

It was then that he began to see clearly what it all meant. He said he made a great discovery: that the "black people" against whom they had struck in 1894 were not to blame!

"I tell you," said he, "we found when we got started that the black people—we used to call 'em dagoes—were just workin' people like us—and in hell with us. They were good soldiers, them Eyetalians and Poles and Syrians, they fought with us to the end."

I shall not soon forget the intensely dramatic but perfectly simple way in which he told me how he came, as he said, "to see the true light." Holding up his maimed right hand (that trembled a little), he pointed one finger upward.

"I seen the big hand in the sky," he said. "I seen it as clear as daylight."

He said he saw at last what Socialism meant.

One day he went home from a strikers' meeting—one of the last, for the men were worn out with their long struggle. It was a bitter-cold day, and he was completely discouraged. When he reached his own street he saw a pile of household goods on the sidewalk in front of his home. He saw his wife there wringing her hands and crying. He said he could not take a step further, but sat down on a neighbor's porch and looked and looked. "It was curious," he said, "but the only thing I could see or think about was our old family clock which they had stuck on top of the pile, half tipped over. It looked odd, and I wanted to set it up straight. It was the clock we bought when we were married, and we'd had it about twenty years on the mantel in the livin' room. It was a good clock," he said.

He paused and then smiled a little.

"I never have figured it out why I should have been able to think of nothing but that clock," he said, "but so it was."

When he got home, he found his frail daughter just coming out of the empty house, "coughing as though she was dyin'." Something, he said, seemed to stop inside of him. Those were his words: "Something seemed to stop inside o' me."

He turned away without saying a word, walked back to strike headquarters, borrowed a revolver from a friend, and started out along the main road which led into the better part of the town.

"Did you ever hear o' Robert Winter?" he asked.

"No," said I.

"Well, Robert Winter was the biggest gun o' 'em all. He owned the mills there, and the largest store and the newspaper—he pretty nearly owned the town."

He told me much more about Robert Winter which betrayed still a curious sort of feudal admiration for him, and for his great place and power; but I need not dwell on it here. He told me how he climbed in through a hemlock hedge (for the stone gateway was guarded) and walked through the snow toward the great house.

"An' all the time I seemed to be seein' my daughter Margy right there before my eyes coughing as though she was dyin'."

It was just nightfall and all the windows were alight. He crept up to a clump of bushes under a window and waited there a moment while he drew out and cocked his revolver. Then he slowly reached upward until his head cleared the sill and he could look into the room. "A big, warm room," he described it.

"Comrade," said he, "I had murder in my heart that night."

So he stood there looking in with the revolver ready cocked in his hand.

"And what do you think I seen there?" he asked.

"I cannot guess," I said.

"Well," said Bill Hahn, "I seen the great Robert Winter, that we had been fighting for five long months, and he was down on his hands and knees on the carpet and he had his little daughter on his back, and he was cryin' about with her, an' she was laughin'."

Bill Hahn paused.

"I had a heart on him," he said finally, "but I couldn't do it—I just couldn't do it."

He came away all weak and trembling with cold, and, "Comrade," he said, "I

was cryin' like a baby, and didn't know why."

The next day the strike collapsed, and there was the familiar stampede for work, but Bill Hahn did not go back. He knew it would be useless. A week later his frail daughter died, and was buried in the pauper's field.

"She was as truly killed," he said, "as though some one had fired a bullet at her through a window."

"And what did you do after that?" I asked, when he had paused for a long time with his chin on his breast.

"Well," said he, "I did a lot of thinkin' them days, and I says to myself: 'This thing is wrong, and I will go out and stop it—I will go out and stop it.'"

As he uttered these words, I looked at him curiously—his absurd flat fur hat with the moth-eaten ears, the old bulging overcoat, the round spectacles, the scarred, insignificant face—he seemed somehow transformed, a person elevated above himself, the tool of some vast incalculable force.

I shall never forget the phrase he used to describe his own feelings when he had reached this astonishing decision to go out and stop the wrongs of the world. He said he "began to feel all clean inside."

"I see it didn't matter what become o' me, and I began to feel all clean inside."

It seemed, he explained, as though something big and strong had got hold of him, and he began to be happy.

"Since then," he said in a low voice, "I've been happier than I ever was before in all my life. I ain't got any family, nor any home—rightly speakin'—nor any money, but, comrade, you see here in front of you a happy man."

When he had finished his story we sat quiet for some time.

"Well," said he, finally, "I must be goin'. The committee will wonder what's become o' me."

I followed him out to the road. There I put my hand on his shoulder, and said:

"Bill Hahn, you are a better man than I am."

He smiled, a beautiful smile, and we walked off together down the road.

I wish I had gone on with him at that time into the city, but somehow I could not do it. I stopped near the top of the hill where one can see in the distance that smoky huddle of buildings which is known as Kilburn, and though he urged me, I turned aside and sat down on the edge of a meadow. There were many things I wanted to think about, to get clear in my mind.

As I sat looking out toward that great city, I saw three men walking in the white road. As I watched them I could see them coming quickly, eagerly. Presently they threw up their hands and evidently began to shout, though I could not hear what they said. At that moment I saw my friend Bill Hahn running in the road, his coat skirts flapping heavily about his legs. When they met they almost fell into one another's arms.

I suppose it was so that the early Christians, those who hid in the Roman catacombs, were wont to greet one another.

So I sat thinking.

"A man," I said to myself, "who can regard himself as a function, not an end of creation, has arrived."

After a time I got up and walked down the hill—some strange force carrying me onward—and came thus to the city of Kilburn.

A Case for Burbank

Aunt Lindy had brought around her three grandchildren for her mistress to see. The three little darlings, in calico frocks, stood spinning in line while Lindy proudly surveyed them.

"What are their names, Lindy?" her mistress asked.

"Dey's name's after flowers, ma'am. Ah name 'em 'De biggest' one's name's Gladiola. 'De nex' one, she name's Heliotrope."

"Those are very pretty," her mistress said. "What is the littles' one named?"

"She name's Artificial, ma'am."—Woman's Home Companion.

Hope's Quiet Hour.

Our King and Country.

I saw in the night visions, and, behold, one like the Son of Man came with the clouds of heaven, and came to the Ancient of days, and they brought Him near before Him. And there was given Him dominion, and glory, and a kingdom, that all people, nations, and languages, should serve Him: His dominion is an everlasting dominion, which shall not pass away and His Kingdom that which shall not be destroyed.—Dan. vii: 13, 14.

Our citizenship (commonwealth) is in heaven; from whence also we wait for a Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ: Who . . . is able even to subject all things unto Himself.—Phil. iii: 20, 21 (and margin).

We are very proud of belonging to the British Empire, and loyalty to our king and country has flamed into white heat since the war began.

But at this Ascensiontide we should, in heart and mind, ascend whither our Lord has gone before, and stir up our loyalty for a far greater Empire than any earthly one. Bishop Hall says that the church's work is often weakly done, because we are content to "look back" to JESUS on earth, instead of "looking up" to JESUS at the right hand of God.

Daniel saw in a vision four great beasts, and the fourth was dreadful and terrible, and strong exceedingly; it devoured and brake in pieces, and stamped the residue with its feet—a terrible description of lawless and wanton destruction. No wonder the prophet was grieved and troubled. Then it was explained to him that four great kingdoms should arise, one after the other, and that the fourth kingdom should devour the whole earth, tread it down, and break it in pieces. "Then the saints of the Most High shall take the kingdom, and possess the kingdom for ever, even for ever and ever." This unending kingdom is not to be a republic; for Daniel saw its King, high and lifted up. Though He is in the likeness of our race—a Son of man—yet He is given everlasting authority over all the nations. The great and terrible empires of earth rise and fall, but this King shall reign for ever, even for ever and ever.

This vision was not altogether unexpected to Daniel. He had already interpreted a strange dream of Nebuchadnezzar to mean that there should arise four great empires, and in the days of the fourth God should set up His own kingdom which "shall break in pieces and consume all these kingdoms, and it shall stand for ever." Bible students seem united in interpreting these kingdoms to be the Babylonian, Medo-Persian, Greek and Roman empires. In the days of the mighty Roman empire God quietly started the Christian Church, which has grown steadily for nearly two thousand years, and spread from country to country, claiming all people as subjects of JESUS the King. Instead of growing weaker, as the centuries pass, it is now so full of life and energy that the splendid motto of its mission-workers is: "The world for Christ in this generation."

Do you think the present world-trouble is a proof that the King of Love has no power to rule His Kingdom? I think we have sung: "Gentle Jesus meek and mild," until we have forgotten that He Who took the little children so tenderly in His arms, also said sternly to the scribes and Pharisees: "Woe unto you . . . ye serpents, ye generation of vipers, how can ye escape the judgment of Gehenna?" (St. Matt. xxiii: 33, R. V.) Our King is meek—accepting agony and mockery uncomplainingly—but He is not weak. He will sternly punish offending nations when their cup of wickedness is full, and will cleanse His Kingdom from iniquity. Jerusalem, the city of the Great King, was told by Ezekiel that even such godly men as Noah, Daniel and Job, could not save it in the awful day of God's judgment. "Though Noah, Daniel, and Job, were in it, as I live, saith the Lord GOD, they shall deliver neither son nor daughter; they shall but deliver their own souls by their right-

eousness. For this saith the Lord GOD; How much more when I send My four sore judgments upon Jerusalem, the sword, and the famine, and the noisome beast, and the pestilence, to cut off from it man and beast." His kingdom is too dear to His heart to be allowed to sink down into ruin and decay. But His people are told that the remnant shall be comforted and "ye shall know that I have not done without cause all that I have done in it, saith the Lord GOD."—Ezek. xiv.

We don't know the necessity for cleansing that exists even in our own loved British Empire. Harold Begbie, in "The Crisis of Morals," which was published about a year ago, sadly declares that the vices flourishing like bad weeds in England, are like those described by St. Paul in the first chapter of his Epistle to the Romans—a terrible statement, indeed. He says: "If it were possible to tell the tale of these things, such a book might be written as would lacerate the soul of Christianity."

The King told His Church that she had been lighted with the fire of love and holiness, in order that she might enlighten the darkness of the world. He said that His disciples were to live in the world without becoming worldly, that they were to be as salt to purify and preserve society, and as leaven to raise—from within—the whole lump.

That is the secret of the whole matter—the Kingdom of God cometh not with observation, it is within the heart of the King's servants. Outside respectability cannot enlighten, purify, or elevate the world. The King of the greatest Empire the world has ever seen offers personal and individual Love to each of His subjects, and can never be satisfied until each heart is won. His borders are not extended by force of arms, but by the mighty power of love.

We shudder when we hear of cruelty and injustice—there is nothing attractive about such inhuman doings—but when we read the papers of some noble, self-forgetting kindness shown to a wounded foe we are inspired with an eager desire to be kind and noble, too. If sin is contagious, so is goodness. And let us remember, for our comfort, that the reign of the dreadful and terrible beast—though he was strong exceedingly—could not possibly last. A dominion established by violence and wrong has the seeds of its own destruction within itself. "The judgment shall sit, and they shall take away his dominion, to consume and to destroy it unto the end." Righteousness is not only better than wickedness, it is infinitely stronger, and shall last for ever and ever.

Our citizenship is in heaven, and our King is mighty to save, and also strong to punish evil. His laws are just and good, and those who refuse to obey them do so at their own peril. Our Lord, in one of His parables, described a nobleman who went into a far country to receive for himself a kingdom, and to return. But his citizens hated him, and sent a message after him, saying, "We will not have this man to reign over us." How often, in this "Christian" land, has that defiance been hurled in the face of Him Whose eyes are as a flame of fire! How many outwardly respectable households are absolutely heathen in their customs! The angel stands waiting, with the golden censer in his hands. Much incense has been given him that he should offer it with the prayers of all saints upon the golden altar which is before the Throne. The "much incense" is the never-ceasing intercession of our King and Priest, going up in fragrant clouds for us. What about the earthly prayers which should ascend continually with it?—Rev. viii: 3 and 4. Do you fancy that if you are too "busy here and there" to pray, the world will go on just as well and the King will never notice?

Browning tells a story of a boy called Theocrite, who worked at a humble trade, but—

"Morning, evening, noon and night,
"Praise God!" sang Theocrite."

The boy was ambitious to praise God, as the Pope did, from Peter's dome; so he went to Rome and the voice in the workshop was silenced.

"God said in heaven, 'Nor day nor night
Now brings the voice of My delight.'"