### Motto for the Week:

To live above our station shows a proud heart, and to live under it, discovers a narrow soul .- [ H. Malot.

"Now good-bye, Daisy. Take care of yourself, and don't get talking to strangers, as you generally do."

"Goodness gracious! auntie, how am I to talk either to strangers or friends, when I'm shut up in this stupid empty carriage, and the train an express, too! I shall be all alone until I reach Dublin," and I look and feel aggrieved, for 'solitude, where are thy charms," is a centiment that finds an echo in my girl-

"Unfortunately, child, the train does stop before it reaches town, but keep close to the window, and people will think the carriage is full." The idea of my slight figure filling up the window so as to take in the public-no-I mean leave them out, made he smile, but auntie, unheeding me, went on, "Well, give my love to your mother, dear, and tell her your visit has been a great treat to me; good-bye, child," and Aunt Jackson kissed me affectionately, and marched out of the station as the train was beginning to move, looking back repeatedly to kiss hands to me with such energy that an impudent schoolboy in the next carriage, pretending to think it was all meant for him, kissed hands back to her with absurd exag-Laughing to myself at auntie's indignant countenance when she discovered the by-play, I drew in my head from the window, and began a leisurely inspection of the literature with which the dear old soul had so plentifully provided me.

Auntie was right. There was another station at which we were to stop be-fore reaching our final destination, and now, as the train slackened its not very remarkable speed, I somehow disregarded my worthy relative's parting counsel, and forebore to show more than my face at the window. "Only a face at the window," but what mighty consequences! A passenger, a tall, untidy-looking young man (evidently a gentleman, notwithstanding the slovenliness of his attire), who was eagerly scanning every carriage, saw me, and hastily opening the door, jumped in, taking his seat opposite to me, as if there were no other carriage open to him, and as if no innocent 18-year-old Daisy had been carefully shut up there by a man-hating aunt. Down he sat, as I said before, buttoned his coat closer (perhaps to hide his queer-looking tie), pulled up his collar, which had not the immaculate get-up so dear to the heart of every Briton, stroked his hairy chin, said "Haw!" and looked at me as if to know what I thought of it all. I felt dreadfully inclined to burst out laughing, but I tried hard to think of everything serious, from smoked tea to an Indian mutiny, and managed to look as grave as Mrs. Gundy herself could

The train moved off again, and there I was, shut up with a wolf in sheep's clothing, or a sheep in wolf's clothing.

I wasn't sure which. To my astonishment, the stranger deliberately placed his bony hands on his knees, bent forward, and stared fuil into my face. When I had recovered a little from my surprise at his audacity I rose with as much dignity as I could assume (dignity is not my forte), and moved to the other end of the com-To my indignation and alarm, the stranger moved also, and again seated himself before me, continuing his extraordinary staring

I hardly knew what to do next; clearly a railway carriage was not the place for puss-in-the-corner movements, and while I hesitated my companion addressed me: 'How jolly to be able to gaze without hindrance on your fresh young face once more!" ls exclaimed, and amazement kept me silent. "I knew you were to return to town by this train." he continued, "and hurried along to catch you up at Myou glad " I couldn't in truth declar I was, especially with those wild eyes regarding me, and with pulses throbbing with a strange fear, I demanded now he knew of my intentions, and who

He laughed-such an odd mirthless Taugh- K your father who Richard Yarley is."

"My father is dead," I indignantly re plied, "and I never heard your name before, and request that you will not again address me."

"Come now, Daisy; isn't your name Daisy?" I started. "Don't be afraid— I want to ask you a question. Will you, in spite of them all, forget the past, and marry me" And this remarkable sultor came closer to me, breathlessly awaiting my reply. Surprise nearly took my breath away. My charms, I thought, must be greater than I suspected. And then the comical side of the situation presenting itself to my mental view, I burst out into a merry of laughter, which, however, was abruptly checked by the sudden change in the stranger's countenance.

His eyes absolutely glared, his teeth clenched, his nostrils dilated; his hitherto colorless face assumed a purple and, extending his hand, he gripped me with iron force by the wrist-A slow horror crept into my yeins: my heart seemed to stop its beating, for now I knew what I had not suspected before that my companion was mad. I reviewed the situation. I was completely at his mercy. The train alas! was an express, and before it would reach its destination, my mangled remains would in all probaility be lying on the railway track, for I felt sure that the maniac would only stop at murder.
"Will you marry me?" he repeated, as

he slowly rose from his seat, keeping his strong grip on my delicate wrist

A thought-a heaven-born thoughtstruck me. Could I not humor him by pretended compliance, and so keep him quiet until rescue was possible? I knew there was some way or other of summoning the guard, but with that tight

hold on my wrist, what could I do? My voice shaking, though I strove hard to control it. I replied, as I forced a smile: "Yery well, I agree to marry you: but where shall we be married? And are you rich enough to support me, for I am very extravagant?"

The hold on my wrist relaxed, the deadly glare of his black eyes changed to a cunning look as he replied, "Hush, that's my secret."

"But won't you tell me?" I urged. saying the first thing that came into

"Perhaps so, if you solemnly promise never to reveal it."

"Oh, certainly, I promise," was all I was capable of uttering, so great was the reaction from the deadly horror that oppressed me a few minutes before. If only my poor aunt could have seen the stranger her niece was talking to!

'Well, then. I have discovered." he sinking his voice to a whisper, "a subterranean passage-guess where?under a certain bank. By this means I shall gain access to the various offices, and then-gold! gold! gold!" and he rubbed his hands as if he already felt the precious metal in them. "By-thebye," he said, abruptly, "why does your

aunt call you Daisy, when your real | sation of the reading, combined with | self, and all the men have to bow when One Birthday in Twenty Years name is Ellen? She does, for I heard her when I was behind the garden

A light dawned upon me. Behind my aunt's garden was a long strip of ground adjoining the garden and walks of the Lunatic Asylum of L-, and this was the explanation of his knowledge of my name and movements. A new restlessness in his eyes warned me that I must keep his attention engaged, and an idea occurred to me, suggested by his glance at the pile of journals beside me. "There is a capital story in this journal," I exclaimed, taking one of the papers up. "Should you like me to read it to you?" A nod gave me the desired permission, and I began what proved to be a terrible task, for the noise of the train obliged me to raise my voice to a distressing pitch. Gradually a calmer look stole over his features; the wildness, so alarming a moment before, disappeared. Then his eyelids drooped, and he sank back against the cushions; his breathing grew more regular, and I fondly hoped I was saved from a tragic fate. On I read, omitting nothing, and not daring to pause lest I should break the spell, while I wondered would those sixty minutes ever come to an end. From one journal I went on to another-on-on, raising my tired eyes now and then to glance ap-

At last-a weary time-I felt the train slacken speed, and ventured incautious-ly to take a few minutes' well-earned since, but never one which agitated me

prehensively at the vacant face before

the change in the movement of the train, roused the madman. He opened his eyes slowly, then widely; his looks were bent on me. I could no longer conceal the horror I felt. With a bound he sprang to his feet. "You shall not escape me; you are mine!" he cried, catching hold of me and dragging me to the window. How long that fearful struggle lasted I know not, for a merciful unconsciousness overcame me, just as the sound of voices from without was borne upon my fast-failing sensesthen all was blank.

When I recovered I found myself at home, lying on my mother's couch in the homely little parlor, while she gazed upon me with an agitated countenance. Later on I heard something of the history of my unwelcome suitor. He had held a good post in a Dublin firm, but had gradually fallen into the habit of drink, and from being what is styled "a temperate man," that is, one who drinks in moderation, he had become a confirmed drunkard, and, finally, a raging madman. He had been engaged to a girl whose Christian name was Ellen. and, very properly, on the first indications of his love for the poisoned cup, her parents had refused their consent to her union with him. How he had escaped from the asylum was never known; but the cunning of madness had enabled him to scale the walls of my aunt's garden, unseen, with the result I have described.

rest. Fatal moment! The sudden ces- to the extent that my first proposal did.

they pass before him.

"My daughter went to a picnic one day when we first came to Samoa. She noticed a young man sitting on a sort of dais, and everyone that went near him stooped and almost crawled. She thought: 'Well, this must be some mighty prince or potentate of some sort.' She went up closer to have a good look at the exalted being and lo! it was

our cook.
"One of our family was chosen for the 'Beautiful Maid,' and she had to and go and be a society leader. I don't think she cares about

"My cook who has gone to be a 'Magnificent One' doesn't like it at all. He says that he gets nothing to eat but bananas and bread-fruit, and has no bed to sleep on but a mat with a piece of wood for a pillow. And then he has to stay up so late in society, leading dances and such things, that he doesn't get sleep enough, and I fancy he'd rather be a little less swell and a little more comfortable.

"I shall never forget the first time I saw a 'Beautiful Maid' and her train. You know, they made Mr. Stevenson a chief down there, and he was going to visit a village, and I went with him, and a party of young girls came to meet us. They were garlanded with flowers, and they bore gifts, and they sang as they came. The 'Beautiful Maid' was with them. She led the dance, and ruled all the elaborate cere- 1896 and 1904, as well as in the three monies of welcome, and her grace of between 1892 and 1896, that month will manner and dignity were wonderful." have only 28.

An American paper says that a Scottish clergyman who died 30 years ago-Mr. Leishman, of Kinross-used to tell that he once lived seven years without a birthday. The statement puzzled most who heard it. They could not see that if he had been born on February 29 he would have no birthday except in a leap year. But leap year comes once in four years, and this accounts for a gap of three years only. Their first thought would, therefore, naturally be that of an old man, who, in fact, was fond of a harmless jest, was somehow jesting about the seven. There was, however, no joke or trick in his assertion. At the present time there can be very few, if there be any, who have this tale to tell of themselves, for one who can tell it must have been born on February 29 at least 98 years ago. But a similar line of missing dates are soon to return; and indeed there are, no doubt, some readers who will have only one birthday to celebrate for nearly twenty years to come. The solution of the puzzle is to be found in the fact, which does not appear to be widely known, that the year 1800 was not a leap year, and 1900 will not be. The February of 1882 had 29 days, but in all the seven years intervening between

## The Ocean Maelstrom

A Scientist Risked His Life to Get a Photograph of a Terrible Spectacle—Daring Exploration in a Balloon-The Phantastic Story of Edgar Allen Poe Revived.

Once again a legend of romance has the cliff of Veroe, is best told in his own been torn to shreds at the hands of words, for the drama is best expressed science and demolished by the wink of in the Gallic phrasings: the camera's shutter. The old maelstrom of the Norwegian coast, one of the harrowing subjects of the school of romanticists and tale-tellers, exist no longer as regards the horrors that have been painted of it by imaginative pens. A daring Frenchman skimmed across its surface the other day in a basket that swung 100 feet below the car of a balloon, and, suspended 'twixt heaven and the torrent, unconsciously took instantaneous photographs of the whirlpool's seething waves. He found that, after all, the maelstrom was not the frightful watery abyss that tradition and folklore had been depicting it for centuries. Down in his little basket, escillating to and fro, almost within reach of the slapping waves, he felt no fear. There is a spot where no mortal man had ever been before, the first on earth to see the whirlpool of the world as it really was, he learned, and he has brought back tangible proofs of the unlying lens, that the maelstrom is simply a succession and conglomeration of torrents, eddies and currents in which

no small boat could live, but through made my basket whirl like a top, and which any large vessel, properly hanit was with difficulty that I could keep dled, might pass to safety. A more im- myself inside. tant piece of news, a more valuable science, has seldom been given out. One by one the old myths of the world. dating back to the time when fairies elves and goblins, gods and demons, giants, satyrs and pigmies were believed in, are being disproved by careful investigation. The tradition of the naelstrom is the latest to go CASTELLANI RISKED HIS LIFE. To explore this waste of untamable waters, by hanging over them in a fragile basket, swinging by slight cables from a balloon car, is a plan that would only have suggested itself to a man im-

mersed in modern science and willing to prove his theories by risking his life for them. That is exactly what the Frenchman Castellani did when he journeyed up to Norway, and stationing his friend, Latruffe, an experienced aeronaut, in the balloon car, himself, camera in hand, embarked in the tiny basket and ordered the balloon to be. loosened and Latruffe to direct its course from the little fishing village on one of the isles of Loffoden, across the "Moskoe-strom" to the rocky island of Veroe. The passage in lower mid-air, with the basket at times but a hundred feet above the surface of the seething waters, took scarcely an hour, but this time was sufficient to prove the real terrors of the maelstrom to have been a fairy tale and to make Castellani a

Stanley of the sea. His life was in his hands as he swung in his wicker cradle just above the towering billows, leaning over the edge with an insouciance that was sublime, snapshotting meanwhile as if he had been on a tennis field. The day was dark and the sky was lowering. The sea was just at the end of a tempest from the northwest that had lashed it into fury 24 hours before, and the mountainous billows had not yet subsided. Such was the exact condition of affairs that Castellani wished. His project was to take the maelstrom at or near its worst as possible, and he ventured out with his balloon at the first moment the winds would allow him an opportunity

of guidance. As it was the frail air ship came very near being blown out to sea by the veering currents which rendered aerial navigation most impracticable. the skill of the aeronaut, Latruffe, saved them. With the balloon they had brought the carboys of acid and a complete set of instruments to make the gas, the whole apparatus weighing nearly 3,000 kilogrammes, or four long tons, a kilogramme being equal to 2.67 pounds. The couple made their famous trip on April 26, and arrived in Paris on May 10. The half-dozen photographs obtained were taken on the most sensitive plates known to the camera world, and despite the fogs, the mists and the cloudy sky, Castellani obtained pictures that are fit to have high ranking in sea photography, and besides are the most unique specimens of photographic

art that exist in the world today. This expedition through the air is all the more wonderful and remarkable when it comes to be recalled that the slightest misadventure would have resulted in Castellani's death. It was infinitely more hazardous than ballooning proper, for a balloon is at the mercy of the air currents alone. Down in his little basket Castellani was at the mercy of the waves as well. A drop of chosen from among the village girls, a few feet in the balloon, which might readily have been caused by the striking of a new current, a sudden changing of wind or a thousand and one chances would have plunged him into the trough of the whirl, and torn his basket from its cables as easily as a woman snaps a bit of thread. For lamblike as the maelstrom really is, as Castellani's close view of it has proved, in to dance before the king and who isn't. comparison with the yarns that skilled romancers have spun, it is a sufficiently and who's to be invited and who's to terrible sea and sufficiently cruel and

THE BRAVE SCIENTIST'S STORY. Castellani's story of the way the maelstrom looked and of his experiences in in the latest things in dances, and the the basket from the moment he left very newest fad in war songs—and he's Luffoden to the time the grappling an-

"After a long and difficult, as well as dangerous, series of trials, of which I will not give the technical details, made under almost impossible conditions, the balloon was inflated, and we left the earth about 5:30 in the afternoon, blown by a feeble wind from the northeast in the direction of Seroe. A few moments later a fog enveloped us, but it was not of sufficient thickness to prevent our being able to see clearly an island some distance away. It seemed to me that we were slanting slightly downward toward the left, and I heard M. Latruffe call to me that he was opening the

valve, adding these words: "'Do not be uneasy. All is going well. We are going to approach the surface of the water.

"And then I saw the sea rapidly approaching me, and heard the clamor of the waters rolling and falling in mountain-like masses. I could not have been more than 30 meters (less than 100 feet) above the boiling surface.

"There was a tugging at my heart strings. We stopped sharply in our descent and several shocks came, one more violent than the others, which

"'Fear nothing," cried Latruffe. 'It bit of contribution of the day-book of is the buoy I have thrown overboard with the cone anchor, and both of them have been torn away.

"Immediately after I felt sand dropping on my head, and, blown by the wind, I saw Latruffe's visored cap float away far above the water, as if it was

some new sort of unfeathered bird. "I peered into the waters beneath me, and with great difficulty I perceived directly below a deep, dark gulf belted with foam, which seemed to me in the midst of the tumbling waters to give every sign of being a vast whirlpool. I leveled my camera in that direction. and, snapping the shutter rapidly, had the time to take three or four views. The air was far from clear, and the fog which had shadowed itself in the morning had sensibly increased and prevented me from distinguishing the rock of Veroe, otherwise than as a vague spot, drawing rapidly nearer and nearer, and increasing in size. As we swept on in a straight course, it finally appeared to

me in all its details. "Mount quickly!" cried the captain (Latruffe).

"I did not stop to pray, for the necessity of speedy action was apparent. We were already close to the land, close to the rocky cliffs of Veroe, and my basket was swinging like a pendulum. A moment more it would have been dashed against the cliff, and I would have been lashed to pieces like a dog, and with as little ceremony. Hand over hand, hardly stopping to breather I worked my way up the slender cables and grasped the rope ladder that hung a few feet below the car. Quickly I placed myself beside my companion.

' 'Now, carefully,' said he to me, 'turn the valve. I will take care of the steering. Let us try to land between the big and the little rock just before us, those above the huts.'

"As if they rose out of the waste of waters the rocks came suddenly before our eyes. There was hardly time to draw a single breath before a violent shock, happily softened by snow with which the hollow was filled, threw us on top of each other at the bottom of the car, I above, Latruffe below. "The balloon stopped short.

"The grapple that Latruffe had thrown out before our overturn had caught on the instant. It was the luck of a thousand years. I started to spring out, but my companion restrained me. "'Wait until I let all the gas escape," he cried.

"I had not considered that in abandoning the car I was risking seeing the balloon, relieved of my weight, shoot up into the air, bearing away Latruffe. Finally we were able to climb out of the car. In my joy I could hardly keep from dancing a jig when my feet touched the ground. Our task was over. The fishers who lived in the huts at the foot of the mountain ran up and helped us fold the balloon, an undertaking that was not easy, because of the fog and the intense cold. These brave fishermen, at first astonished, rendered us valuable aid in dragging the cars and balloon down to their huts. Their wonder was not so great as one might have imagined, for news of our expedition had reached them with remarkable quickness, and the balloon was expected. We passed a wretched night in one of the cabins and the next day returned to Mosekenes with our balloon in a little fishing boat which we had hired for that purpose. When we arrived we received a veri-

table ovation. "Now that I think it over the adventure does not seem dangerous, but I would not go through it again. MERELY A JOKE.

"I admit that once, when the wind seemed about to change and to carry us out across the ocean into the terrible night, whence we might never return, was afraid. It is no light thing, after all, to have nearly a blague (a joke, that is), or at least a phenomenon of little importance compared with the reputation which it has enjoyed throughout the world. It is a singular thing that we found no one en route who was able dressed up in a dress peculiar to him- chor from the car above first caught to give us any exact information re- priate.'

Persons who have sufficient interest in knowing what the ex-perience of life insurance companies that have kept abstainers and non-abstainers in separate classes has been, to send a postal card to the manager of the Temperance and General Life Assurance Company at Toronto, Ont., stating their desire to get this information can have it by a return

garding the importance of the phenomeon which I can now declare to be nothing more than a whirlpool, dangerous for small boats, but not at all for ships. I consider that the gulf in question, judging from what I have seen, is five to six meters across (twenty feet) at the most. Perhaps in the high tides it becomes more considerable, but we saw it at all events at very nearly its worst, but without doubt the poets and romancers have been led astray by old

legends. "Nevertheless our researches and our tangible proofs should not detract from the fantastic interest of the story of Edgar Poe or the magnificent romance of Jules Verne, which latter tells of the disappearance of a ship beneath these raging waters. I will add, to console the amateurs of the drama, that the great current of the maelstrom presented to us a majestic and passably terrible spectacle. This tumultuous torrent gives an impression all its own, an impression entirely different, with its shifting and flying foam, from that of waves raised by the tempest. It is by hundreds that are formed tumultuous whirlpools, some of greater, others of lesser diameter, but, I repeat it, the maelstrom presents no abysses, vast or otherwise, such as have been described. -New York Herald.

### A SAMARITAN PS OVER A Weird Night Scene

The Samaritans are the oldest sect in existence, and probably the smallest. They number about 130, and live at Nablus, the ancient Shechem at the foot of Mount Gerizim, the city of the Samaritans from time immemorial, and preserve to the present day the beliefs, ceremonies and habits of their forefathers. An interesting account of their Passover is sent to the Guardian by a corespondent who was present at the feast, which this year happened to fall on the same day as the Jewish Passover, April 8. The people were collected in 30 tents on the top of Mount Gerizim, according to the Samaritans the place where Abraham was directed to sacrifice Isaac. Half an hour before sunset the services began. A little inclosure on the open hill, unturfed, with a rough inclosure of stones, was the place where the sacrifice was to be eaten. Near it a long, low trench had been made in which a fire was burning, and over it two caldrons were boiling. Here the lambs were to be slain. Further up the hill was a circular pit some ten et deep filled with a woo they were to be roasted. The men were clad in robes that recalled the Levitic priesthood, all white, the loose breeches, the tunic, girdle and headdress. The high priest was distinguished by a green mantle and wore a Turkish order. He faced the west, watching the setting sun, and led the chanting, the men about him singing and prostrating themselves on the ground. After a while all but the high priest moved to the shallow trench, where were waiting seven lambs of a pure Syrian breed, one for each family. Each was held by a robed butcher, while an elder kept going from the trench to the high priest, awaiting the signal.

The sky had been overcast, but as the sun sank it burst through the clouds making a broad crimson band on the horizon, and casting a red light on the expectant faces, while in the east a gorgeous rainbow spanned the sky. As the sun touched the horizon, the signal was given, the white forms bent over the victims, and all was over in a moment, for the Jewish rule ordains that the knife shall be so sharp that the animal has no sensation of being killed. All now turned to each other, falling on one another's neck and exchanging the kiss of peace, and then kissed the high priest's hands. The lambs were theh hastily dressed, the water from the caldrons poured over them, the wool taken off, the entrails removed, and the right shoulders cut off as the high priest's portion. They were then placed on wooden spits, eight or ten feet long. with a transverse piece below the head, looking like a cross. Every part of the sacrifice, even the wool, was carefully salted. Then lamps were brought to see if the victims had been killed according to law, and as in one case the incision had not been correctly made, another lamb was brought and killed as the others had been.

Between 8 and 9 all was ready for the reasting. In the still moonlight the white-robed men stood chanting around the open pit, that sent out lurid flames, seven of them holding each a cross-like spit. There was a pause in the chant, and at the same instant the spits were thrown into the fire. A hurdle was drawn over the pit and sods and earth heaped upon it, leaving only the ends of the spits protruding. Then there was a wait for two hours, during which the tents were marked with the blocd, and the chanting went on by the side of the first pit, in which gradually the wool and entrails and the priest's portion were carefully burnt. At 11 they assembled around the oven, the hurdle was removed and the carcasses taken out. One spit was burnt through, and aman was let down into the pit to gather the fragments that had fallen. The meat was then put in covered baskets and carried to the place of feasting. After a long, loud grace there was a sudden silence, each family bent over its lamb, eating it with bitter herbs and unleavened bread, while the boys, with girded loins and staffs in their hands, carried portions with great care to the women in the tents. When all was finished the ground was carefully examined to see that no fragment was left and every scrap was burned in the fire. At midnight the deremony was over. The visitors among the many Moslems from Nablus looked on from a little distance for it is an unpardonable sin for & stranger to touch any part of the sacri-

### Blessing the Baskets.

Dr. Cuyler says: "The Church collecion-'offertory,' rather, as it is coming to be called-is being made more impressive by the pastor's descending from the pulpit, receiving the plates or baskets from the hands of the collectors, and invoking a blessing on the contributions of the congregation. A good, sensible proceeding this, especially when there has been a good, generous contribution; but I have known some collections over which a 'confession of sin' would be more appro-

# In His Name\_\_\_



Charitable Work and Proselytizing Discussed in a Fair Spirit-How Prejudices Can be Lived Down-Don't Try to Make Poor Protestants Out of Good Catholics and Vice

There is in some quarters a prevalent estants, they do not even desire to do impression that there are certain phases | so; they desire only to make Christians. of charitable work which the Church cannot do-not only by reason of its organization, but also by reason of its done by Settlements, Guilds, Clubs, Brotherhoods, and what not. They are mostly composed of Christian people, but they must conceal the fact. They must do their work incognito. Or, if they are avowedly Christian and go

periodically to church, their Christian profession and Christian character must get that Christ himself was a Jew, and not be recognized in their philanthropic work. Within the club or the guild Judaism. The Christian who recognizes Christ's name must not be mentioned; there must be neither prayer nor Bible; religion must be carefully excluded-it We can very well understand the his-

toric cause of this feeling. It is a natural reaction against ecclesiasticism and pietism. The first has established missions for the sake of the Church tribution which they have made to the growth or the credit of the Church. The imagined that the East Side could only be redeemed by imaginings and emotions; that dirty streets here could be compensated for by singing about the golden streets hereafter; and that religion consists, not in brave efforts to purify the corrupt cities of earth, but of a seraphic vision of the New Jerusalem in heaven. We do not wonder that, in the reaction against ecclesias-

we are sure they are mistaken. Christ has very clearly defined his mission. He did so in his first sermon in the synagogue at Nazareth. He read saiah's prophecy of the Messiah, and declared that he had come to fulfill it:

ticism and pietism, good and even de-

yout men and women have resolved to

nothing to do with church or re-

n in their philanthropic labor. But

and this is what he read: "The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he hath anointed me to preach the glad tidings to the poor: he hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted, to proclaim deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised, to preach the acceptable year of the Lord." To carrying out this purpose he gave his life. He framed no creed, organized no church, prescribed no ritual, conducted no regular and established public worship. To these things the Church has largely given its endeavors-not so Christ. He went about doing good. He fed the hungry, healed the sick, comforted the mourning, instructed the ignorant, inspired with newness of life the sinful and despairing. That he did these things was, he affirmed, the evidence of his Messiahship. John the Baptist, from his prison, sent two of his disciples to ask the question, Art thou he that should come, or look we for

another? And this was his reply: "Go your way, and tell John what things ye have seen and heard; how that the blind see, the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, the deaf hear, the dead are raised, and to the poor glad tidings

are preached.'

It is clear either that Christ misunderstood his own mission, or was mistaken in thinking he could accomplish it, or that we are mistaken in thinking we can do this work of his better without him than with him-or at least better by ignoring his name and concealing our allegiance to him than by confessing the latter and rejoicing in the former. In our judgment, eighteen centuries of history have proved that the mistake was not his. Despite its ecclesiasticism and pietism-that is, despite a spirit too often foreign to histhe Church has accomplished immeasurably more, and today is accomplishing immeasurably more, for the practical renovation of life—in cheering the discouraged, improving the conditions of the poor, instructing the ignorant, reforming abuses, and inspiring and elevating individual lives-in short, in bringing in the kingdom of righteousness, joy and peace-than all the avowedly Christless Guilds, Clubs, Settle-ments and Brotherhoods. We do not disesteem the work they are doing-we rejoice in it. The Church has had and still has important lessons to learfrom them. In many cases they are doing Christ's work in Christ's way, even when they are not doing it in his name But it is our profound conviction that in all such cases doing it in his name would remove prejudice, lessen hostility and add to their strength.

It is said that Protestants can do nothing in a Roman Catholic neighborhood on account of Roman Catholic prejudice. Not if they are trying to make Protestants. But why should we wish to make poor Protestants out of good Roman Catholics? And why should we imagine that we shall 'abate the prejudice of our fellow-citizens by concealing our own? To overcome theirs we must eradicate our own. In Brooklyn a Sunday school and kindergarten work is carried on in an Italian quarter of the city, conducted avowedly in Christ's name. It is conducted almost wholly by Protestants, and is attended almost wholl" by Roman Catholics; for those who are carrying on this work not only do not endeavor to make Prot-

Let us for the moment grant all that the most bigoted Protestant will aver concerning the Roman Catholic Church -that it is but a half-Christianized Master. His name is regarded as a hin- paganism. What then? Paul did not drance, not a help. The work must be | think that he could best conquer the prejudices of unmitigated paganism by concealing the name of Christ. He conducted his victorious campaign in Grecian cities and under the shadow of pagan temples wholly in the name of Christ. It is said that to accomplish anything in Jewish quarters we must forget that we are Christians, or at least conceal our discipleship. We forthat Christianity is an efflorescence of his infinite debt to Judaism will not find in Jewish prejudices any invincible obstacle to Christian work, nor in the name of Christ any bar to Jewish hearts. We are not urging the substitution of denominational for undenomination-

al work, nor work by church organizations for work by organizations wholly and measured their value by the con- unecclesiastical, nor even religious for secular work. A great deal of denominational work is not truly Christian in second has aimed only at what it has its spirit. The modern sectary, like the been pleased to call conversion, and has ancient Pharisee, compasses sea and land to make one proselyte, and not al ways with materially better result in our time than in Christ's. There something to be said for the theory that the Church should not be a working, but only a teaching and inspiring, organi zation, and, having inspired the Christly spirit in the hearts of men and women, should leave them to do Christ's work in other organizations disassoci ated from ecclesiastical control. We do not even deny that there is some purely secular work in a reformatory and philanthropic character to be done in the world. It may be claimed, though we should doubt the claim, that a chaingang can clean the streets as well as a company of unfledged saints. What we contend is this: The spirit of the modern Guild, Club, Settlement, Brohood, is essentially a Christ spirit Their method is essentially that of the Incarnation. They who are carrying on this work are for the most part believers in Christ as a Divine Master, as well as followers of Christ as an inspiring leader. They are mistaken when they think that to acknowledge their loyalty to Christ will create prejudices against them and put an obstacle in their way. It will lessen the prejudices and remove the obstacles. In all men, even the lowest and most ignorant, is a spiritual nature. For all reform, the direct appeal to this spiritual nature is the quickest and most efflcacious method of enlisting the will on the side of the friend and the reformer And no name so quickly appeals to this nature and elicits so quick a response as the name of Christ, as no spirit so quickly finds the unsprouted seed of divinity in the soul of man as the spirit of Christ. Wisdom and loyalty combine to demand of the Christian that he do Christ's work in Christ's name, as well as with is spirit; wisdom, because that name is a powerful reincreement of moral and spiritual work of every description; loyalty, because honor demands that work to which Christ has called us, and for which he has inspired us, should be done in open candid, and glad recognition of his leadership.-The Outlook.

## Samoan Society.

Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson tells us some interesting facts about Samoan society in the San Francisco Exam-

"Society? There's more society to the square inch in Samoa than in any other

"White? Oh, no. There is very little white society—only a few official families, just a handful of people-and there really isn't time for many afternoon teas and things of that sort. But society, plenty of it and very aristocratic society, too.

"You can't be a society belle unless you have, first of all, good blood. Unless you belong to an old, well-known family of the high rank you are not in Samoan society, no matter how pretty Then you must be well up in eti

quette, and Samoan etiquette is a great deal harder to learn than all the rules in 'Don't' put together. "The leader of society there is always a young and beautiful girl. She is

and she is given the title of the 'Beautiful Maid. "When the girl has that title you may know she's the social autocrat of her village. She wears all the prettiest bracelets there are, and never soils her hands with work of any sort. All the other girls wait on her, and bow down before her, and she says who's

be out-why, the Princess of Wales has not half the social power. "Then, there's a man-he's called the Magnificent One.' He's always young and handsome and strong, and well up in the latest things in dances, and the