

Sunday Reading.

A Christian's View of "The Crime of Christendom."

Now that all the world is aghast at the rapid march of horrors in the far East, the publication of Dr. Gregory's strong book, 'The Crime of Christendom,' is an event. It is a survey of the Eastern question, not from the standpoint of diplomacy or commerce, but from that of Christian ethics. It is a discussion of this big problem in the guise of common sense versus the shambling, dog-in-the-manger policy that the Christian nations and so-called concert of the powers has exhibited in dealing with one another and with the incorrigible Turk. The author may be somewhat harsh in his judgment of the calibre of the diplomats and commercial England in the attitude shown toward the Sultan and his Christian subjects. But events that put to shame the duplicity of so-called statesmen justify the Damascus blade of his unsparing criticism.

Certainly his book, distinguished editor and educator that he is, will not tend to make him persona grata at Constantinople. The Turk may have some very noble qualities, but in his dealings with the Christian subjects of the Ottoman Empire the microscopic eye of Dr. Gregory has been unable to discover them. The Sultan may be a clever and polished gentleman; he poses as such to the careless and pleasure-seeking American or English traveler. But to the student of history and the Eastern question he shows himself in his true colors, a bloodthirsty tyrant, the prince of robbers and assassins of the century.

The picture the author draws may be severe. Yet no student of those subjects with which he interests himself can doubt that the facts justify him in limning his canvas as he does. In the introductory chapter the rise of Constantinople as a world power, its fall beneath the Turk in 1453, and the results of that calamity, both on the Crescent and the Cross, are very briefly hinted at. It is these far-reaching results that make the Eastern question. In its narrower sense the question is: What is to be done with the peoples of southeastern Europe and of the adjacent parts of the Continent of Asia? What is to become of the Christian peoples within the bosom of the Turkish Empire—in it, but not really a part of it?

The Turk as conqueror never knew how to fashion himself to the arts of peace. He lacks all powers of assimilation. After centuries he still remains with his tents pitched and sword in hand, fearful lest his conquered vassals grip him by the throat. Not only in the character of the "unspokeable Turk" portrayed, his barbarian tendencies and the unchangeable cruelties, but we are introduced to full and lifelike portraits of the Russian, the Englishman, the Greek, and the Armenian. Other nations had conquered Greece, and been in their turn made captive to her arts and culture. But Islam refused to budge from her historic position. What she was in the beginning she is to-day—barbarian in her ways, civilization and brutality.

To its Christian subjects the Ottoman power had but one offer. It had three horns to it, namely: "The Koran; tribute; or the sword." Tribute was in itself almost a living death. But Christian, Greek, Armenian, and Slav alike swore not in their allegiance to the Cross.

Little does the Christian citizenship of the Republic, with all that it means of life, liberty, and luxury, realize into what depths of misery and poverty the Christian subjects of the Porte were plunged. They were literally taxed to death for the benefit of the lordly and indolent Turk, and then, to crown all other inhumanities in that line, the infamous and bloodcurdling 'hospitality tax' made it possible for a Turk to quarter himself upon a helpless Christian and exact the utmost, even to the abuse of his wife and daughters.

Russia, because of the similarity in her religion, was the natural protector of the Christians within the Ottoman Empire. But because of the jealousies and commercial fears of the other Christian nations she was thwarted in her endeavors to exercise her natural duties. When the Greek struggle for independence came, the star of hope seemed to shoot above the black rim of despair, only too quickly to sink again. In that sublime struggle for freedom was the hour when the Turk ought to have been driven out of Europe by the nations of the Christian west. He had proved himself unfit to cope with the problems of social evolution. He was a dead letter. The corpse would have been decently buried to the fastnesses of some obscure corner of Asia Minor, but the Christian nations of the West were afraid of one

another. The author pointedly quotes the Duke of Wellington:

There is no doubt that it would have been more fortunate and better for the world if the treaty of Adrianople had not been signed, and if the Russians had entered Constantinople, and if the Turkish Empire had been dissolved.

All this would have come about if the Christian nations had not blocked the way, and especially if Great Britain in her commercial and official greed had not intervened. Russia for generations had asserted her right to protect her brethren of like faith within the Turkish Empire. Her problem was how to free the oppressed that appealed to her for help.

By the treaty of San Stefano with Turkey, the Czar's government confirmed those rights and sought to establish a better condition of things for Christians throughout the whole Turkish Empire. The treaty secured almost independence for the Christians in the North Danube region, in the Slavic belt, and in the Hellenic belt down to Constantinople itself. It prepared the way for a new and greater Bulgarian state, and secured the protection of the Armenian Christians in Asiatic Turkey as well as in Europe. The heart of Christendom in the main could not but approve its provisions.

But Lord Beaconsfield set himself in the treaty of Berlin to abrogate most of the desirable features of the treaty of San Stefano, and by his wily diplomacy managed to take from Russia her ancient right of affording protection to the beleaguered Christians exposed to the tender mercies of the brutal Islam assassin.

Referring to the whole matter Dr. Gregory pointedly says: 'It would appear that "peace with infamy" would have fitted Lord Beaconsfield's return from the Berlin Congress far better than "peace with honor." It is impossible to escape the conclusion that the eastern Christians owe all they have gained to Russia, and all their continued woes to Great Britain.' Diplomacy made the Sultan a European power, and let him loose to exterminate the Christians. Europe looked on, bound hand and foot, to see Greece throttled and Armenia desolated and her people exterminated with fire and sword—Islam's pet lambs. And now the "unspokeable Turk" remains an arrogant menace in the West, while the torch of momentous conflagration reddens the troubled sky of the far east, and the whole Christian world is aghast at the possible outcome.

With the Chinese imbroglio so complicating world-wide politics it need not be a surprising thing should the Sultan take this opportunity for declaring a Holy War. His finances are in an inextricable snarl, beyond all hope of unraveling. He has bled his Christian subjects until almost the very last drop of blood has been wrung from the tortured victims. 'Kill' may now be the cry. The Porte magnifies the fact that it is now one of the powers. Can it not do what it will with its own? Has Europe ever dared to interfere with its atrocities to any purpose? May not the Sultan think that if he lets loose the fire and sword once more the integrity of his empire will be preserved for all time?

True, there are some rocks and dangers ahead. The Sultan's power is almost altogether a personal affair. With his passing a new and better dawn may come to all Turkey. The notorious Turkish disregard of all rightful treaty interpretations makes it impossible to hope that the keenest European can match his cunning. It may be that the new diplomacy of the West that shoots right out from the shoulder and calls a spade a spade may yet bring him to his senses if not to his knees.

The closing pages of this book are devoted to a discussion of some of the essentials of a right solution of the 'Eastern Question.' Our author's position is that nothing can be settled that is not settled right that is not settled righteously. The first necessity in this step is to abolish the Turkish Empire and Turkish rule. The diplomats stand aghast before the possible bloodshed that might ensue if the powers attempted to abolish Turkey from the map of Europe and Asia. What if it did? Could anything worse happen than has already taken place? There are abundant reasons for doubting the danger of much blood letting.

The Sultan is not acknowledged as the commander of the Faithful by India, Arabia, or Morocco. Outside of his own domain Moslems regard him as a usurper. The arguments in behalf of the non-interference of the outside Moslem world with the ambitions and plans of the Sultan are certainly provocative of much thought. The mass of Mohammedans in India could not be counted on by him; the Moslems under the rule of the Czar have repeatedly fought for him against the Sultan; he cannot even depend upon a solid loyalty from his own Moslem subjects in such an event. Physical, racial, and governmental nec-

essities demand the dismemberment of the empire. A Government in this vast territory is needed that will secure to the governed the benefits of civilization in the security of life, honor, religious freedom, and property. A sudden crisis may come in the affairs of Turkey sooner than even the prophets expect. For the Sultan is ever on the verge of a volcano in his finances. What more desperation may lead him to make no one knows. In 1896 he attempted a bold dash for temporary relief. He did not get it. The Spectator tells why: 'In his pressing needs he sought to raise money by a loan in which he wanted to pledge to its subscribers moneys already pledged on bonds and mortgages to bankers in London and Paris. What was the result? Christians might be massacred by the thousands, and Ambassadors and diplomats cry "Hands off!" The integrity of Turkey is essential to the peace of the world.'

All at once statesmen became sharp men of business. In an incredibly short space of time the Sultan received orders from the powers to stop, or the empire would be treated as Egypt had been. There was no mistake. The Sultan read it plainly enough. They would make of the Khalif another Khedive. To slaughter Armenians is one thing but to touch bonds quite another.

Where, then, is the responsibility for the crimes that have blackened the century and made Turkey a stretch in the nostrils of the civilized world? It lies at the door of the Ottoman Porte. Without a doubt, the brutality and duplicity of the Turk are to blame for it. His religion has taught him to be fanatic and merciless. Christian dogs merit no better treatment than persecution, torture, and death. If they can no longer serve the haughty Moslem, let them be swept out of way. Religion, law, and the habit of generations make it seem right in his eyes. But with greater weight still does the responsibility rest upon Christian Europe. If she had not been false to her religion and her conscience, the great wrong would have long since been righted and barbarism not been permitted to curse the garden of the world.

But is the last analysis England is responsible. She is to blame through her duplicity, commercial greed and insincere diplomacy for all the crime, bloodshed, misery and ruin that her strong arm might have prevented. Had she but said the word there would have been no Greek or Armenian massacres. But the fear of losing money or prestige staid her hand.

The dying man on the banks of the Bosphorus would have fallen into his grave. From the ashes of empire would have sprung up according to race and religious cleavages, kingdoms that would have brought happiness and prosperity to millions.

One of Life's Problems.

Two or three of the doctor's old cronies had gathered on the porch in the evening, and as the twilight fell they began to talk of the days when they were young together. 'A man very seldom can follow out his real bent in this world,' said Blynn, the storekeeper, 'or do the work in life for which he is best fitted. Now I ought to have been an artist. I began to draw when I was a child. I had a good eye for color. I was never happy except when I was sketching. I might have given the world a great picture—who knows? But father died, and I had mother to care for, so I went into the store as clerk. And now I am an old man and own the store. But I never shall paint the picture!'

'And I,' said the squire, 'I fancied when I was a boy that I could write, if I could have education and training. I thought used to burn in my brain, and when I wrote them down, they seemed to me so true and fine that they brought the tears to my own eyes. But the farm fell to my share, and I have spent my life with turnips and potatoes instead of pen and ink. Very comfortably, too. And yet there was something here,' touching his forehead, 'that never came out.'

'Now, I,' said the doctor, laughing, 'instead of joggling about the country to patients with the measles and rheumatism, ought to have lived in a laboratory and given my life to original research in science. I had the patience for it, the acute sight and the keen love and desire for the work. I should have been happy in it, and perhaps should have made some valuable discovery.'

There was silence for a little while. 'It's queer I said Blynn. 'Why should men be thwarted and suffer so in life, anyhow? Why shouldn't everybody be happy?'

'I remember forty years ago how you used to learn your arithmetic and spelling lessons, Blynn,' said the doctor. 'They are useful to you now, and the old hard-ship counts for nothing. We suffer here to teach us patience and courage and our selfishness—lessons which we shall need in



Face to Face.

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that country to which we are bound.' 'But why are we given talents and tastes which we never use—I for art and you for science?' urged Blynn.

The doctor smiled. 'We shall use them, too, perhaps, in that other country. Nothing is lost in God's world—not an atom; surely, no power for good in the soul. We carry them with us, it may be, as men on a voyage take garments, packed away, which they will use only when they reach the other shore.'

Nuremberg Toys.

The quaint town of Nuremberg, in South Germany, has become the principal factory of Europe. The best, wooden toys come from the Black Forest, where peasants carve them from white pine and put them together during the long winter nights; and the costliest wax dolls are fashioned in Paris; but there is hardly anything else in the wonderland of childhood that is not made in the dreamy medieval town of Nuremberg.

When Dickens wrote his novels, there was a large toy industry in the east end of London, and it did not escape the keen eye of that close observer. If he was now living, he would find it difficult to find traces of a craft which suggested some of the most charming scenes of his stories.

The London toy-makers have disappeared. Dolls may still be dressed there for English nurseries, but they are no longer made in England.

The bulk of the so-called French dolls, which are sold all over the world, come from Nuremberg, where the toy-makers have mastered the art of jointing arms and legs and of extracting musical squeaks and plaintive cries from contracted waists. The old town is also the headquarters of the European trade in Noah's arks, lead and tin soldiers, and all the standard metal and wooden toys.

For many years the best mechanical toys were made either in London or in America. London has lost this trade entirely, and American ingenuity is left to complete with the industry in South Germany. The shops of Paris and London are now stocked with steam-engines, magnetic toys and mechanical playthings from Nuremberg and Vienna.

In the old churches of Nuremberg are to be found wonderful examples of the medieval art of wood-carvers and metal-workers. These famous handicrafts, which were created for the adornment of churches, survive in the toy trade.

Paganini's Generosity.

A man does not always spin along the rails of his nature—occasionally he sidetracks himself. Paganini, the wonderful violinist of sixty years ago, was as sensitive to the clinking of gold as to the concord of sweet sounds. But in 'Sala's Life and Adventures' there is a story which shows the extraordinary fiddler, whose temper and greed were both phenomenal, as made generous by a little child.

Sala's mother, a singer of repute, was a widow with 'five children' clamoring for large slices of roast mutton.' She gave a concert at Brighton, then the English 'Long Branch,' and engaged Paganini to play a solo for fifty guineas—two hundred and fifty dollars. It was 'good business' to engage him, as the mere announcement of his name sold half the tickets for the concert.

The concert was a success, but then came the settling with the artists. Some refused to take a shilling from the poor widowed gentlewoman. But Malibran, the great soprano of the day, took the thirty guineas which Madam Sala tendered, although she smiled and patted the little boy, George Augustus Sala, and told him to be a good son to his mother.

Disappointed, for Malibran was expected to be generous, Madam Sala drove to the hotel where Paganini was a guest. The less gaunt man, while Madam Sala was putting on the table fifty guineas in gold looked earnestly at her son, who polished up and dressed in a new suit, had been brought along to exact a softening influence upon the hearts of the two great musicians. He had talked to make Malibran generous, and the mother seeing Paganini fingering the gold and building it up into little heaps, thought that he, too, would pocket the fee:

Paganini, bundling the gold into a blue cotton pocket handkerchief, darted from the room. Madam Sala clasped her boy's hand, went out on the landing and was descending the stairs, when Paganini darted from his room and said: 'Take that, little boy, take that! It was a bank-note for fifty pounds.'

THE STUBBORN TREE-CLIMBER.

Porto Ricans Have Many Curious Proverbs of Their Own.

Our new fellow citizens to be, the natives of Porto Rico, are a polite people. They have many courteous proverbs derived from the sententious Spanish, and many circumlocutions and phrases of comparison—allusions to local events or to personages of more or less remote epochs. Some of these phrases are equivalent, for instance, to our "Hobson's choice."

You will, perhaps, hear one Porto Rican reprove another for persistence in endeavoring to perform impossibilities. "You are as stubborn as the man who would climb the tree," he will say; for the Porto Rican is, too polite to compare a human being to a mule.

Many natives could not explain what this meant, as many of us could not tell much about the origin of "Hobson's choice." But an old woman was found in one of the interior villages who could tell the story of the stubborn tree-climber. This is it:

Once upon a time a planter was telling a thrilling story to his friends of how he had been chased a mile or two by an angry bull. He told them he barely escaped with his life, thanks to his fleetness of foot.

'I don't think so much of the feat,' said one of the listeners.

'No,' said the planter.

'No,' said the man.

'What would you have done?' asked the planter.

'I,' said the man, 'would have climbed a tree.'

'But my dear sir, how could I climb a tree when there was none with branches strong enough to support my weight?'

'I don't care,' answered the man. 'I know that I would have climbed a tree.'

'But I have just told you there were only saplings about me. You certainly weight even more than I do.'

'I don't know whether I weigh more or less than you, but I am sure,' said the man, doggedly, 'that I would have climbed a tree.'

The planter was losing his patience. He mastered his feelings by a strong effort and asked:

'Supposing you found yourself in a prairie, miles and miles in extent, with nothing in sight save the blue sky above you, and the green sod all about you, no shelter of any kind whatsoever, no houses, no boulders, no rocks, no trees, no fences, no fallen trunks, no brush, no bushes, nothing at all except the boundless, level prairie,—and of a sudden you saw rushing toward you an infuriated bull, bellowing terrifically, with horns lowered to gore you, what would you do?'

This was a serious problem. The man thought and thought, with his forehead all wrinkled up, because he wanted to be sure he had grasped the question entirely. At length his brow cleared and his eyes brightened.

'I think,' he said, 'that I would climb a tree.'

'But,' said the planter, 'I have told you that there was no tree in sight; the nearest one was hundreds—thousands—millions—of miles away. There was not even a small bush, no growing thing save the little blades of grass, and you couldn't climb them, I suppose. I repeat, there was no tree,—nothing else, absolutely nothing else. What would you do?'

Again the man plunged into a profound meditation. He seemed to be going over the question once more. The planter and his friends began to think that he had hit upon some ingenious plan for escaping a terrible death, when he lifted his head and looking straight into the planter's eyes, said determinedly:

'I would climb a tree, anyhow!— [Youth's Companion.]

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et love this man—my, she... CHAPTER VI... indeed before Nora found... about midnight, worn out... up from her rude, yet not... curious bashfulness at the... an in ten thousand could have... tired out, and no wonder... down to the shore together... a nearer, and still nearer... rowed with a will, and in a... hurried inquiries on both... a lifted a basket of provisions... meal, while Gerard Vaughan... some miles from Glenuskie... ON THE TERTIARY FAUNA.

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