

by declaring that he would not furnish the funds. Had there been profit for him in it, doubtless, the funds would have been forthcoming. All five brothers were made barons by the Emperor of Austria, and upon the London branch was also conferred an English baronetcy, in recognition of various times upon which the Jewish financiers had been enabled to help the British treasury.

Of later years the Rothschilds have branched out somewhat. Several of the family have married into titled houses, and, choosing to give up the rigid counting-house life for ease and social pleasure, have been "paid off" with big fortunes. But to this day, every child born to a Rothschild undergoes a severe mercantile training, often at Vienna, where the strongest branch of the house is. If he shows financial talent he is promoted as rapidly as he deserves; if not, he also is paid off with a fortune. At present there is no Rothschild so brilliant—if brilliant it may be called—as was old Nathan Mayer; yet, as has been remarked by more than one student of present-day social conditions, it is not beyond the bounds of possibility that from this old Jewish stock there may yet arise a financier before whom the money magnates of the New World may tremble.

John Knox Preaching Before Mary Queen of Scots.

In our picture one can almost hear the bitter words of harsh denunciation from the lips of John Knox, the preacher, at whose grave the regent Morton testified that "he neither feared nor flattered any flesh," and who himself claimed for his vocation that it could "claim no honor from the condescension of princes." In answer to the petulant question of the Queen, "What have ye to do with my marriage; or what are ye within the realm?" Knox, both in the pulpit and outside it, replied: "A subject born within the same, albeit I neither be Earl, Lord, nor Baron. Yea, Madam, to me it appertains no less than it does to any member of the nobility, to forewarn of such things as may hurt it; for both my vocation and conscience crave plainness of me."

From his "preaching place" he said: "Madam, in God's presence I speak; I never delighted in the weeping of any of God's creatures, but I must sustain your Majesty's tears, rather than I dare hurt my conscience, or betray my Commonwealth through my silence." Speaking of his pulpit utterances, Knox had said, "Let them call it imprecation or execration, as it pleases them. It has oftener than once stricken, and shall strike, in despite of man." Our illustration depicts one of the severe ordeals to which the misguided and unfortunate Queen of Scots had to submit at the unsparing hand of John Knox the preacher, three centuries ago.

H. A. B.

The Red Buds Start.

(By Miriam B. Jacobs.)

There's a red bud on the maple bough,
And a bird note in the air,
The grass shows green on the southern slopes,
And the skies are blue and fair.
For spring trips over the misty hills,
With a message of hope and cheer,
She waves her wand o'er the listening earth,
And the pale white flowers appear.
Rivulets run through the waking woods,
While an endless song they sing,
As they hasten to find in the laughing lake
An end to their wandering.
Daily the marvel of beauty grows,
The world is aflood with light,
And in the smile of the sun forgets
The cold of the winter's night.
There are red buds on the maple boughs,
And sweet bird notes in the air,
And the shine and shower together call
Forth the new life everywhere.



The Fruit of the Spirit is Love.

The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, longsuffering, kindness, goodness, faithfulness, meekness, temperance.—Gal. V. 22, 23, R. V.

"Gracious SPIRIT, HOLY GHOST,
Taught by Thee, we covet most
Of Thy gifts at Pentecost,
Holy, heavenly Love."

The Jewish Feast of the Passover had blossomed into the Christian Easter; then, after seven weeks had been fulfilled, the Feast of First fruits became a reality, for on that day the first fruits of the Christian harvest were gathered in: "The same day there were added unto them about three thousand souls."

That was indeed a great revival. Jerusalem was all excitement, multitudes crowded together, attracted by the outward signs of the Holy Spirit's Presence—the rushing, mighty wind, the tongues of fire, the wonderful gift of tongues. God had begun to fulfil the promise, spoken hundreds of years before: "I will pour out My Spirit upon all flesh; and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, your old men shall dream dreams, your young men shall see visions."

That Pentecostal outpouring of the Spirit was so long ago, and we have heard about it so often, that it makes little impression on us. "But," some one may say, "the miraculous signs of the Holy Spirit's Presence are not needed now and are, therefore, withdrawn." Are they? Can we always be sure what is miraculous and what is not? When God sends plain answers to prayer through natural means—as He is continually doing—is not His interference in one sense miraculous? Solomon's wisdom was given in answer to his request, but does anyone fancy he gained it without hard and persistent study? Although miraculous, it came to him through natural means. Surely no one will venture to say that there are no outward signs of a special outpouring of the Holy Spirit in the great Welsh revival. The Torrey-Alexander Mission, which has stirred up

so much religious enthusiasm in England for more than a year, was worked up like other modern revivals in a modern businesslike way. Although tremendous in its effects, as far as one can see, it does not stand out in the same startling way as the spontaneous Welsh movement, which has apparently taken possession of the whole nation without any of the ordinary "working up." Without special missionaries, advertising or money, often without a preacher at all, the entire population of village after village suddenly rushed to the churches and acted as though the ordinary business of life—even necessary food and rest—were of no consequence, as compared with prayer and praise. This, of course, cannot go on long, but the "burning zeal of well on to a hundred thousand converts" is not a thing to be lightly ignored. There must be a cause to produce such an effect. Evan Roberts never hesitates to declare that he is only an instrument—only one of many—and that he never says a word without being convinced that the Holy Spirit is speaking through him. We read in the Acts of the Apostles: "The Holy Ghost said, Separate Me Barnabas and Saul for the work whereunto I have called them." Does He never separate men for special work now?

But I have wandered far from my text: "the fruit of the Spirit is Love." Love is not only the "greatest" Christian grace, it includes all the rest. Bishop Hall says that the first triplet—"love, joy, peace"—represent the soul's attitude towards God, the second triplet—"longsuffering, kindness, goodness"—characterize our relations with our neighbor, while the third triplet—"faithfulness, meekness, temperance"—belong more particularly to our own character. But they are all summed up in the great word "Love," which is not only "the greatest thing in the world," but also the greatest thing in the infinite universe, for "GOD IS LOVE." The two great commandments—love to God and our neighbor—cannot be separated. Joined together by God, no man is able to put them asunder, one cannot be real and true without the other. Now, do you

understand why I began by describing exciting revivals? It was in order to point a contrast. Great revivals—even the one in Jerusalem on the day of Pentecost—are certainly not intended for everyday use. We need not long for such signs of the Spirit as a rushing, mighty wind or tongues of fire—wild, ecstatic emotion or burning words of eloquence. When the Lord passed by Elijah, a great and strong wind rent the mountains, followed by an earthquake and a fire, but he knew that the Lord was not in these. Then came the "still small voice," which was at once recognized by the prophet as the Voice of God. When a man is filled with the Spirit he shows a far greater sign of that glorious indwelling than the gift of tongues or prophecy. His very presence is a benediction, joy and peace shine in his face, he is a true gentleman, kind and considerate to everybody, trusted by all his neighbors because he is worthy of trust. Where Love dwells happiness also makes her home; if Love be absent, no man, woman or child can be really happy in the grandest palace. One who has travelled in many lands—"mid pleasures and palaces"—will declare unhesitatingly that "there's no place like home." From the rest of the world he may win fame and admiration, his name may be constantly in the newspapers, but at home—"be it ever so humble"—he knows that long-tried affection is his portion. There he is really known, and the old friends who grasp his hand so heartily really care for the man himself, instead of just admiring him for what he has done. How delighted he is to see a home face in a foreign country. As Keble says:

"No distance breaks the tie of blood;
Brothers are brothers evermore;
Nor wrong, nor wrath of deadliest mood,

That magic may o'erpower;
Oft, ere the common source be known,
The kindred drops will claim their own,
And throbbing pulses silently
Move heart towards heart by sympathy.
So is it with true Christian hearts;
Their mutual share in Jesus' blood
An everlasting bond imparts
Of holiest brotherhood."

Brotherly love, though too often it may be hidden beneath outside rudeness which would never be shown to a stranger, is a possession which any king might covet. Love is the greatest gift even God can bestow, and the only one valuable enough for us to offer Him. St. Paul leaves no doubt about His acceptance of that alone, when he declares that tongues of men and of angels, prophecy, knowledge,



John Knox Preaching Before Mary Queen of Scots.