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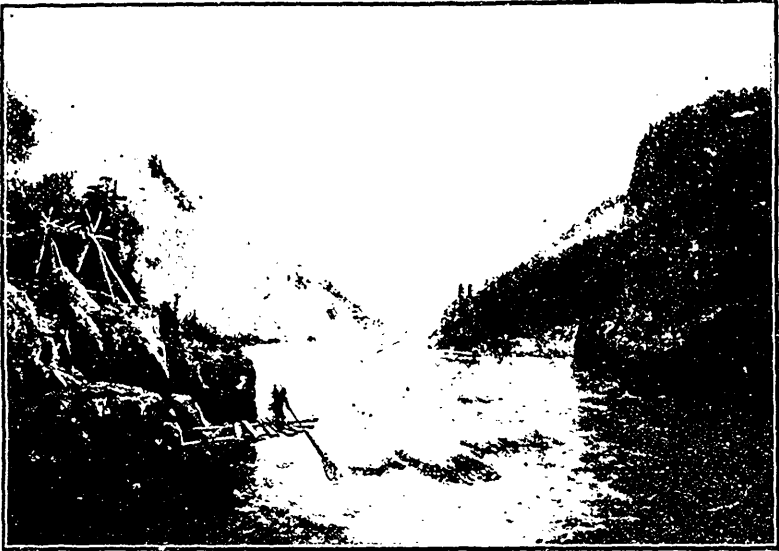
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CANYON OF THE FRASER.

—F. M. Bell-Smith, R. C. A.



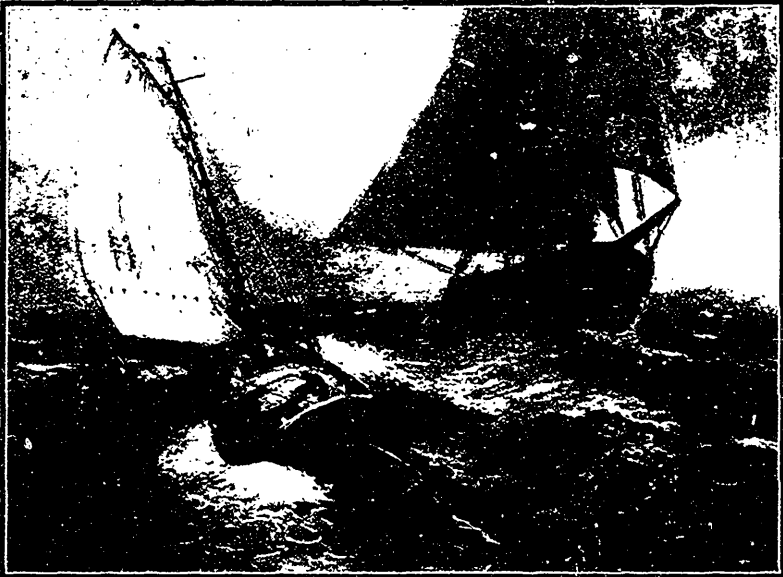
TURNUED OUT OF THE HERD.

—F. A. Verner, A. R. C. A.



SPRING.

—G. A. Reid, R. C. A.



A CHANCE TO EXCHANGE NEWS.

—R. F. Gagen, A. R. C. A.

Methodist Magazine and Review.

FEBRUARY, 1906.

FINE ART AT THE CANADIAN NATIONAL EXHIBITION.

BY THE EDITOR.



CHAMPLAIN DISCOVERING LAKE ONTARIO.

—Chas. W. Jefferys.



OUR National Exhibition is developing more and more into a great educational institution. It is adopting the highest methods of teaching by concrete example. It presents the achievements of art, industry, manufacture in such an attractive form that one may learn more by a few hours' study of its exhibits than by weeks of reading. It recognizes not only the industrial and material side of our nature, but its higher and æsthetic faculties. Its art exhibits, since they have had ampler space in a building of their own, have so developed that large additions to its space were necessary. In vindication

of this new development, if any vindication were needed, we quote the following paragraphs on the educational value of art from The Art Interchange:

There are many who say, "We know nothing about art." This implies that they know little about life, that is, in its rounded sense. Then let us advise such to use the eyes that God has given them, to look about them, to look at the first mother and child they meet on the daily round, and then at a photograph of the Dresden Madonna, and see how art interprets that first woman's face upturned in the ecstasy of prayer, and then at the face of the Madonna of the "Assumption," and see how Titian interprets the relation of man to God.

Many of us, born in cities, learn to love beautiful nature through beautiful pictures, and to understand the beauty of the human form only through the artist's loving appreciation of it. Do not consider it too curiously, or trouble yourself with the cults



OUR CAMP ON THE PIPESTONE.

—M. Matthews, R. C. A.

and isms of art, but use your common sense and assume bravely your responsibility in the matter. If you find in the Dresden Madonna something more than mere paint, accept art as an interpreter of true religion. The fault is in ourselves if we are not receiving the consolation and inspiration of art. I would advise every one to live constantly in the light of some great masterpiece, let it be but a small photograph of the Dresden Madonna or the "Assumption," and try its effect upon his life. You will find in this companionship something greater than you have yet imagined.

The last year's exhibit at the Toronto Fair, in variety of interest, has surpassed the record of any previous one. The energy and enterprise of its management have gone far afield and brought home rich spoil. Knowing the almost priceless value of some of these pictures, and the impossibility of replacing them if injured, it is strong proof of the sympathy with

this great art movement of the owners of these pictures to generously send them across the sea from their private galleries to aid this higher education of the people. The good-will of His Gracious Majesty King Edward VII. was specially shown in allowing Mr. Edwin Abbey's great coronation picture to be exhibited in Canada. That of the French Government was also signally shown by lending five canvases by distinguished artists. The Corporation of the City of London and the South Kensington Museum also permitted some of their most precious treasures to cross the sea.

Few Canadians have ever had the opportunity to see, except in the great galleries abroad, such masterpieces as those of Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema, R.A.; Sir John Gilbert, R.A.; Felix Phillipoteaux, Sir John Millais, R.A., and Benjamin Constant. The two latter are represented by canvases generously loaned by the Right Honorable Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal. Lord Strathcona is one of the most generous patrons of art in Canada. He purchased for his art gallery at Montreal some of the most costly paintings ever brought to this country. For Jules Breton's exquisite picture "The First Communion" was paid the sum of forty-two thousand dollars, the largest sum ever paid for any picture in Canada.

The Honorable W. Mortimer Clark, Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario, John Payne, Esq., and R. L. Patterson, Esq., and other patrons of art also enriched our Canadian exhibition by loans of some of the *chefs d'oeuvre* of their galleries. These include, as well as the work of distinguished foreign artists, many canvases by our own Canadian painters. Many of these pictures, however, are copyrighted and cannot be presented in this article. Through the kind permission of Dr. Orr, the manager of the Exposition and of the Canadian Art

Society, we are enabled to present a selection of the admirable Canadian pictures of that exhibit. To the personnel of these artists we have referred in previous papers, and, therefore, omit further reference in this article.

Our Canadian Rockies furnish a field of inexhaustible fertility for our Canadian artists. We call to mind with pleasure an episode in our own experience. It occurred some years ago, before there was a house built at Glacier, that now famous tourists' resort. We stopped off the train to see the gigantic glacier, larger than

An early breakfast of coffee, hot rolls, bacon, equipped us for a day of climbing among the mountains. We assisted Mr. Forbes in the production of his majestic picture of Syndicate Peak—that is, we carried his palette and brushes while he carried a camp chair and easel up a mountain trail. Finding that we could be of no further assistance, we started out to explore on our own account. "You had better take this pistol," said Mr. Forbes, handing us a revolver, "I saw some bear's tracks about here yesterday." So we thrust the weapon into our pocket, but as we climbed over the



ON ALBION'S RUGGED SHORE.

—W. Cutts.

any in Switzerland, and were glad to accept the kindly proffered hospitality of Mr. J. C. Forbes and a company of Canadian artists who were camping in the woods. Their sleeping tent was pitched on a mountain slope commanding a majestic view of the valley spread out far below. A fire of huge logs blazed brightly before the camp, sending its myriad sparks to the sky and strongly illumining the tall pines and spruces that stood in shadowy groups around. The evening passed in song and story and art reminiscences. Our sleep upon the fragrant spruce boughs was very refreshing.

rugged rocks we were afraid the plaguey thing would go off all the time.

At last we reached an *impasse*, a steep cliff flanked the glacier. This we essayed to climb, but having reached what seemed to be the top, we found another higher and inaccessible cliff towering behind. We therefore had to retrace our steps; but this was harder than the ascent. So steep and rugged was the pass that we had to kick off our boots, send them rattling down the cliff and crawl down on our stocking feet, and all the while that dreadful pistol kept knocking against our legs.



STORMY WEATHER.

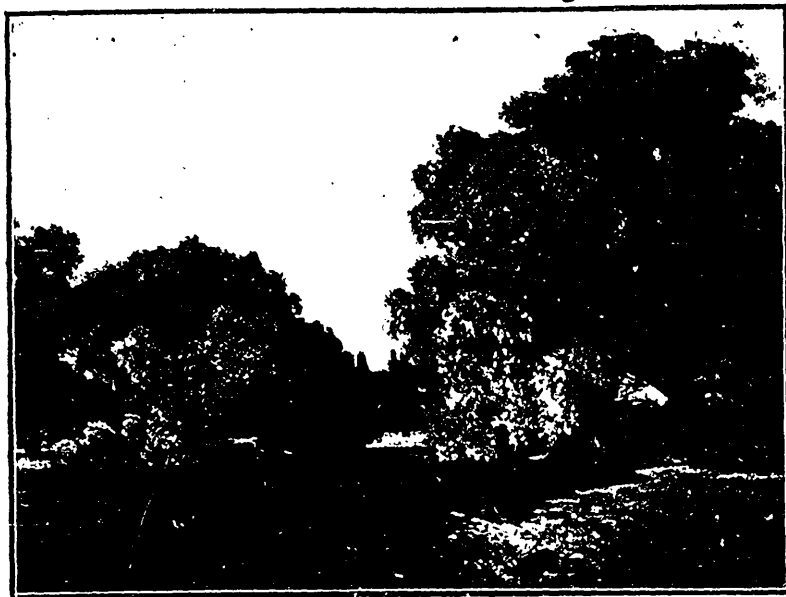
—A. M. Fleming.

But it was not so easy to find our point of departure. By dint of firing off the pistol and listening for Mr. Forbes' cheery shout, we made our way back, to find that the picture had made very satisfactory progress during our absence. As a souvenir of the occasion Mr. Forbes afterwards sent us a reduced copy of his great painting. The Rockies have been the favorite sketching ground of many of our Canadian artists. Mr. Bell-Smith and Mr. Matthews and others have found there the inspiration for some of their noblest canvases. Mr. Bell-Smith has been, in some respects, a pathfinder, having visited places theretofore deemed inaccessible for art purposes. How magical the skill that can bring to our galleries and drawing-rooms the might and majesty and loneliness of the very heart of the mountains—their long slopes of bright verdure deepening into the dark green of the serried ranks of pine climbing upward hand in hand, and far above the inaccessible brightness of the snow-clad peak gleaming like a topaz

in the sun's last kiss, then paling to tender pink and ashen gray and spectral white. The wild canyon of the Fraser, with its swirling tides and mountain grandeur and mountain gloom, is the subject of one of Mr. Bell-Smith's pictures here shown. To the left is seen an Indian salmon fisher catching his finny prey, which he dries upon the rude scaffold on the shore.

We once saw a sublime effect at the mouth of this canyon at Yale, B.C. It was a cloudy day in late October. So saturated was the air with moisture that the whole mountain side seemed blue as indigo under the lowering sky. The scattered poplars, turned to brightest yellow, flared like a flame amid the surrounding spruces, producing the most extraordinary contrast. Seen in a picture it would have seemed impossible, yet as truth is often stranger than fiction, so fact is often more striking than conventional painting.

Mr. Matthews' splendid picture of "Our Camp on the Pipestone" is



CREDIT RIVER.

—G. Chavignaud.

another revelation of mountain grandeur that appeals to our sense of the sublime. It is only by studying the perspective of this painting, following the stream up to its source, noting the successive bands of forest trees diminishing in size till with the dwarf cypress the timber limit is reached, and the bare rock stretches up and up to the keen and difficult air of the mountain top that we realize the might and majesty of these great mountains of God.

No one has ever so interpreted God's message of the mountains as has Turner in his "Modern Painters."

Let the reader imagine first the appearance of the most varied plain of some richly cultivated country; let him imagine it dark with graceful woods, and soft with deepest pastures; let him fill the space of it, to the utmost horizon, with innumerable and changeful incidents of scenery and life; leading pleasant streamlets through its meadows, strewing clusters of cottages beside their banks, tracing sweet footpaths

through its avenues, and animating its fields with happy flocks, and slow-wandering spots of cattle; and when he has wearied himself with endless imagining, and left no space without some loveliness of its own, let him conceive all this great plain, with its infinite treasures of natural beauty, and happy human life, gathered up in God's hands from one edge of the horizon to the other, like a woven garment, and shaken into deep falling folds, as the robes droop from a king's shoulders; all its bright rivers leaping into cataracts along the hollows of its fall, and all its forests rearing themselves aslant against its slopes, as a rider rears himself back when his horse plunges, and all its villages nestling themselves into the new windings of its glens, and all its pastures thrown into steep waves of green sward, dashed with dew along the edges of their folds, and sweeping down into endless slopes, with a cloud here and there lying quietly, half on the grass, half in the air,—and he will have as yet in all this lifted world, only the foundation of one of the great Alps.

And whatever is lovely in the lowland scenery becomes lovelier in this change; the trees which grow heavily and stiffly from the level line of plain, assume strange curves of strength and grace as they bend themselves



MOONRISE.

—Mrs. F. McG. Knowles.

against the mountain side; they breathe more freely and toss their branches more carelessly as each climbs higher, looking to the clear light above the topmost leaves of its brother tree; the flowers which on the arable plains fall before the plough, now find out for themselves unapproachable places, where year by year they gather into happier fellowship and fear no evil; and the streams which in the level land crept in dark eddies by unwholesome banks, now move in showers of silver, and are clothed with rainbows, and bring health and life wherever the glance of their waves can reach. . . .

The three great functions of mountains,—those of giving motion and change to water, air, and earth, are indispensable to human existence; they are operations to be regarded with as full a depth of gratitude as the laws which bid the tree bear fruit, or the seed multiply itself in the earth. And thus those desolate and threatening ranges of dark mountain, which in nearly all ages of

the world men have looked upon with aversion, or with terror, and shrunk back from as if they were haunted by perpetual images of death, are in reality sources of life and happiness far fuller and more beneficent than all the bright fruitfulness of the plain. The valleys only feed; the mountains feed, and guard, and strengthen us. We take our idea of fearlessness and sublimity alternately from the mountains and the sea; but we associate them unjustly. The sea-wave, with all its beneficence, is yet devouring and terrible; but the silent wave of the blue mountain is lifted towards heaven in a stillness of perpetual mercy; and the one surge, unfathomable in its darkness, the other unshaken in its faithfulness, for ever bear the seal of their appointed symbolism:

“Thy righteousness is like the great mountains;

“Thy judgments are a great deep.”

Mountains are to the rest of the earth what violent muscular action is to the body of man. The muscles and tendons of its anatomy are, in the mountain, brought out with force and convulsive energy, full of expression, passion, and strength; the plains and the lower hills are the repose and the effortless motion of the frame, when its muscles lie dormant and concealed beneath the lines of its beauty,—yet ruling those lines in their every undulation. This then is the first grand principle of the truth of the earth. The spirit of the hills is action, that of the lowlands repose; and between these there is to be found every variety of motion and of rest, from the inactive plain, sleeping like the firmament, with cities for stars, to the fiery peaks, which with heaving bosoms and exulting limbs, with the clouds drifting like hair from their bright foreheads, lift up their Titan heads to Heaven, saying, “I live for ever.”

Mr. Verner has made specially his own the presentation of the fast vanishing bison of our western prairies. Where once they roamed in rugged majesty by tens of thousands, shaking the earth beneath their tread, the sleek domestic cattle draw the plough or fill the byre. There is an infinite pathos in the figure of this almost last survivor of his race in Mr. Verner's painting.

Next to the mountains the sea-shore



THE TREASURE.

—F. S. Challener, R. C. A.

with its swirling tides and the tremendous momentum of the waves dashed into spray against the impregnable barriers of the cliffs appeals to the mind. They give a revelation of almost irresistible power and utter loneliness that makes one feel the insignificance of man, recalling the lines of Byron:

Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
Stops with the shore;—upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknell'd, uncoffin'd, and unknown.

The sea pieces by Mr. Cutts and Mr. Fleming grandly interpret the might and majesty of the sea. Yet there is an exultation in mastering this stormy element, in feeling one's yacht leap beneath one like a spirited steed, to mount the waves and scud before the rising breeze. It suggests Byron again:

For I was as it were a child of thee,
And trusted to thy billows far and near,
And laid my hand upon thy mane—as I do
here.

Mr. Gagen's spirited picture of fishing boats upon the Grand Banks brings vividly before us the isolation and loneliness of this watery waste, "boundless, endless and sublime." One may sail for days and not see a single sail. When the fishing boats come within hail they are eager to exchange the latest news of fishing schools or of home life. These adventurous craft fare far to sea, hundreds of miles, buffeted with the fierce gales of the North Atlantic, and win their harvest under most arduous conditions. It seems tempting providence for the fishing dories, like that shown in the foreground of the picture, to venture far from this schooner, often amid mist and rain and storm. In the patient toil of fishing for cod they are sometimes scat-

tered by storm or lost in the fog, and are never found again.

In striking contrast to the mountains and the sea is the sylvan beauty of the placid mere or meadows, the unbrageous trees with their sunlit masses of foliage and bright skies and fleecy clouds, as shown in Mr. Chavignaud's fine painting. We need not go to foreign lands in search of the picturesque. At our very doors God spreads his beauties of the commonplace. So Mr. Ruskin thus describes the glory of the sky that overarches our lives every day:

It is a strange thing how little in general people know about the sky. There is not a moment of any day of our lives, when nature is not producing scene after scene, picture after picture, glory after glory, and working still upon such exquisite and constant principles of the most perfect beauty, that it is quite certain it is all done for us, and intended for our perpetual pleasure. And every man, wherever placed, however far from other sources of interest or of beauty, has this doing for him constantly.

The noblest scenes of the earth can be seen and known but by few; it is not intended that man should live always in the midst of them, he injures them by his presence, he ceases to feel them if he be always with them; but the sky is for all; bright as it is, it is not "too bright, nor good, for human nature's daily food;" it is fitted in all its functions for the perpetual comfort and exalting of the heart, for the soothing it and purifying it from its dross and dust. Sometimes gentle, sometimes capricious, sometimes awful, never the same for two moments together; almost human in its passions, almost spiritual in its tenderness, almost divine in its infinity, its appeal to what is immortal in us is as distinct as its ministry of chastisement or of blessing to what is mortal is essential.

And yet we never attend to it, we never make it a subject of thought, but as it has to do with our animal sensations; we look upon all by which it speaks to us more clearly than the brutes, upon all which bears witness to the intention of the Supreme, that we are to receive more from the covering vault than the light and the dew which we share with the weed and the worm, only as a succession of meaningless and monotonous accident, too common and too vain to be worthy of a mo-

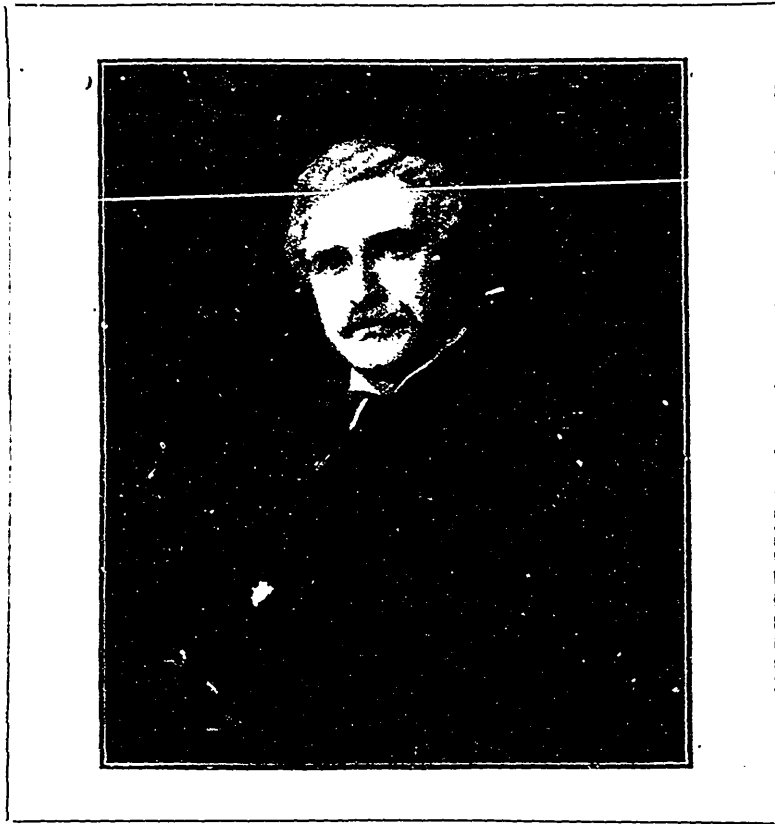
ment of watchfulness or a glance of admiration.

If in our moments of utter idleness and insipidity, we turn to the sky as a last resource, which of its phenomena do we speak of? One will say it has been wet, another it has been windy, and another it has been warm. Who, among the whole chattering crowd, can tell me of the forms and the precipices of the chain of tall white mountains that girded the horizon at noon yesterday? Who saw the narrow sunbeam that came out at the south and smote upon their summits until they melted and mouldered away in a dust of blue rain? Who saw the dance of the dead clouds when the sunlight left them last night, and the west wind blew them before it like withered leaves?

All has passed, unregretted as unseen; or if the apathy be ever shaken off, even for an instant, it is only by what is gross, or what is extraordinary; and yet it is not in the broad and fierce manifestations of the elemental energies, not in the clash of the hail, nor the drift of the whirlwind, that the highest characters of the sublime are developed. God is not in the earthquake, nor in the fire, but in the still small voice.

It seems to me that in the midst of the material nearness of the heavens God means us to acknowledge His immediate presence as visiting, judging, and blessing us. "The earth shook, the heavens also dropped, at the presence of God." "He doth set his bow in the cloud," and thus renews, in the sound of every drooping swathe of rain, his promises of everlasting love. "In them hath he set a *tabernacle* for the sun;" whose burning ball, which without the firmament would be seen as an intolerable and scorching circle in the blackness of vacuity, is by that firmament surrounded with gorgeous service, and tempered by mediatorial ministries; by the firmament of clouds the golden pavement is spread for his chariot wheels at morning; by the firmament of clouds the temple is built for his presence to fill with light at noon; by the firmament of clouds the purple veil is closed at evening round the sanctuary of his rest; by the mists of the firmament his implacable light is divided, and its separated fierceness appeased into the soft blue that fills the depth of distance with its bloom, and the flush with which the mountains burn as they drink the overflowing of the dayspring.

And in this tabernacling of the unendurable sun with men, through the shadows of the firmament, God would seem to set forth the stooping of His own majesty to men



THE REV. O. C. S. WALLACE, D.D.

—J. W. L. Forster, A. R. C. A.

upon the *throne* of the firmament. As the Creator of all the worlds, and the Inhabiter of eternity, we cannot behold Him ; but as the Judge of the earth and the Preserver of men, those heavens are indeed his dwelling-place. "Swear not, neither by heaven ; for it is God's throne : nor by the earth, for it is his footstool." And all those passings to and fro of fruitful shower and grateful shade, and all those visions of silver palaces built about the horizon, and voices of moaning winds and threatening thunders, and glories of colored robe and cloven ray, are but to deepen in our hearts the acceptance and distinctness, and dearness of the simple words, "Our Father which art in heaven."

To return to our Canadian paintings. Mrs. F. McGillivray Knowles' "Moonrise" picture is in a pensive

mood. The scraggy pines have an individual character of their own, and the mysterious flooding of the sky with silvery light recalls the myth of Diana and Endymion.

Mr. Knowles' strongly painted picture, "After the Rain," which we regret we cannot here present, has almost a weird effect. The lumbering wagon, the flooded road half seen in the dim light of fading day, and the sun's last kiss upon the rain-wet landscape are profoundly impressive. This picture may be seen in the art gallery of the Simpson Company, Toronto.

After all, it is the human interest

that appeals to the widest range of picture lovers. The fine lines of Wordsworth at Tintern Abbey express the loftier and lonelier moods of the soul:

The sounding cataracts
 Haunted me like a passion: the tall rock,
 The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,
 Their colors and their forms, were then to me
 An appetite; a feeling and a love,

I have learned
 To look on nature, not as in the hour
 Of thoughtless youth; but hearing oftentimes
 The still, sad music of humanity,
 Nor harsh nor grating, though of ample power
 To chasten and subdue. And I have felt
 A presence that disturbs me with the joy
 Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
 Of something far more deeply interfused,
 Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
 And the round ocean and the living air,
 And the blue sky, and in the mind of man:
 A motion and a spirit, that impels
 All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
 And rolls through all things. Therefore am I
 still

A lover of the meadows and the woods
 And mountains; and of all that we behold
 From this green earth; of all the mighty world
 Of eye and ear, both what they half create
 And what perceive; well pleased to recognize
 In nature and the language of the sense
 The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse,
 The guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul
 Of all my moral being.

Nature never did betray
 The heart that loved her; 'tis her privilege,
 Through all the years of this our life, to lead
 From joy to joy: for she can so inform
 The mind that is within us, so impress
 With quietness and beauty, and so feed
 With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,
 Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,
 Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all
 The dreary intercourse of daily life,
 Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb
 Our cheerful faith, that all which we behold
 Is full of blessings.

But the sweet domestic scenes, the pictures of mother love and home life, are the better suited for human nature's daily food. Mr. Challener interprets the world-old theme of mother and child, which is being repeated a thousand times in the Madonnas and Holy Babes of a thousand Old-World churches.

Fresco painting is a style which,

in the increasing wealth and culture of our land, is coming more and more into vogue. Some charming examples of this are seen in the mural decoration, by Mr. G. A. Reid, of the City Hall, Toronto, the several panels illustrating episodes in the founding of the city. Another sketch from his graceful pencil is that of the Watteau like group in the lunette, illustrating Spring. The grace of the pose and the drapery of the figure in the foreground are at once apparent.

The stirring story of Canadian discovery and exploration furnishes many admirable *motifs* for mural decoration. One of these Mr. Jefferys has seized in his splendid picture of the discovery of Lake Ontario by Champlain. The contrast between the sixteenth-century picturesque costume of the early French explorers and the bronze figures of the stalwart red men furnish fine play for the artist's knowledge of costume and anatomy. The whispering pines upon the shore and the far-spreading lake in the sunlight, with the animation and energy of the figures, make an admirable picture.

Portraiture is one of the most difficult departments of art. If the trunk of a tree or the contour of a crag are a little out of drawing it does not make so very much difference; but if you get a man's nose askew or his eyes awry it is a more serious matter. There were some splendid examples of portraiture in the art exhibit, notably Mr. Wyly Grier's portraits of Miss Wilkes and Chief Justice Falconbridge, Mr. Cruickshank's portrait of Professor Mavor, and that by Mr. Hillyard. We are able to present only the fine portrait by Mr. Forster of the Rev. Dr. O. C. S. Wallace, ex-Chancellor of McMaster University. The many friends of that gentleman will recognize the striking expression of character, the dignity and repose of this portrait.

QUEEN ALEXANDRA.

BY W. T. STEAD.



IN Queen Alexandra we have our real Faerie Queen, in whom everybody believes, whom everybody loves, and who is never so happy as when she is using her magic wand to shower blessings upon her people. She is not like the Faerie Queen of Spenser, the great Elizabeth, nor does she resemble the good Victoria, whose solid virtues had little of the glamor and glory of Faeryland. Queen Alexandra is more of a Faerie Queen than either of her illustrious predecessors. Neither of them was beautiful, both indeed were distinctly plain in feature, and in the character of both there was a masterful temper, not always amiable in its manifestation.

Queen Alexandra possesses the great gift of personal beauty. She is as graceful as Titania herself, and she is proof against all the assaults of age. Perennial youth is the attribute of all fairies, youth of heart combined with youthful appearance, and both are the characteristics of our Queen. When Alexandra was a little girl, as a Princess of the Danish Court, the great poet of Faeryland, Hans Christian Andersen, often would take her upon his knee and tell her the wonderful stories which have endeared him to the children of the whole world. Methinks that, as the little Danish girl sat on the poet's knee, something of the magic and the mystery of his genius must have been wrought into the very being of the child, and so it happened that when she grew up she was able to become

what she now is seen to be, the veritable Faerie Queen of this land of old romance.

All this has been known for years by those who have had the privilege of access to the Royal presence. But it was not till last month that the nation at large realized the truth. Hitherto Queen Alexandra has been regarded more or less as an ornamental asset of the Empire. Her well-known features, her graceful figure, were as familiar as the saints in the stained-glass windows of some ancient minster. She was as visible, as beautiful, but as inaudible as they. Her presence added a splendor and a beauty to the life of England, but in the stately drama and Royal pageant hers was not a speaking part. She played her silent *role* with dignity and grace, but that was all. Lives may be suppressed in palaces as effectively as in cloisters, and the crown which sheds its fierce light about the throne casts shadows which conceal the personality of those who stand nearest. During Victoria's reign there was no room for a second woman near the throne, and even in the new reign the King necessarily somewhat obscures the Queen. But her Majesty has it in her to be more than a mere picturesque figure in the *tableau vivant* of the Court. She is in heart and will a real Faerie Queen, and last month she had the long delayed opportunity to express herself.

It came about in this wise. On Monday, November 6th, the wives of the unemployed in East and South London, growing impatient at the long delay in giving any practical effect to the expectations held out by



HER MAJESTY QUEEN ALEXANDRA.

the Government when they introduced their bill for dealing with the unemployed, went in procession to wait upon Mr. Balfour. There were some three to five thousand of them without their infantry, of whom there were a goodly number in arms. London, which has grown accustomed to see Lazarus parading his sores before the doorstep of Dives, experienced a genuine thrill of compassion when the wife

and weans of Lazarus presented themselves at Downing Street. The unsympathetic Times was constrained to declare that, "whatever its exact numerical proportions, the demonstration was perhaps the most striking and significant of the kind that has been held in London for several generations."

Mr. Balfour wrung his hands in unavailing sympathy. All that he

could say was that he looked to the public spirit and the generosity of the public to supply the funds without which the Unemployed Act of last session would be a mere dead letter.

The women adjourned to Westminster Chapel, and expressed their "profound indignation at the hopeless and ineffectual reply" of the Prime Minister. And there for the moment the matter ended, or would have ended but for the direct appeal which one section of the women made direct to the Queen. The result of that appeal was the appearance in the papers of November 14th of the following letter:

"I appeal to all charitably-disposed people in the Empire, both men and women, to assist me in alleviating the suffering of the poor starving unemployed during this winter. For this purpose I head the list with £2,000."

"ALEXANDRA."

The response of the public was immediate. The King subscribed two thousand guineas, the Prince of Wales a thousand. Lord Strathcona, with his accustomed liberality, subscribed £10,000. By the end of the month £100,000 had been sent in, and the small donors have not yet been tapped.

The action taken by the Queen was the spontaneous dictate of her own heart. It is almost the first occasion in which her Majesty has stepped out of the penumbra of the throne and revealed herself as a loving-hearted woman, with a strong individuality and will of her own. She did the right thing, at the right time, in the right way. And by doing it she discovered to the nation the fact that the Queen was no mere ornamental appendage and lay figure in the Royal pageant, but a very valuable asset of the realm.

Mr. Bernard Shaw with characteristic directness expressed in *The Times* what most people felt when

reading the Queen's appeal. He wrote:

Like everybody else in London with a spark of social compunction, I am boundlessly delighted with the very womanly dash made by the Queen to do something for the unemployed. She has said, in effect, to our wise men: "Well, if ye cannot get my people work, I will give them bread. Who will come and help me?" In doing this the Queen has precipitated a crisis that was bound to come sooner or later. . . . The Queen will not allow us to starve her people.

Having stepped out into the open, the Queen can never again be relegated to the subordinate *role* which suppressed her individuality, and made a vigorous and wilful personality a mere figure-head. She is, to borrow Spenser's splendid phrase,

"Great Lady of the greatest Isle, whose light,
Like Phœbus' lamp, throughout the world
doth shine."

The Queen Alexandra has now fully qualified herself for taking over the duties of Royal Sympathy Incarnate, which form no small part of the functions of the sovereign in this country. The Queen's acceptance of the presidency of the new Red Cross Society, and her spirited appeal to the women of the Empire to carry out what she described as essentially a woman's work, is another outward and visible sign that we have again "a Queen in being."

It is one of the privileges of royalties that they are not allowed to conceal the date of their birth. The Queen was born in 1844. She is now sixty-one years old, an age more befitting a fairy godmother than a fairy queen. But though that be her age by the almanac, and she is a grandmother with a large family of grandchildren, she is younger looking than her daughters. It is a characteristic of the Danish Royal family that they never grow old. The head of the

house, the King of Denmark, who is now great-grandfather many times, and who has seen eighty-seven summers, is the youngest crowned heart in Christendom. He and the Queen Alexandra are the youngest couple in the Amalienborg Castle when it is crowded with the youngsters of the Royal stock. That means that her health is good, her vitality unimpaired, and her zest for the joys of life unabated. But she has seen many sorrows, and in the Royal fairyland the sun does not always shine.

The Queen is a good housewife, a devoted mother, and a loyal wife. She is intensely fond of music and of flowers, and her love for animals has often been dwelt upon. As for her favorite country, although born a Dane, she is English to her heart's core.

Not on questions which divide the nation into parties can the Queen's voice be heard in the future any more than it has been in the past. But on the far more pressing and urgent questions of home politics, on the Condition of the People question in all its phases, the Queen has now made herself felt. Once having experienced the benefit of having a Faerie Queen, the nation will never consent to forego the benefit of her benefactions and the blessings of her presence. For she will henceforth ever be to us, as Spenser said of Queen Elizabeth, "two persons—the one of a most Royal Queen and Empress, the other of a most virtuous and beautiful lady." Nor will the latter ever be allowed to hide the former from our view.—*Review of Reviews.*

DEVELOPMENT.

BY AMY PARKINSON.

'Tis not in anger, but in tenderest love,
Thy Father chastens. As the gardener,
To strengthen and to beautify the vine,
And cause that it produce more perfect fruit,
And yield more freely, prunes and trains and
grafts:

So, when God takes away, it is to give;
And where he sets restrictions, they are but
To aid development.

If from thy life

His hand hath severed some aspiring shoots,
And turned aside some outstretched tendrils
from

The objects unto which they fain had clung,
He hath inserted deep within thy heart
The germ of goodlier growth, and more prolific,

Toronto

That thou mayest bud and blossom and bring
forth
Abundantly the fruit of His desiring.

Then bend thee at His will! Clasp thou and
climb

As He directeth, straining not against
His limitations! When thou hast attained
Unto the amplitude of that existence
Toward which He makes thine earthly being
tend—

So far will it be found to have surpassed
Thy fondest hopes, thy highest aspirations,
That e'en the speech of heaven shall scarce
afford

Language for thy thanksgiving!

RUSSIAN PEASANT RIOTS.*

BY ERNEST POOLE.



ANG the leaders of these cattle; flog the others; flood the whole district with Cossacks—this is our only practicable course.” So spoke the head of the Chancellery in Kursk, centre of peasant riot districts, most wretched part of Russia.

The Chancellor leaned forward over his desk. Splendid shoulders, thick neck; broad, rugged face with heavy black beard; quiet, piercing eyes deep under bushy brows; a low, harsh voice.

“Our hands are tied,” he said impatiently. “Petersburg seems to have lost its head. To-day we get orders to be liberal, to promise reforms, to conciliate these cattle. To-morrow they say, ‘Flog! Hang! Stamp out!’ But to-morrow is only one day, and before we have time to begin our flogging, the next day brings more orders—to be ‘kind and liberal.’

“It’s a dangerous time for such hesitation. The whole province is in ferment. The Socialists are everywhere, straining to bring to a climax their work of the last thirty years. In the night they nail their manifestoes to walls, sheds, and fences; day and night they are in the huts, in the

* The sensational political developments in the Czar’s unhappy country give a peculiar timeliness to Mr. Poole’s Russian studies. In the profoundly true story that follows, a face-to-face study of actual conditions, Mr. Poole gives new and significant details of the horrors of peasant oppression, and traces the momentous results, including the people’s repudiation both of their God and their country, which the great crimes of the Russian autocracy have at last produced.

woods, and in village tea-rooms; everywhere gathering groups and lashing up wild passions. Two weeks ago one group suddenly swelled to thousands; they swarmed like locusts over the district, burning a dozen estates in as many hours. We threw in our troops; the fire went underground. It is silent fire now, but ready to burst up again in an instant!

“You come here at such a time,” he continued grimly, “and say you wish to see these peasants. I shall show your letters to the Governor, but I tell you beforehand that he will never give permission.” He left the room.

I had come down the night before from Moscow with Ivanoff, my interpreter and colleague, proposing to find the truth about these peasants in southern Russia—the hungriest, most ignorant, most degraded of all the human millions who belong body and soul, by grace of God, to Nicholas the Second.

We had come direct to the Governor: first, because we wished to hear both sides of the story; second, because one week before, up in central Russia, the police had expelled us from a village, warning us never again to attempt looking at peasants without permission from the governor of the province.

We waited impatiently. Past the open door came brilliant uniforms. Waiters hurried through with trays of tea-glasses. Before us in the corner hung a Madonna in gorgeous frame of silver and gilt, and close below flickered the tiny wick lamp which never goes out. This was an ikon—one of the twenty million ikons

in Russia—outposts of the Russian Church. And close beside hung a picture of the Czar.

By the window stood a tall, thin man with drooping shoulders and a bored expression. He was, the Chancellor's aide.

"I cannot see," he remarked at last, "what you find interesting in the peasants here. There is nothing here but the most revolting poverty, starvation, disease. Most revolting." He relapsed into gloomy silence. At last the Chancellor returned.

"The Governor has not consented. He has no power to allow you to see the peasants. You must forward your application to the Minister of the Interior."

Ivanoff and I grew desperate. Forwarding an application to the Minister of the Interior is like throwing pebbles into the ocean; applications have been piling up there some fifty years. We talked things over in English, then Ivanoff turned to the Chancellor.

"We have powerful friends in Petersburg who may procure for us a letter from one of the Grand Dukes. Will that help us?"

The Chancellor smiled.

"Not long ago," he replied, "a gentleman came here with just such a letter. But meanwhile the Governor had received different orders from some one else in Petersburg. The gentleman did not see the peasants."

"Let's get out of this," I said, speaking low in English, "Let's hire a sleigh, and just begin looking as we did in those other villages. At least we can see something before we get expelled."

Unfortunately the Chancellor caught my meaning.

"If you try to see the peasants by yourselves," he said, "you will not only be watched by the police, but some at least of the peasants to whom

you talk will be our spies. We have telephones to every village, and in two hours at latest we shall know not only whom you have seen, but also what you yourselves have said. Meanwhile you will have been seized and thrown into a village jail, awaiting our orders." He smiled grimly. "Our village police are rough fellows. They would doubtless flog you both in jail before we could inform them who you were. Of course we should be sorry for this and should reprimand them. But in the meantime, you see, you would have been flogged." Ivanoff translated this slowly.

"Do you think he means it?"

"Yes. I have known cases where it was done."

"But you read him my letters from my magazine, from the American consul, and from the Secretary of State?"

Ivanoff only smiled. "Oh, my dear fellow, that is nothing."

"In my country it is something. We have a strange American custom that may interest the Chancellor. When a journalist comes to report both sides of a strike, he is not flogged, not even jailed. We let him walk right up and look at the workmen." Ivanoff told this to the Chancellor. They both laughed.

"Young man," said the Chancellor, rising as if to close the interview, "kindly remember that you are not in the United States but in Russia. We are responsible to no living man here, but only to our superiors in Petersburg, who are in turn responsible only to his Majesty the Czar."

For an hour we wandered through the hummocky, slushy, steaming streets; watching crowds of peasant men and women who had come into town to market. The faces of these peasants were broad and dull and coarse. They were clothed in rags; the handkerchiefs on the women's

heads were old and spattered with mud; the sheepskin coats were torn and foul. We saw hunger—always hunger—in the weak, shuffling steps of men, in the weary faces of women, in hollow, anemic cheeks of little children. They stood about by hundreds and by thousands in the mud. Scowls and gloomy silence. Only here and there groups would suddenly collect. In an instant hands would wave and voices rise in wild anger. Then the soldiers with their bayonets, or the Cossacks with their whips, would rush in shouting abuse, and the peasants would scatter, scowling, shivering—thinking. Such thinking is the Russian Revolution.

The town covered a big bare hill. Looking down and off into the prairie we saw, under the low-hanging gray clouds, indistinct through the mist, miles and miles of snow and slush and mud; the mud so deep you could see the peasant carts sink to the hubs of the wheels, while the furious drivers lashed the bony little horses. Far out over this stretch were tiny groups of huts made of sod and logs and straw. These were villages. And between them under the snow lay the earth—the famous Black Belt, once so rich, but “sweated” now by ignorance.

We went for advice to a leader of the district *zemstvo*; we had a letter to him from a liberal prince in Moscow. The leader received us kindly. He was a short, rugged old man with enormous, broad shoulders, bushy, gray whiskers, massive face lined and wrinkled by work. His little blue eyes twinkled and his face wrinkled in a noiseless laugh when we told him what the Chancellor had said.

“He means just what he says. You would be jailed in two hours, lose all your note-books, and be expelled from Russia; while your friend here might land for months in prison. You would also run a good chance of

being killed by the peasants. You have seen even here in town how furious they get in a moment. They suspect you foreigners, for the head of the Russian Church has ordered all his twenty thousand village popes to assure the peasants every Sunday that the Petersburg massacre was caused by English and Japanese spies, who incited the workmen to riot simply in order to have them killed. According to the village popes, the English are all murderers.

“But why not let me give you the stories? I have lived all my life down there among the peasants. You know already, from Prince B——, in Moscow, from the *zemstvo* men, and from the Socialists that I’m a half-way old chap between them all. You can rely on the literal truth of what I tell you. First, about the riots:

“One morning, ten days ago, in a village some forty miles back in the country, the church bell began to ring furiously. An hour later some fifty men and women with clubs and pitchforks started off for the next village half a mile away. There the mob doubled, on they marched, and in six hours there were over a thousand surging along through the snow, sucking in every man, woman, and child from each village through which they passed.

“In one little hamlet a hundred peasants stood blocking the road. These peasants had heard the roar of the mob in the distance, and because their *barin* had always been kind and liberal they resolved to defend his estate. They stood startled, bewildered, irresolute, massed across the road between the high snow-banks.

“Down the road surged the mob, two thousand now—men, women, and children in shaggy sheepskin coats and rags; bare heads, disheveled hair and bloodshot eyes; wild shouts, curses, screams, and hysterical laugh-

ter; shrill cries from little boys; clubs pounding snow; pitchforks tossing overhead. In front came twenty peasant leaders striding along in their huge felt boots.

"The little group edged back. The twenty leaders stopped.

"Heigh! You! Out of the way! Join in behind us!"

"We will not."

"What?" yelled the leaders, starting forward.

"We must stop you," said an old man in the centre of the group. His skinny old hand shook as he pointed up over the trees to the two tall chimneys of the house of his *barin*. "Our *barin* has always been good to us. Leave him alone!"

"The peasant leaders laughed. The laugh ran back and rippled into a roar.

"Fools! Idiots! Cattle! What can you do against us? There are twenty of us for each one of you. Now get away or we will kill you all. Fall in behind us, for we are brothers. We won't kill your *barin*. All we want to do is to take all the land and everything and divide it up. Out of the way! Be quick!"

"The little group drew back and consulted in low, anxious voices.

"Look here!" sputtered the younger men, growing more and more excited. "These fellows are bound to take our *barin's* things. We can't stop them just by being killed. It's better for us to join in and get a share of the things. Why not? Look here! Perhaps these peasants are right; perhaps the land does belong to us. We do all the work on it. Why should this *barin* always eat big dinners while we starve? Suppose he is kind to the poorest of us. He is only half kind. If he were all kind he would not have eaten such big dinners this winter while five of our babies died because they had no milk

and had only black bread to suck. Come on. Let's get our sleighs to haul away his things."

"In vain the old man protested. In a few minutes they were leading the two thousand into the estate.

"There the passions that had smouldered so long in starvation, disease, and ignorance now burst into flame. Men and women rushed wildly about. Some one struck down a dog, and the sight of blood maddened the others. They rushed to the barn, locked all the cattle in, piled logs around, poured oil on the logs, and set them afire. Then men, women, and children danced round the flames, while the roasting cattle bellowed inside.

"They broke into the house, tramping mud through every room, pounding, yelling, smashing.

"The *barin's* mother, a proud old noblewoman, stood in her room under the sacred family ikon.

"Take all," she said. "I cannot resist, for I am only a weak old woman. But this I will ask you. Leave my ikon, the holy altar of my ancestors.

"You can have it!" The peasant leader laughed, and leaped on a chair which creaked under his big felt boot. He tore the Madonna from its frame on the wall, shattered the glass with one blow of his earthly fist, tore off the silver and gold, and then threw the crumpled picture at her feet.

"Take your old piece of cloth!" he shouted. "We don't need it any more! We are through with ikons!"

"He was right. The peasants are through with ikons.

"In a village where I lived eight years ago was a peasant neither starving nor prosperous, just half-way between. His name was Sergius Castierin. This Sergius began to think laboriously. And the process of his thought was as follows:

"Sergius wanted to get rich. He knew that the Russian Church was immensely rich. The pope had told him that these riches came because God loved the church. 'Now,' thought Sergius, 'if I can only get God to love me, then I too shall be fat and comfortable.'

"So to win God's love Sergius began carefully imitating the village pope in all his habits. He began to go to every service in the church, Sundays and week-days too; he scraped together his spare kopecks and spent them all on masses; he even paid the pope to perform more masses in his hut; and, to be unusually polite to God, he bought four sacred ikons, instead of one, and hung them all up on the log walls of his hut. Every time the pope came out of his house and walked to the little white church, out of his hut came Sergius and walked behind, very close, that God might not fail to see him. He shrewdly imitated the pope's every gesture. The pope was lame; Sergius grew just as lame—he used to practise at night in the one room of his hut. Later he made his voice deep and solemn; he spoke in monotonous; he knelt in exactly the same way as the pope. He was almost always kneeling. And so three years passed piously away.

"Then Sergius saw that while he had been kneeling, his little poor strip of land had grown hard and poor from neglect, and his children had grown thinner and thinner because all the spare kopecks in the hut had gone to the pope to buy love from God. As the two tiniest children grew weaker they grew more fretful; they used to cry drearily all night from the ache in their stomachs. The wife would hush them, but in ten minutes they would begin again the same whining cry—over and over, hundreds of times through the night.

And because God might be listening, Sergius could only swear in whispers.

"Once, toward dawn, Sergius lay up on top of the broad brick stove, hearing the whines, and whispering more and more earnestly. Suddenly the smallest child gave an extra loud whine. Then down from the stove leaped Sergius.

"'Devils!' he roared. 'Devils! Devils! Devils! Pigs! Bugs!' He looked up through the ceiling and shouted to God:

"'Listen all you want—if you are there. I don't believe you ever were there! I say this God is no good at all! Anyway he gets nothing more from me! Wife! Pig! Wake up! I was very religious—yes—you know I was! Well—now look at us! Oh, shut up, you little devils, quit your bawling! Wife, gather all this holy rubbish and pitch it into the creek! I say now! Right away! Before morning! I can't sleep when I see these ikon women laughing at the way they have cheated me!'

"In vain his wife sobbed and shook with fear and told him that God would surely kill them all.

"'Bosh!' shouted Sergius. 'Woman, be quick! I have my club ready for your back. I have not beaten you for three years, but I will beat you three years without stopping if you don't tear these things out of the hut!'

"So Sergius began his strike against God. That was five years ago. And now the whole village is with him.

"The peasants have grown to despise and ridicule the church. But it is against the Czar's other village officials that they feel the deepest, deadliest hatred.

"Some years ago, while zemstvo statistician, I went to investigate a certain village from which had come

rumors of fearful poverty. On my arrival, though the Czar's officials—judge, clerk, and policemen—were all very amiable, I felt at once that there was something queer in the village.

"In most of these poorest hamlets the peasants go away in the winter to work in the factories of the larger towns. The younger men often leave for good. But here all were staying on right through the winter; they had done this for years, and so the population had swelled, the land had grown poorer, and now famine was working sad havoc.

"Why did they stay? All the faces were cowed and frightened; it seemed to me they all wanted to tell me something but were silent for fear of the Zemsky Natchalnik.

"As you may know, this Natchalnik is the Czar's 'Inspector.' He watches zemstvos and peasants alike. He is the tyrant of the district. He forces the peasants to elect his creatures for judge and clerk and road-mender. If any one opposes him he simply calls this person a dangerous conspirator and throws him without trial into jail. The wise Russian law provides that the Natchalnik can imprison a peasant without trial for only three days at a time, but I have known cases where a troublesome 'honest government' peasant was put into jail for three days, then freed for three hours, then put into jail again, and so on for weeks.

"This Natchalnik had cowed the whole village. In vain I went from hut to hut asking questions. Even at midnight I could not enter a hut and stay ten minutes before there would come a rap at the door; in would stride either the judge, the clerk, or the policeman; and at once the family would fall into gloomy silence—grandparents, parents, and children all staring straight before them in dull, hopeless dread.

"I gave up and started for town at daylight. About a mile out of the village, in a little wood by the roadside, some twenty peasants were huddled together talking in low, tense, angry voices. I asked the driver of my sledge what they were doing.

"'Oh,' he laughed, 'they're trying to think of some way to get rid of this Zemsky Natchalnik. He has a big estate here and he wants the very cheapest laborers, and so he has forbidden the peasants to leave the village; he knows that in this way the peasants must grow more and more, and so the wages he pays can grow less and less, until they all get to the starving place where a man can just barely stand up and keep on working.'

"Our sleigh had come up noiselessly in the deep snow; we stopped behind a clump of bushes and listened, but could hear nothing intelligible. Only over and over again the same low, indignant cry:

"'In the next village the *barin* gives two rubles a day and here this Natchalnik only gives half a ruble!'

"In the villages near by I found that many landlords heartily favored this Natchalnik. He had managed in their villages the same scheme—for a consideration. Their peasants were also shut in and wages had already dropped a hundred per cent. One landlord jovially remarked: 'We are living like cheese in butter.'

"On the other hand the factory employers in the neighboring town were groaning for lack of workmen. They had tried hard to break the Natchalnik's economic quarantine, but every effort was useless, for the Russian law provides that the Natchalnik may forbid any suspected peasant to roam out of the district. This shrewd official had simply applied the law wholesale.

"This Natchalnik is only the outpost of the Czar's bureaucracy. They

are all alike. This morning you say they forbade you to look at the peasants. They forbid us zemstvo men to gather any helpful statistics. The Natchalniki intrude at every step, on the ground that statisticians are dangerous 'propagandists.' And the moment they telegraph this dread word to Petersburg their enemies are at once swept away by the majesty of the law. It makes no difference if the accusation be true or not. Not long ago our zemstvo chose eleven statisticians (the law allows us twenty or more). These eleven, although long in the service of the zemstvo, had not once been under the suspicion of the police. When a zemstvo man can work for years without being sus-

pected by one of the two hundred thousand police and inspectors of various kinds, then he must indeed be a harmless and conservative person. So I thought. But to make doubly sure I sent to our governor the names of these men, that he might endorse them. Weeks of waiting. Then the list came back. At the bottom was written simply this:

"I forbid them all."

"The governor did right. For those men had been trained in universities for their work. Had he allowed them to go into the villages down there in the plain, they would have brought back the most dangerous of all propaganda—the truth about Russia."



WHEN GOD THINKS BEST.

There's an end to the burdens of souls unblest,
 When God thinks best!
 He will pluck every thorn from the aching breast,
 He will lay them tenderly down to rest,
 And roses shall bloom from the clay, spade-prest,
 When God thinks best!

For that end that will come we must watch and wait,
 Be we little or great.
 We must stand by the highway, and stand by the gate,
 For we know not the quarter, and know not the date,
 But, if we be watching, ah, happy our fate!
 Be we little or great.

—Angelus.

RUSSIA IN REVOLUTION.

BY ROBERT MACLEOD.



R. JOHN MORLEY has said in his volume on Burke that practical politicians and political students should bind about their necks and write upon the tables of their hearts the famous passage from the "Memoirs of Sully," that "The revolutions that come to pass in great States are not the result of chance, nor of popular caprice. . . . As for the populace, it is never from a passion to attack that it rebels, but from impatience of suffering." This is strikingly illustrated in the recent history of Russia. Spreading by secret propaganda with amazing rapidity among university professors and students, and "intellectuals" generally, Nihilism was met with counter vigilance by the Government. From sixteen thousand to twenty thousand persons were sent annually as exiles to Siberia, and yet, so far from Nihilism being checked, organized missionary effort was attempted to win over the mass of the peasantry. Then was seen the strange phenomenon of

young men and women abandoning their homes and studies to "go among the people,"—so ran the catchword. They entered the peasant's fetid hut and strove with words of sympathy and hope to make converts; but with little apparent success. The suspiciousness ingrained by centuries of slavery was proof against the allurements of the Socialist; and inherited devotion to the person of the Czar, together with some slow sense of gratitude to their liberator, were too deeply rooted to be eradicated by the teachers of what Mr. Skrine calls "the sombre gospel of negation."

The cold deliberate ferocity of the Government as it plied the instruments of despotism—condemnation without trial, long exile, torture and imprisonment—was successful in arresting and driving underground the liberal and Nihilist propaganda; and then followed a period of comparative quiet for the autocracy. Still, we cannot doubt that the seed found congenial soil in many outside the student population. Buried deep, it survived the numerous droughts of reaction, and brought forth its kind, mostly in secret places, propagated itself continually, and is to-day bear-

*The world is witnessing to-day the most stupendous revolution it has ever known. It threatens to be infinitely worse than the French Revolution of 1789, which overthrew both throne and altar in the dust. It affects the vastest territorial empire in the world, with a population of one hundred and thirty millions of people. The oppression of this dumb, weltering mass has been far greater than that of even the hapless peasantry of France. The awful story of the many thousands of exiles to the tundras of Siberia has haunted the world like a nightmare. Things has gone from bad to worse. Of twelve hundred edicts against the Jews in two hundred and fifty years more than half have been issued in a single recent reign.

Moreover, this great tragedy takes place under the very eyes of Christendom. We read its tragedy every day and its scenes are kodaked for us in the illustrated papers. "On horror's head horrors accumulate." A hundred years ago the news filtered only slowly to the ears of mankind. We are studying the greatest social and political problem in European history. We therefore give considerable space in this number to the most authentic information we can procure on this colossal tragedy. We abridge herewith from the last number of the London Quarterly, the highest organ of British Methodism, this tremendous indictment drawn from and fortified by official documents of the great anarchism of the great Russian despotism.

ing its fruit in all classes of Russian society.

It was now war to the knife. Assassination was organized. Society was dislocated. Anarchy stalked through the land. Panic seized the Government. Martial law was proclaimed over large tracts of the Empire. Legal procedure was superseded, and absolute power given to governors in the storm-centres. But punishment of the most severe character, by "administrative order," availed little. "The most absolute Government in the world was checkmated by an inner ring who had made a pact with death."

General Melikov, holding that the battle with anarchy could only be gained by the good-will of the Russian people, strove to persuade his imperial master to adopt milder measures, hoping to inoculate him with the idea of granting to Russia a constitution. This would draw the teeth of the Nihilists, and win back the esteem, now well-nigh forfeited, of those who had delighted to call him "the Czar-Liberator." A scheme was laid before the autocrat early in 1881, of which he signified his approval in the form of a rescript. He then hesitated, and postponed the publication of the edict until March 12th, on which day he again hesitated. On the next day, when he had resolved to promulgate it, the lonely, harassed emperor was assassinated. Thus perished a great monarch who saw the goal to which he ought to guide his people, but lacked strength and courage for the herculean task.

Obscurantism triumphed, and the reign of his successor, Alexander III., the pupil of Pobiedonostsev, was to be on the whole reactionary. Honest, virtuous, not overweighted with brains, he had little even of "the vague liberalism" of his father. After displaying vacillation in refer-

ence to the vast project of reform which his father had sanctioned, he declared his resolve to maintain the autocratic power unsullied and to extirpate heinous agitation. He cashiered his father's ministers, and called to office men who were pledged to support him in the struggle with the universal anarchy. The extremest instruments of repression were again employed. "The whole machinery of justice was superseded by a military dictatorship." To breathe a liberal sentiment was a crime past forgiveness. From ten thousand to twelve thousand persons, few of whom were Nihilists, were every year arrested, and many of them, loaded with chains, sent to Siberian prisons or mines, or condemned to eat out their hearts in awful isolation on the shores of the Polar Sea.

Order was restored, but the cruel character of irresponsible despotism was burnt into the soul of the intelligence of the Russian nation too deeply for the scars ever to be obliterated. And the Czar himself, terror-haunted, was quite unfitted to conduct openly the affairs of State. In one thing he succeeded—in the education of the people in anti-monarchicism. The disgraceful crusade against the Jews added to the unrest of the Empire, and made every coterie of Hebrews sympathizers with treason.

Meanwhile Poland, "stabbed to the heart in her social institutions, religion, language, and culture," by Alexander III., whose maxim was "One Russia, one creed, one Czar," succumbed in an unequal struggle. The national spirit was apparently destroyed, but the inextinguishable embers of patriotism smouldered under the super-imposed weight of Russian despotism—and lately they have burst into flame. Steadily the Muscovite Empire was advancing in Asia,

bringing to heel primitive peoples, annexing vast territory, and pursuing its cherished purpose, in fulfilment of what it believed to be its destiny—"to break from ice-bound coasts and gain access to warmer waters on the Pacific shore."

In November, 1894, death overtook Alexander III. The victim of a hateful tyranny, his life was one of unceasing endeavor to cope with domestic revolutionary forces of which he personally was in constant terror, and from which he secluded himself in his palaces, closely guarded by a triple cordon of soldiers and police. He failed to subdue the anarchical spirit which tormented his country. Indeed, under his stern repressive rule the doctrines he dreaded took firmer root. In his vast ambition to shape a huge world-power out of heterogeneous peoples, he sacrificed the opportunity which his father's reign brought to him of establishing the Empire on the rights and affections of his subjects.

Nicholas II. from the first adopted as his own the policy which guided his predecessor—that of a military, world-grasping regime, unilluminated by the loftiest aims. In January, 1895, he made it clear that the Zemstvos must not be regarded as possessing the germ of representative government; that the Czar intended to maintain unflinchingly the principle of autocracy. All classes, save the bureaucracy, had hoped for a different pronouncement; and their bitter disappointment was not greatly mollified by "clemency manifestoes." A decade of persecution and intermittent famine deepened the chagrin of his people, and stimulated the subterranean forces that threaten his throne. Posing as a leader of monarchs who are "resolved to maintain the world's peace in a spirit of right and equity," he has shown himself to

be an unscrupulous lover of power in his attitude toward Manchuria. It may be that he is but the tool of a strong oligarchy; but in his treatment of enlightened public men who entertain liberal opinions, as well as in his dealings with anarchists, he has displayed none of the qualities that, in a great sovereign, constrain the admiration of the world.

It will give some idea of the magnitude of the new enterprises when we state that prior to the war £19,000,000 was invested in steel works alone. But extravagance in equipment, over-remuneration of officials, over-production, and mad speculation, culminated in a crisis in which many firms collapsed, with the usual results of scarcity of work and disaffection among the workmen. These rapidly increasing urban populations, drawn from the peasantry, are throwing off the slough of serfdom, and growing in importance year by year. Factory hands number about 2,000,000, and these with their families represent a population of 7,000,000. Add to these about 9,000,000 employed in trades, shops, etc., and we have an urban population of 16,000,000 of industrials. The docile beast of burden is being erected into a man with ideas and aspirations. The Socialist propaganda finds ready listeners.

The fact that thousands of workmen were arrested during the past five years for taking part in labor demonstrations does not make the proletariat the more friendly towards the Government. And they are missionaries to their own kin still bound to the soil. Many of them are employed in the towns during part of the year only, and periodically return to their homes in the country to work upon the land, and to sow widely progressive ideas.

That the peasantry, who constitute

90 per cent. of the population in Siberia and 70 per cent. in European Russia, and number 100,000,000 souls, are at last awaking is the universal testimony; and if ever a patient people were goaded to revolt by the conditions amid which they live, it is the agrarian subjects of the Czar. For long the peasant stood aloof from the struggle for liberty. He is ignorant—thanks to the authorities, who have steadily discouraged education, which ever saps the bulwark of the autocracy. He is superstitious and but half-civilized. He is lazy and without initiative. He is hugely in debt. The amount owing to the Government on account of the arrears of land-redemption dues in 1903 was 112,000,000 roubles. Above all, his poverty is chronic and crushing.

But it is charged against the autocracy that by deliberate policy the peasant has been kept in subservience; that the Zemstvos have been disabled and placed under a ban whenever they zealously encouraged agricultural instruction and better methods of labor. The causes of the *mujik's* increasing and hopeless indigence are many. He has no capital, intellectual or material, and has to make his bricks without straw. His methods are obsolete. Then he is taxed to death, notwithstanding certain alleviations granted by the Government. "In the period from 1890 to 1899 the peasants of East and Central Russia paid £41,000,000 in taxes." Half of this amount was paid back in the form of relief rendered necessary by famine. The head of a peasant household, after deducting the grain required to feed his family, has to pay into the Imperial Treasury, according to the district in which he resides, from 20 to 100 per cent. of his agricultural revenue. He is compelled to sell his grain in order to pay his taxes,—though starvation stares him

in the face. The whip of the tax-gatherer is ever held over him.

The war with Japan has further aggravated his distress. That hundreds of thousands of peasants should be compelled to leave home for the battle-fields of Manchuria is the occasion of much hardship. There are few to work the land; there is neither money nor bread for those who are left behind, and the hungry clamor in vain for help. The cost of human life is being resented by the masses, from which the troops are drawn. The parents, the blood of whose sons stains Manchurian fields in an unpopular war, long in vain for news from those who will never again scrawl a letter; the widows, surrounded by famishing children whose home was a scene of peace until the lottery of conscription robbed it of its stay and strength to send them far away to fall a prey to devouring war—these help to swell the volume of discontent. "Nowhere in the world has the refusal of military service assumed such large proportions as it has taken among the humble peasantry of these vast prairies." Truly "the shadow of a great struggle is dark upon the land."

The interference with traffic is also a serious matter for the peasant. In March last, Mr. Villari tells us, "no less than 180,000 wagon loads of grain were rotting in the stations, as there was no means of forwarding them to the coast," while the people were starving. And thus the political education of the peasant, who was for long proof against the Socialist propaganda, is being rapidly achieved by the war. Unrest is everywhere, and panic-stricken nobles are hurrying their families into the towns from fear of disturbances.

The oligarchy appear to learn nothing. The determined enemies of all progress, they misinterpret the

signs of the times; they probably seclude the Czar behind veils of ignorance and prejudice; they disguise their self-interest under seeming devotion to national interests; and they sacrifice the whole people for the benefit of a small ruling class. "The Empire is governed by a handful of men, Ministers of State, and chief among them are M. Witte; an "expert in monopoly and exploitation," and M. Pobiedonostsev, late Over-Procurator of the Holy Synod, an inquisitor with heart of ice and hand of steel, in the robes of an ecclesiastical chief shepherd. These men recognize no responsibility, and are "a junta of outlaws depending on armed force." As to Plehve, who was assassinated by Saranov, a man into whose soul the iron had entered, he was a terrorist compared with whom, Mr. Perris says, "Abdul Hamid is a bungling rustic in crime." He sowed the wind and reaped the whirlwind.

"Laws enough there are in Russia," one has said, "but no law." Until a few months ago, to be suspected of being a dissenter rendered the person concerned liable to be condemned to life-long imprisonment and exile. Muraviev stated last year that the political cases dealt with during the last decade had increased twenty-seven fold. According to a report of the Ministry of Justice, 2,953 persons were arrested on suspicion during the first three months of 1903; that is, at the rate of over 11,000 a year. Many thousands of workmen, students, and others were exiled without any inquiry whatever. The new exile districts selected since the *ukaze* of 1900 are the desert tundras and marshes of the Arctic circle, where the temperature is that of Central Greenland; where the exiles are badly clad, and doomed to live in the squalid shanties of the half-savage natives on the

verge of starvation. "Fifty per cent. of the exiles die raving mad." Many of these men have never been tried, and they represent the educated classes as well as the town-workman and the *mujik*. The story of Sakhalien, now in the hands of the Japanese, reveals deeper, more obscene and disgusting horrors still, on which we dare not enter. Often the nervous system breaks down utterly, the victim is the prey of hallucination, and suicides are numerous; the misery is stereotyped in the faces of all but the noblest and strongest. Mr. Henry Norman visited in 1900 the prison at Irkutsk, where he found 1,024 persons crowded into a place meant to hold 700, and he avers that "the faces of these men, from wild beast to vacant idiot, haunted me for days."

Taxed to the hilt, the people dread fresh taxation. The national debt had reached £750,000,000 in 1894. It is impossible to state to what it has now risen. The credit of Czardom is shaken at home and abroad. The huge sum of £272,000,000 owing to the Treasury does not lighten the load which Russia's subjects have to bear. Mr. Perris, in a highly luminous chapter on "the tariff," computes that the tariff costs the Russian people in imports and native productions considerably more than £100,000,000 yearly, or ten times as much as the direct taxes of the Empire; of which enormous sum three-quarters go into the pockets of private capitalists who are concerned only to make investments highly remunerative, and the remainder to the State to carry on a hated war for which there was nothing to compensate.

And now a conflagration more dangerous than the discontent of workmen and the *mujik* swept from one end of the land to another, threatening and in some sense effect-

ing a revolution which no one would have anticipated a few short months before.

"Bloody Sunday," with its tragic massacre of unarmed men, and its raid on peaceful citizens who strove to avert bloodshed, will not easily be blotted from the memory of Russians, and may yet exact frightful retribution. The deeds of that day are the acme of the stupendous imbecilities of the oligarchy, whose last prop fell as the intelligence of the crime spread from one rural community to another. Since then open anarchy, with sanguinary outbreaks in the towns of Poland and in the Caspian oil region, the alarming disturbances among the peasantry of Saratov, Mirsk, Pskov, Orel, and other places, the chaos in the commercial centres of the south, the disaffection in the navy, the riots accompanying mobilization, the paralysis of local administration, the dissolution by the Government of commissions on industrial reforms, the renewed activity of the revolutionary federations—all reveal the distressful state of unhappy Russia.

And there is little light on the horizon. The lurid revelation of the profound corruption of the official class fills thoughtful men with despair. Patriotism has failed to check the ravages of wicked greed. The large sums of money received for the equipment of the hospitals, which

have mysteriously disappeared, and the shameful abuses in connection with the Red Cross Society which have sent a thrill of disgust throughout the Empire, shows the rottenness of the executive—of the herd of officials who are virtually irresponsible. Even Sir D. Mackenzie Wallace, the sanest and best informed writer on Russia, does not think there is any hope in the oligarchy. Unabated pretension, insolent bluff and brag, take the place of any intelligent estimate of the seriousness of the crisis, of clear recognition of failure and wise adaptation of means to retrieve disaster and save the national honor.

"It is to be feared," says Mr. Villari in his wise, strong book, "that Russia is in for a long period of trouble before she settles down peacefully as a Constitutional State on modern lines. Untouched by the great movements which have moulded the history of Europe during the last five centuries—the Renaissance, the Reformation, the French Revolution—she has to learn these three R's of political and intellectual development before she can evolve into a new nation. "The English revolution lasted from 1640 to 1689, that of France from 1789 to 1815 (or 1871), that of Italy from 1821 to 1870; it would not be surprising if even that of Russia lasted many years."

THE ROMANCE OF THE NEW TESTAMENT.

O pale-faced Theologian whose soft hands
And ink-stained fingers never gripped the oar
Or swung the hammer; weary with your books,
How can your slumbering senses comprehend
The breadth and virile purpose of the men
Who bore their joyous tale through quickened lands
To the great heart of Rome: the shipwreck'd Paul,
Wandering Ulysses-like to far-off isles
And barbarous peoples; or those peasant kings,
Who ever 'mid voluptuous cities wore
No mediæval halo, but the air
Of some free fisher battling with the wind
That blows across the Galilean hills?

—*Elliot E. Mills.*

THE SIEGE OF WARSAW.

BY WILLIAM ENGLISH WALLING.



THE war the Russian Government has declared against the people is assuming an importance as stupendous as the war it has conducted against Japan. Both conflicts have engaged approximately half a million soldiers, and if a hundred thousand Russians have been captured by the Japanese since the outbreak of the war, an even larger number of Russian citizens, of a much higher average standard, better educated and better trained in industry or the professions, are rotting in Russian prisons or languishing in Siberia or the Arctic Sea for political opinions and political activity—"crimes against the Czar."

Dalny was captured and Vladivostok was blockaded by the Japanese. The hundredfold more important ports of Odessa and Batum, of Riga, Libau and Reval, are "paralyzed" by the revolution. The lost Manchurian market was undeveloped and insignificant. The home market and industries, which are everything in a country that exports little and that little consisting of raw products, are in a state of disintegration because of the internal war. The chief centres of commerce and industry are either in a state of siege or under a form of "administrative law," supported and largely enforced by the troops. For several months literally hundreds of persons have been "captured" every day and exiled or imprisoned for participation or suspected participation in this conflict which fails to become a

civil war only because the people are lacking the arms.

When Nicholas II. ascended the throne in 1894, political prosecutions were scarcely fifteen hundred a year. When the present troubles began in 1902 they had reached five thousand. In 1903 they rose to nearly twelve thousand by the official figures. Under the present military regime all pretence of regular prosecution is abandoned, but no less than one hundred thousand political arrests have already been chronicled by the press this year in the cities alone. Nobility, landlords, zemstvo members, professors, workmen and peasants, no class has been excepted. But all to no purpose. Every arrest has been followed by the bitter indignation of relatives and friends, every execution by the set purpose of revenge.

The open revolution beginning in its present form of general violence with the jaquerie of the peasants and the political strikes of the workers of South Russia in 1902—several provinces and all the large cities of the South were already affected in that year—has spread from class to class until all but the immediate beneficiaries of the government are in open or secret revolt. The savage and arbitrary prosecutions of the government since the January massacre have turned the universal political and economic discontent into a fierce personal and class conflict. The wholesale arrests mean just this: Every day new families, new localities and new social classes are giving hostages for the continuance and increasing bitterness of the struggle. Already among the working people of Odessa,

Warsaw and Lodz there is hardly a working-class family that has not sent a member or a relative to prison or exile. With these it is no longer a question of political agitation, it is war. The declaration of the state of war by the government against the people is the natural accompaniment of the declaration of war by the people against the Czar.

Here are the words of a recent revolutionary proclamation:

"Do not forget that life in prison is more terrible than death in the combat.

"Let all the streets be converted into battlefields.

"Let us all give our blood for the rights of the man and the citizen."

The workingmen have not been giving their blood in vain. Even the timid commercial Jew has turned into a violent revolutionist. Kovno was one of the least revolutionary of Russian towns until a harmless old woman was killed recently by the troops. The demonstration that followed was not the work of a handful of Socialists or of the working-people alone, but of practically the whole population of the town. So the Jewish "bund," which distributed over two hundred thousand copies of the appeal to violence just quoted, gains its members among the professional and business classes. On its secret Warsaw council are many doctors, teachers, merchants and journalists, several lawyers and even one manufacturer.

The elements of the Jewish population not directly engaged, for the most part express open satisfaction at the spread of violence. The Jews of the wealthy and intelligent classes with whom I talked in Warsaw were wasting no words or sympathy on the officials and police that fell every day under the revolutionists' attacks; they were ready to talk only of the "out-

rages" committed by the government of the Czar.

The intelligent classes have seen that the rule of the revolutionary committees is in some respects better than the former rule of the police. The systematic lynching of thieves and deliberate destruction of houses of ill-repute by the revolutionists has done more for the good order of Warsaw than years of its miserable inefficient and corrupt police, often in league with the thieves and *souteneurs* and occupied almost entirely with the oppression of political suspects. They know that the revolutionists are inspired with a spirit of self-sacrifice, a desire for self-improvement. The boycott of the government monopolies is proof enough. Among the few luxuries in which the people indulge, cigarettes and vodka are the most common of all. Yet both were boycotted and given up because they were among the principal sources of revenue of the government. The general boycott of vodka did not last more than a few days in a country habituated to the drink, though the consumption has fallen enormously. But it was many weeks before any one dared appear among the workers of Warsaw with a cigarette in his hand or mouth.

Other actions of the revolutionary committees are less welcome to the upper classes, at least to the property-holders. Strikes and boycotts, political and economic, are without end. The political strikes are not so objectionable; they have meant as a rule the complete stoppage of industry for a day or so only as a protest against some massacre by the troops or some exceptional barbarity of the government. They are no worse in their effect on industry than the one hundred "holy" days forced each year on employers and employed by the omnipotent order of the Russian

Church. So with political boycotts, the tradesmen have learned that they must close their shops when the revolutionary committees say so and obey other orders, or go out of business. But the "order" affects all alike and has practically the result of a general law. Moreover, the earnestness and intensity of the revolutionary spirit does not trifle with those that disobey it.

The same revolutionary committees that are replacing the Warsaw police, that are regulating its industry, that have successfully prevented the mustering of the people into the army of the Czar, that are cutting the government revenues in half, that are reducing rents, are also conducting the only schools and classes to be found. While all the schools are closed and all the scholars, from little children to students of law, medicine and engineering, are on strike, the Socialists are conducting secret evening classes in reading and writing for the neglected children of the workers, and secret evening courses in these and other subjects for the adults. Every evening for years literally hundreds of these circles, necessarily confined to a dozen or less for fear of the police, have gathered in every corner of Warsaw, taught by the students of the universities and higher schools, by young men of the professional classes, by young salesmen and clerks.

When I was in Lodz after the massacre I inquired about the government schools. A factory superintendent assured me there were no schools at all in his district, that only a small part of all his workmen, and almost none of the older ones could read. I was at a loss to understand. I had been assured by half a dozen men that a large majority of the younger generation could and did read. Then I heard of these revolutionary circles, I remembered that a

large part of the employees of the factory in question were older men, and I understood.

But the schools are only a small part of the education the revolutionists provide. There are secret revolutionary pamphlets, literally by the million, and even many regular revolutionary journals, the only truly popular newspapers, which handle every sort of political, economic and social question, usually under the direction of university-bred editors and contributors. The innumerable government prosecutions have failed utterly to hold this flood of printed matter in check. The Jewish "bund" boasts that it has not lost a single secret press since 1898 and that it now has twelve in constant operation, with a capacity of several hundred thousand pamphlets or journals a week. We need not mention the secret presses of the half-dozen other revolutionary organizations, nor the equally voluminous literature smuggled over the border.

So it is not a mass of half-crazed fanatics that are besieged in Warsaw by the Cossacks and the peasant soldiers of the Czar. It is not the mad revolt of the most ignorant and miserable of the working class. It is not the desperate resistance of a mob, knowing nothing but assassination and barricades, nor the conspiracy of a handful of terrorists trusting only to the automatic revolver and the bomb. It is a revolution—a violent revolution, too—but it involves nearly every element of the population and innumerable shades of political opinion. It is ready and anxious to adopt any means that promises to aid in its object: bombs, assassination, armed insurrection. But it is not neglecting other and more peaceful means: economic action, attack on the government revenues, maintenance of morality and decency among the people, the

forced contributions of the prosperous to relieve the worst misery and advance the cause, the education of the ignorant, first to read and write, and, second, to know the meaning of political and industrial liberty.

The siege of Warsaw is not as easy a task for the invading army as it seems, for the army is truly a foreign host since all the Poles and Jews have been sent to other parts. The contest between the armed professional fighters and the unarmed

and undisciplined mass is not so unequal as it appears. It is a contest of endurance. The killing of an occasional soldier brings disgust rather than the military spirit of revenge among his fellows, and the continuous revolutionary propaganda among the troops heightens the effect. The killing or imprisonment, on the other hand, of great masses of the people only spreads and redoubles the spirit of revolt.—*The American Magazine.*



SLOW THROUGH THE DARK.

Slow moves the pageant of a climbing race,
Their footsteps drag far, far below the height,
And, unprevailing by their utmost might,
Seem faltering downward from each hard-won place.

No strange, swift-sprung exception we; we trace
A devious way through dim, uncertain light,—
Our hope through the long vistaed years, a sight
Of that our Captain's soul sees face to face.

Who, faithless, faltering that the road is steep,
Now raiseth up his drear insistent cry?
Who stoopeth here to spend a while in sleep
Or curseth that the storm obscures the sky?
Heed not the darkness round you dull and deep;
The clouds grow thickest when the summit's nigh.

—*Paul Laurence Dunbar.*



Frontenac

—From Hebert's Statue at Quebec.

THE EPIC OF THE ST. LAWRENCE.*

BY THE EDITOR.



“NATURE’S CARNIVAL OF ISLES,”
THE THOUSAND ISLANDS.



THE Tiber and the Thames, the Seine and Loire, the Rhone and the Rhine, have been commemorated in song and story. But the greatest rivers in the world, compared with which these are but tiny streams, have been for the most part unchronicled and unsung. The foremost of these is our own St. Lawrence, which at last receives its due recognition and descrip-

tion in the magnificent volume under review.

Sir James LeMoine has said, “It lies for a thousand miles between two great nations, yet neglected by both, for neither would be so great without it.” This reproach is now removed.

* “The St. Lawrence River. Historical, Legendary, Picturesque.” By George Waldo Browne. Author of “Japan: The Place and the People,” etc., etc. New York: G. P. Putnam’s Sons. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. xix.—365. Price, \$3.50.

The Editor reproduces in this article in part, the somewhat exuberant record of his own first impressions of this noble river.



THE METHODIST CHURCH AT PRESCOTT. FOUNDED BY BARBARA HECK.
HER GRAVE IS MARKED BY A CROSS.

The author has saturated himself in the history, literature and traditions of this historic river and reproduces with graphic pen the stirring scenes of the old regime and those since its possession by the British.

With the exception of the Amazon at its flood, the St. Lawrence is the largest river in the world. Its basin contains more than half of all the fresh water on the planet. At its issue from Lake Ontario it is two and a half miles wide, and is seldom less than two miles. At its mouth it is upwards of thirty miles wide, and at Cape Gaspe the Gulf is nearly a hundred miles wide.

There are three features of special

interest in the St. Lawrence—the Thousand Islands, the Rapids, and the highlands of the north shore from Quebec down. The first are the perfection of beauty, the second are almost terrible in their strength, and the last are stern and grand, rising at times to the sublime. The noble river has been made the theme of a noble poem by Charles Sangster, a Canadian writer, who is too little known in his own country. We are glad of the opportunity to enrich these pages with quotations from his spirited verse.

The Thousand Isles.

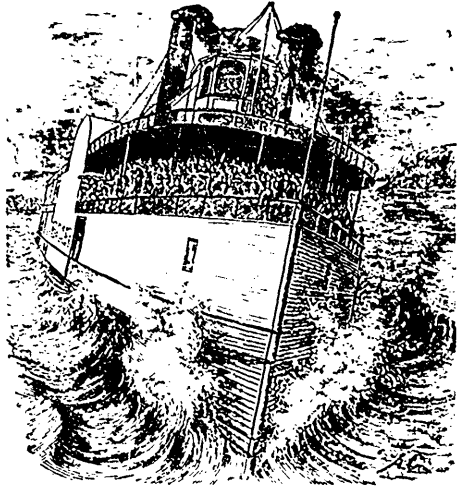
The Lake of the Thousand Islands

begins immediately below Kingston, and stretches down the river for forty or fifty miles, varying from six to twelve miles in width. This area is profusely strewn with islands of all sizes, from the little rock, giving precarious foothold to a stunted juniper or a few wild flowers, to the large island, stretching in broad farms and waving with tall and stately forests. Instead of a thousand, there are in all some eighteen hundred of these lovely isles.

Sailing out of broad Ontario, we leave on the left the Limestone City, our Canadian Woolwich, with its martello towers and forts. Here, during the war of 1812-15, was built a large line-of-battle ship of 132 guns, at a cost of £850,000, much of the timber, and even water casks, for use on these unsalted seas, being sent out from England. At the close of the war it was sold for a couple of hundred pounds.

The stately manners and masterful address of Frontenac—a born ruler of men, by turns haughty and condescending, imperious and winning, magnanimous and irascible—the first founder, in 1672, of Kingston,* as it was afterwards called, are all strikingly shown in M. Hebert's fine statue.

Passing Forts Henry and Frederick, we enter the lovely Archipelago of the St. Lawrence—"Nature's carnival of isles." On they come, thronging to meet us and to bid us welcome to their fairy realm. They are of all conceivable shapes and sizes, scattered in beauteous confusion upon the placid stream. Some are festooned and garlanded with verdurous vines, like a young wife in her bridal tire, wooing the river's fond embrace. Others seem sad and pensive, draped with



RUNNING THE RAPIDS.

grave and solemn foliage, like a widow's weeds of woe.

Here the river banks slope smoothly to the water's edge, and the thronging trees come trooping down, like a herd of stately-antlered stags, to drink; or like Pharaoh's daughter and her train to the sacred Nile. See where the white-armed birch, the lady of the forest, stands ankle deep in the clear stream, and laves its beauteous tresses. And behold, where the grey old rocks rear themselves stern-browed giants above the waves, grave and sad, tear-stained and sorrowful—brooding, perchance, of the old years before the flood. See with what nervous energy they cling, those timorous-looking pines, with their bird-like claws grappling the rock as tenaciously as the vulture holds his prey, or a miser's skinny fingers clutch his gold.

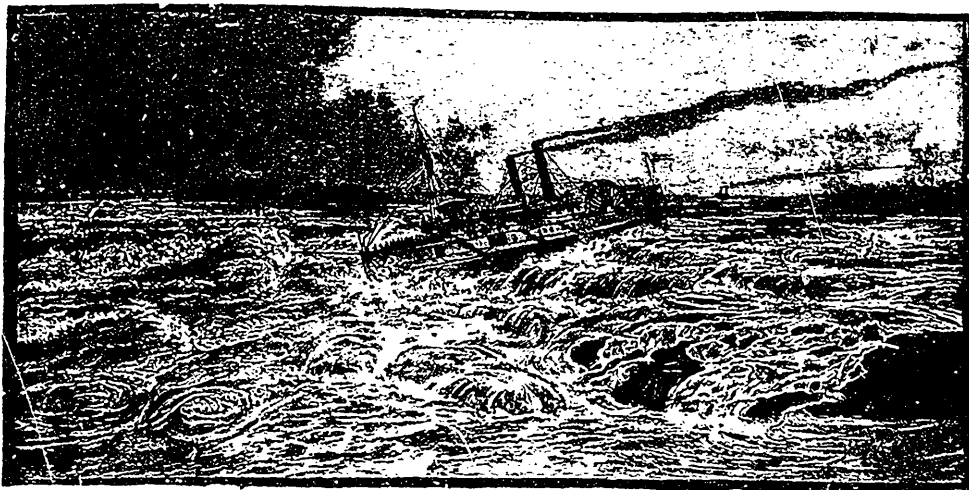
Here is a shoal of little islets looking like a lot of seals just lifting their heads above the waves and peering cautiously around—you would scarce be surprised to see them dive and reappear under your very eyes. And over all float white-winged argosies of

* On the point to the west of the Cataract Bridge, at present occupied by the barracks.



SHOOTING THE LACHINE RAPIDS

—From a photograph by W. S. Easton & Son, Montreal



DESCENDING THE LACHINE RAPIDS.

fleecy clouds sailing in that other sea, the ambient air in whose lower strata we crawl, like crabs upon the ocean floor. How beautiful they are, these spiritual-looking clouds! How airily they float in the tremulously palpitating, infinite blue depths of sunny sky, like the convoy of snowy-pinioned angels in the picture of the Assumption of St. Catharines, bearing so tenderly her world-weary but triumphant spirit, white-robed and amaranth-crowned, rejoicing from her cruel martyrdom, and holding in her hand the victor palm, floating, floating, serenely away—

“To summer high in bliss upon the hills of
God.”

What lovely vistas open up before us as our steamer glides swan-like on her devious way. Now the islands seem to block up the path, like sturdy highwaymen, as if determined to arrest our progress. We seem to be immured in this intricate maze like Dædalus within the Cretan Labyrinth. Now, like the rocky doors in Ali-Baba's story, as by some magic

“*Open sesame,*” they part and stand aside and close again behind us, vista after vista unfolding in still increasing loveliness. How the smiling farm-houses wave welcome from the shore, and the patient churches stand, like Moses interceding for the people's sins, invoking benediction on the land, and pointing weary mortals evermore to heaven. All nature wears a look of Sabbath calm, and seems to kneel with folded hands in prayer. See that lone sea-gull, “like an adventurous spirit hovering o'er the deep,” or like the guardian angel of the little bark beneath. What a blessed calm broods o'er the scene! The very isles seem lapped in childhood's blessed sleep.

“Isle after isle
Is passed, as we glide tortuously through
The opening vistas, that uprising smile
Upon us from the ever-changing view.
Here nature, lavish of her wealth, did strew
Her flocks of panting islets on the breast
Of the admiring river, where they grew,
Like shapes of beauty, formed to give a zest
To the charmed mind, like waking visions of
the blest.

“Red walls of granite rise on either hand,
Rugged and smooth; a proud young eagle
soars

Above the stately evergreens, that stand
Like watchful sentinels on these God-built
towers;
And near yon beds of many-colored flowers

“ On, through the lovely archipelago,
Glides the swift bark. Soft summer matins
ring
From every isle. The wild fowl come and go,



LA SALLE HOUSE, LOWER LACHINE ROAD, MONTREAL.
—from a photograph by W. Nobman & Son, Montreal.

Browse two majestic deer, and at their side
A spotted fawn all innocently cowers;
In the rank brushwood it attempts to hide,
While the strong-antlered stag steps forth with
lordly stride.

Regardless of our presence. On the wing,
And perched upon the boughs, the gay birds
sing
Their loves: This is their summer paradise,
From morn till night their joyous caroling

Delights the ear, and through the lucent skies
Ascends the choral hymn in softest symphonies."

Yon lighthouse seems like a lone
watcher keeping ceaseless vigil the
livelong night for some lost wander-
er's return : or like a new Prometh-
eus, chained forever to the rock, and
holding aloft the heaven-stolen fire ;
or like a lone recluse in his still her-
mitage, nightly lighting up his votive
lamp to guide bewildered wayfarers
amid the storm.

On the bank of the majestic St.
Lawrence, about midway between the
thriving town of Prescott and the
picturesque village of Maitland, on
the Canada side, but in full view from
the American shore, lies a lonely
graveyard, which is one of the most
hallowed spots in the broad area of
the continent. Here, on a gently
rising ground overlooking the rush-
ing river, is the quiet "God's acre,"
in which slumbers the dust of that
saintly woman who is honored in
both hemispheres as the mother of
Methodism in both the United States
and Canada.

An old wooden church, very small
and very quaint, fronts the passing
highway. It has seats but for forty-
eight persons, and is still used on
funeral occasions. Its tiny tinned
spire gleams brightly in the sunlight,
and its walls have been weathered by
many a winter storm to a dusky gray.
Around it on every side "heaves the
turf in many a mouldering mound,"
for a period of more than a hundred
years it has been the burying-place of
the surrounding community. A
group of venerable pines keep guard
over the silent sleepers in their nar-
row beds. But one grave beyond all
others arrests our attention. At its
head is a plain white marble slab on
a gray stone base. On a shield-shaped
panel is the following inscription :

IN MEMORY OF

PAUL HECK,

BORN 1730, DIED 1792.

BARBARA,

WIFE OF PAUL HECK,

BORN 1734, DIED AUG. 17, 1804.

And this is all. Sublime in its sim-
plicity ; no labored epitaph ; no ful-
some eulogy ; her real monument is
the Methodism of the New World.

To the members of this godly fam-
ily the promised blessing of the
righteous, even length of days, was
strikingly vouchsafed. On six graves
lying side by side we noted the fol-
lowing ages : 73, 78, 78, 53, 75, 59.
On others chronicled the following
ages : 63, 62, 70 70. We observed
also, the grave of little Barbara Heck,
aged three years and six months.

The Rapids of the St. Lawrence.

The rapids begin about a hundred
miles above Montreal, and occur at
intervals till we reach that city. The
actual descent is two hundred and
thirty-four feet, which is overcome in
returning by forty-one miles of canal,
and twenty-seven locks. Down this
declivity the waters of five great lakes
hurl themselves in their effort to
reach the ocean.

As we approach the rapids, the cur-
rent becomes every moment swifter
and stronger, as if gathering up its
energies and accumulating momentum
for its headlong rush down the rocks,
like a strong-limbed Roman girding
for the race. Onward the river rolls
in its majestic strength, oversweeping
all opposing obstacles, yet with not a
ripple on its surface to betray its ter-
rible velocity—by its very swiftness
rendered smooth as glass. With still
accelerated speed it sweeps onward.



THE LITTLE SAGUENAY.

—From a photograph by Livernois, Quebec.

deep and strong, heedless of the sunny isles that implore it to remain—like a stern, unconquerable will, scorning all the seductions of sense in the earnest race of life. As we glide on, we see the circling eddy indicating the hidden opposition to that restless endeavor. Now the calm surface becomes broken into foam, betraying, as it were—

“The speechless wrath that rises and subsides
In the white lips and tremor of the face.”

We are now in the Long Sault. The gallant steamer plunges down the steep. The spray leaps right across the bows. Now she lifts her head above the waves, and like a strong swimmer struggling with the stream like Cæsar in the Tiber, dashing the spray from out his eyes—she hurls them aside, bravely breasting their might, strenuously wrestling with their wrath. The mad waves race beside us like a pack of hungry, ravening wolves, “like a herd of frantic sea-monsters yelling for their prey, insatiable, implacable.”

Are we past? Have we escaped? Now we can breathe more freely. We have come those nine miles in fifteen minutes, and our gallant craft, like a tired swimmer exhausted by the buffeting of the waves, weariedly struggles on. It is with a sense of relief that we glide out into the calm waters below.

The sensation of perceptibly sailing *down hill* is one of the strangest conceivable. The feeling is that of sinking, sinking, down, down, somewhat akin to that in some hideous nightmare, when we seem to be falling, falling, helplessly, helplessly, adown infinite abysses of yelling, roaring waters. But after the first strange terror is past, the feeling is one of the most exultant imaginable. It is like riding some mettlesome, high-spirited horse. A keen sympathy with the

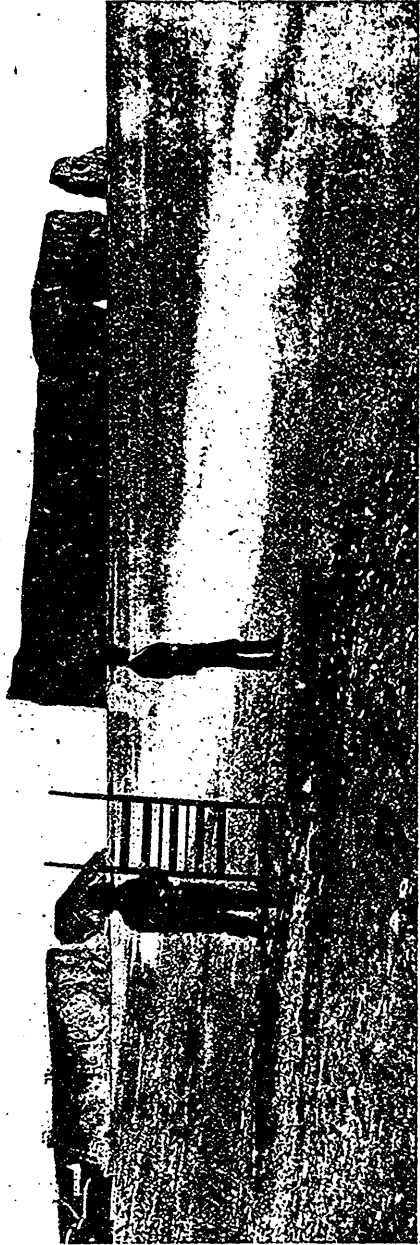
vessel is established, and all sense of danger forgotten in the inspiring excitement.

The channel, in some places narrow and intricate, is marked out by floating buoys. See, there is one struggling with the stream, like a strong swimmer in his agony. Now it is borne down by the restless current, and now with a desperate effort it rises above the angry waves with a hopeless, appealing look, and an apparent gesture of entreaty that, at a little distance, seems quite human.

Of the remaining rapids, the Cascades are the more beautiful, but the Lachine Rapids, immediately above Montreal, are the more grand and terrible, because the more dangerous. In the channel, hidden rocks are more numerous. Before we enter the rapids, the Indian pilot, Baptiste, boards the steamer. He takes his place at the wheel, seconded by three other stalwart men. You can see by his compressed lips and contracted brow that he feels the responsibility of his position. Upon his skill depend the lives of all on board. But his eagle eye quails not his grim, imperturbable features blanch not with fear. His cool composure reassures us. A breathless silence prevails. With a swift, wild sweep and terrible energy, the remorseless river bears us directly towards a low and rocky island. Nearer, nearer we approach. Baptiste! Baptiste! do you mean to dash us on that cruel crag? We almost involuntarily hold our breath and close our eyes and listen for the crash.

“Hard-a-port!” The chains rattle, and with a disdainful sweep we swing around; the trees almost brush the deck, and we flout the threatened danger in the face.

But new perils appear. See those half-sunken rocks lying in wait, like grisly, gaunt sea-monsters ready to spring upon their prey? We seem to



PERCÉ ROCK.

be in the same dilemma as Bunyan's pilgrim, when between giants Pope and Pagan. One or other of them will surely destroy us. How shall we avoid this yawning Scylla and yet escape that ravening Charybdis?

Well steered, Baptiste! We almost grazed the rock in passing! Hark! how these huge sea-monsters foam with rage and growl with disappointment at our escape. Our noble pilot guides the gallant vessel as a skilful horseman reins his prancing and curvetting steed.

Our Canadian poet, Sangster, thus describes these glorious rapids of the St. Lawrence:

"The merry isles have floated idly past;
And suddenly the waters boil and leap,
On either side the foamy spray is cast,
Hoarse Genii through the shooting rapid
sweep,
And pilot us unharmed adown the hissing steep.

"The startled Galloppes shout as we draw
nigh,
The Sault, delighted, hails our reckless bark,
The graceful Cedars murmur joyously,
The vexed Cascades threaten our little ark,
That sweeps, love-freighted, to its distant
mark,
Again the troubled deep heaps surge on surge,
And howling billows sweep the waters dark,
Stunning the ear with their stentorian dirge,
That loudens as they strike the rocks' resisting
verge.

"And we have passed the terrible Lachine,
Have felt a fearless tremor thrill the soul,
As the huge waves upreared their crests of
green,
Holding our feathery bark in their control,
As a strong eagle holds an oriole.
The brain grows dizzy with the whirl and hiss
Of the fast-crowding billows, as they roll,
Like struggling demons, to the vexed abyss,
Lashing the tortured crags with wild demoniac
bliss.

"Mont Royale rises proudly on the view,
A royal mount, indeed, with verdure crowned,
Bedecked with regal dwellings, not a few,
Which here and there adorn the mighty
mound.
St. Helens next, a fair, enchanted ground,
A stately isle in glowing foliage dressed,
Laved by the dark St. Lawrence all around,
Giving a grace to its enamored breast,
As pleasing to the eye as Hochelaga's crest."

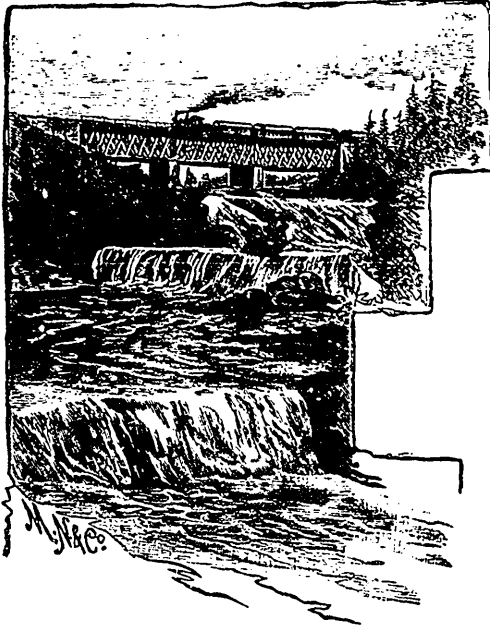
Behold before us, striding across the stream, like some huge centipede—like some enormously exaggerated hundred-footed caterpillar—the wondrous bridge which weds the long-divorced banks of the St. Lawrence. Beneath it we swiftly glide, and skirting the massy docks of the Canadian Liverpool, and threading our devious way through the mazy forest of masts, we find our berth under the protection of the Royal Mount, which gives to this stately city its name. With what calm majesty it draws its brown mantle of shadow around it as the day departs, and prepares to outwatch the coming night, guarding faithfully for evermore the city sleeping at its feet.

See how the purple St. Hilaire and the blue hills in the remoter distance wear upon their high, bald foreheads. the good-night smile of the setting sun while the lower levels are flooded with darkness—like a crown of gold upon the brow of some Aethiopian king.

Behold how the twin towers of the lofty "Church of our Lady" lift themselves above the city—a symbol of that religious system which dominates the land. And look where the twinkling lamps reveal the hucksters' stalls, huddling around the "Church of Good Succor," like mendicants round the skirts of a priest. Trade and commerce seek to jostle from her place religion, rebuking ever their un-restful and corroding care. Listen to the heart of iron beating in yon lofty tower:

"Now their weird, unearthly changes
Ring the beautiful wild chimes,
Low at times and loud at times,
And mingling like a poet's rhymes.
Like the psalms in some old cloister,
When the nuns sing in the choir,
And the great bell tolls among them
Like the chanting of a friar.

The river route to Quebec is much less picturesque than either the upper



FALLS OF THE RIVIERE DU LOUP, QUEBEC.

or lower St. Lawrence, but is by no means devoid of interest. The very names of the river villages—Contre-cœur, Lavaltrie, Berthier, St. Sulpice, Repentigny, Varennes, St. Therese, Pointe aux Trembles (from its trembling aspens), and Longueuil, are full of poetic and historic associations, while midway is the ancient city of Three Rivers, dating from 1618, two years before the founding of Plymouth.

The interest of the river culminates at the fortress of Quebec. Its five memorable sieges, its pathos and its tragedy make it one of the most romantic cities in the world.

Few countries record so much romance and heroism in their history as Canada. The century-long conflict with the ruthless Iroquois, the conflict for a continent between the two greatest nations of Europe, and later the scenes of stormy struggle, give to

this goodly river a romance akin to that of the Rhine, the Rhone, the Seine. The priest, the nun, the soldier, the voyageur, the Indian, all contributed their quota to the history of this storied stream.

We have recently described the ancient capital in these pages, and, therefore, omit further reference here other than the following quotation from Sangster, the laureate to the St. Lawrence, and our late Governor-General, the Marquis of Lorne:

“Quebec! how regally it crowns the height,
Like a tanned giant on a solid throne!
Unmindful of the sanguinary fight,
The roar of cannon mingling with the moan
Of mutilated soldiers years ago,
That gave the place a glory and a name
Among the nations. France was heard to
groan;
England rejoiced, but checked the proud ac-
claim—
A brave young chief had fall’n to vindicate her
fame.

“Wolfe and Montcalm! two nobler names ne’er
graced
The page of history, or the hostile plain;
No braver souls the storm of battle faced,
Regardless of the danger or the pain.
They pass’d unto their rest without a stain
Upon their nature or their generous hearts.
One graceful column to the noble twain
Speaks of a nation’s gratitude, and starts
The tears that Valor claims, and Feeling’s self
imparts.”

The many memories of this old historic capital are well celebrated in the following verses by our late Governor-General, Marquis of Lorne:

“O fortress city! bathed by streams
Majestic as thy memories great,
Where mountains, flood and forests mate
The grandeur of the glorious dreams,
Born of the hero hearts who died
In forming here an empire’s pride;
Prosperity attend thy fate,
And happiness in thee abide,
Fair Canada’s strong tower and gate!

“For all must drink delight whose feet
Have paced the streets or terrace way;
From rampart sod, or bastion grey,
Have marked thy sea-like river great,
The bright and peopled banks that shine
In front of the far mountain’s line;

Thy glittering roofs below, the play
Of currents where the ships entwine
Their spars, or laden pass away.

“As we who joyously once rode
So often forth to trumpet sound,
Past guarded gates, by ways that wound
O'er drawbridges, through moats, and showed
The vast St. Lawrence flowing, belt
The Orleans Isle, and seaward melt;
Then past old walls, by cannon crowned,
Down stair-like streets, to where we felt
The salt winds blown o'er meadow ground.

“Where flows the Charles past wharf and dock,
And learning from Laval looks down,
And quiet convents grace the town,
There, eager to meet the battle shock,
Montcalm rushed on; and eddying back,
Red slaughter marked the bridge's track;
See now the shores with lumber brown,
And girt with happy lands that lack
No loveliness of summer's crown.

“Quaint hamlet-alleys, border-filled
With purple lilacs, poplars tall,
Where flits the yellow bird, and fall
The deep eye shadows. There when tilled
The peasant's field or garden bed,
He rests content if o'er his head
From silver spires the church bells call
To gorgeous shrines and prayers that gild
The simple hopes and lives of all.

“The glory of a gracious land,
Fit home for many a hardy race;
Where liberty has broadest base,
And labor honors every hand,
Throughout her triply thousand miles
The sun upon each season smiles,
And every man has scope and space,
And kindness from strard to strand,
Alone is borne to right of place.”

The Gulf.

Below Quebec the stately river widens out into the broad gulf, studded with Berthier, St. Valier, St. Michel, Beaumont, and other villages, whose very names have a poetic sound, strung along the shining St. Lawrence, like pearls upon a necklace. The river winds between the fair and fertile Island of Orleans and the bold south shore, an almost continuous settlement of white-walled, white-roofed houses, with, every five or six miles, a large parish church.

This is one of the longest settled parts of Canada, and almost every cape or village has its historic or romantic legend.

On the north shore for many a mile the mighty mass of Les Eboullemens, the loftiest peak, save one, of the Laurentides, “old as the world,” rising to the height of 2,457 feet, dominates the landscape. Grouped around the parish church, high on the mountain slope, is the pretty village of Eboullemens, thus apostrophized by our Canadian singer, Sangster:

“Eboullemens sleeps serenely in the arms
Of the maternal hill, upon whose breast
It lies, like a sweet, infant soul, whose charms
Fill some fond mother's bosom with that rest
Caused by the presence of a heavenly guest.”

A hundred and twenty miles below Quebec is the important river port and railway station, Riviere du Loup. Its name is said to be derived from the fact that many years ago it was the resort of great droves of seals—*loups-marins*—who frequented the shoals at the mouth of the river. It is, at all events, a pleasanter derivation than the suggested one from the ill-visaged wolf of the forest. The place abounds in picturesque scenery. The falls shown in our vignette, about eighty feet of a descent, with the fine background of the Inter-colonial railway bridge, make a very striking picture. A long and strong pier juts far out into the river, and is a favorite promenade and an important place of call for steamers. The sunset view across the river of the pearly-tinted north shore, twenty miles distant, is very impressive. Frequently will be seen a long, low hull, from which streams a thin pennon of smoke, where the ocean steamer is making her swift way, outward or homeward bound. Nearer the spectator the sails of the fishing craft gleam rosy red in the sunset light, and then



CAPES ETERNITY AND TRINITY, RIVER SAGUENAY.

turn spectral pale like sheeted ghosts. This is the only place where I ever saw fishing with a rifle. When the white-bellied porpoises, and sometimes whales, gambol and tumble amid the waves, they are often shot by expert marksmen. They are frequently twenty feet long, and will yield a hundred gallons of oil.

The Saguenay.

The Saguenay there flows into the St. Lawrence, from the northern wilderness, one of the most remarkable rivers on the face of the earth, the storied Saguenay. It is not formed by erosion of the rocks as is the gorge of the Niagara. It receives no tributaries as do other rivers, except the considerable stream, the Chicoutimi, and a few minor ones. It is manifestly an enormous chasm rent in the old primeval rock, up and down which flows the restless tide. It is also the deepest river in the world, a line of one hundred and fifty fathoms failing in some places to reach the bottom. The banks, for nearly the whole distance, are an uninterrupted series

of stern and savage cliffs towering in many places from 300 to 1,800 feet.

A sense of utter loneliness and desolation is the predominant feeling in sailing up this strange river. On either side arise "bald, stately bluffs that never wore a smile." On through scenes of unimaginable wildness, we glide.

As we thread the tortuous stream, ever and anon the way appears to be impeded by "startling barriers rising sullenly from the dark deep," like genii of the rocky pass, as if to bar our progress, but

"—meet them face to face,
The magic doors fly open and the rocks recede
apace."

"From their sealed granite lips
there comes tradition nor refrain."
They keep for evermore their lonely
watch

"—year after year,
In solitude eternal, rapt in contemplation
drear."

Capes Trinity and Eternity, the two loftiest bluffs, are respectively 1,600 and 1,800 feet high. The latter rises

perpendicularly out of the fathomless waters at its base.

As the steamer lies at the foot of the cliff it seems dwarfed to insignificance by the vast size of the rock. The steam-whistle is repeatedly blown. Instantly a thousand slumbering echoes are aroused from their ancient lair, their hoar "immemorial ambush," and shout back their stern defiance. How they roll and reverberate among the ancient hills. The loveliest features of the scenery are the little rills that trickle down the mountain sides,

"Like tears of gladness o'er a giant's face."

Our Canadian poet, Sangster, thus apostrophizes those stupendous cliffs:

"Nature has here put on her royalest dress,
And Cape Eternity looms grandly up,
Like a God reigning in the wilderness
Holding communion with the distant cope,
Interpreting the stars' dreams, as they ope
Their silver gates, where stand his regal kin.

"Strong, eager thoughts come crowding to my eyes,

Earnest and swift, like Romans in the race,
As in stern grandeur, looming up the skies,
This Monarch of the Bluffs, with kingly grace,
Stands firmly fixed in his eternal place,
Like the great Samson of the Saguenay,
The stately parent of the giant race
Of mountains, scattered—thick as ocean's
spray

Sown by the tempest—up this granite-guarded way."

Far down the Gulf of St. Lawrence are a number of important river ports, as Riviere du Loup, Cacouna, the Canadian Newport, Trois Pistoles, Ste. Cecile, Rimouski, and many a minor fishing village. But here the river has become a vast estuary. "What river is this?" asked Cartier of his dusky pilots, as he entered the great gateway of the St. Lawrence. The red man with solemn dignity replied, "A river without end."

Small wonder that its vastness, and its stirring historic memories awake the enthusiasm of the chivalrous race that dwells upon its shores and call forth its poetic tribute:

"Salut, ô ma belle patrie !
Salut, ô bords du Saint-Laurent
Terre que l'étranger envie,
Et qu'il regrette en la quittant.
Heureux qui peut passer sa vie,
Toujours fidèle à te servir ;
Et dans tes bras, mère chérie,
Peut rendre son dernier soupir."

The lofty headland of Gaspé towers 700 feet above the waves. Here landed Jacques Cartier in the sultry midsummer of 1534, and reared a huge cross bearing the lily shield of France, and took possession of the country in the name of his sovereign, Francis I.

"It is easy," says Mr. Browne, "to imagine the feelings of these doughty voyageurs as they gazed for the first time on that great obelisk five hundred feet in length and nearly three hundred feet in height, known as Perce Rock. As they drew nearer a lofty arch opened as if the mighty walls had been swung ajar by an omnipotent hand." One of the sweetest and saddest legends of the grim old rock is that of the Breton maid who, hastening to the New World to join her affianced lover, was captured by Spanish corsairs, and to escape their persecutions, leaped into the sea. Her ghost still haunts the spot and in the vague and misty twilight may still be seen. Some of these strange old legends and traditions of the St. Lawrence find in Mr. Browne's notable volume their first written record and throw side-lights on the past which are not gained from the pages of history.

The story of the founding of Quebec and Montreal and their stirring after history, as given in this book, have all the fascination of romance. Its seventy-four full-page engravings, six of which, all the half-tones in this article, we are permitted to reproduce, greatly enhance the value of the volume.

DR. BARNARDO AND HIS WORK.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM HARRISON.



WHEN London, England, America and the English-speaking peoples of the world learned of the death of Dr. Thomas John Barnardo, the friend of the destitute children, but one feeling found expression, a deep, prolonged and unvarying regret. The unexpectedness of this wider than national bereavement gave increased intensity to the public grief when this great philanthropist passed from a life of unceasing and ever-multiplying activities to the land of silence and of rest.

The purpose of this contribution is to present in outline the life and work of one of the most interesting and potent personalities, which for the last forty years has moved and toiled with such wonderful results and done all on a stage so open and elevated as to be visible from every part of the world.

The genesis of Dr. Barnardo's work is full of interest, and at once reveals



A GIRL ARAB.



THE LATE DR. T. J. BARNARDO.

something of the qualities of the man who was to create and direct one of the most important humanitarian schemes of this or any other age. Dr. Barnardo was born in Ireland in 1845, and in his person represented the benefits which come of a judicious cross in ancestry. His father was born in Germany, of Spanish descent, while his mother was born in Ireland, of English blood. When quite a youth Barnardo came under deep conviction of sin, and experienced that inner change which lies at the foundation of all great moral and religious endeavor. The young Barnardo in his zeal resolved to dedicate himself to Chinese missions, and to that end took a medical course in Edinburgh, Paris and London. When the cholera broke out in the east end of London he volunteered for service among the poor and thus came in contact with the dis-



A HOLIDAY GATHERING AT ONE OF THE BARNARDO HOMES.

trampling sorrows of the submerged tenth.

In the intermission of his hospital work he took his two "free nights" a week in conducting a ragged school, situated in the very heart of ragged and degraded Stepney. The school was held in a disused donkey stable. It was in this lowly place, almost unfit for any human association, that the greatest scheme of social redemption in modern times was born. It was literally a ragged school as well as a school for ragged boys. No work ever began under humbler conditions, except that in the Bethlehem manger. To that consecrated donkey stable where in lieu of chairs or settees, boards had been placed over the rough

earth, came as to a haven of refuge one dreary winter night in 1864, a little street urchin, ragged, shirtless, shoeless, Jimmy Jarvis by name. Dr. Barnardo was closing the room one night after the children had gone, when down by the stove he saw the little street arab standing without hat or shoes or stockings.

"Boy," said the Doctor, "it is time for you to go home."

The boy never moved. Dr. Barnardo went on closing things up, and by and by he said again, "My boy, why don't you go home?"

The boy said, "I ain't got no home. Don't live nowhere."

"Where did you sleep last night?"

"Just anywhere, I got a lay along



A LESSON IN TINSMITHING.

with a lot of other chaps as don't live anywhere like me."

"Are there many like you?" inquired Dr. Barnardo.

"Lots of 'em," said the boy.

About midnight the young student and reformer, guided by this poor little waif, threaded his way down some of the streets of London, and then into a "close" and the boy pointed to a kind of coal-bin, and he said, "There's lots of 'em in there."

There, on that winter night—it happened to be a starlit night—the Doctor saw thirteen boys cuddled up and one little fellow hugged close to his brother to keep warm; nothing under them but a tin roof, where they had fled for fear of the "cops," and nothing above them but the starlit sky.

That was Dr. Barnardo's night of vision—his summons to his life-work. The sight of those upturned, piteous faces on that cold iron roof, "glimmering wan through their dirt in the wintry moonlight," haunted Barnardo, and silently and before God and that appealing human need, he then and there vowed to dedicate himself thenceforth not to China, but to the saving of the arabs of the streets of the greatest city on earth.

But the story of Jim and the for-

lorn quarry of young humanity run down upon the roof on that now memorable night had consequences far-reaching indeed. Some weeks afterward the young philanthropist was dining at the house of one of London's great men, and, the opportunity occurring, spoke warmly of what he had recently seen of London's wretchedness. Incredulity was expressed that on that raw night there could be any boys sleeping out in the cold air.

Dr. Barnardo was asked if he could show the homeless boys in their destitution, He replied that he could, So cabs were summoned, and a score of gentlemen in evening dress, sallied forth toward "Slumdom," piloted by Barnardo. At Billingsgate there was not a boy to be seen. But a "cop" standing by ventured to suggest that the boys would come out if given a copper. A ha'penny a head was offered, and straightway from out of a confused pile of crates, boxes and empty barrels seventy-three boys crawled from the lair where they had sought shelter for the night—a pitiful battalion of the great army of the destitute, confronting a deeply pitying detachment of the well-to-do. That vision was apocalyptic in its sadness and horror, but it carried with it the glad promise of better things. For among that company was Lord Shaftesbury, and with him were some of the noblest philanthropists in London, and then and there the Barnardo work for destitute children was born.

Without delay Dr. Barnardo began his schemes of rescue, by which they might be saved from a godless, criminal manhood if they escaped death by starvation or accident. He rented an old house in Stepney Causeway, London, which was soon transformed

into a cheerful and attractive "Home for Destitute Lads," and filled with a number of children gathered from the dark alleys, railway arches, fruit markets and river front, where they were surrounded by vicious and criminal associations. From this beginning the beneficent work expanded from year to year, and finally assumed proportions which the most daring dreamer would not have thought or planned. At present the institutions founded by Dr. Barnardo comprise some one hundred and twenty-one separate homes and mission branches. This is a vast and splendid progress from the little home with its twenty-five outcast lads in 1865 to the sixty thousand cared for in the intervening years and the 8,500 orphan and waif children now housed in the various departments and homes of this grand organization.

To feed, clothe and educate this biggest family on earth, and in other ways to be responsible from year to year for the care of some three or four thousand more, making a total of from 12,000 to 14,000, is an undertaking so enormous that we wonder that any human being, no matter how great his passion for the poor, nor how richly gifted in the matter of management, could carry the burden so long as Dr. Barnardo did. To indicate the immense network of institutions comprehended in this scheme of social and moral redemption we may note the character of some of them. They include Homes for Working and Destitute Lads, Orphans' Homes, Nursery Homes, All-Night Refuges, Labor Houses, Village Homes for Orphan and Destitute Girls, Babies' Castles, Hospitals, Ser-



THE BOYS' SHOEMAKING SHOP.

vants' Free Registry and Home, Rescue Home for Young Girls in Special Danger, The Bee Hive (an Industrial Home for Older Girls), City Messenger Brigade, Shoeblock Brigade and Home, Wood Chopping Brigade, Convalescent Seaside Homes, Memorial Homes for Incurables, Homes for Girl Waifs, Children's Free Lodging Houses, Emigration Depots, Industrial Farm and Home, Boarding-out Branches, Blind and Deaf-Mute Branch, Branch for Cripples or Deformed Children, The Children's Fold, Ever-Open Doors (eight Branches of Rescue Work) and several Shipping Agencies for the sending of children abroad.

Every year new branches of the Home have been opened, Mission Centres, Messenger Brigades, Coffee Palaces, Free Day Schools and Sunday Bible Schools, Shelters, Creches, Young Helpers' Leagues, and Adult Helpers' Associations, and the work extended throughout the United Kingdom. There are outside of London, in England, seventy homes, one in the Island of Jersey, and three in Canada.

In looking through the different departments of this Christ-like insti-



ONE OF THE LARGE BAKERIES.

tution you will find deserted children, the progeny of tramps, the orphan children of respectable parents, street arabs, "wharf-rats," motherless girls, cripples (some even legless or armless), little girls rescued from dire moral peril, little sleepers in wagons or alleyways, the blind, deaf and dumb, the hunchback and every conceivable variety of waifs are all to be found there.

The agents of the Homes are searching night and day for the little homeless and neglected children, and no one who comes under that classification is ever refused admission. The industrial, educational and religious training is thoroughly systematized and the best results are secured.

During the past twenty-four years some fifteen thousand have been translated from the Arabia Petrea of London's streets to the Arabia Felix of Canadian happy homes, and other tens of thousands are leading lives of honorable industry in the United Kingdom. The estimated cost per year for each child's support, shelter, clothing and all the necessaries, is eighty dollars. After 1889 the annual income from all sources averaged over \$500,000, four years later it rose to

\$750,000, and in 1902 it reached the princely sum of \$893,660. The total amount received from the commencement of the movement in 1865, reaches about \$13,000,000. The donors and helpers at the present time number about 100,000, of whom 26,000 are enrolled as "The Young Helpers' League."

If you had asked Dr. Barnardo how all this money was raised, he would have answered in two words, "by prayer." It was raised by voluntary contributions, and

often has the treasury been practically empty and the needs most pressing. Then this man of faith has waited on God. As he says, "I have never for one moment doubted that God is with us, that in His own good time all the help needed would be sent." He used to say with a smile: "Never once have I been disappointed." When the work has grown to immense proportions and it seemed as though it would be impossible to supply all the needs, contributions poured in upon him. From almost every land under the sun, from those who had been touched by the simple story of the brave and unselfish surgeon who was trying to lift up the outcasts and to clean up the worst and apparently most hopeless of England's slums.

His faith was almost boundless, and even in the most perplexing and darkest hours he felt assured that the Lord would not permit his work to suffer for lack of friends or necessary support. We take but one page from his own experience and we cannot fail to see the principle on which the work and the man have been sustained.

"Several years ago," says Dr. Barnardo, "I had to raise £500 by June 24th or submit to the foreclosure of a mortgage." The

15th of June arrived and I had no money in hand. I had two friends, wealthy men, who had told me to apply to them whenever I was in great difficulty. I wrote to them both, only to hear that one was out of town for an indefinite period, and the other was too seriously ill to attend to any mundane affairs. By the 20th things had got worse. No money had come in, but instead there was an additional claim for £50. The 21st passed; no money; the 22nd ditto; on the 23rd the average receipts for the homes were lower than usual. On the morning of the 24th all that arrived by post was 15s. Almost in despair I made my way to the lawyer's office in the West End who held the mortgage, hoping that I might induce him to grant me a postponement.

"Passing down Pall Mall, I noticed standing on the steps of one of the large clubs a military-looking man who stared intently at me as I came along. I glanced instinctively at him, and then resumed my way. In a moment or two I felt some one patting me on the shoulder. 'I beg your pardon,' said my interlocutor, as he raised his hat, 'I think your name is Barnardo.' I said, 'Yes, that is so; but you have the advantage of me.' 'Oh!' he said, 'you do not know me, but I recognize you. I have a commission to discharge. I left India about two months ago, and Colonel ——— gave me a packet for you. It contains money, I believe; for he is a great enthusiast for your work, and he made a large collection for you after a bazaar that his wife held. But I have not been long in London, and have not had time to go down and see you. Only this very morning, however, I was thinking that I must make time to call upon you, when, curiously enough, I saw you coming along. Do you mind waiting a moment until I fetch the packet?'

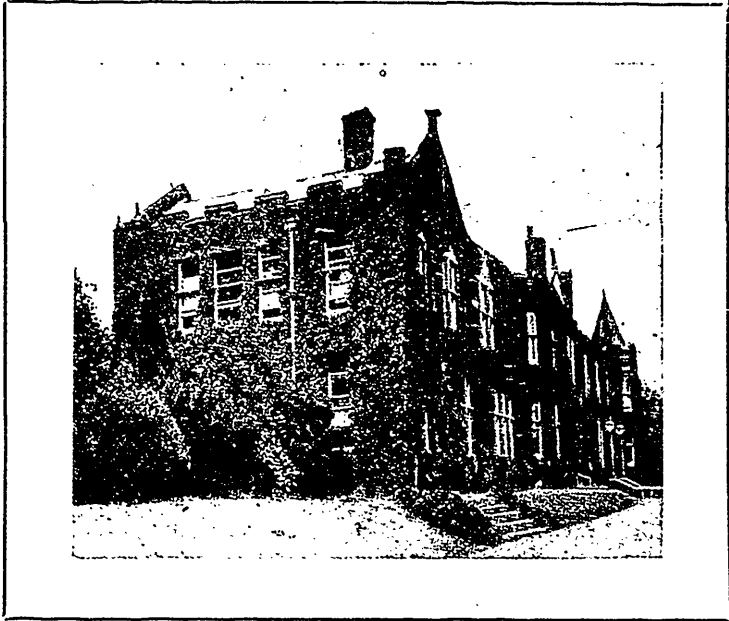
"I gladly acceded to his request, and returned with him to the club. He ran upstairs, and presently brought me down a large envelope addressed to me, carefully tied up with silk, and sealed. I opened it in his presence. Imagine my astonishment and my delight when I found in it a bank draft to the value of £650! This had been sent from India rather more than three months previously, before I myself realized that I would have to make the special payment which was that day due. I cannot doubt that in the providence of God the bearer of the message was allowed to retain the package until almost the last minute, so that faith might be tested and prayer drawn out unceasingly."

The cosmopolitan character of this undertaking is demonstrated by the record which shows that in one year young people were admitted into some one of the homes from Berlin, Brazil, Cape Town, Constantinople, France, America, Mexico, New Zealand, Russia, Syria, as well as from English-speaking cities, counties and towns.

One of the chief secrets of Dr. Barnardo's popularity and power was his passionate, unwearying love for the children he had sought with such solicitude to uplift and save. Even amid all his trials and cares, he would turn to some group of his little friends, and with a few kind, cheery words would instantly bring them tumbling upon him in a heap. He was their playmate, their friend, their consoler, their adviser in all sorts of juvenile troubles, and he won and retained their love without an effort. Let the following boyish tribute suffice as proof of the wonderful charms which this really great man had for the children:

One of the visitors at the homes established by the late Dr. T. J. Barnardo, tells of a pathetic testimony of one of the boys. He was a poor little fellow who was lying ill in the sick ward, and she sat by his bed listening to his praise of the good Doctor. She says: "At that very moment the ward door opened and in came the Doctor himself, for he had promised to be with his little friends for part of the evening. At sight of the good man, the little lad grew quite excited, and nearly leaped out of bed. 'That's 'im,' he almost shouted, as he administered a most emphatic push to the lady's arm. 'That's 'im, don't he look 'appy?' Then, in a sort of stage whisper, bending near the lady, and giving her yet another reminder of the importance of what he was saying: 'He seems as if he was always lookin' for a 'ead to pat.'" The tears came into the lady's eyes as she listened to this impromptu tribute.

The noble unselfishness of Dr. Barnardo's career in the management of so great an undertaking, and of such vast sums of money as came under his



BABELS' CASTLE, HAWKHURST.

supervision and care, is seen very clearly when the facts are duly considered. Though some \$15,000,000 passed in one way or another through his hands to the unfortunates, not a shilling of it "stuck." He served the institution which he founded and with which his name is so closely associated for seventeen years (from 1866 to 1883) without any remuneration, supporting himself by his medical practice and his writing. From 1883 until his death he received a salary of \$3,000 a year, but gave all his time and spare means to the work to which he had consecrated himself nearly forty years ago. He died a comparatively poor man.

This man of heroic spirit and of magnificent faith and courage in the prosecution of his humanitarian ambitions and plans was at one time denounced by some of the leading churches in England, and the public

judgment of him was widely different from what it is to-day. For many years he was a favorite butt of the comic papers, society journals, and even of some papers of a higher and better class. He was finally obliged to enter a suit for libel in order to defend himself and keep his work from failure. This cost him \$40,000, and much anguish of mind, but it won the day and brought to his assistance a late Chief Justice of England, who helped him with money and influence.

When on the 19th day of last September, Dr. Barnardo, after a brief illness, ceased from his difficult but glorious labors, Catholics and Protestants, men and women of all ranks and sects, have literally poured their grateful tributes to his memory. The secular and religious press in England and her colonies, as well as in the United States, have borne unstinted praise to the value of the work



GIRLS' VILLAGE HOME, ILFORD.

which this man accomplished. King Edward sent to Mrs. Barnardo the following letter through Lord Knollys:

"I am commanded by the King to convey to you the expressions of his sincere regret at the irrepairable loss you have just sustained, and the assurance of his deep sympathy with you in your great sorrow. His Majesty is glad to think that you have the satisfaction of knowing that the public are sharers in your affliction, and as regards the King he desires me to say that he has always recognized the immense benefit which Dr. Barnardo conferred on poor and destitute children by his untiring energy, by his constant devotion to the object of his life, and by his courage and perseverance."

Queen Alexandra also sent a sympathetic message to Mrs. Barnardo.

The Times, in a leading article, says well:

"It is impossible to take a general view of Dr. Barnardo's life-work without being astonished alike by its magnitude and by its diversity, and by the enormous amount of otherwise hopeless misery against which he has contended single-handed with success.

He may be justly ranked among the greatest public benefactors whom England has in recent times numbered among her citizens. With no adventitious aid from fortune or from connections, with no aim but to relieve misery and to prevent sin and suffering, he has raised up a noble monument of philanthropy and of public usefulness. Notwithstanding the inroads of disease, he remained bravely at his post, and his premature death was no doubt largely due to his devotion. We trust that the children whom he loved so well will still be cared for by those upon whom his responsibilities have descended, and that the nation will not suffer either his example to be lost or the continuance of his work to be imperilled."

There is not one word of all this which was not richly earned. Dr. Barnardo had no aim or end of his own to serve. He was wholly devoted to the children for whom he lived and died. Taking nothing but a bare maintenance, he freely gave over to the service of the friendless business talents which might have gained him an immense fortune in any other walk of life, and labor which was only checked by the imperative and reluctantly obeyed summons of nature to desist. Doubtless his vigorous constitution was undermined, but through sickness, as through health, he fared dauntlessly on. It

is sad to think that this man, whom all unite in crowning now that he is dead, had in his lifetime to pass through storms of obloquy. We will not recall the expressions applied to him by newspapers which are now praising him.

Dr. Barnardo felt all the reproach very keenly, for he was deeply sensitive. But nothing was allowed to alter his purpose or to deflect him from its execution. Surely such a servant of the State should have had some recognition from the State. When one thinks of the long lists of honors which appear now and then in the newspapers, to the immense perplexity of a public that hardly knows a name on the list, it is difficult to think without bitterness of the way in which Dr. Barnardo was long opposed, and always comparatively neglected.

The lesson his career reads to every one is old, and yet ever new. It is the profound possibilities of influence that are lodged in a single life. Dr. Barnardo had literally nothing to back him at the beginning. He was only a medical student; he had no influential connections; he was entirely without pecuniary resources of his own. The task to which he set himself seemed ludicrously impossible. London had grown to acquiesce in the existence of the street arab. Even the noble and gentle Dickens was content to display the humors of the character, and Londoners expected as little to see that character vanish from their streets as they expected the disappearance of St. Paul's.

It was said many a time to Dr. Barnardo, first and last, that all he could do was to rescue a single life here and there, that he was only putting in a straw to stem the progress of a river. But he went on, and died, if not in the full realization of victory, yet with much of the spoil secure, and in the complete assurance of faith. Other forces were confederate with him in his great work. But who shall say what effect the initiative of this friendless youth had in the revealing and the liberating of these forces? Dr. Barnardo, though a man of singularly quick and vivid mind, of intense interest in all that was passing, and of downright opinions of his own, wisely remained silent in public. He chose to confine himself to one task, and to be known to the people as the friend of the waif. It is such men as he, granted to us from time to time in the goodness of God, that keep the life of the nation green.

One of the most touching of all this great variety of commendations which has found expression since Dr.

Barnardo's departure, was that stream of living humanity which passed in reverent silence past the casket containing all that was mortal of the Father of Nobody's Children, as it lay almost buried with wreaths in the little church where the last solemn service was held. It is said that 40,000 joined in that procession, representing nearly all classes, and many were the sorrowful hearts and moistened eyes during those impressive and profoundly pathetic scenes and hours. It was no passing accident or fictitious attempt at something great by which this man was lifted into universal appreciation, but from the fact that he rendered services infinitely greater and more lasting than most of the exploits which are rewarded with national grants, by parliamentary votes of thanks, or by titular honors. His has been a life-long campaign against foes which are continually making war on the national life.

This work has demonstrated on the largest scale that a right environment is more powerful than heredity, no matter how low and perilous those in-born tendencies may be. In the rescue of some sixty thousand waifs from the slums and distressing and often dreadful conditions in which they were found, this prince of philanthropists and reformers claimed as the result of prolonged and most careful investigation that only *two* per cent. of these turned out badly. A month or two before his death he wrote: "We have demonstrated the superiority of environment to heredity. I suppose there has never been such an example in the world as our institution affords of the great fact that heredity is not so invincible a foe to human life as has been thought."

It is a cause of great satisfaction to be assured that long before the close of Dr. Barnardo's active life

it was his special care so to arrange matters that the various institutions under the title of "The National Incorporated Association for the Reclamation of Destitute Waif Children, otherwise known as Dr. Barnardo's Homes," should, as far as possible be placed upon a permanent basis, and be made independent of the tenure of a single life. Thus under the divine blessing, the grand work of this noble man will be perpetuated through coming years. It is now proposed by the Committee of Management, of which Lord Brassey is president, to raise a national memorial fund to the late Dr. Barnardo, of two hundred and fifty thousand pounds, to be used solely for the benefit of the Children's Home work, paying off certain mortgages and debts and in establishing that work on a somewhat more satisfactory basis.

IN MEMORIAM.

THOMAS JOHN BARNARDO, F.R.C.S.,

Born, 1845. Died Sept. 19, 1905.

"Suffer the Children unto Me to come,
The little children," said the voice of
Christ,
And for his law whose lips to-day are dumb,
The Master's word sufficed.

"Suffer the little children——" so He spake,
And in His steps that true disciple trod,
Lifting the helpless ones, for love's pure sake,
Up to the arms of God.

Naked, he clothed them; hungry, gave them
food;
Homeless and sick, a hearth and healing care;
Led them from haunts where vice and squalor
brood
To gardens clean and fair.

By birthright pledged to misery, crime and
shame,
Jetson of London's streets, her "waifs and
strays,"
Whom she, the Mother, bore without a name,
And left and went her ways—

He stooped to save them, set them by his side,
Breathed conscious life into the stillborn soul,
Taught truth and honor, love and loyal pride,
Courage and self-control.

Tell of her manhood, here and over seas,
On whose supporting strength her state is
throned,
None better serves the Motherland than these
Her sons, the once disowned.

To-day, in what far lands, their eyes are dim,
Children again, with tears they well may
shed,
Orphaned a second time who mourn in him
A foster-father dead.

But he, who had their love for sole reward,
In that far home to which his feet have won—
He hears at last the greeting of his Lord:
"Servant of Mine, well done!"
—O. S. in London Punch.

NIGHT.

BY DONALD A. FRASER.

Fair gold-crowned Day has drawn her crimson train
Through western gates, and pearly-mantled Eve
He smiled on all things round. Now she does leave
And in her place comes sombre Night to reign.
Dark Night, arrayed in shroud of sable stain;
But all bestrewn with golden dust of stars
That makes her darkness beautiful, nor mars
Fair Luna's splendor, as o'er land and main,
Her torch-bearer, she glides with silver feet.
Then over all the world a hush descends;
While weary mortals sink in slumber sweet
All nature, high and low, together blends
In blissful rest to wait the morning bright
And silently enjoy the boon of night.

Victoria, B.C.

THE TOTAL SOLAR ECLIPSE OF 1905.

BY THE REV. ROBERT KILLIL, F.R.A.S.



TOTAL eclipse of the sun is the most awe-inspiring of all celestial phenomena, but it is not its spectacular aspect to which the astronomer is drawn. The gradual fading away of the light, the appalling swiftness with which the black shadow sweeps along, the gorgeous appendage of coronal beauty, and the effects of the untimely darkness upon nature, impress him, as they do the untrained observer; for no man with a soul can fail to respond to the grandeur of such an event. But for the student of the physical constitution of the universe, the chief interest of the occurrence lies in its revealing power. Not what a thing looks like, but what it actually *is*, is ever the problem he sets himself to solve.

The study of solar physics is now pursued daily by means of spectroscopy and photographic plate; and observations of sun-flames, possible only before the middle of last century, when the moon lent her kindly aid, are now made at one station or another during every hour of clear sunshine. It might seem, therefore, as if modern ingenuity had rendered the astronomer independent of Cynthia's aid in his attempts at unravelling the wonder of the sun's structure. But that is not so. The precious moments during which our satellite entirely covers the solar disc are more eagerly looked for than ever. For not only are there questions on which only the darkness of an eclipse can throw light, but it has only been in

recent years that the best methods of putting such moments to use have been discovered.

The manner in which the moon assists investigation into solar phenomena is worth a moment's consideration.

Ordinarily, when we attempt to look at the sun, we are baffled by its dazzling splendors, so that not only can we not bear to gaze with unprotected eye upon the actual body of our primary, but the very sky itself, in its vicinity, is unbearably bright. The one celestial body that can possibly cut off for us the direct rays of sunlight is the moon; and that service can be rendered only under certain well-defined conditions. Sun and moon alike appear to our sight to be of the same angular diameter and apparent size. But neither sun nor moon remains constantly the same when measured by suitable instruments. Their distances from the earth are variable, and so are their diameters. Sometimes the moon is slightly smaller than the sun, sometimes larger. Now, the former can never totally hide the latter unless she lie between the sun and our earth, being then, as we say, "new," and at such a distance as to subtend a larger disc to our eye. Occasionally she may be in the position to eclipse the sun, though not totally. She may be so far away that her shadow does not reach the earth, and then those immediately beneath her see the whole of her body projected against the sun, but leaving a ring of uncovered solar surface. This is known as an annular eclipse. At other times she may be just far enough above or below the

line joining the centres of the sun and earth as to have only a portion of her form projected on to the sun. In that case there is only a partial eclipse. And whether the eclipse be annular or partial, so long as any portion of the sun remains uncovered, none of the glories of a total eclipse can be seen.

But though an eclipse be total, it can be so only over a very limited area. The cone of shadow cast by the moon can never exceed 170 miles in diameter; and only within the places transited by that cone can the sublime and awesome spectacle be witnessed. The cone of August 30th last measured only about 120 miles across it, so that in all places farther away than 60 miles from the central line of eclipse there was but a partial phase. Those who observed, say, ten miles north or south of either limit of the shadow, or 70 miles from the central line, would see a very large partial eclipse, falling short of totality by a narrow strip of the sun's edge; while we in England were so far off as to have little more than three-fourths of the sun covered.

When, however, an observer is so placed that he is within the sweep of the actual shadow, then the moon so completely cuts off every ray of direct sunlight, as to allow the marvellous crown or halo, which is ordinarily hidden from our gaze, to be seen; as also those wonderful protuberances of flame which the spectroscope reveals at any time. Other things are also seen. Stars and planets shine out as they do in the twilight of a summer evening. Curious effects are noticed on the sun's limb, due to the irregular serrated edge of the moon. Atmospheric or other interferences with the departing and returning sunlight, produce "shadow-bands," both before and after totality, and the landscape around undergoes weird transforma-

tion scenes. Moreover, the temperature falls during the progress of events, and the animal world betrays a consciousness, if not a dread, of the preternatural darkness; while, not infrequently, human beings seek, by prayers and offerings, to propitiate their deity.

But, as has been said, the scientific value of the phenomenon lies apart from these things. The shape and structure of the corona afford a probable clue to the periodicity of the sun's activity. From time to time the face of our great luminary is marked by spots of varying size and form, the appearances of which are governed by some law not yet clearly understood. There is a cycle of years which brings about both a maximum and minimum of solar activity, and the shape of the corona is in some mysterious way bound up with this periodicity. When the maximum is reached, and spots are most numerous, the corona is least extended and most symmetrical. On the other hand, when the sun shows fewest signs of disturbance, *i.e.*, during the minimum of activity, the coronal streamers are most extended. The eclipse of August 30th, occurring during the maximum period, presented a perfectly typical corona, symmetrical in form, with a few extensions of not too pronounced a type. This much at least has been confirmed by our recent expeditions. Then there is a green ray of light, provisionally named the coronium line in the spectrum, not yet identified with anything known to the chemist or physicist, which may be as closely associated with terrestrial matter as helium, first discovered in the sun, has turned out to be. It will, however, necessarily be some time yet before the many observations of August last can be made to yield their quota to our growing stock of solar knowledge.

At Burgos, Spain, the totality lasted three minutes and forty seconds. The morning of the eclipse opened with promise of ideal conditions, yet, as it wore on, clouds gathered and gave us many an anxious moment. The total phase was due to begin at about one hour and six minutes, Greenwich time; and at 12.30 the promise of the early hours had gone. At 12.45 rain fell, and at 12.55 we had to protect our instruments from the shower. The case seemed hopeless, but as if by a special interposition of Providence, the sun began to struggle through the clouds, and, putting up our binoculars, fitted with prisms and gratings, to watch for what is known as the flash spectrum, to our great delight we were able clearly to see this truly wonderful sight—the sure sign that totality was about to begin. Then came up the moon's portentous shadow, with awful velocity, and there, to our surprise, in a clear space between the clouds, was the moon-covered sun, with its marvellous appendages of flame and coronal structure. Immediately we set to work. The writer got to his driving,

and managed to keep the sun on one of the cross wires in the field of vision, while his companion, Mr. D. E. Benson, secured photographs of varying exposure. There is no space to write of the passage of the moon over the sun-flames as seen in the telescope; or to describe the return of sunlight, to the joy of the watching crowds of Spaniards. But it may be added that during the progress of the eclipse the air became chilly, that after totality the "shadow bands" were distinctly seen, that Venus shone out brilliantly in the lucid interval, and that as soon as the total phase had passed, clouds gathered freely and prevented any observations of importance of the last stages. We needed three minutes and forty-five seconds for our work; and as if by miracle, we had something like four minutes of beautiful seeing at the critical period! By the kindness of the Spanish authorities, we were protected during our observations by a cordon of cavalry, or it would have been impossible to have carried through our programme as we did.—*Wesleyan Magazine.*

LA SALLE.

Explorer of the Mississippi.

Battling through trackless lands, 'gainst savage foes;
 Striving, enduring, knowing the bitterness
 Of foul betrayal, still in front he goes;
 Onward through swamp and forest see him press,
 Proud, silent, suffering, misunderstood;
 The weight he bore, it seemed that no man could;
 Then at the last, when the infernal stroke
 Fell, 'twas as if the silent leader spoke:
 "This river I first trace to the far sea—
 If monument I need, this let it be;
 Then shall I live with the chief sons of time.
 This is the path of empire; onward to empire climb!"

—R. W. G., in the *May Century*.

RUSSIA AND THE JEWS.



THE line between civilization and savagery is still narrow. We are so surrounded by an atmosphere of philanthropy and enlightenment that we scarcely realize how easily naked human passion can change it all into Inferno. In Russia, as well as in England, there are numbers of

people who hate cruelty and revere law and order, and hold the most modern views on conduct. And yet the world has seen in the past weeks the thin surface of civilization cracked and the vapors of the pit emerging, till it is hard not to imagine that we are back again in the days of some twelfth century massacre of unbelievers, when, in the name of Christ, His kinsfolk were pillaged and tortured. The facts are the same, the cruelties are not a whit less great; indeed, the horror is a thousandfold greater, when these things happen in the midst of a society which has the same manners and codes as ourselves, reads the same books, and does homage to the same ideals of culture. The only difference is that there is now no official glorification of the atrocities. Instead of a sleek bishop rejoicing in the crusade and sending to Rome glowing accounts of how the work of Christ prospered, we have a governor or commissioner of police prating about order and moderation and at the same time giving his men the hint to begin.

Mr. Israel Gollancz in a striking letter in *The Times* compared the massacre of the Russian Jews to that of the Waldenses, and regretted the absence of a Cromwell with his sum-

mary demands. But there is this difference between the two cases, that in the first it was possible to fix responsibility clearly, and in the second it is not. A modern Cromwell would be met by grave regrets and a denial of all complicity. The bureaucracy fix the blame on the Socialists, the Socialists on the bureaucracy, the Generals on a too zealous soldiery, the soldiery upon insufficiently explicit orders. Whatever the proximate cause, the true cause lies in the nature of the whole social organism in Russia, and her blunders of the last three hundred years.

Anti-Semitism is an ugly force in the background of all European politics. We have seen it in our own land, when so-called Nationalists sometimes raise the cry in their campaigns against Imperialism. We saw it some years ago in an extreme form in France; it crops up every now and again in Germany and Austria. But in Russia it is not a party cry, it is almost a part of the racial character, a fact as indubitable as the thrift of the French peasant or the stolidity of the German. It is worth while looking at the source of this strange mephitic vapor which every now and again kindles into a devastating fire.

Many reasons are obvious. If you herd a race within the limits of a Pale, and debar its youth for ages from the liberal professions, you compel it to turn its attention exclusively to trade. Concentration of interest breeds aptitude, and soon the Jew is a better merchant than his neighbor. All this matters little so long as commerce is less important to the nation than war and statecraft. But in modern times trade has risen in the scale,

fortunes have been amassed, and men whose grandfathers would have despised it now turn their attention to money-making. They find in their way a race with an hereditary aptitude and infinite patience, with whom they cannot cope; a race, moreover, whom they have been brought up to despise. This explains the feeling of the middle-class man.

But look next at the point of view of the proletariat. There are far fewer fortunes among Jews in proportion to their numbers than among Christians, but in Russia a rich Christian passes unnoticed, while a rich Jew, from the fact of his birth and peculiar status, is set upon a pedestal for all to mark. The workman sees one whom he has been taught to regard as an outcast living in comfort, and goes home and broods over it. Moreover, he finds Jewish rivals in his own trade, men who live on next to nothing and take any wages. The mere number of Jews in Russia has much to do with the hatred which they excite. In Odessa, for example, one-third of the population is Jewish, and in Poland they number more than a million and a half. Wherever he turns the average poor man finds them around him, equally offensive to him in their riches and in their poverty.

Take, again, the universities. Before a Jew can enter one of these he must pass tests far stricter than those for a Christian. The result is that Jewish students are a picked class, and take naturally the highest academic honors, and the best places in the learned professions. The learned Jew, like the rich Jew, is set on a pedestal, with no shield against popular envy and dislike. It is to be said to the honor of Russian students that they are one of the few classes of the population who do not persecute the

Jews; but a certain amount of animosity is inevitable.

Last of all take the peasant. He hates, to begin with, any adherent of the Jewish faith on religious grounds. The Jew trader, from the city comes to his village and makes him an offer for his crops as they stand in the fields. With the fear of drought and storms before him, he closes, and thinks he has made a good bargain, the Jew taking the risks of all disasters. But a good harvest comes, and the trader makes a modest profit out of the transaction. He deserves it, for he took the risks; but this does not prevent the peasant from believing he has been cheated. Such a feeling is bound to arise when more advanced traders attempt to introduce business methods among a profoundly ignorant people, and accounts for much of the general antipathy to the Jews.

Finally there is the fact that they are a close corporation, tenacious of old customs, and admitting no stranger within their bounds. The ordinary man is suspicious of all sects and clans, political, religious, or social, and he hates what he does not understand, without reflecting that it was the persecutions of his forefathers which created this cohesion. The result of it all is that the whole of Russia, except a small section of the "intelligents," looks upon the Jew with a dislike which can readily be transformed into hate.

Unpopularity, however, is one thing, but these merciless atrocities are surely another. What spark has fired the powder-magazine, and changed repugnance towards a neighbor into a desire to kill him with every circumstance of horror? We fear that the blame for the ghastly occurrence lies largely on the shoulders of the bureaucracy. We acquit them, in-

deed, of any of the crude *Judenhetze* which fills the lower classes. Though stupid men as a rule, they see well enough the useful part which the Jew plays in the social economy. Theirs is the far more terrible guilt that without fanaticism and in cold blood they use the lives of miserable men and women to cover their own retreat. We do not say that the intention is universal, for there are many of the higher officials who would scorn the thought; but we fear that it does exist in certain quarters and has been put into force.

No doubt they have a kind of justification ready. They may say—what is a fact—that the revolutionary societies are filled with Jews, and that the Jewish Bund is the most ably organized of all the sections of the Social Democrats. But they have not waged war upon Anarchists as Anarchists; they have tried to turn the tide of popular hatred from themselves to a traditionally unpopular class, and focus the ill-will of centuries. It is not hard to do, for once the spark touched the vapor the flames blazed far beyond human power. Then came the time for well-expressed regrets and so-called attempts at repression. Cossack and peasant, workman and ne'er-do-well, revolutionary

and reactionary, found for a moment a task of murder and plunder on which they were agreed. And yet in the long run it is bad policy. Discontent may be averted for a second, but it will come back again to its true object; and meanwhile the moral sense of Europe has been shocked as deeply as by the Commune or the Terror.

It may be asked why antipathy has so readily resulted in massacre. The answer, we think, lies in the kind of political education Russia has received. In a country governed by an arbitrary will two consequences appear. One is a carelessness of human life, which its rulers hold so cheap. Another is a kind of hopelessness in the down-trodden classes. They see injustice on all sides, and they feel miserably that they have no pacific remedy. It is like lynch law in the Southern States, which people resort to not because they are naturally brutal or lawless, but because they despair of speedy justice by any other means. If the Russian peasant is got to believe that he is being ousted or robbed by the Jew, he will see no remedy except to kill him; and some day, if he is persuaded that his rulers are evil, he may be equally intolerant of a bloodless reform.

ROSE AND STAR AND LOVE.

BY MAUDE PETITT.

I plucked a rose from a swaying vine;
My rose it had a thorn,
It pierced my flesh till the blood flowed red
As the blossom I had torn.

The rose, it withered in my hand
Ere yet the day was done,
I had nought left but sting and scar
At setting of the sun.

I sought a star with longing eyes,
My soul did moan and fret.

“My star!” I cried. But morn came on.
The star in the West had set.

I nursed a love, warm in my heart,
“Oh love, thou art my own.”
But I bowed one night in anguish deep,
Ah, love, it too was gone.

But rose, and star, and love,
Though lost, they still are mine;
They linked me each to my fellow men,
Then why should I repine?

NEW RUSSIA

BY DR. MAX NORDAU.



IT would take a big volume to say all that ought to be said on the present situation in Russia. I am ashamed to treat in a few brief aphorisms the greatest event in modern history.

The Russian revolution completes the French revolution. Henceforth white humanity, with the exception of the Mussulman world, will live under the triad of liberty, fraternity and equality.

Autocracy is still in a position to commit crimes, but they are the last convulsions of the wild beast. It is dying. The revolution has killed it. With it dies the reaction in all Europe. The Russia of the Czars has been the last stronghold of feudalism. Through it the Middle Ages have lived into the twentieth century, and the counter-revolution has been able to resist the attack of modern democracy. The complete breakdown of the whole system of Russian tyranny is sure to come, is not far off, and the ruin of absolutism throughout Europe will follow.

But the Russian liberals, who have so gloriously secured for Russia the rights of man and citizenship, should be careful not to make a mistake which would be mortal. They should not imitate the French Third Estate, who, having vanquished Royalty and

the aristocracy, closed the door and left outside the Fourth Estate, thus disinheriting a body of fellow citizens who had fought side by side with this selfish Third Estate. The end of the Russian revolution will only come when is ameliorated the condition of the Russian laboring classes. The minimum of reforms should be a limitation of the hours of work, a pension for the worker at sixty-five, insurance against accidents and forced stoppage of work during the dead season.

It is possible—it is even probable—that the artificial unity of the Russian Empire will not weather the present storm. But I see no evil in a friendly federation of autonomous states supplanting the present monster without organic cohesion, kept together by the chains of a despotic administration.

The new Russia will no longer strive to carry out the pseudo-testament of Peter the Great. It will be too much occupied with its liberal and democratic evolution to think of conquests, and too modern, too moral, to dream of military glory. The new Russia will be pacific, will avoid mixing up in quarrels which do not concern it. But it will be capable of strong acts in defence of its ideals wherever they are in danger. This new Russia will thus be a better ally for a friendly France, who will stand as an example for its democratic zeal.
—*Independent*.

No tongue of mortal can express,
No letters write its blessedness ;
Alone, who hath thee in his heart,
Knows, love of Jesus, what thou art !

SUMMERWILD.

BY ANNETTE L. NOBLE.

Author of "In a Country Town," etc., etc.

CHAPTER X.

CHANGES.



DURING the days of greatest trouble David Fenton was often at the Welles', trying in every unostentatious way to be of service or comfort. He had told Elizabeth of all that was going on as events progressed, and she, too, sympathized deeply, but could not so openly show her feelings, knowing there are sorrows with which a stranger intermeddled not. She wrote kindly letters implying what she dared not express, and sent flowers, fruit, and dainty gifts to Aunt Hannah, Louise, and the baby; but she did not go in person.

For some weeks after he prison doors closed on Clarence she learned nothing more of the family. One day, remembering that David had that week been to the city, she went for a call at the Cobbs. It was a stormy afternoon, and the family were cosily sitting together about the huge old fireplace, where David loved to see kindled a "good old-fashioned fire." Father Cobb was very feeble, but still persisted in sitting in his old place with Sancho at his feet. Martha was sewing rags for a carpet. They were well able to buy carpets, but Martha wove them all the same, or rather provided rag balls for the weaving. She was glad to see Bess and urged her to lay aside her wraps.

It was not long before John Welles was mentioned, and the fact that he was thoroughly satisfied with his new and larger work. She learned all about that and much more. David told her that the old house was now sold. It had brought a larger price than any one supposed possible. Clarence's half had gone, but John's had not been sacrificed. Mr. Grace had acted the part of a true father and generous friend. He wanted Louise to come home, but finally proposed and carried out another arrangement. When he saw how Louise depended on and loved Aunt Hannah, he realized the old lady was her wisest friend.

Mrs. Grace would have had Louise come home and "live down" the "disgrace" by

returning at once to all the gaieties of fashionable life. When she saw that Louise was very firm in her resolve to live quite another sort of life, she was not at all anxious to have her an inmate of the Grace home.

Mr. Grace therefore bought and gave Louise a pretty, modern little house near Central Park. He furnished it nicely, and then Louise and he convinced Aunt Hannah that she must be the power behind the throne in the new house. Louise could not wisely or with proper regard for Mrs. Grundy live alone; she was too young, beautiful, and inexperienced. Moreover, and this was the clinching argument: how could little Clarence live without her—get into short-clothes, survive teething, have measles, learn his catechism,—be kept from drafts and wicked nursemaids? Oh, Aunt Hannah could never be separated from that child! So there had been an auction in the old house. Whatever articles Aunt Hannah valued peculiarly she had kept for her own bedroom and sitting-room in the new house; the rest were sold, all but the furnishings of John's library. The old house was for a year or more to be rented for offices. John rented his room as it was, only adding a few things that he wanted to keep, and arranging to sleep there. He was urged to belong to the new establishment, but compromised by agreeing to spend his Sundays there and to keep an oversight of his aunt, nephew, and the young sister-in-law.

Louise was a continual surprise to them all. Her father had settled on her and the boy a sum sufficient to allow of quite an expensive establishment; but she had plainly marked out her future. With "society," as the word is understood in New York, she would have nothing to do. She was not planning to be a recluse, but she meant to be a good mother, learning how to be better all the time. She would take these years of separation to grow into a wife that was wise, strong, and ready for the husband God might some day return to her.

Intellectually, too, Louise was waking up. She was not dull or silly, but she had been "finished" at a fashionable up-town school, where the girl with the smallest

waist, the prettiest face, and the fattest pocketbook scarcely knew by sight the girl who came to school to learn—if one such happened to be there. The year in this house, where even simple Aunt Hannah read the best literature, and John was always bringing them new books—this year had opened Louise's eyes to a new world.

David sitting by the Cobbs' fireside, told them this in substance, saying: "I had a long, good talk with Hannah, and we came to see how true it is 'all things' can 'work together for good to them that love God.' Here was an immature girl, and a wild, undisciplined boy—yes, and a family it may be a little too proud of their record. It was an awful blow for John and Hannah, but both of them have come to see that character outlasts reputation. John is not hurt in the eyes of men. Hannah says it will be worth all that any one of them suffers if Clarence comes out convinced that his past is forgiven by God, that temperance and honesty shall be the rule of his future; if his folly and boyishness is subdued by the Spirit of God to manliness and hard-learned wisdom; if Louise is transformed by sorrow under God to a nobler woman. They all realize that had Clarence gone on longer unchecked nothing but irreparable ruin was ahead of him."

"God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform," quoted Father Cobb thoughtfully, poking the brands in the fireplace.

Bess asked no questions.

"I don't go to the Welles' every time I go into the city, by any means," added David.

"No, he goes to the hospital, following up those wretched——"

"Brothers who have got worsted in the fight with evil," said David.

"Brothers! Humph!—it's the worse for 'em, I believe, because they never fit with evil at all, they run after it and loved it," said Martha.

"So they have in some cases, poor deluded creatures. Now they see their mistakes, it is such a good time to give them help."

"David, may I go with you when you go hereafter? I will go to the women's wards with apples, oranges and jelly——"

"And good words, fitly spoken, I hope. Yes, Elizabeth, I will be glad to have thee with me."

A moment later he added: "We will see Aunt Hannah, too, and Louise bade me tell thee the child was worth coming

far to admire. 'Tis a fine boy, and comforts her much. She wants thee to become acquainted with one Mary—Mary—the name escapes me, but 'tis a former friend, who came forward when trouble overtook Louise. She is often with her, and Aunt Hannah greatly approves."

"Old or young?" asked Martha.

"Not older than Elizabeth, and most pleasing. I have seldom seen a more beautiful expression of countenance. John told me she was as pure-hearted and gentle as she is fair; in fact, he said he had never seen but one woman more attractive."

"The one who died," thought Bess, stooping to smooth Sancho's long ears.

Martha Cobb grunted expressively. Father Cobb looked as if he longed to speak, but dare not, and then they talked of matters nearer home.

When Elizabeth went home she spent an hour or more in self-analysis. She almost wished that there were Protestant convents she could enter without protest from her parents, and finally went to supper in a melancholy mood.

During the meal she remarked, "I am going to visit the poor in the hospital every week with David Fenton."

"Bosh!" said her father succinctly. "You will catch something—cholera or vermin."

"No, I will be doing something not purely selfish."

"Elizabeth, how can you?" moaned Mrs. Hogarth, quite as if she had said, "commit suicide."

"Why, with David Fenton. I have been this afternoon to see him about it."

"I never saw anything like you, Elizabeth. What will you do next?"

"Found an Academy of Arts in Kamtschatka, or marry a Jew."

"I don't doubt you will. You'll go and marry some dreadful creature, likely as not, a regular Rabbi, maybe. And you never will look at a man to make you a sensible husband, reasonable, and right-minded, and rich, and——"

"I don't like alliterations," said Elizabeth.

Her father thought she meant something about the salad, and he said it was bitter. Her mother looked bewildered, but made no further opposition to her plans.

And now let us give a page or two to one character alone. Not to a great character in life—not one most

prominent in our story, but once in every life there comes a time when an awful interest invests it. The man stands alone, and truly he has a place to himself. Such a day was coming to Father Cobb, although few "saw its shadow ere it came." Life in the little many-gabled house moved on a while as quietly as ever. He sat in the great leather chair and Sancho crouched as usual by his side. Only Martha noticed that the love stories were more seldom read, or rather, that from the ancient volume on his knees Father Cobb read oftener the one grand Love Story for all time. He did not joke so much with Martha either, and she, scarcely knowing why, softened her asperities, and answered him long and lovingly when he talked of his aches and ails.

One noonday his head kept drooping as if its weight was more than he could support. He gently refused the food Martha brought him, and when she questioned him, only answered her:

"The grasshopper shall be a burden, and desire shall fail, because man goeth to his long home."

Poor, crabbéd Martha! She hurried away, and, with the neglected work around her, wept bitterly.

A little later David Fenton came to him, saying:

"Friend, would thee not find more rest if thee shouldst go up to thy bed?"

The old man looked at him solemnly, sat still a moment, stooped over the dog and let a tear drop on his grizzly head. He closed the Bible reverently, laid on it the clumsy goggles, then, as he tottered away on David's arm, he turned to look back at the hearth, the leather chair, and, last of all, the clock, saying:

"Yes, David, I will rest."

The day passed as had all others, but when night came Martha watched unasked. She sat alone in the firelight listening to her father's hoarse breathing, the soft sough of the snow blown on the casement, and the whining of the dog in his dreams. At midnight the hoarse breath slackened, and the old man murmured:

"It's running down—running down!"

Martha thought he meant the clock.

"It is all right, father. I wound it up last night."

"No — no — won't — wind — up — any more. Inside works used up—all the wheels clogged."

"Nonsense, father! It is good for twenty years yet."

Slowly the eyes unclose and a tender, yearning look meets her as she stands over him—that look that comes but once, the last outlook of the soul into its mortal life.

"Martha!"

"Father! Oh, father!"

She puts her arms under his head, raises him a few moments, then lays it back and sobs on his breast.

Now, day after day, the sun shines brightly down; night after night the shadows fall about the old house on the hill; the fire glows and crackles up the chimney; the kettle sings on the hob; the clock ticks in the corner; but a little old man in a red wig never comes and sits astride a chair before the fire and keeps time with the swinging pendulum—never more.

David Fenton was by his nature, as well as by name, a Friend. In the days of which we write he strove to keep himself in touch with all the troubles and burdens that bore on those he met habitually or by seeking.

Elizabeth, who scarcely knew why she wished to share his kindly work for the sick and suffering,—she came to think little of herself in the new pity that moved her. Often now she asked herself what mattered it if out of the overflowing abundance of God's good gifts to her something desirable seemed to fail her? What fulness of blessings were hers compared to the emptiness of these lives laid open to her! As time went by the gift and the gentle word were not all she gave. There were people here who needed the practical help that David had given Dorothy Hakes. She found situations for some, sewing for a dressmaker, and more than one poor mortal would have agreed with John Welles that she might be a modern "Saint" Elizabeth. She went to see Aunt Hannah and Louise, but not as often as they wished her to come. She met there Mary Vandergriff and found her as charming as she had been pictured, but she did not care for her as for Louise.

David Fenton, satisfied that Bess was doing well, began to feel moved to help Martha Cobb. Since the old father died, the poor, lonely spinster had become a little morbid. She had really not enough to keep her busy, and to be idle was for her to be unhappy.

One day David Fenton proposed a new project to her and talked of it until she became first interested, then enthusiastic.

The Cobb cottage was well built, but very small; the grounds about it quite extensive, but uncultivated in any way worthy of mention. David proposed to her to remodel and build on to the cottage, to raise the roof, put windows here and there, and a wide veranda front and back, making it a large, commodious country home. Then, when the old trees were trimmed, the grass kept cut, and flowers grew in better places, he advised her to take a few agreeable summer boarders like the Welleses and this Miss Vandergriff.

Martha loved housekeeping. It was no satisfaction to cook for David Fenton, who preferred the simplest dishes to the triumphs of culinary skill. She liked to talk, and the Quaker had "spells of silence," as she called them. Martha was not poor, but she would like to increase her income. To hear her inveigh against the objects of David's charity, one would think her very closefisted. David never went to visit the poor but she added to the store he was to start with, and not a poverty-stricken home in Summerwild but was helped from Martha's means. She scolded people for incapacity or shiftlessness, then warmed and fed them.

Now it gave Martha something to think of besides her loneliness. David and she drew plans for new rooms, big closets, and bow windows. They omitted chimneys and overlooked staircases, and when their united efforts seemed perfection an architect laughed them to scorn. Then they planned with an experienced builder and as early as workmen could be secured the work began.

The spring came and the robins returned to find their gnarled old trees cut down; they built close by, and if they missed Father Cobb's red wig at the gate, they saw a nest growing as fast as their own. Everybody was interested. Mrs. Hogarth gave excellent suggestions about the bath-room; Dorothy Hakes reminded Martha of certain improvements in the kitchen. Bess went with Martha to the city, and helped select what Martha considered an astonishing amount of furniture. The work progressed so rapidly that all would probably be done in May. It was arranged that the Welleses and Miss Vandergriff would come for two months, arriving about the middle of June.

It was a late, cold spring, and John Welles was far too busy to go to Summerwild.

In the weeks and months that followed

Clarence going to prison, John applied himself to work, as if work was henceforth to be the one idea of his life; but sometimes, in leisure or in weariness, he would think bitterly how stern and barren was his life, how stripped of many illusions and most attractions.

One afternoon in March he sat alone in his library, paper and pens for the moment pushed aside, as he thought of what had come to them all since the March before when Louise was a bride in this old house now full of strangers.

A bright fire glowed in the grate and the room had a cheerful look, as if its occupant spent more time in it than formerly. John himself had grown thinner and sadder; yet, for the first time in years, he was an independent man. It made no difference to any living person where he went, how long he stayed, or when he came back. If he sat here writing through all the long day he never heard, except in imagination, the voices that once echoed through the house. Still John was far too busy a man to have time for melancholy. Only Flip knew that sometimes he fell into reveries, watched the dancing firelight, and sighed before he took again that everlasting pen that Flip despised above all things.

To-day John had resumed his work when the janitor knocked on his door, then opened it to hand him a note, saying:

"A boy left it, but did not wait for an answer."

It needed none, being only a few words from David Fenton. He was in the city, but had no time to come to John. Would the latter meet him about four o'clock, in a certain quiet little picture-gallery, where he would discuss with him a matter of importance before going home?

John rose up hurriedly and donned his overcoat, wondering a little at David's choice of a meeting-place, as the Quaker was not at all devoted to the fine arts; but then, as he said, it was a very quiet place for a conversation. He strode rapidly along the city pavements, glad of the message that had broken in upon his gloomy meditations. He reached the place, mounted the stairs, pushed open a great swinging-door, and entered the bright and pleasant room. There were only a few people there, leisurely looking at the pictures—no Quaker. He fell into the number of those studying art, and was half-way around the room and just before a most atrociously painted platter of fish, at which also a lady, impressed

by its ugliness, had stopped. They met face to face: Elizabeth Hogarth and John Welles.

He recovered first from his surprise and greeted her with composure; he was the more calm because he had never seen her so little at ease. She grew pale, and blushed, and grew pale again, and in her voice was a kind of trembling eagerness; as of a child, who keenly apprehends punishment and seeks to avert it; they talked of David Fenton, who had requested Elizabeth also to wait him here, of Martha Cobb, and then of Louise.

Elizabeth's brown eyes were so full of sympathetic interest, that John had to steel himself against their influence, lest in this sudden meeting he lose control of his emotions. He asked her of many matters that he needed no information about, for David Fenton kept him in touch with Summerwild; but he feared a silence, and he longed for the sound of her voice. There was enough to talk of at first, but then all at once there came a break. John asked her if she had seen any picture of excellence.

Elizabeth did not answer; but bracing herself for a dreaded effort, said, growing pale again: "Mr. Welles, I must—I have wanted to see you ever since—I mean—" then the words came out too fast to be studied. "One day last summer I said all sorts of things never thought of before, without any point or purpose, and only to hear myself talk. In some way I hurt you, I know I did—can you forgive me?" Waiting a second for an answer she did not hear, she pleaded almost with a sob: "You may think I was foolish and disapprove of me; but don't believe I was malicious and be angry at me! Nothing ever made me more unhappy."

What with her eyes and her voice and her manner, John had not a particle of resistance left in him. His response was so illogical that no second person could have told whether he acknowledged her fault and forgave it, or declared there was nothing too great to forgive her if there had been anything to forgive, which there was not—the sentence went something that way and made up in warmth what it lacked in clearness. However, Bess understood that this man was just then far from angry; that one moment had brought them nearer together than for many months.

"Then you cared a little, Miss Hogarth, what I thought? You did not like to hurt me?"

"I cared so much that I hurt myself infinitely the most. You had been so much to me—I—I mean you had taught me—I mean had been such a real friend in the time I had known you."

John Welles was as dumb as the most awkward school-boy; but he looked her straight in the eyes. At the time she seemed to read that look with instant intelligence, though later she convinced herself that certain large, dark eyes are so made as to appear to express far more than their possessor feels.

It was in a picture-gallery, and therefore all that the bystanders saw were two people with very pleasant faces decidedly rosy. They stood in such an earnestness of appreciation, so to speak, and also so long before that very execrable platter of painted fish, that more than one visitor thought it must be a masterpiece. A benign old gentleman, having come closer for a near view, insisted upon towing away his old lady before she too had found out what it was.

"Never mind, Sarah! It's a daub. Can't you see what the matter is? Folks don't often look so happy, and when they go 'tisn't a platter of fish they're thinking about."

Sarah said her lord was a sentimental old goose, always imagining something "soft"; but Sarah was a cynic.

After a time John proposed that they should sit down a while in a pretty nook. There were good pictures about which they conscientiously discussed; but briefly John preferred to learn what Bess was studying, reading, filling her days with. He had never shown to David the least interest in Martha Cobb's house-building, but now he remarked that he should of course be in Summerwild often during the summer; then Bess told him all about Father Cobb's last days.

It was five o'clock before David Fenton appeared, and then he made not the slightest excuse for being late. He had come into the city in the morning with Elizabeth, and for reasons of his own sent her to await him; what those reasons were he never divulged. He looked sharply at John; he contemplated Elizabeth. He appeared to be perfectly satisfied with whatever may have been his work for the day; in fact, throughout his whole being he seemed to be pervaded by that spirit of peace and goodwill, which should be the characteristic of one who styles himself a Friend. He sauntered away to the end of the room and stopped before a water-color sketch, which caused him to shake all over in

one of his ague fits of pent-up laughter. This private agitation of the Quaker's adipose tissue gave John Welles just a little more time to establish his formal relations with Bess or even to improve on them. Man-like, he blundered.

"Miss Hogarth, Louise would be so glad to see you oftener. She has a very pleasant home, and Aunt Hannah finds great comfort in the child. Louise wants you to know a friend of hers, a Miss Vandergriff; you will find her very charming—she is almost always there."

To Louise Bess then sent a very pleasant message, and if John found her more reserved just after, he lightly attributed it to David, who returned, asking John to come out and see him and John said he would the very next day; after which the Quaker gravely departed, taking with him a very much quieter maiden than the one who came that morning to the city. John Welles went home on wings, for all he knew to the contrary, and neither then nor at any later day did he ever think to ask what David Fenton's "matter of importance" had been.

Clarence's fall had been a terrible grief to Aunt Hannah, and no one knew how her prayers went up for him day and night. Still it would not be true to say that she was unhappy in the days that followed. She was "cast down," but "not destroyed." She left her boy in God's hands, trusting that He would deal with him in love wiser than the love of mortals. She often reflected that thoughtlessness had ever been Clarence's failing. Now he might think for weeks and months.

John Welles was glad to see her soon again, the same sweet, simple old lady she had been, eager to do for those she loved. He was as pleased as surprised that she did not deplore losing the old home. The truth was she had been so overtaxed by the care of the great house that she had lately found it a burden. Now Louise kept Milly and a neat maid. The pretty new house was a source of even more delight to the old lady than to Louise, who had lived in a similar but finer one. It was a pretty sight to see the old lady with the beautiful mother and child. The Graces sent their carriage almost daily, and Aunt Hannah felt ten years younger during an airing in the Park.

One afternoon in April, just about sunset, John was walking up Fifth Avenue.

He had promised to come to dinner, in order to see him remarkable nephew, who "improved every day," according to Aunt Hannah's note. It was a warm, sunny hour, and John was in excellent spirits. Flip scarcely recognized his master since a certain dismal afternoon when he had deserted him for hours and returned looking as if a fortune had been left him—not left the dog, but the master.

Everybody felt the influence of the returning spring. Pretty ladies in their Easter costumes tripped past. The windows of club-houses were flung wide open, children ran from their nurse-maids or clapped their hands in admiration of the wealth of golden pansies blooming in window boxes.

"Buy a bunch, sir? Only five cents, sir," cried an urchin, holding up a crisp, blue cluster of English violets.

They recalled, instantly, a day when Elizabeth Hogarth had recited Greek to him in her own library. She had worn a white cashmere gown with these blue violets in her belt, and it was hard to keep his mind on the page.

He bought the bunch and went on. She often wore white in summer, and June would soon be here. John was about to pass a lady when she turned and recognized him.

"Good-afternoon, Miss Vandergriff. No one seems able to resist this sunshine," and John gave her a beaming glance.

Bess was right. Such eyes are treacherous wholly on their own account. Sometimes they lie when the honest soul behind them is innocent as a child without guile. There was no more color in Mary Vandergriff's lovely, oval face than in a snowdrop, but she did all at once realize that the sunshine was flooding Fifth Avenue. She returned his greeting cordially, when, seeing her glance at his violets, he promptly gave them to her, saying:

"They are quite fresh. I bought them but a moment before I overtook you."

The thought did occur, "I wonder if he got them for me?" but Mary was not sentimental, willingly, so she began an easy chat of everyday matters.

"I wonder if we are not going to worship at the same shrine?" laughed John, as they both turned the corner together. "I am summoned to present myself before the idol. He has learned to smile at a new angle or to cry in a new key, I forget which, but the effect is wonderful."

"I will report to Louise if you are sacrilegious," said Mary.

"Oh, Louise will forgive me—but Aunt Hannah! I think not. She would regard me as equal to the man whom Sidney Smith declared would 'speak disrespectfully of the equator,' so hardened was he."

They were a very fine-looking pair and many admiring glances followed them. Mary was a tall, madonna-like woman, with mournful black eyes, a creamy white complexion, and a sweet, slow manner of speech. She never talked much with John, but she was an admirable listener. He was conscious that he was always at his best with her. She inspired him, and he was not curious about her. It was enough if she understood.

She told him that Louise had invited her to dinner, so a hearty welcome awaited them when they appeared together. They had sauntered along so slowly after meeting that it was twilight when they reached their destination. The soft shining lamps were lit in Louise's parlor, and they were rebuked by the young mother for tardiness. She granted them only one look at the son and heir as a penalty, but John maliciously said it was enough. Young Clarence scowled at them and flung his fists above his head like a small pugilist.

Poor Louise! She strove so hard in these days to fill her time with work, to do the honors of her home, to win her father's respect as well as his love. No one knew, though they guessed of just what she thought, when, with a far-off look in her beautiful, great eyes, she forgot to answer their questions, she did not even hear them speak. She was away then, far from her dainty home; seeing no soft lamplight, no table spread with silver, fine linen, and toothsome viands; but, instead a man in prison garb, a crowd of horrible companions, a common table that was just a feeding-place for convicts. No wonder that her own food seemed to choke her, but she bravely winked back the tears, she would not have distressed these others who also loved Clarence.

Something of this John read in her face to-night, and so exerted himself to be amusing. He succeeded so well that it was a cheerful little company that later gathered in the parlor where Milly had kindled a fire in the grate.

Mary Vandergriff had travelled, so John and she easily drifted into those reminiscences that are the delight of tourists: they crossed the Tete Noire, the Simplon, they went over the Mer de Glace together; they took moonlight excursions

to the Lido; they roamed through the salons of the Pitti, the Uffizi, and the Louvre. Louise went to look at her baby, and Aunt Hannah knitted in serene content. Often they differed and had lively contests. Mary admired the early painters, and saw "sweetness and light" in their prim madonnas and attenuated saints. John would abide nothing earlier than Raphael, and held most heretical views of modern art.

From pictures to poetry is an easy transition. Mary's violets suggested spring, and spring Browning.

John had no art as an elocutionist, but when he began reciting half to himself, Aunt Hannah dropped her work to hear:

"Oh, to be in England, now that April's there,
—And after April when May follows,
And the white-throat builds, and all the swallows.
Hark, where my blossomed pear-tree in the hedge
Lean's to the field and scatters on the clover
Blossoms and dew-drops—at the bent spray's edge—
That's the wise thrush; he sings each song
twice over,
Lest you think he never could recapture
The first fine careless rapture!"

"Were there ever more exquisite words than those about a bird's song?" asked John, and then they must needs fall out over Browning, to come at last to amicable converse again just as the clock struck ten, and the Vandergriff carriage came for Mary.

"April and May I could enjoy in England, but give me June in Summerwild," said John, adding: "You will be there, will you not?"

"Your aunt and Louise are making the place seem so attractive, I think I must have a few weeks there, then I go to the seaside," Mary answered, and Louise, who had returned to them, cried:

"Of course you are coming! We can't go without you."

Mary smiled radiantly, and went home warmed into great enthusiasm over—well, she decided it was chiefly over Flemish art and Victorian poets.

John turned into the parlor again, muttering, "Oh, to be in England,"—then burst out: "Now, that is just an instance, that poem, of how poets 'befuddle the judgment and confound the reason,' as the old Scotch woman said of a new minister! As a matter of fact, I would not be in England in April for a good deal. April there means bleak, cold rainy days.

colds in one's head, vain regrets after winter flannels. I will wager Browning had lived so long in Italy when he wrote, that he remembered only the thrush. Poor little fowl! Any April I ever knew there would have given him bronchitis."

"Isn't Mary Vandergriff lovely, John?" asked Louise.

"Very, very lovely, and now good-night, little ladies. My poor Flip will howl himself ill if I don't come back to bed. By the way, I will take him some of these chocolate creams."

"John, take your fingers out of that bonbon-box, and go home until——"

"Next time. Good-bye, then," and John strode out and down Broadway to a cross-town car, after what he called a pleasant evening.

Mary Vandergriff described her visit in exactly the same terms when questioned by her people. Afterward, before she slept, she shut her violets into a volume of Browning, opposite the poem of April.

The next afternoon, when Aunt Hannah and Louise were sitting together, the latter seemed to be absorbed in thought. It was raining, and Aunt Hannah by the window watched the people hurrying past, felt a comfortable enjoyment of the cosy room, the bright fire, and the pretty picture of baby Clarence with his mother. She was quite startled when Louise suddenly asked:

"Is John never going to marry?"

"Why—well—why, I am sure I never thought about it. I don't think he has."

"Oh, he must have done so; has he not cared especially for some one?" asked Louise.

"Never; but perhaps it has been because he has been too busy. He was a terrible student in college, then he travelled, then he was all interested in newspaper work. After his father died he had to take his place to care for the household, and so it has been."

"But now he could marry; he has only himself to care for, and his income is double."

"That is true," said Aunt Hannah, "and John would make a wife very happy, but he would be pretty particular. Once I remember it did occur to me that Miss Hogarth would please him; but she never seemed to make any impression."

"That was probably because she was too much like him, had the same taste for tough studies and things," suggested Louise sagely. "She is very nice, but, auntie, I have an idea."

"Yes, dear," said Aunt Hannah placidly,

more interested in the umbrella of a pedestrian. It was likely to turn wrong side out in the wind.

"Don't you think Mary Vandergriff would make John a splendid wife?"

"Mary? Why—Mary is a very lovely girl," replied the startled old lady.

"Indeed she is; she is intellectual and good, uncommon-looking if not a great beauty, rich, and I am sure she is not engaged."

"But—but——"

"John is settling into a regular old bachelor, he needs a jog. We must make him see what is for his own good."

"Louise," said Aunt Hannah impressively, "there is an old saying as to the easiness of leading a horse to water and the trouble of making him drink when you get there. Clarence was always impulsive; but John—you could no more move that fellow in any direction that he did not lead himself than you could push Gibraltar around to suit you, and he is more so now."

"Oh, of course; you don't think I am stupid enough to pick Mary up and offer her to him as I would a dish of ice-cream. He admitted she was lovely. Now, when we get her to Summerwild we must have him out there often; he loves the country, and if they roam the woods together, sit on the balcony evenings, and I manage them artfully, I believe they will come back engaged."

"John has said he would not marry a rich girl."

"He does not begin to know how well off the Vandergriffs are; they live very plainly. You know they are one of the aristocratic old families. Mary and I were friends because we went to school together—until Mary wanted a better school; but the Vandergriffs never have anything to do with mamma, though she has really run after them."

Aunt Hannah never commented on these frank confidences, yet she doubtless had her own opinions. After a time she said:

"Don't set your heart on managing John, and, in your place, I would not let Mary suspect my designs."

"Oh, Aunt Hannah Welles! If Mary dreamed of what I have said, she never, never would go a step with us to Summerwild. Of all the grand creatures, she is the proudest."

"Well," said the old lady after a long pause, "I wish you success."

(To be continued.)

BORIS MAKAR, WORKMAN.

BY E. A. TAYLOR.



IT was Helen who told these stories of the making of a Nihilist, to Jack Craig and her husband, as they sat in her sitting-room, one evening near Christmas, 1904.

Rab Gordon was leaning back in his big cushioned chair, with the contented look of the convalescent, who feels that life is coming back to him, and that it is very good to live.

Craig had risen as Helen came in, looking very tall in her black dress, with the Red Cross on her sleeve. She had taken off her high, white, nurse's cap, and the light from the shaded lamp shone on the ripples of her red-gold hair, as she sat down on the floor at Rab's feet, by the hibachi where the charcoal embers were glowing redly.

It is not every tall, well-built woman who can sit on a floor gracefully, but there was something feline in Helen's strength, and the thought crossed Craig's mind that she, half Slav and half Saxon, would have been a very cruel woman, had she not been so intensely a kind one.

"This is the story of my friend, Sofie Theodorovna Galitzen," said Helen softly. "Part I know, because once we worked together in St. Petersburg, and part Vassili told me before he died at Hiroshima."

She paused and looked at the screen beyond the hibachi, with eyes that certainly did not see those pretty pictured groups of cherry, bamboo, iris, and wistaria, each on its separate panel, with the outlines of a river flowing below them, and very life-like water-birds standing here and there. Then looking beyond that Nipponese screen, she went on:

It was one evening four years ago, in the little hall on Vassili Ostroff (Church Street), St. Petersburg. The hall was rented by the little club to which I belonged—an illegal one, by the way, because we had not asked official permission to do educational work among the two hundred thousand untaught, half-starved factory workers of St. Petersburg. There were ten of us, six men and four women, all very young, and all believing

in God, and at that time of the possibility of saving our country from herself.

The meeting that night was called by our leader, Anton Paulovitch. He was a fair-haired, shabbily-dressed, very young man, who would have been very handsome had he not starved and overworked his body in trying, as he believed, to save his brothers, and his face had something the look which the church painters have given to their attempted pictures of Christ.

The hall was filling fast. The members of the club were all in their places, the girls in their faded, mended blouses and shabby, short skirts, with handkerchiefs tied round their heads instead of hats. The audience were mainly men, Russian artisans, in their ragged, generally dirty clothes, and a double hunger in their faces—hunger for food enough to eat, and a greater hunger for something that would satisfy their souls.

Each one as they entered gave a password to Paveloff Alexievitch, who kept the door, and before they sat down crossed themselves and bowed towards a picture behind the platform.

This icon, or sacred picture, as most of the audience considered it, was a large, rather crude, painting of the Temptation, unfinished and weak in some details, and very strong in others. It showed the God-man seated in its centre, dressed in the usual Eastern drapery, with long hair, and a face that was at once stern yet very sweet, sorrowful yet glad.

Nearly half the picture was filled by a dimly-seen city, with its domed churches and palaces, its tall-chimneyed factories and armed forts, and its river, where great battleships lay, with their turrets and long grey guns.

But the whole was seen as through a fog, for between Christ and the city of power rose up the vast misty form of the Tempter. The hands and feet and face were distinct, but all the huge figure was a thin cloud. And by an odd fancy of the artist's, the face was feminine, not womanly, but feminine. Like a well-shaped mask it hung above the vaporous form, a soulless face, that might have been a portrait of Kipling's "Vampire," who neither knew nor could under-

stand anything outside its province of blood-sucking.

The hands were feminine, too, with their white, tapering, jewelled fingers, One was stretched towards the Christ, the other pointed to the city. But He looked neither at the Tempter nor the temptation.

His eyes were on his enemy's feet, great paws, not hoofs, each armed with long claws, and planted firmly on the ground. Beneath them was a mass of crushed, struggling humanity—men, women, and little children—who were trying to crawl out from under the foundations of the city, towards the Christ. But the cruel feet pressed down on them, each claw digging itself into the vitals of some struggling, naked creature. Far above them the slender, jewelled hands were beckoning and pointing, but Christ never looked up at them.

Behind Him, far off, were the ministering angels, looking like long pillars of light reaching to the heavens. Nearer Christ, the darkness seemed alive with wild beasts. Piercing, famished eyes glared at Him, and blood-stained, horrible shapes crept stealthily towards Him. But as they touched Him, their forms began to change into human ones.

One great beast, whose hinder parts were still those of a wolf, was lifting its head, on which Christ's hand rested,—its body almost that of a man and its face a reflection of the God's who looked down at it.

Under the cruel feet the people were struggling, the devils still tempting Christ with beckoning hands, could not understand why He would not take "the kingdoms of this world, and the glory of them."

Moving steadily towards the Christ came a rough wooden cross, with a crown of thorns on its top, and a whip of knotted thongs lying over its arm. But He never looked up towards it at all.

Under the picture was written, in big Russian letters—"Christ, our example, who for the joy set before Him—the joy of seeing beasts turn to men—endured the cross, despising the shame."

Then over one end of the platform was a portrait of the American, John Brown, of Ossawatimie, with above him a roughly sketched gallows, and beneath his favorite text—"Without shedding of blood there is no remission of sins," and Victor Hugo's words, when he heard of the execution at Harper's Ferry—"What they have hung to-day is not John Brown, but human slavery in America."

Mira Ivanovna, who was the soul of our club, as Anton was its head, now stood on the platform. She was a homely, kind-eyed young peasant woman, very thin and rather awkward. I can fancy I see her as she was that night, in her striped cotton blouse, leather belt and black skirt, with her fair curly hair done up in a tight knot behind. She alone of our club was married, and her husband, Boris Makar, sat in the audience with their baby in his arms.

I called Mira homely and awkward, but no one thought her either when she recited, or read. She was what might be called an interpretive reader, and there seemed no mode of expression that she could not sound. Now she read to us some lines of her own,—

FREEDOM—FRANCE, 1793.

They dressed me as you dress the dead,

They locked my hands in steel,

They buried me down in a deep, deep grave,
I heard my death bells peal.

They strewed sweet flowers above my grave,

They said good things of me,

But they barred that grave with bars of iron,
Lest I should arise, the Free!

I heard God's voice, "Freedom, come forth,"

And I passed through their tomb the same

As the early light of the morning
Does through your window-pane.

I flung their fetters from me,

I tore their shroud away,

And naked as Eve in Eden

I stood in the light of the day.

With squeaks of horror a proper world

Hid its face behind its hands,

While of their pleasant sins I made

A sword to smite the lands.

O lords of this northern people,

Who are digging my grave to day,

Before you screw down my coffin

Or lock my fetters,—stay!

Build a prison for the tempest

Or bind with cords the sea,

Before, presumptuous humans,

Ye lay mortal hands on me.

For I am God's, He bare me,

In the days when time was young,

When, fully armed, a goddess

From His holy head I sprung.

And the earth is mine, God made it

All mine and Love's to be,

Will ye then, ye little kinglets,
Dare to measure strength with me?

Be wise in time, O people,
For as ye deal with me,
To-morrow and for all time,
Shall your lot and portion be.

Crown me, and I will serve you,
Bind me and I will slay,
Bury me deep, in a deeper grave
Shall your nation's glory lay.

Enthroned me in your market-place,
Robe me with decent laws,
And with my strength, which is divine,
I will uphold your cause.

I will blast your foes before you,
With foolishness and fear,
I will make you great and glorious,
A land without a peer.

All men shall do you honor,
And nations yet to be
Shall of your children's children
Learn to be great and free.

As she ended her reading, Anton
sprang to his feet, and stretching out his
arms towards her, cried,—

“O Liberty, can we resign thee,
Who once have felt thy glorious flame?
Can dungeon bolts and bars confine thee?
Or whips thy noble spirit tame?”

And even I saw no longer Mira, my
workmate, but Freedom herself, the glori-
ous angel of the Lord. All together we
shouted and sobbed the “Marseillaise”
until half-crazed by their own excite-
ment, some of the men flung themselves
down on the platform, crawling to kiss
the shoes of that little workwoman who
had set their souls on fire.

Then Anton called the meeting to
order, for the time for the opening ser-
vices was over, and in a minute that
crowd of shouting, weeping lunatics were
sitting in very quiet circles, Sunday-
school-fashion, ten little classes, each
gathered round its teacher.

The tenth class was a very small one,
and its teacher was Sofie Theodorovna,
a very pretty, shy girl of seventeen, who
had just joined us. She, like me, be-
longed to the so-called upper classes, and
had been well educated. But reading
the New Testament, and a long conver-
sation with Anton, whom she met by
what we call chance, on a train, led her
to leave her home, and go to work with
Mira in a factory. To prevent any inter-

ference from her family,—her father was
a minister of state, and her eldest
brother a general in the army—she, on
Anton's advice, contracted a nominal
marriage with Andreï Ivanovitch, an-
other member of our club. He was an
art student who painted and starved in
a garret, our sacred picture being his
work.

Sofie's marriage (?), peculiar though
it may sound to you, was not strange to
us, such unions being common among the
student reformers, for we did not be-
lieve in actual marriage, with the excep-
tion of Mira, who was always a law to
herself.

It was Sofie's first night with us, and
she exclaimed as she unlocked the cup-
board, and brought out the teacher's
text books:

“Why, here are college books, and the
standard classics, Helen,” she said to
me. “What use can they be to these
poor, starving people? I thought we
were just going to teach them to read.”

“And why not teach them to read the
best things, dear?” I said. “Pass that
English book, Carlyle's ‘French Revolu-
tion,’ to Mira; she is teaching from it,
and those Socialist book go to Anton.
The rest of us keep to text-books duly
authorized by our government for use in
schools and colleges.”

“Where is my class?” said Sofie, with
laughing eyes, “and what am I to teach
—Greek or mathematics?”

“Mathematics, I think,” said Anton,
who had joined us. Then he added,
smiling at her surprise, “Your class to-
night is that man with the baby, Boris
Makar, our Mira's husband. I want to
tell you his story. Seven years ago
he was a boy of fifteen, herding with the
outcasts of Simbirsk. His family were
peasants, but their patch of land was
too small to support them all, and he
had gone to the city, to work, and to
drink whenever he could buy or steal it.
Then two girl agents of a reform society
came to work in the factory where he
was. They talked to those around them,
and Boris heard them say that the peo-
ple who rule are the people who think,
and the people who think are the peo-
ple who read. So he went to the Sun-
day-school they started, to learn how to
read, and to rule. And for two years he
studied, his thirst for drink lost in the
insatiable thirst for knowledge which
possessed him. His teachers frequently
talked politics, but he paid little atten-
tion to anything outside algebra, and

afterward: mathematics. But the police who had let the outcasts, the 'Black Hundreds', alone, arrested the two girls and all their school. Nothing could be proved against any of them, so the two teachers were exiled, and Boris, after eighteen months' imprisonment, was released. Then he came here and married our Mira."

"But he is not one of our circle himself," said Sofie.

"No, little Sofie," said Boris, who had heard the last of their talk, smiling at them all over his big childish face, "Anton and you all believe in God and Christ, and I know there is really no God—everybody knows that who has been in prison. But it is so nice to believe in a dear, kind God, and I hope you will always be able to do so."

Sofie sat down by Boris then, and in a few minutes they had forgotten everything but the science they were both enthusiastic over. Only when the time for study was nearly over, I heard her say impulsively,—

"Why do you like learning so much, Boris? What good does knowing all the science of magnitude and number do you when you are hungry?"

"Many men drink to make them forget," said Boris slowly. "I used to, but this knowing that you know things is better. As our Maxim Gorky has said, 'Thought is the only friend of man. When you know how to think, you are no longer man, the earth-creature, who can suffer and fears. You are God the Omnipotent, the Creator, and all the powers of this little world are far down under your feet.' It is good to know that you know things, even if you are hungry always, and you have to pass shop windows filled with food you cannot have."

"I know what you mean," said Sofie, with a look of understanding in her soft eyes, that it was not good to see—she was too young to know her world so well. "I have not starved for food, but I have for truth and righteousness."

Anton had been called out of the room, and now he came back with a stranger, a man in a black hat, and good, well-made clothes, without any dirt or patches on them.

"A gentleman, as I'm a sinner," exclaimed Boris, jerking a revolver out of his pocket, while Sofie looked on aghast.

"Boris, my beloved idiot, put that away," commanded Mira. "I know you

will shoot my blessed baby, if you don't. Don't you see Anton is with the gentleman?"

"And I expect the police are behind them," grumbled Boris, as he obeyed. "Gentlemen are always spies, and I don't like them."

"This man is not a gentleman; he is English," said I. "It is Rab Andreivitch, the new manager at the shipping yards."

Boris looked very suspicious as Anton brought our visitor up the room, explaining what we were trying to do, in French, for Rab knew very little Russian. It must have looked very strange to the visitor, that bare, very clean room, filled with its shabby, rather dirty people. From the hot stove came the smell of strong tea, for Katia had just filled our two big teapots with boiling water, with the smell of various eatables put to heat by the fire. Then most of the scholars were smoking, women as well as men, "dogs' feet," the cigarettes of horribly coarse tobacco used by the peasants. Only we of the circle did not use tobacco in any form.

"I do not like gentlemen," repeated Boris gravely, as Anton and Rab drew near. "I know it is fashionable for them to go down among the people sometimes, and see how they live, but I don't like it. Last summer, when the factory closed, twenty of us went to work in the peat bogs, we got our food and about a rouble (fifty cents) a week. Then when we came back we had a long tramp to our train the contractor had given us tickets for. Then you know how it always is when a workman tries to get on a train. It is, 'Go back, you pigs,' and, 'What are you doing here, you devils?' But at last the guards let us rest in a crowded third-class carriage. There was a vacant seat at one end, and Vanya and I sat in it, very glad, for our feet were pretty sore after our march. Now it seemed that two gentlemen were riding in this third-class carriage, and they had got out to get a drink at the station. Of course we didn't know this, and just as our train pulled out of the station, back came our gentlemen, and you should have heard the things they said to us."

"I suppose you gave up the seat to them?" I said.

"I suppose we did. Vanya was on the floor like a flash, and under the seat in front, but I, who was next to the gangway down the middle of the car, didn't

escape so easily. I had my head pretty thoroughly punched before I could dodge by."

"In England or America a working-man in such a case would have punched the gentleman back," said I.

"Oh, Helen, but that would not have been Christ-like," said Mira.

"Under the circumstances, no," said Andrei.

Boris smiled. "When a man knows what police discipline is," he said, "he does not want to get any more of it. And that is why I did not hit my gentleman back."

Andrei went on. "But your real reasons, Boris, were that arrest would have meant the loss of your wages that you were carrying home to your mother and wife and child. And weeks, perhaps years, of imprisonment, before you were tried. You were thinking of them instead of yourself."

"I shouldn't have hit the gentleman anyhow," said Boris. "It doesn't hurt enough. But I did want to shoot him. I had my little gun with me, and I just longed to use it, but I knew if I did they would say it was a Nihilist plot, and Mira and you all would be dragged in."

Andrei nodded. "You acted in a most Christian manner," he said. "Always forgive your enemies, until you have control of battleships and first-class artillery. You can't fight in these days without both."

Rab was on the platform now, looking at our pictures. Then he said to Anton:

"I know a little of city mission work, and I have heard a good deal of Anarchists, but this seems like a combination of the two. Would it be impertinent, monsieur, to ask why you introduce this thought of law-defying into your work?"

"I cannot defy laws when there are none to defy, brother," said Anton. "Neither can I be an Anarchist in a land which has no government. I know there are a class of parasites who wish to prevent the formation of any government, knowing that it would interfere with their living on the work of others. But I refuse to admit their right to rule me, these real Anarchists who, to maintain their position of autocracy, are trying to turn the Black Hundreds of our criminal class, into Black Millions. And as the best way to make men so vile that they will not be able ever to form a government, these parasites incite the massacres of the Jews."

"Monsieur," said Rab very gravely. "I know the Russian Government has faults, though I cannot credit your statement that they incite the Jewish massacres, but I don't think the Russian peasant or workman is fit for self-government. And as an educated man and a Christian, which I believe you are, I ask you if you think it right to do anything that will bring about a rising of this mass of brutalized people? You know what such a rising would mean to the thousands of women and children belonging to the upper classes."

"Brother, a revolution is inevitable, and must come soon," said Anton. "Do you know that in St. Petersburg there are two hundred thousand factory workers, and not one earns more than thirty-five roubles a month, and thousands as low as fourteen. And living costs little, if any less than in England. Boris Makar," he continued, "what were you paid, when you began to work, a boy at Simbirsk?"

"I started as a matmaker," said Boris. "We got half a kopek (cent) an hour. Then I went into rope-making, where I had twice as much. And my cousin, who is a very good shoemaker, they give him his board at the shop where he works, and three roubles a month (\$1.50), and he thinks he does well."

"If we strike, we are driven back to work by Cossack whips," continued Anton. "No paper would be allowed to publish our complaints. Even to sign a petition is a penal offence. The only end to all this is a revolution, before whose horrors France's shall be nothing. And all we are trying to do is to gather and elevate even a small part of Russia's millions, hoping that they may save this revolution, which must come, from passing all bounds of humanity."

Rab's answer was to open his pocket-book, and count out six ten rouble notes, "For your work, monsieur," he said briefly.

"Thank you, brother," said Anton, very coldly. "Katia, our treasurer, will give you a receipt as soon as she has seen to the tea."

Rab turned to speak to Boris, noticing the book he was holding, and Boris forgot all his dislike to "gentlemen" as he talked about his mathematics.

"I'm glad I met you," said Rab at last. "I would like to see you again. Can you call round at my office?"

He held out his hand as she spoke, but Boris stood still. "I do not shake hands with gentlemen," he said, in his slow French.

"Very well," said Rab, quietly, turning to take leave of Anton, while the other workmen came crowding round Boris.

"You imbecile pig," hissed the red-haired Vanya. "Why couldn't you do as the gentleman wanted you to? Look at him now, writing in his little book. Oh, you have done for yourself finely, and, mark my words, before this week is out, it is feeding vermin that you will be."

Boris only smiled at the Russian slang term for imprisonment. "Little Vanya," he said, "all my life I have been feeding vermin, one kind or another, which is why I have so little flesh on my bones. And I expect it is fate that I should always do so. But one thing I will not do—shake hands with any class of vermin whatever."

After supper, which left most of the people there still hungry, more "dog's feet" cigarettes were brought out, but not lit at once, for Anton was about to read from the Gospel, always a part of our closing services. As he read the words of the Christ, "*le bon sansculotte*," we all, no matter whether we believe Him God or no, stood, and remained standing till His words were finished.

That night he read the parable of the Rich Man and Lazarus, and when he had finished, and we were seated, most of us smoking, he spoke, telling the parable over in modern style. And I grew angry, for as he described the rich man in his good clothes and his sumptuous meals each day, throwing the crumbs he really did not know what else to do with to the beggar at his gate, he spoke so that we all knew he meant Rab, and I stood up—for we allowed absolute freedom of speech at our meetings, though we observed certain parliamentary rules.

"Brother speaker," I said, "I beg leave to state that Rab Andreivitch is not a rich man, also that he works very hard for what he does get, and I think we should thank him for his gift to us, for not only is it a large one for his means, but if the police should discover we are making bombs—I don't know what out of—and plots to kill somebody—our meetings are illegal—he might find himself in a very awkward position, having subscribed to our funds."

Anton, for some reason which I never understood, did not like Rab at all. Andrei said it was because he thought Rab wanted to take me away from the work, but such a thought was too foolish. Anton knew me better than that.

Now he said: "I was angry, and rightly

so, yet perhaps I spoke unadvisedly just now. I did not mean to attack Rab Andreivitch personally, but the class he is tainted by connection with. Certainly he was not to blame because some of you that we have tried to teach forget all self-respect and manliness, and kissed his hands! Because you were afraid, afraid of those who can only hurt the body, you were ready to fall down at the devil's feet—ready to worship the Dives you certainly saw in Rab Andreivitch."

"Fine talk," muttered Vanya, who sat by me. "But you are an educated man, and the police will not beat you, even if you do go to prison. I am afraid of them, and I don't understand all your talk. We belong to the land, and if only the land belonged to us we should be happy. We would worship God and the Little Father again, and you and the gentlemen could have the cities, and make the laws—we don't want to."

His words disturbed me a little, and I thought of them again, a few weeks later. The weather had come in fine and warm, and I, with Mira and Boris, had gone that afternoon to the fair grounds, where a Jew had set up a merry-go-round.

Mira had a new blue ribbon round her neck, and, happy as a child, she followed Boris through the crowd of laughing, dancing, singing people, to where the gaily varnished horses were whirling round, and old Jacob was gathering the hard-earned kopeks of the crowd.

Like two excited children those revolutionary "suspects" discussed the merits of the wooden chargers, and then they were off, Boris sitting erect as a soldier, with a tin sword in his hand, and Mira laughing, as the wind tossed her curly hair.

Then, as I waited with the baby, Vanya came and sat by me, looking, as usual, very hungry.

"Look," he whispered, laying his hand on my knee to attract my attention. And I saw his eyes fixed greedily on Jacob, who was counting up his money.

"Look," he repeated, "piles and piles of it. They say that in the Jewish quarter the very beds are stuffed with gold—and we are so hungry."

"Nonsense, Vanya," I said. "You know the Jews are worse off than even we, in many ways. And why are you more hungry than Boris; you were paid like him three days ago? You know you have been drinking."

"Yes, I am a sinner," admitted Vanya,

with a guilty little smile, "but I was so miserable that I had to forget. And it was a Jew who sold me the drink, and when I paid him he said I had not, and made me pay again, threatening to call the police, whom doubtless he had bribed. so that is why I am so hungry now."

"See, Vanya," I said, "the Jews don't drink, nor ever waste the least bit of their money. They are better managers than we are. You are beginning to study political economy, and one of the things I am trying to teach you is that a man who can't manage his own affairs is never fit to help manage the nation's."

"I would rather you managed the nation, Helen Gregoriovna," said Vanya meekly. "I would just like some land. And they say the Little Father might give it to us, only the Jews have got all his money, too."

Then before I could answer him he was off, and looking round to see the reason, I saw Rab Gordon.

"I hope I didn't frighten your friend away," he said, taking Vanya's hand. "That is a nice baby you have. What do you call it?"

"Her name is Sonia Borisovna," I said coldly.

"My anarchist friend's daughter. I thought I saw him yonder on a brightly-speckled horse, and I suppose that curly-headed little girl with him is Madame Makar. Miss Helen, could I persuade you to take a ride on a flaming red lion. I see one there with a side saddle, and I could ride beside you on a polar bear."

"No, thank you," I said. "And it is foolish and wrong for a man in your position to speak to me at all."

"Will my position hurt you, or you hurt my position, Miss Helen?"

"You know I am a suspect, and if you persist in claiming acquaintance with me, you will attract the attention of the police to yourself."

"I am glad that somebody finds me a little attractive," said Rab, with the serene indifference of an Englishman for foreign opinions or suspicions; then he added gravely, "I wish you would come out of it, Miss Helen. It's no work for a woman that you are in."

"If it is fit work for a man, then it is

fit work for me," I exclaimed, "for I am sure that I am as able as any man to dare danger, or suffer pain."

"I don't doubt your courage, Miss Helen," he said, "nor the purity of Anton Paulovitch's ideals. But I believe that he and you all are attempting the impossible, and wasting the lives God has given you to use in wiser work. I think the present Government, brutal though some of its methods are, the only one suitable for the brute-millions of Russia. Anton thinks that with a small band of educated, consecrated workers, these brute millions could be controlled in the day of their rising. I say no, partly because there is a fourth class in Russia, outside Czardom, the peasants, and the revolutionaries—the Jews. Brutal, stupid laws have separated them from the people of this land where they live, and made them in a sense their enemies. They corrupt the peasantry with their drink shops, and squeeze their very life-blood when it comes to money-lending.

"Yet, with all this, Jewish morals are far ahead of Slavic. The Jew is sover and hard-working, and, above all, he has brains, and the instinct of self-government. Now, the first thing an intelligent class in Russia must do, by the eternal law of like drawing near to like, is to rise entirely above the anti-Jewish feeling of peasant Russia. You can guess what Anton would do in the case of a Jewish massacre, and Jewish massacres will be the first acts of the peasants if ever they rise. Then, maddened by their savage, fanatical religion, they will destroy Intellectuals, Czarites, and Jews together. And then, if they have some brute leader, who can lead them, God help Europe."

The merry-go-round had stopped, and I saw Boris and Mira coming towards us.

"Mr. Gordon," I said, "seven years ago that man there was a drunken thief and loafer; to-day he is sober and hard-working, and as true a man as you are. With God's help we will yet be able to see the brute millions of Russia turn to men, the love of Christ constraining them. And so we will help Him to save Russia, Europe, and perhaps the world."

Toronto.

Who seeks for joy unclouded,
Must never seek it here;
But in a purer region—
And in a brighter sphere;
To lead the way before us,

Bright hope unfailing flies:—
This earth of ours, to Eden's bowers
Is but a "Bridge of Sighs."

Fly, fly, sweet hope, fly fast, fly fast,
Until that "Bridge of Sighs" be past.

A BRILLIANT CANADIAN POET.*



BLISS CARMAN.

Mr. Bliss Carman has published more verse, and some of it better verse, than, we think, any other Canadian poet. His ode on the Coronation of King Edward VII. was distinctly the best of all that were published on that occasion. We are proud to recognize Mr. Carman as a distinguished Canadian, one of the brilliant group contributed by Fredericton, New Brunswick, to the singing choir of Canadian song.

* Poems by Bliss Carman. Two Vols. Tall Octavo. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. Price, \$10.00 net.

Bliss Carman is the son of the late William Carman, barrister, and his wife, Sophia Mary Bliss, and is descended on both sides from good old U. E. Loyalist stock. One of his father's family was an original grantee of Parrrtown, as St. John, N.B., was called when the large emigration of Loyalists took place. The poet was born at Fredericton, N.B., April 15, 1861. He was educated at the collegiate school in that city, under Dr. John R. Parkin, who has since won distinction as principal of Upper Canada College, and the man to whom was com-

mitted the task of organizing the Rhodes Scholarship scheme.

Young Carman distinguished himself at the University of New Brunswick, and won the alumni gold medal in 1881. He afterwards spent some years in study at Edinburgh and Harvard Universities, and for two years read law. In 1890 he became literary editor of the *New York Independent*, and was also connected with the *Cosmopolitan* and *Atlantic Monthly*s. Among his books of poetry are, "Low Tide on Grand Pre," "Songs from Vagabondia," "Behind the Arras," "In a Grand Pre Garden," "The Pipes of Pan," "The Book of Pierrot," and a number of more recent volumes.

He has had the distinction, unique for a Canadian writer, of having a high-priced edition de luxe of his poems printed by L. C. Page & Company, Boston, Mass.; but a popular edition of his poems is also published by the same house.

The large page, the clear type, the red-lined titles in the margin, the rubric initials, make it indeed an edition de luxe. The price is not too much for those handsome books, and is less than that of the separate volumes of which it is made up.

There are several sides to the genius of Bliss Carman. Some of his poems are distinctly poems of the sea, like his "Ballads of Lost Haven" and "Songs of the Sea Children." These have the swing of the waves of the ocean, and are austere fancy, that of the ocean as a grim gravedigger:

"Oh, the shambling sea is a sexton old,
And well his work is done;
With an equal grave for lord and knave
He buries them every one. . . ."

"Oh, the ships of Greece and the ships of Tyre
Went out, and where are they?
In the port they made they are delayed
With the ships of yesterday."

Many of these poems have local allusions to the wild tides of the Bay of Fundy. From "The Ships of St. John" we quote these lines:

"Once in your white arms you held me,
Till the man child was a man,
Canada, great nurse and mother
Of the young sea-roving clan."

As fine in its way as the ballad of the Hesperus is that of "The Master of the 'Scud'":

"There's a schooner out from Kingsport
Through the morning's dazzle-gleam,
Snoring down the Bay of Fundy
With a norther on her beam."

The skipper's son, a lad of twelve years, saw his father swept overboard, but the brave boy held the wheel till he made the difficult entry through Digby Gut to Digby town.

The sorrows of the sea, its tragedy, its unspeakable sadness, as well as its gladness, speak in these lines. Carman rivals Kipling in his familiarity with technical sea phrases. A bit of old romance is that of the fabled city of Ys, by the Breton sea, and grimmer still is that of the Kelpie Riders of Old Rochelle.

The "Memorabilia" are striking tributes to the great poets who have passed on before. Those on Keats and Shelley are of remarkable power. The threnody on the death of Robert Louis Stevenson appeals to every admirer of that gentle genius. Those on Lincoln, Henry George, and Browning exhibit fine discrimination of widely varied characters. Those on Raphael and Paul Verlaine exhibit the very spirit of the Renaissance. "Behind the Arras" and "Lyrics from an Old Play" have much of the same spirit.

The special note of this poet, however, is his keen sympathy with nature. With him we breathe the out-door air, we thread the forest wild, we sail the stormy seas. "The Green Book of the Bards," is that written by God on a million fluttering leaves and in the stars above and the earth beneath our feet. The poet's kinship with the stars is shown by his calling them by their names, Algol and Arcturus and the rest of the august brotherhood. "Our Lady of the Rain" traces the beneficent effect of the great enchantress in the economy of nature throughout the ages, throughout all lands:

"'Twas she who brought rejoicing
To Babyon and Ur.
To Carthage and to Sidon
Men came to worship her.
Her soft spring rites were honored
At Argolis and Troy,
And dark Chaldean women
Gave thanks to her for joy."

"The Word in the Beginning" is like Adam naming the beasts on their creation:

"And silvery sea folk heard
Where their wind tents are

From the long slow lift of the blue through the
Carib keys,
To the thresh of Sable bar."

The creatures of the earth and air and of the wood and swamp and mere all pass in review, from "our little brothers the frogs," to our winged brothers the thrushes and the quails, and our little brothers of the leaves and grass. A very St. Francis is our gentle poet. What a bead-roll it is, like that of the Psalmist extorting the cry, "O Lord, how manifold are thy works; in wisdom hast thou made them all."

Another rhetorical note is the use of the concrete for the abstract and the employment of local colour. He gives the very names of the capes and bays and lone lagoons from Monadnock to the far Carib shore.

"From Ungava, Penobscot, Potomac,
Key Largo and Fundy side,
And the droves of the frail sea people
Are a-run in the vernal tide."

The names of all the beasts and birds are as familiar as the fingers of his hand. Much of this local color centres round the marshes of Grand Pre and Tantramar, the heights of Blomidon and the winding Gaspereaux, which Roberts and Longfellow have so lovingly described.

Carman is also intensely dramatic, and makes his many characters speak in the first person very often, as does Browning, which gives a wonderful vividness to their discourse. There is, too, a sacred audacity in some of his conceptions, as in this:

"Hack and Hew were the sons of God
In the earlier earth than now;

One at his right hand, one at his left,
To obey as he taught them how."

In contrast to these were "Hem and Haw, the sons of sin, created to shally and shirk."

In "The Night Express" the worlds go hurtling on through the darkness to their final doom, "and the night express rolls into the dawn, but the driver's name is God,"

"And some day with more potent dust,
Brought from his home beyond the deep,
He gently scatters on our eyes;
We too shall sleep."

We have regretted the absence of the religious note in these noble poems. It is not altogether absent, but the poet who can sing so nobly of the "Veni Creator," which begins the second volume, should tune his harp more frequently to that exalted theme.

"Beyond the Gamut," is quite in the style of Browning's musical studies, without being in the least an imitation. Our poet indulges in the most extraordinary proper names as Yanna, Malyn, Berris Yere, Lal of Kilruddin, Elalia. The passionate love of flowers is ever in evidence, as one specially sympathetic ballad, one stanza of which runs:

"When I saw the Quaker ladies,
Those Innocents that strew
The flooring of the forests
With their starry eyes of blue."

Carman is master of poetical epithets applied to flowers and the like, as Crim-sonbud, Goldybloom, Berrybrown, Cherry-child, Summerlove, Seadusk, Dawnbright, and the like.

PURPOSELESS.

Like some instrument of music,
Made with great exceeding skill,
Framed for sounds of sweetest rhythm,
Lying always mute and still,
Left where no man knows the secret
Of a single noble chord,
Melody for ever silent,
Is thy life without the Lord.

Incomplete as some rich setting,
Finely chased, of purest gold;
Left without the priceless jewel
It was made alone to hold.

Useless as some hidden treasure
When none knew the magic word
To unlock the secret chamber,
Is thy life without thy Lord.

Thou, created for His glory,
Is thy purpose unfulfilled?
Have thy heart's deep chords of music
Never by His touch been thrilled?
Is thy soul without its jewel?
Is thy power a hidden hoard?
Is thy spirit dead within thee?
Is thy life without thy Lord?

Current Topics and Events.



THE OLD COACHMAN AND THE NEW.

Ex-Coachman : " Which I don't bear any ill-will, Mr. Bull ; but I 'umbly 'ope the new coachman 'll be strong enough for the job."

— The Westminster Gazette.

ELECTION METHODS.

When will old England learn from young Canada a more excellent way of holding its elections ? Why let them drag over two or three or more weeks, prolonging discussion often made more violent and virulent as the time drags on, when they might be made simultaneous as in most other constitutional countries. The sooner the agony is over the better ; its prolonging only gives opportunities for party "tactics"—often another name for violence or fraud. Both Campbell-Bannerman and Chamberlain have been hooted into silence by mobs.

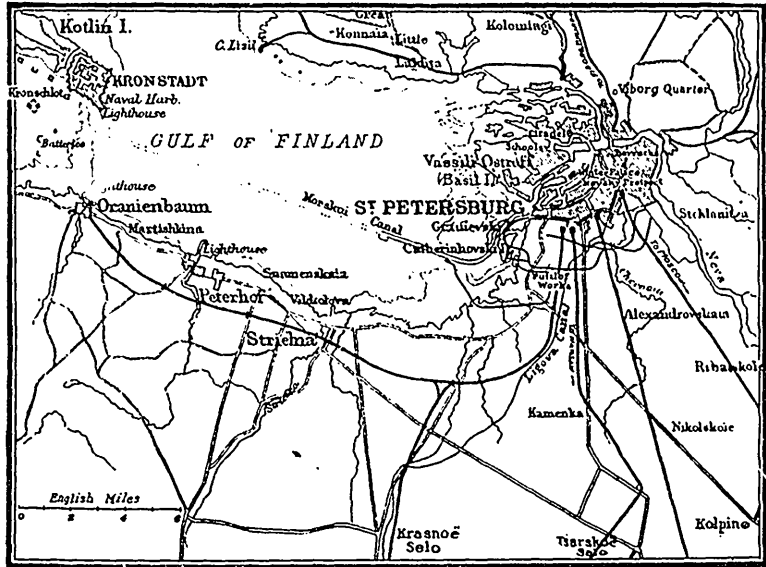
The swing of the pendulum in Britain is carrying the Liberal ministry into power with a prospect of a large majority. People talk of the stolidity of John Bull, but certainly election scenes in the great industrial centres have been anything but stolid. The socialist Countess of Warwick, one of the high-born beauties of England, has appealed from a huckster waggon for the support of

her "comrades," as she styled her fusian-clad audience. It will knit the hearts of the plain, everyday, common people to the landed aristocracy if the latter show as practical sympathy with the people as the good Countess of Warwick.

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman struck a high and statesmanlike note in his inaugural address :

"The growth of armaments is a great danger to the peace of the world. The policy of huge armaments keeps alive, stimulates, and feeds the belief that force is the best, if not the only, solution of international difficulties. As the principle of peaceful arbitration gains ground, it becomes one of the highest tasks of statesmanship to adjust these armaments to the new state of things. Great Britain can have no nobler role than at the fitting moment to place herself at the head of a league of peace, through whose instrumentality this great work can be effected."

It is further announced that largely as a



MAP OF ST. PETERSBURG AND ITS ENVIRONS.

result of the cordial relations with France the naval expenditures will be greatly reduced. This will take away the warrant for the feverish increase of her navy by Germany, which has no great sea-borne commerce to protect, as has Great Britain. It is more and more being recognized by mankind that, as Lord Lansdowne has said, "War is the most ferocious and

futile method of settling international disputes"; and scarce less foolish is the armed truce when nations impoverish themselves by needless preparations for war, which often precipitate the very evils they are supposed to guard against.

The Honorable Campbell-Bannerman, the new coachman in the cartoon, seems quite strong enough for his job, despite



CUTTING COMMUNICATIONS.

Russia—"I guess this will fix the Little Father a-plenty."
—Bartholomew in the Minneapolis Journal.



TREED.

Something likely to drop.

—Cory in the New York World.



THE PICNICKERS KINDLY GRANT A FEW PRIVILEGES.

—Rehse in St. Paul Pioneer Press.

the suggestion of the ex-coachman, Arthur Balfour, that it may be too much for him.

THE RUSSIAN HORROR.

In unhappy Russia, "on horror's head horrors accumulate." At the heart of the empire, the ancient and sacred city of Moscow, drink-maddened Cossacks butcher the people with grape-shot and machine guns, and drown in blood the



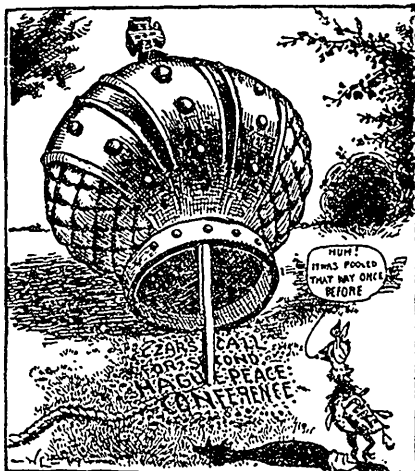
A REAL DIS-CZAR-MAMENT PROPOSITION.

—From the Minneapolis Journal.

Our map shows how revolution has invaded the very precincts of St. Petersburg and made the Emperor retire from Peterhof to the safer vicinity of Tsarskoe-Selo. The overwhelming preponderance of Cossacks at the capital has crushed for the time the revolutionaries, but they are nursing their wrath to keep it warm, and waiting for the opportunity to avenge the wrongs of the Red Sunday when the Czar finally, and we think irrevocably, broke with his loyal people. Although the fires of revolt in Moscow have been quenched with blood, they have broken out with greater virulence in the remoter parts of the empire. Despite any temporary reaction autocracy is doomed.

THE MOROCCO QUESTION.

As these notes are written there assembles at Algeiras, a Spanish town of thirteen thousand, about six miles west of Gibraltar, the conference of the powers called to settle the Morocco ques-



SUSPICIOUS!

—W. L. Evans in the Cleveland Leader.



HAARON VII.

"My motto shall be, 'All for Norway.'"

—From the London Daily Graphic.

tion. Most of the nations of Europe, also the United States of America, will be represented. The presence of the fleets of Germany, France, Britain and some others, gives a rather sinister look to this gathering. It is asserted that both French and German troops are mobilizing and massing near their common frontier, and that Germany has given an emergency order in foreign countries for twenty thousand cars, capable of moving over half a million men and war material. This with the well-known aggressiveness of the Kaiser, and the further fact that a single dissident will prevent a peaceful settlement of the vexed question, makes this one of the very important congresses of history.

Christian people the world over should be much in prayer, not merely for the Torrey revival, but that God will turn the hearts of the world's rulers towards peace. A war over the policing of the frontier of Morocco would be as insanely criminal as anything the world has ever seen. Germany is not a Mediterranean power, and has few interests in the North African littoral. France is a great African power, has pledged her faith to the "open door," and, by agreement with the powers most concerned, is entrusted with the duty of preventing the brigands of Morocco from seizing and holding for ransom British and American citizens.

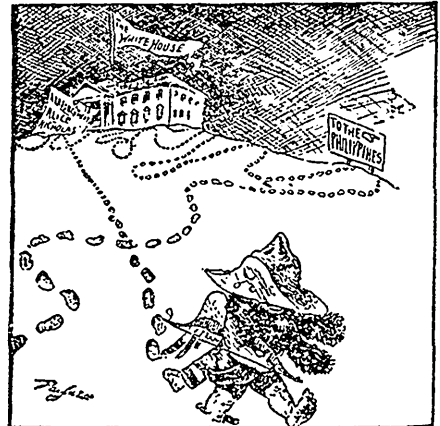
But William the Meddlesome proceeds to Morocco in state to protect German interests which are almost invisible, and forthwith its ignorant and fanatical ruler mounts his high horse and prances proudly in his fancied independence.

The Kaiser's telegram to Paul Kruger encouraged him, to precipitate his own fate. The Emperor of Morocco may study this fact with advantage, unless he wants to be the puppet of the Kaiser, who protests his peaceful intentions, but in his disgruntled isolation he is the menace of Europe.

HISTORY IN CARTOON.

The methods of the Russian revolt are in large part counsels of despair. Like the man in the cartoon, in the hope of destroying czarism, and the despotism that is involved therewith, the Reds seem determined to cut themselves off from civilization, though the country, with all the promised concessions from the Czar, shall go to destruction together. But out of this chaos will surely be evolved the newer and higher order of civilization.

Another cartoon shows how the incensed people, made desperate by long oppression, are determined to destroy the monarchical system, even though they hug the bomb-shell that will destroy themselves. The meagre concessions which have been wrung from the bureaucrats were a belated offering which caused little gratitude to the reluctant Czar. Had they been granted in more



PERSEVERANCE REWARDED.

—Payne in the Pittsburg Gazette.



IS MY CROWN ON STRAIGHT ?

—Minneapolis Journal.

timely concession they might have won lasting gratitude.

It is the very irony of fate that the Czar's call to the Hague peace conference should come in the very crisis of seeming national dissolution, and may well excite the doubt and suspicion of the poor bedraggled bird of peace, whose hopes from the first were so egregiously deceived. Even the late concessions of constitution, legislative assembly, and other demands of the people lose their grace from being so long withheld.

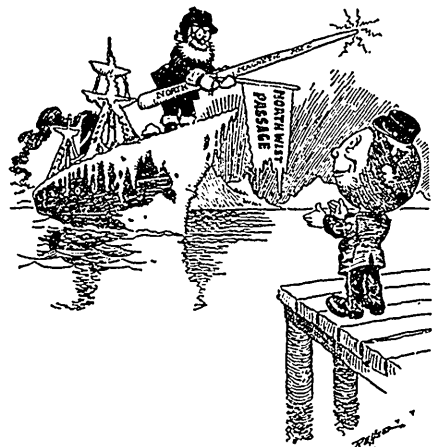
But the cause of peace and constitutional rule makes progress. The peaceful separation of Norway and Sweden is one of the most significant signs of the times. A few years ago such a separation could not have taken place without civil war, but now without the drawing of a sword this significant event occurs. The striking cartoon of Haakon VII. in the garb of the old viking recalls the heroic traditions of his house. Of course the humorists will poke their fun at the new king assuming his unwonted style

and titles. But an elective monarchy is not a new thing in Europe ; it has been a success in Greece, and will probably also be in Norway.

Our American kinsfolk are much excited over the approaching marriage at the White House. All the world loves a lover, and Colonel Longworth has well illustrated the adage that "faint heart never won fair lady." He followed his fiancée well-nigh around the world, and the humorist-cartoonist shows his devious path in the footprints of the little god of the bow and arrow in the snows.

Another cartoon exhibits the milliners and trousseau makers as bundling the office furniture out of the presidential mansion to make room for the important business of their craft.

All the world has been acclaiming the valor of the gallant sailor who first made the North-West Passage after four hundred years of fruitless attempt. No one will envy him his laurels, though as a commercial and even scientific achievement its results may be nil.



Captain Amundsen : "I saw 'em first."

—Rehse in the St. Paul Pioneer Press.

My soul's too vast for earth to fill. Beyond
This narrow sphere my longings soar. I want
To search the stars and roam through boundless space.
Even then the universe may fail to tell
Me all I want to know. A universe
That's greater still, within me lies. But were
It vaster by ten thousand times, there's One
Can fill it all. It is my Saviour—God.
His Light ! His Love ! His Gracious Self ! Enough !

Religious Intelligence.

PROFESSOR BOWLES.

We quote from The Guardian this admirable tribute to Victoria's new professor :

The appointment of the Rev. R. P. Bowles, M.A., B.D., to the chair of homiletics in Victoria College is a most important step in the history of denominational higher education. From time to time our educational circles have been enriched by the importation of eminent scholars from the Old Land. In this instance there is cause for congratulation that our own country furnishes the man so thoroughly qualified, as we believe Mr. Bowles to be. Victoria is his Alma Mater, and he is a gold medallist in both arts and divinity. The Methodist pulpit has no man who more completely holds the attention of the thoughtful members of our congregations. Grace Church, Winnipeg, and the Metropolitan and Sherbourne Street Churches, of this city, have been his recent charges. Several members of the Board of Regents of Victoria belong to Sherbourne Street Church, of which Mr. Bowles is now pastor. They were confronted with the problem of electing between the best interests of higher education—the interest of the church at large—and their own personal preference for retaining Mr. Bowles as their minister. In this choice between love and duty, the connexional spirit prevailed, as it ought.

Mr. Bowles brings to his new field the intellectual vigor of young manhood. The qualities of mind that have made him a fascinating preacher to college men will have the greatest freedom of development in college work. His close analytical reasoning, clear thinking and lucid statement are characteristics which it is to be hoped Mr. Bowles may be successful in reproducing in the theological students who will come under his influence. While keeping abreast of the scientific method of investigation, and in touch with the practical issues of the day, Mr. Bowles is moderate and eminently sane in his pulpit utterances on these as on other controversial subjects. His style might be termed very deliberate, especially at the commencement of a

discourse. He is an artist in the use of illustration. He pictures homely scenes drawn from the work of the farm and the incidents of school days, making these, as well as the most familiar things in nature, contribute to the illumination of his subject.

His manner as a speaker is winning, and he speedily gains sympathetic attention from his audience. In his discourse, one discovers quick appreciation of latent humor in a situation or statement, rather than any humorous expression. His kindly smile reflects this at times, and adds to the charm of his dignified presence in the pulpit. Some have found a tone of melancholy in his voice, but this is lost as he quickens his pace and becomes more engrossed in the development of a subject. When the climax is reached one sees a man of intense conviction putting physical energy back of his vigorous thought, and moving his hearers, not by any extravagance of oratory, but by a most forceful presentation of truth.

In portrayal (indeed, it is portraiture) of the Christ, Mr. Bowles is at his best. His intellect pays homage and his heart lavishes devotion in the supreme endeavor to set forth the surpassing beauty and infinite worth of the character and teaching of Jesus. His years of pastoral and pulpit work, added to his excellent scholarship, must equip and qualify him for his new duties in a very marked degree. The choice of the Board of Regents can hardly fail to carry almost universal approval.

MESSRS. TORREY AND ALEXANDER
IN TORONTO.

It is no small honor to Toronto that it should be the first city on this continent to be favored with the marvellous ministry of Messrs. Torrey and Alexander after their world-girdling revival campaign. The immense Massey Music Hall, which will hold five thousand persons, was packed to the door long before the hour of meeting on the last day of the year, and hundreds were turned away. The same was true of almost all the suc-

ceeding meetings. Last Sunday night, long before the hour for beginning, the hall was packed with men only, and many hundreds stood in the street in the rain, singing and listening to Christian exhortation.

Very complete arrangements had been made by an interdenominational committee of ministers and laymen for a month's campaign. The movement was all the more impressive because it was interdenominational. On the platform Anglicans and Baptists, Methodists and Presbyterians were gathered, and a great chorus of three hundred persons from the various church choirs assisted in the service of song. On the wall behind, in bold letters, were the impressive words, "Get right with God."

The song service, led by that unique singing evangelist, Mr. Alexander, is a very important feature of the revival. He sings the Gospel into many hearts long impervious to its appeals. But his gift of leadership is far more remarkable than his gift of song. His magnetic personality makes every one in the house respond to his appeals. Every gesture corresponds with the character of the music—now low and soft, now swift in movement or staccato in expression, now he swings his long arm, now he keeps time with stamping of his feet and clapping of his hands, then he stretches to his full height and flings out the high notes as if from the tips of his fingers.

He imparts a vigor to the singing of the "Glory Song," which has girdled the globe, which makes it the Marsellaise of the revival.

Dr. Torrey's manner is quite different—cool, calm, collected, using close-linked logic, appeals that grip the conscience and lead to immediate decision. The secret of his success is his intense earnestness, his clearness of thought, his plainness of speech, his mighty faith in God and in the power of prayer, his familiarity with the Scriptures which he quotes continually, giving in every case the very chapter and verse.

The evangelists honor the old hymns, "Rock of Ages," "When I survey the Wondrous Cross," "Jesus, Lover of my Soul," and "All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name." As five thousand men, with uplifted right hand, swelled the chorus, "Crown Him, crown Him Lord of all," the effect was thrilling and sublime.

THE MESSAGE.

The marked simplicity of Dr. Torrey's sermons, and the great crowds that in

every city throng to hear him, prove that after all it is the old gospel story that the hearts of men are craving. People came to hear a great preacher, echoes of whose work had reached them from London and Liverpool. They came and heard him, a humble soul, extending a simple invitation to Jesus Christ. Disappointed? No. The crowd did not lessen. It grew. It was the fulfilment of the old prophecy, "I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me."

Other evangelists were gathering in the grain in the overflow meetings. And as if to show that there was nothing hypnotic in Messrs. Torrey and Alexander themselves, but that the revival was the work of the Holy Spirit, in these overflow meetings, where the noted evangelists did not appear, souls were born into the Kingdom of God.

It was an experience one could not well forget in a lifetime, that of sitting in the main meeting, while the "Glory Song" and the chorus, "Oh, it is wonderful!" seemed almost to lift the great dome. But it was not the bursts of music, not the grand swell of hearts attuned to praise—though some of us may hear nothing like it again this side of heaven—but it was not this that stirred one most in the meetings. It was the way people responded to the appeal for personal work. It was the seeing men and women, all over the building, turning to their neighbors and speaking of their salvation when the opportunity came.

The splendid articles in the daily papers, and the conversations on the street, in the cars, the stores, and everywhere, show the impress of the work.

UNION SENTIMENT.

The consensus of opinion of the public press on the proposed basis of union has been one of most cordial approval. We have not seen a single adverse criticism. The Toronto Daily Globe describes the proposed basis as one of the most important religious documents which has appeared since the Reformation. A staff correspondent of that paper has been feeling the pulse of public opinion in some of the strongest Presbyterian sections of the country. He reports that the ministers of the several churches affected are almost to a unit in hearty approval, while the laymen are still more enthusiastic.

"Commercial mergers," he says, "pale into comparative insignificance beside the great religious union of the Methodist,

Presbyterian and Congregational bodies in Canada, which is now being considered by the hundreds of thousands of church people who are interested. It would seem that the fires of strife which have smouldered for centuries in the Old World and in the New will be quenched in the keen, clear air of twentieth century Canada.

"By the census of 1901 there were 916,862 people in Canada who claimed to be Methodists, 842,301 Presbyterians, and 28,283 Congregationalists, or 1,787,446 out of a total population of 5,371,051. If the figures are confined to the Province of Ontario, the proportion is a good deal larger. Here there are 666,388 Methodists, 477,386 Presbyterians, and 15,289 Congregationalists, or 1,159,083 out of 2,182,947—over 52 per cent. of the entire population.

"These figures, however, cannot be accepted as the working strength of the united Church. That must be estimated from the membership rolls of each denomination. The reports presented at the Conferences last June showed that the Methodist Church of Canada, which includes Newfoundland and the missions in China and Japan, has a membership of 367,620. The reports presented to the Presbyterian General Assembly showed a total of 232,734 communicants on the roll, while the Congregationalist membership on the roll amounted in the same year to 7,182. This makes a grand Church army, which may be welded into a fighting force, with a united front toward the world's aggressions, of 607,536 people."

DON'T HURRY.

The leaders of religious opinion agree that it would be inexpedient to unduly hasten this movement, that the leaven must be allowed to thoroughly permeate the membership of the churches, that it is above all desirable to secure practical unanimity before the final consummation of union in order that no appreciable number should fail to be carried into the united Church. The judgment of some is that it may take years, possibly a decade, before it is accomplished. Personally, we see no reason why it should not take place in half that time, or less.

The supreme court of our own Church, its quadrennial General Conference, will meet this year, and will doubtless send the question down to the Annual Conferences and Quarterly Boards of the individual churches. The Presbyterian General Assembly and the Congregational

Union meet every year, and will doubtless refer the question to their ultimate constituencies, the individual churches. It does not take long for opinion to ripen when the chief courts and their representatives have declared in favor of such a union.

The population in the great West is increasing at such an accelerated ratio that it becomes a question of first importance how these churches can overtake the pressing needs. The staff correspondent of *The Globe* remarks:

"Well may the cry of the Western mission workers for union be heeded, and the old spirit of the Pilgrim Fathers, the Congregationalists of New England, be rekindled, that

"New occasions teach new duties,
Time makes ancient good uncouth,
They must upward still, and onward,
Who would keep abreast of Truth.
So before us gleam her camp-fires!
We ourselves must pilgrims be,
Launch our 'Mayflower' and steer holdly
Through the desperate winter sea,
Nor attempt the Future's portal
With the Past's blood-rusted key."

THE PROBLEM SOLVED.

When the difficult questions of doctrine have been so happily met, the problems of polity and administration can be even more easily solved. It is significant that all the recommendations of the union committees were adopted unanimously. While there was no compromise of principle by any of its members, there was the utmost spirit of conciliation in arranging details. Moreover, it is very significant that this was not a young man's movement. Its leaders have been among the oldest, sagest and most experienced of ecclesiastical statesmen of the several Churches. With these leading the van it is fair to expect that the younger men in the ministry, as well as the great body of the laity, will heartily approve of the movement.

The problem of harmonizing the complete independence of the separate churches, as among the Congregationalists, and the strong connexional system of the Methodists, has been happily solved by adopting the best features of each and allowing large individual liberty.

OBJECTIONS.

The few exceptions to union sentiment but more strongly emphasize the very general consent. "The preaching in all three is just the same; it is the

rules and regulations that would be the trouble," said Mr. William Murray, an 86-year-old Presbyterian, a retired farmer of the old school, who came from Scotland in 1842. "I think strife is a good thing to keep the churches alive. I would like to see the union if I thought it would last."

Another old gentleman remarks that he is too conservative to change, and believes the present rivalry beneficial. "I think under the union the Church would become one dead lump."

On the other hand a leading Methodist layman says: "I think the Western situation will force the union of the Churches. I have a son in the West who I believe has had the opportunity of attending only two services in about four months, one in a construction camp and one in a boarding-house, and I presume that is simply a sample of what we find in that Western country."

And still another adds: "The Methodists as a whole, I think, are very much in sympathy with this movement. There is too much energy going to waste. Here we have three churches and three ministers, where one minister and an assistant could do the work."

THE LATE PROFESSOR E. I. BADGLEY,
M.A., LL.D.

The death of the late Professor Badgley called forth very beautiful and tender tributes to his memory by his lifelong friends, Drs. Carman and Reynar and Chancellor Burwash. The brotherhood of the Methodist ministry is a very sacred tie, but when to that is added the fellowship of many years as professor in the same university, co-worker in the common task of higher education, that tie is greatly strengthened. Dr. Badgley, besides being a master in his own department of ethics and apologetics, was a man of large and varied learning in other departments as well. But better than all was his devout and earnest piety. He was an apostle of sweetness and light in the lecture-room, and his life was a bright and cheerful testimony of the power of divine grace to ennoble and beautify the whole character. The testimony to his personal interest in his students, giving them the run of his library, helping them in their extramural studies, and in every way aiding in the acquirement of knowledge and the development of character—these noblest attributes, in the eloquent words of Dr. Carman, have erected for



THE LATE PROF. E. I. BADGLEY, M.A., LL.D.

him a monument *aere perennius*, more lasting than bronze. He might say of his students, as the great apostle said of his converts, "Ye are our epistle written in our hearts, known and read of all men."

HOW ONE PASTOR TOOK HIS OFFERING.

The Rev. J. B. Lawrence, pastor of the Baptist Church at Brownsville, Tenn., had printed and distributed among his members the following card, in order to help him in his foreign mission collection. The result was a pleasing surprise to his members. The church went up from \$85.32, their contribution in 1903, to \$210. Others to hear from makes the church fairly sure of \$250. This is another illustration of what can be done when there is "a definite aim and a live pastor":

It takes \$600.00 to pay the salary of a foreign missionary. This divided into months, weeks, and days, is as follows:

One year - - - \$600 00	Two weeks - - - \$25 00
Six months - - - 300 00	One week - - - 12 50
Three months - 150 00	One day - - - 1 73
One month - - - 50 00	One hour - - - 17

How much of this time do you wish to pay for?
How many days do you wish to work in the foreign field?

I will pay \$, which employs a worker in the foreign field for days, weeks, months.

Book Notices.



RICHARD LE GALLIENNE.

Richard Le Gallienne is one of the most distinguished critics of the present day. He is master of a subtle and delicate style, and is master of his literary craft. His latest book is a rendering of "The Odes of Hafiz," which he has made from literal prose versions of the poet, supplemented by his own fancy. It is a work of consummate art. L. C. Page & Company, Boston, are the publishers.

"John Fletcher Hurst." A Biography.
By Albert Osborn. New York:
Eaton & Mains. Toronto: William
Briggs. Svo. Pp. xiv-509. Price,
\$2.00 net.

Bishop Hurst was one of the most

genial and companionable of men. To those who knew him best he will be remembered more for his large and loving heart than for his many-languaged head. If at first you stood in awe of the learning of the great scholar, you soon felt at ease with the kindly Christian gentleman. We met him intimately at our Canadian Chautauqua, and learned to love the man even more than we admired his books.

This Life is a worthy tribute to the Methodist Melancthon who united the wisdom of the sage with the piety of the saint. The name given him, John Fletcher, indicates the Christian consecration of his early life. The child of many prayers was early converted to God and was led into the Christian ministry. At twenty-two he postponed immediate marriage, and went abroad to study at Halle. He travelled extensively in Europe, and the East, and narrowly escaped being destroyed by the bomb of a Catholic fanatic at a Wesleyan service in Rome.

At thirty-one he published his first book, "The History of Rationalism," which did much to establish his fame, and was the precursor of many valuable books, chiefly historical, on the history of the Christian Church, and his recent masterly "History of Methodism." He also wrote verse of much merit. Some of his best efforts were connected with the establishment of Drew Theological Seminary, but the great work of his later years was the founding of the Methodist University at Washington. He presided at one hundred and seventy conferences in the United States and many foreign countries. He was an indefatigable book lover. The recent sale of his library in New York, the collection of forty years, brought the sum of \$56,500. It is a pity that this could not have been secured as a permanent Hurst memorial. He was a great pedestrian, and tramped over a large part of Europe and the United States on holiday trips with genial comrades. But his noblest characteristic was his Christian consecration, his tireless zeal for the cause of God.

"The Voyageur and Other Poems." By William Henry Drummond, M.D., author of "The Habitant," etc. Illustrated. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. viii-142. Price, \$1.25.

Canada is certainly coming to her own. In the short space of one week the four best volumes of poems published for many a year came from the pens of Canadian writers. Two of these we reviewed last month—those of Miss Crawford and Wilfred Campbell. Those of Bliss Carman and Dr. Drummond we notice in this number. Dr. Drummond has interpreted with remarkable insight and sympathy the Canadian habitant to the world. He catches his light insouciance; his gaiety, his humor, his simple piety, his love of country, are all presented in these pages. The voyageur, that heroic object in the history of Canada and development of the great North-West, is a vanishing figure. Yet he was the pathfinder of empire, the pioneer of civilization over those vast spaces. The love of wife and child of the habitant is one of his strongest characteristics. This is seen in the pretty little poem which we quote:

"DIEUDONNÉ. (GOD-GIVEN.)

"If I sole ma ole blind trotter for fifty dollar cash,

Or win de beeges' prize on lotterie,
If some good frien' die an' lef' me fives' house
on St. Eustache,
You t'ink I feel more happy dan I be?

"No, sir! An' I can tole you, if you never know before,

W'y de kettle on de stove mak' such a fuss.
W'y de robin stop hees singin' an' come
peekin' t'roo de door
For learn about de nice t'ing's come to us—

"An' w'en he see de baby lyin' dere upon de bed

Lak leetle Son of Mary on de ole tam long ago—
Wit' de sunshine an' de shadder makin' ring
aroun' hees head,
No wonder M'sieu Robin wissle low.

"An' we can't help feelin' glad too, so we call heem Dieudonné;

An' he never cry, dat baby, w'en he's chrissen by de pries';
All de sum' I bet you dollar he'll waken up
some day
An' be as bad as leetle boy Bateosc."

A stirring strain o' patriotism runs

through these verses, which are not all in dialect.

"Then line up and try us,
Whoever would deny us
The freedom of our birthright
And they'll find us like a wall—
For we are Canadian, Canadian for ever,
Canadian for ever—Canadian over all!"

The book is a gem in printing and illustration.

"The Prairie and the Sea." By William A. Quayle. Cincinnati: Jennings & Graham. New York: Eaton & Mains. Small 4to. Price, \$2.00 net.

Dr. Quayle is a poet and a painter, an artist in words, a high priest of the beautiful and the sublime, an interpreter of nature akin to Wordsworth and Ruskin. One must be an impassioned lover of the pathless woods, the boundless prairie, and the sounding shore before he can make another love them. Dr. Quayle wields this spell of power. We felt this years ago as we wandered with him in happy summer days on the shores of mountain-girdled Tahoe, one of the highest lakes in the world, in the heart of the Sierra Nevada. He poured from the rich treasures of his soul thoughts that breathe and words that burn; he quoted Browning and his brother bards in illustration of his high philosophy; he looked from nature up to nature's God. We are glad to have in this sumptuous volume the record of his thoughts and impressions of the myriad moods of the prairie, the mountains, the sea. The publishers have made this book a very edition de luxe. It has two hundred half-tones of the most beautiful nature studies we have seen—trees and flowers and grasses, birds and nests, forest paths and lonely meres, the mountains of God, and the awful, pitiless sea.

"The Reconstruction of Religious Belief."
By W. H. Mallock. Harpers. 1905.

In this large and handsome volume Mr. Mallock, with his usual felicity of exposition, presents us with an interesting and valuable contribution to theistic apologetics. He writes for men entangled in the meshes of materialistic science. He writes as one convinced that on their own ground the materialistic scientists are successful as against the theologians (against whom he delights to fling a frequent jibe) and the philosophers. But

he points out with much force (what at least some of the despised theologians, have also urged) that the principles of modern evolutionary science imperatively demand at the long last the theistic conception of an intelligent purposeful world-ground.

Mr. Mallock concludes that whether Christianity or some eclectic religion is to be the religion of the future, depends upon the further question whether modern Christianity can practically adapt itself to the needs of modern humanity, as primitive Christianity did to those of the men of two thousand years ago. The book is eminently readable, and very stimulative to thought. F. H. W.

"The Evangelistic Awakening." By Wentworth F. Stewart. Cincinnati: Jennings & Graham. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 201. Price, 75 cents net.

"The twin slogans of Methodism," says Dr. Elliott, in introducing this book, "the Witness of the Spirit and Holiness unto the Lord, are the abiding foundations of all true evangelism." "These two notes, so aggressively affirmed," he says, "by Wesley and his coadjutors, have been but too faintly sounded in the evangelical movements of the nineteenth century." In this book they ring out loud and clear and must be the keynote of all true evangelism. The methods and subjects of true evangelism and its object, the evangelism of the Church, are clearly and cogently set forth.

"Vision and Task." By George Clarke Peck. New York: Eaton & Mains. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 289. Price, \$1.00 net.

The author of those Bible studies entitled "Ringed Questions," "Old Sins in New Clothes," and "Bible Tragedies," comes before us again with a vial filled with "beaten oil of the sanctuary," potent for the healing of the world's woes. The studies are mostly from the New Testament, although the characters of Gehazi, of Balaam, of Moses from the Old receive adequate treatment. The book will be found helpful and suggestive.

"The Certainty of the Kingdom, and Other Sermons." By Heber D. Ketcham, D.D. Cincinnati: Jennings & Graham. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 152. Price, 75 cents.

These are new volumes of the Methodist Pulpit Series issued by this house.

The sermons treat the great essentials of the Christian faith and life. Dr. Ketcham discusses the Certainty of the Kingdom, The Will, the Pivot of Destiny, the Place and Power of Memory, and kindred topics. Dr. Mitchell with power and pungency discusses the Noblest Quest, that for the Kingdom of God, the Supreme Master, Jesus Christ, the Dignity of Labor, the Impartial God.

"The Apostle Paul." By Alexander Whyte, D.D. Cincinnati: Jennings & Graham. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 231. Price, \$1.00 net.

The volumes of Dr. Whyte on Bible characters will insure a ready reception to this study of St. Paul. They treat every aspect of his life as a student, a preacher, a pastor, a controversialist, a man of prayer, an evangelical mystic, a missionary, an apostle, and a saint—a worthy study of the grandest character in Holy Writ.

"Heart Purity. A Scripture Study." By Iva Durham Vennard. New York: Eaton & Mains. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 85. Embossed leather. Price, 25 cents net.

A study of this very important subject, with sympathetic introduction by that saintly man, Bishop Fitzgerald.

"Christianity and Patriotism, and Other Essays." By Count Leo Tolstoy. Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 98.

This little book presents the Russian philosopher's views on these important subjects. He is not always to be implicitly followed, but his teachings have been the inspiration of the present uprising in Russia, with their far-reaching and incalculable consequences.

Some notable changes have been made in the make-up of *The Missionary Review of the World* for January, and they are all for the better. With a large page and double column it more closely resembles the other high-class magazines. Published monthly by Funk & Wagnalls Company, 44-60 East 23rd Street, New York. \$2.50 a year.

"The Methodist Year Book for 1906," pp. 216, price 25 cents net, is simply indispensable for constant reference to any one wanting full and accurate record of Methodist statistics and information.