

inevitable reaction is at hand, or else that it is being subjected to a big house-cleaning, in which all sorts of cobwebs and foul things are being brought to light. At all events, the fact that a house-cleaning movement is actually afoot, is a wholesome one. When the operation begins in our homes it usually extends from cellar to garret, and it only to be expected that the Chicago packing-house movement may likewise spread until it has, to some extent, beneficially affected all realms of injustice and wrongdoing. J. Ogden Armour may protest as he pleases that untruth has been told, and that the American export trade is being ruined. Perhaps, to some extent, both of these assertions are true. Nevertheless, we may rest assured that some wrongs are being righted—and that a great many people will, at least, eat cleaner meat and a few other things in the immediate future. Incidentally, it is comforting to reflect that, so long as there are agitators to go abroad for the public weal, the world cannot be irretrievably bad. The muck-raker may occasionally be a crank and an advertiser, but more frequently he is a man of common sense and public spirit who cannot abide that wrong should be done. Reforms are only carried out by the earnest and the true.

AFFAIRS IN RUSSIA.

Upon the dissolution of the Duma on July 14, and the consequent fury of the populace, it seemed that Russia was on the verge of dismemberment. To-day, however, the outlook is brighter. M. Stolypin, the new Premier, who displaced Goremykin, seems to be a man of power, and is spreading far and wide the message that the work of his Government will be strong reform in every department. He even signifies his desire for a union with the people, by attempting to induce public men of the masses to join the Cabinet. There are two dangers, however, that may stand in his way: First, the strenuous opposition of the members of the old autocracy still in power, who are crying for measures of repression, and whose words may possibly prevail with the Czar; second, the fact that, in order to prevent a revolutionary chaos which might bring every effort to a standstill, he may be forced into measures of repression misunderstood by the masses. Upon the temper of the Army, no doubt, much depends. M. Stolypin, perhaps, occupies as difficult a position as a premier ever had to face. He has not, however, committed himself. "There are two distinct movements in Russia," is his message to the people. "The first is social, and includes the labor and agrarian problems. The second is political. The former has all our sympathy, and will be the object of our utmost attentive study. The second will be dealt with as circumstances dictate. Force is required in all countries to suppress a revolution; but, I repeat, and cannot repeat too strongly, that reaction finds no place in our programme, and that all the reforms consistent with the highest spirit of liberalism will be carried out when the ground is prepared."

With this, at present Russia must perforce be content. Whether the people will wait and see the outcome of the promised reforms, or arise in a general movement, such as seemed evident from the murders and uprisings of a fortnight ago, must be presently apparent.

NEWS ITEMS.

Mr. T. G. Blackstock, K. C., of Toronto, died on July 21.

A Peace Treaty was formed between Guatemala and San Salvador.

Radium has been found near Murree Bay, Québec.

For his services in bringing about peace in the Russo-Japanese war, President Roosevelt will receive the Nobel prize.

The Quiet Hour.

A Life Well Lost.

He that findeth his life shall lose it: and he that loseth his life for My sake shall find it.—S. Matt. 39.

"Aye, life's not measured by the span
Of time we chance to fill;
True length of days may every man
Determine as he will."

"Who nobly labors for the weal
Of others more than self,
For those whose needs do most appeal,
Ne'er moved by place nor pelf;

"Who dares, in dauntless hardihood,
While question friends and quail,
To champion cause, that, just and good,
He yet feels doomed to fail;

"Who steadfast strives o'er secret sin
To gain full victory,
That act without and thought within
Alike may beauteous be;

"Who doth his every duty do,
For duty's sake, the same
In private sphere and public view,
Let praise be his or blame;

"Such life, though closed in merest youth,
As age by man is told,
With Him who judges all in truth
Vast centuries doth hold."

I have just been reading the inspiring life of Bishop Hannington, and would like to tell you something about it, feeling that some knowledge of the man and the work he did cannot fail to be helpful as well as interesting. I have been telling some of his adventures to the small boys among whom I am working, and they are as eager over them as if they were taken from Mayne Reid's books. However, I shall not repeat the thrilling stories of his adventures with lions or elephants—which are so well known—but rather try to let you see something of the splendid manhood which has made an immortal name for James Hannington in the history of our race. He lived greatly, and yet his earthly life, like that of his Master, was finished in less than forty years.

He was always full of life and fun and energy, from boyhood up, and seemed to be utterly fearless in danger, yet that strong nature was full of tender gentleness. He seemed to combine the vigorous daring of a man with the sympathetic helpfulness of a woman. The children understood him perfectly, and knew how to value both the bull's-eyes which filled his pockets, and the advice, given so willingly, not to "sneak," not to tell untruths, etc. He had the highest opinion about the value of a soul, and would take any amount of trouble to interest and win the confidence of the boys and young men of his English parish. Though he was very fond of riding, he sold his horse and transformed the stable and coach-house into a mission-room. It was papered, carpeted, and fitted up with seats and a harmonium. This is only one instance out of many of his self-sacrifice for the sake of others.

When he was preparing to go out as a missionary to Central Africa, he declared that if he died there no man must think that his life had been wasted. "As for the lives which had already been given for this cause, they were not lost, but were filling up the trench so that others might the more easily pass over to take the fort in the name of the Lord." He had to leave wife and children behind and says of them, "My wife was bravest of all," and as for the little ones, he says, characteristically, "Thank God that all the pain was on one side. Over and over again I thank Him for that." Indeed, thankfulness seemed to be the keynote of his life, and he constantly encouraged his companions in difficult places with the battle-cry: "Never be disappointed, only Praise!" He always found something to enjoy. On one occasion he and his men were fighting a fire in the long African grass which grew far over their heads and was terrific. They dashed through the fire to get at it from the rear, and the Bishop thoroughly enjoyed the battle with the flames, as he says: "It was simply glorious. The faded figures of the men,

leaping, yelling, and dashing about like so many hundred demons; the roar of the fire, . . . the lambent flames, and the dense rolling volumes of smoke formed a wonderful plutonic picture. In the midst of it all the white men, scorched and dripping with perspiration, urged on the workers with all their lung power."

But the fever laid the brave man low before long. He struggled on as long as possible, but at last was forced to face the fact that he was "done," and must return to England. "The bright and buoyant figure which had so often led the caravan with that swinging stride of his . . . was now bent and feeble, like that of a very old man." Even when his heart was full of the disappointment of failure, he wrote: "I am a practical failure, and I have suffered terribly. Forgive me. . . . I hope my heart is full of praise for the tender mercies of the Lord. Even to-day I have experienced that." He went home an utter wreck, fully expecting to die. But his work in Africa was not yet done, and as his health returned he interviewed the Medical Board again and again, hoping against hope that he might be permitted to go back again. At last his prayers were answered, and he was sent out as the Bishop of Eastern Equatorial Africa, where he labored with all his heart for the short time allowed him. Some of the long marches must have been terribly trying in the blazing heat and with great scarcity of water. Sometimes the party had to push through closely-packed thorn bushes, which tore clothes and flesh without affording any shade. Often they had to camp without water. The Bishop says: "How little we appreciate our comforts at home—the blessing of a wash, for instance. No water means almost no wash. Being an old traveller I meet the difficulty by filling my sponge before starting, and tying it tightly in its bag. If we have two days without water, the first day I have what a school-boy would call a 'lick and a promise'; then the second day I wring out the water, and get quite a brave wash, the water afterwards coming in for the dog and the donkey."

Sometimes they had to walk all day and sleep all night in wet clothes. Once a member of the party died, killed by the terrible rain, while the Bishop escaped without even a cold. But he did not always fare so well, but suffered severely both from rheumatism and fever. It showed the spirit of the man that on one occasion he gave up his hammock to a sick friend, and pushed on through mud and wet grass, refusing to own himself beaten, but determined to move ever forward. In spite of the difficulties of the march on one journey they walked at the extraordinary rate—for African travelling—of 40 miles a day. It was no joke to walk all day, with blistered feet, and lie down at night on the hard ground. The Bishop's donkey was generally ridden by some other member of the party, who, in his opinion, needed it more than he did.

I am not professing to tell you the story of Bishop Hannington, but only trying to let you see glimpses of the man in all his unselfishness towards men and joyous trust in God. Of course he was not faultless, but we can learn more by looking at his great virtues than by hunting for his small faults, so let us see how he met the last severe test of his courage and faith.

When captured by the soldiers of an African king, he was dragged by the legs over the ground, and said, "Lord, I put myself in Thy hands, I look to Thee alone." Then he struggled to his feet and was dragged along, bruised and strained and knocked against banana trees. Feeling that he was being dragged away to be murdered, he sang, "Safe in the arms of Jesus," and then laughed at the very agony of the situation. Fancy anyone being able to see anything humorous in such a situation! He says: "My clothes torn to pieces so that I was exposed; wet through with being dragged along the ground; strained in every limb, and for a whole hour expecting instant death, hurried along, dragged, pushed, at about five miles an hour, until we came to a hut, into the court of which I was forced. . . . I am in God's hands." The hut must have been a terrible black hole, filthy, unventilated and inhabited by numerous rats.

As day after day passed, the brave heart still kept its wonderful faith in God, in spite of the fact that he could

only move with the greatest discomfort, and ached as though he had rheumatic fever. In his diary, he writes: "Thank God for a pleasant night in my own tent, in spite of a tremendous storm and rain flowing in on the floor in streams."

Suffering from fever and rheumatism, penned up in a filthy, stuffy prison, not knowing what fearful fate might be in store for him, he still kept up his glad trust in a Father's watchful care, and wrote in his diary: "Let the Lord do what seemeth to Him good." He declared that he found much comfort in reading Psalm xxvii and Psalm xxviii. Certainly he proved that it was possible to praise God and to feel his heart dancing for joy, even though a host of men rose up against him. Under such circumstances he could hide himself in the secret place of God's dwelling, could tarry the Lord's leisure and find real strength and comfort in his unflinching trust in God. Is not such a faith worth having? "Almost torn to pieces, deprived of every comfort and all the deencies of life, latterly racked by fever, and with the shadow of an unknown doom darkening his heart, he never seems for a single instant to have wavered in his confidence in his God." So his biographer says, and goes on to describe his entrance into the fuller life beyond death in these words:

"The soldiers told off to murder him closed around and commenced to strip from him his clothing. In that supreme moment we have the happiness of knowing that the Bishop faced his destiny like a Christian and a man. So circumstanced, and subjected to such indignity, he made one last use of that commanding mien which never failed to secure for him the respect of the most savage. Drawing himself up, he looked around, and, as they momentarily hesitated, he spoke a few words which graven themselves upon their memories, and which they afterwards repeated just as they were heard. He bade them tell the king that he was about to die for the Baganda, and that he had purchased the road to Buganda with his life. Then he submitted himself to them, and, kneeling down, committed his soul to God. A moment later a gun was discharged. It was the appointed signal. With a wild shout the warriors fell upon the trembling group of porters, and their flashing spears soon covered the ground with the dead and dying. At the same moment the Bishop fell. The two soldiers who were stationed, one on each side of him, plunged their spears into his body. They could do no more. The great and noble spirit leaped forth from its broken house of clay, and entered with exceeding joy into the presence of the King." Some of the Bishop's black servants escaped from the massacre, and from them we learn how he died—died as he had lived, simply and bravely. One of his companions said: "The more I knew him, the more I loved him. Oh, that loving, tender-hearted, winning soul! I cannot forget those feet which trod over a hundred miles of desert that I might be carried in his own hammock. He saved my life!"

Bishop Hannington's last words to his friends in England were:

"If this is the last chapter of my earthly history, then the next will be the first page of the heavenly—no blots and smudges, no incoherence, but sweet converse in the presence of the Lamb."

After all, the glory and greatness of that noble life was not dependent on its romantic setting. You have the opportunity of living just as gloriously, though God may not have called you to fight in the van of the army where the eyes of the world are upon you. For that matter, Bishop Hannington could hardly have expected that the world would ever know anything of his imprisonment and death. It was not the thought of honor and glory that made him press on undauntedly and eagerly in the face of discomfort, difficulty and danger. He was flinging himself wholeheartedly into the service of a dearly-loved Master Who rewarded him every day with the glad consciousness of approval. Being a faithful servant, even in this world he entered largely into the joy of his Lord. And so can we, if we transfigure our lives by this quickening, invigorating principle. Each hour comes to us filled with opportunities of serving our Master joyously. It is not easy to remember His presence and watchful care