

her arms backward and forward, in time with the circling sweep of her out-turned feet. And further, when resting during the cool of the evening unobserved in the recesses of the rest house, we may see little maidens, scarce promoted to the dignity of clothes, practising again and again these curious motions and attitudes. Our criticism of the same attitudes varies with our own feelings, and the secret of the illusion at the theatre is, perhaps, in the nature of the surroundings. In the early morning, under the open sky, and with the hard business of the day before us, we looked with the cold eyes of the foreigner; in the evening when tired, but with our worries behind us, we were able to enter into the children's play, amused, and half-understanding; but at night we leave the house and everything English in it, and, sitting in the midst of a Burmese crowd, are able to understand their modes of thought and their standards of beauty.—*The Magazine of Art for October.*

NESTORIUS, A PHANTASY.

In days when so much commonplace rhyme is published with much flourish of trumpets, between richly decorated covers, under the dignified name of poems, it is refreshing to come upon a modest little brochure of twenty-three pages, with only initials on the cover—containing so much genuine and charming poetry as does this unpretending "Phantasy." The subject is taken from the interesting period of ecclesiastical history which has given us "Hypatia" and other romances, the period of the struggle between the dying religions of antiquity and the fast growing strength of Christianity. The patriarchal and benign Nestorius, in his old age and exile, a hermit on the banks of the Nile, is delightfully portrayed for us, as

Day by day,
Wrapped in the splendour of the sunlit air,
Which ventured, here, a world so strange and fair,
He watched the mighty river glide away,
Forever passing, and forever there.

Like some huge bark, some battered quinquereine,
Wrecked and abandoned on a lonely strand,
Or as some vanquished Titan from whose hand
The bolt has fallen, and he sits in dream,
Half doubting whether all he come to end,
Nestorius sat, with lustrous silver hair,
Falling in waves upon his chest, half bare;
As one whom no calamity could bend,
Too proud to mourn, too gentle to despair.

To the solitary old patriarch who had so lately sat "on the throne of Chrysostom," now cast forth and denounced as a heretic, a little maiden comes who cheers his exile by her gentle and affectionate ministrations, and becomes his companion on a mysterious journey which Nestorius undertakes into the heart of the desert, in obedience to a "heavenly vision" which had commanded him to "go to drive the old discredited Egyptian deities" from their last refuge—a remote oasis which is charmingly described. The description of the desert scenery is also vivid and striking:—

Strange days were those! When all the visible world
Seemed limited to that pale disc of sand
Whereof they were the centre; all the land
Withered to dust, save here and there imperaled
With tremulous and tiny desert blooms,
Shrinking, as if in loneliness and fear,
Beneath some sheltering rock. Yet even here,
A land of silence, as among the tombs,
The voiceless found a voice, the dark grew clear.

The moonlight aspect of the oasis is given in a few lines with suggestive faithfulness:—

the tall columnar trees,
Giants in growth, through whose interstices,
High-branched with lofty crowns of foliage
Clear moonlight fell, and chequered here and there
The heavy gloom with points and lines of light.

Then there is a weird description of the banquet room in which is assembled a ghostly company, king and nobles, who had been suddenly stricken by some withering desert blast, which however had such a strange and "subtle influence"

That they, through all the ages ebb and flow,
Remained unaltered, fixed, without decay;
Each still retained his careless pose of yore,
Although the lotus-wreath, which then he wore
Had faded, by the lapse of time, away,
And lay, a speck of ashes, on the floor.

We cannot forbear quoting the two very striking stanzas which describe the strange, ghostly procession of discredited departing deities, driven forth by the exorcising spell—which is the central idea of the "Phantasy":—

They wake, they moved: up-startling from his throne
Rose the dead Pharaoh; and around him rose
The many who had shared his long repose,
Princes and bards and slaves: nor these alone:
From out the dark recesses of the wood
Came mighty shadows of departed gods,
Who lingered yet about their loved abodes,
Osiris, Nephtys, and the twilight brood
Of light and gloom:—the spawn of Nilus floods.

Yet was their bearing kingly. Like a star
Shone Ra, the sun-god, with his helm aflame,
Crowned with immortal youth, fair Horus came,
Typhon, arrayed in panoply of woe;
The dread Anubis, from the shades below,
Judge of the dead, and, as a lily fair,
Lies the Queen, with wealth of golden hair,
Yet something sad, as when the moon hangs low.
O'er western hills, and silence fills the air.

The "vision of long vanished centuries" which meets the gaze of Nestorius,—the colossal colonnades, obelisks, pyramids and "temples that seemed eternal in their strength," suggest, of course, the departed glories of

Luxor and Karnak, whose majestic ruins are more or less familiar even to the untravelled reader. The description of the death of Nestorius, which closes the poem, is very tender and sweet, and the effect produced on the mind of the reader is that of a soothing and restful excursion into that remote and mysterious past of the wonderful country by the Nile, which still exerts a powerful and mystic influence over the dreaming imagination. This, as well as Mr. Fletcher's former poem, "The Lost Island," contains more real poetry in proportion to its size than many far more pretentious volumes. It is the work of a mature and mellowed imagination, and the treatment is entirely in unison with the theme, calm, sincere, dignified, without affectation or overstraining. It deserves to find many readers, and all who are capable of appreciating true poetry will enjoy it thoroughly. It is published in Ottawa, and appropriately dedicated to our literary Nestor, G. W. Wicksteed, Esq., whose friendship, with the author—though he is now a citizen of Victoria, B.C.—is one of long standing, as is evident from the brief but expressive Latin inscription.—*Fidelis, in The Week.*

MISSIONARY WORLD.

CHRISTIANITY IN JAPAN.

A statistical report of the Churches in Japan is given in the *Missionary Herald*, the organ of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions (A.B.C.F.M.). It is the report for the year 1891. It is now thirty-three years since the first missionaries landed, and the progress made is most encouraging. We give the Churches in the order of membership, stating only the main figures, and omitting the less important details.

(1) The Church of Christ in Japan.—This organization formed by a union of the Presbyterian Missions in Japan. It has seventy-three churches, 12,690 adult members, 155 missionaries (including the wives of missionaries), fifty-eight native ministers, and eighty-seven unordained helpers.

(2) The A.B.C.F.M.—This is the mission of the Congregational Churches. There are seventy-one churches, 10,937 adult members, ninety-four missionaries, twenty-one native ministers, and sixty-seven unordained helpers.

(3) The Missions of the Methodist Churches of America.—These are yet separate of each other, and comprise eighty-eight churches, 5,593 members, 132 missionaries, fifty-four native ministers, and 140 unordained helpers.

(4) The Episcopal Church of Japan.—This is made up of the English and the American Episcopal Missions. There are eighty-three churches, 3,170 adult members, seventy-one missionaries, sixteen native ministers, and eighty-six unordained helpers. The membership does not include the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel—statistics of membership for this Society are not given.

(5) The Baptist Church.—There are four agencies at work in Japan in connection with churches of the Baptist persuasion. They are all American. They have in Japan twenty-two churches, 1,600 adult members, sixty missionaries, six native ministers, and fifty-one unordained helpers.

(6) Other Agencies.—Under these are included the General Evangelical Protestants (German-Swiss), the Society of Friends, etc. These together have seven churches, 300 adult members, fifteen missionaries, two native ministers, and eighteen unordained helpers.

Sum Total of Protestant Missions.—Churches, 344; members, 33,390; missionaries (including wives), 527; native ministers, 157; unordained helpers, 449. Now since Japan has a population of about 40,000,000, Christians at home have only to read the above statistics of church membership in order to be convinced how erroneous is the not uncommon impression that Japan is nearly Christianized; out of a population of 40,000,000, the Protestant Church has 33,390 members. "The harvest truly is plenteous, but the labourers are few. Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that He may send forth labourers into His harvest."

LETTER FROM REV. JOSEPH ANNAND, SANTO.

Having been all around this group of islands, and attended our meeting of Synod held on Aneityum last month, a few jottings about what we heard and saw may be interesting to your readers. It was a truly delightful season to most of us—a reunion of our scattered family, after days of trials and months of isolation. While together we gathered strength for future contest—cheer and encouragement to last us weeks, amid daily battles with the enemy.

The reports given in from the several islands indicated general progress, and in some places advancement more rapid. On Tanna—dark Tanna—war has been raging for months. Mr. Gray's mission station was unfortunately within the limits of one of the battlefields. For months the missionary's life was in as great danger as was ever Dr. Paton's on the same island. Still the missionaries hold on, and trust in the Omnipotent Arm. Rays of light are shining here and there "amidst the encircling gloom." Futuna, Erromanga and Efate are progressive. At Nguna we witnessed a sight that gladdened our hearts. To those of us who saw and knew Nguna fifteen years ago, when all the abominations of New Hebridean paganism were rampant, the scene we looked upon that quiet Sabbath day was worth a long voyage, even on the *Croydon*. Over five hundred gaily clad and devout worshippers assembled twice in and around their beautiful church. Their glad shouts of praise were thrilling. The reverent

demeanour of those who had many a time gathered to partake of their enemies, dressed in the garb of demons, made our hearts overflow with gratitude to Him who had wrought such a change. Yes, the Gospel is truly "the power of God" still.

On Tongoa, Enae, and Epi the Word of God is quick and powerful. The day of grace draws near even to dark Malekula and Santo. Again the Lord has sent His servants to Ambrim. Dr. and Mrs. Lamb are now being settled on that lovely isle. May the dawn of the better day soon break over its mountain slopes! Brethren in Christ, pray on—labour on; the kingdom is coming, and our King will soon be here.

UGANDA.

The letters of the C.M.S. missionaries in Uganda which have been so anxiously expected, corroborate the statement in Captain Lugard's report referred to last month. The successive murders of two Protestant natives, one on Thursday, January 21st, and the other on the following Sunday morning, were the immediate causes of the unhappy conflict. The latest letter, dated March 14th, reports "things wonderfully well again, teaching begun again as hard as ever," Mr. Ashe, with Messrs. Walker and Smith, who had met him in Budu, arrived at Mengo on February 5th. The mission had sustained a serious loss in the death of Sembera MacKay, one of the native evangelists. The missionaries speak of him as "our best and ablest man, and most deeply taught Christian." Translation work goes on apace. Translations of manuscript of 1 and 2 Thessalonians, 1 and 2 Timothy, Titus, Philemon, and Jude have been received. Of the books of the New Testament, only 1 and 2 Corinthians, Hebrews, James, and 1 and 2 Peter, remained in January last untranslated, and these Mr. Pilkington hoped to see finished by the spring. If the New Testament in the vernacular can be introduced into Uganda, we may confidently expect the cause of Christ there to grow and multiply, whatever political changes may take place. We are none the less thankful, however, that the latest move is more reassuring. A telegram from the Consul-General at Zanzibar, dated July 27th, stated that letters up to May 3rd had been received at the coast, giving information that King Mwanga had escaped from the Catholics, and, having returned to Mengo, had resumed the royal power, hoisted the British flag, and declared himself a Protestant.

TEN YEARS' PROGRESS.

The *Missionary Herald* of the Irish Presbyterian Church gives a table showing the progress of their mission in Gujerat and Kathiawar since 1881. The figures are as follows:—

	1881.	1891.
Stations (Principal and Branch)	15	15
Ordained European Missionaries	7	12
Female Missionaries	5	10
Native Christian Agents	38	108
Communicants	248	359
Christian Community	1805	2162
Attendance at Schools	1706	3593

Last year the baptisms numbered 129. A point of encouragement is that many of the native Christians are beginning to feel the duty and privilege of being unpaid missionaries to their heathen neighbours. Very truly it is said: "If there is one thing more than another the Church at home should pray for, it is that the Holy Spirit should descend upon the native Christians in our mission field."

CATARH in the head is a constitutional disease, and requires a constitutional remedy like Hood's Sarsaparilla, to effect a cure.

IN YOUR VEST POCKET THIS JEWEL LIES.

Happy the man in whose vest pocket a Dueber-Hampden twenty-dollar watch reposes. It is jewelled in fifteen holes, has compensation balance, patent safety pinion, in hunting case or open face Gladiator, gold-filled, elegantly engraved, with solid gold bow and warranted for twenty-five years. There is nothing like it on the market, a statement that you can prove or disprove by calling on or sending to Messrs. F. S. Taggart & Co., the special selling agents and importers, 89 King Street West, Toronto.

ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS IN PRIZES.

The Esterbrook Steel Pen Co., 26 John Street, New York, have concluded to offer the following prizes for Poems on Esterbrook's Steel Pens: Two Prizes of \$100.00; four prizes of \$50.00; twelve prizes of \$25.00; thirty prizes of \$10.00; in all forty-eight prizes, amounting to \$1000.00. The conditions are:—

- 1st. Poems must not exceed twenty-four lines.
- 2nd. Lines not to average over eight words.
- 3rd. Write the address on a different sheet from the poem.
- 4th. Each competitor to remit one dollar, for which full value will be given in a gross of a new pen specially made for the occasion and a new combination rubber penholder, stamped, respectively, the "Poet's Pen" and the "Poet's Penholder."

Every writer will also receive a book containing the forty-eight Prize Poems, which will be printed during the coming year. It is suggested for writers to give their poems a title. Poems must be sent in before January 1, 1893. Awards will be made by competent judges as soon after as practicable.