

whose motives Jack was not worthy to understand, and he knew enough to know it. But it happened to be a foreign mission prayer meeting, devoted to the Burmese field; which was, therefore, be it said, not so much an argument against foreign missions, as a deficient means of grace to the fisherman. Jack was terribly bored. He ran his hands through his curls, and felt for his tobacco, and whispered to the young convert to know if there weren't any waits in the play, so a man could get out without hurting anybody's feelings. But just then the young convert struck up a hymn, and Jack stayed.

He liked the singing. His restless, handsome face took on a change such as a windy day takes on toward dusk, when the breeze dies down. When he found they were singing "Rock of Ages," he tried to sing it too,—for he was a famous tenor on deck. But when he had sung a line or two,—flash! down in one of the empty pews in front, he saw a thin old lady with blue eyes, sitting in a black alpaca dress with her hands clasped on her gingham apron.

"That's my mother. Have I got the jim-jams?" asked this unaccustomed worshipper of himself. But then he remembered that he was sober. He could sing no longer after this, but bowed his head and looked into his old felt hat, and wondered if he were going to cry, or get religion. In point of fact, he did neither of these things, because a very old Church member arose just then, and said he saw a poor castaway in our midst to night, and he sought the prayers of the meeting for his soul. Jack stopped crying. He looked hard at the old Church member. He knew him; had always known him. The fisherman waited till that prayer was through,—it was rather a long prayer,—and then he too sprang to his feet. He looked all around the decorous place; his face was white with the swift passion of the drinking man.

"I never spoke in meetin' in my life," said Jack in an unsteady voice. "I ain't religious. I drink. But I'm sober to-night, and I've got something to say to you. I heard what that man said. I know him. He's old Jim Crownoly. I've always know'd Jim Crownoly. He owns a sight of property in this town. He's a rich man. He owns that block on Black Street. You know he does. You can't deny it. Nor he can't neither. All I want to say is, I've got drunk in one of them places of his, time again; and if there ain't anybody but him to pray for my soul, I'd rather go to the devil."

Jack stopped short, jammed on his hat, and left the meeting. In the shocked rustle that followed, some one had the tact to start "Rescue the Perishing," as the fisherman strode down the broad aisle. He did not go again. The poor young convert followed him up for a week or two, and gave him an expensive Testament, bought out of an almost invisible personal income, in vain.

"I've no objections to you," said Jack, candidly; "I'm much obliged to ye for yer politeness, sir. But them Churches that sub-leases to a rum-seller, I don't think they understand a drinkin' man. Hey? Well, ain't he their biggest rooster, now? Don't he do the best of the prayin', and the tallest of their crownin', consequent? Thought so. Better leave me go, sir. I ain't a pious man; I'm a fisherman."

(To be continued.)

#### TOLSTOI'S NON-RESISTANCE VIEWS.

Mr. George Kennan, the well-known Siberian traveller, recently visited Count Tolstoi in Russia, and publishes in the June *Century* an account of the great novelist's social and political views. Mr. Kennan has just made an extended tour in Siberia, under the auspices of the *Century* magazine, and was the bearer of important messages to Tolstoi from some of the political exiles.

After Mr. Kennan had detailed some of the barbarities perpetrated on Siberian exiles, Tolstoi was silent. His eyes filled with tears as his imagination pictured to him the horror of such a situation, but for a moment he made no reply. Finally he said: "Do you know absolutely that that was done?"

"No," said I, "because I did not see it done; but I have it from two eye-witnesses, one of them a lady in whose statements I put implicit trust, and the other an officer of the exile administration. They saw it, and they told me."

Again he was silent. Finally, ignoring my direct question as to what he personally would have done in such a case, Count Tolstoi said, "Even under such circumstances violence would not be justifiable. Let us analyze that situation carefully. I will grant, for the sake of argument, that the local Governor who ordered the act of violence was an ignorant man, a cruel man, a brutal man—what you will; but he probably had an idea he was doing his duty; he probably believed that he was enforcing a law of the Government to which he owed obedience and service. You suddenly appear and set yourself up as judge in the case; you assume that he is not doing his duty,—that he is committing an act of unjustifiable violence,—and then with strange inconsistency you seem to aggravate and complicate the evil by yourself committing another act of unjustifiable violence. One wrong added to another wrong does not make a right; it merely extends the area of wrong. Furthermore, your resistance, in order to be effective,—in order to accomplish anything,—must be directed against the soldiers who are committing the assault. But those soldiers are not free agents; they are subject to military discipline, and are acting under orders which they dare not disobey. To prevent the execution of the orders you must kill or maim two or three of the soldiers—that is kill or wound the only parties to the transaction who are certainly innocent, who are manifestly acting without malice and without evil intention. Is that just? Is it rational? But go a step further: suppose you do kill or wound two or three of the soldiers; you may or may not thus succeed in preventing the completion of the act against which your violence is a protest; but one thing you certainly will do, and that is, extend the area of enmity, injustice and misery. Every one of the soldiers whom you killed or maimed has a family, and upon every such family you bring grief and suffering which would not have come to it but for your act. In the hearts of perhaps a score of peo-

ple you rouse the anti-Christian and anti-social emotions of hatred and revenge, and thus sow broadcast the seeds of further violence and strife. At the time when you interposed there was only one centre of evil and suffering. By your violent interference you have created half a dozen such centres. It does not seem to me, Mr. Kennan, that that is the way to bring about the reign of peace and good-will on earth."

#### SOMEWHERE.

Somewhere the wind is blowing,  
I thought as I toiled along  
In the burning heat of the noontide,  
And the fancy made me strong.  
Yes, somewhere the wind is blowing,  
Though here where I gasp and sigh,  
Not a breath of air is stirring,  
Not a cloud in the burning sky.

Somewhere the thing we long for  
Exists on earth's wide bound,  
Somewhere the sun is shining  
When winter nips the ground;  
Somewhere the flowers are springing,  
Somewhere the corn is brown,  
And ready unto the harvest  
To feed the hungry town.

Somewhere the twilight gathers,  
And weary men lay by  
The burden of the daytime,  
And wrapped in slumber lie.  
Somewhere the day is breaking,  
And gloom and darkness flee,  
Though storms our bark are to-sing,  
There's somewhere a placid sea.

And thus, I thought, 'tis always,  
In this mysterious life—  
There's always gladness somewhere,  
In spite of its pain and strife;  
And somewhere the sin and sorrow  
Of earth are known no more,  
Somewhere our weary spirits  
Shall find a peaceful shore.

Somewhere the things that try us  
Shall all have passed away.  
And doubt and fear no longer  
Impede the perfect day.  
O, brother! though the darkness  
Around thy soul be cast,  
The earth is rolling sunward,  
And light shall come at last. —Good Words.

#### PROGRESS DURING VICTORIA'S REIGN.

Nor are the beneficial changes of the last half century confined to the masses. Swearing and duelling, established until a recent date almost as institutions of the country, have nearly disappeared from the face of society: the first a gradual change; the second one not less sudden than it was marvellous, and one happily not followed by the social trespasses which it was not wholly unreasonable to apprehend from its abolition. Serious as opposed to idle life has become a reality, and a great reality, in quarters open to peculiar temptation; for example, among the officers of the army, and at our public schools, which are among the most marked and national of our institutions. The clergy of the Anglican Church have been not merely improved, but transformed; and have greatly enlarged their influence during the time when voluntary and Nonconforming effort, within their province and beyond it, and most of all in Scotland, has achieved its noblest triumphs. At the same time, the disposition to lay bare public mischiefs and drag them into the light of day, which, though liable to exaggeration, has perhaps been our best distinction among the nations, has become more resolute than ever. The multiplication and better formation of the institutions of benevolence among us are but symptomatic indications of a wider and deeper change: a silent but more extensive and practical acknowledgment of the great second commandment, of the duties of wealth to poverty, of strength to weakness, of knowledge to ignorance—in a word, of man to man. The sum of the matter seems to be that upon the whole, and in a degree we who lived fifty, sixty, seventy years back, and are living now, live in a gentler time. —W. E. Gladstone.

#### THE LARGEST MANUSCRIPT.

The royal library at Stockholm contains a remarkable literary curiosity, called the devil's code, which is said to be the largest manuscript in the world. Every letter of this gigantic piece of work is as beautifully formed as if it were minutely and carefully drawn, and it seems almost impossible that it should have been done by a single human being. The devil's code was brought to Sweden from Prague after the Thirty Years' War, and the *Dutsche Hausfrauen Zeitung* tells the following story of its origin: A poor monk, who had been condemned to death, was told that his sentence would be commuted if he were able to copy the code in a single night. Relying on the impossibility of the task, his judges furnished him with the original, pen and ink, and left him in his well-barred prison. A drowning man catches at a straw to save himself, and the unfortunate monk began to try his last impossible task with the vain hope of accomplishing it. Before long, however, he saw that he could not save his life by his own weak exertions. Afraid of a cruel and certain death, and perhaps doubting the promise of a better life hereafter, he invoked the aid of the Prince of Darkness, promising to surrender his soul if he were assisted in his task. The dark spirit appeared as soon as he was called, concluded the contract, sat down like any copying clerk, and next morning the devil's code was finished.

## British and Foreign.

AN earnest effort is about to be made to form a Congregational Lay Preachers' Association for the county of Norfolk.

THE Rev. W. Rigby Murray, of Brunswick Street Church, Manchester, is delivering a course of sermons, suggested by the sacred pictures in Manchester Exhibition.

IN Jaffna, Ceylon, the chief liquor shop is kept by a prominent member of the Christian Church. Mahomedans use him as an argument against turning Christians.

THE *Athenaeum* has an account of the lamented Ion Keith Falconer, by his friend, the Rev. R. Sinker, B.D. It is mentioned that his favourite hero was General Gordon.

IN the Congregational ministry of England and Wales the abstainers have a majority of 500. Returns from thirteen of the colleges shows that out of 341 students 288 are abstainers.

THE Rev. John M. Sloan, late of the Anderston Free Church, Glasgow, has been inducted as colleague and successor of the Rev. Horatius Bonar, D.D., Chalmers Memorial Church, Grange, Edinburgh.

MRS. WEIR, of Kildonan, laid the foundation stone of a new church to cost \$11,000, at Arnshean, Barrhill, Ayrshire. The funds have been raised by subscription, toward which Mr. Weir contributed \$2,500.

THE discussion in the Free Church Assembly on union with the Established Church is described as hollow and meaningless. The result was a foregone conclusion: sixty-six voted for and 322 against the proposal.

MR. ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON, it is said, has come into a large fortune by the death of his father, and it is expected that, after completing his "Laoc of Professor Fleeming Jenkin," he will travel for three years.

THE Rev. J. P. Jones, of Mountain Ash, has been accepted by the Welsh Presbyterian Missionary Society to go forth as a missionary to India. He will undergo a course of medical training. He has for years laboured very faithfully in Mountain Ash.

THE Rev. R. id Howatt, of the Camberwell Presbyterian Church, has a jubilee scheme of his own. On the public holiday, June 21, he and his friends are going to give a dinner to all the poor connected with the various missions sustained by them.

THE "Life of Charles Reade," although mainly the work of his nephew, Mr. C. L. Reade, is regarded with great disavour by the Reade family as a whole. They are rather pleased than otherwise that the work has been sharply criticised by the reviews.

DR. HUTCHISON, of Banchory, the Moderator of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, was presented by his congregation with a purse of sovereigns, a moderator's robe and a court dress, a case of fish knives and forks and two entree dishes in silver.

THE Young Men's Foreign Missionary Society, in connection with the Aldersgate Street Y. M. C. A., raises funds wherewith to pay for the training of any young men who feel constrained to devote themselves to missionary labour. Of late, the number of young men in training has been increased.

DR. MACKENZIE, in his address as chairman of the Congregational Union, expressed his inability to say why Baptists and Congregationalists are not one, and asked whether, with so near an approach to identity in Christian sentiment and so complete a confidence, it is not time for co-operation if not union.

THE Rev. J. Bell Cox has been liberated from Walton gaol. The official authority for his release was not received until eleven o'clock, by which time the reverend gentleman's friends, who had assembled at an early hour, had dispersed. Mr. Cox at once left the gaol, and drove home unaccompanied.

THE English socialists have found a friend after their own heart in the person of the Vicar of St. John de Sepulchre, in the city of Norwich. This worthy vicar fully endorses the socialists' creed, and has got a brother clergyman from a distance who is ready to sail in the same boat. Many are greatly enraged.

A SERIES of clever and satirical letters, signed "Observer," that recently appeared in the *Glasgow Herald*, professing to expose the alleged "Professorism," "Committeism," "Cliquesism," "Neopietism" and "Jobbery" prevailing in the Free Church, are attributed to a minister of the Church, Rev. Dr. Mackenzie, of Govan.

"COFFIN varnish" is the eminently suggestive name given to a newly concocted stimulant which is said to be making terrible ravages among the people of the towns and villages on the eastern frontier of France. Statistics show that in other parts of France intemperance is on the increase, particularly among the criminal classes.

THE Free Church was the last of the Presbyterian bodies in Scotland to sanction the use of instrumental music in public worship. It was said, when this was done, four years ago, a well known Glasgow merchant, belonging to the anti-organ party, there and then abandoned his intention of bequeathing half a million sterling to the Free Church.

THE continuance of the Aberdeen College was carried triumphantly by 432 to 127, and on Mr. Iverach was conferred the great and singular honour of a unanimous election to the Chair of Apologetics. The fact that he was so emphatically the choice of the Aberdonians, as well as his own high qualities, helped to secure for Principal Robertson the Church History Chair.

DR. HAMILTON MAGEE says there are many Protestants in Ireland who would be willing to join their countrymen in the effort to obtain a very considerable measure of home rule, were they sure they would be safe from the domination of the Romish priesthood. They would not be afraid of receiving fair consideration, if their Roman Catholic fellow-countrymen were left to themselves, and were free from clerical dictation.