Cloth, \$1.25.

By Rev. John McDougall.

Saddle, Sled and Snowshoe. Pioneering on the Saskatchewan in the Sixties. Illustrated by J. E. Laughlin. Cloth, \$1.00.
Pathfinding on Plain and Prairie. Stirring Scenes of Life in the Canadian North-West. Illustrated by J. E. Laughlin. Cloth, \$1.00.

By Rev. John McLean, Ph.D.

Better Lives for Common People. Cloth, 50c.
The Making of a Christian. Second Edition, 50c.
The Warden of the Plains, and Other Stories of Life in the Canadian North-West. Illustrated by J. E. Laughlin. Cloth, \$1.25.
Lone Land Lights. Cloth, 35c.
The Indians of Canada: Their Manners and Customs. Third edition, with eighteen illustrations. Cloth, \$1.00.
Canadian Savage Folk: The Native Tribes of Canada. Illustrated. Cloth, \$2.50.

For Sunday School Workers

Peloubet's Select Notes

A commentary on the International Lessons for 1902, studies in the Book of Acts and studies in the Old Testament from Moses to Samuel. By Rev. F. N. Peloubet, D.D., and M. A. Peloubet. Twenty-eighth annual volume. Cloth, net, \$1.10.

The Illustrated Lesson Notes

A guide to the study of the International Sunday School Lessons, with original and selected comments, methods for teachers and plans for teaching, etc., for 1902. By Thomas B. Neely, D.D., LL.D., and Robert R. Doherty, Ph. D. Cloth, net, \$1.10.

Practical Commentary on the International S.S. Lessons

For 1902. Carefully prepared by specialists in the various departments, with map and blackboard illustrations. Cloth, net, 50c.

Monday Club Sermons

A Series of Sermons on the Sunday School Lessons for 1902. By eminent preachers. Cloth, \$1.25.

Adam Clarke's Commentary

6 vols., cloth, net, \$10.00. Carriage extra.

Matthew Henry's Commentary

6 vols., cloth, net, \$7.50. Carriage extra.

The Gist of the Lessons

For Sunday School Teachers. A vest-pocket lesson commentary for the entire year. By R. A. Torrey. Leather, 25c., net.

Sunday School Success

By Amos R. Wells. A book of practical methods for Sunday School Teachers and Officers. Cloth, gilt top, \$1.25.

Teaching and Teachers

By Rev. H. Clay Trumbull. Cloth, \$1.25.

Yale Lectures on the Sunday School

The Sunday School—its Origin, Mission, Methods, and Auxiliaries. By H. Clay Trumbull. Cloth, \$2.00.

A Model Superintendent

A Sketch of the Life, Character and Methods of Work, by Henry P. Haven. By H. Clay Trumbull. Cloth, \$1.25.

The Blackboard in the Sunday School

A Practical Guide for Superintendents and Teachers. By Frank Beard. Cloth, 75c.

The Golden Text Book

For 1902, with the International Sunday School Lessons and Bible Readings for every day in the year. By Rev. Thomas B. Neely, D.D., LL.D. Each 3c, per dozen, 35c.

WE PAY POSTAGE

WILLIAM BRIGGS

• Wesley Buildings •

TORONTO, ONT.

W. COATES, Montreal, P.Q.

S. F. HUESTIS, Halifax, N.S.

Our Newest Christmas Books

THULSTRUP ILLUSTRATED EDITION

"TARRY THOU TILL I COME"

By GEORGE CROLY. With introduction by Lew Wallace, and 16 full-page drawings by T. de Thulstrup. Paper, 75c.; cloth, \$1.25 net. EDITION DE LUXE.—A special edition, in two volumes, issued for the Holiday Trade, printed on fine laid paper, and elegantly bound in extra corded cloth. Price, \$4.00.

This splendid historical novel, with its superb illustrations, makes a princely gift-book for the holiday season. The story deals with the period intervening between the Crucifixion and the destruction of Jerusalem. Throughout it is replete with Oriental charm and richness, and the character drawing is marvellous. Lew Wallace gives it as his deliberate judgment that the story is "one of the six greatest novels in the English language."

A JOURNEY TO NATURE

By J. P. MOWBRAY. Cloth, \$1.50.

This tale deals with a Wall Street man whose doctor orders him to give up work and go to the country to live. The narrative of how he becomes acquainted with nature for the first time, and of the delicate romance that creeps into this primitive life, is told with such freshness and charm as to make the volume unique in contemporary literature.

THE MAKING OF A COUNTRY HOME

By J. P. MOWBRAY. Cloth, \$1.50.

Those whom Mr. Mowbray took with him in his first delightful incursion into the heart of Nature will be glad enough to accompany him again. In this new story he describes the experiences of a young married couple who exchange a city flat for a cosy home of their own making on the outskirts of an adjacent town.

THE MAN FROM GLENGARRY

By RALPH CONNOR. Cloth, net, \$1.25.

"The great Northland, with its keen tonic of the forest air, its rushing torrents, its rough-hewn shanties and exciting log jams, is here. The scenes are wild and pastoral by turn: the lumber camp and river alternating with the quiet home-life of the Highlanders of the fine old county of Glengarry. The story itself is a magnificent effort, thrilling, inspiring and ennobling."

THE OUTCASTS

By W. A. FRASER. With 8 full-page illustrations by Arthur Heming. Cloth, \$1.00.

Another of Mr. Fraser's masterly and inimitable animal stories. Again our author introduces us to the wild life of the North-West. Shag, the great-hearted Buffalo bull, and A'tim the skulking vagabond, half wolf, half Huskie dog, are the strangely assorted comrades, following whom the story leads us over prairie trails or skulking in the willow cover of the flat lands. The book comes opportunely, just in time for Christmas, and Shag and A'tim are sure to be popular with young and old for holiday reading.

THE MAKING OF A MARCHIONESS

By FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT. Cloth, illustrated, \$1.25.

Author and illustrator have combined in a splendidly successful effort to produce something that will at once charm the eye and gratify the mind. Mrs. Burnett shows she has lost none of the cunning of the hand that portrayed Little Lord Fauntleroy. The exquisite illustrations and the artistic get-up of the book leave nothing to be desired.

THE PORTION OF LABOR

By MARY E. WILKINS. Cloth, illustrated, \$1.50.

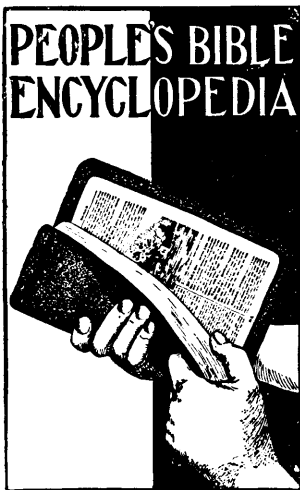
"This book places Miss Wilkins at once in the front rank of living writers of English fiction." "In Ellen Brewster Miss Wilkins has given us a character worthy to live beside the creations of George Eliot."

WE PAY POSTAGE

WILLIAM BRIGGS, Wesley Buildings, TORONTO, ONT.

C. W. COATES, Montreal, P.Q. S. F. HUESTIS, Halifax, N.S.

SOME REVIEWS OF THE WORK



THE METHODIST REVIEW says, in part: One wonders at the courage of an author who undertakes to furnish a comprehensive and adequate Bible dictionary in one volume of 1,300 pages. * * * But examination quickly discovers that **THE PEOPLE'S BIBLE ENCYCLOPEDIA** is no fragmentary and imperfect work. On the contrary, it is as remarkable for fulness as for condensation. Its range of Bible topics is wider even than that of McClintock and Strong's voluminous work. * * * Thus we have a book compact and manageable, yet in its measure complete. It covers its extensive field satisfactorily, and in actual use will not disappoint the seeker after full and reliable information. Etc., etc.

THE CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE says, in part: In approaching any new book in a field already fully covered the reviewer is always asking himself three questions: 1. Was there room for another volume upon the subject at hand? 2. What are the claims upon which the author has the temerity to issue a new book? 3. Has his work justified the claims made for it? It is particularly opportune that this new biblical encyclopedia, edited by Dr. Barnes, should be brought out at this time, as it is much fuller than either Dr. Schaff's or Dr. Davis', and not as full as the ones edited by Dr. Cheyne and Dr. Hastings. If one might say such a thing, Dr. Barnes' new people's Bible dictionary holds a middle ground, both in size and theology, between these two extremes, and for the purposes for which it is made is far better adapted.

THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL JOURNAL AND BIBLE STUDENT'S MAGAZINE says, in part: **THE PEOPLE'S BIBLE ENCYCLOPEDIA** claims to be the most complete, the latest, and the best book of its class. Etc., etc.

STYLES AND PRICES

THE PEOPLE'S BIBLE ENCYCLOPEDIA contains nearly 1,300 pages, exclusive of the full-page engravings. The book is 7 x 9½ inches, is beautifully printed on elegant paper, combining the requisite clearness, opacity, strength, and lightness, making a very handsome volume, 1½ inches thick.

THE CLOTH BOOK

Is neatly and substantially bound in stiff covers, with red edges. The paper, illustrations, printing, etc., are identically the same as in the Morocco Book. Price

... \$3.00 ...

For Fifty Cents (50c) Additional we furnish the Morocco book with full Patent Alphabetical Thumb Index cut in the book

THE BETTER STYLE IS

FULL PERSIAN MOROCCO

Divinity Circuit, Round Corners, Full Gilt Edges, and Silk Sewn, making a thoroughly flexible and very elegant book. Price

... \$4.50 ...

SOLD BY SUBSCRIPTION

We Want Agents Everywhere. Ministers, Teachers, Students, Sunday-school Workers, Bright Men and Women in every town. **Our Terms are Very Liberal**, and not only so, but we are prepared to cooperate with our workers and give them the benefit of our knowledge, experience, and facilities in the business. We **guarantee exclusive control of territory** to every agent, thus giving a monopoly of the sale of this great work. The demand exists. You have only to supply it. Now is the time to act.

WILLIAM BRIGGS
 METHODIST BOOK AND PUBLISHING HOUSE - TORONTO, ONT.

CONTENTS FOR JANUARY, 1902.

	PAGE
THE CITY OF THE SULTAN. Editor.....	3
MARCHING SONG FOR THE NEW YEAR.....	13
THE LESSONS OF A LIFE.—W. E. H. MASSEY. Rev. N. Burwash, S.T.D., LL.D.....	15
THE GOSPEL OF JOHN. R. Walter Wright.....	21
MORAL MOMENTUM OF METHODISM. Rev. Dr. Carman.....	22
THE NEW METEOROLOGY. Prince Kropotkin.....	30
THE NEW YEAR. Lucy Larcom.....	34
THE ITALY OF AMERICA. Charles E. Keeler.....	35
"THE CRUSADE MOTHER." "Pastor Felix.".....	44
A TRIBUTE. "Pastor Felix.".....	50
TRUST. Amy Parkinson.....	50
CANADIAN WATER-POWER. T. C. Keefer, C.M.G., C.E.....	51
MUSIC IN CHURCH SERVICE. F. H. Torrington.....	61
THE ACCEPTABLE YEAR OF THE LORD. Susan Coolidge.....	62
WINTER IN THE SIERRAS. Mary Austin.....	62
WHAT HAPPENED TO TED. Isabelle Horton.....	63
THE MODEL—A CHRISTMAS STORY. M. M. Sharpe.....	70
THE SCARRED HAND. Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler.....	74
"CONFESSIONS OF A DIPLOMAT.".....	78
AN EVOLUTIONIST ON IMMORTALITY. Rev. Prof. Badgley, LL.D.....	79
A RAILWAY ROMANCE. Jean Blewett.....	81
REV. ALBERT CARMAN, D.D.....	83
CURRENT TOPICS AND EVENTS.....	85
RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.....	89
BOOK NOTICES.....	93

Magazines Bound for 50 cents per vol.

Cloth Covers, post free, 30 cents.

BEST QUALITY
COAL AND WOOD



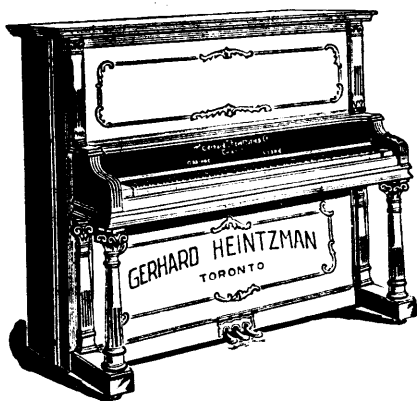
OFFICES:

- 20 KING STREET WEST
- 409 YONGE STREET
- 793 YONGE STREET
- 306 QUEEN STREET EAST
- 204 WELLESLEY STREET
- 419 SPADINA AVENUE
- 578 QUEEN STREET WEST
- 1352 QUEEN STREET WEST
- ESPLANADE EAST, NEAR BERKELEY
- ALSO FOOT OF W. MARKET
- BATHURST STREET, OPP. FRONT STREET
- 339 PAPE AVENUE (AT G.T.R. CROSSING)
- 1131 YONGE STREET (AT C.P.R. CROSSING)

THE **ELIAS ROGERS CO., LIMITED**

Gourlay, Winter & Leeming

188 YONGE ST., TORONTO



Gerhard-
Heintzman
New Scale
Pianos

The Pianos of Mr. Gerhard-Heintzman have so long enjoyed the reputation of approximate tonal perfection, that improvement might well seem impossible. Improvement has been accomplished, however, and after many costly experiments we are now able to announce the completion of a new scale by this master of tone production.

The musical beauties of this new scale piano cannot be adequately described in a brief advertisement, but we cordially invite correspondence, and will mail descriptive matter postpaid to any applicant.

It will be still better if you can make a personal call at 188 Yonge Street and *hear* this wonderful new creation.

Gourlay, Winter & Leeming

TORONTO
188 Yonge Street

HAMILTON
66 King Street W.

EASY TO FIND

When you find a medicine that makes your regular food taste good, when you find a medicine that strengthens a weak stomach—then you know you're going to put some flesh on.

Scott's Emulsion does these things. We recommend it whenever the system needs more flesh. If you are thin and able to eat begin regular doses. That's your part. Scott's Emulsion will do the rest. Not flabby—but solid flesh.

We'll send you a little to try, if you like.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto.

You want satisfaction
and will get it
if you use



Boeckh's Brooms

with
Bamboo
Handles

They are
always reliable

A Manual of Christian Theology

By * *

REV. N. BURWASH, S.T.D.

Chancellor of Victoria University, Toronto

CLOTH, 2 VOLS., \$3.00 POSTPAID

In this substantial work of 848 pages, Chancellor Burwash gives the conclusions of thirty years' prayerful study and conscientious teaching. It is a timely and comprehensive treatment of the subject. It is strongly commended to every earnest student and thoughtful reader.

WILLIAM BRIGGS

Wesley Buildings

.....TORONTO, ONT.

Marcus Dods'

Opinion, in the *British
Weekly* :

"It must be owned that one opens a newly-published system of theology with a grudge and a prejudice against it. Can anything new be said? Have we not already samples of every kind, from every point of view?"

"Yet, as one reads on, Dr. Burwash commends himself as a highly intelligent writer, disarms our reluctance, and wins our attention and approval. He is a quiet and unostentatious thinker, who ever and anon unconsciously reveals his knowledge and his thoughts, and drops the occasional remark that shows he has penetrated deeper than some of his predecessors.

"The Methodists may be congratulated on having so interesting and thoughtful a teacher of theology."