



CHURCH OF ST. BASIL, MOSCOW.

Our Methodist Tree.

BY THE EDITOR.

LIKE one who stands beneath a giant oak,
That stretches forth its branches far and
wide,
Extending its dense shade on every side,
Unscathed by tempest or fierce thunder-
stroke;
So stand we here to-day, beneath a tree
Of God's own planting in this favoured land,
Which He has guarded with His mighty
hand,
Till now it rises strong and fair to see.

A hundred years have shed their wintry
snows
And summer showers around its spreading
roots,
And still, by grace of God, it spreads and
grows,
And still brings forth its rich and golden
fruits;
God grant its blessed fruit may still in-
crease,—
Beneath its shadow may there still be peace.

As from an acorn small that forest tree
Peered first, a feeble germ, above the
ground,
While chill rains fell and skies inclement
frowned,
Yet flourished still upon the emerald lea;
So, from a weak and small beginning grew
This tall and stately tree, that shaketh
now

Like Lebanon, and weareth on its brow
Its leafy honours, fed by sun and dew.
Fierce storms of wrathful hate assailed its
youth,
Like surging tumult of the battle strife,
Yet still it rose, invincible as truth;
They could not crush its heaven-imparted
life,
Which flourishes in sturdy strength to-day—
God grant our tree may never know decay.

I WILL never allow strong drink to
be my master, and am resolved never
to taste it.

The Schoolmaster's Retrospect.

BY A. S. WHITE, B.A., LL.B.

THROUGHOUT the long, bright sum-
mer afternoon, through the open
windows of the old school-house on the
hillside, had come the droning hum of
children at their lessons. And now,
bursting from the door with play-
ful scuffle and merry shout, pour forth
the noisy throng, released for the day
and joyous of their freedom. Within
the deserted room the old schoolmaster,
left alone, sits at his desk. He is
evidently weary. His pale, thoughtful
face, old and worn, but kindly, bears
stamped upon it the gentle dignity of
patience. He leans back in his chair, and,
with tired, absent look, gazes through
the open window down upon the valley
below, where nestles the quiet hamlet
with its dusty high street taking its
way past the general stores, the two
smithies, the village inn, and, further
on, the spire-crowned village church, and
then going side by side with the braw-
ling brook until, in the distance, they
disappear together around a spur of the
mountain.

At this bend, as he looks, there
comes in sight a man trudging wearily
with a bundle slung to a stick over his
shoulder. With a momentary interest
he observes this man, then audibly
sighing lapses into a yet deeper reverie.
His thoughts go back over half a
century. He sees a pleasant sitting
room. A lady, sweet and gentle of
face, seated at a table by the shaded
light of a lamp, sewing. A sea-coal fire
blazing in the open grate, on the
hearthrug stretched at length upon his

face, with his elbows on the floor and
his chin upon his hands, lies a child
poring over a large illustrated volume.
Presently the lady rests her work upon
her lap and gazes at the boy with a
look half of yearning, half of pride and
all of love—such a look as is never
seen save on a mother's face. The
child growing conscious of her gaze
rises, goes to her, throws his arms
about her neck and himself backward
across her lap, so that he may the better
look up into her face and receive the
kiss she stoops to give.

Then he speaks: "Ma, when I grow
big and become a man I am going to
be a soldier and wear a scarlet coat
and a sword, and be a great general, and
fight and kill the enemy—won't you
like that?"

"What? my child," answered she,
"will you fight and kill men who
were once little boys like you are now,
and who might have little boys and
girls at home to love him as you do
me?"

The child's countenance fell. "Then,
wouldn't you like me to be a brave
soldier and win battles, and be a great
hero, ma?"

"Yes, my boy, very much. I want
you to be a very brave soldier and a
very great hero and to fight, and to
win many victories, but in battles not
fought with swords. There is a nobler
warfare—a loftier heroism—than that;
when the struggle is with great and
wicked and powerful enemies. There
is that great enemy 'strong drink,' who
every year captures so many prisoners
and so often cruelly tortures and slays
them. There are those other wicked
enemies of mankind, sin and his great
ally ignorance, with want and sickness
their camp followers. These are very
active and powerful enemies, and the
conflict with them calls for a harder
fight and nobler heroism than battles
fought out under the excitement of
martial music and the booming of
cannon. It is a fight to save men, not
to kill them. Paul was a hero in this
army, and Christ is its great General.
There are many brave men fighting in
its ranks. There is no military display,
no flags flying, no swords glittering—
only hard, heroic war. But to every
soldier when the battle is over and the
victory achieved there will come a day
when he will march in triumphal entry
through the gates unto that City bright
and beautiful beyond all imagining,
where all is happiness and peace; and
where radiant hosts will welcome him
with loud hosannahs and swelling

music, compared with which the
sweetest earthly strains seem but harsh
discord. That is the army in which I
would have you a soldier, my boy."

The child was thoughtful a few
moments, then he asked: "Mother,
was father a soldier in that army, and
did he fight and win and go home to
that City?"

"Yes, my boy."

"And will you go there to be with
him?"

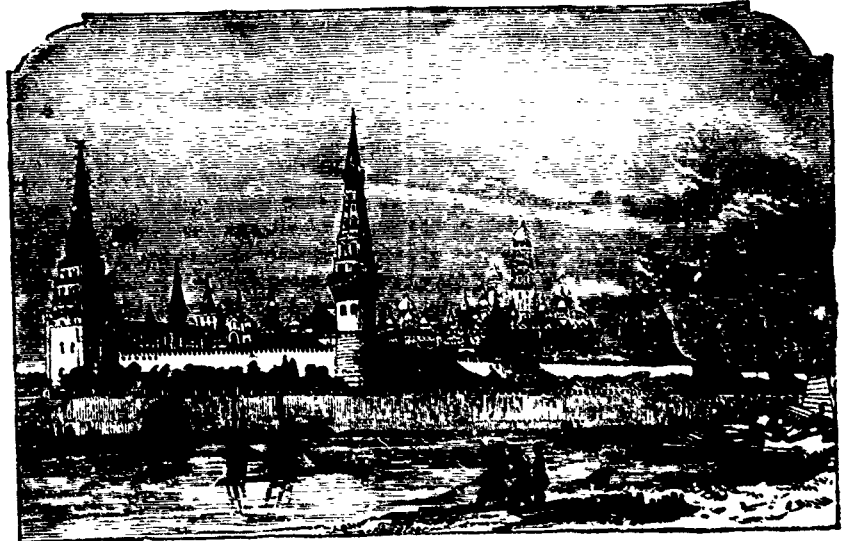
"Some day."

"Then," said the child resolutely,
"I will be a soldier in that army, and
you and father will be there to help
welcome me when I have won the
battle and enter the City."

Two hours later the little form slept
soundly in its cot. As the mother,
standing beside it, stooped to kiss the
flushed face there was moisture in her
eyes and she murmured, "God grant
he may win the fight."

Then, as in a panorama, this picture
passed, and the old schoolmaster saw
another. It was commencement day.
The work of the college year was ended.
The great hall from floor to gallery and
in every aisle was crowded with a
brilliant assemblage. Ladies were there
in elaborate toilettes, planned weeks
beforehand. The broad deep platform,
save an open space in its centre, was
filled with distinguished and represen-
tative men. There also were the grave
professors in their flowing robes. The
degrees had been conferred, and the
prizes awarded. As the schoolmaster
looked, a young man in an under-
graduate's gown threaded his way over
the crowded platform to its centre. At
his appearance there swept over the
vast audience a storm of applause like
the burst of a whirlwind, which subsided
into perfect calm as he lifted his hand
and commenced to speak. He spoke
in Latin. It was the valedictory of his
class. Though there were many in the
audience who did not fully comprehend
the address, yet the old schoolmaster,
listening to their clear distinct accents,
caught and understood every word and
the whole beauty and pathos of the
farewell of the speaker and his class-
mates to their *alma mater*, and with
almost breathless interest he hung upon
every accent of the orator until, with
outstretched hand and tremulous voice,
he spoke the closing words of the
eloquent peroration, "*Salvati, salvati,*"
and retired.

Then the old man heard the tempest
of applause again sweep over the
assembly, and then even as he listened
the scene shifted. It was the evening



THE KREMLIN AT MOSCOW.