

this rude threat has to a great extent paralyzed our influence in the East of Europe. At this moment the best friend and the most powerful supporter of the Sultan of Turkey is the President of the United States. Let American Christians realize the significance of the humiliating fact that the Sultan of Turkey is wildly delighted with President Cleveland. The only Government in Europe that really desires to deliver the Armenians is the English Government. Already thousands of Armenian Christians have been doomed to outrage and to death by the appalling action of President Cleveland."

Nor is this English opinion alone. The *St. Louis Christian Advocate* says:

"The senseless talk of war between the United States and Great Britain must have been highly gratifying to the Sultan of Turkey. For it was England that took the initiative in the matter of Armenian reform, and it is to England more than any other nation that we must look for the pressure needed to insure the faithful carrying out by the Porte of the plans for Armenia drawn up by the representatives of the Powers. It is deplorable that anything should have occurred in this country to cause her the least embarrassment in dealing with the Turkish question."

The *Congregationalist* asks: "To what other nation can the friends of humanity appeal for deliverance for Armenian martyrs? What power, if we could, would we substitute for that of England in the Old World?"

The *Independent* urges that the United States should take some step for the protection of its citizens and missionaries in Turkey. The great powers would be glad to see this done. Instead of tying the hands of England and then upbraiding her for not attempting the impossible, let that nation do a little protecting on its own account.

"The Rev. Dr. Newman Smyth," says the *Outlook*, "declared that the Venezuelan question ought to be postponed for the Armenian question, and that it is the clear and paramount duty of Americans to support England in any action that she may take for the purpose of restoring order throughout Turkey. The question of an unsettled boundary is of small importance compared with the lives of two and a half millions of Christian people who will be exterminated unless they are protected by the Christian world. To the United States the eyes of the crushed Armenians are looking with hope and longing. They cry:

"Free America! afar,
Show the Kaiser and the Czar
What the heart of God can teach—
How the hand of man can reach!
Send the Red Cross! Murder reigns!
Pestilence walks through our plains!
Send your ships with corn and wheat,
Bid our starving thousands eat."

THE NEW POET-LAUREATE.

Herewith is the first semi-official poem of Alfred Austin, the new poet-laureate. The following lines were written in reply to William Watson's sonnet, "The Purple East," in which England was denounced for her Armenian "perfidy." The poet-laureate's reply is:

Comrade, to whom I stretched a comrade's
hand,
Ere fame found hers to greet you, and
whom still
Right bravely singing up the sacred Hill,
I watch from where its cloudless peaks ex-
pand,
Think not that you my love now less com-
mand,
If to you, wilful, I oppose my will;
And pray you not untune sweet voice to
shrill

In harsh upbraidings of the Mother Land.
To mock her is to soil oneself with shame.
Nor is the rhyme yet written that can mar
The scroll emblazoned with her fadeless
fame.

"Sloping to twilight." Blinded that you
are.

Look, in her hand shines Freedom's sword
of flame,
And on her forehead glows the morning
star.

But she, not you, nor any child of song,
Must sound the hour the friendless to be
friend,

And with unmitigable justice rend
The ensanguined trappings from the Rod
of Wrong.

I, too, cry out, "How long, O Lord, how
long
Shall ghoulds assail and not one glaive de-
fend?"

But God's great patience never comes to
end,

And, by long suffering, vengeance grows
more strong.

So from unseasonable chidings cease,
Impious to her who bears within her
breast

Wails from the East and clamours from
the West.

Nay, should the clamour and the wails in
crease,

Firm in the faith she knoweth what is
best.

Keep you to-night the Festival of Peace.