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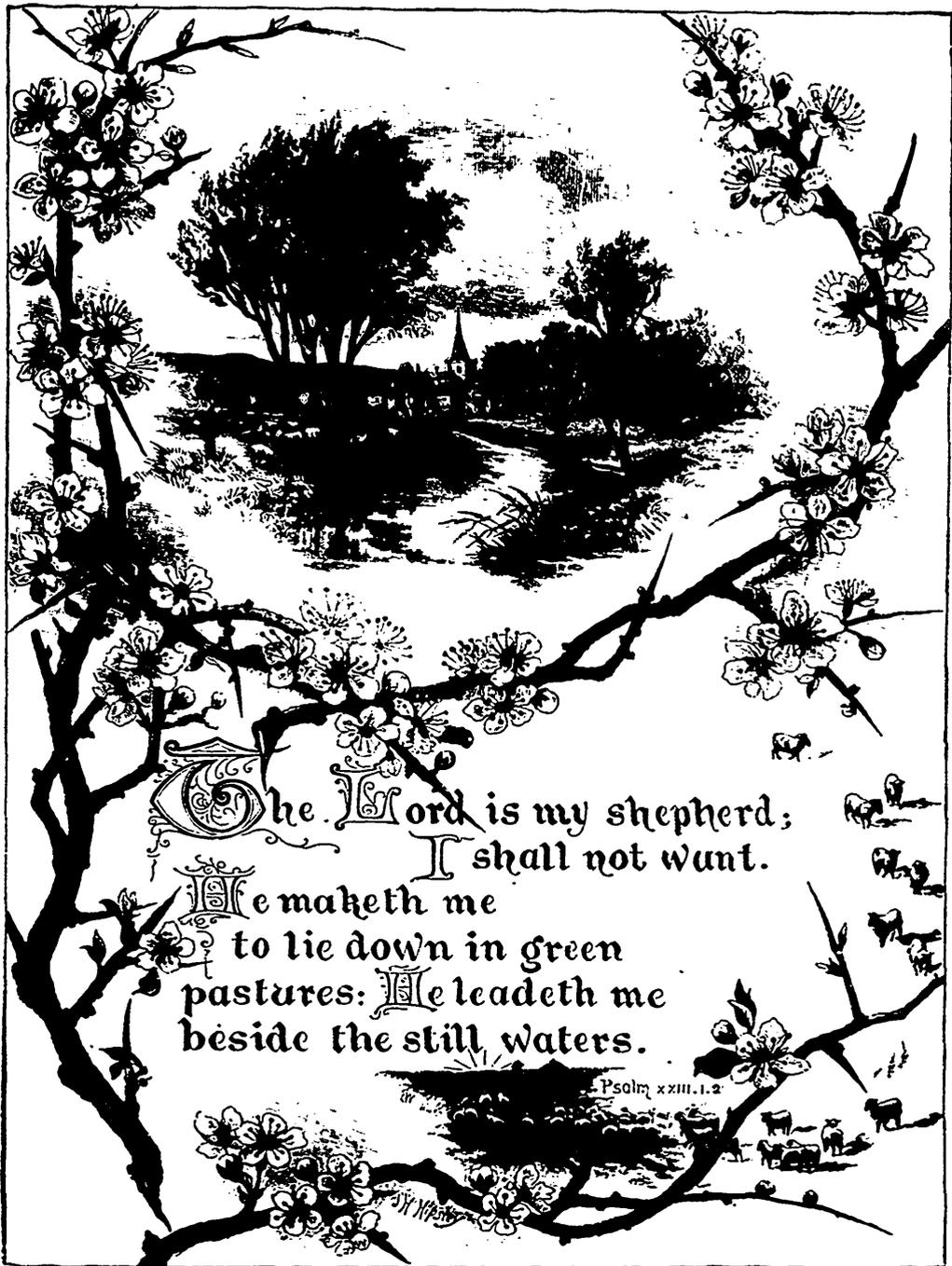
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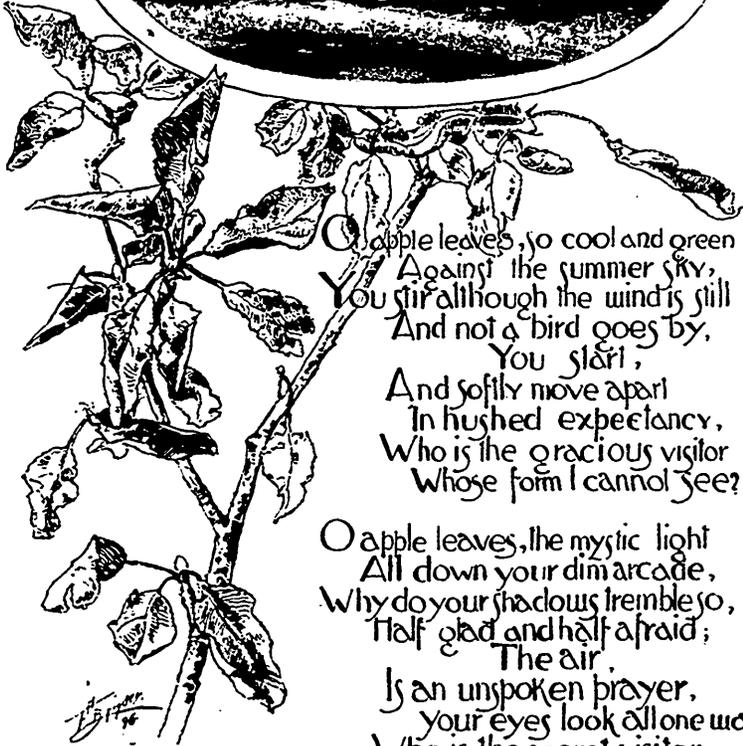


The Lord is my shepherd;
I shall not want.

He maketh me
to lie down in green
pastures: He leadeth me
beside the still waters.

Psalm xxiii. 1. 2.

IN THE ORCHARD.



O apple leaves, so cool and green
Against the summer sky,
You stir although the wind is still
And not a bird goes by,
You start,
And softly move apart
In hushed expectancy,
Who is the gracious visitor
Whose form I cannot see?

O apple leaves, the mystic light
All down your dim arcade,
Why do your shadows tremble so,
Half glad and half afraid;
The air,
Is an unspoken prayer,
Your eyes look all one way,
Who is the secret visitor
Your tremor would betray?

Chas G D. Roberts.

Methodist Magazine and Review.

JUNE, 1904.

TREES AND THEIR HABITS.

BY J. TALLMAN PITCHER.

"Thank God for noble trees!
How stately, strong, and grand
These bannered giants lift their crests
O'er all this beauteous land!"



THE WATER-LOVING ELM.



WHILE we should all cultivate a taste for good literature, art, and music, why should we not also learn to see what unsurpassed beauty in form and colour Nature has provided on all sides and on such a magnificent scale? This picture gallery is free

to all and always open. The best flocks of the painters of

cloud, landscape or mountain are but poor imitations. To walk through Nature's halls is to receive health, discover beauty and sublimity, and be filled with pure and noble thoughts.

Nothing gives of their best more freely than trees. They have character and individuality as endless and diversified as that even of the human race. There is a solemnity and repose about great trees, even when in the gale they swing their sinewy arms and bow their crested



A MAJESTIC ELM—THE NOBLEST OF OUR TREES.

heads and rise again as if in conscious adoration of their Maker. The forms of trees, the ever varying play of light and shadow in their foliage have long been studies of painters and naturalists. Each species has distinguishing marks. "Some ascend vertically, and having arrived at a certain height, fork off in tiers, and send out their branches horizontally, like an apple tree ; or incline them towards the earth, like a fir tree ; some hollow them in the form of a cup, like the sassafras ; some round them into the shape of a mushroom, like the pine ; some straighten them into a pyramid, like the Lombardy poplar, or suffer them to float at the bidding of the winds, like the birch."

There are subtle expressions in

trees, as cheerfulness, gloom, rudeness, awkwardness, and grief. What could be more graceful than some willows and elms ? or more prim than spruces ? or more formal than the ash ? or more majestic than the oak ? Some stand and stiffly defy the storms, while others find security in bending to the gale. What is warmer looking in early spring than the deep-blossomed red-maple, or the rich magnolia ? No wonder that in some ages trees were worshipped, for they seem like creatures with souls finding in us a sympathetic chord.

" Away to the trees then let us go
For it matters not whether there's rain
or snow,
They wait for us."

The attractiveness of village, town or city is greatly increased by trees

properly arranged and cared for. They indicate good taste, intelligence, and refinement, and suggest ease, thought, and repose. An avenue of lofty old trees calms the spirit, rebukes feverish haste, and gives a feeling of serenity and reverence. Besides furnishing mankind with so many things that are indispensable to our comfort, forests have an important part in the conservation of the rainfall, distributing it gradually, and thus regulating our water supply.

contrasting sharply form and foliage; but in this case we sacrifice the highest of individual perfection.

Rotation of Forest Trees.

We may not understand all the laws that govern in the succession of one species by another, yet certain general rules appear to be followed in nature. When one kind of timber has been removed the soil produces another kind. The hardwood trees require more potash and a deeper soil than the coniferous and



“THE NOAN OF DOVES IN IMMEMORIAL ELMS.”

—Tennyson.

Before trees can fully impress us we must know something of their habits of growth, struggles for life, sources of food and the subtle differences that separate them into families, genera, and species. Few trees attain the greatest beauty unless exposed on all sides to the sun, and allowed room to spread naturally; while touching any tree with knife or saw, except fruit trees, is to distort nature. Heaviness and confusion may be avoided by selection of species and arrangement, thus

soft wood trees. Hence they are found chiefly on alluvial plains and the lower slopes of mountains. Firs, spruce and pines, though often growing to immense size in deep soils, are generally crowded out by the more vigorous hardwoods, and occupy the barren sandy levels and the thin soils of the mountain sides. When the growth of hardwood has been removed the succession will consist of a meagre growth of white birch, poplar, and aspen. When pine trees are removed they will be



AN AVENUE OF SOLEMN SPRUCES.

succeeded by an inferior growth of conifers and scrubby oak. Oaks may be succeeded by pines, but pines will not be succeeded by hard timber unless the ashes were left in the soil. Hence poplars, white birch, and wild cherry occupy grounds once covered with heavy timber.

Foliage.

The leaves are the most conspicuous and necessary parts of trees. They furnish grateful shade in summer, give colour to the woods and pleasure without weariness. Leaves are of countless forms of beauty, from those of the delicate heath plant to the broad leaves of the banana that sway like banners over the hut of the negro. In all their varieties they diminish in size

as they ascend and are so arranged as to enjoy the free action of the sunlight. The leaves that are evergreen in our climate, as the pine, spruce and fir, are in the form of needles, thus allowing the wind and snow to pass through; while the broad leaves of the deciduous trees fall before the heavy snows of winter come, thus saving the trees from the weight that would break them down. Their different colours are the dials of the year: pale tints in the opening spring, dark and uniform shades of green mark the summer, while gold, crimson, scarlet, yellow, and russet mark the autumn.

But no splendour of colour or delicacy of form can for a moment

A QUIET NOOK WITH WHISPERING PINES,
LAKE JOSEPH.



OUTLINED AGAINST THE SKY.

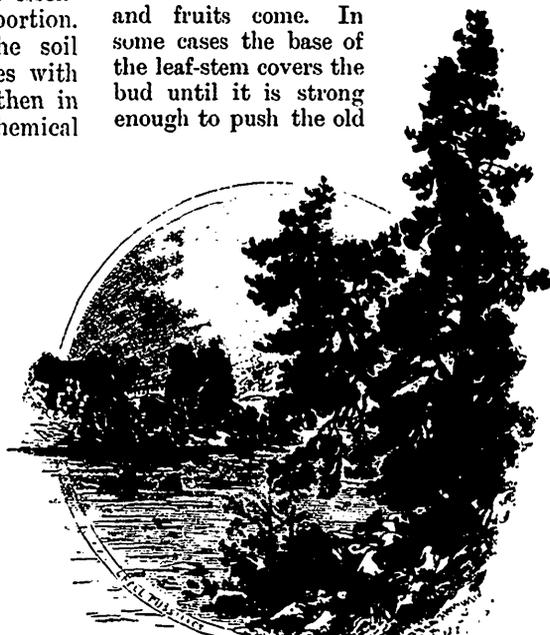
compare with the *use* of leaves. They are absolutely essential to the life and growth of all trees. It is estimated that from the air, through their leaves, trees gather ninety per cent. of their food; while what they receive through their roots is essential, it is only a small proportion. The leaves obtain from the soil water, chiefly, which mingles with gas gathered from the air; then in nature's leaf laboratory chemical changes are effected—sugar, starch, and protoplasm are manufactured—these pass through the leaf-stem, twig, limb and trunk to the roots, as prepared food, to be assimilated by the whole tree.

There is a double phenomena of absorption and exhalation in leaves which may properly be termed respiration. But this respiration is not like that of animals, when carbonic acid gas is exhaled day and night. The leaves in the day absorb the carbonic acid of the air, decompose it, and return to the air the oxygen. At night this is reversed; oxygen is absorbed and carbonic acid gas exhaled.

In transplanting trees, therefore, what a violation of the law of life it is to cut off the top and plant a stake! Take out a man's lungs and his chances for life are small. The tree would die, only the food which the leaves stored in the trunk, sends out at the top a few slender sprouts, new leaves come on these and the tree revives. It may live twenty or more years, but the short piece of dead wood where the top was cut off will ultimately cause death. For transplanting, small trees should be selected, the smaller the better, and then taken from the border of the forest or from the fence corner, and care taken to preserve the roots from the sun and dry winds until they are replanted.

Buds.

No part in the life of a tree is more interesting than the tender care nature takes of the buds, as from these the leaves and fruits come. In some cases the base of the leaf-stem covers the bud until it is strong enough to push the old

FEATHERY FOLIAGE,
COQUETTING WITH
THE WIND.



A GNARLED AND KNOTTED HICKORY.

leaf off. Other buds have large leaf-like scales, as the horse-chestnut. The bud scales are often lined with a soft wool, or the buds may be covered with a substance like varnish, to keep out dampness. Buds have many enemies, as want of nourishment, insects, severe and early frosts. When a tree makes what is known as a definite annual growth, on the new shoots buds form and ripen for the next season. Trees that make an indefinite annual growth, as all rounded and spreading top trees, depend on buds, and the trunk is broken up into branches, which in the same way divide and sub-divide into innumerable smaller branches.

The Oaks.

There is a great variety of these the most valuable of our forest trees—over seventy species in all.

The oak is the embodiment of strength, dignity and grandeur. When enough room is given to let it follow its own bent it is most majestic. No other tree has such gnarled, twisted, crooked and knotted branches, or displays such irregularities and contortions. Its angularity of branching, its inflexibility of spray and its great size compared with its height, all proclaim its power to resist storms. Hence it is the monarch of trees, surpassing all others in dignity and nobleness. The foliage of the oak may readily be distinguished at all seasons. It comes out in the spring in neatly plaited folds; at first having a silvery lustre intershaded with purple, crimson, and lilac. When fully developed the leaves are deeply scalloped, of fine texture and glossy upon the upper surface. Oaks seldom grow as densely as pines, and



“HIS HOARY ARMS UPLIFTED HE.”

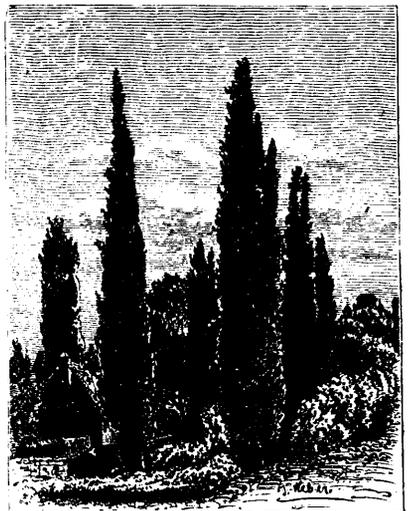
—Longfellow.

are slow in perpendicular growth, having a strong tendency to spread their limbs horizontally.

The Pines.

About the great there is simplicity. We are sensible of this when we stand before these grave inhabitants of the forests—the pines. They have lived long on the earth; in fact coniferous trees knew the world in one of its earliest geological ages. The pine ranks among our first forest-trees, and is more largely used for building purposes than any other wood. The white pine reaches a height of from one hundred to one hundred and eighty feet, with a diameter from two and a half to six feet. So much of our pine on this continent has been shipped to Europe and other countries, that in large tracts where this timber was once abundant it is now scarce. Pines in general have not the formality of the spruce and fir, being less symmetrical. These send out their branches in whorls, gradually tapering to a fine point, while the

pinces are round headed. Their leaves are in compact clusters, containing from two to five, while those of the fir are arranged singly along the branch or around it. The pine needles or leaves with their many points and edges, even in a gentle breeze, produce a deep, solemn mur-



GROUP OF CYPRESSES.



FLOODED MEADOW, WITH ELMS.

mur, and when the storm is abroad
and tempest high—

“ The loud wind through the forest wakes,
With sounds like ocean’s warnings,
wild and deep.
And in yon gloomy pines strange music
makes.”

The Elms.

We must join the multitude of admirers of these beautiful trees. None are more graceful and majestic. They do not exhibit the sturdy ruggedness of the oak, defiant of wind and tempest, for they bend to the storms and are therefore seldom broken. Many spacious avenues are bordered with elms, and they extend their broad and benevolent arms over hospital, mansion, and cottage, equally harmonizing with all. No trees are better adapted to public grounds, the wayside, or to complete a landscape. Their branches are long and slender—

“ They wave their long arms to and fro,
And beckon solemnly and slow.”

The elm generally subdivides into several equal branches, dividing from a common centre at a short distance from the ground if grown in the open. The shapes of the various species of this tree differ more than any of our trees—as the dome, the vase, the parasol, and the plume. In early April the elm puts forth its flowers, of dark maroon colour, in numerous clusters, fringing the slender spray. After the expansion of the leaves in June these trees display the most beauty, for soon the leaf fades to a dull green, changing to a rusty yellow.

The Maples.

The maples justly claim to rank first among our trees for value and beauty. Their lines are sharply cut, and there is an entire freedom from stiffness. They are hardy,



A FOREST AISLE.

easy to cultivate and have a wide range of growth.

The sugar maple forms a dense, broad-based, round-topped head, of deep green foliage. The tree is clean and freer from insects than the majority of our deciduous trees. It is the most valuable of its species—not alone for its sugar, but its wood is the best for fuel, and is hard,

heavy, strong, close and fine grained and has a silky lustre when polished. Its leaves are large and beautifully marked. The flowers appear with the foliage. It is generally found mixed with beech, hemlock, ash, butternut and wild-cherry trees. No tree that grows in our country can approach the sugar maple for the glory and variety of its colour in the



ELMS AND MAPLES IN
NORTHERN ONTARIO.

autumn. The ash produces two or three deeper shades, but it lacks variety.

The red or soft maple has a wider range of growth, prefers a damper soil, and is generally found in swamps and on the border of streams. It makes a more rapid growth than the hard maple, and is generally preferred as a shade tree. Its blossoms come very early and are of a deep scarlet.

The striped maple, a tree of singular grace and beauty, prefers to grow in the forest rather than the field. The leaves are large, broad and deeply cleft. It is one of the earliest trees to flower.

The cut-leaf maple is now grown chiefly as an ornamental tree because of its slender pendent branches and clustering leaves, calling forth the admiration of tourists as they visit our cities and villages.

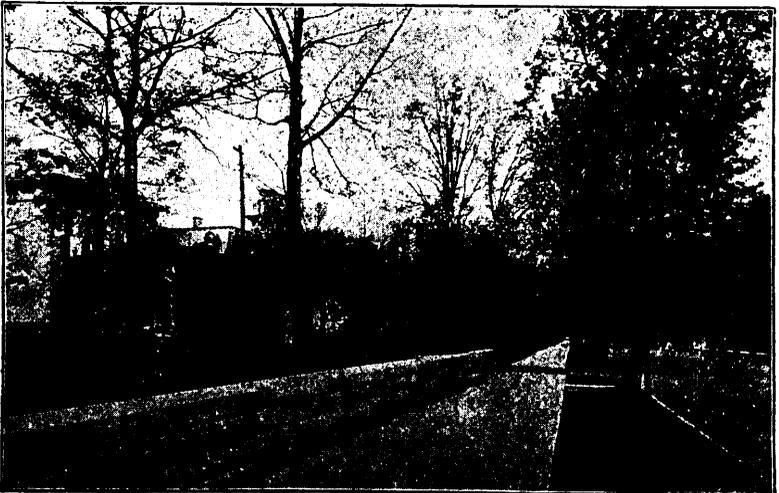


A GIANT LIVE-OAK.

The Ashes.

Early in October the ash is among the most beautiful of our forest trees. It has a well rounded

head, with leaves in flowing irregular masses, light and airy. The foliage falls with the first chill. Then the tree presents a stiff, blunt spray, and a want of elegance. The



BROAD LAWNS AND BOULEVARDS, TORONTO.



CEDAR OF LEBANON, "WITH FAIR BRANCHES AND A SHADOWING SHROUD."

trunk rises to more than average height before it divides. All ashes have pinnated and opposite leaves, and when young, opposite branches. Unlike the oaks, ashes do not increase in beauty with age. The black ash grows in swamps and muddy soils, and does not attain the height and size of the more valuable white ash.

"Why lingereth she to clothe her heart
with love,
Delaying as the tender ash delays
To clothe herself when all the woods are
green?"

Space fails me to write of the birches, black, red, yellow, and white; of the shimmer of their

leaves, the golden pollen, the beautiful spray of blossoms, and the fine grain of the wood. For ornament nothing excels the cut-leaf birch.

To many the American beech is the most attractive of all our trees. Certainly, in the spring, when covered with its staminated flowers it is a splendid sight. Its head is broad and massive. The horizontal branches have an elegant sweep with upturned ends and stiff, upright leaves. The tall hickory is too much neglected as an ornamental or shade tree. The many willows, with early flowers, slender branches and glossy leaves, modestly seek the lowlands and river banks.

In our enumeration of the many noble trees of our country we should not omit the chestnut, basswood, larch, butternut and walnut, but the limits of space forbid detailed notice.

The poets have ever found some of the themes of some of their noblest songs in our lawn or forest

trees, and in Holy Scripture few things are more impressive than the description of the cedar of Lebanon, "with fair branches and a shadowing shroud, and of an high stature, and his top was among the thick boughs."

Smith's Falls, Ont.



WOODS IN WINTER.

LIFE'S GENNESARET.

BY DWIGHT M. PRATT.

No land in sight; a wild, strange storm about me roars;
Darkness intense, and clouds; no star in azure soars;
Waves beat against my skiff; my toiling oars are vain;
My life the idle buffet of the angry main.

A mountain shrouded deep, and one who watchful prays;
He knows my deepest peril, my tumultuous ways;
His eyes no darkness dims. To me in midnight gloom
The pathway seems bereft, the lurid waves my tomb.

A flash of light: One walking radiant in the storm.
My fears increase, I dread the spectre's mystic form.
When low! a voice. "Good cheer. 'Tis I. Be not afraid."
He stood beside me, and the storm-tossed waves were stayed.

O timid soul! How slow to learn thy Saviour's power.
He's near thee in the storm, in midnight's darkest hour.
Be not afraid. The skiff shall life's rough billow ride,
And all the storms be calm with Jesus at thy side.

WENDELL PHILLIPS.*

BY THE REV. J. S. ROSS, D.D.

There, with one hand behind his back,
Stands Phillips, buttoned in a sack,
Our Attic orator, our Chatham ;
Old fogies, when he lightens at 'em,
Shrivel like leaves ; to him 'tis granted
Always to say the word that's wanted,
So that he seems but speaking clearer

The tip-top thought of every hearer.

So simply clear, serenely deep,
So silent-strong its graceful sweep,
None measures its unripping force
Who has not striven to stem its course.

—Lowell.



WENDELL PHILLIPS.

GOD ever raises up masterful men for great historic occasions. Moses, Paul, Luther, Knox and Wesley are examples. In the United States the aboli-

* "Wendell Phillips." By Carlos Martyn. New York : Funk & Wagnalls.

"Wendell Phillips' Speeches and Lectures." Boston : Lee & Shephard.

tion of slavery stands out prominently as a great national crisis, with which for ever are associated the names of Garrison and Phillips. The former was the actor, the latter the orator of the movement, and both, high up on Liberty's scroll, have left an imperishable mark.

Wendell Phillips was born in Boston, Mass., in 1811, a son of the city's first mayor, and died in the same city, 1884, aged 73 years. He came of a Puritan aristocratic stock, belonging to what Dr. Holmes called Boston's Brahmin caste, and possessed the great educational advantages of that intellectual centre. He graduated as B.A. from Harvard College in 1831, and as LL.B. from its Law School in 1834. He opened, with bright prospects, a law office at the age of twenty-three, but soon his life's current was totally changed into an even nobler channel.

William Lloyd Garrison, six years older than Phillips, though a man of peace, was a rare controversialist, a shrewd, keen, clear debater, and with courage superb. He started *The Liberator* in Boston, in 1831, when twenty-six years of age, which lived to print the Emancipation Proclamation in 1863. In his inaugural address to the public he uttered these for ever memorable words: "I am in earnest, I will not equivocate, I will not excuse, I will not retreat a single inch—and I will be heard."*

As an instance of God's providential care it may be remarked that though the State of Georgia placed a standing reward of \$5,000 upon Garrison's head, he died peacefully in his bed, New York, 1879, aged 74.

The Anti-Slavery Society was founded in Boston in 1832, and soon, by the writing and speeches of its members, a great commotion was produced in the country. The sight of Garrison haled through the streets of Boston by a mob, his clothes torn to rags, and with a rope around his body with which they intended to hang him, ulti-

mately made our young patrician lawyer of twenty-six a life-long Abolitionist.

Over this fact his family was torn between pity and a sense of disgrace. All Boston considered the young aristocrat had committed political, professional, and social suicide. Though the favourite son of his mother she utterly differed with him on the subject of slavery, and never ceased to mourn his "wasted life." To crown all, his family seriously considered placing him in a mad-house. No wonder that in later years he argued for a reform of rules in admission to asylums.

In 1837 he married Miss Ann T. Greene, of Boston. She was an heiress, beautiful and accomplished, with broad, modern culture, and an Abolitionist. She would use neither cane sugar nor cotton fabrics so long as they were the product of slave labour. Though a life-long invalid she survived her husband one year, after forty-six years of happy married life.

Of Garrison-Lowell wrote:

In a small chamber, friendless and unseen,
Toiled o'er his types one poor, unlearned
young man;
The place was dark, unfurnished, and
mean;—

Yet there the freedom of a race began.

The Rev. E. P. Lovejoy had set up an anti-slavery press at Alton. His house was fired, his press thrown into the Mississippi, and himself murdered. The Rev. Dr. Channing called a meeting in Faneuil Hall, Boston, to express public horror at the outrage. There was an immense concourse. Attorney-General Austin opposed the object of the meeting, declared Lovejoy "died as the fool dieth," and called the rioters and murderers an "orderly mob." The meeting seemed to be going against Dr. Channing and his friends, when young Wendell Phillips, tall, stately, impassive, stepped

* Garrison's monument in bronze, bearing this inscription, now adorns the noblest avenue of the city through which he was dragged by a murderous mob.

forward, and amidst great confusion and interruptions delivered an impromptu speech from which we select a few sentences:

Sir, when I heard the gentleman lay down principles which place the murderers of Alton side by side with Otis and Hancock, with Quincy and Adams, I thought those pictured lips (pointing to the portraits in the Hall) would have broken into voice to rebuke the recreant American—the slanderer of the dead.

. . . For the sentiments he has uttered, on soil consecrated by the prayers of Puritans and the blood of patriots, the earth should have yawned and swallowed him up! . . . Imprudent to defend the liberty of the press! Why? Because the defence was unsuccessful? Does success gild crime into patriotism, and the want of it change heroic self-devotion to imprudence? Was Hampden imprudent when he drew the sword and threw away the scabbard? Yet he, judged by that single hour, was unsuccessful. . . . One word, gentlemen. As much as thought is better than money, so much is the cause in which Lovejoy died nobler than a mere question of taxes. James Otis thundered in this Hall when the King did but touch his pocket. Imagine, if you can, his indignant eloquence had England offered to put a gag upon his lips!

The resolution condemning the murderers carried by an overwhelming vote. In after life Mr. Phillips made many speeches of equal power, but in effectiveness none that ever surpassed this address delivered at twenty-six—another illustration that the orator is born, not made. Some years afterwards he visited the grave of Lovejoy, and in connection with that visit said: "What world-wide benefactors these 'imprudent' men are! How prudently most men creep into nameless graves! While now and then one or two forget themselves into immortality."

Slavery, as an institution, was steadily gaining territory and extending its authority, while the apathy of the North was appalling. By the addition of Texas and other large portions the price of slaves

advanced. A healthy male slave was worth \$700, but when this amount, funded in ebony, took to itself heels and fled away the matter became serious to the slave-owners, and they called out loudly against the iniquity of the North in harbouring their property. The Abolitionists believed absolutely in the humanity of the negro; the South doubted or denied. Had all the negroes turned white in a night their arguments would have suddenly collapsed. The owners insisted upon their slaves travelling first-class, even in the hot summer. Under freedom the same grade of humanity is considered worthy only of "Jim Crow" cars.

In 1841 Congress passed a resolution that no petition on the subject of slavery would be received. The Senate concurred. To defend slavery was proper. To become an Abolitionist was the same as being a Christian in the days of Nero. The insolence and hauteur of the legislators from the South was almost incredible, and should have been intolerable. One threatened to make a roll-call of his slaves on Bunker Hill. But Daniel O'Connell met them on their own ground. When an American was introduced to him in the lobby of the House of Commons he asked, without putting out his hand, "Are you from the South?" "Yes, sir." "A slaveholder, I presume?" "Yes, sir." "Then," said he, "I have no hand for you," and stalked away.

The Hon. Daniel Webster had long been the most commanding intellect of New England, but in a fatal hour he sold a moral position for the lentiles of expected office. By his influence the obnoxious Fugitive Slave Law became operative whereby a slave owner could seize his slaves anywhere, and return them into servitude. It opposed the teachings of Scripture: "Thou shalt not deliver to his master the

servant which is escaped to thee; he shall dwell with you, even among you." On the contrary it made slave-hunting a duty.

The North was stunned. The so-called "Underground Railway" was organized, and though the fine was \$1,000 and six months' imprisonment for attempting to rescue, or even harbouring a runaway slave, yet Wendell Phillips and scores of others in different States engaged in teaching the slaves enough of astronomy to find the North Star, and in helping them to escape to the only place where they were absolutely secure—Canada. Adapting the lines of Cowper we may say:

Slaves cannot breathe in *Canada*; if their
lungs
Receive our air, that moment they are free;
Thy touch our country, and their shackles
fall.

Charles Sumner estimated that within a few months after the passage of the Fugitive Slave Law as many as 6,000 Christian men and women—a larger band than the escaping pilgrims—fled from homes they had established in the North, to Canada.

As to Mr. Webster's hopes of the Presidency, even the nomination to this office was not given him, not even by the South. Speaking of Daniel Webster's pitiable fall Mr. Phillips said: "I sometimes think that the vainest man who ever lived never dreamed, in the hour of his fondest self-conceit that he had done the human race as much good as Daniel Webster has wrought it sorrow and despair. . . . So the race, if it cannot drag a Webster along with it, leaves him behind and forgets him." Daniel Webster, like Horace Greely in later years, made ill to death by the same bitter disappointment, shortly afterwards died of a broken heart.

The Church in the United States admitted slave-holders to commun-

ion, and to preach in its pulpits. The Rev. George Whitefield held slaves. During the time of which we write a deceased minister's effects were advertised for sale in South Carolina as follows: "A plantation, library (chiefly theological), twenty-seven negroes, two mules, and an old waggon." Garrison sought to get statesmen, divines, and business men interested in the great question on his heart, but all to no avail. At first not a church was open for him in which to lecture. He declared he would speak in the open commons. Finally, a hall, owned by infidels, was offered him, which he gladly accepted. He became utterly hopeless of the Church and unfortunately abandoned it. Mr. Phillips left the Church, but not his faith. He made a distinction between Christianity and Churchianity, and believed with Dr. Arnold that the "Church exists to put down all moral evils, within and without her own body."

Mr. Phillips believed in the orthodox faith in the orthodox way. Though constantly surrounded by cultured Unitarians, to him Christ was divine, and from him he drew his moral ideals. "In Christ," he said "lives the moral earnestness of the world; the men who have learned of Him most closely, Paul, Luther, Wesley, have marked their own age, and moulded for good all after time." He denounced a Christian Government for denying by statute the Bible to one-sixth of its population, and making it illegal for "two or three" to meet together, except a white man were present. Though denounced by many as an infidel, he met, from time to time, with like-minded friends to partake of the sacrament of the Lord's Supper.

Mr. Phillips abandoned his practice because as a lawyer he was required to swear loyalty to the Constitution. This he refused to do,

on the ground that the Constitution of the United States (as it then existed) was "a covenant with death and an agreement with hell," the "Gibraltar of human bondage." Thousands who sneered at him lived long enough to learn that he was right, for it took a four years' war and three Constitutional amendments to wash slavery out of the United States' Constitution.

But now, when the Courts, the Legislature and the Church were each abandoned, what was left for a cultured man of active habits? The lecture platform. Here he was responsible only for his own utterances. The platform was "a kind of Church without a creed, with a constant rotation of clergymen; a kind of party without a platform; he who could give the best reasons carried off the most honour."

Wendell Phillips has often been accused of undue personal severity in dealing with his opponents, but this followed from his principles of agitation. He held that the only effective way with public evils was to strike them through their popular idols; therefore he struck at slavery through its defenders. "When you have launched your spear," he said, "into the rhinoceros hide of a Webster or a Benton, every Whig and Democrat feels it. It is on this principle that every reform must take for its text the mistakes of great men." As between himself and the new Republican party the differences were: The latter demanded the non-extension of slavery; he, its death; the latter said, The South must let go of Kansas; he, You must let go every bondman; the latter cried out, Bind the maniac; he, Cast out the devil."

He claimed that though the three great agencies of public opinion were the pulpit, parties, and the press, yet he considered they were inadequate to deal with "burning

questions ahead of public opinion. When there were classes," he said, "so long as a man was fortified by his own class he could afford to defy and oppose the adverse opinion of all other classes, but in a democracy the people were largely "a mass of cowards."

He also manifested a fine discrimination between a reformer and a politician, well worth quoting:

The reformer is careless of numbers, disregards popularity, and deals only with ideas, conscience, and common-sense. He neither expects nor is over-anxious for immediate success. The politician dwells in an everlasting "Now." His motto is "Success;" his aim, votes. His object is not absolute right, but, like Solon's laws, as much right as the people will sanction. His office is, not to instruct public opinion, but to represent it.

The Dred Scott case became a crisis in the history of the nation. Dred Scott was a runaway slave. His case, which was decided by the Supreme Court, 1857, became the last and most celebrated in the long legal history of American slavery. The purport of it was that a slave was the same as any chattel or property, and therefore could be claimed, and removed to or from any place within the United States. Phillips had been saying the same thing for years, but the decision was a great awakener to the Northern States. Judge Harrington of Vermont once refused to return a runaway slave on the ground of insufficient evidence. "What would your honour consider sufficient evidence?" was asked. "Nothing short of a bill of sale from Almighty God," was the reply. In 1858 Lincoln exclaimed, "A house divided against itself cannot stand. I believe this Union cannot endure permanently half slave and half free." The above facts show the hopelessly divided sentiment of the Union on a great moral question.

Boston opinion for some time had been considerably changing for

the worse, and Phillips' life was in danger. No one knew the moment when the sharp crack of a revolver might be heard, and the form of Phillips found lying prostrate on the platform. As two men passed him on a certain occasion, one was heard to say, "I would like to put a bullet through that man's heart." Before the war, The Richmond Inquirer" called him "an infernal machine set to music." A young man at one of the meetings was found with a noose rope with which the mob intended "to snake him out," and hang him. The German Turners' Association, to their credit, passed a resolution to protect "free speech and free speakers," and a body of their young men guarded Mr. Phillips from the meetings and watched his house for some three months, largely unknown to Mr. Phillips himself.

For returning Anthony Burns to slavery in violation of Massachusetts law the Anti-Slavery Society determined to impeach Judge Loring before the Legislature. Phillips was chosen as their counsel, and his speech on this occasion ranks with the celebrated impeachment speeches of Burke and Sheridan in the Warren Hastings trial. Rufus Choate, a political opponent, called it "outrageously magnificent." A few sentences may be selected :

You have a Judge of Probate who needs to have accident fill his court-room with honest men to call him back to his duty. . . . Your petitioners ask, in the name of Massachusetts, for a judge who can safely be trusted in a private chamber with an innocent man. . . . If you continue him in office you should appoint some humane man, for the honour of the State, to remind him when it will be but decent to remember justice and mercy, for he is not fit to go alone. . . . What! shall our judges be men whose names it makes one involuntarily shudder to meet in our public journals? whose hand many an honest man would blush to be seen to touch in the streets?

After considerable delay the judge was finally removed from office by the Legislature.

When the South fired on Fort Sumter, April 12th, 1861, the whole nation was stirred to its deepest depths. Phillips from a peaceful Northern secessionist was changed to an ardent Unionist. He hated strife, but accepted it when it meant ultimate freedom for the blacks. The war was not his way, but he said, "Do you not suppose I am Yankee enough to buy Union when I can have it at a fair price?"

Though the existence and extension of slavery was the real and only fundamental question in the Civil War, it is astonishing how politicians beclouded the issue; so much so, that foreign nations, though disliking slavery, had little sympathy with the North during the first two years of the war. For this American statesmen had only themselves to blame. By the misleading cry, "Preserve the Union," the main issue, to foreigners at least, was quite obscured. To make matters more misleading, Lincoln, in his inaugural address, offered to enforce the Fugitive Slave Law, and recommended the States to ratify the Constitutional amendment, just passed by Congress, making the abolition of slavery impossible for ever.

Was it surprising that Britain thought the North did not mean business, so far as slavery was concerned? No wonder that Phillips antagonized Lincoln at that time; but as events unfolded, he learned that he had entertained erroneous judgments of Lincoln. After all, the people of the South knew that the passing of laws in their favour was futile. "How could legislation muzzle Northern sentiment? That had been tried for fifty years. It was the flavour of the ideas and the type of society in the North they dreaded. They

abhorred the character of the North, the nature of its institutions, the freedom of its discussion. So, too, of the South; it was not an army to subdue it that was needed, but a state of mind to be annihilated."

Henry Ward Beecher thundered in 1862 against the inaction of the Government on the main issue. "The South," he said, "has organized on the fact of slavery, and fights on that issue pure and simple. The South is not ashamed of slavery; the North must not be ashamed of liberty. Richmond loves slavery and hates liberty; Washington is somewhat partial to liberty, and rather dislikes slavery. The President has the right and power to destroy slavery. Let him account to the civilized world for not doing it."

Under these circumstances it was no wonder that Britain, Mr. Gladstone included, though intensely interested in freedom, failed to perceive the real issue. But at last the preliminary proclamation of freedom, dated September 25th, 1862, followed by the completed proclamation, January 1st, 1863, made the issue definite and palpable to the whole world. "A step," said Garrison; "A stride," cried Phillips. As if God was well pleased, the North from that date had almost unbroken successes to the close of the war.

After the passage of the XIIIth, XIVth, and XVth Amendments to the Constitution, by which the freedom of the slave was assured and perfected, so far as law was capable, the Anti-Slavery Society ceased to exist in 1870, after an honourable existence of thirty-eight years, thirty-three of which had been spent by its present president, Mr. Phillips, in a hand-to-hand grapple with slavery. The Society did not die by resolution, but adjourned *sine die*. Like Wolfe on the Plains of Abraham, it died in the arms of Victory.

In connection with this interesting historical event Senator Henry Wilson wrote to Mr. Phillips: "More than to any other man the coloured people owe it to you that after emancipation they were not cheated out of their citizenship."

Mr. Phillips was now in his sixtieth year. His life-work having been accomplished in honour, and possessing the love and admiration of thousands in his State, he might have settled down as a learned gentleman of leisure, or occupied some of the highest positions in the Commonwealth. But he refused to be "coated with moss in the afternoon of his life." He occupied himself with educating the people on the Woman Question, Temperance and Prohibition, Labour Interests, Prison Reform, the Indian Question, and Anti-Monopoly, especially against monopoly in the incorporated form. "Rich men die," said he, "but banks are immortal, and railroad corporations never have disease."

Amongst his best lectures—one which has been rarely, if ever, surpassed in the presentation of the whole case—is that on the rights and privileges of Woman. When Woman Suffrage carried in the British Parliament, a few weeks ago, by 182 to 68, a new era is certainly dawning—another instance of Phillips being in advance of his times. He did yeoman service also on the liquor question, and was jointly nominated by the Prohibition and Labour forces for Governor of the State. He accepted for the sole purpose of promoting an educational campaign, and, though not elected, secured over 20,000 votes.

Comparing the policies of the United States with Canada in the treatment of the aborigines, he said, "A white man could vault into the saddle and ride from Montreal to the Pacific without a pistol—where civilization had adopted the Indians

as fast as they were reached—and where the Crown had spent nothing for a hundred years for blood and spoliation; while the United States had lavished hundreds of millions only to place our Government on a level with the barbarism it condemned.”

Every new lecture or address by Wendell Phillips was a literary and oratorical event. Amongst his most noted subjects were: The Lost Arts, Woman's Rights, Public Opinion, The Surrender of Sims, Philosophy of the Abolition Movement, Mobs and Education, Disunion, Progress, Street Life in Europe, Sir Harry Vane, Daniel O'Connell, Toussaint L'Ouverture, and The Scholar in a Republic, the delivery of which was one of the greatest events in his later life. Scores of brilliant gems could be culled from these, but want of space forbids.

Mr. Phillips, fortunately, was possessed of a sufficient income to live in comfort apart from his earnings, which fact rendered him largely independent of circumstances. The joint fortunes of himself and wife amounted to about \$100,000. The income from his lectures ranged from \$10,000 to \$15,000 per year. His lecture on the Lost Arts, delivered two thousand times during the course of forty-five years brought him \$150,000. His gifts were quite extensive. From 1845 to 1875 he gave away in benevolence \$65,000, and died comparatively poor. He used to say to Lecture Committees. "If you want a literary lecture the price is so and so (a high one), but if you will let me speak on slavery I will come for nothing and pay my own expenses." By this means he undertook to bribe unfriendly committees, and usually succeeded.

Without premonitory symptoms Mr. Phillips took dangerously ill on January 26th, 1884, with angina pectoris. An intimate friend, call-

ing upon him, asked concerning his faith. He replied that it was absolute. Speaking of Christ he said, "I find the whole history of humanity, before Him and after Him, points to Him, and finds in Him its centre and solution. I feel that here is something more than man." He further declared that nothing but the Spirit of Christ had enabled him to suffer and endure what he had. "Then you have no doubt of the future life?" was asked. "I am as sure of it as I am that there will be a to-morrow." When Dr. Thayer told him the probable result of his illness, he smiled and said, "I have no fear of death. I have long foreseen it. My only regret is for poor Ann? I had hoped to close her eyes before mine were shut." On February 2nd, 1884, this unselfish agitator, courageous reformer, and magnificent orator passed to the great beyond. At his funeral thousands struggled for standing place.

When New York closed its halls to the discussion of the slavery question Henry Ward Beecher (not then an Abolitionist) opened his church to Phillips. He says: "I never heard a more effective speech than Mr. Phillips' that night. He had the dignity of Pitt, the vigour of Fox, the wit of Sheridan, the satire of Junius—and a grace and music all his own. Then for the first time did Plymouth Church catch and echo those matchless tones."

Dr. Bryce, author of "The American Commonwealth," says of Mr. Phillips: "In the opinion of competent critics he was one of the first orators of the present century, and not more remarkable for the finish than for the transparent simplicity of his style, which attained its highest effects by the most direct and natural methods."

The Legislature of Massachusetts adopted the following eulogistic re-

port: "The Orator's fellow-citizens have always respected him for every domestic virtue, and for a grandly stoical simplicity of life. Full of the generous spirit of self-sacrifice, seeking no public honour, devoting his life and great powers to the cause of the oppressed, even to

his own heavy loss, standing firm against any and every injustice, like the hills of his native State, volcanic in his outbursts of wrath against oppression, Wendell Phillips stands as the strongest type of the fearless, uncompromising reformer."

Walkerton, Ont.

THE PASSING OF BALDER—A NORSE LEG ND.

BY R. BOAL.

In a wide-shining palace Balder dwelt
Where the blue sea rolled through the rocky fiord,
With fair-hair'd Nanna, whose sweet eyes could melt
The heart of him whom many skalds revered.

Woe! woe the day! when thoughtless Hoder's hand
Upraised the mistletoe with fatal power;
His grief, his sorrow, he could not command,
But blindly rushed to death the selfsame hour.

Balder is dead! The gods and heroes heard!
And on his ship a mighty pyre they build,
His wondrous ship the gods at once prepared
For his last voyage, even as Thor had willed.

Uprising high they form a resinous pile,
The full deck's breadth and lofty; then they bring
The corpse of Balder, and the gods meanwhile
A solemn hymn in praise of Balder sing.

Nanna, his bride, they give an honoured seat,
And cold dead Hoder lying on the right,
With jars of oil, and wine, and food to eat,
While Fria's hand the mystic pyre would light.

And then they slew the dogs that Balder fed,
And brought his spoils, and arms, and all his gold;
While o'er the bodies blazing torches shed,
A light that did the wild weird scene unfold!

Last, on the pyre his ring did Odin throw,
His golden ring—the choicest funeral gift;
The sails were trimmed, a rising wind did blow,
Thor with stout shoulder gave the stern a lift.

Deep o'er the strand a yawning trench was ploughed,
Furrowed by Thor, the water gurgling in,
Then o'er the waves the stately vessel bowed,
While through the forest rose a roaring din

Of gathering winds sent moaning to the sea;
Crackled the pine-wood soaked in turpentine,
Higher and higher flames leap gloriously,
As Balder's ship sails swiftly o'er the brine.

Thus she drives on, her hull ablaze with fire,
Whereat the gods in solemn wonder gazed;
Vikings and skalds behold the awful pyre,
And far into the night stand sore amazed!
West Montrose, Ont.

DIVINE METHODS OF BLESSING.

BY THE REV. S. P. ROSE, D.D.



THE Epistle to the Hebrews is a mine of priceless wealth to the faithful expositor and diligent student of Holy Scripture. There is some reason to fear that it is a mine too little worked by the majority of Bible readers. Partly with the hope of encouraging readers of *The Methodist Magazine and Review* to undertake an honest study of this important portion of the New Testament, but more for the sake of the doctrines themselves, I purpose a brief inquiry into three Divine methods of imparting blessing, to which the writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews calls attention.

Briefly stated, these methods are displacement, disappointment, and the discipline of suffering. These, according to our author, are three channels through which our heavenly Father communicates benedictions to His children.

Blessing Through Displacement.

“He taketh away the first that he may establish the second” (x. 9).

A key word to our Epistle is the word “better.” We read of a “better covenant,” of a “better priesthood,” of “better promises.” But the better must come through the displacement of the good. “He taketh away the first that he may establish the second.” That the benedictions of the newer and better covenant may be entered into, the old covenant must be done away.

This was a difficult and unwelcome doctrine to the devout Jew, even when he was disposed to look

with a friendly eye upon Christianity. As Professor Bruce points out in his illuminating exposition of the Epistle, one of the stumbling-blocks to the Hebrew Christians was “the superseding of an ancient, divinely appointed religion by what appeared to be a novelty and an innovation.”

It must have been a severe test of faith when the Levitical worship, with all its “gorgeous and significant ritual,” was, “as by one wave of the wand, reduced to a shadow, a picture, a transient symbol.” And yet how wholly necessary and kindly was this law of displacement as illustrated in the establishment of the Christian faith. The gift of the better was inevitably conditioned upon the withdrawal of the good.

This same law is further illustrated in the withdrawal of the bodily presence of Christ from the earth. “It is expedient for you that I go away, for if I go not away the Comforter will not come unto you.” It was doubtless a great strain upon the faith of our Lord’s followers to accept this doctrine of expediency. Just as they were beginning to know somewhat of His worth and to catch the inspiration of His example; just as they were learning to lean upon Him with confidence, He announces His intention of leaving them. Can we wonder that their hearts were troubled and that they were sore amazed?

To us, however, the love and wisdom of God in the withdrawal of Christ’s bodily presence are perfectly obvious. We can easily see that the perpetuation of “the human life of God,” under the conditions of the earthly sojourn, would have occasioned great loss to

the Church. Jesus Christ must then have continued His work under the limitations of His humanity, and not, as now, with the freedom belonging to the form of life into which He entered upon His ascension. The Church, centring, as it certainly would have done, around the place of our Lord's earthly abode, would have become localized, and could never have risen above the proportions of a sect. Christ would have been known and loved "after the flesh" and not known and adored in the spirit as He is to-day. And so "the human life of God" was displaced by the gift of the Holy Spirit, who, omnipotent and omnipresent, is unconditioned by time and space, and dwelling in the hearts of His disciples, builds a spiritual household, and creates the conditions by reason of which Christianity will become the universal faith of mankind. "He taketh away the first that he may establish the second."

As the purpose of the Most High grows from more to more, we shall discern, with ever increasing clearness, the out-working of this law of blessing through displacement. Our author states this principle somewhat more distinctly in the twelfth chapter of his Epistle. "Yet once more will I make to tremble not the earth only, but also heaven. And this word, yet once more, signifieth the removing of those things that are shaken, as of things that are made, that those things which are not shaken may remain" (xii. 26, 27).

In the erection of the temple of the Kingdom much scaffolding is required, scaffolding which we must neither despise nor permit ourselves to worship. But as the temple rises and becomes more beautiful, the scaffolding must be removed that the proportions and splendour of the temple may be clearly seen. As the word of God is spoken, and the

temporal and transitory is shaken to its fall, weak faith is tried, even as was the faith of the Hebrew Christian when the ancient ritual was superseded by the simplicity of New Testament worship; and, in their ignorance, men may fear that the foundations are tottering. But it is not so. It is the fulfilling of the Divine law of blessing through displacement. The scaffolding is going that we may have free access to the temple. We have witnessed the removal of some denominational scaffolding during the past quarter of a century. What is the movement toward the closer affiliation of the churches but a further illustration of the same law, and a nearer approach to the hour when all that is temporary shall be done away and nothing but the timeless shall abide.

This same law of blessing through displacement is illustrated in daily life. The pleasures of the innocent ignorance of childhood are displaced that the more enduring joys of knowledge may be ours. There is a sense in which we must suffer the loss of the rapture of our first love for Christ that the greater blessing of His abiding peace may become our possession. Certainly we cannot retain the ill-founded religious beliefs of the childhood of our faith if we are to enter into the inheritance of the truth which belongs to our maturity.

It is complained that the historical method of the study of the Bible which universal scholarship has received and adopted has taken away the old Book. There is a measure of truth in the complaint. Modern reverent historical criticism has been a Divine voice shaking the scaffolding, and those by whom the scaffolding of human tradition and doctrine had long been mistaken for the temple of truth are filled with dismay. Let them not be too much distressed, nor dream that those who are removing the scaffolding are in-

jurying the temple. It is the Divine law that is at work. "He taketh away the first, that he may establish the second."

In the development of this law the present life, the earth upon which we tread, all that is seen and temporal is sentenced to removal. But let us cherish the belief that God never takes away the good but that He may impart the better. He is no robber, but a loving Father, ever devising better things for His children. And so we shall best co-operate with His purposes of love concerning us by an ever-lessening grip upon things of time and sense, and an ever-forward glance of childlike expectancy. There is an "other worldliness" which we shall do well to cultivate, that we may enter into the experience of one who testifies:

And thus I learned old pleasures are estranged
Only that something better may be given :
Until at last we find this earth
Exchanged for heaven.

Blessing Through Disappointment.

Implicit in the Epistle to the Hebrews is the doctrine of the beneficent mission of disappointment. It is suggested in the eighth verse of the fourth chapter, "For if Joshua had given them rest, then would he not have spoken of another day." Had Joshua realized the nation's ideal, had the rest which he gained for Israel been accepted as final and satisfactory, then the longing for and pressing forward to the rest that remaineth would have had no place in the hearts of the people. It was because Joshua was in some sort a disappointment, that more was expected at his hands than he could possibly do for the nation, that their unsatisfied longings led them to look elsewhere. Disappointment became a stimulus and incentive to higher attainments.

The kindly ministry of dis-

appointment finds abundant illustration in the history of God's chosen people. Nothing, for example, can be more certain than that very early the vision of a man, nobler in character and greater in power than any man hitherto born, captured the hearts and fired the imagination of the seers. The vision grew clearer and more splendid until it reached its consummation in the conception of the Suffering Servant of Jehovah. And every now and then the hearts of the men of vision beat fast with the hope that the day had really dawned when the long cherished expectation was to be realized.

But the men of their own generation, to whom the prophets of Israel looked as the realized ideals of their hopes, always disappointed them. It was inevitable that it should be so. The prophets idealized men of common clay. Weary of waiting for the One who should transcend their noblest ideals, they sometimes fell into the error of mistaking rather commonplace men for "the Desire of all nations." The man on whom they built their hopes, and of whom they said, "This is the promised One," fell miserably below their expectations, and compelled them to seek elsewhere for the fulfilment of their heaven-inspired dreams.

There was something truly pathetic about all this. But tragedy was always averted so long as the ancient seers realized that they had mistaken a fallible man for the Saviour of the world, and refusing to infold some baseborn churl in the imperial purple, turned their straining eyes to the east, patiently waiting for the soft glow upon the sky, announcing the dawn of the day whereon the King should be born.

In some imperfect fashion we can understand how these years of high ideals, repeatedly and inevitably

disappointed, were a necessary preparation for the advent of Christ. When at length He came, who realized the hopes of preceding centuries, how marvellously He transcended the most splendid vision which the saint of purest heart had cherished! Frequent disappointment had created a critical and even unfriendly spirit which tested His claims to the extreme, but out of that testing He came, vindicating at once the wisdom of the Father who did not send His Son into the world until the times were ripe for His appearing, and the discernment of the seers who refused to accept as king any pretender, however gifted and gracious.

But there is a sense in which Christ Himself proved a disappointment. This was due to a lowering and carnalizing of the Messianic ideal. Nor can we ever be too grateful that Jesus did disappoint the worldly hopes of His own generation. It would indeed have been a tragedy if the ancient seers had accepted some earthly hero for the One to whom their own predictions pointed forward. But how much more tragical it would have been if our Lord had lent Himself to the low conception which His contemporaries had formed of what the Redeemer of the world ought to be. The disappointment of His nation was the Divine preparation for the glorious reality. In every particular wherein Jesus disappointed His contemporaries, He transcended and spiritualized their noblest hopes concerning Him. If He refused to become a temporal and earthly monarch, it was that He might be the universal Saviour and reign as King from everlasting to everlasting.

This law of blessing through disappointment operates in daily life. To quote Robertson, of Brighton: "God's promises never are fulfilled in the sense in which they seem to have been given. Life is a decep-

tion; its anticipations, which are God's promises to the imagination, are never realized; they who know life best, and have trusted God most to fill it with blessings, are the first to say that life is a series of disappointments. And we have to say that it is a wise and merciful arrangement which ordains this."

Man's disappointments are God's appointments.

This would be a Gospel of despair if we failed to distinguish between deception and illusion. God's disappointments lure us on to the better and nobler, and prepare us to enter upon the abiding realities of the eternal future. Disappointments are, so to say, Divine pictures of the unseen and perfect. They are intended to awaken within us a holy discontent, by reason of which, while working within our limitations, we shall ever seek to transcend them, believing in their ultimate dispersal. What we call disappointment is the Divine hunger within us which cannot be satisfied until we enter into the inheritance which is our birthright. Thus, according to Browning, "our failure here" is "but a triumph's evidence for the fullness of the days."

O God, where do they tend—these struggling aims?
 What would I have? What is this "sleep"
 which seems
 To bound all? Can there be a "waking"
 point
 Of crowning life?
 And what is that I hunger for but God?

Blessing Through the Discipline of Suffering.

This is the repeated doctrine of the Epistle to the Hebrews, notably in the twelfth chapter. So essential is this law that even the Captain of our Salvation was made perfect through suffering. And we, who would be followers of Him, must neither desire nor expect to escape

from the operation of this law if we would attain Christlikeness.

There is no lesson more familiar than this, but perhaps there is none harder to learn. We naturally shrink from this highway of blessing. Nor should we be too self-reproachful when we find ourselves unwilling to walk in sorrow's path. Even the Perfect Man shrank back from the cup and prayed to be delivered therefrom. It is not a cup to be coveted. Suffering for suffer-

ing's sake is worse than useless. But the highest blessing belongs to him to whom the discipline of suffering is granted.

In these three ways, therefore, God bestows blessing, by displacement, by disappointment, by the discipline of suffering. Ultimately we shall thank Him for them all, though now, for a season, His loving-kindness is mistaken for cruelty.

Hamilton, Ont.



“IN GREEN PASTURES AND BESIDE STILL WATERS.”

MY DESIRE.

BY AMY PARKINSON.

Thy will in all things is all my desire ;
Grant me the patience which never doth tire ;
Give me the faith that confides in Thy love—
Dark though the storm-clouds do lower above.

Thy way be mine, O my Saviour, my God ;
Glad will I follow where Thy feet have trod ;
Do Thou but guide, and I never shall stray—
Long though the journey, and winding the way.

Thy care be over me, Guardian and Friend ;
Thy love encompass me, on to the end,
Till in Thy presence I dwell evermore—
Darkness and danger and weariness o'er !

Toronto.

SIMILARITY AND CONTRAST—CHINA, JAPAN, KOREA.

BY THE REV. GEORGE HEBER JONES,

Methodist Episcopal Mission, Seoul, Korea.



EAST ASIA presents to the Christian Church a mission field second in importance to no other. China, with four hundred and six millions, Japan, with fifty millions, and Korea, with ten millions of people, give us a grand total embracing about one-third of the human race. To put this fact in another way; every third babe that opens its eyes in this world looks up into the face of a yellow mother and toddles about in a heathen home. Every third grave on earth is dug in yellow soil, while yellow men gather about it to grieve and lament over a soul that has gone out into a future unlit with a single ray of Christian light and hope.

This vast field, continental in extent, possesses some things in common. The people are one in race, origin, history, civilization, and religion. In a large sense the principles underlying the varied conditions confronting Christian missions are the same; that is, we find certain prevailing race characteristics, in spite of very pronounced dissimilarity in many things. It is impossible to write accurately the history of any one of these three empires without frequent reference to the other two. They cherish in common the principle of filial piety as the corner-stone of their civilization. Confucius, Gautama, and the nameless myriad priests and priestesses of Shamanite spiritism have been their religious instructors. Throughout this great area the position of woman, reduced to its final

analysis, is much the same. The spirit which animates law and custom speaks in the same tone, and the philosophy of life which controls individual conduct is the same. The hopes, fears, and aspirations of the people are projected out in the same general direction morally. The great yellow race is ill with one malady, and it will find recovery through only one remedy—the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ.

Now, while this is true as a general proposition, at the same time the individuality of the three empires is so pronounced and developed that they stand as distinctly aloof from each other as England, France, and Russia do in Europe. Note the contrast in the respective governments. In China it is patriarchal in form, with the family as the model, and the action of the sovereign in the empire cannot be controlled by written laws any more than it would be possible to regulate the authority of a father over his family by a written constitution in that family. Among the people the idea of equality, based on brotherhood and modified by the elements of education and native talent, is held so that the humblest Chinese boy—born, it may be, in a coolie's mud hut, or cradled in a house-boat on the Yang-tse or the Min—may rise, in spite of these, to be a Minister of State or a Viceroy. This is not true in Korea. While the Chinese model dominates, the Koreans have added the idea of caste to their governmental system, so that the ruling class and their families enjoy privileges and powers not held by the corresponding class in China, and which are subversive of the

common people's right to life and property. Japan stands to-day in sharp contrast to the political organization of her neighbours. Her government is a copy of constitutional monarchy as it prevails among white nations, and her people enjoy that peace and security which comes from law equitably administered in the empire.

Another contrast is found in the general spirit of the people. The Chinese from the dawn of history have been commercial and industrial in their character. They have been manufacturers, to supply the needs of the vast continental hordes under or adjacent to the dynastic rule. They have been inventors of curious implements and labour-saving devices. They have been traders, carrying out of China its products and returning with the wealth of other peoples. The cast of mind is commercial. They are a nation of merchants.

On the other hand, Japan has ever adored the sword. It is the soul of the Samurai. Their history is a record of battle. The greatest national heroes are Yoritomo, a Japanese Charlemagne, and Hideyoshi, a Japanese Napoleon, albeit both paused short of the imperial yellow. The national sports are martial. Modern Japan, in the midst of its abounding and increasing development, preserves the graces, the spirit, and the impulses of Japanese knighthood. They are a nation of warriors.

Korea is neither the merchant nor the warrior. Secure in her hills and valleys, just bending her energies sufficiently to produce enough to eat and wear, she has remained a sort of recluse. Study and meditation, the poetic frame of mind—these specially charm her. The national ideal is the scholar. The civil or literary nobility take precedence over the military nobles, and both are far above the merchant

class. The Koreans are a nation of students.

Doubtless when these peoples shall have become welded into one, it will be for China to produce and conserve the vast wealth of the east, Japan to protect and defend Oriental prestige, and Korea to preserve its literature and literary traditions.

It is to be expected that this diversity will show itself in the history of missionary propaganda in these empires. In China the Church has had to meet the conditions growing out of patriarchal customs complicated with intense materialism. In Japan one of the controlling factors in the situation is that *esprit de corps* inseparable from militarism. In Korea the prevailing characteristic proves an element of strength in the native church. Two hundred and fifty thousand Chinese converts, under the banner of evangelical Christianity, presage the final conversion of the empire; and if I might assume the role of a prophet, it would be to say that China redeemed will yet lay on the altars of Christ the largest offering of material wealth, the most magnificent gift that history will ever know.

In Korea the progress of evangelical Christianity has been rapid. In fifteen years the Church has grown from a handful of about one hundred souls to a host of thirty thousand converts. Several things have contributed to this more rapid growth in Korea than in the neighbouring empires. The successes of Christ in China and Japan were not without their effect in establishing the prestige of our religion in the eyes of the Koreans. The Korean Empire is smaller in bulk than either of her neighbours, and has, therefore, gotten in motion Christward earlier. There has been an absence of all competition in the way of taking on the outward garb of western civiliza-

tion to the exclusion of imbibing its spirit, so that the only thing to challenge attention in Korea has been Christ and His Gospel. Christianity is the only living thing in sight. In the midst of hopeless despair there has burst into view the star of hope. To the Korean, lost in the cold, dark, arctic night of heathenism, it has come as the dawning day; therefore, he has thronged the doorways of the church, first single individuals, then in groups, and soon in throngs.

The work already done in Japan is of lasting character. It possesses length, breadth, and depth, and is at once a presage and a preparation for the final victory. In estimating the movement of

Christian forces in Japan, the solidarity of the Japanese nation should be reckoned with. The Japanese in great crucial tests like to move as a nation. There is a wonderful power of unanimity among them which puts them into contrast with the Koreans. One of these days Japan, as a nation, will deliberately take the final step Christward and accept His truth as her religious faith.

China awaits a Chinese Constantine, and when God's purposes shall have ripened he will appear and fill China's laws, institutions, and customs with the spirit of evangelical Christianity.—*Missionary Review of the World.*

PANAMA.

BY JAMES JEFFREY ROCHE.

Here the oceans twain have waited
All the ages to be mated,—
Waited long and waited vainly,
Tho' the script was written plainly :
" This, the portal of the sea,
Opes for him who holds the key ;
Here the empire of the earth
Waits in patience for its birth."

But the Spanish monarch, dimly
Seeing little, answered grimly :
" North and South the land is Spain's ;"
As God gave it, it remains.
He who seeks to break the tie,
By mine honour, he shall die ! " *

So the centuries rolled on,
And the gift of great Colon,
Like a spendthrift's heritage,
Dwindled, slowly, age by age,
Till the flag of red and gold
Fell from hands unnerved and old,
And the granite-pillared gate
Waited still the key of fate.

Who shall hold that magic key
But the child of destiny,
In whose veins has mingled long
All the best blood of the strong ?
He who takes his place by grace
Of no single tribe or race,
But by many a rich bequest
From the bravest and the best.
Sentinel of duty, here
Must he guard a hemisphere.

Let the Old World keep its ways ;
Naught to him its blame or praise
Naught its greed, or hate, or fear ;
For all swords be sheathed here.

Yea, the gateway shall be free
Unto all, from sea to sea ;
And no fratricidal slaughter
Shall defile its sacred water ;
But—the hand that oped the gate shall
for ever hold the key !

—From *Scribner's Magazine.*

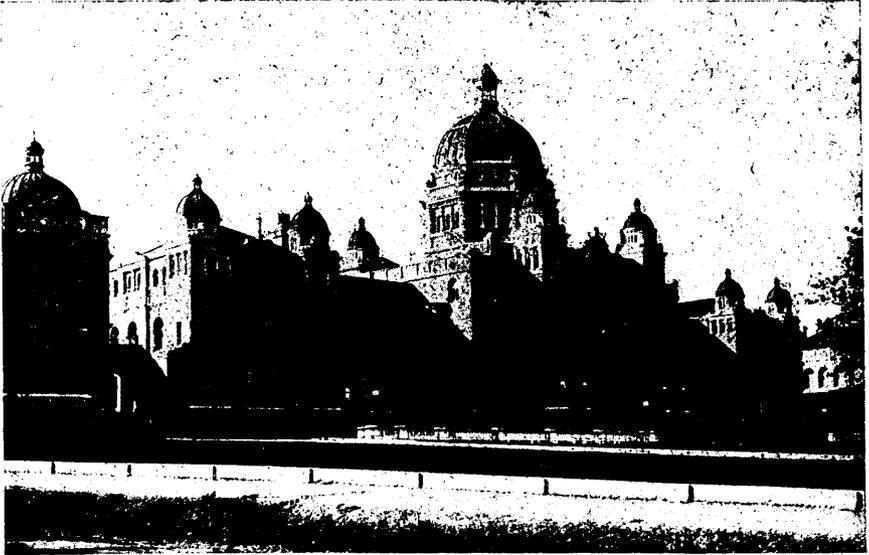
* Philip II. decreed the penalty of death for any one who should propose cutting a canal through the Isthmus.

METHODISM ON THE CANADIAN PACIFIC COAST.

THE FIELD, ITS NEEDS AND POSSIBILITIES.

BY THE REV. J. H. WHITE, D.D.,

Local Superintendent of Missions in British Columbia.



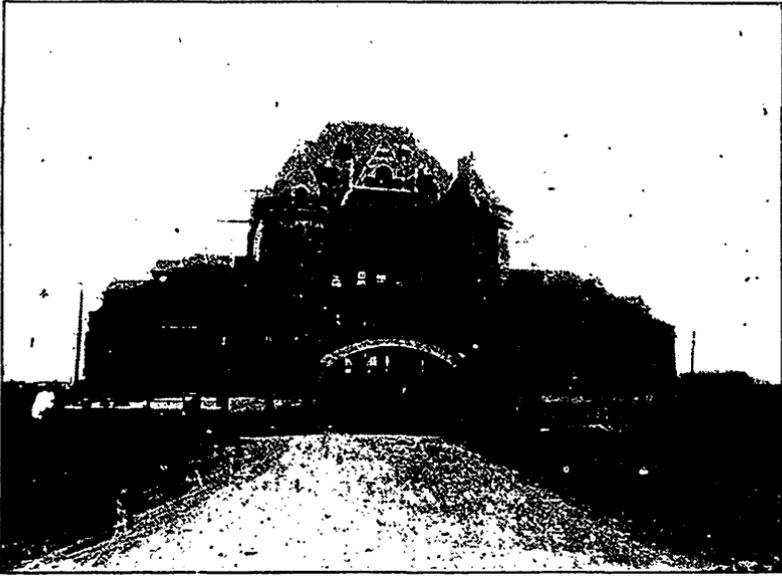
PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS, VICTORIA, B.C.



DURING the past few years a remarkable movement of population westward and northward toward the last great tract of unoccupied territory on the continent has attracted world-wide attention. That movement has not only revealed the unimagined extent and richness of the great wheat belt of Canada's middle west, but it is gradually bringing into prominence the least known and least understood of the provinces of the Dominion. Canadians are beginning to realize that if their western boundary were at the summit of the Rockies the Dominion would lose an asset of



THE REV. J. H. WHITE, D.D.



CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY STATION, VANCOUVER, B.C.

immense value. In fact the Pacific province is a necessary complement to the North-West Territories, supplying what they lack, the two together forming one of the most valuable possessions of the Empire.

A glance at the map of the Dominion will show British Columbia lying between the 49th and 60th parallels of north latitude. Its eastern boundary is the summit of the Rocky Mountains to the 54th parallel, thence due north along the 120th meridian of west longitude to the 60th parallel. On the west the province is bounded by the Pacific ocean, and by a strip of Alaska which comes down like the handle of a dipper, and shuts off the northern portion for nearly three hundred miles from direct access to the sea.

One of the first things which attracts attention in connection with British Columbia is its immense size. In area it equals the province of Manitoba with the Territories of Alberta, Assiniboia and Saskat-

chewan. The provinces of Ontario, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Manitoba, with Newfoundland thrown in, would just cover it. It contains enough territory to make the States of Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, New York, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, New Jersey, Ohio, Michigan, Illinois and Indiana, while the provinces of Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island could be made out of what was left over. The Pacific States of California, Oregon and Washington contain 60,000 square miles less territory than the western province of Canada. As compared with well-known European countries Germany has an area of 209,000 square miles, France 204,000, Spain 198,000, Norway and Sweden combined 198,000, Italy 110,000, the United Kingdom 121,000, while that of British Columbia is 385,000 square miles.

But size alone does not constitute an empire. What of physical conditions, climate and resources ?

Roughly speaking, the province is traversed from north-west to south-east by four great mountain ranges: The Rocky Mountains; the Gold ranges commonly so-called, compris-

which Vancouver Island, the Queen Charlotte group and the innumerable small islands which dot the western coast are the summits. These gradually diminish in maximum altitude from about 14,000 feet in the Rockies to 7,000 feet on Vancouver Island. Toward the north the mountains become smaller and the province gradually slopes toward the Yukon and Mackenzie Territories.

Between these mountain ranges are many large and fertile valleys, chains of beautiful lakes, mighty rivers and rushing streams, the whole constituting one of the most extensive, diversified and magnificent mountain districts of the world.

Needless to say, such a country is the paradise of the sportsman. Wild animals are plentiful, and though gradually receding before the advance of the settler will long remain in the fastnesses of the hills: Moose, elk, cariboo, black and white tailed deer, mountain goat, bighorn or mountain sheep, the terrible grizzly, black and brown bear, the cougar or mountain lion, the timber wolf, the coyote, the fox, the wildcat, the porcupine, and in some parts of the province fur-bearing animals such as the mink, otter and beaver. Game birds such as grouse, prairie chicken, the imported pheasant, and all kinds of water-fowl, from the stately swan to the timid wood-duck, are to be found in great numbers, while the streams and lakes abound with trout.

The climate of British Columbia is hard to describe owing to the irregular nature of the country and the great influence of local conditions. In all parts of the province it is much milder and more equable than in any other part of Canada. A warm ocean current from Japan strikes the southern portion of Alaska, and the entire coast has a very mild climate with great humidity. The rainfall is considerable,

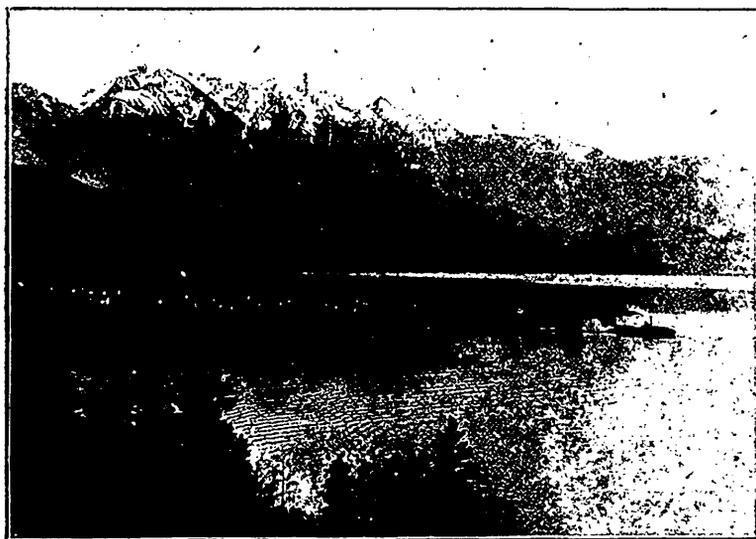


HAYING AT LADNER'S LANDING.—MR. LADNER IS STANDING BY THE HAY-RAKE.

ing several distinct ranges, chief among which are the Selkirks; the Coast range, quite distinct from the Cascades of the State of Washington; and a submerged range of

especially on the west coast of Vancouver Island, and further north. The summers are ideal, and are the most delightful portion of the year. This year in the middle of January lambs were running in the fields on the Gulf islands, and flowers such as pansies, daisies, roses and chrysanthemums were in bloom in the open air in Victoria and elsewhere. The atmosphere, however, is robbed of its moisture as it crosses the Coast range of mountains, and the interior valleys are often very dry, large

are not sufficient to insure the prosperity of a country, it will be readily admitted that they have a very important bearing upon the character and welfare of a people. The Pacific province has other assets of a more material kind. Its mineral wealth is generally admitted, but it is not so well known that the product of its mines already amounts to a total of about \$200,000,000 in value, while, excluding the Yukon Territory, its yearly output is about equal to that of all the rest of the



NEW DENVER, BRITISH COLUMBIA.

tracts, particularly between the Coast and Selkirk ranges, requiring irrigation when cultivated. The air is light and bracing, and extremes of heat and cold much greater than at the coast. But during the hottest weather of summer the nights are always cool, and the fact that steamboats run the year round on Kootenay, Arrow and Okanagan Lakes is sufficient evidence that the winters are not severe.

While scenery and climate alone

Dominion. Minerals in paying quantities have been found in almost every part of the province, of which the most important are gold, silver, copper, lead, zinc, coal and iron. With improved transportation facilities and better demand for their products existing mines could vastly increase their output, while the province as a whole, except in a few localities, has only been prospected in the most superficial manner.

British Columbia contains the

only large forest area remaining in North America. What this means to the future of the province will be appreciated by those who know anything of the part which timber plays among modern civilized nations. The most valuable woods are Douglas fir, cedar, spruce, white pine, hemlock, and among semi-hard woods, alder, birch, soft maple and others. For many years almost the only outlet for the product of the mill beyond local demand was by sea to the Orient, Australia and

a few boats engaged in the trade the Canadian Pacific Railway carried 6,000,000 lbs. of fresh halibut to eastern markets in 1902. Cod are plentiful, and herrings, smelts and oolachan come in vast shoals in their season.

Perhaps it will be a surprise to many to be told that agriculture, and especially horticulture, will be one of the important resources of British Columbia in the years to come. The country has been regarded as a "Sea of Mountains"

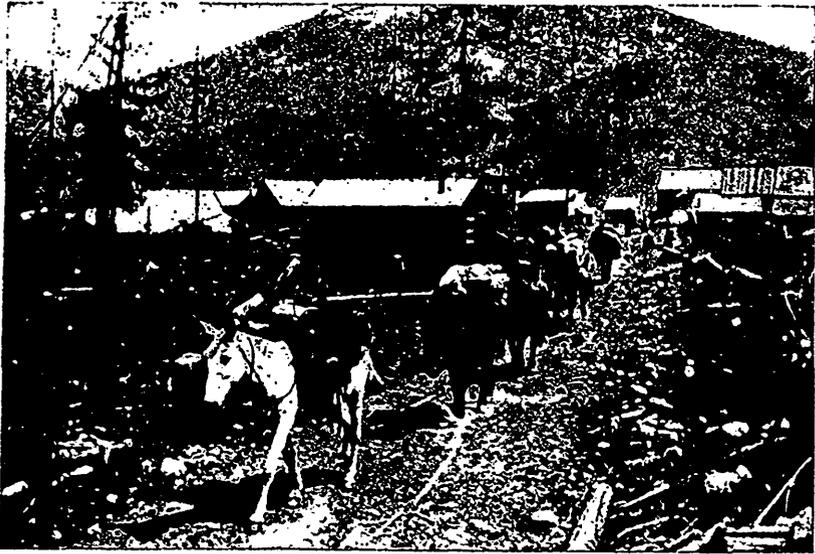


SILVERTON, BRITISH COLUMBIA.

New Zealand. But in recent years, owing to improved means of communication and the inrush of population to the vast sparsely timbered plains of the North-West, a large and rapidly growing trade has been established eastward.

Of the harvest of the waters the salmon fisheries are best known. Year by year the canneries put up from 600,000 to 1,200,000 cases, according to the run. The deep-sea fisheries are known to be immensely valuable, but so far have hardly been touched. Yet with only

with only small patches here and there which could by any stretch of imagination be called "agricultural lands." Yet when the vast extent of the province is remembered, its numerous and extensive valleys, the great fertility of the soil and the fact that up to an altitude of 4,000 to 5,000 feet almost all the cereals, roots and fruits of the north temperate zone can be grown successfully, it is probably hardly an exaggeration to say that British Columbia is capable of supporting as large a population of tillers of the



PACKING SUPPLIES TO A MINE.

soil as any other province or territory in the Dominion.

Let this truth sink into your mind, for it is a factor of great importance in estimating the future progress of the Pacific province. From Winnipeg to the Rockies stretches a great undulating plain destined to become the home of many millions. But throughout

this vast expanse fruit is only grown in favoured localities and with difficulty. In British Columbia it grows almost everywhere in luxurious profusion, and when variety of fruit, character of soil and climate are properly adjusted, of unsurpassed quality and flavour. The industry is yet in its infancy, but the fruit growers of the province



BUILDING THE PLANT OF A MINE.

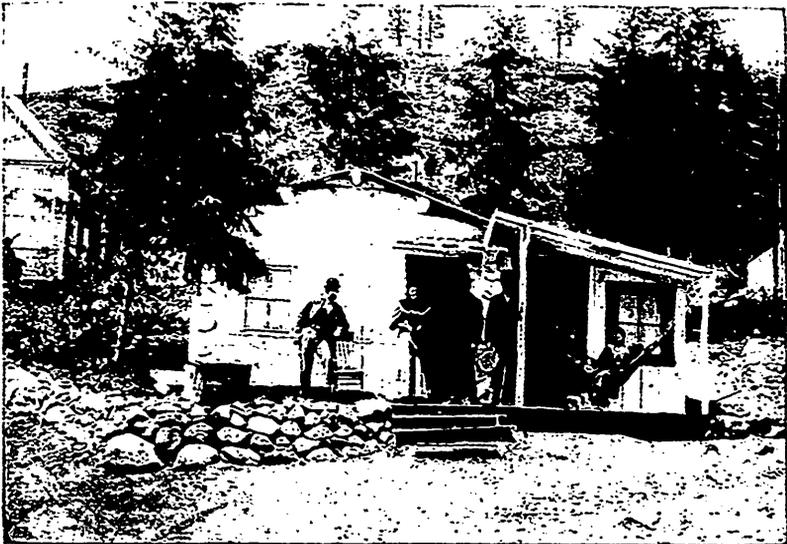
now practically command the home market, while hundreds of carloads find ready sale in the Territories.

Extensive ranges splendidly adapted to the raising of cattle and horses are found in the interior and especially in the region through which the Grand Trunk Pacific is expected to pass. Sheep raising is also an important industry, specially on lower Vancouver and adjoining islands.

In the coast districts mixed farming is carried on with great success.

who were outside of any existing circuit or mission, among them being one large and well-to-do family from South Africa. This is the very class we need to give permanence to our new and rapidly growing communities, and to steady our restless and migratory mining population.

To this great country Methodism, greatly daring, sent a little band of four missionaries with their families just forty-five years ago. The Roman Catholic Church was here



A MINING CABIN, ROSSLAND, B.C.

Many portions of the province are particularly well suited to dairying, poultry raising and kindred occupations. During the past year or two a small but rapidly growing stream of very valuable immigration has been finding its way into the province, largely from Manitoba and the Territories. These people are taking advantage of the opportunity to dispose of their farms at good figures, and are already with us in scores, and even hundreds. During a recent short trip the writer found forty-eight members of our Church

before us, and a few Church of England clergymen had been sent out from the Old Country. But ours was the first purely Canadian Church to plant the banner of the Cross in the then distant and almost unknown land. The story of toil and triumph through which God led these pioneers will never be fully told till the Great Day. Among those who bore the brunt of the battle in early days, Ephraim Evans, Edward White, Thomas Derrick, William Pollard, Coverdale Watson, Robert B. Hemlaw, William E.



CROSSING THE GREAT DIVIDE.

Cuyler, accompanied by a great host with whom and for whom they laboured, have gone to their rest. The names of Arthur Browning, D. V. Lucas, Amos E. Russ, and other honoured fathers and brethren now in other Conferences are still cherished in the heart of many an old-timer. There are still with us Cornelius Bryant, the first enrolled member of the Methodist Church in British Columbia, whose tall figure is a familiar sight on the streets of Vancouver as he goes about seeking the sick and aged, and who canvassed the whole city this winter for *The Christian Guardian*; Ebenezer Robson, of the first four, a tireless missionary who has gathered a scattered mission of eight appointments in the vicinity of Vancouver, and who counts it a glorious Sunday's work to travel twenty miles on foot or by boat and preach from three to six times; James Turner, the hero of the "Upper Country," and pioneer of the Yukon, who,

though superannuated, sits in the chair of his Conference and supervises the work on its largest district; Thomas Crosby who carried the Gospel to the northern tribes, a flaming evangelist who little heeds whether his congregation be white or Indian so that he may tell them the "good news." These and many others "whose names are written in heaven."

Methodist missionaries have not only carried the Gospel to the settlers and adventurers of their own race, but have been foremost in efforts to evangelize the native Indians, as well as the Chinese and Japanese who are domiciled among us. From all classes they have won many trophies for the Redeemer's kingdom. The latest addition to our ranks is Rev. C. N. Hague, who has begun work with great success among the Scandinavians, of whom there are many in the west, and some of whom are among our most valued and faithful members.



MOUNT BAKER, B.C.

But it is the future rather than the past that is absorbing the attention of western Churches. What of the morrow? It requires little foresight to predict that a country having the area, climate and natural resources of British Columbia will in the years to come be the home of a very large maritime, commercial and industrial population. To our coast cities will come the ship-

ping of all nations, while around our mines and mills will spring up large industrial centres. Even our agricultural districts will be thickly populated, for in many places a good living can be made on farms of from ten to fifty acres.

At this writing there is an unprecedented stir among all classes of the people. Great transcontinental railways are pushing their way to



FIRST METHODIST CHURCH, MICHEL, B.C.

the Pacific, and immense areas hitherto unoccupied and of unknown wealth will be opened to the prospector and settler. Branch and connecting lines of railway are projected in various parts of the province, and there is general expectation of an era of great activity. But the opening up of a new, and especially of a mining country is attended by many perils. In the mad race for riches men trample under foot the moral and forget that there is a God. The ministers

takes four or five years and the investment of \$1,000,000 to make a paying mine. The many perplexing questions growing out of the modern relations of capital and labour are not yet answered satisfactorily, and the bitterness arising out of their discussion does not always stop even at the doors of the House of God. Then, what of Asiatic immigration, the "Yellow Peril," as it is sometimes called? Our seaward outlook is towards the Orient. We feel here the impact of

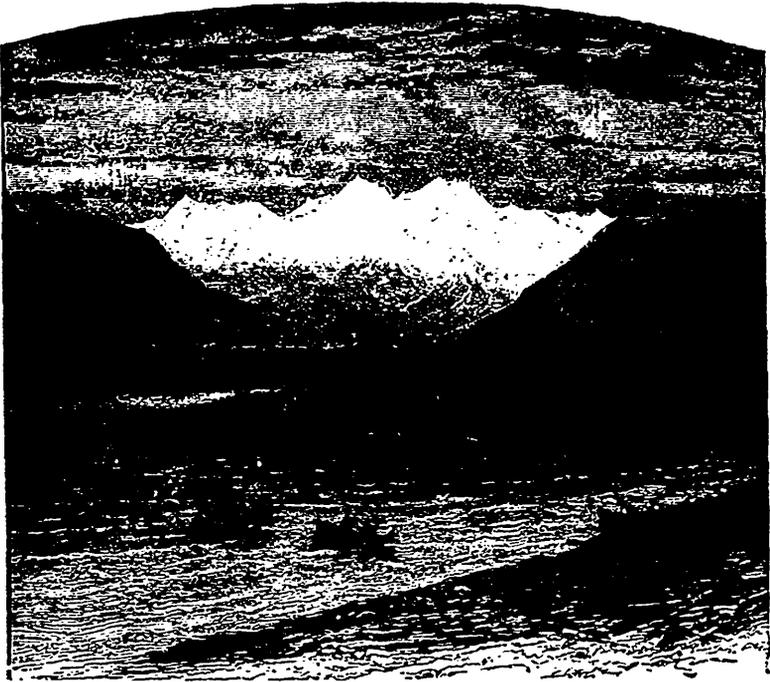


FIRST METHODIST PARSONAGE, MICHEL, B.C.

of sin ply their deadly calling in every camp. Shall the ministers of Christ be less active?

In addition to the problems which arise wherever the work of evangelism is carried on side by side with rapid material development, we have some growing out of local conditions. The nature of our resources necessitates the investment of large sums of money in their development. A mining man of extensive experience says that it

opposing civilizations. Our \$500 head tax is a confession that we fear a Chinese invasion, but it is only a temporary expedient, at best of very doubtful morality. Yet what can we do? It begins to look as though in sheer self-defence the Christian nations would be compelled to drop all matters of minor importance and join in one grand movement for world-wide evangelization. In a profounder sense than ever before our salvation is in "the Glorious



THE OLYMPIAN RANGE, FROM ESQUIMALT HARBOUR.

Gospel of the Blessed God," and our work to "spread Scriptural Holiness throughout the land.

"That men may brothers be,
And form one family
The wide world o'er."

In British Columbia we have a handful of people holding an empire. In the qualities of energy, enterprise, indomitable courage and cheerful optimism they are not unworthy of the best traditions of our great colonizing race. A glorious opportunity and a tremendous responsibility are upon us. What has the Methodist Church to say about it? Rather, what will she do about it? Our effort for the salvation of the slowly disappearing aboriginal tribes is our glory and joy, and must not be abated. The conversion of the Chinese and Japanese who are among us offers a most attractive and hopeful field

for missionary toil in which we are meeting with increasing success. But the insistent duty of the hour is the establishing of the institutions of Christianity upon a firm basis in our growing cities, towns and agricultural communities. Moreover we must carry the uplifting spirit, soul, and body saving Gospel to every mining, logging, fishing and railway construction camp in the province. In this Christlike work we are associating more and more closely and cordially with our sister denominations and especially with our closest ally and co-labourer, the great Presbyterian Church of Canada.

The working force of the British Columbia Conference to-day consists of about ninety ministers and probationers for the ministry, some twoscore teachers and other missionary workers, and over six thousand members. We have a well

equipped college, doing full work in Arts and Theology, being thus the most advanced educational institution in the province. In the matter of trials and difficulties we are not more favoured than our brethren of other Conferences, but to the eye

of faith the future is radiant with hope. Shall we not claim this beautiful land as the rightful heritage of our King and Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ.

Kamloops, B.C.



VANCOUVER, B.C., FROM THE HARBOUR.

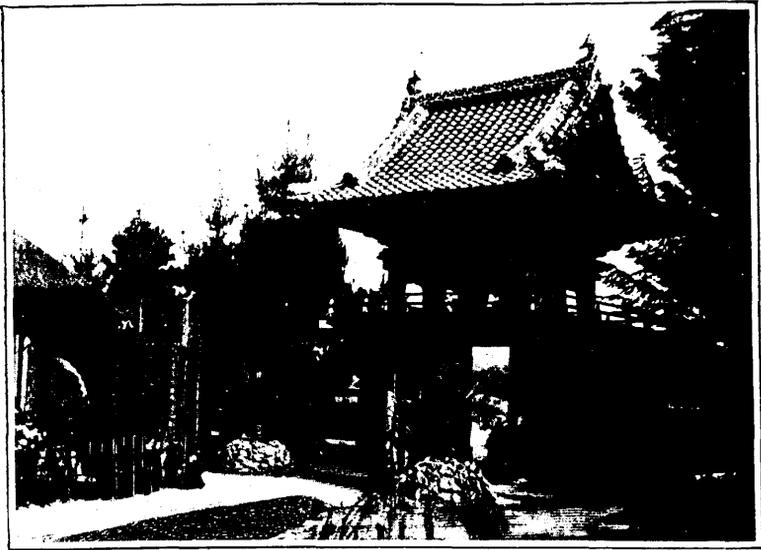
WORK.

Let me but do my work from day to day,
 In field or forest, at the desk or loom,
 In roaring market-place, or tranquil room ;
 Let me but find it in my heart to say,
 When vagrant wishes beckon me astray,
 " This is my work ; my blessing, not my doom ;
 Of all who live I am the one by whom
 This work can best be done in the right way."

Then shall I see it not too great nor small
 To suit my spirit, and to prove my powers ;
 Then shall I cheerful greet the labouring hours,
 And cheerful turn when the long shadows fall
 At eventide, to play and love and rest
 Because I know for me my work is best.

—Henry Van Dyke.

NEW JAPAN.*



JAPANESE GARDEN WITH DECORATIVE GATE AND "BOWER."



THE eyes of the world are focused upon the conflict in the Far East. The sympathies of almost all civilized nations are with the gallant little people of the island empire who are attacking the world-bestridding Colossus. Hence this book, by a Western writer, who has lived fifteen years in Japan, who knows the people well, and sympathizes with their national aspirations, appears at the psychological moment.

This is not a hurriedly vamped-up piece of book cobbling, made to meet a market, but a careful study of the country and its people. The

* "A Handbook of Modern Japan." By Ernest W. Clement. With two new maps, made especially for the book, and over sixty illustrations from photographs. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. xiv-395. Price, \$1.40 net.

book is written in the modern scientific method with careful examination of facts. It is a world-wide contrast to some of the, literally, *running* criticisms of the globe-trotter, who spends a few days in the country and poses as master of its problems, idealizes the little people, adopts their æsthetics as ethics, and sneers at the work of the missionaries, adopting at second-hand the antipathies of some Eurasian parasite on Japanese civilization.

Mr. Clement gives us, first, an intelligent idea of the physiography of the country, a perfect sea of mountains, rendering much of its area incapable of cultivation, but nourishing the æsthetic instincts of these artistic people. Travel, commerce, food and manners, costumes and customs, are graphically described.

Like every one else, the author is struck with the politeness and courtesy of these "French of the

Orient." From morning till night, from the cradle to the grave, the entire life is characterized by unvarying gentleness and politeness in word and act. Their kindness to children and to the old, their fondness for flowers and gardens, are very pleasing traits. Their landscape gardening is unsurpassed in the world. Of a tiny little patch, with its dwarfed trees, its waterfalls and bridges and manifold harmonies of form and colour, they will make at once a picture and a poem. They have many flower festivals, such as those of "viewing" the plum, cherry, wisteria, iris, lotus, maple. These are national picnic days, and the people are worshippers of beauty rather than worshippers of gold.

The wonderful development of Japan as a world power is admirably set forth. The excellent pictures of the departments of State, the Diet buildings, Houses of Commons and of Peers, and sketches of the leading statesmen and empire-builders, will enable us better to appreciate Japan's marvellous progress of recent years.

"The New Woman in Japan" is an instructive chapter. The influence of missions shows the people the larger outlook of women in the West, and they are dissatisfied with the old repressed life of their wives and daughters.

An illuminating chapter is devoted to the religions of Japan. The author is not blind to the defective Japanese character, institutions and morals. Yet he pays a generous tribute to the effect of Christian missions in transforming the country. The chapter on Japanese Christendom is the record of the wonderful change which a few years has wrought in this respect. In 1638 the following edict was issued:

"So long as the sun shall continue to warm the earth, let no Christian be so bold as to come to

Japan; and let all know that the King of Spain himself, or the Christians' God, or the great God of all, if he dare violate this command, shall pay for it with his head."

This was maintained in all its rigour down to 1868 and later.

We quote at length the author's matured opinion on the result of mission work:

The missionaries have been, and are, a mighty force in New Japan, not merely through their preaching of the Gospel, but also through their practising of the Christian virtues; not only by their teaching of all-sided truth and wisdom, but also by their touching, their social contact with the people; not only by their logic, but also by their lives. They are vivid and impressive object-lessons of the ideal Christian life—"living epistles, known and read of all men." They are, in general, well-educated men and women, a noble company, respected and loved by the Japanese.

The Japanese Christians are not strong numerically; but they exercise an influence entirely out of proportion to their mere numbers. There are less than 150,000 nominal Christians of all kinds, who may represent a Christian community of, perhaps, twice that number. But, in spite of their faults and failings, due to the fact that they are less than fifty years removed from the anti-Christian influences of the worst types, and are still surrounded by various hindrances, they are also a noble body of men and women, loved and honoured by fellow-Japanese and foreigners.

A demand for the Bible has sprung up, so that it has become to the book-dealer a profitable article of his stock. Commentaries on the books of the Bible and theological treatises are numerous, and tracts are counted by the millions.

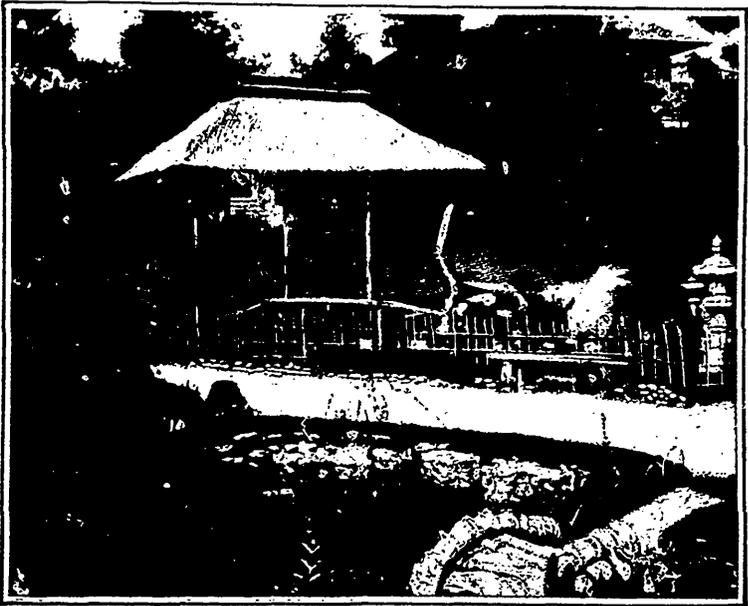
The Methodist Publishing House and several Japanese companies find the publication of Christian litera-

ture a profitable venture. There are daily newspapers, owned and edited by Christians, who use their columns to teach Christian ideals. And in 1902 was issued a popular novel, called "Ichijiku" (The Fig-Tree), which is Christian in tone and teaching.

There are hundreds of churches and chapels, but they are seldom indicated by spires and steeples pointing upward as signs of the doctrine which leads mankind on-

tationously. There is also a "gospel ship" ("Fukuin Maru"), cruising about the long-neglected islands of the Inland Sea.

In the churches and chapels, or in other buildings, or even in the private houses of foreigners and Japanese, are about one thousand Sunday-schools, where the children are being instructed in the simplest truths of the Bible. They may not understand at once much of what they hear; but they gradually come to



A JAPANESE LANDSCAPE GARDEN.

ward and upward. For that reason they are not generally discovered by the "globe-trotter," who tries to do Japan in a month or less, and is not usually looking for such things, but yet goes back to report Christianity a failure in Japan. Nevertheless, the churches and chapels are there—perhaps in out-of-the-way places, on narrow side-streets, or even on the principal thoroughfares, and they may be only ordinary Japanese houses; but the work is going on there, quietly and unosten-

better and better ideas, and when they reach years of understanding, many of them fully accept the truths learned in Sunday-school.

But the duty of the Christian propagandist is not completed by the conversion of unbelievers; it extends also to the training of these converts into a useful body of Christian citizens. It is unwise to rely entirely upon public education by a system so well organized even as that of Japan. If private schools under Christian auspices are useful

in America, they are an absolute necessity in Japan. It is dangerous to leave Christian boys and girls under the irreligious and often immoral influences of public institutions. As "an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure," it is supremely important to keep Christian Japanese youth under positive Christian instruction and influences during that impressible period.

It is also necessary to train up a strong body of Christian pastors and laymen, who shall be the leaders in the self-supporting Japanese church that is the goal of all missionary effort. Therefore the work of Christianity in Japan includes a system of education, with kindergartens and elementary schools, academies and colleges, universities and theological seminaries, and with a strong emphasis on the education and training of the girls and women.

But Christianity in Japan is also philanthropic, as it should be, and therein exposes clearly what Buddhism left undone. The latter was, as has already been said, proportionately "kind to the brute and cruel to man;" for it allowed humanity to suffer while it regarded animals as "sacred." Christianity, however, has not only its Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, but also its "Homes," asylums, hospitals, refuges—for the poor, the neglected, the widow, the fatherless, the sick, the insane, the outcast, the Magdalene, and the worst criminal. All such institutions it is carrying on in Japan; and most of them never existed there until Christians introduced them or Christian teaching inspired them.

This may be predicated even of the Red Cross Society; for although the branch in Japan was first organized as an independent association, yet the very fact that the need of such a society was felt was

due largely to Christian influence. Revenge and "no quarter" were the doctrines of Old Japan; but New Japan, aroused by the example of Christian nations, and inspired by the teachings of the Bible, now heartily supports the Red Cross Society, a Christian institution with a distinctively Christian banner.

Every Diet contains a disproportionately large number of Christians, who may be counted upon on every occasion to stand up for right principles, and most of whom are very influential. In army and navy circles, on the bench and at the bar, in business, and in many other high positions, Christian men are among the most prominent, and are found even in "Caesar's household."

Christianity is bound to become a greater power in Japan, but it will be a Christianity modified by native ideas and influences, uniting Japanese believers upon a simple statement of the fundamental and essential truths of Christianity.

There is a heathen body, for the great mass of the Japanese (many millions) still cling to the old faiths. But there is a Christian head, because the leaders of New Japan are favourable to Christianity and its institutions, and are reconstructing the nation largely on Christian lines and with Christian ideals. And there is Christian life at the heart, for it is that life which is inspiring Japan with new ideas and ideals. And when we take into consideration how much Christianity has done for Japan in less than fifty years, we feel quite warranted in prophesying that within this twentieth century Japan will become practically a Christian nation.

Our Publishing House, with characteristic enterprise, has secured the control in Canada of this book, which is simply indispensable to a comprehension of the problems of the East.

MONTGOMERY'S HYMNS.

BY THE REV. O. R. LAMBLY, M.A., D.D.



JAMES MONTGOMERY, one of the most popular and voluminous writers of the nineteenth century, was, like his gifted fellow-countryman, Robert Burns, a native of Ayrshire, in Scotland. The poet was a son of the manse, his father being at that time (1771) a Moravian minister, whose parish lay within the bounds of the above-mentioned shire. When the lad was about eight years of age, the family moved to England, and settled in Fulneck, Yorkshire. Here James was educated in a Moravian school. His first public effort was that of a school-teacher. Then he became a bookseller, but soon tired of the counter. He then attempted a literary career in London, but in a short time this too was abandoned as a fruitless enterprise.

At the age of twenty-one he settled permanently in Sheffield, where he became editor and proprietor of the leading newspaper of the city. In his paper he frequently gave expression to sentiments that did not meet with the approval of the Government. On account of this he was both fined and imprisoned. To this period of imprisonment we are indebted for many of his most helpful and inspiring hymns. Within the walls of York Castle were born many a sacred lyric that shall go travelling down the centuries, cheering the hearts of toiling Christians until the end of the ages.

Montgomery never married. But he was most deeply interested in the moral and spiritual welfare of the children and youth of his adopted



home. For nearly forty years he annually wrote one or more new anniversary hymns for the Sheffield Sunday-schools. Sometimes twenty thousand children of the city would join in one service in singing the praises of our gracious Redeemer in the words of their beloved and honoured townsman.

The children of his literary brain number over four hundred hymns, and several volumes of other poetry. One of these hymns alone would, however, have awakened the devout gratitude of universal Christendom, and placed a wreath of immortality upon the poet's brow. The longing aspirations and the glorious hopes of the Christian pilgrim shall ever find expression in this undying hymn:

“ For ever with the Lord ! ”
 Amen ! so let it be !
 Life from the dead is in that word,
 ’Tis immortality !
 Here in the body pent,
 Absent from Him I roam,
 Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
 A day’s march nearer home.

This hymn was first published in 1827. But for twenty-five years it

was unknown and unsung by the Christian public. Surpassingly strange is the fact that this precious Christian lyric, inbreathed with sacred trust and heavenly aspirations, could have been left in hiding through all those years, until brought forth and joined in holy wedlock to Isaac Woodbury's inspiring melody, "Nearer Home." Since then it has found its way into almost all collections of Christian song. And wherever the Gospel has brought life and immortality to light, this song comes to tell the Christian pilgrim, buffeted with earth's storms, and overshadowed by its clouds, of

The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above!

Shortly after its introduction to Methodism this hymn was sung at one of the Conferences of the Methodist Free Churches, held in Leeds. Those of us who know something of the heartiness of the singing in our own Conference gatherings can easily imagine the scene at Leeds. Those warm-hearted Methodist preachers grasped the poet's inspiring thought, and as with emotions of holy joy they sang the enraptured song, earth's limitations seemed to pass away. They stood within the "Holy City," and mingled with the countless throng who ceaselessly adore their living Lord. And there, upon the Conference floor, now transformed into the golden pavement, the most aged of their number fell prostrate in holy adoration, while with tremulous voices and triumphant faith they sang:

My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul, how near,
At times, to faith's unclouded eyes,
Thy golden gates appear!
Ah! then my spirit faints
To reach the land I love,—
The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above!

This devout hymn-writer, who with poetic vision gazed upon the

"Father's house," where rest unending and joy unfading should be the "inheritance of saints," also sang to cheer the busy workers in the world's wide fields of spiritual toil. Hence we have No. 429:

Sow in the morn thy seed,
At eve hold not thine hand;
To doubt and fear give thou no heed,
Broadcast it o'er the land.

In the month of February, 1832, our poet was travelling from Gloucester to Tewkesbury. As he passed along he noticed in a certain field some women and girls stooping over on what seemed to be newly ploughed ground. On inquiring what they were doing, he was told that they were dropping seed into holes made in the earth. The poet replied, "That is unpicturesque work; give me broadcast sowing." Then a seed-thought was dropped into his own soul, whose fruitage has cheered the heart of many a Gospel seed-sower, the world over. With mental vision he saw the arid soil affording scant nourishment to the heaven-sent seed, he saw the evil birds waiting to snatch away the precious germs of sacred truth, he saw the wild growth of noxious weeds, choking the tender blade; he saw too the hosts of busy toilers going forth with weeping, and scattering the precious seed, and he sang:

Beside all waters sow,
The highway furrows stock,
Drop it where thorns and thistles grow,
Scatter it on the rock.

Thou knowest not which may thrive,
The late or early sown;
Grace keeps the precious germs alive,
When and wherever strown.

And duly shall appear,
In verdure, beauty, strength,
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
And the full corn at length.

Thou canst not toil in vain;
Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain
For garners in the sky.

Another of Montgomery's immortal hymns is—

Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed ;
The motion of a hidden fire,
That trembles in the breast.

This little poem contained eight stanzas. It did not claim the dignity of a stately hymn to voice the thought of gathered worshippers in earthly sanctuaries. Its author's purpose was to show how every child of sin and sorrow might reach the throne and ear of Infinite Compassion and Omnipotent Power ; but the Christian public seized "the sweet and blessed story," that so lovingly sets forth the elements of true prayer, and for more than half a century has sung it with such increasing gratitude and devotion, that it has become a classic of Christian song, and will doubtless be sung on down the centuries, until prayer is lost in praise.

Poets are sometimes unconscious prophets. Such was the case with the author of this hymn. He sang—

Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air ;

His watchword at the gates of death ;
He enters heaven with prayer.

One night in April, 1854, when the poet was eighty-three years of age, he conducted family prayer as usual, but with unusual fervour and devotion. Immediately afterwards he retired for the night. The next morning he was found unconscious, but in the attitude of prayer. He lingered till the noontide hour but never spoke again. Thus literally he "entered heaven with prayer." Of all the inspiring lyrics by which the pious Montgomery has enriched the pages of Christian song, this one called forth the largest number of expressions of grateful appreciation from burdened and needy hearts.

The beautiful hymn, inspired by reading the prophetic seventy-second Psalm, is an inspiration to the struggling followers of Christ :

Hail to the Lord's Anointed ;
Great David's greater Son !
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun !
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free,
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

ALMOST.

BY WARNER SNOAD.

When God's angel, stern and mystic, stood 'neath Babel's gloomy shade,
Whilst the cold un pitying moonlight pools of molten silver made.

Mid the morrow's wild confusion, mid the clash of jarring words,
Mid the notes of myriad voices, striking strange discordant chords.

He gave—crowning curse of language ! like the wail of homeless ghost,
That one word to haunt all ages with its dirge of woe—"Almost."

"Almost" finished stood the Tower where the fatal mandate fell ;
"Almost" never touches heaven—'tis the shriek of earth and hell.

And for ever and for ever that "almost" will aye remain
As the bitterest word of anguish cleaving human souls in twain.

Almost gained !—the prize so yearned for—better far it ne'er had shone,
With its wild mirage of glory, that false hopes so built upon.

Almost won !—the love so longed for—better far the heart had slept
Than o'er friendship frankly given, all those burning tears were wept !

Almost well !—the health so fought for—better far the gates of Death
Than from slippery heights exultant to fall back with bated breath.

Almost equal !—never take it—*as* his equal is your own ;
One on earth by God created, one you stand before His throne.

Almost saved !—Soul, pause and tremble ! mid earth's drops of woe and gail
There's a draught of fiery anguish that can drown them one and all.

Manor Park, London, Eng.

DANTE'S "NEW LIFE."*

AN OUTLINE OF THE "VITA NUOVA" AS TRANSLATED

BY CHARLES E. NORTON.

BY MRS. FLORENCE LIFFITON.



THE story begins with a pretty little girl in a red dress. A little boy beholding her is struck with admiration. Not common admiration, for he is not an ordinary child, but a profound impression that set him trembling in every pulse. There were voices that spoke to his soul. One said: "Behold a god stronger than I, who coming shall rule over me." Another, "Now hath appeared your bliss." Then the natural spirit set up its cry: "Woe is me! Wretched! because from this time forth I shall be often hindered."

The little girl, Beatrice, being only nine years old could scarcely have comprehended this precocious philosophy, but the boy, Dante, was older, almost ten.

The second picture holds in perspective a street in Florence. The principal object is Beatrice, all in white. She is accompanied by two elder ladies. At the point of vision stands the susceptible Dante, now a

* No poet has ever exerted such a profound influence over thought and life as Dante. He may be said to have created the Italian language, or to at least have given it its permanent literary form. More than any other writer he moulded the mind of Christendom. His vision of the three-fold realms of heaven, hell and purgatory was the dominant theological force of the Middle Ages. It strongly influenced the conceptions of Milton's great poem and the art and thought of Christendom from his own day to this on the doctrine of Last Things.

In the city of Florence is still shown the house which bears the inscription: "Here the divine poet Dante was born." In the

profound youth of nearly nineteen. She saluted him. She may have said only: "Good morning, Mr. Alighieri," but the sound of her voice, heard for the first time, so intoxicated him that he turned away from the crowd, which by the way, I have left out of the picture as being of no account, and betook him to the solitude of his own chamber, where, thinking of Beatrice he fell asleep and saw a vision.

He saw in his chamber a cloud the colour of fire, within which a Lord of aspect fearful. Yet this great Lord, who was Love, seemed within himself to be joyful as he spake many darkly wise things to Dante. The words Dante understood were: "I am thy Lord." And this was the panoramic vision. This great Lord held in his arms the sleeping Beatrice wrapped lightly in a blood-red cloth. In one hand he held a thing all on fire which he said was Dante's heart, and with which, when he had awakened her, he tried to feed Beatrice. Indeed she did eat it, but as one in fear, After this the joy of this great

vaults of the great dome which Brunelleschi hung high in air are depicted with vivid realism the scenes of the Inferno. As his seer like figure passed through the streets the awe-struck boys would point at the austere poet as "the man who had been in hell." Banished from the city of his love, he died in exile; Ravenna guards his bones, but Florence pays later tribute to his memory in monument and staph.

The love-story of this great . . . is one of the immortal themes of art and song. It reveals the tenderer and more human aspect of the man. We have pleasure in submitting to our readers the sympathetic interpretation of this story from the accomplished pen of Mrs. F. Liffiton.—Ed.

Lord turned into a most bitter lament; and, weeping, he gathered up the lady in his arms and with her went away toward heaven.

Dante made a sonnet of this vision, saluting the liegemen of love, and inviting them to give an interpretation of that which he had seen in his slumber. Among those who replied was Guido Cavalcanti: and this was the beginning of that long friendship which is an interesting factor in the history of Dante's life.

After this vision our hero was so given over to thoughts of the most gentle lady Beatrice that he fell into a frail physical condition, so that many inquired the cause of his altered appearance. Dante replied that it was love that had so wasted him. And when they asked him the object of this grand passion, he smiled pathetically and made no answer.

One day when in an assembly (probably at church) improving every available moment by gazing at Beatrice, it so happened that a young and genteel lady looked so much at him as to attract the remarks of Dame Grundy (who at that time resided in Florence) so that Dante as he was leaving the place, overheard the comment: "Behold how that lady wastes the life of this man." "Then," says Dante, "I took great comfort, being sure that my secret had not been communicated through mine eyes; and at once I thought to make of this gentle lady a screen of the truth; and in a short time such show I made of it that many persons who held discourse about me, believed that they knew my secret."

This dissembling was continued for months and years, and Dante, to establish a firmer credence in the public mind, wrote and circulated concerning her what he called certain trifles in rhyme.

But in the course of time this

lady was obliged to go to a distant place, and Dante, to preserve the delusion found it necessary to speak grievously of her departure and to make some lament for it in a sonnet. After a time it was shown that this lady would not return, so the scheming Lord of Love directed Dante to another fair lady who would be his screen and defence as the other was. He obeyed (to use his own words) "to such a degree that too many people spoke of it beyond the terms of courtesy."

It was on this account that the gentle Beatrice denied him her salutation. "In which," he says, "lay all my bliss."

And now was the course of true love anything but smooth. What could the distracted lover do but weep, and lament. But so doing he fell asleep and, as before, the great Lord of Love came to his assistance, explaining the cause of Beatrice's aversion and directing him to write a ballad about his love of her which he (Love) promised to accompany and to render clear. Dante obeyed and the ballad pleads that his love has been hers since boyhood, and begs that if it trouble her to give pardon that she should bid that he no longer live. This ballad was not addressed directly to Beatrice, nor does it contain her name, but it was to be circulated so as to come to her notice.

There was a custom pertaining to weddings in Florence, that certain ladies, friends of the bride, should accompany her at her first sitting at table in the house of her husband. Such a marriage had taken place and Beatrice was among the ladies so assembled. Dante, not knowing whom he might see, had gone in at the invitation of a friend to help serve. At the sight of the lady of his love, he was so overcome that his friend had to lead him away. Some of the ladies near Beatrice made a mock of the love-smitten swain.

which cruelly wounded his sensitive heart and occasioned a new and pathetic sonnet—and this was followed by two others in which the sorrowful yet sweet philosophy of the heart is rendered in fitting strain.

One day a group of fair ones who had witnessed many of Dante's discomfitures called him to them and began to put to him questions regarding his passion.

"To what end," said one, "lovest thou this lady, since thou canst not sustain her presence? Tell us, for sure the end of such a love must be most strange."

"My ladies," replied Dante, "the end of my love was formerly the salutation of this lady of whom you perchance are thinking, and in that dwelt the beatitude which was the end of all my desires. But since it has pleased her to deny it to me, my Lord Love, through his grace, has placed all my beatitude in that which cannot fail me."

"We pray thee," said one after they had talked among themselves, "tell us wherein consists this beatitude of thine."

Dante replied: "In those words which praise my lady." Then this lady spoke words so wise that the whole trend of Dante's mind and composition was from that time materially altered:

"If thou hadst said the truth in this, those words which thou hast spoken setting forth thine own condition must have been composed with other intent."

"Henceforward," said Dante, "I propose to take for my theme that which should be in praise of my lady."

So from writing about love's effect upon himself, he began to consider how best to set forth the beauty, grace, goodness, and most of all the humility of the lady Beatrice.

But it was many days before he

had courage to begin so lofty a theme.

At length it came to pass that walking beside a clear stream, so great a desire came upon him to say something in verse that he began to consider earnestly what form it should take. He thought it would not be becoming to speak of Beatrice excepting to ladies, and, to use his own words, "not to every lady, but only to those who are gentle, and are not women merely.

Then his tongue moved as if of its own accord and said: "Ladies that have intelligence of Love." These words he treasured with great joy, thinking to make them the beginning of that poem which he would write. Accordingly, after some days he wrote the following canzone:

Ladies that have intelligence of Love,
I of my lady wish with you to speak;
Not that I can believe to end her praise,
But to discourse that I may ease my mind.
I say that when I think upon her worth,
So sweet Love maketh himself feel to me,
That if I then my courage did not lose,
Speaking, I would enamour all mankind.
And I wish not so loftily to speak
As to become through apprehension vile.
But of her gentle nature I will treat
In manner light compared with her desert,
Enamoured dames and damosels with you,
For 'tis not thing to speak of unto others.
An angel crieth in the mind divine,
And saith: "O Sire, on earth is to be seen
A miracle in action, that proceeds
From out a soul which far as here doth shine.
Heaven, which hath not any other defect
Save want of her, demands her of its Lord,
And every saint doth for this favour beg.

Only Compassion our part defendeth;
And thus speaks God, who of my lady thinks,
"O my elect, now suffer ye in peace
That, while it pleaseth me, your hope abide
Where dwelleth one who feareth loss of her,
And who shall say in hell to the foredoomed,
'I have beheld the hope of those in bliss.'

My lady is desired in highest heaven;
Now will I of her virtue make you know.
I say: Whoso would see a gentle dame
Should go with her; for when she passeth by
Love casts a frost upon all catiff hearts,
So that their every thought doth freeze and
perish.

And what can bear to stay on her to look
Will noble thing become, or else will die.

And when one finds that he may worthy be
To look on her, he doth his virtue prove ;
For then that comes to him which gives
him health,
And humbles him till he forgets all wrong.
And God hath given her for greater grace,
That who hath spoke with her cannot end ill.

Love saith concerning her, "How can it be
That mortal thing be thus adorned and
pure?"

Then gazing on her, to himself he swears
That God in her a new thing means to make.
Colour of pearl so clothes her as doth best
Become a lady, nowise in excess.
Whate'er of good Nature can make she is,
And by her pattern beauty tries itself.
From out her eyes howe'er she moveth them,
Spirits inflamed of love go forth, which
strike

The eyes of him who then may look on them,
And enter so that every heart they find.
Love you behold depicted in her smile,
Whereon no one can look with steadfast
gaze.

I know, Canzone, thou wilt go to speak
With many ladies, when I send thee forth,
And now I bid thee, having bred thee up
As young and simple daughter unto Love,
That where thou comest thou shouldst pray-
ing say,

"Teach me which way to go, for I am sent
To her with praise of whom I am adorned."

And if thou wishest not to go in vain,
Remain not there where villain folk may be.
Endeavour, if thou mayst, to be acquaint
Only with lady or with courteous man,
Who thee shalt guide along the speediest
way.

Thou wilt find Love in company with her ;
Commend me to them as best behoveth thee.

In our own time when an author has attained distinction by something which he has written, he may make an acceptable magazine article of how he came to do it, but Dante's style included all that. Each of the thirty-one poems of "The New Life" has its prose introduction with its *raison d'être*, and is followed by a philosophic analysis. This was partly to pander to the literary taste of the times which delighted in logical distinctions and rhetorical divisions, and partly to make the meanings clear to a public unaccustomed to any pretentious literature in the vulgar tongue.

One example of this must suffice.

"After this canzone (that already quoted beginning: Ladies that have intelligence of love) had been some-

what divulged to the world, inas-
much as one of my friends had
heard it, the desire moved him to
beg me that I should tell him what
Love is, entertaining, perhaps
through the words he had heard, a
hope of me beyond my desert.
Wherefore I, thinking that after
such a treatise, it were beautiful to
treat somewhat of Love, and think-
ing that my friend was to be
served, resolved to speak words
in which I would treat of Love, and
then I devised this sonnet:

"Love is but one thing with the gentle heart,
As in the saying of the sage we find.
Thus one from other cannot be apart,
More than, reason from the reasoning mind.
When Nature amorous becomes, she makes
Love then her Lord, the heart his dwelling-
place,

Within which, sleeping, his repose he takes,
Sometimes for brief, sometimes for longer
space.

Beauty doth then in modest dame appear
Which pleaseth so the eyes, that in the heart
A longing for the pleasing thing hath birth ;
And now and then so long it lasteth there,
It makes Love's spirit wide awake to start :
The like in lady doth a man of worth."

After this the father of Beatrice died, and Dante hearing the remarks of the ladies who had been to condole with her, covered his face with his hands and wept. One said, "Truly, she so weepeth that whoever should behold her must die of pity." Another said: "Who of us should ever be joyful, since we have heard this lady speak so piteously?" Then they began to remark of Dante as they passed, "This one here is weeping neither more nor less than if he had seen her as we have," and, "Behold this man is become such he seemeth not himself."

Of this chapter of incidents Dante made two sonnets, which brings us to the central poem—a somewhat lengthy canzone all about a dream that seems like a precursor of the death of Beatrice. This dream is the subject of a painting by Dante Gabriel Rossetti, in which Dante, conducted by Love, clad in crimson, is gazing at the peaceful figure of the dead Beatrice which

two ladies were about to cover with a veil filled with symbolical flowers.

When at length the sad event took place, Dante could scarcely find more piteous words in which to bewail it than those spent upon the dream. He tells that she hath gone to heaven, that she was too gentle for this life, and how the thought that she had gone made him to long for death. The very same plaint that the bereaved ones make in our own day, the very same grief felt through all the centuries, only said beautifully, said strongly, and said in a language in which the emotions of the heart had never before been crystallized:

Such pain assaileth me on every side,
That then I tremble with the woe I feel ;
And such do I become
That from the people shame disparteth me :
Then, weeping, all alone, in my lament
I call on Beatrice, saying, "Art thou dead?"
And while I call on her she comforts me.
The tears of grief, the sighs of agony,
Lay waste my heart whene'er I am alone,
So that whoe'er might see would sorrow feel.
And what indeed my life hath been since she,
My lady, to the new world went away,
No tongue there is that could know how to
tell.

About fifteen months after the death of Beatrice, Dante, being in a place where he was reminded of the past time, stood in deep and distressful thought, when, lifting his

eyes, he saw in a window a lady who gave him such a look of compassionate sympathy that he could scarcely restrain his tears.

Several times he saw her, and soon began to think so much about her that his sorrow for the gentle Beatrice was a little assuaged. But he was jealous of his own fidelity, and ashamed that he could in any degree be comforted for her loss, and so sharp was his contrition that all his thoughts returned to Beatrice, and tears and anguish possessed him as before. After two more sonnets, freighted with adoration of the glorified Beatrice, Dante concludes the "New Life" by recording a vision in which, he says: "I saw things which made me resolve to speak no more of this blessed one, until I could more worthily treat of her. And to attain to this, I study to the utmost of my power, as she truly knoweth. So that, if it shall please Him through whom all things live that my life shall be prolonged for some years, I hope to say of her what was never said of any woman. And then may it please him who is the Lord of Grace, that my soul may go to behold the glory of that blessed Beatrice, who in glory looketh upon the face of Him who is blessed for ever and ever."

NON SINE LUMINE.

BY E. BOAL.

Non sine lumine,
If I am but true to Thee,
And, in Thy Love and Light,
In Thy gentleness and might,
Thou, my Friend, wilt ever be
Non sine lumine!

Non sine lumine,
With what glorious ecstasy,
Weak and erring though I am,
I shall see the Paschal Lamb,
Who gave life and light to me,
Non sine lumine!

Non sine lumine,
Thou my stay and guide :halt be ;
When on life's embattled field,
In Thy strength, I need not yield,
Let this song flow steadily,
Non sine lumine!

Non sine lumine,
When all earthly visions flee,
When my form lies in the grave,
And the grasses o'er me wave,
I shall sing eternally,
Non sine lumine!

"OUR GRIP ON THE MORROW."

BY JACOB A. RIIS.*



THERE is no stronger prop under the character that forms in the growing boy than his home. The tenement is a destroyer of home and of character, of the individuality that makes character tell. A homeless city—a city without civic pride, without citizen virtue, a despoiler of children, a destroyer of the to-morrow.

We found out what our neglect had made of the public school when three applicants for appointment as policemen under Theodore Roosevelt wrote in their examination papers that five of the thirteen States that formed the Union were, "England, Ireland, Wales, Belfast, and Cork"! Another wrote that Lincoln was murdered by Ballington Booth!

And the "truants" we made by slamming the school doors in their faces, we took and locked up in a jail behind iron bars, with burglars and thieves, and bad boys of every kind, and divided them there—not into the good and the bad; not into the sheep and the goats, remembering that in mingling them there was fearful danger, for how should the young burglar, bursting with pride in his exploit, keep from bragging of it to his admiring side-partner?—not that way were they classified, with a sense of the peril of such a contact, but into squads, according to height: four feet, four feet seven, and over four feet seven!

And now here is a prop which, certainly during a most critical

period of the boy's life, should stand ahead even of the school. I mean his play. Froebel, the great kindergarten, who gave us the best legacy of the nineteenth century to its successor, said that play is "the normal occupation of the child through which he first perceives moral relations." Upon this truth and the other, that the child "learns by doing," he built his whole common-sense system, which we now know to be the right beginning of all education, whether of rich or poor. How have we dealt with this strong bulwark? As sacredly should it be guarded as the right of habeas corpus; the one is not of greater moment to the commonwealth than the other. You cannot make a good citizen of the lad whom you denied a chance to kick a ball across lots when that was his ambition and his right. I have said it before: it takes a whole boy to make a whole man.

How did we guard this bulwark of play? In the chief city of the land, up to half a dozen years ago, the lad had not one place where he might play, safe from the policeman. Not a single playground was there, even on that East Side where half a million tenants were pent up in the big barracks, out of sight and reach of a green spot.

It took years to make us see what a clear-headed man across the sea had made out many years before; namely, that crime in our large cities is, to an unsuspected extent, a question of athletics merely—of giving the boys a chance to play when that is what they need. Boys are like steam boilers with steam always up: the steam has to have a safe outlet, or it will find an un-

* Abridged from "The Peril and the Preservation of the Home." By Jacob A. Riis.

safe one. Boilers have safety-valves with which it is best not to meddle. The boy's safety-valve is his play. Let the landlord hang up his sign in the yard that he will have no ball-playing there, and let the policeman refuse the lad the chance to play in the street, which is a bad place to play at best—let these two sit on the boy's safety-valve, and you need not marvel at the explosion you will hear. You can read of it in the papers every day: such and such a "gang" waylaid the policeman on the beat last night and beat him with his own club. It is nothing to marvel at, no special depravity; it was just the boiler that went bang.

That was the way we safeguarded that prop under the boy, who is father to the man, and we reaped as our reward crooked citizenship. We are at last taking the kindergarten seriously; here and there "play-schools" are being opened in the long summer vacations. In New York, we have built half a dozen play-piers out into the river, where the little ones dance to the music of brass bands in the evening. I told you how we put brass bands up on the schoolhouse roofs and invited the neighbourhood in. Boston has "play-rooms" for indoor fun in crowded neighbourhoods. We shall yet have "play-houses" for the children's use as well as for the grown folk; but it is still a running fight. Twice in the past year have I been appealed to help save the kindergarten from ignorant town boards, who could not see what good there was in it that the people should be taxed for its support. The dawn of common-sense has set in, but it will be some time yet to the broad daylight.

There are other props which we have hardly recognized as such. There is the respect for law that means respect for the majesty of the commonwealth, of the State. What

have we made of that? Of the factory law, said a legislative committee that looked us over, we made a mess of perjury and child labour. The excise law became a vehicle of blackmail and corruption.

The very enforcement of law has sometimes seemed a travesty: the boy who steals fifty cents is sent to the House of Correction; the man who steals a railroad goes free.

Come, now, with me to the reformatory and look at their records. Three-fourths of the young men who land there are "without moral sense," yet "of average mental capacity." See how all but eight or nine in a hundred had bad homes, or homes which, at all events, had no influence for good upon their lives. More than ninety per cent. were adrift at the age when character is formed. And only one in a hundred escaped bad company.* The street has no other kind of company, and the street is the alternative of the home.

"Weakness is what ails the young criminal, not wickedness," say the prison superintendent, the prison chaplain, every one who knows. Lack of character, that is. How could he grow a character in such a setting as his? And for this setting, we, not he, are responsible!

I remember the "Kid" they brought to police headquarters handcuffed to two policemen whom he had tried to kill when they came upon him robbing a store. If ever there was a tough, he was one. And yet when they brought him out from the detective office, where he had had his pedigree taken, and been photographed, and hung in the Rogues' Gallery, as the first stop on his way to the jail and to the gallows, there was something underneath the hard crust that spoke to me of the image of God in which he was made. Overlaid by the slum,

* See Year Book of Elmira Reformatory.

yes! hopelessly, you might have said; but there is no such thing as hopelessness where the spark of His life is. It may be quickened at any moment. It needs only the right thing to strike fire, and that thing is always the same.

Love of God? He did not know what it was. He would have spurned you away had you come to him with it on your lips. But when, five minutes later, a cry of horror went up on Broadway, where a little toddling baby had strayed out upon the railroad track with a run-away car not ten feet from the child, who crowed with delight at the sound of the bell, which the grip-man banged, sick with dread, for he was powerless to stay the car—when we stood frozen to stone with the despairing shriek of that mother whom men were holding back while they turned their heads away, with her cries ringing the doom of the child in our ears—when there seemed no help on earth, then it was the "Kid" who tore himself from the grasp of the policemen and sprang upon the car-track, saving the child at the risk of his own life a thousand times over! Thief, tough, indexed, and hung in the Rogues' Gallery; started fair for the jail and the gallows, he did not hesitate. The peril of the innocent child struck the spark, and the image came out which the slum had tried to smother. Plenty there are who, had they seen him, would not have thought it was there; for there are other things beside the slum that bury it deep, too deep for the spark to struggle through: too good a time, overindulgence, selfishness, for instance. It is not the first time that men have sought the Lord in the high places in vain. The wise men found Him cradled in the stable with the dumb beasts, and they worshipped Him there.

There was Fighting Mary. She earned her name; that tells the

story. A pupil on occasion in the Industrial School of the Children's Aid Society on Seventh Avenue, she had acquired such a reputation as a battler with the gangs of the neighbourhood, that it seemed like putting a premium on bad conduct, I suppose, to bid her to the Thanksgiving dinner; but better counsel prevailed, and she was allowed to come. And when she saw the little mince-pie at her plate—a whole pie, the first and only one in her desolate life, though nothing was farther from her mind than thoughts of desolation, with several unsettled scores on hand—her whole childish soul went out to it. She caressed it tenderly, felt of it, sniffed its sweet fragrance, and, when every sense was satisfied except the one that the children all about her were gorging, she crammed it, as carefully as she might, all warm and pulpy, as it was, into her dress pocket. The boys saw it, and, encouraged by the presence of strangers, jeered a little; not very loudly, for they knew the penalty well; but she heard it, and, with one of the looks before which the "gang" had quailed before, she said just this: "For mother."

That was all; but it brought the tears of penitence, of sorrow, and of gladness to the eyes of the good women who thought once of shutting her out as quite beyond hope. Before that day's sunset, they did what they could to undo the wrong by adopting a resolution that has since stood upon the records of all the twenty schools and more of the Children's Aid Society: that occasions of mince-pie shall carry double rations always, one for Mary and one for mother!

These are the children whose backs we have been loading with the heredity of the slum, of ignorance, of homelessness. There came to me the other day a letter asking me to be present at the fiftieth annual

meeting of that Children's Aid Society, which has in all these years been trying to break the bonds of the slum by taking the children from it and planting them out on the western fields, where they may grow in the sunlight. And grow they did; at the meeting to which I was invited, three governors were to be present, two elected by the people in their States, and one territorial governor appointed by the President; and all three of them were once bare-legged little ragamuffins taken from the slum of New York!

No hope? No, there will be none for *us*, unless our eyes are opened speedily; for it does not end here. We can choose whether we will make of the lad in the slum a governor or a thief; and we shall have to foot the bill here, if we choose the bad end. But there is another reckoning coming for smothering God's image in a human soul. Somebody has got to foot that bill, too, and it will not be the boy. He was the victim.

The boy sees the choice we are making. He sees us building jails when we should have built schools, though the schools are many times cheaper any way one looks at it. If he has heard that I am my brother's keeper, he must conclude upon the evidence that it means jail-keeper; and, in disgust and derision at our lack of sense, he throws stones and mud. And who shall blame him! Not I. I joined him long ago, only I throw ink; but the idea is the same. The boy has been foully dealt with.

And foolishly! Where it would have been—is—so easy to *form* we have been labouring with such infinite toil to *reform* it. It would have formed itself had we left the boy the home, for that is where character grows. The loss of it thrust a hundred problems upon us of finding props to take its place.

All the labour of forty years has been directed to that end.

The fresh-air holidays are one, and how strong a one, how sadly needed, he may know who hears the child cry out upon his first sight of God's open fields, "How blue the sky is, and how much there is of it!" Not much in his slum alley! "The fresh-air holiday," said a woman doctor who has laboured all her life among the poor in my city, "is a strong plaster for our social ills." And so it is. Some day I hope to see the touch from my old home, the neighbourly Danish touch, added to it for the good of us all. There they exchange; the boys from the city go out to the country to be made over, and the lads from the farms are taken to town by their teachers to see its wonders and to come nearer to the history of their country that is written there. So they feel more like what they are in fact, neighbours who can pull together all the better because they are no longer strangers. They have been introduced to one another. That idea is worth considering. In our great country, we need to pull together in the days that are coming even more than in the past. There is enough to pull us apart.

The boys' club is another prop. It is the key to the boy that heads off the "gang," and the reformatory that lurks behind it. In the beginning, it grew out of a missionary's great heart, and wherever there is heart in it one boys' club is worth a thousand policemen's clubs in the fight with the slum. The boys were breaking the windows of the mission houses in Tompkins' Square, and the police could not drive them off. The missionary's wife knew a plan, however: she invited them in to have coffee and cakes. That was the Gospel in practical form for Tompkins' Square, and the first boys' club that grew out of that

meeting has to-day an army of members which no building is big enough to house; and Tompkins' Square, that was once given over to rioting, to "bread or blood" processions, has become orderly and peaceful. We have grafted the boys' clubs upon the public school, and we never did anything better.

The kindergarten is such a prop, and the cooking-class is another—never a stronger in the fight with intemperance, that thrives upon bad cooking at home as upon nothing else. The whole reformed school is building new underpinnings for the lad who has so long been left to himself. We have replaced the three R's with the three H's—the head, the heart, and the hand. We are at last teaching the children to think. We are nearly where we can vote six millions of dollars for public schools as readily as for a battleship. When we get to where we can do it without a tremor, we shall be fairly on the home-stretch. As yet we shudder at the great sums; but they are the opportunities of our greatness, over which we must learn to rejoice more than over fine ships, mighty railroads, vast wheat fields, territorial expansion, and a full treasury; because, if they are not heeded, these other things are but so many temptations and traps for our stumbling feet.

The social settlement is, of all the substitute props, the strongest. It takes all the rest into its plan to help; and it goes to the home, which is the kernel of all, and tries to help there with neighbourly touch. That is the cure. Greed and selfishness killed the home! human sympathy only can bring it back. "My brother" is the word that has healing for all our social ills. The settlement has been compared to a bridge upon which men go over, not down, from the mansion to the tenement; for a bridge must be level to be good.

There was a time when men went down to that work, or shot down their coal and their groceries, as if through a coal-chute, in contemptuous settlement of brotherhood arrears. That did not work. The crop we raised from that was hatred and helplessness. But the personal touch can redeem even free soup; and if there is anything more hopeless than that I do not know it. I am told that here in Philadelphia, where it unaccountably survives, it is coupled, after all, with kindly inquiry and personal interest, serves as a means of opening the door merely. It is a bad key; but, if that is the use it is put to, as I am told by a venerable Quaker, who confronted me sternly with the question, "Jacob, why did thee say in thy book that in Philadelphia common-sense appears to be drowned in soup?"—if that is the way of it, I am willing to condone even free soup, otherwise outlawed as hopeless. It was never the way in my city.

So, whichever way we turn, we come back to the commandment: "My children, love one another." Doing that, we can leave the results with Him who said it. But we can make them out even now. We can see how things are beginning to tend back towards the home where love grows naturally in the family. The neighbourhood idea, that is the heart of the settlement movement, rouses civic pride, rouses ideals that were dead, restores to the neighbourhood individuality and to the family dignity. The mothers' club, what does it mean, what does it discuss, but home-making? The home library brings the visitor to the home, picks it out and gives it separate existence, and ties the children to it with a new loyalty. The boys' club belongs there in its ultimate development, and will yet go there for its meetings, and the girls' club, too. That must be the ultimate aim of the settlement,

which is now preparing the ground for it. Everywhere, consciously or unconsciously, the movement is in the air, and growing, to rescue the home from neglect, to put a stop to child labour, and to home-work that would exclude the family life; the movement to send mother and children back to the home where they are safe.

I am my brother's keeper, and I am ashamed at last not to own it. That is the keynote of the whole modern reform movement, the new charity, the new school, the social settlement and all; and thank God for it!

How long we were finding out that we were neighbours! A year or two ago, I went to a suburb of New York to speak of these things, even as I am now speaking to you. And when that evening I sat at the family board with my host, who was a clergyman, a secretary in a foreign mission board, he said, looking around upon his little ones, that, if I could find him a poor widow in the city with five children of their ages, whom they could go along with and help as they grew, I would be doing a good thing for them, and a better thing for his children. And I promised, for that was ideal charity, neighbour with neighbour.

But it was not easy. Weeks passed before I found a family in

an East Side tenement that just filled the requirements. It was Christmas Eve, and, while I stayed to look them over; I came to love them, the good children, and the brave little woman fighting her fight all unaided. She told me that she was a scrub-woman in a public building; but it was not until I had gone half-way over to the office, to tell my friend on the telephone that I had found what he sought, that I thought of asking where she scrubbed. I went back to ask her.

And where was it, do you think? In the mission building, on his floor! Between them was just the thickness of the oaken door, all the time she had been needing him as he did her, and neither knew where to find the other. They were neighbours in very truth, and they did not know it.

It may be that your neighbour lives as near to you, in want of much that you can give, your love and friendship first and last. Go and seek him. And when you have found him, bind up his wounds, help him and care for him; and, when you must depart on the morrow, leave of your substance that he may be cared for until you come that way again. That was neighbourliness as the Good Samaritan saw it.

"Go," said the Saviour, "go, and do thou likewise."

HEROISM.

Not on the battlefield, I deem,
Are deeds the most heroic done;
Not where the sword and bayonet gleam
Are victories the grandest won.

Not in the plague-infested town,
Where stay the few the sick to save,
And for their lives their own lay down,
Shalt thou behold the world most brave.

In acts of great self-sacrifice,
Of which all men with wonder hear,
A secret inspiration lies
That stirs the soul and conquers fear.

To do the duty few shall know
And knowing scorn, that God requires,
The menial duty far below
The task to which the heart aspires—

To do such service, out of love,
Unmoved by either praise or blame,
And with a steadfast soul above
The reach of either pride or shame—

Displays a courage that alone
In one such act doth far outshine
All other earth hath ever known,
A courage Christlike and divine.

A SINGULAR LIFE.

BY ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS WARD.

XVIII.



HE mosquito-net portiere swayed softly in the night wind. Emanuel Bayard sat in his study and looked about the poor place, gasping, like a man who has received or given a mortal hurt. The marred face of the great Christ looked through the coarse, white gauze; it seemed to scrutinize him sternly; he bowed his head before the gaze of the picture.

The gradual descent from a spiritual height to a practical level is, at best, a strain under which the godliest nature quivers; but Bayard experienced the shock of a plunge. From the elation of the past hour to the consternation of the present moment was a long leap.

He closed his eyes to see the blood-red sunset unfurling its flag over the broad beach; he opened them to see Mrs. Granite's kerosene lamp smoking on the study-table of grained pine wood. The retina of his soul suffered an adjustment as abrupt and as severe. But an hour ago, a thousand people had hung swaying upon the breath that went forth from between his lips; their upturned faces offered him that most exquisite of flatteries—the reverence of a great audience for an orator who has mastered them. We should remember that the religious orator stands, both in privilege and in peril, apart from his kind. He may suffer at once the subtlest of human dangers, and the deepest of human joys. Bayard trembled yet with the exaltation of that solemn hour.

An hour ago, he was a man of God. Now he called himself less than a man among men.

Bound by every claim of spiritual and of human honour to preserve the strong silence by which a man protects a woman from himself, and himself from her, he had weakly—to his high view it seemed he had ignobly—broken it. He had declared love to a woman whom he could not ask to be his wife. To crown the pity of it and the shame, he had turned on his heel, and left her—so!

"I have done a thing for which I would have thrashed a man who had done as much by a sister of mine!" said this young apostle between his teeth. And now—what? It seemed to his quivering sensibility a proof that he had fallen to a far depth, that the first bare instinct of his anguish was not to say, "What is my duty in this thing?" but "How shall I bear it?"

What that automatism of Christian habit which time and trouble may teach the coldest scoffer to respect, Bayard's hand groped for his Bible. We have seen this touching movement in the sick, the aged, the bereaved, and in the utterly alone; and who of us has been so poor in spirit as to do it irreverence? In so young a man this desolate instinct had a deep significance.

Bayard's Bible opened at the New Testament, whose worn pages moved apart, at a touch, like lips that would answer him.

As he took the book something fell from it to the floor. He stooped, holding his finger between the open leaves, and picked the object up. It was a flower—a pressed flower—the saxifrage that he had gathered from the hem of her dress on the sand of the beach, that April day.

The Bible fell from his knee. He snatched the dead flower to his lips, and kissed it passionately.

"There was another, too," he hungrily said. "There was a pansy. She left it on the sofa pillow in this room. The pansy! the pansy!"

He took up the Bible, and searched feverishly. But he could not find the pansy; the truth being that Jane Granite had seen it on the study-table, and had dusted it away.

He laid the Bible down upon the table, and seized the saxifrage. He kissed it again and again; he devoured it over and over; he held it in the palm of his hand, and softly laid his cheek upon it. . . .

Behind the white gauze, the Christ on the wall looked down. Suddenly Bayard raised his haggard face. The eyes of the picture and the eyes of the man met.

"Anything but this—everything but this—Thou knowest." Aloud, Bayard uttered the words as if he expected to be heard.

"Only *this*—the love of man for woman—how canst Thou understand?"

Bayard arose to his full height; he lifted his hands till they touched the low, cracked ceiling; it seemed to him as if he lifted them into illimitable heaven; as if he bore on them the greatest mystery and the mightiest woe of all the race. His lips moved; only inarticulate whispers came from them.

Then his hands fell, and his face fell into them.

Bayard went to her like a man, and at once. At an hour of the morning so early that he felt obliged to apologize for his intrusion, his sleepless face appeared at the door of her father's cottage.

He had no more idea, even yet, what he should say to her than the Saint Michael over his study-table. He felt in himself a kind of pictorial helplessness; as if he represented something which he was incapable of expressing. His head swam. He leaned back on the bamboo chair in the parlour. Through the soft stirring of the lace curtains he watched a fleet start out and tack across the harbour. He interested himself in the greenish-white sails of an old schooner with a new suit on. He found it impossible to think coherently of the interview which awaited him.

A hand fell on the latch of the door. He turned—ah!

"Good-morning, Professor," said Bayard, rising manfully. His pale face, if possible, turned a shade whiter. It seemed to him the fitting sequel to his weakness that he should be called to account by the girl's father. "I have deserved it," he thought.

"Ah, Bayard, this is too bad!" said the Professor, cordially holding out his hand. "You have just missed my daughter. I am sure she will regret it. She took the twenty minutes past seven train."

"Took the train?" panted Bayard.

"She has gone to join some friends of ours—the Rollinses, at Campo Bello. She did not intend to leave for some days; but the mood took her, and off she started. I think, indeed, she went without her breakfast. Helen is whimsical at times. Do be seated! We will do our poor best to take my daughter's place," pursued the Professor, smiling indulgently; "and I'm especially glad of this opportunity, Bayard, to tell you how much I was impressed by your discourse last

night. I don't mind saying so at all."

"Thank you, Professor," said Bayard faintly. He found it impossible to talk. The Professor felt rather hurt that the young man took his leave so soon.

Bayard went back to his rooms, and wrote to her; if he could have done so, he would have followed her to Campo Bello by the next boat. The pitiable fact was, that he could not raise the money for the trip. It occurred to him to force the occasion and borrow it—of his treasurer, of George Fenton, of his uncle; but he dismissed these fantasies as madness, and swiftly wrote:

I hurried to you at the first decent moment this morning; but I was not early enough by an hour.

The reason why I do not—why I cannot follow you, by the next train, perhaps you will understand without my being forced to explain. I take the only method left to me of justifying myself—if it is possible for me to do that—in your eyes.

I dare not believe—I dare not hope, that what I have done can mean any more to you than passing embarrassment to a friendship whose value and permanence shall not be disturbed by my weakness if I can help it.

I love you. I ought not to have told you so. I did not mean to tell you so.

But I love you! A man situated as I am has no right to declare his feeling for a woman like yourself. This wrong have I done—not to you; I do not presume to dream that I could thereby in any way wrong you—but to myself, and to my love for you. It was my sacred secret; it is now your absolute possession. Do with it—and with me—as you will.

Emanuel Bayard.

He despatched this note by the first mail to Campo Bello, and waited in such patience as he could command for such answer as she chose to make him. He waited a miserable time. At the end of that week came a letter in her strong, clear hand. He shut himself into his rooms, turned the key and read:

My Dear Mr. Bayard.—I am not quite sure that I entirely understand you. But I believe in you, altogether; and what I do not understand I am proud to take on trust.

The love of a man like yourself would be a tribute to any woman. I shall count it the honour of my life that you have given it to me. And I

shall be, because of it, all the more and always,

Your loyal friend,
Helen Carruth.

This composed and womanly reply did not serve to quell the agitation in which Bayard had awaited it. He read and re-read, studied and scrutinized the few self-contained words with a sense of helplessness which equalled his misery. His position seemed to him intolerable. Something undignified about it cut the proud fellow to the quick. He had thought himself prepared for any natural phase in the lot which he had elected. In the old language which the devotees of ages have instinctively used, and which to each solitary heart seems a figure of speech as new as its own anguish, Bayard had believed himself able to "bear his cross." He had now to learn that, in the curious, complex interplay of human life, a man may not be able even to bear his burden alone, and drop decently under it when the time comes. Suppose, as the cross-bearer crawls along in blood and dust, that the arm of the coarse wood strikes and bruises the delicate flesh of a woman's shoulder?

Suppose—oh, suppose the unsupportable, the maddening!

Suppose she might have been led, taught by his great love to love him? What then?

Because a man had a duty to God, had he none to a woman?

After a night of sleepless misery, he wrote again:

Is there no way in which I can see you—if only for a moment? Shall you be in Boston—if you are not coming to Windover—on your return home? This is more than I can bear.

Yours utterly,

E. B.

And Helen answered:

My Dear Friend.—Mother wrote me yesterday that she needed my help in packing. We go back to Cesarea on the 9th, and I shall therefore be in Windover for the twenty-four hours preceding our start. . . . Do not suffer so! I told you that I trusted you. And I always shall.

Yours faithfully,

H. C.

It was a chilly September evening. The early dark of the coming autumn leaned from a clouded sky. The guests, few now, and select, of the sort that know and love the September Windover, clustered around the fire-

place. On the piazza of the "Flying Jib" the trunks stood strapped for the late evening porter and the early morning train. Bayard heard Helen's voice in the rooms overhead, while he sat, with whirling brain, making such adieus as he could master to Professor and Mrs. Carruth. He thought that the Professor looked at him with unwonted keenness; he might have called it sternness, if he had given himself time to reflect upon it. Reflect he did not, would not. He asked distinctly for Miss Helen. Her mother went to call her, and did not return. Professor Carruth lingered a few moments, and excused himself. He shook hands with Bayard somewhat abstractedly, and went over to the clam study, swinging a lantern on his thin arm to light the meadow path.

"It is too cold for father over there, to-night," said Helen immediately, when she and Bayard were left alone.

"I don't think he ought to go."

"Am I keeping your father out of this warm room?" asked Bayard with his quick perception. He glanced at the open fire on the hearth. "That won't do!" he said decidedly, rising.

"Oh, I didn't mean *that*!" cried Helen, flushing.

"It is true, all the same, whether you meant it or not," returned Bayard. "I shall stay but a few moments. Would you mind putting on something warm, and walking with me—for a little? We can go over to the clam study and get him."

"Very well," said Helen, somewhat distantly.

"Mother's waterproof will do," she said. She wrapped it quickly around her, and they started out. Helen pulled the hood of the cloak far over her head. And yet, what a look she had! The severity and simplicity of her appearance added to the gravity of her face a charm which he had never seen before. How womanly, how strong, how rich and ripe a being! He drew her hand through his arm authoritatively. She did not resent this trifling act of mastery. His fingers trembled; his arm shook as she leaned upon it. They struck out upon the meadow path in the dark, and, for a moment, neither spoke. Then he said:

"I have something to say to you. I shall wait till we have sent the Professor back."

"That will be better," said Helen, not without embarrassment. They came to the clam study, and he waited outside while she said:

"Come, papa! Go back to the fire! Mr. Bayard and I are going to walk."

The Professor meekly obeyed, and Helen locked the door of the fish-house, and put the key in her pocket.

"I shall give it to Mr. Salt to-night," she said. "We start at 7.20. Pepper is going to take us over."

These trivial words staggered Bayard's self-control.

"You always leave—so—early!" he stammered.

"Does that make it any worse?" she asked, trying to smile. It was not a very successful smile, and Bayard saw it. They were approaching the electric arc that lighted the entrance to the beach. The cold light lay white on her face. Its expression startled him.

"Everything makes it worse!" he groaned. "It is as bad as it can be!"

"I can see how it might have been worse," said Helen.

"That's more than I can do. What do you mean?"

"I would rather not tell you," replied Helen with gentle dignity.

"Tell me what you mean!"

He turned about and lifted her averted face; he touched her with the tip of one trembling finger under her chin.

"I prefer not to tell you, Mr. Bayard."

She did not flush, nor blush. Her eyes met his steadily. Something in them sent the mad colour racing across his face.

"Forgive me! I have no right to insist—I forgot—I have none to anything. I have no right to hear—to see—anything. God have mercy upon me!"

He put out his shaking hand, and gently covered with it her uplifted eyes; veiling from his own gaze the most sacred sight on earth. It was a beautiful act, and so delicately done that Helen felt as if a spirit had touched her.

But when she came to herself, and gave him her eyes again, with their accustomed, calm, feminine disguise, she saw no spirit, but the passionate face of a man who loved her and despaired of her as she had seen no man love or despair before.

"I cannot even ask for the chance to try," he cried. "I am as much shut out as a beggar in the street. I ought to be as dumb before you as the thousand-years' dead! And yet, God help me—I am a live man and I love you. I have no right to seek a right—I wrong you and myself by every word I say. by every moment I spend

in your presence. Good-bye!" he said with cruel abruptness, holding out his hand.

Helen did not take it. She turned her back to the great arc, and looked out to sea. Her figure, in its hooded cloak, stood strongly against the cold, white light. The tide rose upon the deserted beach insistently. The breakers roared on the distant shore.

"You must see—you must understand," he groaned. "I am a poor man—poorer than you ever took the trouble to think. Unpopular, out of the world, an obscure, struggling fellow, slighted, forgotten—no friends but a handful of fishermen and drunkards—and living on—what do you suppose my salary is?"

"It never occurred to me to suppose," said Helen, lifting her head proudly.

"Five hundred dollars a year; to be collected if possible, to be dispensed with if necessary."

He jerked the words out bitterly. His fancy, with terrible distinctness, took forbidden photographs by flashlight. He saw this daughter of conventional Cesarea, this child of ease and indulgence, living at Mrs. Granite's, boarding on prunes and green tea. He saw her trying to shake down the coal fire on a January day, while he was out making parish calls; sitting in the bony rocking-chair with the turkey-red cushion, beside the screen where the paper Cupid for ever tasted uneaten fruit. He saw the severe Saint Michael looking down from the wall on that young, warm woman-creature. He saw her sweep across the old, darned carpet in her purple robes, with gold at her throat and wrists. He saw her lift her soft arms. He saw— Now he put his hands before his own eyes.

"Oh, do not suffer so!" said Helen, in a faltering voice. "Do not, do not mind it—so much! It—it breaks my heart!"

These timid, womanly words recalled Bayard to himself.

"Before I break your heart," he cried, "I ought to be sawn asunder!"

" . . . Let us talk of this a little," he said in a changed tone. "Just a word. You must see—you must understand my position. What another man would say, in my place, I cannot say—to any woman. What I would die for the right to ask, I may not ask."

"I understand," said Helen almost inaudibly.

She stood still with her back to the light, and her face to the sea.

"I love you! I love you!" he re-

peated. "It is because I love you— Oh, do you see? Can you see?"

Helen made no reply. Was it possible that she dared not trust herself, at that moment, to articulate? Her silence seemed to the tortured man more cruel than the bitterest word which ever fell from the lip of a proud and injured woman.

Now again the camera of his whirling brain took instantaneous negatives. He saw himself doing what other men had done before him: abandoning a doubtful experiment of the conscience to win a woman's love. He saw himself chopping the treadmill of his unpopular, unsuccessful work to chips; a few strong blows would do it; the discouraged people would merge themselves in the respectable churches; the ripples that he had raised in the fishing-town would close over, and his submerged work would sink to the bottom and leave no sign. A few reformed drunkards would go on a spree; a few fishermen would feel neglected for awhile; the scarlet and white fires of the Church of the Love of Christ would go out on Angel Alley. In a year Windover would be what Windover was. The eye of the great Christ would gaze no more upon him through the veil of coarse gauze; while he—free—a new man—with life before him, like other men, and the right to love—like any other man—

"That," he said solemnly, as if he had spoken aloud, "is impossible. There could be only that one way. I cannot take it."

"No," she said, lifting her head, as if he had explained it all to her; "no. You could never do that. I would not have you do that for—for all that could happen—for—" she faltered.

"Great God!" thought Bayard, "and I cannot even ask her how much she cares—if she could ever learn or try to love me."

He felt suddenly a strange weakness. He leaned against a border for support, coughing painfully. It seemed to him as if he were inwardly bleeding to death.

"Oh!" cried Helen, turning about swiftly and showing her own white face. "You are not well—you suffer. This will not—must not—I cannot bear it!" she said bravely, but with a quivering lip. "Give me your arm, Mr. Bayard, and let us get home."

He obeyed her in silence. He felt, in truth, too spent to speak. They

got back to the door of the cottage, and Helen led him in. Her father was not in the parlour, and her mother had gone to bed. The fire had fallen to embers. Helen motioned him to an easy-chair, and knelt, coaxing the blaze, and throwing on pine wood to start it. She looked so womanly, so gentle, so home-like, and love-like, on her knees in the firelight there, caring for the comfort of the exhausted man, that the sight was more than he could bear. He covered his eyes.

"The fire flares so, coming in from the dark," he said.

She stepped softly about and brought him lemonade and crackers, but he shook his head.

"My little tea-urn is packed," she said, smiling, trying to look as if nothing had happened. "I would have made you such a cup of tea as you never tasted!"

"Spare me!" he pleaded. "Don't you suppose I know that?"

He rose manfully, as soon as he could. She stood in the firelight, looking up. A quiver passed over her delicate chin. He held out his hand. She put her strong, warm clasp within it.

"I told you that I trusted you," she said distinctly. "Believe me, and go in peace."

"I don't know another woman in the world who would!" cried Bayard.

"Then let me be that only one," she answered. "I am proud to be."

He could not reply. They stood with clasped hands. Their eyes did not embrace, but comradeship entered them.

"You will let me write?" he pleaded, at last.

"Yes."

"And see you—sometimes."

"Yes."

"And trust me—in spite of all?"

"I have said it."

"My blessing isn't worth much," he said brokenly, "but for what it is— Oh, my Love, God go with you!"

"And stay with you!" she whispered.

He laid her hand gently down, and turned away. She heard him shut the door, and walk feebly, coughing, up the avenue. He looked back once. He saw her standing between the lace curtains with her arms upraised, and her hand above her eyes, steadily looking out into the dark.

CHAPTER XIX.

So Emanuel Bayard entered into his Wilderness. Therein he was tempted like other men of God who renounce the greatest joy of life for its grandest duty. There he thirsted and hungered, and put forth no hand towards the meat or drink of human comfort; there he contended with himself, and hid his face, for he went into solitary places, and prayed apart, asking for that second strength which sustains a man in the keeping of the vow that he has not feared to take upon his soul—not knowing, till God teaches him, how easy it is to recognize, and how hard to hold, “the highest when we see it.”

Winter drew its yoke of ice about the shrinking shoulders of the Cape; the fleets huddled in the harbour; the fishermen drowned on the Grand Banks; Windover shivered and shrivelled, and looked with wincing, winking eyes upon the blinding horizon of the winter sea; the breakers broke in white fire upon the bar; Angel Alley drank and cursed to keep warm; and the young preacher's delicate face, patiently passing in and out beneath the white and scarlet lights of the chapel of Christlove, gathered a snowdrift of its own with the whitening of the year.

His work, like most service sustained in consecration and in common-sense by one pure and strong personality, grew upon his hands; not steadily, but by means of much apparent failure.

The fame of the missionary had gone abroad as such things do. It even happened now and then that some distinguished clergyman was seen jammed between a fisherman and a drunkard in the crush by the door; taking notes of the sermon, studying the man and his methods with humility characteristic of large men, and seldom imitated by little ones.

Bayard even fancied that Fenton looked at him a little wistfully; and that he spoke with him oftener and lingered longer when they met upon the streets of the sad and tempted town whose redemption both men, each in his own way, desired and

sought, with a sincerity which this biography would not intimate was to be found only in the heart of its subject, and hero.

“I heard a Boston man call you the Father Taylor of Windover one day,” abruptly said Fenton to the missionary, upon the post-office steps. “Boston could no farther go, I take it. I hear your audience has outgrown your mission-room. That must be a great encouragement; you must consider it a divine leading.”

Another day, Fenton, with his young wife on his arm, came down Angel Alley with the air of a tourist inspecting the points of interest in a new vicinity.

“Bayard!” he exclaimed; “you look as white as a Cesarea snowdrift. You are overworked, man. What can I do, to help you?— If there is anything,” he added with genuine concern, “you’d let me know, wouldn’t you?”

“Probably not, Fenton,” replied Bayard, smiling.

“I mean it,” urged the other, flushing.

“If you do, the time may come,” said Bayard dreamily.

He glanced at his old friend,—the rosy, well-fed man; at the round face destitute of the carving of great purpose or deep anxiety; at the pretty girl, who looked adoringly over the sleek elbow to which she clung. These two well-meaning, commonplace people seemed ennobled and beautified, as commoner far than they may be, by their human love and happiness. Bayard, in his shabby clothes, with his lonely face, watched them with a certain reverence.

He thought—but when did he not think of Helen?

He wrote; she answered; they did not meet; he worked on patiently; and the winter went. Bayard drowned himself in his work with the new and conscious ardour of supreme renunciation. He thought of the woman whom he loved, as the diver at the bottom of the sea, when the pumps refused to work, thinks of sky and shore and sun, of air and breath.

(To be continued.)

That day is best wherein we give
 A thought to others' sorrows;
 Forgetting self, we learn to live,
 And blessings born of kindly deeds
 Make golden our to-morrows.—*Rose H. Thorpe.*

"FOR GOD AND THE WHITE CZAR."*

BY E. A. TAYLOR.



"YOU were never in Moscow, — Moscow the holy, as they call her,—at Easter?" said Helen questioningly.

"I was never in Russia at all," Lois answered, briskly, "and I never felt I wanted to be either.

Somehow I always disliked Russia and things Russian."

"Present company excepted, let us hope," smiled Helen.

"My dear, you can't call yourself Russian," remonstrated her friend.

"My grandfather is most emphatically a Russian—my father was one, before he went home. Certainly, my mother was Scotch, but Murray and I are Russian-born, and our education has been like our parentage, both Saxon and Slavic. Of course, so far as national feeling is concerned I am a Scotchman's wife, and his people are as entirely my people as his God is my God. But still I don't think you people realize the true greatness of Russia, like I felt it when I stood with the pilgrims in Moscow, and saw the dawn of Easter."

Helen paused, and looked across the garden where the fronded palms stood sentinel to the glistening white Hawaiian beach, and the blue Pacific beyond.

"Tell me about it, Nell," said Lois.

And Helen, still looking at sea and sky with eyes that saw beyond their blue-gold glitter, answered:

"You know that in the lands of the Greek Church, Easter is all to us that Christmas is to your Western Christians, and more. It is the feast of all feasts, the day of all days to us.

"And I had been living all through that Lent with people to whom it was real; we had felt the shadow of the Cross ever before us, growing deeper

* This striking sketch has a lesson at this hour when many of us are indulging in strong prejudices, anti-Russian or anti-Japanese. There is much of good in both nations. The pity of it is they cannot understand each other better. The teaching of Charles Reade's story, "Put Yourself in His Place," is one from which we all may learn.—Ed.

day by day, until Good Friday was almost too real and near to be borne. And the empty desolation of its Saturday was indescribable. I think I knew a little what they felt—His friends—when they thought that the Life of all life was dead, and buried in that tomb fast sealed with Caesar's seal.

"Then, on that Easter morning, 'a great while before it was day,' I was waiting in the Kremlin in front of the Uspensky Cathedral, one of a great multitude that filled churches and open spaces in that holiest of Russia's holy places.

"I noticed a faint scent in the air—a savour as of the old-time burnt-offering—down in the city hundreds of lambs, in theory anyhow, 'males of the first year without blemish,' were roasting in preparation for the Easter feast which was to make up for our Lenten fasting. And my thoughts went back to the great temple, with its sacrifices, and the Feast of the Passover. And then among all that multitude, waiting so still and silent for the dawn, I felt alone, and very desolate, for I was again in the shadow of that tomb where they had laid my Lord, and now kept with Caesar's guards and seal.

"It was very dark, and the waiting crowd was very still. Behind me in the great church were the sacred pictures our fathers had worshipped for centuries, and round those golden jewel-studded shrines the people thronged, but I was glad I was outside with those who were not able to enter, for it seemed holier there, among the people, the commonest people, who I knew really were sure that Christ rose from the dead, than near any of those splendid shrines. And then the very air seemed to grow alive with the stir of our expectation. It was still dark, very dark, but I could feel that across Asia—from whence came our Light—the dawn was coming, a swift-rolling tide of light, swallowing up the darkness. Ah, it were easier for us to hold the sunrise back with chains, and shut up the light of day in our prisons than to keep life's Lord among the dead.

"Europe was still in silence and gloom. I could feel the heavy shadows that lay on the dark, piled-up

masses of our Ural mountains—but in fort and church men were watching—and down in Moscow I felt when the light touched Europe, and with 'peal of bell and roar of gun,' she signalled, 'Christ is risen!'

"But swifter than the sound of triumph, flung from town to town across the steppes, came the dawn—and the towers of the Kremlin were shaken to their foundations as Moscow the holy responded—'Christ is risen.'

"Deeper than the thunder of battle guns boomed out the great bells in her ancient towers. And from belfry above belfry they chimed—clear silver bells, whose music soared above the tumult and the thunder below, like the voice of God above the earthquake and the fire:

"I felt the belfries rock and reel,
As the great bells, peal on peal,
Flung the news from tower to tower,
'Christ is risen! Christ is risen!'"

"And a whirlwind of harmony the chimes answered, 'Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Glory to God in the highest. Hallelujah!'

"Down below on the earth, we, the people, went mad in our joy—weeping, laughing, and kissing each other. Rank, creed, and sex, were forgotten. I know that I knew nothing but that Christ was risen, and that I loved Him and everybody. A big peasant, in his sheepskin coat, and with vodka-scented breath, put his hands on my shoulders, and kissed me as he said, 'Christ is risen! Christ is risen! and I kissed him back as I answered, 'Hallelujah, brother, He is risen indeed!' And above us thundered and sang the bells."

"Easter in Russia must be very interesting," commented Lois, "but when I go there, then I will arrange for a select circle of friends to stand round me when the sun rises. I don't think any amount of religious enthusiasm would enable me to take kisses from strange men of doubtful habits with equanimity. I suppose you were all alone in that crowd?"

"Yes. Murray met me later, and I wore the gala dress of the peasant women, scarlet, with a bright blue cloak, and strings of many-coloured beads around my neck. I wonder what you would have thought if you had seen me then—the woman your brother meant to take to wife."

"I should have thought that if he didn't know what he was doing, he thought he did—which comes to the

same thing—and I would rather pity the person who tried to interfere with him. Oh, he has a guid conceit of himself, has Rab Gordan, and a great confidence in his own judgment. And when I was coaxing him to tell me about you, he said, 'She's a sight for sair een, is Helen, and she's a wife that a man can thank God for. And she's got a look in her eyes that I think Mary of Nazareth had—her heart is so pure that she can see God everywhere and in everything. Now, if you are satisfied as to my satisfaction with you, please tell me the next thing you did to celebrate your Easter?'"

"Well, I didn't do anything more improper. I went to the cathedral of the Archangel Michael, where Murray was waiting for me, and we went out of the Kremlin together, passing through the gate of the Redeemer—that great gate which Russia consecrated to Christ when she first became a people, and through all the centuries there has never a man—be he soldier or prince, or even the Czar—who has passed under its arch save with uncovered head. So we went out among the people, who were feasting everywhere, and a tall peasant woman, in her gay dress and flashing beads, called us to come and eat with her, and so we sat down by the fire in that rough shed place, and ate of our Easter lamb with those people—those peasant people—who are Russia.

"Other nations have their middle class, the artisans, whose 'vote and influence' largely control their governments. But of the more than one hundred and twenty millions of people who obey the White Czar, the overwhelming majority are the people of the soil—the peasant farmers—and what they believe and are that Russia is.

"For it is not the number of her people that make a nation. It is the force that holds those numbers together which makes them the mighty unit they must be, before they can conquer and keep their place among the powers that be.

"And Russia is Russia because her peasant believes in a God who rose from the dead to be his God, and who in return for Russia's adoration has given her dominion and power."

"And," said Lois, "I suppose that the Jew, who once crucified Christ, together with the heathen who insult Him by serving false gods, and the infidel who questions His divinity, or wants to know things he shouldn't, are

all alike deemed unworthy of favour or consideration, or even justice, in the eyes of these people?"

"I am afraid there is too much truth in what you say," answered Helen gravely. "Yet I have lived among these peasants, and the intense sense of brotherhood they have is impossible to describe. They certainly have for each other a part of that spirit which made early Christianity that power it was. And I believe that the sins you have charged them with are caused mainly by ignorance. His Church and State combine to keep the Russian peasant in the densest ignorance, and, bewildered and misled, he sins. Dare we cast a stone at him?"

"Of course not. And can't you think of some excuse for his rulers keeping him in ignorance?"

"You are sarcastic, my friend. His rulers are ignorant, too, and because of their ignorance afraid, savagely afraid, of this 'yellow danger.' Over in America (I judge from what I have read) they might understand Russia better, seeing the way they write of the negro problem, for the 'black question' is not more real to the Southern States than this 'yellow danger' is to Russia. Behind her in Asia are the countless millions of men, with their yellow skin and slanting eyes, and unless she can force them to acknowledge her supremacy, she must lose ground, and at the very thought of such a thing all the pride and fanatical patriotism of her people is on fire—prince and peasant, Nihilist and priest—we are all one in our readiness to dare all things—to die even for God and the White Czar."

"I see," remarked Lois. "In times of peace we throw bombs at our Czar, but when war comes we will let his foes throw bombs at us, sooner than his beloved throne should be shaken."

Helen laughed. "It sounds funny, doesn't it?" she said, "but I was a student at Kief, and I have worked in the fields with the peasant girls, and I think I know my father's people. Do you know, Lois, that at that Easter in Moscow last spring, when I felt the enthusiasm of the people, the mad gladness of their joy nearly carried me away. I almost forgot for a moment that I was there alone, masquerading in a false dress and name, and that discovery meant the certain loss of my liberty. I was one with those rejoicing people in their belief in and devotion to God and the White Czar."

"And then," said Lois, "tell me what you remembered, Helen?"

Helen did not answer for a minute. Then the house door behind them opened, and a boy came out on to the verandah. He looked about fourteen, slender, yet well-built and strong, with curling yellow hair. Face and look and movements left no doubt as to the relation he was to Helen, though there was a curious lack not so much of expression as of change of expression, in his blue eyes—for Murray Gregorovich was blind.

A moment he stood in the doorway, moving his head from side to side with a quick, bird-like motion. Lois would have spoken or gone to him, but Helen stayed her with a gesture. And slowly, but without the least uncertainty in his walk, Murray crossed the verandah, and came direct to his sister's side.

"You see," he said, with a bright little laugh to Lois, "you would have come to lead me, I know, for you are very kind, but there was no need. When Helen is near, the air, the floor boards—everything, tell me which way to go to her. Why, in that great crowd in Moscow she has been telling you about, I found her before she found me. We were to meet by a certain shrine, and while she stood there looking among the people,

'A spirit in my feet,
Led me, I know not how,
Unto her side, my sweet.'

He laughed again as he leaned against his sister's chair—an odd, bright boy, whose manner showed that he lived in a world of his own, among book-folk and his own fancies—a world which was very bright in spite of the darkness outside him, for he made his own sunshine, and so was exceedingly happy.

Lois looked at him curiously. His life had been a hard one in the home of that savage old man from whom Helen had rescued him, and his blindness had not saved him from actual suffering for what his grandfather was pleased to call heresy, yet he looked as blithe and entirely free from care as if his life had been all sunshine.

"And so it has been," he said, with a quick turn of his head toward Lois. He had had a disconcerting habit, she thought, of being able to read people's thoughts sometimes. "You know, Lois, that Christ is really risen, and I don't see why we shouldn't be

happy always now. I thought Helen was very wise to be glad, and forget everything unhappy, when all the people were glad, and they rang the bells for Easter."

"When she felt, like all the rest, that the cause of God was one with that of the White Czar. Eh, Murray?" retorted Lois.

"That feeling was a very momentary one, Lois," said Helen, gravely. "You asked me what I remembered. Perhaps the first thing was that under my scarlet bodice lay a loaded revolver, rather a contrast to the sacred picture I wore above it. But I had to carry arms, for I was only a girl, and there was no one to defend either Murray or me, but myself. We were all alone, and the one who was our natural protector had shown himself the worst of our foes."

"Rab told me a little about Prince Fedor, your grandfather," said Lois, gently. "I thought perhaps he was very old, and not in his right mind."

"No," said Helen, very quietly, but with a bitter note in her voice that Lois had never heard there before. "Physically he is a strong man still, and his talents and ability are much thought of by his Government. His only madness is the madness of those who will not believe in and follow our Lord Christ. Lois, my reason and my conscience tell me that I have no right to judge him or any man, yet even at that Easter feast, when I remembered what he had done, and what he would do, unless I could save myself and Murray, why, I hated him, hated him with that hate which our Lord says is as great a sin as murder. For it is not at all true, what you said Rab told you of me. I am not so pure-hearted that I have never learned to hate."

"Shake," said Lois, holding out her hand solemnly. "I hate shoals of people sometimes, and if it wasn't out of style, and I was too scared to do it, my path through life would be marked by heaps of gory corpses."

"Lois is what they call irrepresible," remarked Murray. "But it is no good, Helen, you never will be able to make those who know you think you are anything but what you are."

"I think if people are beasts, it is silly not to hate them, and have done with it," said Lois, decidedly.

"It isn't polite to call your grandfather a beast," answered Murray. "So you will have to do it for us, Lois. Though Helen thinks he is just a man who is making a mistake."

"I am afraid the mistake he makes is not made by Russians only," said Helen. "Outside the Greek Church there are those who rejoice at Easter because Christ is risen, yet never think of raising themselves to newness of life. They reverence and adore the cross so much, that they never think of the Lord who made it holy. In his young days Prince Fedor lived as his world does not call sinful, and Christ our Lord does. Then, when he passed middle life, he grew weary of his pleasures, and the upholding of his country's cause, and his Church became the sole object of his passions. Then he thought of us, the children of his dead son, who had left home because he believed it his duty to live as Christ lived—a labourer among labourers."

"We were living then on the charity of some distant relations of our mother, when he fetched us to his palace—two little orphan children. And at first he was not actively unkind. You see, in spite of all his religiousness, he knew there were some terrible things in his past. And he was not able to look on Christ as his sin-bearer, because he was not ready to live for Him instead of religion. And so he was glad of Murray's blindness, believing that it was a judgment for his own sins—that they were visited on the child, and so he could be sure of pardon if only Murray never saw the light."

"So we were left to do what we liked in that great lonely old palace. Our only teachers were ourselves, and his library, where I read aloud to Murray, and we studied what we pleased together."

"Yes, we always had each other," said Murray softly. "God was very good to us, for without Helen I should have died."

"And without Murray I should have gone to the devil, body and soul," said Helen, with a quiet emphasis that made Lois shudder a little, but Murray only laughed.

"I wonder what the devil would do," he said, "with somebody who loved God always, and her neighbour as herself?"

"God was good to us," repeated Helen, looking at Lois. "We had given ourselves to Christ when so young that they would not admit us into that good old Scotch kirk, but He watched over us, and though I pored over Ibsen and Zola, and read them to Murray, the Good Shepherd knew His sheep, and kept our hearts

and minds, so that I passed through all that phantasmagoria of free-thought and free-love, I believe—thanks to Him—unscathed."

"You see, we had the New Testament," put in Murray, "and we always read it after any other book. And if the other book made us feel miserable or worried, we called it foolish, and, if not, why, it was wise. Then we put the foolish books on one side of the library, and the wise on the other, and we never read the foolish books again."

"Yes," said Lois, "Rab told me that. I remember very well that summer he paid his first visit to Russia, and met you two."

"I suppose you wouldn't tell us just what he thought of us?" said Murray mischievously. "I have often wondered which shocked that young man most, the things we didn't know, or the things we did."

He laughed, but Helen's cheeks were very pink, and she leaned toward Lois suddenly and kissed her.

"Thank God for your brother, dear," she said. "I think God never made a braver, truer man."

"Your knight without fear and above reproach, eh?" said Lois, lightly, to carry off what she felt to be an embarrassing moment. "And he thought you the enchanted princess, held captive in the ogre's castle."

"God sent him to help me," said Helen, simply. "And afterwards when I was forced to leave home, and went to Kief, I met him again, and he was my friend. God was good, for I was very young, and so ignorant, and all alone, that it was well for me that he was what he was. But you know that part of our story."

"I know his side of it," said Lois. "Rab's letters were confused as to details, but I gathered he was playing knight-errant to a 'faire mayde' who had strayed out of some sacred picture, and was wandering among men with a halo round her head, and her hand clasped in that of an unseen angel."

Helen's cheeks were very pink again. "I had no idea," she said, "that he ever thought of such things. I wanted to be able to earn enough to make a home for Murray, and see if his sight might be given him. And I thought Rab was too—too wise and serious to think of such things. I thought he loved me as he loved everybody else, because he was a Christian, and we are bidden to love one another."

"You must have been a most interesting young woman, Nell," laughed Lois. "And I suppose when you were accused of the heinous offence of leading a prayer-meeting not under the auspices of the established Church, and Rab thought fit to escort you out of the country—you were so startled at his suggestion of marriage as a judicious arrangement, that you bolted right back to Russia, leaving him without a word. I am afraid that had I been your lover, I should not have gone after you."

"But Lois"—Helen's tone was a little puzzled—"of course I knew before Rab told me—when he was taking me away—that he loved me as a man loves the woman he believes God has made for him, and I felt quite ready to be his wife when he asked me, for I knew Christ would be at my marriage, as He was at that in Cana of Galilee, turning the bright water of my life into the wine of a mystical holy joy, which would never lessen or pass away. And I was so glad that I forgot Murray. Then when I got Vera's message, I felt I couldn't ask Rab to kidnap Murray, and keep him as well as me, so I ran away alone. I had no right to have ever left Russia without Murray. I might have known that Prince Fedor would have found out that his blindness was curable, and that—"

She stopped suddenly, held by the horror in Lois' eyes. "Didn't you know?" she continued quietly. "I thought Rab told you. Prince Fedor was so afraid of his sins not being forgiven, that his fear sent him mad on just that one point, and he really believed that if Murray received his sight, he would be cast into hell, so, to save his soul, he meant to make any such cure impossible."

"I hope," said Lois, grimly, "that Japan, or somebody, would do something more than just talk about fighting Russia. I should like to hear of some of her people getting killed."

Helen shuddered. "God keep Japan from any such madness," she said. "Why, Lois, it would be nothing but suicide for a little people like her to dare Russia! You don't understand what her strength is, not only in numbers, but in unity. Your papers make much of the discontent among certain classes, but they don't realize that the vast majority of the people don't know enough to be discontented, and even those who do, would be one with the rest against the

'Yellow Danger.' Sooner than yield an inch against such a foe, the whole land would rise in resistless might, to strike for 'God and the White Czar.'

"But you must not think that I, personally, despise the Japanese. Rab has exiled himself from his home, for my sake and Murray's, and taken service among them, and I value the friends I have made among these little, soft-speaking people. But to think of them at war, and at war with Russia, is horrible. She has crushed Poland, she is crushing Finland, and this little toy country is thinking of fighting with her!"

"I see," said Lois, "when one thinks of Japan, it seems hard to imagine her as anything but 'standing in a garden with a fan, nigh a dainty paper mansion nicely painted, and with a rose-pink morning-glory in her hair.' But she seemed to take very kindly to torpedoes and things when she fought with China, and I think her men were the first to enter Peking, in the recent Boxer troubles. Her people are plucky enough, and they seem to have a dash about them, that may carry them through a good deal."

"Certainly, the Japanese are no cowards, and they are 'smart' enough to probably get the better of an enemy, if he were only a little nearer their own size than Russia. Do they think they can dwarf war as they do their dear, ridiculous, little trees? and then get Russia—great, brutal Russia!—to play war with them according to their own rules?"

"Lois, it makes me sick to think of it, all Russia's millions, savagely ignorant, yet a unit in their fanatical patriotism, bred and drilled into a terrible war-engine 'for God and the White Czar,' and coming down to fight (?) poor Madam Butterfly!"

Helen raised her voice slightly in her excitement, and neither she nor Lois noticed that a fourth person had entered the garden. Murray's quick ears had both heard and recognized the step, but out of mischief he said nothing, until a dapper little man with an impassive oriental face, and wearing the uniform of the Mikado's navy, was bowing before them."

"Lieutenant Hayashi," cried Murray, laughing at his sister's discomfiture. "What do you think of this? the wife of an officer in the Mikado's service talking such treason!"

"Perhaps Mrs. Gordan will change her mind some day, Murray," answered Hayashi, in a soft, tired little

voice. "I don't think she quite understands her subject—the comic opera is not the best place to study the history of any country, not even Japan's."

"I hope very much I am wrong, Lieutenant Hayashi," said Helen, gravely, "but I am afraid I know Russia better than you seem to."

"I think I know Japan, Mrs. Gordan," answered the young man promptly. "You know the story of a little island in the western seas, whose people never knew when they were defeated, and whose red-cross flag to-day is found in every quarter of the globe. And we think that perhaps these little islands in the Eastern seas—our islands of the Rising Sun—Japan—may also prove themselves to be as great as they are little."

"Perhaps," said Helen, in a tone which showed she did not wish to continue the subject, but Hayashi was not to be put off.

"Mrs. Gordan," he said, sitting down by Murray at Helen's feet, "I grant Russia's size and numbers, but is there not a power greater than all our powers? Do not we know that Providence is not always on the side of the strongest battalion? Or do you think because we are called heathen, we must be fighting against God—the God—when we take up arms against the Czar?"

"Lieutenant Hayashi," said Helen, "you cannot talk about 'we heathen' when you are a Christian man."

"An evasion of the question, Mrs. Gordan. I am indeed a believer in the Lord Christ, and a fellow church-member of Rab Gordan's and yours. But that does not make me any the less a Japanese. I to-day have no loves, no interests, no hopes, which are separate from those of my country." He paused a minute, then added: "Do you really think that because we are called heathen, and because Russia rings all her bells at Easter, that the cause of God is one with that of the Czar? Does saying 'Christ is risen' make a man a Christian?"

He slipped his arm round Murray as he spoke, and touched the blind boy's eyes with a significant gesture.

"No!" cried Helen, her own eyes flashing. "No more than kissing his Master in the garden made Judas a saint."

"In that case," said Hayashi, with a gentle little smile, "God is not likely to consider a cause His, because it is also the Czar's."

"No," said Helen, dryly, "but if

one hundred and twenty millions of people believe He does, you find it gives them a strength, I fancy, that you don't realize in the least. Her faith in herself, combined with her numbers, is what makes Russia invincible."

"And God—the overruling Providence—you think, will hold Himself as aloof from us as He must from them?"

Helen hesitated a minute, then she said, "Lieutenant Hayashi, you are Rab's friend and mine, and our brother in the faith. But, as regards your people, how can they receive what they do not know how to ask for? And how can any one ask aught of God save in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, whom Japan has forgotten in her serving of false gods? Pardon me speaking so of your country, but I believe it is the truth, and you made me say it."

"Once upon a time," said Hayashi, "there was a man who had two sons, and he said to the first: 'Son, go work in my vineyard,' and the son said, 'Lord, I go.' But when he came to it, he did no work, only he stuck pictures of his Father on the fences and gates, and rang bells to call people's attention to them. While in the vineyard itself the untrained vines lay rotting in the mire called ignorance, and it was hard to find much of the good fruit the Father loved. Love, which casts out all fear either of God or man, and an intelligent humanity which ever seeks to help itself and its neighbour, by raising both to higher levels, spiritually, mentally, and physically."

"Then said the Father to the second son, 'Son, go work in my vineyard,' and the son said, 'I will not go.' But the sense of the Divine Fatherhood above him worked in his heart like the leaven in a measure of meal, and though he would not have his Father's name written over its gates, he went to work in the vineyard, tending the vines till they bore fruit,—progress in raising the whole people to higher levels of living, a putting away of distrust of others because their customs were not like yours, and an earnest seeking and adopting of whatever seemed good and true in the teachings of either friends or foes. And all who passed by were astonished at the growth of the vineyard."

"Now, which of those two, think you, is doing the will of his Father?"

Helen looked down at him with earnest eyes. "Then, you think," she

said, "that this life within her which has raised Japan among the nations, until she is the wonder of the century, is the life of God the Holy Ghost? Perhaps I have spoken too hastily when I called her heathen, yet civilization is not Christianity, nor is culture Christ."

"No," said Lois, "but the cause of God is one with the cause of humanity; and leaving their creeds out of the question, I think the only way to know the right and the wrong in this matter is to find who would best advance the welfare of half of Asia, the rule of the yellow people or that of the White Czar? Personally, I don't know enough of either to judge, but I don't think it impossible (but perhaps the might of right (which is God) may be overshadowing Madam Butterfly."

"They say God helps those who help themselves," smiled Hayashi, "and I think we can do that. But as regards your question, Miss Lois, I am too prejudiced to answer."

"I am blind," said Murray, quaintly, "so I cannot see why you call men white or yellow, red or black, and say one is more fit to rule than the other. One is our Father, even God, and we are all brethren. If the 'yellow' people know this better than the 'White' Czar, then they must be more fit to be trusted with dominion than he. But then, as you know, I am blind."

Helen shook her head. "I shall not talk about Japan," she said, "until I know more about her. Frankly, the idea of thinking of her as really a Christian country, even while she worships at Buddhist shrines, is too new to be accepted at once. I feel that you are right, Lieutenant Hayashi, in your comparison of Japan's religion with Russia's. Yet I have something the same feeling in regard to my Lord Christ's name, as you have for your country's flag—it hurts you when any one fails to salute it."

"Perhaps they might be hurt, too," said Hayashi, in his softest tones, "but I was just thinking of myself. You know I was sent as a lad to England, to learn in English schools and ships what my country needed me to know. There I met Rab Gordan, and because of his Christianity I became a Christian. But I think had I remained in Japan, I should have been a professed heathen still, in spite of all the missionary teaching I might have received."

"If I had been born a heathen," remarked the outspoken Lois, "I'm sure

I should have been more likely to believe in Christianity when I didn't know what beautiful lives they lived in Christian lands."

"There spoke England," smiled Hayashi, "always disparaging where she loves. You are so stiffly polite to your enemies, but you make your country the butt of your sometimes ribald jests, and mock at the men who are laying down their lives to make England great. No nation worships her flag more truly than England, yet she applauds when her most popular poet calls it—" the polite Hayashi paused, and coughed apologetically, as he added, "'a blooming old rag.' It is certainly true, to quote your Kipling again—

The East and the West, they never shall meet,
Till they meet before God's judgment seat.

"You of the West are finer looking from a physical point of view, the sign of an inner organic superiority. Material things are so very real to you, you are better fed, better housed, than we. You go deep into scientific researches simply that you may improve your material condition and make your life here easier. The great aims of your lives of ceaseless restlessness are to make yourselves comfortable and to guard against losing anything by disease or violence. Yet all the light you have, that keeps you with all your high energy from sinking lower than the beasts, came from the East. No race of white men yet ever gave the world the teaching that shows the soul her God.

"From the East, from us, came all the light that you live by, and as the spirit is higher than the body, so is our knowledge than yours.

"Yet, at the same time I know we lack much. We have not your energy because our physique is less nourished than yours. We put the mind before the body, until Nature, in revenge, made us slow to learn, and, seeing only that you were not able to find God except as we showed you the way, we despised you, and did many foolish things. In Japan we put up placards in every town and village against 'the depraved sect of the Christians,' because we feared the wrath of our gods (?) if we let this Christ be worshipped in their land. As if there could be gods and gods, religions and religions. And so we became fools, for 'wisdom stays not with fear.'

"Then God—the God—gave us light enough to see by, and we received the teachers you sent us. And we have learned to thank you for them. The teaching they brought was, in the greater portion, but our own returned, yet the very fact that you could return it, showed that you had found it. And, being humbled by realizing that there was wisdom in the world, outside our part of it, we became wise enough to accept and trust you.

"But you want to know why we don't call ourselves Christians. Well, the missionaries I have met were all good, true, white men, and their idea of a Christian was an embodiment of the best characteristics of a man born white. Doubtless there are many who have the deep spiritual insight which would make them see that the truth they bring is mainly ours—our soul-food—taken across the sea, and brought back again to us seasoned with racial feeling, and that it is this seasoning which makes the Bread of Life distasteful to us.

"I lived among you, and won the friendship of an Englishman, until I knew that what you lacked in grace you made up in strength and truth. And then it was easy for me to forget your race, and feeling (as Murray said), that all men are brethren, I could worship with you, knowing that your God was one with the Light of the East. Though it was a long time before I understood your belief in Christ. For years I thought your deification of the great Teacher, and your doctrine of His atonement, were the relics of some primitive faith—some of the fag-ends of your earlier barbarism. It was, I thought, just one of your many contradictions, that you white people who never called any man master, should fling yourselves with all your pride and strength at the feet of the Carpenter of Nazareth, and call Him God.

"So you must be gentle, Mrs. Gordon, in your judgment of Japan, even if she does seem slow to see things just as you do. And perhaps it would not hurt your people if they tried to see some things as she does now."

Hayashi had talked on, forgetting himself in his subject, and when he was comparing the East and the West, all the proud old Samurai blood, the sacred caste of Japan, had shown in look and tone. Not all his adoption of Western ideas had lessened one whit his haughty Eastern contempt for the "barbarians."

Helen watched him with great interest. In spite of the European dress, and smooth, perfect, English speech, he was not just a copy of some French or English model. He had an individuality, he believed in himself, and his patriotism was not the catchy jingo phrases he might have picked up in some London music-hall, but the proud faith of his fathers in their race, and the same contempt for their foes.

"Lieutenant Hayashi," she said, "I don't think that if you were as deeply spiritual in the East as you say, that you could ever have lost in any measure the full knowledge of God. And if we were as entirely animal as you infer, we could never have found it. Still, I am very glad to have known you, and I think, with your help, I shall learn to know Japan, and the East."

"Wait till you see her," said Hayashi, diplomatically ignoring the first part of her remark—"The Lady of the Rosy Dawn, who standeth in the opening gates of Golden Day.' Wait till you know how her people can treat the woman who comes alone among them, to be their guest while her husband fights in their battles."

Helen shivered a little at his closing words, and beyond the summer sea she seemed to see a rough, gray ocean of tumbling water, and across it came a Thing, all steel and fire it felt to her, as it came on with the water foaming white before its armoured bows. A bearer of thunder, and a bringer of quick death to many, it was coming from the place of its creation beside a Scotch river, to carry the golden flag of Japan into battle in Eastern seas. Helen looked at the strange ship and sea through a mist, which seemed suddenly to clear for an instant, and among the men upon the

ship she saw Rab, meeting for a moment the half-startled look in his eyes. Then she was back with her friends again.

"So you think war is certain," she said. "I was trying to hope it might not come."

"Japan dare not allow any further encroachments by Russia, Mrs. Gordon," said Hayashi, gravely. "And Russia is not likely to go back before the 'yellow' people until she has to. Before this new year, 1904, is many weeks old we shall have war."

"All this talk about the Czar wanting peace is just fudge, I suppose," remarked Lois.

"You forget it is still Christmas in Russia," answered Murray. "No one there would think of saying they wanted war, while they were keeping the feast of 'peace on earth, good will to men.'"

"H'm, something of the 'Truce of the Bear' business, it sounds to me," said Lois. "Russian religion is certainly remarkable, and you had better look out, Lieutenant Hayashi—"

"When he rises in supplication
With his paws like hands in prayer,
Then is the time of peril,—
The time of the truce of the Bear."

"I do not think," said Hayashi, with his most child-like smile, "that Russia will strike first this time."

And again before Helen's second sight, came the dark sea and Rab's ship, but the air around it was thick with the shadow-pictures of midnight battle, and she could smell death. For through the gathering blackness—million behind million—down upon those battleships that bore the banner of the day the hosts of Russia were coming, to fight, as they believed, "for God and the White Czar."

Toronto.

RELIANCE.

Not to the swift, the race;
Not to the strong, the fight;
Not to the righteous, perfect grace;
Not to the wise, the light.

But often faltering feet
Come surest to the goal,
And they who walk in darkness meet
The sunrise of the soul.

A thousand times by night
The Syrian hosts have died;

A thousand times the vanquished right
Has risen glorified.

The truth the wise man sought
Was spoken by a child;
The alabaster box was brought
In trembling hands defiled.

Nor from my torch, the gleam,
But from the stars above;
Not from our hearts, life's crystal stream,
But from the depths of Love.

—Henry Van Dyke.

THE JEWISH ENCYCLOPEDIA.*

BY THE REV. J. F. M'LAUGHLIN, M.A., B.D.,
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THE present volume of this great work begins with a valuable article on God, by Prof. E. G. Hirsch, a member of the Editorial board. The Biblical (Old Testament) conception of the Deity is admirably summarized, and the conception is then traced through the post-Biblical writings, and especially through the Talmud and Targums, down to mediæval and modern Jewish philosophy and theology. As an exposition of some of the most important and profound contributions of the Jewish mind to the religious thought and life of the world this article is of very great interest.

The article on the Golden Rule, by Prof. Hirsch, is well-informed and accurate, but hardly fair to the liberal Christian view, which does not claim absolute originality for the seizing of Jesus in Matt. vii. 12, Luke vi. 31. It is universally admitted that Jesus adopts the highest ethical teaching both of the Old Testament and the rabbis. But Jesus gives that teaching greater reality, more positive spiritual significance and force. His originality, if we may so speak, lies rather in the completeness of His own recognition of and obedience to these highest laws in His life of ministry and death of sacrifice than in the formation of a new code of ethics. All Christian scholars will agree, of course, that the Golden Rule is found in the book of Tobit (iv. 15), in a negative form, "What is displeasing to thyself, that do not unto any other," and in the teaching of Hillel, as well as elsewhere in ancient writings; but few will admit the correctness of Dr. Hirsch's statement that the negative form marks a higher outlook than the positive. The very contrary is indeed true, for while the negative form

of the precept may mean nothing more than the refraining from that which is hurtful or displeasing to another, the positive "Even so do ye" inculcates active beneficence.

Here, as in previous volumes, we find the names of many distinguished Jews and Jewish families, e.g., the Goldsmids, famous English financiers and philanthropists of the last two centuries; Ignaz Goldziher, the well-known Hungarian Orientalist; Joseph Halevy, a distinguished French scholar in the same field; Samuel Gompers, the American labour leader; Lord George Gordon, instigator of the "Gordon riots" of 1773, in London, England, and later a convert to Judaism; Heinrich Heine, the German lyric poet and essayist; Graetz, the Jewish historian; the Hart family, or families, of American Jews, one branch of which settled in Three Rivers, Que., more than a hundred years ago and has produced a number of members well-known in Canadian professional, political, and literary circles, etc.

A very interesting account is given of Ibu Gabirol, known also as Avicbron, Spanish poet and philosopher of the eleventh century. Gabirol was the first teacher of Neo-Platonism in Europe, and has been called the pioneer of mediæval philosophy as Spinoza, another Jew, was of modern philosophy in Europe.

In an article on Christian Hebraists the fact is deplored that so few Christian scholars have devoted themselves to the study of Jewish literature. The writer, Prof. Gotthell, of Columbia University, attributes to this neglect many false ideas of the Jews and their history which are current even at the present time. He gives a long list of Christian Hebraists and pays tribute to the work of the late Prof. Franz Delitzsch, Profs. Dalman, Strack, and Siegfried, of Germany, and among other English scholars, to that of John Wesley Etheridge, Wesleyan minister, a linguist of extraordinary ability, well known to Methodists as the author of biographies of Adam Clarke and Thomas Coke.

Another very attractive field of study is opened up by the articles on Jewish religious and social institu-

*"The Jewish Encyclopedia." A Descriptive Record of the History, Religion, Literature, and Customs of the Jewish People from the Earliest Times to the Present Day. Isidore Singer, Ph.D., Projector and Managing Editor. Vol. VII. Large 8vo, pp. xx-618. Price, \$7.00 per vol. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. Toronto: William Briggs.

tions, e.g., the Forms of Greeting, the Health Laws, Head Dress, Hair, Hand, Heave-offering, Hanukkah or feast of dedication, Halizah or "untying," and many others. The Halizah is the ceremony by which a childless widow, who, according to Jewish law, should be taken in marriage by her dead husband's brother, pulls off the shoe of the brother-in-law and so becomes free to marry whom she chooses. (See Deut. xxv. 5-10.) An interesting old print shows the custom as observed in Holland in the eighteenth century.

The story of the Halukkah and its administration is told. This is a collection, continued from very early times to the present, made in behalf of needy Jews in Palestine, and of religious pilgrims to the Holy Land and now given chiefly in aid of the Jewish communities settled there. No story could be told, perhaps, which so well illustrates the systematic and generous character of Jewish charity.

Students of folk-lore will turn with interest to the article "Had Gadya" (i.e., one kid). This is the Aramaic song, sung or recited in Jewish households during the Passover festival. It used to be regarded as an allegorical version of the *jus talionis* of Exodus xxi. 24, 25. It is, however, simply a Jewish nursery rhyme, based on a German ballad, which in its turn was probably based on an old French song. It runs as follows :

"One only kid, one only kid, which my father bought for two zuzim. One only kid, one only kid.
Then came the cat and ate the kid which my father bought, etc.
Then came the dog and bit the cat, etc.
Then came the stick and beat the dog, etc.
Then came the fire that burned the stick, etc.
Then came the water and quenched the fire, etc.

Then came the ox and drank the water, etc.

Then came the butcher and killed the ox etc.

Then came the angel of death and slew the butcher, etc.

Then came the Most Holy One, blessed be He, and destroyed the angel of death that slew the butcher that killed the ox that drank the water that quenched the fire that burned the stick that beat the dog that bit the cat that ate the kid that my father bought for two zuzim. One only kid, one only kid."

The story is explained to mean that Israel, who is represented by the kid, has suffered oppression at the hand of many nations, but that these, one by one, have perished, or shall perish, and Israel shall be finally vindicated. So the father is Jehovah, who redeemed Israel from Egypt; the kid is Israel; the cat is Assyria; the dog is Babylonia; the stick is Persia; the fire, Macedonia; the water, Rome; the ox, the Saracens; the butcher, the Crusaders; the angel of death, the Turk; and the Most Holy One, God, whose justice will destroy this last oppressor of Israel, who is His "one only kid." Every one will recall the variety of English nursery rhymes fashioned on this same model, of which the most famous is the "House that Jack Built."

Other articles that might have been cited, had we sufficient space, are Hasidism, the modern Pietistic movement originating among the Polish Jews in the eighteenth century, and Haskalah, the modern liberal and critical movement of which the prototype was Moses Mendelssohn, German popular philosopher and man of letters; the Inquisition, from which the Jews suffered so much and with such heroic constancy; Isaiah, by T. K. Cheyne, and Israel, by Prof. McCurdy.

THE ETERNAL VOICE.

"Let not Moses therefore speak to me, but thou, Lord my God, eternal truth; lest haply I die, and be made without fruit."—Imitation of Christ, bk. 3, c. 2, cf. The Confessions of St. Augustine, bk. 9, c. 25.

Not Moses, Lord,
Nor any of the prophets, lest I die,
And, hearkening not to Thee, bring forth
no fruit;
They mark the route,
Thy word is strength to walk thereby.

Low is Thy voice,
Scarce heard amid the streets' unthinking
din,
Scarce 'mid the empty laughter and the shout;

Tumult without,
And deadlier tumult far within.

Sweet is Thy voice
For him that heareth Thee; the Charmer
Thou,
That charmeth wisely; the soul, upon Thy
call,
Forgetteth all,
And following Thee, hath good enow.

—C. L

CHURCH UNION.

Union is in the air. It is attracting wide attention on the platform and in the press. The comment on the subject is almost always in its favour. Criticism may come later, but nearly all who have spoken feel that the psychological moment for such a wider, richer, stronger church development has come.

This is not a counsel of despair. They are not a group of bankrupt and decadent institutions that wish to pool their resources to prevent collapse. All the Churches concerned are prospering as never before. Indeed, the very prosperity which the providence of God has brought to them, with the urgent demands for the enlargement of their borders and extension of their work, creates an imperious necessity for their joint co-operation.

This union sentiment is not a mushroom growth, it is not a Jonah's gourd, coming up in a night and perishing in a night. It is a plant which had its roots far back in the history of our country. It has been maturing and strengthening year after year. To begin with, the father of Methodism was one of the most broad-minded and liberal men that ever lived. He formulated no rigid creed to which Methodist people must subscribe. He invited to the holy communion all who love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity and truth. He declared his willingness to form a league with every soldier of Jesus Christ. In Wesley's Journal for May 25th, 1755, that broad-minded man writes, "Shall we not have more and more cause to say :

"Names and sects and parties fall,
Thou, O Christ, art all in all."

The leaders of Canadian Methodism have always favoured the most comprehensive possible union of hearts and hands in carrying on God's work at home and abroad. It has been from the very first the definite policy of this magazine. It has furnished a broad platform in which representatives of all the Churches have been invited to express their views on matters of vital interest concerning the Redeemer's kingdom, and especially this matter of supreme interest, denominational union. Twenty years ago, by our invitation, the late venerable and apostolic Bishop Fuller wrote a series of papers in this magazine, setting forth the advantages and obli-

gations of comprehensive Christian union. In 1883 and 1884 the late Principal Grant wrote, on the same subject, two soul-stirring papers. One, and only one, adverse criticism—that of a good man since gone to heaven—reached us for printing these papers. The late Senator Macdonald—alas! that we must say "the late" of all these great and good men!—wrote us, "You are right; go ahead."

On the centennial of John Wesley's birth and the bicentenary of his death the representatives, lay and clerical, of all the Protestant Churches in our land, men of light and leading of those Churches, brought their tributes of admiration of the founder of Methodism and the result of his labours.

This periodical, though frankly denominational, has stood for the broadest Christian reciprocity and closest possible union. It warmly urged the formation of that Methodist union which has been so signally owned and blessed of God. It has never printed a line of unjust or ungenerous criticism of any of the Churches of Christendom.

In the other Churches similar longings after a closer union of God's people in Christian work have long been felt and often expressed. At our General Conferences for several years, and other occasions, the venerable and beloved Principal of Knox College has lost no opportunity of commending and urging this Christian ideal. He has been ably seconded by many men of our own and other Churches.

Our General Conference of 1902, in response to the overtures toward organic union of the Presbyterian and Congregational Churches, declared itself with almost absolute unanimity "in favour of a measure of organic unity wide enough to embrace all the evangelical denominations in Canada." Deeming the time ripe for a definite and practical movement towards union with the Presbyterian and Congregational Churches, it appointed an influential committee to formulate such basis, and commended the project to the prayerful interest and sympathy of the Methodist Church, in the devout and earnest hope that if this union can be achieved it might be accompanied with great blessing to the Church and the nation, and redound to the glory of God. This is the first time anything so compre-

hensive has ever been suggested in this or possibly in any other country.

The Rev. Dr. Bryce, Moderator of the General Assembly; Professor Kilpatrick, of the Presbyterian College, Winnipeg; "Ralph Connor," the world-famous author of "The Sky Pilot," and the representatives of the Congregational Church, expressed strong hope for the union of the Churches so near akin in doctrine and purpose. The laymen are even more enthusiastic than the ministers in this regard. The broadening of Christian sympathy, the deepening of Christian love, the need for Christian co-operation, make this great subject one of paramount importance.

There will be need of careful readjustment of some things in our respective economies and remoulding some of the expressions of Christian doctrine, but in the glow and white heat of intense spiritual convictions, these difficulties, we are sure, will melt away, and these Churches, so much akin, will be fused into blessed union of organization and spirit and power. As Dr. Caven has well remarked, this union must be sought in the spirit of prayer and for the glory of our common Master and Lord.

When men sit down in their studies to formulate a symmetrical system of theology, they are apt to make the iron links of logic construct a rigid system; but when they gather in prayer around the footstool of our Father in heaven, and blend their

voices in the same hymns of praise, and feel the throb and thrill of the same Christian experiences, they find that there is, after all, less difference between them than they had thought.

The pools sand-locked along the seashore may be separate entities, but when the great tides of ocean come heaving and hurrying landward, all are swallowed up in the boundless expanse of the illimitable sea. So when a great spiritual baptism shall come upon the Churches, they will realize as never before their essential oneness in a common faith and hope and love.

It is possible to make too much of the expected economies of men and means in the extension of the Redeemer's kingdom. Such economies are very important, especially in view of the earnest needs of our own land and the Macedonian cry from heathen lands, "Come over and help us." He who gathered up the fragments broke bread, that nothing might be lost, surely is grieved by waste of effort and of money in endless distinctions and unwholesome rivalries.

But, after all, the highest appeal is for the strengthening of the golden cords of brotherhood, is for the melting of the ice of prejudice, for the coming together of those fellow-servants who have been too long estranged, for the endeavouring to "keep the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace."

THE HOUSE WITH THE GREEN DOOR.

BY SEUMAS MACMANUS.

Lone is the house of my Love,
The house with the green door,
That opened to let my Love in,
And opened never before.

It shut behind her that day;
In my face blew the bitter rain:
I cried aloud at the door,
Calling her name—in vain.

Oft I went back through the storm,
Strong the impulse that bore me,
Stinging the sleet in my face,
And chill the welcome before me.

It opened but once before,
Once it will open again,
The house with the green door
And noiseless bolt and chain.

Many my fruitless journeys;
Yet some time the light will burn,
And friends watch late, in my house,
And I shall not return.

I shall have found my welcome,
And a wide-thrown green door:
And I will tarry in my Love's arms
Shut close for evermore.

—Independent.

A SCOTTISH SACRAMENT.*

The half-yearly Sacrament fell on the Sabbath after bonnie Mary Cameron had been laid to rest under the old yew-tree, in the north-east corner of the kirk-yard. It was a sweet summer's day, heavy with the breath of the ripening corn that an early morning shower had set loose on the air, and even old Rorie Morrison—the last to settle upon his feet at the prayer, for the weight of the century of years that was on him—was tempted to the kirk. About a hundred of the older folk sat at the white-clothed tables, when the minister gave out the opening Psalm; when he came down from the pulpit, half a dozen others rose from their own seats in the side pews and took their places with slow reverence among the intending communicants.

The kirk had the hush of death upon it that day. There was no look of expectancy or joy on the faces of the worshippers; in nearly every heart, if the truth were known, there was probably an echo of the self-distrustful words with which old Rorie was accustomed to take his token from the minister at the close of the morning service on the Fast Day. "It's very questionable, sir," he used to say in a kind of groan, "if I should be gaun there ava."

And certainly the gloom upon the communicants' faces was not dispelled by the opening of the exhortation which Mr. Carment gave at the Fencing of the Tables. According to kirkly usage, he depicted in strenuous, unsparing terms, the terrors of a broken law; he dwelt upon the hideousness of sin, the inability of mortal man by any effort of personal righteousness to span the awful gulf that stretched between him and the favour of his God, and the inflexible justice of the decree that would condemn them all to everlasting burnings.

* From "The Souter's Lamp." Fleming H. Revell Company.

Higher and higher he reared the Fence, until some of his hearers quivered in fearful foreboding of the doom that awaited the unworthy receivers of the sacred symbols.

But when Mr. Carment turned from the Law to the Gospel, there was an instant, perceptible change even in his tones. The prophetic accent grew weaker; he abandoned himself to the spell of the Saviour's wonderful love. To some who listened it was evident that the discipline of the past year had not been vainly suffered in the minister's life. There was a pleading tenderness, a new note of hopeful conviction in his words of spiritual encouragement; he made the way of the kingdom gentler and more winsome than some had ever seen it to be before. The communicants forgot their gloomy misgivings; they were swept upwards by the impulse from the minister's heart into a world that had the fresh light of a spring morning on its face, and was filled with the music of a love that spoke them peace.

"Man, you was gran," the Souter whispered to Roderick Farquharson at the close of the service.

"Ay," the grim elder responded dubiously, "but whiles I wes kind o' frichted."

"Fricted! What ailed ye th' day?"

"Well, ye mun alloo that the minister gien the Fence some afa dings. He made it high enough at the first t' gie Gabriel his work gettin' ower it, but at the hinder end he broke it aboot that wy 'at a sizeable deil micht hev slippit through. I was expectin' every meenit t' see him shake hands wi' the Mischief himself."

But Roderick Farquharson's concern about the minister's evangelical latitude was not deeply rooted. On the way home he drew his tongue delicately several times around his thin upper lip, as though there clave to it the flavour of the new wine of the kingdom.

As lies the babe with close-shut eyes,
Nor feels the mother o'er him bending,
His lightest breath her thought attending,
Yet sleeps, watched o'er by care unending,
So we, dull-souled but worldly wise,
Heed not the Father o'er us bending,
Our constant needs His care attending,
Yet live watched o'er by Love unending.

—Ada P. Buck.

Current Topics and Events.



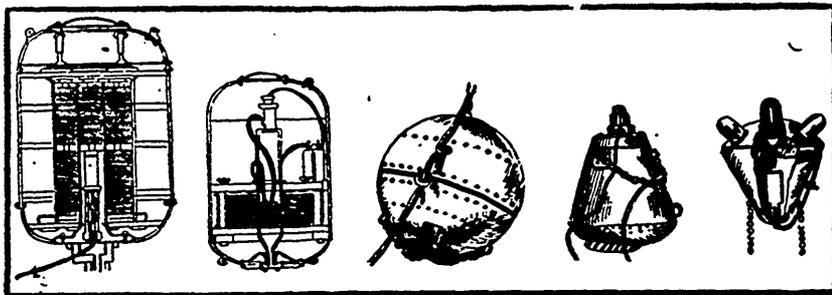
THE LATE SIR HENRY M. STANLEY.

A GREAT EXPLORER.

The death of the late Sir Henry M. Stanley removes the last of the great African explorers. Indeed, there is very little left in the Dark Continent to explore. His career was one of romantic interest, and shows how indomitable energy will overcome the greatest difficulties. The little workhouse lad won his way into the favour and affection of his employer, and later his skill and daring as a soldier and newspaper correspondent led to his selection to go on the romantic

quest for the lost Livingstone. His subsequent adventures in the Congo country are a twice-told tale. Stanley was always the friend of the missionary. It was largely through his influence that the Universities Mission was established in Uganda.

Nevertheless, his military training and instincts led to needless loss of life in his African exploration. Dr. Livingstone wandered for years throughout Darkest Africa, and was guiltless of the blood of a single black man. Dr. Johnston, with his little



Observation mine
(exploded from land).

Electric mine
(self-acting).

Spherical mine
(operated from land).

Ground mine
(connected with
land battery).

Heart mine
(explodes if hit).

Gun-cotton is used inside the observation and electric mines, with which the fuse unites. The electric mine is equipped with batteries.

MINES FOR NAVAL WARFARE.

band of Jamaicans, crossed from sea to sea without firing a hostile shot. Stanley forced his way across the continent by means of elephant guns and ruthless slaughter of the natives. It was possibly a case of kill, or be killed, but the tact of the successful explorer is shown in averting such stern alternatives.

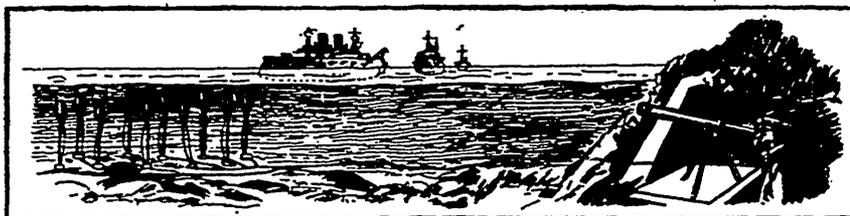
The Congo Free State, better named the Congo Slave State, thus founded in blood, has had a history of unparalleled oppression and cruelty. For this Stanley was not to blame, but the greed of the Belgian exploiters of West African trade, who won their tale of ivory and rubber by barbarities not to be surpassed by those of the savages of Darkest Africa. Stanley's later years were crowned with honours and renown, and it shows the democratic character of British institutions that the little Welsh workhouse lad should win the high favour of royalty, and become a member of the Great Council of the nation.

THE FAR EAST.

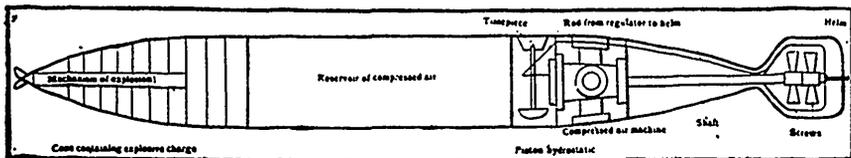
The passionate and almost fanatical patriotism of the Japanese, and their almost idolatrous veneration of the

Mikado, is one of the most striking features of this war. They not only face most tremendous odds, and even rush on certain death, as in the successive attempts to bottle Port Arthur, but they even, like the drowning men on the captured troopship, refuse to be saved by the Russians, and go down, defiant to the last. In this respect their fanatical devotion is akin to that of the Jews in the memorable siege of Jerusalem by Titus.

The devotion of the Russians to the Little Father, the Czar, is another example of passionate patriotism. No matter of what faults or mistakes their leaders may be guilty, the Czar can do no wrong. The men who inspire such personal love and devotion bear a heavy responsibility. To send hundreds of thousands of men over thousands of miles through the snows of Siberia, to endure incredible sufferings, and at last to be mown down like grass before the scythe of war is a fearful responsibility. So is that of the Mikado in sending his brave subjects into the hell of war. In the words of Scripture, "It must needs be that offences come, but woe unto that man by whom the offence cometh."



A MINE FIELD.



MECHANISM OF A WHITEHEAD TORPEDO IN USE BY JAPAN.

The torpedo (upon being discharged through its tube) answers to its helm, which in turn is controlled through the time-piece.

The greatest criminal in all the war seems to us the ruined and disgraced Alexieff. Of coarse Cossack extraction, a soldier of fortune who forged his way to highest military position, he, despite the peaceful purpose of De Witte, forced the fighting. He lied to the Czar, and egged on the war, to earn his salary of \$80,000 a year. Small wonder that surprise and dismay possess the amiable ruler of all the Russians. A fitting Nemesis has overtaken this professional butcher. Discredited, disgraced, escaping, a fugitive, from Port Arthur, history presents few examples of so rapid a fall.

and carefully avoid armed vessels. The Japs, on the contrary, attack the biggest and best of the enemy's ships whose fighting forces take all the chances of war.

The superstitions of the Holy Orthodox Church of Russia in sending its icons and images to the scene of war is scarcely less pagan in its character than the religious practices of the Japanese.

MARINE MINES.

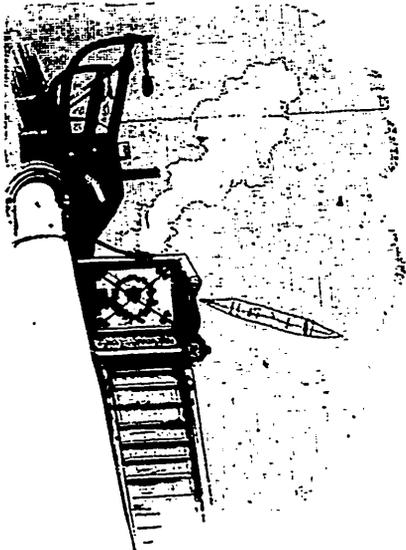
Mining and counter-mining have long been a deadly mode of warfare. Some of the most desperate encounters have taken place in these underground mines. But marine mining reveals new possibilities of havoc and destruction. The sending to the bottom of the sea in two minutes' time of the great battleship "Petrovavlovsk," with the destruction of over seven



TORPEDO PRACTICE.

The clockwork-like precision with which the Japanese strategy has been developed has never been surpassed. Who would have thought that within three months of the first attack on Port Arthur, they would have overrun Korea, defeated the Russians in their chosen position on the Yalu, practically destroyed the Russian navy, and held Port Arthur in their grip.

The Russians are not winning much glory by their naval exploits. These have chiefly consisted in sinking small, unarmed schooners and a defenceless transport, sending a hundred Japanese to the bottom of the sea, when they might have saved their lives and the ship by putting a Russian crew on board. They then skulk back to the protection of their forts



A TORPEDO IN FLIGHT.



BEWARE OF THE GENIE.
—Minneapolis Journal.

hundred officers and men, sends a thrill of horror throughout the world. Well does Harper's Weekly represent Satan turning aghast from such a spectacle with the words, "They say war is hell. It's worse. I have no such inventions as these."

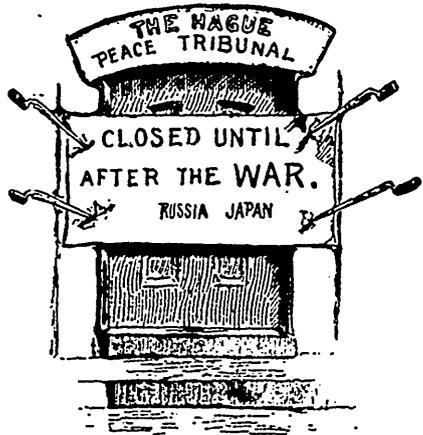
The cuts on page 564, from The Literary Digest, indicate the manner in which these sunken mines are placed. The tremendous power of the high explosives now used enables them to crush the strongest hull like an egg-shell. All the achievements of science are rendered tributary to this hideous destruction. The cool observer, safely concealed at a distance, may watch the great sea-kraken approaching its doom, and by touching a button can slaughter half a thousand men and reduce to junk five millions of money. Not less deadly is the action of the torpedo, a submarine foe against which the stoutest floating fortress ever built is utterly powerless. It is possible that the enginery of war may become more and more deadly until its absolute destructiveness shall put an end to war. May God speed the day!



WANTS THE EARTH.

THE TORPEDO IN WARFARE.

Military and naval experts cite the recent victories of the Japanese on the sea, as showing that the day of the battleship and cruiser is passing, as they are almost defenceless against the attacks of torpedoes. No matter how strongly constructed, or how powerful may be their armament, they can be sunk by the explosion of a single projectile. The submarine torpedo boat is such a terrible factor in warfare, that in future a government will consider well any step which leads it into hostilities, since by the use of such craft, not only whole navies can be annihilated, but shipping of every kind destroyed. The torpedoes contain explosives so powerful that nothing has thus far been invented to resist the impact of such missiles.



It seems a strange irony that the Czar, by whose kindly instincts the Hague tribunal was suggested, should be sending such truculent war messages to the East, and that thus his peace programme is inevitably blocked. Let us hope that before long the doors of the temple of peace may swing wide again, "on golden hinges turning."

THE "YELLOW PERIL."

The Russian press and its sympathizers are very bodeful in their outcry concerning the imminence of the "yellow peril" should the Japanese win the present war. It is feared that the nations of the Far East may become the dominant world powers,



IF THE JAP WINS, WOULD HE?—Boston Herald.

that a Japanese Monroe doctrine will shut out all Western trade, and seek to overwhelm Western civilization. This idea is expressed in several cartoons. We deem it a sheer chimera. Certainly Russia is the last country in the world to anticipate a new injury to trade from Japanese as compared with Russian supremacy. The Japanese have shown themselves more receptive of Western ideas, Western civilization, and Western trade than any other country in the East. Japan's policy is that of the open door to commerce, of broadest toleration and protection of foreign religions and people. Great Britain is her sole companion in this regard. Russia, on the contrary, closes the door of every country she controls to all commerce save her own. She is, next to Thibet, the most intolerant country in the world. All religions are under ban save the State Church, and she bitterly persecutes alike the Finns and Jews, Stundists, Doukhobors and Mennonites.

A year or two ago certain nervous persons were panic-stricken by the fear that the sovereignty of the seas was passing from Great Britain to her Western rival. The sale to the Morgan Steamship Trust of so many British-built ships was considered a sign that not Britannia but Columbia

should rule the waves. But Johnny Bull got good prices for his ships, built more and better ones, and now we read that the Morgan Steamship Trust has passed into the hands of British stockholders. Mr. Naughton's cartoon very cleverly sizes up the situation, and we fancy that John Bull's long-threatened decadence on land is no more real than that threatened on the sea.



DROPPING THE PILOT.

—Naughton, in the Minneapolis Tribune.

Religious Intelligence.

THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH IN CANADA.

Those of our readers who may wish to know and extend their acquaintance with the Presbyterian Church in Canada, will find a very admirable resume of its history in a book by Dr. Gregg, late Professor of Church History in Knox College, Toronto. This book gives a very lucid account of the history of the various sections of that Church which are now happily united in the one Presbyterian Church of Canada. That history, like our own denominational record, is a somewhat tangled skein with unions and divisions and reunions again. Professor Gregg has ingeniously shown these by a diagram on which are a number of streams which combine, divide and reunite till they all absorbed in one great sea. Much of this story is now ancient and almost forgotten history.

The Scottish people have a marked aptitude for speculative thought and for subtle distinctions, a fondness for metaphysics, and a stubborn adherence to principles. This has led to a multiplication of Scottish sects upon grounds of difference often of seeming microscopic character, or at least on grounds so slight that only a mind of Scottish acuteness can perceive them. The Burgher and the anti-Burgher Presbyteries united as long ago as 1817, making the Presbyterian Secession Church of Nova Scotia. In 1861 the union of the Free Church and the United Presbyterian Church took place. So marked was the seal of Divine approval on that union that in 1875 the three other then existing bodies came together in one common Church, extending from ocean to ocean. This last union promoted the consolidation of resources and strengthening of the institutions of the Presbyterian Church throughout this Dominion. Dr. Gregg thus summarizes these results:

"The Presbyterian Church in Canada not only carries on extensive home mission operations in the provinces and territories of the Dominion, but has established foreign missions of its own in the New Hebrides, in Trinidad, in Demerara, in Central India, and among the Chinese in the island of Formosa and the province of Honan; it has also undertaken a mission to the Jews. There are also in

the Dominion six Presbyterian Colleges, one in Halifax, one in the city of Quebec, one in Montreal, one in Kingston, one in Toronto, and one in Winnipeg. There are, moreover, three Foreign Mission Colleges of the Presbyterian Church in Canada, one in Formosa, one in Trinidad, and one in Central India."

In 1876 was formed the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of that Church, which has reached an annual income of over \$57,000.

The foreign mission work of this Church has added some immortal names to the bead-roll of missionary heroes—McKay of Formosa; the brothers Gordon, martyr missionaries of Erromanga; Geddie, the pioneer missionary of the New Hebrides, on whose tombstone is inscribed the noble testimony: "When he landed in 1848 there were no Christians here; when he left in 1872 there were no heathen;" and many others, whose record and reward is on high. A Church with such ardent missionary sympathies and such a noble missionary record will find a congenial co-operation with the Methodist Church in carrying out the Saviour's command to preach the Gospel to every creature.

A GOOD INVESTMENT.

"Where will you ever get the women to fill the building?" was asked seven years ago at the opening of the present Methodist Deaconess Home and Training-school in Toronto, with its accommodation for twenty-five. But in three years' time the building was too full. The sitting-rooms were turned into bedrooms. The dining-room was cramped. And ere long consecrated young women coming to offer their lives for this work will have to be turned aside, because there will be no room for them. Even today we have a number of them rooming outside the building.

Moreover, graduates from our Training-school, who wish to become deaconess nurses, are compelled to go to the Deaconess Hospitals of the United States for their training, because we have not made room for them here; they are going to the States and staying in the States. Of the three to four capable young women who cross the border to train for

deaconess nurses every year, only one returns to us.

Toronto needs a Methodist Deaconess Hospital. We have in the Fred. Victor Mission one of the best-equipped missions on the continent. We have, too, one of the best Training-schools on the continent, affording not only thorough Bible teaching, but a thorough course in domestic science and an elementary one in medicine as well. We are glad our Canadian girls are awakening to the educational value of this course. What we need is a building that will accommodate seventy-five students. Toward this end the first \$1,000 has already been given in small sums. It was cheering to see how ready and abundant was the response when our dear deaconesses undertook the Fresh Air Cottage at Whitby. We feel that the love which prompted a gift to God's poor will be equally ready to supply the needs of those who are giving them their lives. The remarkable growth of the deaconess work in Canada since its inauguration here ten years ago, proves that it lies very near to the heart of the Canadian people.

BURNING INDIGNATION.

The National Council of the Free Churches of England held recently afforded expression to the indignation felt over the Education Act. The opposition is not confined to the Free Churches only. Sir George Keke-wich, an Anglican, stated that thousands of the laity, and even some of the clergy of the Established Church sympathized with the Free Churches in their struggle. During the past nine months over thirteen thousand have been brought into court for refusal to pay taxes for sectarian teaching.

As indicative of the spirit animating these "passive resisters," one lady over eighty years of age, and quite infirm, rather than pay seventy cents as a tax at which her conscience revolted, preferred to be summoned to court, make public protest there, and incur costs of \$3.65. A few cases of exorbitant severity, as stripping five rooms of furniture to meet a tax of \$3.65, serve to accentuate the general resentment.

A GREAT CONFERENCE AT WORK.

Seven hundred and forty-eight delegates are attending the General Conference of the Methodist Church now in session at Los Angeles, Cal.

Twenty-five of these are women; forty-two come from the foreign fields; seventy-nine are coloured people. It is good to see the dark and the white races thus working together in harmony.

The doings of this Conference are undoubtedly fraught with much interest to twentieth-century life. It is understood that owing to the growth of the Church the number of bishops is to be increased both at home and in the mission fields. Many weighty problems are up for discussion. One proposal is to amalgamate the publishing houses of the east and west. Another is to bring the various Boards of Missions, Sunday-schools, and Education into one organization, having the power of pro rata distribution of income.

Both proposals have zealous opponents. Some advocate the restoration of the time-limit on the length of the pastorates, abolished by the last General Conference. Others think the new system should have a longer trial. A more efficient system of providing for superannuated ministers is also needed, and will probably be devised by the Conference.

The question of amusements will no doubt occasion earnest debate, as at our last General Conference.

Hazard's Pavilion has been remodelled expressly for the Conference, with seating capacity for three thousand. Three neighbouring churches will be used for overflow meetings.

A significant sign of the times, says an exchange, was manifested at Sydney, C.B., when a joint meeting of Methodist and Presbyterian ministers and laymen discussed the proposal for union of the Evangelical Churches. Not a dissenting voice was raised, and a resolution in favour of the principle was passed unanimously.

BETTER UNDER SPANISH RULE.

A strange and startling statement has lately been made concerning affairs in Puerto Rico. President Gompers, of the Federation of Labour, who has been striving in vain to unite the warring industrial factions of the Federation on the island, has lately returned to the United States. He reports that business and the industries are greatly depressed, that there are many idle men, that the average rate of wages is lower by fifty per cent. than it was under Spanish rule, and that there are about five hundred deaths from starvation every month.

Book Notices.

"Turkish Life in Town and Country."

By Lucy M. J. Garnett. Illustrated. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. viii-336. Price, \$1.20 net.

This is another volume of the admirable series of town and country life in the principal nations of Europe. The chance tourist through Turkey does not come in contact with the best classes of its people nor get an inside view of its society. The dragomen and guides, the government officials and parasites do not represent Turkey at its best. This book, based on long and intimate acquaintance with Turkey and its people, gives a much more favourable idea of the domestic life, especially away from the corruptions and distractions of the cities, than we have been led to expect. God has not left himself without a witness in the hearts of these people. The domestic affections and patriotic feelings, the love of wife and child and fatherland, produce a far better type of character than we see in the purlieus of the great cities.

The civil and economic conditions of Turkey, of course, differ widely from those of Christian countries. A blight seems to follow Turkish rule, so that we may almost quote the words of Attila, that where its horses' hoofs tread no grass will grow. A perfect polyglot of races inhabit this wide empire, some kept under restraint by the Turkish soldiery, or terrorized by the scarcely more lawless domination of brigands. An instructive chapter is that on the religious life of Turkey—a strange mixture of superstition, fanaticism and honest devotion.

"Strong Mac." By S. R. Crockett.

Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company, Limited. Pp. 406. Illustrated. Price, \$1.50.

This is another of those Galloway stories by which Crockett won his name and fame. In this border country his foot is on his native heath, and he depicts Scottish life and character as can few living writers. The story is one of great power and pathos, with a vein of "pawky" humour and no end of adventure. A "stickit dominie," Donald Gracie, the younger son of an ancient house, becomes a parish

schoolmaster. The drink habit drags down the unvenerable old man despite the loving watch-care of his daughter Dora. By a mean, revengeful trick the teacher is made drunk on school examination day, and is turned out of office. By a strange complication of circumstances, the girl's rival lovers disappear in the night. One is found dead on the muir, the other is captured by a press gang and goes to Spain to fight under Wellington. A third lover, for she had three strings to her bow, or beaux to her string, is tried for the double murder. The brave girl goes to Spain to bring back the gallant soldier whose evidence exculpates his accused rival of the alleged crime. The complications are removed, the mystery explained, and all goes merry as a wedding bell. Apart from the interest of the story is the fascination of its telling. The studies of the members of the Presbytery, the lawyers and judges, the lairds and poachers and peasants, the saintly women and scolding viragoes, and, above all, the brave-souled Dora Gracie, are sketched like portraits. The word-painting of the high, bleak muirs, the heather-covered mountains, the lonely tarns and wide sea-scapes are in Crockett's best manner. This is, in our judgment, one of his best books. The Galloway dialect is a prose-poem in itself. The Scottish diminutives have a fascinating charm. The numerous illustrations by Griffenhagen are as good as the text.

"The Souter's Lamp." By Hector

Macgregor. Chicago, New York, Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Co. Pp. 272.

This is another of those stories of Scottish life which have had such a vogue since Ian Maclaren described for us the glen of Drumtochty and its people. It has much of the blended pathos and humour, clever character study and sympathetic treatment of religion and sacred things which characterize the immortal "Bonnie Brier Bush." The stories of the manse and the saintly minister and his quite unsaintly nephew, a boy full of pranks and mischief, and especially the character of the Souter or cobbler, in whose house most of the "foregatherings" described took place, are

of absorbing interest. The power and pathos of the sketch, "Mr. Carment's New Prayer," and of "The Candle on the Brae," the humour of "The English Gauger," and that of the boys' celebration of the Queen's Birthday, provoke alternately tears and smiles, while the sketch of "Stickit Saunie," the lad whom his mother would make a minister, but whom fate made a soldier, has a quaint humour of its own. It seems almost incredible that the parish schoolmaster could have been so grim and dour in his treatment of his scholars as in the chapter on "Crookit Sol" and what we may call his conversion to humaner feelings, but we have feeling recollections of very similar treatment at an academy run on Scotch principles in this good city of Toronto. Such books and Burns' "Cotter's Saturday Night" enable us better to understand the strength of Scottish character, whose very foibles lean on virtue's side. We quote on another page the closing paragraphs describing a Scottish sacrament.

"Women's Ways of Earning Money." By Cynthia Westover Alden. Illustrated. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 278. Price, \$1.00 net.

This is the age of the emancipation of woman. A few years ago fine sewing, domestic service, or teaching were about the only occupations open. Now the whole world is before her to choose. This little book will be indispensable to those who wish to know the many modes of earning money open to women. These embrace the arts and crafts, shops and factories, the great stores, the civil training, professional nursing, telegraphy, stenography, and the like. The book is packed as full of information as may be.

"The Makers of Canada: Papineau, Cartier." By Alfred D. DeCelles. Edition de Luxe. Toronto: Morang & Co. Pp. 136.

This is another of the important series of books on the Makers of Canada issued by the enterprise of Morang & Company. The two great French-Canadians whose life-record it presents were among the most conspicuous figures in the political history of Canada. Papineau was the ideal of the habitants, and after contending against disabilities and injustice, pre-

cipitated the armed rebellion against authority in Lower Canada, synchronous with that of Mackenzie in the Upper Province. Sir George Etienne Cartier more wisely sought by constitutional methods the removal of these disabilities. He lived to be an honoured premier of his country. He travelled so far from the rebel sympathies of his early years as to enunciate the patriotic sentiment that the last gun fired for the defence of British institutions on this continent should be fired by a French-Canadian. Ample justice is done in this volume to the character of both these distinguished Canadians.

"The Education of the Heart." Brief Essays on Influences that make for Character. By Rev. William L. Watkinson. London: Chas. H. Kelly. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 256.

A marked feature of the Wesleyan Methodist Magazine under the editorship of the Rev. W. L. Watkinson has been the series of short, pithy, pointed chapters on practical subjects. These are written in Mr. Watkinson's unique style. They are suffused with the spirit of poetry combined with a fine vein of humour. The very titles are marked by originality, as: The Progression of Life, a New Year's meditation on the words "Thy statutes have been my songs in the house of my pilgrimage"; The Fallacy of Bigness, "Seekest thou great things for thyself, seek them not"; A Sweet Chime for the Busy City, "Res. in the Lord and wait patiently for him"; The Primrose Path—not that of dalliance, but that of the righteous. Others are of similar stimulating character, as: Ethical Athleticism, Anaemic Virtue, The Sovereignty of the Soul, The Wail of the Wealthy. Mr. Watkinson is one of the most original thinkers and writers of British Methodism.

"The Vanguard." A Tale of Korea. By James S. Gale. Author of "Korean Sketches." Illustrated. New York, Chicago, Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Company. Pp. 320. Price, \$1.50 net.

This book will have special interest to Canadian readers from the fact of its Canadian authorship. Dr. Gale was a distinguished graduate of Toronto University, who went out to Korea as a Presbyterian missionary. His previous volume of Korean sketches is one of the most vivacious,

not to say audacious and hilarious, books of missionary adventure ever written. The present volume is marked by the same fresh and breezy style, the same fulness and exactness of information, the same sense of humour and briskness and brightness of manner. He puts in the form of a story the missionary experiences of himself and some others. The scene of this tale is right in the focus on which the eyes of the world are at this moment concentrated. The thin veil of disguise enables him to present with greater frankness and vivacity the vicissitudes of missionary life than in a bare matter-of-fact narrative.

"How to Sleep." Edited by Marian M. George. Berwyn, Ill.: F. J. George. Pp. 96. Price, 50 cents.

"Blessed be the man," says Sancho Panza, "that invented sleep"—

Sleep, that knits up the ravel'd sleeve of care,

The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,

Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,

Chief, nourisher in life's feast.

Yet sleep often flees from the eyes and slumber from the eyelids, and often the more it is wooed the more coy and evasive it becomes. The cry for sleep is ever greater than the cry for bread. We can live longer without food than without sleep. Amid the hurry and worry of modern life, with its noises and distractions, sleeplessness becomes a more imminent evil. This little book is filled with wise suggestions for securing sleep. It utterly dissuades from drugs or hypnotics, and suggests only rules for diet, hygiene, mental suggestion and the like. We cordially commend it.

"Gypsy Roy. A Story of Early Methodism." By Harry Lindsay. Author of "The Cark of Coin," etc. London: Chas. H. Kelly. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. viii-312. Price

Harry Lindsay is no stranger to the readers of this magazine. They followed with absorbed interest his mining story, "Rhoda Roberts," in these pages. He has made a special study of John Wesley and early Methodism. The venerable evangelist reformer ambles through its pages on his palfrey as he rode from end to end of

England a hundred and fifty years ago. The story takes us among the strange people, the gypsies, who present such mysterious affiliation and such possibilities of both good and evil.

"Essays for the Day." By Theodore T. Munger, D.D. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 227. Price, \$1.00 net.

Dr. Munger is one of the most thoughtful and scholarly of religious writers. His *Life of Bushnell* is placed among the great biographies. In this book are collected some of his spare-hour essays, critical and literary. In the first of these he discusses some of the most important religious and economic questions of the day. The interplay of Christianity and Literature continues from a literary point of view the same high themes. The notes on *The Scarlet Letter* are a subtle and illuminating criticism of one of the most subtle and significant stories ever written. "A Cock to Aesculapius" discusses Socrates' theory of the future life.

"Asters and Goldenrod." By George Lansing Taylor, D.D., L.H.D. New York: Eaton & Mains. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, \$1.00 net.

This is a pleasing little collection of poems from field and fireside. The writer has the clear eye and true heart of the poet. He has, also, a keen and penetrating appreciation of nature and of the little every-day joys and sorrows and commonplaces of life. There are humorous touches and pleasing echoes from parsonage life in his pages.

"The Beauty of Goodness." Being a Meditation and Prayer for every Sunday in the Year. By G. Beesley Austin. London: Charles H. Kelly. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. viii-208.

The aids to devotion are not so much used as they used to be. Can the reason be that we are not as devotional in spirit as our fathers, or that men go more to the Scriptures themselves as the fountain-head of illumination and inspiration? Be that as it may, wisely written books like that under review will never lose their power to instruct and edify and inspire. A choice hymn, an earnest prayer, a brief exposition constitutes the "portion" for each Sunday in the year.