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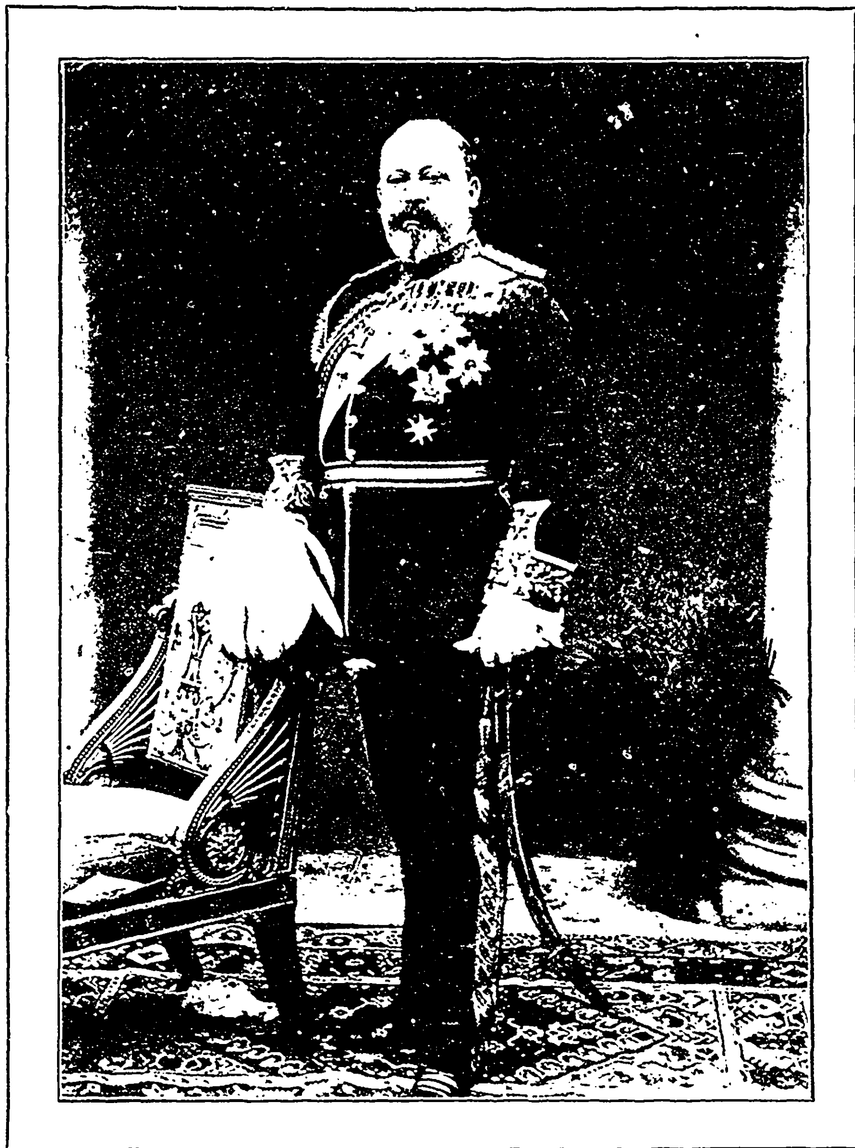


HIS MAJESTY KING EDWARD VII.

Methodist Magazine and Review.

MAY, 1901.

HIS MAJESTY KING EDWARD VII.

ONE of the best of the sovereigns of France is remembered in history as Louis "Le Bien Aimee," "Louis the Well-beloved." No phrase could be more appropriate to our late lamented sovereign. There was something inexpressibly touching in the chivalrous devotion of the four hundred millions of subjects of Queen Victoria to her crown and person. Millions who never saw her face would gladly have laid down their lives in her behalf. In many a lowly cabin on the far frontier of Canada, in her remote backwoods, or lonely prairie, or mining camp, or fishing village; in the Australian bush, in New Zealand, Natal, Cape Colony, Straits Settlement or Jamaican hut, and in the islands of the sea, as well as in the mother country, the portrait of the Queen was the chief and often the only adornment. The Queen's Birthday was, next to Christmas, the gladdest holiday in the year, and the prayer for Her Majesty was uttered the wide world over as for no other sovereign in the history of mankind. The noble hymn, "God Save the Queen," stirred the pulses throughout all the British possessions; the toast, "The Queen," was the first at every patriotic banquet, and as Daniel Webster said long years ago, the morning roll of her drum-beat encircled the world.

THE KING AT 50.

To transfer all these deep, heartfelt sentiments, the growth of over sixty years at once in all their fulness, to even the Queen's son, would be a psychological impossibility. Yet King Edward's strongest claim to our love and loyalty is that he is the son of Albert the Wise and Victoria the Good, and that his first utterance on assuming the crown was that he would seek "to walk in the footprints of his mother."

To succeed such a Queen as the late lamented Victoria would be a severe ordeal for any human being. Few could sustain it as well as our beloved Queen Consort Alexandra. Her character and unique qualifications for this high office were

duly set forth in our April number. Her pure and simple domestic affections are like those of the Queen, but she enjoys the advantages of a more graceful presence, a more stately beauty. If she does not exhibit such statesmanlike wisdom, she is not required to bear such statesmanlike burdens. It will be hers to carry into the social functions of the court the sweetness, the graciousness, the womanly refinement and purity which marked the court of the good Queen. In

QUEEN ALEXANDRA.

all the pictures which are shown of Queen Alexandra and her daughters, we are reminded of the words of Horace, "Mater pulchra filia pulchrior," " O mother, more beautiful than thy beautiful daughter," and of that fine phrase of Milton's, " the fairest of her daughters, Eve."

We quote some items about Queen Alexandra from an interesting character sketch by Mr. Stead in the March number of the *Review of Reviews.* We regret the cynical manner in which Mr. Stead refers to his sovereign, and the tremendous " If " with which he prefaces his qualified commendation. We think that both bad taste and bad manners are shown in the following extract:

> "'God Save the Queen,' say all of us, including some of those who either sing 'God Save the King' with wry faces, or not at all."

We have no difficulty in singing this prayer without making any wry face. We accept without question the apostolic injunction, " Fear God and honour the king," and earnestly pray that God's guidance and blessing may rest upon our rightful sovereign.

With much better taste Mr. Stead writes thus of Queen Alexandra:

> "During all the thirty-eight years of her sojourn amongst us, she has never on a single occasion given rise to ill-natured gossip or unkind criticism. In the midst of the eagles, the hawks, and even the vultures of society, she has lived and lives unharmed in their midst, like a beautiful white dove, whose plumage was neither soiled nor marred by the wires of its gilded cage. A dutiful daughter, brought up, if not in penury, at least in severe economy practised by the frugal court of Copenhagen, she passed as if to the manner born to be the wife of the heir to the English throne."

The Princess of Wales resented strongly the rapacious policy of Bismarck in wresting the little province of Schleswig-Holstein from her native country and annexing it to Germany, and burst into tears when a telegram announced an Austro-Prussian victory. When a royal visitor at Windsor asked the Princess Beatrice what she would like for a present the child begged the Princess of Wales to advise her.

> "The result of a whispered conversation between the two was that the little Princess declared aloud that she would like to have Bismarck's head on a charger."

After the serious illness of the Princess in 1867 she, with the

Prince, made a delightful tour up the Nile and a visit to Constantinople, the royal pair travelling as plain "Mr. and Mrs. Williams." Her health was quite re-established. Soon followed the well-nigh fatal illness of the Prince of Wales. The Princess nursed at his side for weeks with the deepest devotion. A stable groom was also smitten with the same disease.

"She visited him when she could spare time from her husband's bedside, and when at last the poor fellow died, she erected a tombstone over his grave in the churchyard with the inscription, "One was taken and the other left."

QUEEN ALEXANDRA, HER DAUGHTER AND GRANDDAUGHTER.
"Mater Pulchra Filia Pulchrior."

Many other stories are told illustrating her kindly sympathy with the lowly and the poor.

Mr. Frank Jessop writes recently of the Queen's many pets, dogs and horses and birds, and adds:

"It is a good thing for human beings to have pets, and few things afford a better insight into character than the affection which human beings bestow upon their friends in fur and feather. The range of Queen Alexandra's pets is very wide, wider even than the range of those of the late Sovereign, whose menagerie of four-footed pets at Windsor has frequently been described.

"Picture to yourself (and if you lived near Sandringham you might see the original picture whenever the Royal family is in residence) our gracious Princess, assisted by her daughters or her Royal husband, picking up the dusty little dots of children from the roads, placing them in her own carriage until it is completely packed, and then duly delivering each at its own home, so that they may say they enjoyed a ride with her that day.

"'Sir,' says a tenant of thirty years' standing, 'I have known that royal lady leave a sick labourer's bedside at ten o'clock at night, go to her own home, take delicate thin s from her own dinner table, and bring th m back *herself* to the sick man at nearly eleven o'clock at night.'"

A glimpse of the mother heart of the Princess is given in the following story:

"When Prince Eddy was a baby there was one delight which the Princess seemed unable to deny herself, and that was the luxury of giving him his nightly bath. A commodious flannel garment was kept in his nursery ready to put on over his mother's fine dinner dress, so that, slipping away from the brilliant rooms, she might run up to his nursery, and without damage to her fine,y give him his nightly wash, and have her nightly play with him."

We are glad of the opportunity of presenting a more comprehensive account of the public and private life of the Prince of Wales and study of his character than we know elsewhere. We have gleaned from every available source the data for this paper.

SANDRINGHAM.

Mr. F. Cunliffe Owen, who has the opportunity of a personal acquaintance with his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, pays the following generous tribute to the character of King Edward VII. in the *Independent:*

The best criterion of a man's character is furnished by his home life, and I do not believe that in all the broad lands of old England there exists a more unaffected, happy, and altogether charming home than that of King Edward and Queen Alexandra at Sandringham. There are doubtless many country houses as luxurious, and some more magnificent, but hardly another where so much comfort is united with such exquisite taste and refinement. It was there that this royal couple have always been seen at their best and truest, owing to the absence of much of the pomp and glamour of royalty by which they were surrounded elsewhere. Children and young people in general constitute one of the most attractive features of the house parties at Sandringham, and King Edward is always seen to great advantage when among them. I remember often silently wishing that some of his calumniators could have the opportunity of watching him surrounded by a group of merry and affectionate youngsters. The latter are proverbially the best judges of character, and in order to form an estimation of the manner in which King Edward is regarded by them it is only necessary to hear with what degree of fondness all his numerous nephews and nieces of the first and secor : generations talk of "Uncle Bertie."

Another phase of King Edward which affords an indication of his character is his behaviour to Queen Alexandra. I do not know of any couple who, throughout near forty years of married life, have maintained such intimate and loving relations to one another—relations which constitute the best refutation of all the calumnies circulated about King Edward.

One who knows the life at Sandringham writes as follows:

"Gifted with great good taste, Queen Alexandra during her career as Princess of Wales has given untold pleasure by that which she herself takes in the study and collection of water-colour drawings and other works of art. An accomplished musician, she could interpret and enjoy the best compositions of Wagner, Chopin, Schubert, and the other masters of melody and harmony.

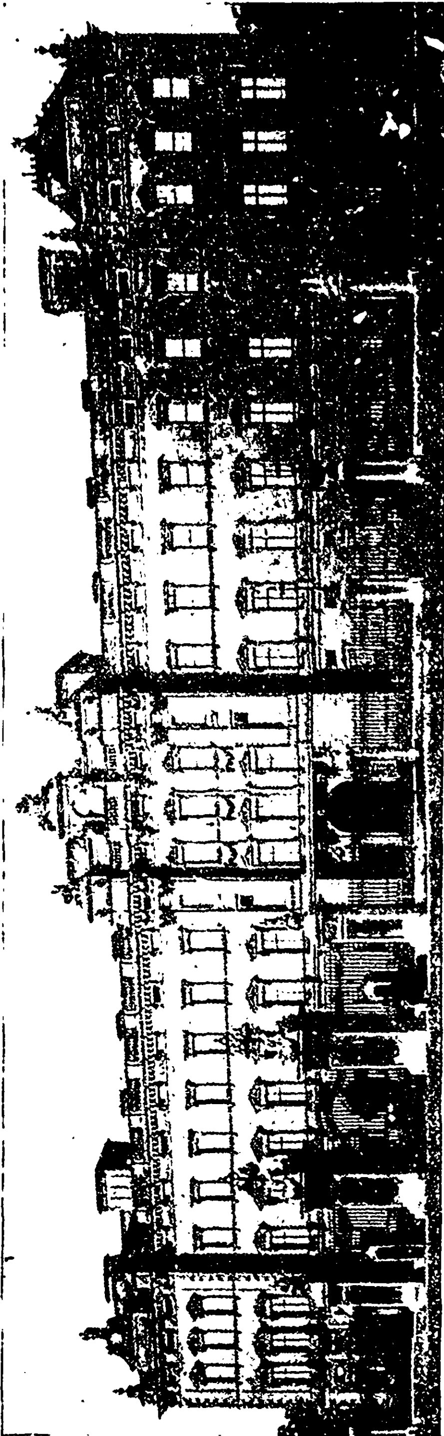
"The Queen never had any sympathy with the extravagant ostentation which is the bane of so many families in these plutocratic days. Although at the head of Society and the centre of the Court, she has lived as simply as possible, and has always taught her daughters the same lessons which she learned in the frugal days of her youth. She is expert with her needle, and taught her daughters to cut out and make their own frocks, and is said to have excited the admiration of Sandringham cottagers by the skill with which she has heeled stockings. Her extravagances—for every one has extravagances—is in the direction of personal charity, and in giving away things. One who knew her well said, 'If you give her £10,000 a year to live upon, she will spend £2,000 a year upon herself and give the other £8,000 away.' It is the key-note of her disposition.

"Another note of the Queen's character is that of motherhood. She is quite as careful a mother as Queen Victoria, and quite as scrupulous in the care with which she brings up her daughters."

Few monarchs have ascended the throne so well equipped for the duties of rulership as King Edward. For in addition to an unrivalled knowledge of men and affairs, not only in England, but also abroad, he is well read to a degree that is generally ignored. Not a single new book of importance appears in either English, German, or French, that does not receive King Edward's attention, and every literary "primeur" is read and discussed at Marlborough House or Sandringham long before its review appears in the London press. I remember M. Gambetta expressing to me on one occasion the most unbounded surprise that Queen Victoria's eldest son should have read so much. On the occasion of the great French statesman's first meeting with King Edward at a *dejeuner* at the Hotel Bristol, in Paris, literature constituted almost the sole and only theme discussed at table, and a work which no one present but Gambetta and his royal host happened to have read—namely, the memoirs of Nassau Senior—became the topic of most interesting conversation. To show how very catholic are the tastes of King Edward and of his consort in the matter of literature, I may mention that about the time of the assassination of Czar Alexander II., I had occasion to despatch to Sandringham, at their personal request, a large package of Nihilistic literature, which I had collected, including Tchernyshevsky's "What is to be Done?" and other equally revolutionary writings, in order that they might make themselves thoroughly acquainted with the ideas, the doctrines and the aims of the revolutionary party in Russia, about which little was known at the time.

King Edward has never posed for being a man of superlative intellect, or as a savant. Yet he possesses something more than a mere smattering of science, and I have often heard the late Lord Playfair declare that his former royal pupil knew a great deal about chemistry.

Aside from any question of studies which he may have pursued in days gone by, it must be borne in mind that for forty years past he has become personally acquainted with all the most distinguished men of the day, both at home and abroad. When presented to him their main object has almost invariably been to create a lasting impression upon his mind in connection with that particular science or craft in which they had achieved eminence, and they consequently may be said to have endeavoured to impart to him during the course of their interview the very pith and cream of all their learning. Thanks to this,


BUCKINGHAM PALACE, THE KING'S LONDON RESIDENCE.

and to his truly royal memory, King Edward has gathered together an amount of information that is as extraordinary in its variety as in its extent, and which could never have been derived by mere study even if King Edward had passed his entire life among books.

King Edward never forgets a friend, no matter how humble or unfortunate. Indeed, loyalty to his friends is one of his principal characteristics.

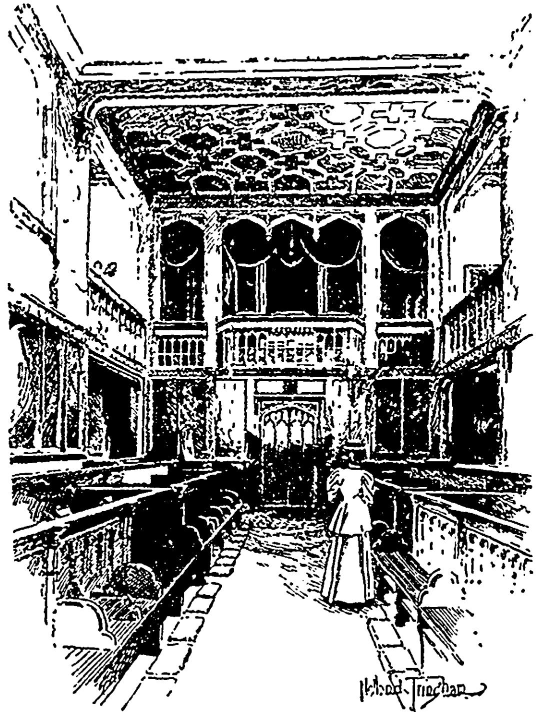
Of all qualities, however, the one which he possesses in the most superlative degree is tact, which since his marriage has been exercised mainly in his government of English society, but largely, too, in political matters. It was by the exercise of tact that on the accession of the present Czar to the throne he achieved in three weeks a victory for England in Russia which half a century of the most elaborate diplomacy and statecraft had failed to accomplish. It is by dint of tact that he brought about a reconciliation of the Kaiser with his widowed mother, and dispelled that intense animosity toward England which characterized Emperor William at the outset of his reign. To the same agency Great Britain is indebted for the smoothing over of many of her differences with France, while there is no doubt but that the tact of King Edward has contributed in no small measure to develop the friendly feeling between England and the United States. But, of course, where his tact has been apparent more especially has been in his management of English society, which as Prince of Wales he has ruled until now with a rod of steel concealed in a sheath of velvet. He has guided it as he saw fit, but solely by tact, experience, and *savoir faire*. No prejudice, no preconceived ideas or theories have ever been permitted to stand in the light of his decrees.

It is thanks to him, and to him alone, that all the ill-feeling toward

the Jewish race has disappeared in England, and that Hebrews, who, in the early days of the Victorian era, were not even admitted to the full rights and privileges of ordinary citizenship, are now to be found occupying seats in the House of Lords, and the very front rank of the most smart, aristocratic and exclusive circles of society. It is thanks to him, too, that hard drinking and coarseness of language have gone out of fashion. When he was a boy it was considered bad form for a gentleman to retire to rest otherwise than "drunk as a lord," while almost every phrase spoken was embellished by appalling blasphemy; and if a higher tone of morality and a greater sense of propriety now prevail in England than in the first half of the nineteenth century, it is to a great measure due to the unobtrusive but very excellent care that King Edward has taken to keep out of society those who have forfeited their right to remain within its pale.

Yet another illustration of his extraordinary tact is the profound ignorance in which, throughout the last forty years, he has kept his countrymen, and even his most close and intimate friends, on the subject of his political views. Only those who are acquainted with the violence of passions in English politics, and who can recall the altogether unconstitutional partizanship of the various sons of King George II. and of King George III., can realize the discretion that King Edward has manifested during the last four decades in this particular.

About King Edward when a student at Edinburgh University an interesting story is told by Grant Duff, in his recently issued volume of recollections. While staying at High Elms, Lyon Playfair was of the party, and apropos of the Algerian conjurors, who apply hot metal to their bodies without suffering, he explained to the guests that, if only the metal is sufficiently hot, this could be done with perfect security. Playfair then told his listeners a story of how, when the Prince of Wales was studying under him at Edinburgh, he had, after taking the precaution to make him wash his hands in ammonia, to get rid of any grease that might be on them, said: "Now, sir, if you have faith in science, plunge your right hand into that cauldron of boiling lead, and ladle it out into the cold water which is standing by." "Are you serious?" asked the pupil. "Perfectly," was the reply. "If you tell me to do it, I will," said the Prince. "I do tell you," rejoined Playfair, and the Prince immediately ladled out the burning metal with perfect impunity.



CHAPEL ROYAL, ST. JAMES' PALACE, LONDON.

Mr. George W. Smalley, who has been in close touch with the public life of Great Britain for many years, contributes an interesting study of the King to *McClure's Magazine,* from which we quote the salient paragraphs:

How firm a hold has the monarchy on the affections and imagination of the English people became plain to the most republican eyes as they read of what happened in London upon the accession of Edward the Seventh. Grief for the Queen—that was natural, but the sudden transfer of the loyalty of all England to her son was a thing far more remarkable. He who but yesterday was, like all other Englishmen, a subject, steps upon the throne, and in a moment is accepted as their ruler by 40,000,000 of free Englishmen, by 400,000,000 of free subjects all over the face of the globe. The King is not only accepted, but acclaimed. As he first drives through the streets of London on his way to take the oath before the Privy Council, he passes in silence. It is the Queen those multitudes are still thinking of. When he returns there bursts forth the irrepressible cry, "Long live the King!" There is no protest, no dissent. England is a very democratic country, more democratic in some very important particulars than our own, but there does not exist in England the vestige of a Republican party. It would do us no harm to consider why our cousins—a not less masterful and independent people than ourselves—are content, and more than content, that Queen or King should reign over them.

Loyalty is to the English, said Emerson, a kind of sub-religion; reason the more why they must have some one to be loyal to, a man and not a mere lay figure on a throne. They have ever, as I said, during his long minority, shown an affection for the Prince of Wales. Why? There is but one answer. He was worthy of it. He was an Englishman like themselves; with English tastes, views of life, conceptions of duty, and fidelity to them. No heir apparent to any throne was ever asked to play a part more difficult than his. The mere social difficulties were enormous. The Queen's widowhood withdrew her from social life. English society was left without its natural leader. The Queen was seldom in London, and the state she kept at Windsor, at Osborne, at Balmoral, was but modest and rather fitful. Inevitably, many of her duties fell upon the Prince and Princess of Wales. How were they to discharge them? Their means were inadequate. Marlborough House is very far from being a palace, and Sandringham is but a country gentleman's place, second or third rate. What it was possible to do was done. The Prince held levees in behalf of the Queen at St. James's Palace. Marlborough House entertainments were not and could not be numerous, yet it became the social centre of London, while Buckingham Palace offered few signs of life to the beholder except the scarlet-coated sentries on duty at the gates. But what the Prince did, the Princess joining with him, was to modify, if not to revolutionize, the relations between the Court, so far as it was his court, and the general society of England. Since they could not ask society in any great numbers to come to them, they went to society. They mingled with their fellow subjects, accepted invitations in London, and to houses in the country. It had never been done before with anything like the same freedom. Strict etiquette was against it; from the Continent the court pedants looked on aghast.

What manner of man is this new King? During forty years he has lived in a glare; the light turned

full upon him. When we try to gauge his capacity for reigning, we have little need to inquire into his private life. If we did, we should find him admirable in domestic relations, and if the walls of Marlborough House, like those of the Roman senator, had been of glass, they would have disclosed a picture of that domestic felicity on which the Englishman loves to dwell. It may be more to the purpose to consider that endless series of public duties which the Prince has discharged faithfully, laboriously, and with unerring good sense. His interest in charities, in hospitals, in schools, in all public functions, in ceremonies of state, in whatever concerns directly the welfare of the people, now his people, has been constant. His speeches have been models, wholly free from ambition or pretence, simple

THE ROYAL KEEP OF WINDSOR.

and to the point; above all, brief. He has taken pleasure in giving pleasure. He has filled the stage allotted to him and done with fidelity the work given him to do.

The filial attitude and tenderness of his manners to the Queen were not mere matters of deportment. You saw they were the outward expression of a loving and loyal nature. Follow him as he travels and mark the welcome given him; how he impresses Indian princes, whose princedoms date from a period when England was a savage isle still unknown to civilization; how the young commonwealths of Australia and Canada greet him. Their greeting is their recognition not only of his future sovereignty, but of his present personal attraction. His journeys through this world-wide empire were, as Bacon says, both a part of Education and a part of Experience; the value of them to him and to the great dependencies and colonies he visited is inestimable.

Bound as he is by ties of blood and family and lifelong intercourse with the rulers of Europe, there is, I will venture to say, no European power between whom and England he thinks cordial relations more vital than with the United States. He knew, of course, what the Queen felt on this subject. He was influenced by her and sympathized with her.

King Edward's daughter, Princess Maud, married Prince Charles of Denmark. His mother destined the Prince, it is said, for the young Queen of Holland, but he fell in love with the daughter of England, and is seeking naturalization as an Englishman and employment in the British navy. He will have the apartments lately occupied by the Duke and Duchess of York in St. James's Palace.

GARDEN FRONT OF WINDSOR CASTLE.

The *British Weekly,* voicing the sentiments of the Nonconformists of England, concerning Edward VII., says:

> It is not the time to recall what may have seemed unhopeful in the past. It is a time to remember the great qualities which the Prince has shown through the many trying and difficult years he has encountered. It is much to say that he is a man of infinite tact, of genuine kindliness of heart, of excellent business qualities, and gifted with a true perception of the part which, under a constitutional monarchy like ours, it was fitting he should take. We have every hope that he will brace himself to the great and re-

sponsible duties that now fall to his hand. It is the duty of the nation to remember how easy it is to spread damaging hints and rumours and suspicions against a man in the King's position. To believe these stories without evidence is almost as great a crime as it is to utter them without evidence.

Mr. Arnold White says of the King:

He has been the target of slander, and of reckless and malignant aspersion, by people of whom the Psalmist wrote, 'the poison of asps is under their tongues.' I have very strong reason to believe the malignant stories circulated about the Prince of Wales are absolutely false.

Intense admiration of King Edward VII., as man, husband, father, and prince, is the keynote struck by "A Member of the Royal Household" in the "Private Life of King Edward VII." (Prince of Wales), published by Messrs. D. Appleton & Co. That writer says:

The Prince and Princess are perfectly aware that the visitor to Sandringham must needs feel somewhat uneasy and overawed by the greatness of his host and hostess, and knowing this, their first object is to make the new-comer—whatever the duration of his stay is to be—perfectly "at home," with their good old English friendliness and hospitality. Many a proud aristocrat might take a lesson from their Royal Highnesses in this respect, and imitate with beneficial results the refined homeliness which pervades the provincial seat of England's future King and Queen.

Let us endeavour to describe a Sandringham day. If the day is Sunday every one then goes to church at 11 a.m., the Prince, in his good-humoured way, insisting on all his guests attending the small but very pretty church on the estate. The Prince and Princess set example by their regular and punctual attendance—the Prince and gentlemen walking by private footway. A quiet, peaceful spot it is, entered by a lychgate, and surrounded by a small "God's acre." The Sunday afternoon is quietly spent in the house or grounds.

The Prince was once in Rome at Easter, when people of every sect and religion were crowding into Roman Catholic churches, yet he went quietly into the plain little English church, remarking as he did so, "That when Church of England people were in Rome they should be more than usually particular to uphold their own form of faith."

If it is a week-day, your Royal host puts in an appearance about half-past ten, and takes all the male guests off to inspect his menagerie of all kinds of wonderful pet animals, from crocodiles to hedgehogs, and then organizes a shooting party.

The Princess, if there are ladies staying with her, carries them off to admire the kennels where she keeps her pet dogs, over eighty in number and of all breeds. If the guests are confined to the male sex, the Princess and her daughters probably pend the morning in her boudoir, stitching, darning, knitting, and trying over new songs and music.

The Prince has to get through an enormous amount of correspondence, and several quick clerks are kept hard at work all day at it. Great piles of begging letters have to be read; epistles requesting His Royal Highness's presence at this or that ceremonial have to be replied to; accounts must be settled, orders given, tenants seen—the Prince is a landlord with a very business-like head on his broad shoulders—and a variety of other matters attended to.

The estate includes six hundred acres of land farmed on scientific principles. Every known improvement in machinery, etc., is introduced, with results as near perfection as possible in crops. The Prince looks a genuine farmer as he tramps through the fields in true Norfolk garb of tweed and gaiters; and it does not require much attention to find from his conversation that he quite understands what he is talking about; so it quite behooves one to rub up his weak points in this direction.

Visitors cannot but notice the prosperous look of the villages and villagers, pointing unmistakably to the certainty of a good landlord. Had you longer time here you would hear many an anecdote of the kindness and generosity of the Prince and the goodness of the Princess and her daughters. Hardly a cottager but has some anecdote to tell you of the family: how the Princess visits the sick and afflicted, talking to them, reading to them, and helping them in their needs. Every child seems to know and to love the "beautiful lady," and every man and woman seems almost to worship her. They will tell you all about summer flower shows for villagers, treats on Royal birthdays, invitations to see the sights in the park, how the family have given

a wedding present to this one, what they have brought or sent the other one when ill, and so on, and so on, until you come to think: what a pity it is a few landowners, with their wives and families, cannot come here for the lessons so many need, and see how well this family interpret the words, "Am I my brother's keeper?"

"For the first time in its history England has a King who possesses a prohibitionist estate. The Prince of Wales, on his Sandringham estate prohibited public-houses, and now that he is King the English people have this singular and noteworthy fact that the Crown is doing for the people what some day the people will be allowed to do for themselves.

the Czar of Russia he accompanied the dead Emperor all the way from Livadia to St. Petersburg, walking beside his nephew Nicholas, comforting and consoling him. At the obsequies of his dead brother, the Duke of Saxe-Cobourg Gotha, a few months ago, he shared with his nephew the Kaiser Wilhelm the kindly task of solacing and sustaining the boy Prince, Duke of Albany. Everywhere his great heart is manifest, and now, when his mother has passed away, he is prostrated with grief.

A keen student of politics, the Prince of Wales never took part in party warfare. In the House of Lords he has sat consistently on the cross benches, throwing in his influence with neither side.

THE LONG DRIVE—FROGMORE MAUSOLEUM IS AT THE END.

It was a commonplace to call the Prince of Wales the best-liked Prince in Europe, but it is difficult to realize how close are the ties of affection that bind him to every royal family of the Continent. No man, prince or lackey, in trouble, has ever doubted the reality of his sympathy. When his father died his health and spirits were so seriously affected he had to be sent on a long tour with Dean Stanley to Egypt and Palestine. While the Princess of Wales was so long ill after the birth of Princess Maud the Prince of Wales did all of his work in the sick-room by her side.

More conspicuous for its tender helpfulness has been the bearing of the Prince on all occasions of great grief to his royal friends and relations. At the funeral of Emperor Frederick of Germany and of the Czar of Russia he was the mainstay of the grief-stricken sons. In the case of

An excellent linguist, proficient in French, German and Italian, and well able to hold his own in Russian, the new King has long and deeply studied foreign politics. His heroes in British political life are the expansionists, Cecil Rhodes and Lord Kitchener. Many of his friends are Colonists, and Colonial Ministers have always had a warm welcome from the Prince of Wales.

The most serious shock to the Prince and his well-loved wife was the death of their eldest son, the Duke of Clarence, in 1893. For some months after grave fears were entertained for the Princess's sanity, but a voyage to the Mediterranean and her own sound common-sense revived her spirits, and she is to-day, as she has ever been, the strongest support of the family in their great grief.

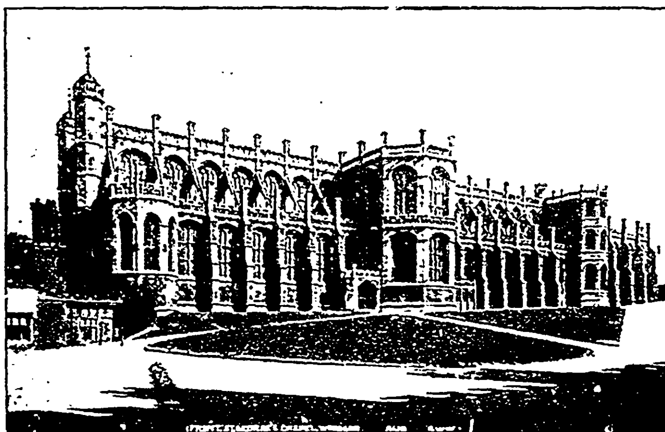
Edward VII. comes to the throne a Prince sure of the affections of his people,

supported by a Consort who shared with the Queen the love of the British nation. Whenever in the past he has been called upon to show tact and determination he has not been found wanting.

"You will understand how fervent are my prayers to see him resemble his father in every respect, both in body and in mind," were the first words the Queen wrote of her month-old baby, Albert Edward. To-day the nation gathered in sorrow round the coffin of Britain's greatest monarch say to Edward VII., "Follow her example in cleanliness of thought and of act, in liberality, in justice, and you need never fear the heart-whole loyalty of the British people."

less limitations, cabined, cribbed, and confined by innumerable restrictions upon his freedom of action. At Sandringham he held a kind of Royal Court, and lived and moved among devoted subjects to whom his slightest wish was law. At Sandringham the Prince realized, to an extent hitherto almost incredible, the conception of a democratic prince.

The writer of the little book, "Eighteen Years on the Sandringham Estate," farmed several hundred acres of land in the immediate proximity of the royal residence.



ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL, WINDSOR.

The irrepressible Mr. Stead writes an interesting sketch of Edward VII. in the March number of the *Review of Reviews,* in which he tenders His Majesty, after his manner, a good deal of advice. From this we make a few extracts:

What kind of a king will he be, this Edward VII., who is proclaimed King of Great Britain and Ireland and Emperor of Hindustan? In all other parts of the Empire he was only Heir Apparent, but Sandringham, in the county of Norfolk, was a kind of little kingdom in which he has for many years exercised almost all the royal prerogatives. In Norfolk, his will there was none to dispute. Elsewhere the Prince was trammelled by end-

"Whenever I went (to Sandringham)," Mrs. Cresswell says, "I never failed to spend a pleasant evening, and received more courtesy from my illustrious host and hostess than from any house I ever was in. The Prince is noted for his powers of entertainment and exertion to make every one enjoy themselves. When a 'house-party' is expected he superintends the arrangements and remembers their particular tastes and pursuits. A gouty squire, who once grumbled at having to go, was completely mollified at finding a room prepared for him on the ground floor, the Prince thinking he would prefer it."

"The Sandringham festivities were so arranged that all classes could share in them; and what with county farmers' and servants' balls, labourers' dinners,

visits to country houses, meets of the hounds, and other sociabilities, everybody from far and near had the opportunity of making acquaintance with their Royal Highnesses. I believe all England would be invited to Sandringham if they could be crammed in, and every one from the highest to the lowest treated with hospitality and made to feel welcome and at home."

What the Prince was in the midst of his guests, so the King would like to be in the midst of his Court. A governing, directing mind, with an eye that sees everything, with a tact which foresees everything, the whole man thoroughly alert, instinct with kindly feeling, and anxious above all things to avoid any *contretemps,* and to make things go well—that is the King that Edward VII. will be if the promises of his reign at Sandringham are fulfilled.

Those who remember how even costermonger girls emulated the Alexandra limp when our present Queen suffered from an illness which temporarily crippled her, will not question the far-pervading influence of the circle which centres around the King. The influence of the Queen on the Court in the early years of her reign was admittedly immense; and many are the lugubrious forebodings as to the effect of the change of Sovereign. Ever since her widowhood the Queen has been more or less in retreat. She was an august figure, but a kind of veiled Prophet of Khorassan, formidable and feared, but not the living and restraining influence that she was in her early days. There has been practically no Court for years. The Princess received at Sandringham all those whom the Prince cared to invite, nor does she seem to have placed any restrictions even upon the most objectionable incursion of wealthy nobodies who descended upon Sandringham at the time of the annual horse sales, and paid for the hospitality by liberal purchases of the Prince's blood stock.

If Queen Victoria distinguished herself as a sovereign it was because she ground up her facts, interviewed everybody, and stuck to her business. Will the King prove to be a good worker? There is no doubt that in his youth his parents made him work with a vengeance. When thirteen years old he was described by his governess as "extremely shy and timid, with very good principles, and particularly an exact observer of truth."

The Queen and Prince Consort spared no pains to give the future King of England the best possible education that could be procured. Perhaps they rather overdid it. At any rate, such was the opinion of *Punch,* who, under the title of "A Prince at High Pressure" described the process of cram to which he was subjected in kindly but doggerel verse, a copy of a stanza of which may be quoted as a sample:

"To the south from the north, from the shores of the Forth
Where at hands Presbyterian pure science is quaffed,
The Prince, in a trice, is whipped to the Isis,
Where Oxford keeps springs mediæval on draught.

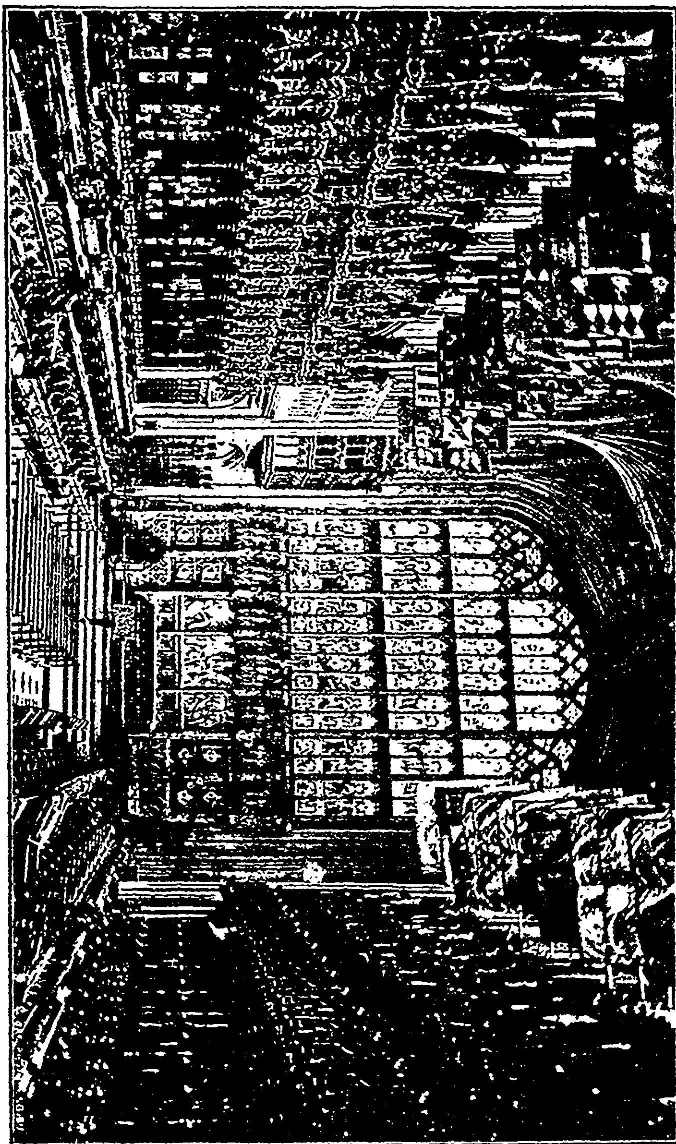
"Dipped in grey Oxford mixture (lest *that* prove a fixture),
The poor lad's to be plunged in less orthodox Cam,
Where dynamics and statics, and pure mathematics,
Will be piled on his brain's awful cargo of cram."

As a chairman of a committee every one agrees that he is admirable, and few better tests of business capacity can be imagined. Uniformly suave, courteous, always apparently interested, he nevertheless brings people to the point, and gets things put through in a way that does him credit. His attendance at committees over which he

does not preside is exemplary for punctuality and attention to the business in hand.

A writer in *Harper's Magazine* for August, 1898, recalls an incident that took place apparently in connection with the anti-Jewish agitation which raged some years ago in Russia. He says:

"A few years ago an attempt was made by certain philanthropists to influence the sovereign of a Continental nation in favour of a certain class of his people who were suffering from ill treatment, which was n o known—so it was believed—to the sovereign in question. The Prince sent for the person concerned in the negotiations, and listened attentively—but without taking a note—to a long statement bristling with technicalities and side



INTERIOR OF ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL, WINDSOR.

issues. Shortly after his Royal Highness again sent for his informant, and read to him a lengthy letter, of at least a dozen pages, addressed to the Princess of Wales, who happened at the time to be staying at a Court where the sovereign concerned was also a guest. This letter was a *masterly description of the whole situation*, without omitting one essential point or including an irrelevancy, and was, in short, a document that indicated an endowment of memory and intellect given to few professional lawyers or statesmen. When the special request involved was granted no one knew that to the Prince of Wales was due the gratitude of those he had secretly helped."

The Prince worked steadily at the Imperial Institute and at the Royal College of Music, to mention only two among the many subjects into which he puts his whole heart. When he was serving on the Royal Commission for the Housing of the Poor, no Commissioner was more painstaking and industrious. He also sat on the Commission for the Treatment of the Aged Poor. There again, although his attention was not so keen, he did not fail in his attendance, or in the attention which he paid to the subject under discussion. So far from being bored by these two commissions, it was a great disappointment to him when Lord Salisbury refused to place him upon the Labour Commission.

After India and Africa, there comes the great subject of a unification of the English-speaking race. It is not for the King to make himself a partizan of any particular scheme of Imperial federation, but what there is for him to do is to make the Court of Great Britain the Court of Greater Britain, and to make the Crown more than ever the central nucleus of all our widely scattered dependencies. This federation of Republics, which we call the Empire, has few stronger links than that supplied by the personality of the Sovereign. He can do more to make the dwellers in the New Englands beyond the seas feel at home in the motherland than any of his subjects could do if they devoted their whole life to that one object. The Prince long ago expressed in a single sentence the essence of the whole question that underlies Imperial Federation. He said that his great wish was that every man born in Canada or Australasia should feel that they were as English as if they had been born in Kent or Sussex. If he but lives up to that, and sees to it that every Englishman born beyond the seas, in any part of the British Empire, has the same chance of a career in the British army, navy, or Civil Service, as if they were born in the mother country, he will do much toward the realization of his ideal. If he is to be the King, not only of Great Britain, but of Greater Britain, he should insist upon the most rigorous justice in the proportionate distribution of honours and emoluments among all sections of the Empire. He alone, at the centre and the head and heart of everything, is in a position to do this. The Colonies, being unrepresented, are in perpetual danger of being overlooked, and their interests cold-shouldered by those who are nearer the seat of Government. The Colonists are democratic, no doubt, but the Crown must also be democratic if it is to survive. Eminent colonists should have the entry into the Court, although they bear no title and occupy no official position by birth among the Upper Ten Thousand. If the King does not look to this, no one else will.

Akin to this is the importance of cultivating the friendliest feelings with the great English-speaking Republic of America.

The Queen and the Prince Consort were quick to appreciate the immense importance of utilizing their children in the service of the Empire. Hence the Prince had no sooner attained his twentieth year than he was packed off to Canada.

with instructions to visit our Canadian possessions, and to prolong his tour through the United States of America. The whole colony, both French and English, rose to receive him with wild enthusiasm.

Since then the Prince has never lost an opportunity of manifesting the interest which he takes in the American Republic.

The fundamental question upon which all other questions depend is that in which the Prince is much more interested than the majority of his subjects. I refer to the question of education. The extent and the severity of German and American competition is only beginning to be realized by the masses of our people. Not even remote glimmerings of the reality of the dangers to which we are exposed have as yet penetrated the so-called educated classes. During the Victorian age, Britain towered aloft in pride of place, easily first among all the nations. In the new century and in the new reign we shall be fortunate indeed if, with the most strenuous efforts, we can maintain—to say nothing about improving—our position in the industrial world. A great deal might be done, and a king, more than any other man, is in the position to make education fashionable. In this he would be walking in the footsteps of his father, who was one of the first to endeavour to infuse into the somewhat dull brain of John Bull the fact that he might be caught napping, if he did not pull himself together and set to work to hold his own.

The Royal Palaces.

Buckingham Palace, in London, which, in the new King's reign, is likely to be the centre of court life more than it has ever been before, is a large and imposing-looking building occupying a magnificent site overlooking St. James' Park. It takes its name from the Duke of Buckingham, who had erected a mansion here in 1703, which was purchased by George IV. in 1761, and occasionally occupied by him. It has been the principal town residence of Queen Victoria during her long reign. The facade shown in our cut, 120 yards in length, was constructed in 1846. The palace forms a long quadrangle, with many suites of rooms in which have been entertained many foreign guests of the nation. It has a magnificent marble staircase, a noble picture gallery 180 feet long, with a choice collection of old masters and spacious gardens behind the palace. In the Royal Mews, so called from the "mews" or coops in which the royal falcons were kept, is stabling for forty equipages. Here the magnificent state carriage, which cost £7,660, is kept.

The real palace home of England's kings, however, is not in London, but twenty miles distant up the Thames at Windsor.

The mighty keep and lofty towers of Windsor Castle form one of the largest and most magnificent royal residences in the world. The most striking feature is the great round tower, dominating from its height on Castle Hill, like a monarch from his throne, the grand group of lower buildings. Dating back to the days of William the Conqueror, what a story those venerable walls could tell of the tilts and tourneys, banquets and festivals, marriages and burials of successive generations of English sovereigns! And over it waves in heavy folds on the languid air that red-cross banner which is the grandest symbol of order and liberty in the wide world. Here to this winding shore—whence, say the antiquarians, the name Windleshore, shortened to Windsor—came, eight hundred years ago, the Norman Conqueror, and during all the intervening centuries here the sovereigns of England have kept their

lordliest state—the mighty castle, growing age by age, a symbol of that power which broadens down from century to century, firm as this round tower on its base, when thrones were rocking and falling on every side.

"It is a fair sight to see. Right regally does it crown the summit of the beautiful hill. Proudly its towers and turrets stand out against the blue sky. Peacefully floats the royal standard over dome and battlement. What stirring scenes it brings to mind! What grand pageants in the days of old! How the world has changed since William the Conqueror first built his hunting lodge in these wild woods, and since he laid the foundation of that grand old donjon, from the top of which is unfurled to-day the same noble flag that flaunted in the breeze high above its battlements eight hundred years ago! The sons of William contributed their share to its enlargement. All the Henrys, the Edwards, the Jameses, the Charleses, and the Georges added their contingents. Here kings and queens of England were born, married, and buried. Hence the rival histories of the British Empire radiate, and hither they converge. The luminous haze of centuries of romance and legendary chivalry haloes this high place of kinghood and knighthood. Its walls register the rising tide of English civilization through a score of ages, the slow transformation of religious and political institutions, the gradual growth of the British Constitution, and the rights and recognitions it brought with it at different stages of its development. Here lived James II., and Charles I., and Cromwell, not divided from each other by long intervals of time, but sundered like the poles in ideas that have shaken the world in their struggle for the mastery. It is a castellated palace of the illustrious living and the illustrious dead."

One enters first through a frowning gateway in a massive tower into an irregular quadrangle, flanked by the lovely Gothic St. George's Chapel and the Dean's Close—a delightfully quiet and sequestered group of buildings with timbered walls in the old English style—and a long range of "knights' apartments." The chapel dates from 1474. In the chancel are the richly-carved Gothic stalls of the Knights of the Garter emblazoned with their arms and cognizances, and overhead hang their faded banners.

"The knights are dust, their swords are rust,
Their souls are with the saints, we trust."

The magnificent perpendicular window and fan tracery roof will demand attention. From the bay-window-like balcony on the left-hand side the Queen was wont to worship, and from it she looked down on many a stately pageant, and in this chapel her own obsequies were celebrated. Here also have been celebrated many royal marriages, including several of those in the Queen's family. In the cloisters is an exquisite marble effigy of the hapless Prince Imperial of France, killed by a Zulu assegai in South Africa. Had he lived he would have become the husband of the Princess Beatrice, and the Queen had a loving regard for his mother, the beautiful and unfortunate Empress Eugenie.

Adjoining the chapel is the royal mausoleum, in which, surrounded by the splendours of their palace home, repose the remains of Henry VI., Edward I., Henry VIII., Charles I., George III., George IV., William IV., and other royal personages—a perpetual reminder that "*sic transit gloria mundi.*" The deathless love of the sorrowing Queen has made this chapel an exquisite memorial of the

virtues and piety of the late Prince Consort, and of the Duke of Clarence.

The Upper Ward is a large and rather gloomy quadrangle, entered through a Norman gateway, surrounded by the state chambers and the Queen's private apartments. The former only may be seen. Our guide pointed out the room in which Sir John Thompson, Premier of Canada, died, and said that he, the speaker, had helped him from the dining-room where he was stricken with his mortal illness.

We are led in succession through the Queen's audience chamber, and the presence chamber, and guard chamber, and many another, filled with elegant tapestries and the like. St. George's Hall, in which state banquets are held, is 200 feet long, and is gay with the gold and gules and azure of royal and knightly arms. The Vandyck room is rich in royal portraits, that almost speak, by that great painter. The noble terraces—one is a third of a mile long—command lovely views of the royal gardens and park—rich in flowers, fountains, statuary, and stately trees. Herne's famous oak, celebrated in Shakespeare's "Merry Wives of Windsor," a few years ago blew down, but the Queen planted another in its place.

One climbs by a narrow stair in the thickness of the solid wall to the battlements of the ancient keep, long used as a castle palace, then as a prison—here James I. of Scotland was confined. From the leads is obtained one of the finest views in England, extending, it is said into twelve counties. At the base is a deep moat, once filled with water, now planted with gay beds of flowers. Like a map beneath us lie the many suites of buildings, the Royal Gardens, the Home Park, the Great Park, and the Long Walk and Queen Anne's Ride—two magnificent avenues, nearly three miles long, of majestic elms. Under the bright September sunlight it was a grand symphony in green and gold.

THE QUEEN'S MEMORIAL.*

BY H. D. RAWNSLEY.

How shall we honour her whose praise can bind
The whole world close and keeps an Empire one?
She needs no statue—she whose spirit-throne
Is filled for ever in her people's mind
With one pure presence: Rather here enshrined
Let the great Dead, with silent benison,
Bless her for whose dear memory deeds were done,
That dowered the earth with nobler human-kind.

So they who enter to these halls shall name
Victoria—Queen—whose love for future good
Bade men remember how, from out of dust,
God still can call his hero brotherhood,
And safe within this sanctuary's trust
Gave Britain's best an immemorial fame.

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* Plea for a National Valhalla, in *Daily Chronicle*, London.

Our late Well-Beloved Queen Victoria.

VICTORIA THE WELL-BELOVED.

ONE of the most beautiful tributes to the nobleness of life and character of our late beloved Queen is the fact that in every civilized country in the world the most profound honour was paid to her memory, and the most generous and unstinted praise was meted out by the press, the pulpit, in legislative halls, and by civic and municipal organizations. Even in France, Belgium, and Russia, where much jealousy and hostility had been shown during her life, on her death a solemn truce of God was proclaimed and only words of deference and eulogy were uttered. But especially pleasing was it to note that the most warm-hearted of these tributes came from Britain's "kin beyond the sea." From the noble words of President McKinley down to the humblest village paper the attributes to "the Queen," as if she was in very fact their sovereign, were unstintedly poured forth. The great orators and representative men of the nation bore their part in this generous tribute. It would be impossible adequately to recognize this international amenity. We take a single example of a sermon preached the first Sunday after the Queen's death at the capital of the United States by one of its leading divines.*

According to the prophet kings and queens were to be the nourishers of the religion of the promised Messiah. The whole world will concede that this was true of the gracious woman whom it mourns. The life that closed at Osborne was a benediction, not to Great Britain only, nor to the English-speaking race, but to mankind. The Victorian age will always stand as one of the most conspicuous in the world's annals, not merely for the advancement of civilization, but for the progress of Immanuel's Kingdom. For such a reign we may all reverently thank God.

VICTORIA AT HER ACCESSION.

Two thoughts are uppermost as we review this remarkable history: the noble woman, and the progress of her empire. The little girl, reared so simply and naturally by the Duchess of Kent, was said to be a short, plain child. When eleven years of age one of her teachers spoke of the position to which she would some day be elevated, and remarked: "There is much of

* By Frederick D. Power, D.D., LL.D., Washington, D.C. "Kings shall be thy nursing fathers, and their queens thy nursing mothers."—Isaiah xlix. 23.

splendour, but more of responsibility." The Princess gave the teacher her hand and said: "I will be good." This childish resolve has been the secret of her strength. She did not say more when, kneeling in Westminster to take the coronation oath, and laying her hand on the Gospels, she declared: "The things which I have here before promised I will perform and keep, so help me God." "The exaltation

VICTORIA'S FIRST MEETING WITH HER PRIVY COUNCIL.

of royalty," said Prince Albert, "is only possible through the personal character of the sovereign."

William IV. expired at midnight at Windsor. The Archbishop of Canterbury left the King's bedside, and with all possible speed made his way to Kensington Palace, the residence at that time of the Princess, already by the law of succession Queen of England. Long before daylight he arrived, announced himself, and asked an immediate interview. Hastily robing herself, the Princess met the venerable prelate, who announced the death of William, and informed her that in law and right she was the successor of the deceased monarch. The sovereignty of the most powerful nation on earth lay at the feet of a girl of eighteen. Queen of the only realm in history on which the sun never sets, she was deeply agitated at "the formidable words so fraught with blessing or calamity." Her first words were: "I ask your Grace to pray for me," words we hear in many a humble prayer-meeting, but which in this case had profounder meaning; and they knelt, and Victoria inaugurated her reign like the young King of Israel who asked of the Most High "an understanding heart to judge so great a people, who could not be numbered nor counted for multitude."

What has been the sequel? Every throne in Europe has tottered since that day. Most of them have been for a time overturned. That of England alone was never so firmly seated in the love and loyalty of the people as to-day.

Another incident: On the same eventful night a messenger was despatched by William's Queen, then Queen Dowager, apprising Victoria of the event, and she immediately called for paper and indited a letter of condolence to the widow, and folding it, directed it to "the Queen of England." Noticing the inscription, her maid of honour said: "Your Majesty, you are the Queen of England." "Yes," was the reply, "but the widowed queen is not to be reminded of the fact first by me!" What delicate consideration for the feeling of others! And this principle has governed her through all the sixty-four years of her brilliant reign and won her the hearts of millions.

During the first years after she came to the throne, some sentences of court martial were presented for her signature. One was death for desertion. She read the death-warrant, paused, and looked up to the officer, the Duke of Wellington: "Have you nothing to say in behalf of this man?" "Nothing; he has deserted three times." "Think again, your Grace." "Seeing her Majesty was so earnest about it," said the Duke, "I said: He is certainly a bad soldier, but some speak of his good character, and he may be a good man for aught I know to the contrary." "Oh, thank you a thousand times!" exclaimed the youthful Queen, and wrote "Pardoned" in large letters on the fatal page.

Has not this spirit operated in all her reign? Was it not her interposition which averted war between England and America over the Trent affair? Did not her proposition for a conference of the great powers to settle the Luxemburg question bring peace out of impending European war? Has not her woman's hand and woman's counsel in many a stormy crisis of domestic or foreign politics been all-potent for righteousness and peace? She has been simply a woman, reared by a woman, yet the results of her influence are profound studies for the statesman, the philosopher, and the Christian.

In her domestic relations her character has been one of exceptional beauty. We know not which to admire most, the queenliness of the woman or the womanliness of

SCENE AT THE CORONATION OF QUEEN VICTORIA.

the queen. Dutiful daughter, loving wife, watchful mother, kind mistress, generous benefactor, exemplary Christian: she is as perfect in her womanly as in her queenly character. In speaking of her, we think much less of the queen than of the woman. We look away from the glittering palace life of Windsor and London to the secluded nooks of the Highlands of Scotland. We see the little village church of Crathie, the numerous unostentatious charities, the ardent attachment to home and husband and children, the dislike of ostentatious display and positive aversion for the pomp and pageantry of public life.

How simply and purely and plainly are those royal children reared, taught sewing and gardening and cooking, and that virtue—not altogether exercised in every home—regard for them that serve! Here is the story of two little English princesses who went into the room where a servant was polishing the stove-grate, and insisted on helping her, and after getting possession of the brushes, polished the woman's face instead of the grate. The servant was ready to faint with confusion as she encountered Prince Albert when leaving the room, and he enquired what was the trouble. The servant reluctantly explained, and soon the Queen was seen crossing the court leading the two princesses toward the servants' quarters. Seeking the woman, she made her daughters ask her pardon, and sent them to the nearest millinery and dress establishment to purchase out of their own allowance of money a complete outfit for the soiled one.

What pictures also this woman presents of faithfulness as a wife! Read "Leaves from the Journal of our Life in the Highlands." How happy those twenty-two years of married life! How she recalls his tenderness: "Dear little wife! good little wife!" he would call her as he stroked her face with his wasted hand. And she tells how she supported him three days before death, while he took his beef-tea, and how he laid "his dear head—his beau-

tiful face, more beautiful than ever, is grown so thin—on my shoulder, and remained a little while, saying: 'It is very comfortable so, dear child'—which made me very happy." Queen, as true to wifehood as to queenhood, "Glorying with the glories of her people, sorrowing with the sorrows of the lowest."

Her first public act after her bereavement in 1863 was to visit the Military Hospital at Netley, where she walked through the wards and spoke to the sufferers. She visited the workhouses and greeted the poor people, and the schools, and accepted the greetings of little children. How many of the sixteen Presidents who have filled the highest office of the American Republic since she came to the throne have come so close in touch with the people? She tells us of her visits to the poor cottagers about her Highland home. A gentleman living near Edinburgh said to the family servant: "Well, John, did you see the Queen?" "Troth did I that, sir." "Well, what did you think of her?" "In truth, sir, I was terribly afeard afore she came forrit. My heart was maist in my mouth; but when she came forrit I was na 'fraid at a'. I just lookit at her and she lookit at me, an' she bowed her head at me, an' I bowed my head at her."

Dr. Guthrie, when in the neighbourhood of Balmoral, visited a woman who had a short time before been bereft of her husband, and tells how the Queen had stood in that hut and smoothed the dying man's pillow. Left alone with him at her own request, she had sat by the bed of death, a queen ministering comfort to a servant, a queen preparing one of her humblest subjects to meet the Sovereign of us all!

So a clergyman at Osborne, visiting an aged parishioner, found sitting by the bed a lady in deep mourning, reading the Word of God. He was about to retire when the lady said: "Pray remain; I should not wish the invalid to lose the comfort which a clergyman might afford." The lady retired, and the clergyman found lying on the bed a book with texts of Scripture adapted to the sick, which the lady had been reading. It was the Queen of England.

So she said, when consulted as to what form the great celebration of her "Diamond Jubilee" should take: "Let it all take the shape of charity. Let your offerings be given to the poor and lowly, and your aid to those who are in want and ready to perish. Let this intent govern your systematized effort to heal the inevitable inequalities of human society, so that the gifts of God in the spirit of reasonableness and mercy may be distributed among His creatures."

So the honour of first seeing her body in death is accorded at Osborne to her servants and tenants and footmen, housemaids, coachmen, stable lads, and policemen. Bent old men, little children and poor women, trembling with grief, gathered in the silent chamber to look upon the face of their mistress, saying: "The Queen was always so good to us." When a child of eleven years she promised, "I will be good," and God has held her to it and given her strength according to her day through all the dazzling brightness and depressing shadows, the glory and shadow of her eventful life.

With all this womanly tenderness, however, have been blended marvellous sagacity and good sense as a leader and a sovereign. When one of her ministers urged her to sign some document on the score of expediency, she looked up quietly and said: "I have been taught to judge between what was right and wrong, but expediency is a word I wish neither to hear nor under-

THE MARRIAGE OF QUEEN VICTORIA AND PRINCE ALBERT.

stand." She has been no figure-head. "There is not a despatch received from abroad or sent from this country abroad," said Disraeli, "which is not submitted to the Queen. The whole of the internal administration of the country depends upon the sign-manual of the sovereign, and her signature has never been placed to any public document of which she did not know the purport and of which she did not approve."

"Her wonderful faculty of observing with absolute strictness the limits of her powers as a constitutional sovereign," said Salisbury, "and at the same time maintaining steady and persistent influence over the actions of her ministers, inspired the greatest admiration. No minister could disregard her views or press her to disregard them, without feeling he had incurred a great danger. She always maintained a vigorous supervision over public affairs."

And this great influence has gone out even to heathen nations. On the treaty of amity and commerce between England and Madagascar occur on the margin the remarkable words: "Queen Victoria asks as a personal favour that the Queen of Madagascar will allow no persecution of Christians." Noble and beautiful and true was the answer to the African prince who sent his ambassador with costly presents, and asked in return the secret of England's greatness, and she answered, not with the number of England's fleets, nor the strength of England's armies, not with the amount of her boundless merchandise, the details of her inexhaustible wealth or the display of her diamonds or crown jewels; but handing him a simple copy of the Bible, said: "Tell your prince, there is the secret of England's greatness!" And so you look over the Royal Exchange in London and see cut deep into imperishable granite the Scripture: "The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof."

Noblest sovereign in all the world was Victoria, best sovereign, best of her line, best morally speaking,

that ever sat on the English throne. The wisdom of Elizabeth, the victories of Anne will be remembered, but hers are glories of peace, industry, commerce, genius, justice made more accessible, education made more universal, virtue made more honoured, religion made more beloved, holding forth the Gospel light to unawakened nations.

"England is the strongest nation because the most Christian," said Henry Ward Beecher. "It has most moral power. It has more than we have. We like to talk about ourselves on the fourth of July. We fan ourselves with eulogies, but we are not to be compared with old England. I know her surly faults, I know her stubborn conceits, but taking her up on one side and down on the other there is not another nation that represents so much Christianity as old England." And who shall say how much of this is due to sixty-four years of reign on the part of this gracious, godly, motherly woman, "Her Majesty the Queen?"

Most of all we think of the woman who was mother, grandmother, great-grandmother, as well as monarch of 400,000,000. Alexander Campbell wrote from Glasgow in 1847: "No queen of England was ever more universally popular than Victoria. She is now travelling for pleasure with her royal consort and their children through the Highlands. The enthusiasm of the Scotch is everywhere expressed in every form that can prove it comes from the heart." And he tells of the woman and mother triumphing over the queen, in her yielding to some Highland women who, crowding up to the boat, demanded that she show them "the dear little bairns," and "the Queen in great good humour, first seized one of the little princes and then another, and held them up in her arms to show them off in fine style to the ecstatic admiration and cheers of the people."

And she never lost this nearness and motherliness to her subjects. Some time ago a letter reached her from a little girl. The child addressed her letter to "The Dear Lady Queen," and told how her doll had fallen into a hole. She wrote she supposed the doll had gone right through, and as she had heard the other side of the world belonged to the Queen, she hoped the Queen would not find it very much trouble to give orders to have the doll returned. The quaint confidence of the child was rewarded at once. There is nothing so well established in history, nothing that a woman does so well as to reign, but this woman was mother as well as monarch to millions.

To speak of the progress of her empire in these sixty-four years would be to write largely the history of civilization. It is a marvellous story, the growth of the English-speaking people, the increase in population, in territory, commerce, manufactures, wealth, intelligence, steam-power, and electricity, in faith, spirituality, and practical Christianity, in education, in civil and religious freedom, in the elevation of the working classes, the protection of children, the advancement of woman, in the arts and sciences, in the gift of the Gospel to the regions beyond, in everything that makes a nation great. The ratio of pauperism has fallen from 1 in 16 to 1 in 36, and the ratio of convicts from 1 in 360 to 1 in 7,000. Ireland alone has stood still in all this mighty ongoing, yet even Ireland is blessed in being permitted to move to America and to provide the police force of Greater New York. The people have come to their inheritance: the people, rich and poor, old and young, male and female, noble and plebeian, Anglican and Dissenter, Catholic and

QUEEN VICTORIA'S RECEPTION OF THE LADIES OF HER COURT.

Protestant. It is a glorious era—this Victorian Age from 1837 to 1901. We all share in this blessing. We all bow our heads as the Union Jack falls to half-mast over the bier of Her Majesty. We all, whether we care for royal titles or not, can love and honour a gracious, Christian woman; and we all can sing with the voice that now belts the globe, "God save the King!"

We add a noble appreciation, an extract from a British tribute by Mrs. Emily Crawford in the *Contemporary Review.*

To the dark, half-savage races under the British Crown the Queen was a "totem," a superhuman being. They imagined her an essential part of the British system. To most of her Asiatic subjects she was the Queen of Kings. The Mohammedans thought her in a special degree favoured by God and predestined to wide authority and the brightest fortune.

There never has been in the history of the world a sovereign whose wide sway, founded on force, was so transformed into a moral primacy. French Republicans, who are rationalists, reverenced Victoria. During her illness they spoke of her as "the Queen," as if she were the single queen in the world.

Queen Victoria's fellow sovereigns looked up to her with veneration. She had outlived most crowned heads of her age. At the outset of her career she adopted the rule not to incur just blame in her international relations. She sincerely tried not to be in the wrong. She was personally acquainted with most of them, and a lady in her manner of dealing with them; and her private letters on European affairs were read with deference. They made for European harmony. The Queen was chary of advice, and withheld it when she thought it might not be well received. A letter from her to the old German Emperor prevented a war with France. She was always in the right when she personally came forward to stave off some dangerous international crisis. Her judgment was true, her tact delicate. If her spirit, as head of a great Empire, was high, she had a light, soft hand, and knew how not to wound

in touching a sore subject. Of course she wrote subject to advice; but she expressed herself in her own way, and according to her own feeling, which was sure to be good. When writing to her people she always wrote from the heart, and all truly great words and actions come from the heart.

The Queen has brought feminine sovereignty into just favour throughout Europe. Peoples have been, in general, harshly governed. The Queen has been a maternal influence in politics. The Dutch worship their young Queen, who was brought up to see in Victoria a good and safe example. Although a foreigner, and not remarkable for personal charm, the Queen Regent of Spain has not been disturbed by faction. A king in her place could hardly have passed through the crisis of two years ago without falling.

The military pageantry and the pomp with which the Diamond Jubilee was kept ill accorded with the general character of the reign, or with the tastes of the Queen. She had no taste for the trappings of royalty, and was always trying to escape from them. What was dazzling in her situation had long been distasteful to her. She liked to be at ease in old shoes and in clothes that had, through wear, adapted themselves to her figure. Convenience was chiefly aimed at in her ordinary attire. Her hats and bonnets were not at all for ornament, but for use. She did dress finely on state occasions, but was always glad to return to her homely belongings.

The Queen never in her life threw dust in people's eyes. She owed her prestige to her great situation in the world and to her personal virtues. Nice is the resort of the gilded class of all countries. It is a place where fine feathers are thought to make fine birds. But the Queen stood above and outside the world of fashion there. The little, stout old lady in her donkey-chair compelled universal respect.

The Queen went in for essentials and discarded encumbering pomp. I remember a saying of an Irish policeman with whom I fell into conversation at Windsor. He often saw the Queen when on duty there.

"What do you think of her?" I asked. "By all accounts she has a good heart. But it would not, I hear, be easy to take her in by pretending you were dying of starvation. Do you think her a nice lady?"

"Is it a purty lady you mane?"

"Well, not exactly—a *real* lady."

"She's all that, and does not look across her nose from pride, like some rich persons in these parts. She goes about very plain like, unless when she drives down to the meadow to review troops. Even then I never saw her between the unicorn and the lion. We all call her among ourselves the Widow."

"Who are *we?*"

"The peelers and the soldiers, bedad."

"Do you think it demeans you men to serve the Widow?"

"No; and especially as she would be good to our widows if we died. Her heart warms at the sight of a widow."

The Widow, as Queen Victoria, appears for the first time conspicuously in English history. It is as the Widow that she was most herself, and will be most favourably judged by posterity.

We have seen in the dark eighteen months that preceded the Queen's death how she kept her promise. She rose to a sublime height of duty. The good Queen became the grand Queen. In spite of painful and manifold infirmities, in spite of cruel family bereavements, in spite of a shrinking from harrowing sights and scenes, she

did devote herself to her people. She came forward to show the nation a patriotic example. The Royal Widow, the representative widow of the world, herself welcomed the humble widows and wives of soldiers at the front at a friendly Christmas gathering in her palace. She herself endured bitter grief for the death of her second son, quickly following the death of his heir, which took place under peculiarly heartrending circumstances. She lost in the war a good, worthy grandson, who had honourably and honestly worked his way up to the rank of major, and had sought no favour, but applied himself to regimental duties. If not brilliant, he was lovable and sterling. He was born and bred at Windsor.

THE LATE QUEEN AND HER GREAT-GRANDCHILDREN.

Notwithstanding the Queen's propensity to mourn the dead in solitary grief, she felt she ought to be up and comforting the wounded. Those about her feared it might be too much for nerves that had been a good deal shaken. But go she would. She owed it to her soldiers to say kind words to them and herself to give them tokens of the sympathy and admiration she felt for men who had bravely fought for her and her Empire. Her sweet kindness prompted her to bring baskets of little nosegays, culled in the gardens of Osborne. Each man had his pretty, fragrant posy. "Be sure," said the Queen to her gardener, "that you gather flowers that have not more than come out, and buds that are advanced. They will last some days. Also gather a sprig of some nicely-scented thing for each. A fragrant bunch of flowers must be so grateful to a poor, wounded man in a hospital." I have these words from a sister of one of the Queen's ladies, who heard her utter them. The same lady told me how it was the Queen's own idea, when she heard Lord Roberts had lost his son, to send for Lady Roberts and hand her the decoration intended for him. She subsequently said: "What grieves me most is that I cannot possibly do

more. It would be so gratifying to me to be able to do more to soothe their grief." The same informant said to me last November: "Nobody could have believed the Queen able to make such efforts, and such sustained efforts. Were it not for her crippled state one might think the war, in rousing her, had cured her infirmities. She seems to have taken out a new lease of life. Her moral courage is amazing. We all shrink from opening letters and telegrams when we fear bad news. Every War Office telegram is brought at once to the Queen, and by her orders a secretary opens it and reads. The Queen often weeps and sobs in listening; but she listens to the end, and does not miss one word."

Another instance of her courage was given in conquering her fear of being shot in Ireland. It was entirely her own idea to go there. She unexpectedly expressed it one morning at the breakfast-table. The Princess Beatrice tried to dissuade her. All preparations had been made for a trip to the Riviera, and she needed sunshine. Home Office and Dublin Castle reports were alarming. But the Queen thought it a sacred duty to go to Ireland, as "the grateful admirer of the Irish who had so bravely fought and fallen in South Africa." The conquest of her fear must have helped to exhaust her nervous force.

There is nothing more trying to old age than the persistent clinging to the consciousness of painful sensations. They are not to be shaken off. Between sleeping and waking they haunt the mind, oppressing like a nightmare. The Queen must have had this experience before she visited Netley Hospital. It was more than brave to revisit the sick wards there. If her sight had not grown dim, she might not have been able to persevere. Much of what was shocking would be covered over. Yet she must have been fully alive to the horrors caused by war. She was near enough to every shattered invalid to realize his state, and had a word of tender sympathy. Only a high sense of duty, and a stubborn will, could have enabled her to go on thus "devoting herself to the last moment of her life to her people."

An account of the religious side of Queen Victoria's character has been written by the Rev. Dr. Alexander MacKennal, president of the National Council of the Evangelical Free Churches of Great Britain. Dr. MacKennal says: "We have had a monarch whose personal character has been a standing witness for virtue and godliness, and whose influence has always been exerted in favour of whatsoever things are true and honourable and pure and holy and of good report. When the Queen chose her husband, the soundness of her heart and judgment is seen in her choice of Prince Albert. He brought the simplicity of Lutheran piety and the largeness of German culture to refine the hard English habit and set its judgment free. To him we owe the inscription on the Royal Exchange in London. 'The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof,' and the prominence of a like inscription in the Exhibition of 1851. He loved to have about him men with whom he could talk of religion, the Bible, Christian life and doctrine. A certain intellectual freedom, robustness of faith, and largeness of fellowship mark the piety of the royal household.

"The Queen was interested in the religion of all with whom she had to do, and showed concern for humble as well as for scholarly godliness. When one of her servants died at Windsor, she sent for the minister of the Congregational church of which the woman had been a member, and asked him to conduct a funeral service before

the body was sent away for burial, and she herself was present. Her religious tastes have also been simple. She has herself told us how her heart rose into her throat when Norman McLeod prayed without a book for her and her children.

"The simplicity and directness of her religious life are the more noticeable because she has been a strict observer of court etiquette. On her Jubilee reception, the first to be presented were the lords-lieu-

THE LATE QUEEN RECEIVING A DISPATCH.

tenants and the mayors. The Queen received them seated. But when the 'representatives of religious bodies' were announced, she rose and received them and their addresses standing. The act was intended to be significant. Perhaps not one of these men was known to her even by name; they had come from the dissenting churches and the undenominational societies. They were representatives of religion, and that was enough."

We have pleasure in presenting in this number reproductions of pictures of some of the historic events in Her Majesty's reign. Of special interest is that representing her first meeting with her Privy Council, where in maiden modesty she met the great men who stood round her throne, and captured their hearts by the gentle majesty of her demeanour. Next we have the stately pageant of her coronation in Westminster Abbey. The crown of sovereignty and the burden of care that it represented seemed all unmeet for such a slender form, but bravely she bore them both without reproach through all the four-and-sixty years of her long reign. Then we have the gladsome scene of her romantic marriage to the husband whom she so idolized and whose memory she cherished with more than the fidelity of Penelope for her unreturning Ulysses.

The tiny form of the Queen, who might well have sat for Browning's portrait of "The Last Duchess," "the smallest lady alive," was yet full of queenly majesty. She bore her part in the great state functions of opening Parliament and holding court receptions with the greatest dignity. But it was on the womanly side of her nature that the qualities were shown which most endeared her to the nation. She was well described as "the grandmother of Europe," so many and so highly placed were her descendants. It is an unspeakable blessing that so many of the rulers of the nations inherited the pure and noble traditions of the royal household of England, and the training of Albert the Wise and Victoria the Good.

The Queen especially enjoyed the gathering of her children and grandchildren at Windsor, Osborne

and Balmoral. Then she was simply the *"grossmutterchen,"* the "little grandmother." At the Christmas time she took special delight in providing presents, not merely for her children and grandchildren, but also for the servants of the household. It was Prince Albert who made so popular in England the pretty German custom of the Christmas tree, which has now spread to almost every land beneath the sun, and given some cause to the cartoonists to represent the old Earth as shivering when Christmas comes, being shorn of his covering of pines.

The Queen was no *reine faineante*, no mere figure-head, but an active part of the Government. Every document that she signed she read or knew the purport of, and there were about a thousand every week. Most of the people who envied her greatness would have shrunk from her toil. She felt the responsibility of government, and when over seventy acquired a knowledge of the difficult Hindustani language. that she might come into sympathy with her Indian Empire. In her later years, when her faithful servant John Brown was removed by death, her personal attendants were two representatives of those 150,000,000 of India, to whom she was the *Kiser i Hind.*

PÆAN.

BY HAROLD BEGBIE.

Now God be with King Edward, Chieftain of Britain's race,
Now God protect our Sovereign Liege and keep him by His grace;
Let banners wave before him, let rocking belfries ring,
St. George for Merrie England, and God save our Lord the King!

To English holt and headland on every swelling breeze
Is blown the ancient greeting from his Vikings over seas,
The homage of his Peoples, and the prayers of all his race—
God guard our Sovereign Lord the King and keep him by His grace.

Within his wide dominions the world may walk at peace,
The gates of mercy open that slaves may find release,
Wherever rings the music of freedom at their toil,
Where never heel of conqueror shall crush good English soil.

Our faith is as our fathers', who held this England free,
Our prayer is as our fathers', who kept an open sea;
Our British faith shall guard him, our British prayers shall shield,
And he who comes against him by God's good grace shall yield.

The Kingdoms and the Empires whose dust is in the wind
Forgat the charge before them, and forgat the God behind;
O never race shall perish and never Throne shall fail
Whose strength is built on freedom that the Will of God prevail.

Now God keep England virile, now God keep England strong,
Sweet realm of gracious labour, brave shire of game and song:
No stagnant land of idlesse, swords rusted, banners furled,
But Shakespeare's glorious England pulsating thro' the world.

For ever honest England, for ever England true!
Isle where the banner of Freedom first to the breezes blew!
Where still to the winds of Heaven that ancient flag we fling—
Sons of Great Alfred yielding free fealty to their King?

O not with fearful footsteps, but shouting hymns to God,
Go we with English Edward where the Great Mother trod;
With faith in heav'n's high purpose from reign to reign we swing,
Unswerving from our destiny. God save our Lord the King!

—*Morning Post.*

ORIGIN OF THE METHODIST RITUAL.

BY THE REV. W. I. SHAW, D.D., LL.D.,

Principal Emeritus, Wesleyan Theological College, Montreal.

ITY the man who is dead to the charm of antiquity, who in his vain conceit turns from the grand inspiring past to lose himself amid the glare and glitter, the noise and rush, of the materialistic present. There is thrilling interest in the antiquarian researches described by Pope in his "Moral Essays," even if the "sacred rust" is unduly venerated:

> "With sharpened eyes pale antiquaries pore,
> Th' inscription value, but the rust adore.
> This the blue varnish, that the green endears;
> The sacred rust of twice ten hundred years."

What a blessed memory follows the writer from taking into his hands some years ago in the libraries of Europe some of the oldest manuscripts of the Greek Testament. A fellowship was at once initiated with Christians of fourteen hundred years ago, who handled and read the very same holy and precious parchments. A similar interest attaches to the study of ancient Liturgies, and when occasional sentences are used to-day, say in the Holy Communion in the Methodist Church, the very same as were employed in this divine ordinance in the early Church, it seems as if across the centuries there was an antiphonal exchange of confessions of Christian faith. When the minister proceeds with the familiar but impressive words, "It is very meet, right, and our bounden duty," etc., is there not a spell of interest in knowing that this very doxology, in these very words, appears in the so-called Liturgy of St. James of Jerusalem, which, though not composed by him, was certainly in ancient use in the holy city.

We are all ritualists—social, academic, military, professional, or religious. Forms and customs are essential to the best type of life. A bow of politeness is as much a social duty as a proper posture in prayer is a religious obligation. Ritualism is involved in both. The Quaker's severe garb and the Salvation Army uniform are on the same level in this respect as the most gorgeous sacerdotal millinery. We admit this instinct of humanity or product of culture, whatever it is, has been grossly abused, and the evils of ritualism, which received the scathing condemnation of our Lord, have through the centuries wrought much harm and in the religious realm have led to the decline of piety and to gross abuses, calling for thorough reform.

Still, we are all ritualists, including even the Presbyterians. Calvin prepared in 1538 a prayer-book for Protestants in Strasburg, and one in 1541 for the Church in Geneva. This latter book Knox imperiously tried to impose upon English exiles in Frankfurt during the reign of Queen Mary. The Scotch Kirk possessed a liturgy until 1638, when Laud's attempt to supersede it with his new Latin book at once brought all liturgies into contempt. It was the persecution of the Covenanters at that time in resisting Anglican aggression which gave rise to the tradition of the heroic protest of Jeannie Geddes, who is said to have thrown a stool at the head of the officiating minister in St. Giles'

Cathedral, and asked, "Do you mean to say the mass in my lug?" Stanley, in his lectures on the Church in Scotland, says: "The stool which on that occasion was flung at the head of the Dean of Edinburgh extinguished the English Liturgy entirely in Scotland for the seventeenth century, to a great extent even till the nineteenth, and gave to the Civil War in England an impetus which only ended in the overthrow of the Church and Monarchy."

Among Protestant denominations the Methodist Church has a peculiar position in this and kindred matters. Its closest affinities at this hour are with the Presbyterian Church in spirit and polity and methods, yet its historical relations are directly with the Church of England. With the Presbyterian Church, which is the sworn foe of sacramentarianism and sacerdotalism, it holds ordinarily to extemporaneousness of prayer. From its Anglican progenitor it inherits almost the whole of the Anglican Liturgy abridged, Morning and Evening Prayer, the offices for Baptism, Holy Communion, Marriage, Burial of the Dead, and the Ordination of Presbyters and, in some of its American sections, of Bishops and Deacons. The Methodist Episcopal Church, however, while using the Anglican service for the ordination of Bishops, prefers to call it the consecration of Bishops, claiming that these hold a distinct office, not a distinct order, from the Presbyters. But that is an affair of their own, though to us it seems anomalous, as it did to the learned Dr. Whedon.

The large obligation we have mentioned of Methodism to the Church of England we should honourably recognize. At the same time the study of liturgics will show that the debt is not all due to this grand old Church, but is distributed all along the centuries. We have far more creditors than one. Mutual liabilities among the churches are large items. The debt of Romanism to Protestantism could fill a large volume, and so could the debt of Protestantism to Romanism, and among Protestant denominations what liabilities appear of Anglicans, Methodists, Presbyterians, and Independents to each other. We are heirs of all the ages. To every believer in Christ is the guarantee given, "All things are yours," Liturgies, Creeds, Hymns, Polities, and Theologies. Methodists are too apt to allow the prelatical Churches to monopolize all the benefits and glory of antiquity. John Wesley has taught us a better lesson, and led us in liturgies and patristics, in church polity and theology, to identify ourselves, as we have a right to do, with what is most venerable and true. "Whose are the fathers" is a relative clause to modify the antecedent Methodists as much as Anglicans, Latins, or Greeks.

It may be of interest briefly to study the ancient Liturgies generally, noting especially the Gallican and the Roman Missals, the latter superseding the former, and then the Anglican, which has a close affinity to the Gallican and the Methodist, which is an abridgment of the Anglican. The ancient Liturgies are the Clementine, St. James', St. Mark's, St. Chrysostom's, St. Basil's, the Ethiopic, Nestorian, Mozarabic, Gallican, and Roman. Great age is claimed for all of these, tradition carrying most of them back to apostolic times, but in fact there is no proof that any of them existed before the fourth century. Of these it is held by Brett and other Protestant writers that the Clementine is the oldest. This begins with the restriction similar to what is used by us in the Holy Communion, "Let no one have aught against any man." Then, after various for-

malities, the Bishop introduces the service, as we do to-day, with "It is indeed meet and right to sing praise," etc.; then, after a very long recital of mercies, he unites "with angels and archangels," etc., in the *ter sanctus*. Then he follows, as we do, with the words of institution from Scripture, which are deemed essential, indeed, to every proper liturgy of the Lord's Supper. After various prayers the Bishop himself receives the elements, then "the Presbyters and Deacons and Sub-Deacons and Singers and Ascetics, and of the women, the Deaconesses, Virgins and Widows. Afterwards the children, and then all the people in order with fear and reverence, without tumult or noise. And the Bishop shall give the oblation, saying, The Body of Christ, and The Blood of Christ, the cup of life."

This Liturgy is found in the Apostolic Constitutions, which are assigned to the middle of the fourth century, and in its simplicity it most accords with the early patristic teaching on the Eucharist. The description of this ordinance that we first meet outside of the Synoptic Gospels is that of the 1st Epistle to the Corinthians, where Paul says he received it by special revelation, surely a convincing evidence of its supreme importance, that what the Synoptic Gospels had triply described, Paul, about the year 57, reaffirms with the authority of a special revelation. Then in the Didache, written about A.D. 100, we have the next description, with some brief forms of prayer, and provision also for extemporaneous prayer. Then next in Justin Martyr, about A.D. 150, with growing liturgical elements, which elements, owing to the growing formalism of the times, increased during the next four hundred years, producing the whole harvest of liturgies already mentioned.

The liturgy ascribed to St. James, the so-called first Bishop of Jerusalem, was probably written in the fourth century, and continued among the Syrian churches for many centuries, as certified by Barsalibi, Archbishop of Amida, in the eleventh century, who says that St. James received it directly from the Lord. It was used by both Orthodox and Monophysites, continuing with the latter until today. While having several points in common, it is longer than the Clementine. It introduces the custom of breaking the bread and dipping it in the wine.

The Liturgy of St. Mark of Alexandria was of the fourth century, and was afterwards used by both the Orthodox and the Jacobites. Possessing some elements in common with the preceding, it yet has at the dispensing of the elements greater simplicity than that of St. James.

The other Oriental Liturgies mentioned appeared at various times up to the seventh century, and rapidly grew in ceremonial. For instance, that of St. Chrysostom, still in use in the Greek Church at Constantinople, along with St. Basil's, which is used generally throughout the Greek Church, provides for the Deacon taking the "Asterisk" and "Air," and fanning the holy things. He puts his hand into the Orarium, he points to the holy elements, he lays down his fan and lifts it up again. He turns to the door, and holding his Orarium in three fingers, he girds himself with the Orarium. He takes the Asterisk and makes a cross over the Paten. He wipes it with the Corporal, kisses it, and lays it down with the "Air." He goes to the right side and reverently fans the holy things with a fan, but if there be no fan he does it with the veil, etc., etc. Brett, himself a very decided churchman, wisely remarked nearly two hundred years ago, "these are things too theatrical, and unbecoming the

gravity of this holy mystery." How far removed from the simplicity of Christian worship described in the New Testament and in the Didache did the Church become in a few centuries of worldly influence and courtly control! What a demand these things were creating before the sixth century for the reformation of the sixteenth.

Turning to the West, where on the whole the Church had more life and missionary aggressiveness, there are four ancient Liturgies, the Ambrosian, Gallican, Roman, and Gothic, or Mozarabic. The Ambrosian was used in Southern France till displaced by the Roman, but it is still used in Milan Cathedral, the Gallican elsewhere in Gaul, and introduced, according to Stillingfleet, into Britain by St. Germain in 429. The Mozarabic was used in Spain until superseded by the Roman by Gregory VII., 1080, but it is still used in a chapel in Toledo.

Of special interest is the Roman Missal, which ultimately displaced the others almost universally in the West. Romanists are not agreed as to its author. It has been attributed respectively to Ambrose, ob. 397, Leo the Great, ob. 461, Pope Gelasius, ob. 429, Musaeus of Marseilles, ob. 458, Voconius, Bishop of Castilla, ob. 461, and Gregory the Great, ob. 604. No doubt it is the result of contributions from all of them. Pope Vigilius, fifty years before Gregory, declared it was of apostolic tradition. Against this are all the previous theories. There is no evidence that it is as old as the Eastern Liturgies already described, and it is certain it did not come into universal use in the Western Church so as generally to supersede others until the Council of Trent, 1545.

The familiar preface in the Anglican Book of Common Prayer tells us of the various "uses" in worship in the Church of England before the Reformation—Salisbury, Hereford, Bangor, York, and Lincoln, uses containing Roman Catholic tenets, but distinct historically from the Roman Missal. These competing uses indicated the wisdom of the Reformers in preparing a Book of *Common* Prayer. This grand Protestant Liturgy, with its compromising ambiguities, is still a bulwark against all reactionary tendencies to Romanism. The Church of England can never submit to Rome as long as it retains its Prayer Book, and we see no evidence that this is ever likely to be surrendered.

The form of the Roman Missal need not be analyzed, being within the reach of the reader, who will observe in it not only an elaborate ceremonial, but the leading dogmatic points of the Roman Catholic system prominently emphasized, the Eucharist an expiatory sacrifice, Transubstantiation, Commemoration for the dead, and Mediation of saints, especially of the Blessed Virgin. It is not denied that these errors appear more or less in the most ancient liturgies. It is enough for Protestants that they are not in the New Testament.

Of ancient liturgies the Gallican has most interest to us, as British Christianity is so closely connected with the Gallican Church. A brief historical review may be helpful to show this connection. Stillingfleet is the principal modern advocate of the tradition that St. Paul preached in Britain after having preached in Spain. This tradition is not often now seriously defended. It is certain, however, that Christianity flourished there in the second century. Tertullian, of North Africa, in speaking of the spread of Christianity, says (Adv. Jud. c. 7): "There are places in Britain inaccessible to the Roman arms which have been subdued to Christ." This he wrote before the year 190.

While there is ground for the opinion that Christianity was in part introduced by Christians in the Roman army stationed in Britain, and possibly by Christians in the Imperial Court, yet the contiguity of Gaul, in which Christianity was spreading, along with subsequent circumstances, make it more likely that its introduction was chiefly from that country, and therefore it was of Greek or Eastern, rather than of Roman type. Irenaeus, who died 180, was the chief apostle of Gaul, and there in Greek, as did his predecessor Pothinus, he ministered to Greek colonists from the East. He himself came from Ephesus, and was a companion of Polycarp, who was a disciple of St. John. In the year 314 the Synod of Arles in France was attended by three Bishops from Britain, from York, London, and probably Lincoln. This Synod was memorable for pronouncing in favour of the validity of heretical baptism, if solemnized in the name of the Trinity. Among the three hundred Bishops at the Council of Nice, A.D. 325, there were some from Britain. According to Stillingfleet the British Church received the Gallican Liturgy at the hands of St. Germain in 429. In 449 came the heathen Saxons and other tribes from Germany, who drove the Celts, including the native Christians, into Cornwall, Wales, and Northumberland. The same Celtic Christianity was illustrated in the labours of St. Patrick in Ireland, 437-465, and of St. Columba in Scotland, 563-597.

It was only as late as 596 that the Roman missionary, Augustine, was sent by Gregory the Great to convert the Teutonic tribes in England. A rivalry and conflict at once arose between the Latin and Celtic Churches, which resulted at the Synod of Whitby, 664, in the supremacy of the former, which continued until the Reformation. We learn from Bede that Augustine in 598 wrote to Gregory the Great for advice as to his treatment of the British Bishops and their Gallican Liturgy. The reply was that these Bishops must be subject to his authority, but as to liturgies he should adopt that which was most acceptable to the British Church.

This historical sketch shows the very close relation there was between the early British and Gallican Churches, and explains the familiar fact of High Church Anglicans maintaining that the British Church has an antiquity as great as the Roman, and that through its Gallican channels it is of Oriental rather than Latin origin, not hostile to Rome, but independent of Rome for its Apostolic orders. But alas, the independence of the British Churches was absolutely surrendered to Rome. As Methodists, we congratulate our mother Church that she has credentials based on living proofs of her divine authority which are infinitely better than tactual succession, which cannot be proved by either Greek or Latin Church.

Besides, to most students of history, it is palpable (1) that the ancient Church of Britain did not retain its independence of Rome; (2) that just before the Reformation it was the Roman Catholic Church alone that existed in Britain; and (3) that after the Reformation, as to-day, there were in England two churches independent of each other, the Anglican and the Roman Catholic. Between these two churches, now occupying the same ground, the charge of the serious crime of schism must lie against either the one or the other. For "the Church is one, and there cannot be two independent churches in the same community without the sin of schism," Anglicans themselves being judges. The antiquity of British Christianity can give no

claim of Apostolic origin to the Church of England unless it is sought through the mediæval succession. In that case the modern Church of England is at once proved schismatic, unless it proves that the Roman Catholic Church created a schism in England in 1534. It is often said by Anglicans in popular addresses with reference to the Reformation, that the Church then was like a dirty boy having his face washed, but remaining the same boy still. But will some Anglican brother please explain to us this peculiar fact. After this much-needed ablution of the sixteenth century, behold there are two boys where before there was only one; the younger of them, we are glad to say, bright and clean, really like one of ourselves; the elder, not as soiled as before, though in fact repudiating the whole washing operation, and at the same time most decidedly declaring he knows nothing about his companion, that they are not related, and he will have nothing to do with him. Please explain, if you can, when next using this figure, the strange, magical power of this face-washing, which resulted in two boys where before there was only one. The elder is certainly not new on the scene. No one can say he was not there before. Therefore, it irresistably follows, the younger must be a new arrival.

The Gallican Missal, introduced by St. Germain in 429, continued to be used in Wales up to the time of Henry I. in the twelfth century. In France it yielded to the Roman Missal under the influence of Charlemagne, 800. The fragments of this Liturgy which have survived have been published by Mabillon of Paris, from an old manuscript in the Royal Library of Sweden. These fragments include the old Clementine phrase, which should be to us as impressive as it is familiar: "It is very meet and right that we should at all times," etc., followed as usual by the *ter sanctus*, and further on by humble confession of sins. It includes in its prayers the Commemoration of the Saints and the Repose of the Dead.

Upon the composite historical foundation thus outlined, containing elements as old as the fourth century and many subsequently added, including several unacceptable to Protestants, because unscriptural—upon this foundation the English Reformers began their work of constructing the Book of Common Prayer in the sixteenth century. The history of this book is the history of the English Reformation, with the Tower, the stake, the headsman's axe, and the changing fortunes of the conflict between the Puritan, with his aversion to all liturgy, and the churchman, in a strait betwixt two, between the new order and the old, a dilemma which ended not with Henry VIII. nor with Victoria the Good.

The leading facts in the evolution of the Book of Common Prayer are as follows: In 1537, Henry VIII., styled by the Pope Defender of the Faith, but by the rest of us a libertine, was overruled in his unworthy aims and statecraft, so as to be made the actual liberator of England from papal tyranny. He ordered the publication of what is known as "The Bishops' Book," which strangely combined both Roman Catholic views of Transubstantiation and Presbyterian views of ministerial order. In 1544, the first authorization was given by Henry VII. for public service in the English language by the publication of an "Exhortation to Prayer; also a Letanie, with suffrages to be said or sung in the time of processyons." (*sic.*)

In 1548, by order of Parliament, a Committee of Bishops and other learned men prepared a liturgy for the Eucharist. This was enlarged by command of Edward VI., with

provisions for Matins and Evensong and all the offices of the church. This was to supersede the various Latin and Roman Catholic "uses" mentioned in the preface. The Committee, in preparing this, carefully studied for their guidance all the ancient liturgies already described, and which, as we have seen, they made tributary to this worthy undertaking. This was approved by Parliament, and the first edition was printed November 7th, 1549. It had then to run the gauntlet of criticism from the Reformed or Calvinistic leaders in Europe—Calvin, Bucer, and Peter Martyr—by whom various amendments were made, including the omission of the sign of the cross, and providing a rubric explaining that kneeling in Communion was not to be taken as a sign of worshipping the elements. The fact is familiar that the English Reformation was largely under Calvinistic inspiration and guidance, and had little connection relatively with Lutheranism.

THE
booke of the common praier
and administracion of the
Sacramentes, and
other rites and
ceremonies
of the
Churche: after the
use of the Churche of
Englande.

LONDINI, *in officina Richardi Graftoni Regij impressoris.*

Cum priuilegio ad imprimendum solum.

Anno Domini M.DXLIX.
Mense Martij.

Imprinted at London in
Flete strete, at the signe of the Sunne ouer against
the conduyte, by Edvvarde VVhitchurche.
The seuenth daye of Marche, the
yeare of our Lorde
1549.

FAC-SIMILE OF TITLE-PAGE.

In 1553, on the accession of Queen Mary, all previous work in the interests of Protestantism was reversed, and the Book of Common Pr. yer, and "other heretical books" were condemned by Parliament and ordered to be burnt.

On June 24th, 1559, after the accession of Queen Elizabeth, the Prayer Book of Edward VI., revised, was again authorized, and declared to be the only authorized Book of Common Prayer for the Church of England. It is not to be supposed, however, that thereby uniformity was at once secured. Three conflicting elements were still striving for the mastery—Anglican, Calvinist, and Romanist. It is not strange that Cecil, Elizabeth's secretary in 1564, informed Her Majesty of the most glaring diversities of practice in religious service. The iron will of the great Tudor Queen would tolerate no such disorder. Hence appeared in Protestantism the stringent policy of enforced uniformity, leading to strife and persecutions and conflicts perpetuated to this day, as to the legality of conflicting ritualistic practices.

James VI. of Scotland, on leaving that country to become James I. of England in 1603, condemned "the service of the neighbour Kirk of England as an evil mass," and yet, while striving through the Hampton Court Conference to reconcile conflicting elements in England, *e.g.*, in the provision of the Authorized Version of the Bible, he still became increasingly opposed to the Puri-

tans, whom he designated "troublesome spirits."

On the accession of Charles I., 1625, under the influence of the bigoted Laud a more vigorous policy was adopted against the Puritans, a policy of relentless severity, which so exasperated the people that the folly of the King and of the Archbishop could only be atoned for by their heads. In the triumph of the Commonwealth, churches were invaded by mobs, defiled by garbage, and converted into stables and barracks; communion rails and tables were destroyed, and parsons were everywhere in danger of their lives. The thrilling records of this great revolution of 1645 need not be detailed. The fact is familiar that it led to the formal abolition both of Episcopacy and the Prayer Book. Out of these troublous times, however, the great Liturgy again arose at the Restoration of 1660. Then, as in subsequent times, it was subject to several minor changes, so producing at length the Book of Common Prayer as we have it to-day.

The liturgy of Methodism was prepared by John Wesley in 1784, by an abridgment of the Anglican Liturgy, and was primarily designed with the twenty-five articles for the Methodist Episcopal Church in America. The story is familiar how Methodist Societies were rapidly springing up in the young Republic, but they were as sheep without a shepherd, and having no provision for ordination of ministers and administration of sacraments. There was in the United States then no episcopate, either Roman Catholic or Anglican, Seabury being ordained first Anglican Bishop in America two months, and Carrol first Roman Catholic Bishop four years and five months, after Coke was ordained by Wesley. Wesley first sought anxiously through prelatical channels, Scotch, English, and Greek, for a Bishop for his Societies in America, but in vain. At length, failing in his efforts, he set apart in 1784, with authority scriptural, historical, and sufficient, Thomas Coke, LL.D., as a Superintendent or Bishop for these Societies. It was on this occasion he also abridged the liturgy of the Church of England. The abridged order of service for Morning and Evening Prayer never came into use in the United States, though prepared for that country. Political considerations may explain this. It has been in use, however, to this day in many of the leading Wesleyan churches in England.

Wesley, in his abridgment, takes occasion to say: "I believe there is no Liturgy in the world, either in ancient or modern language, which breathes more of a solid, scriptural, rational piety than the Common Prayer of the Church of England. The language of it is not only pure, but strong and elegant in the highest degree." The changes Wesley effected are chiefly by abbreviation and by elimination of anything looking like sacramentarianism and sacerdotalism. The option given in the Anglican office for Baptism by either sprinkling, dipping, or pouring is not mentioned in our liturgy, but is secured in our Discipline, Par. 37. Various portions of this service are the same as were found in the ancient Salisbury and York "uses," and much earlier in the Gallican Missal. In the ritual for the Lord's Supper there is implied, as in the Anglican, the Calvinistic view of the Eucharist, in opposition to Roman Catholic, Lutheran, and Zwinglian views. The Anglican absolution in the Eucharist is perfectly defensible, and, as with us, is a prayer for pardon, though in somewhat different form: "The Lord pardon and deliver you," etc. In the Anglican Morning and Evening Prayer, however, the absolution declares that "God hath given power to his min-

isters to absolve," etc., and then proceeds to say, "*He* pardoneth and absolveth," etc., words regarded by most low churchmen as capable of an evangelical interpretation. In Wesley's abridgment the absolution is altogether omitted, as is also the entire Order for the Visitation of the Sick, in which the priest declares, after the Roman Catholic form, " I absolve thee," etc.

Such is the origin of our Methodist Ritual. We need make no apology for borrowing it, at least not until it is required that all loans by the churches be formally acknowledged, including the hymn, "Jesu, Lover of my Soul," the Apostles' Creed, the Nicene Creed, the Prayer of St. Chrysostom, and a thousand good things we have gladly welcomed in the Church of Christ from all times and climes. We ought, however, wisely to use the precious treasure we have rightly inherited. Better have no ritual at all than a ritual indecorously observed. Disorder in ritual is shocking. There should be no confusion in liturgical service, no whispering between officiating ministers, no misunderstanding as to parts to be respectively taken by them, no interpolations or extemporaneous attempts at improvement, and no movements but what are necessary. To a cultured Christian these irregularities are most offensive. What is required is the spirit of reverence, prayer and faith, whether it be in the office for Baptism, Holy Communion, or Ordination. Then shall all things be done " decently and in order," and we shall have not a dead form, but a service such as has brought benediction into the hearts and lives of millions of Christians since the earliest centuries, for with Christians of all the centuries we may feel we hold precious fellowship every time in the spirit of intelligent catholicity we use our Methodist Ritual.

CYRIA.

(The Second Epistle of John.)

BY R. WALTER WRIGHT.

A little manuscript—flung from the hand
And heart of him who saw with seraph's eye
The truth in all its vastness, looming high
As God's own iris-mantled throne, where stand
Seven lamps of fire that light the crystal strand.
Saw, too, in that clear light the vagrant Lie,
The Antichrist, who sets all truth awry,
And floods its coasts with hellish contraband—
Addressed to thee, Cyria! so a glint
Of truth from the pure love of truth, revealed
Beauty in thee which ages have not dimmed;
And in this miniature the Spirit limned
A heart whose image is of Christ's own mint,
A life with Heaven's great imprimatur sealed.

Arthur, Ont.

I know not where life's river sweeps along,
That "maketh glad the city of our God,"
Or where the "many voices" sing the song
Along the ways that angels long have trod;
But somewhere in the starry realms of space
Is heaven, with its holy age of rest;
I only know that I shall see His face,
And this, of all my joy, will be the best.

—*Mrs. M. A. Holt.*

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.*

IN the actual gain made in the realm of science the nineteenth century is really comparable, not with the eighteenth or any one century preceding, but with all recorded history. Alfred Russel Wallace enumerates some twenty-four inventions and discoveries of this century, against which he can place only fifteen of relatively equal rank in other ages. Why is this so? What central and co-ordinating principle has been at work, not formerly evident? If any one generalization may be made, it is that searchers for the truth have recognized that, in the physical as in the intellectual world, development is constantly going on, that evolution (not in any limited or even Darwinian sense) is the great central principle c which nature acts.

Says Prof. Fiske: " The old statical conception of a world created all at once in its present shape. . . . is replaced by the dynamical conception of a world in a perpetual process from one state into another state. . . . The dynamical conception, which is not the work of one man, be he Darwin or Spencer, or any one else, but the result of the cumulative experience of the last two centuries, this is a permanent acquisition." So far from this theory of science being inconsistent with divine purpose, the same author points out that " the creature whose intelligence measures the pulsations of molecules and unravels the secret of the whirling nebula is no creature of a day, but the child of the universe, the heir of all the ages, in whose making and perfecting is to be found the consummation of God's creative work." The time has changed since Newton was condemned " because he substituted blind Gravitation for an intelligent Deity." That God works through law is now an axiom questioned by none. " Century of enlightenment, century of science, century of reconciliation," says Buchner, are the descriptive titles to be given to the eighteenth, nineteenth, and twentieth centuries.

To trace the progress of the century's science in detail would demand a volume; only to name scientific discoveries and recognized inventions of far-reaching value would fill pages. Some of the old restraints, traditions, empirical follies, and imaginative delusions of pseudo-science had disappeared when the century began; astronomy had taken the place of astrology; chemistry of alchemy; verification and analysis were beginning to take the place of imaginative theorizing. Priestley's great discovery of oxygen (1774) had already set in motion a thousand inquiries into chemistry and physics. Herschel's telescope had opened the heavens to man's gaze, but the new chemistry has made possible the spectroscope, and spectrum analysis became a magical tool for inquirers, not only for astronomy but for many other branches of knowledge. Everywhere one science gave aid and suggestion to others. Lyell's astounding demonstrations in geology incited zoologists and led to reclas-

* We abridge from the January *Outlook* an admirable paper on "The Nineteenth Century, a Review, an Interpretation, and a Forecast." Mr. Coyne's excellent article in this magazine has already treated very fully the achievements of the century, and we have elsewhere discussed its religious progress, but this paper from a different point of view will be found exceedingly interesting and instructive.—ED.

sification all along the line. It was seen that continuous changes, growth, not spasmodic and erratic forces, were at work. Chemistry, geology, zoology, all led to the modern biology. Cuvier's enormous work of classification gave Darwin and Wallace and Huxley their starting-points, and theoretical science reached its flower in Darwin's great "Origin of Species"—the only book for which every vote was cast as one of the ten most influential books of the century in the recent consensus of opinions of distinguished men published in the *Outlook*. Apart from the doctrine of the survival of the fittest, apart from any special theory of mode, the fundamental idea of evolution took hold on general belief, and is still the greatest problem agitating scientific thought.

In medicine, chemistry, and biological chemistry led to entirely new and startling results; Pasteur and Koch and others have established the germ theory of disease, and have indicated the line upon which the enemy must be fought; vaccination has superseded inoculation; quinine and other effective medicines have been called into use; anesthetics and antiseptic surgery have proved a blessing to the suffering; surgery has found a way to enter the human body and operate directly within the organism; sanitation and preventive measures have been so developed that it may almost be said that they have come into existence; empiricism has in large measure yielded to true scientific methods.

In travel, communication, and industry, steam and electricity have given us the railway, the steamship, the transmission of power by cable as in the vast Niagara power-works, the telegraph, the telephone, the trolley-car; in the domain of light we have the marvels of photography, of the Roentgen rays, of gas illumination, while even the now almost antiquated lucifer match dates its discovery within the century. A hundred other discoveries of value in science could be named which have practical utility or are serious additions to our stores of knowledge. Hardly one of them stands by itself as born of chance. One branch of science has leaned upon another, all have been vitalized by the new belief that the universe is living, growing, developing from day to day; that the forces at work elsewhere are at work here; that interdependence of causes is nowhere inconsistent with purpose, and that the words character and duty are by every new development of true science made more imperative in meaning.

It is impossible to forecast the probable advances in science, whether practical or theoretical, nor is it easy even to indicate what fields remain for it to conquer. Of this we may be sure: the principle of evolution which it has established, which is the basis of moral as well as scientific progress, will not be lost to the world. In education we have to adjust our school system to the rapidly growing sphere of knowledge, so that it will deal with all subjects without being superficial in any, and will train the moral faculties without giving to the training a denominational or dogmatic character.

From a date far within this century how vast the present transformation! In 1835 the Rev. George B. Cheever lay in Salem jail for "libel" in calling Deacon Giles's distillery a breeding-place of demons. Twenty years later a Massachusetts Representative felt himself constrained by public opinion in Washington to accept a challenge to a duel with his fellow-Congressman. Such shames have been wiped away, and others as great or greater. Lotteries have been transferred by a sixty years' struggle, crowned with victory in 1893, from

the class of respectable to the class of criminal enterprises. And 1834, 1863, 1888 mark the progressive and final extinction in civilized lands of the curse of chattel slavery.

Not less conspicuous than such abolition of wrongs has been the extension of rights. The sweeping away of the barbarous criminal code of England, which in the early part of the century adjudged a pickpocket to death, has been followed by a revolution, dating from the middle of the century, in the whole theory and administration of judicial punishment. This, however imperfectly carried out, has recognized the criminal's right to be treated as a man, and transforms prisons from hells into hospitals for his recovery.

This extension of human rights has included also the foreign enemy. Witness the Red Cross Society, founded in 1864, and its charities undiscriminating between friend and foe, imitated as they are also by the combatants themselves. Witness also the approaching transformation, by examples of arbitration and by the Peace Conference, of the national enemy into a litigant in an international court, extending the sphere of jural rights and obligations to include the man across the sea with the man across the street.

With this extension of ethical right have lately gone in various lines extensions of ethical interest, notably the Social Settlement and the University Extension, including in the ethical relationship of neighbours and pupils a multitude before outside. Most notable of all such extensions is the spontaneous uprising, which makes this century most illustrious, to distribute the best things of Christendom to uplift and purify and enrich the life of the lowest, neediest, and remotest nations. Space fails to enumerate the multitudinous charities, extending even to dumb animals, to which an expanding ethical interest has given rise.

The multiplying treatises on ethics are a sign of the times. And just as evolution, feared at first as atheistic, has given fresh proofs of an immanent God, so also has it furnished new evidence of an immanent moral order, in which humanity is grounded, that it may realize the same in its development. But it is in the line of social obligations that the advance of ethical studies has taken the most perceptible effect, by at least partially redressing the upset balance between Duties and Rights. Since the dawn of history duties have been mainly insisted on, and rights only grudgingly conceded. But the outbursts of the eighteenth century for the assertion of rights threw duties temporarily into the very background of an extreme individualism, whose evils have forced sober thinkers to declare, with Professor MacCunn, that democracy has missed its mark, if it has nothing more than rights to insist upon.

Politically the nineteenth century has been characterized by a great advance toward individual freedom and toward nationalism. The French Revolution overthrew absolutism in France. Napoleon, the child of the French Revolution, overthrew absolutism in all western Europe, and founded a new absolutism upon the ruins, identical in spirit but different in theory, since its historic foundation was a French plebiscite. The Napoleonic despotism was in turn overthrown at Waterloo, and the reinstatement of Bourbonism proved temporary. By the middle of the nineteenth century representative institutions had been established in France, Germany, and Italy, and even in Spain. Doubtless much has yet to be accomplished before these countries become truly democratic in spirit, but it is scarcely conceivable that they will ever re-

vert to that imperialism from which they have emerged.

These movements toward political freedom on the Continent were accompanied by a similar movement in England, which during the nineteenth century has passed from a constitutional monarchy really controlled by a landed aristocracy, and still feudal in spirit, to a democracy, still monarchical in form, still subject to the checks imposed by the aristocratic conservatism, but in spirit as essentially democratic—that is, ruled by the people—as is either France or the United States. The pocket boroughs have disappeared, the franchise has been extended, the religious disabilities have been removed. Practically all the reforms demanded by the Chartists have been secured, and the suffrage is so nearly universal that all classes have their representation directly in Parliament or indirectly through the influence of public opinion upon Parliament.

A somewhat similar extension of political influence has taken place in the United States, in all sections of which the property and religious qualifications which were common at the beginning of the century have practically disappeared. In this great Anglo-Saxon movement away from class representation to popular representation, William E. Gladstone has been the most distinguished single leader. His genius was exhibited in his ability to conduct the English people from a political order based on class to a politcal order based on all the people, without disturbance or revolution. With these developments of political liberty has gone a development in industrial liberty even more striking. Without a revolution, slavery has been abolished in Great Britain and in all her colonies. At the cost of a war of gigantic proportions, slavery has been abolished in the United States.

Contemporaneously with these developments of political and industrial liberty has gone a development of religious liberty. The doctrine that the Church has authority to determine what is religious truth, and that to contradict the Church is a crime which the State may punish, perished with the overthrow of the Inquisition in 1808 under the Napoleonic regime, and with the subsequent overthrow of the temporal power of the Pope in Italy.

Somewhat less marked in its final outcome, though not less striking in its processes, has been the development of nationalism. The unification of Germany, of Italy, and of Austria-Hungary, has been accomplished during the present century. In the United States the Civil War was fought even more to preserve the nation from being broken up into jealous and conflicting political States than for the freedom of the slave which incidentally resulted from the triumph of nationalism. Radically unlike in temperament and character are the three great leaders in three great contemporaneous movements towards national unity: Bismarck in Germany, Cavour in Italy, Abraham Lincoln in the United States.

In politics the rights of men are theoretically recognized in England and America, and measurably in all western Europe, as the basis of government, but the rights and duties of nations toward each other have yet to be defined, by a gradual development and application of international law and a solution of the problem, What are the duties which the civilized nations owe to those that are uncivilized or semi-civilized? Brotherhood is as yet an academic opinion or an ethical sentiment; the work of the reformer, whether in thought or in action, is to formulate its principles, to learn what are the fundamental obligations of man to his brother man, and to apply them to the solution of current social problems.

So far as external conditions are concerned, the great social changes of this century are due to the concentration of industry in great factories, and the consequent concentration of people in great cities. The development of the factory system in place of the home industries, or petty shops with one or two workmen, which preceded it, has caused the building up of an industrial hierarchy with a division of labour as minute and a concentration of authority as absolute as in any of the political or ecclesiastical hierarchies of other ages. The result of this industrial system has inevitably been the economic separation of classes, and a concentration of industrial wealth utterly unknown a century ago. While, however, the rich have grown immeasurably richer, the poor, as a rule, have grown less poor. Money wages are more than double what they were at the beginning of the century, and prices, with the exception of rent and meat, are generally lower.

Furthermore, what workingmen have lost in the way of individual independence or individual influence with their employers, that came from working in small shops, has been made up by the collective independence and power that have come through the formation of unions. Moreover, the intellectual loss—or division of intelligence—that is said to have come from the division of labour and the employment of a man's whole working time upon a single mechanical operation, has been in some degree offset by the shortening of the working day, and more than offset by the development of popular education through the great religious awakening of the beginning of the century, and the widening influence of the schools, the press, and the political responsibilities which came to the working classes later.

The development of cities, which, as a consequence of the industrial development, has been a distinguishing mark of the nineteenth century, not only in this country, but throughout western Europe, brought with it at first great physical evils to the working classes. The death-rate in the manufacturing cities became double what it was in the rural districts, the children dying in swarms from constantly repeated epidemics, and the adults losing not only in vigour but in stamina. These evils, which came partly from long hours in close factories—even for children of five and six—and partly from overcrowding in unwholesome tenements, have been largely overcome by better sanitation and cleanlier living, so that to-day the cities are nearly as healthy as the rural districts—though many problems that have come from the crowding of the people in industrial centres are still unsolved.

Apart from these outward social changes, however, and more important, has been the almost continuous growth of a sentiment of social unity, which has manifested itself so conspicuously in the political and educational world, and is to-day beating so strongly against the development of absolutism in the world of industry. As a result of this social sentiment the century has seen the overthrow of feudal tenures in the west of Europe, the overthrow of serfdom in Russia, and the overthrow of slavery in America. There have, indeed, been several marked periods of reaction, but, taken as a whole, the nineteenth century has been almost as marked as the era of the Reformation for the broadening sense of the essential equality in political and industrial rights of all the children of men.

The most obvious characteristics of the literature of the nineteenth century are its range of subjects and its variety of method and man-

ner. Science and democracy are perhaps the two words, which, to the future, will embody must fully the spirit, thought, and productivity of the century; and these two fundamental movements have found varied and splendid expressions in its literature. The deep stirring of the world by the French Revolution set in motion waves of feeling which did not subside until many years after the opening of the century, and the agitation of which is to be found in one of its most influential literary movements—that of Romanticism. The chief figure of this movement in France was Victor Hugo, its master spirit. In England the chief voice of the revolt was Byron, whose lyrical gift was perhaps greater than that of any English poet since the Elizabethan age, and whose work as an artist was limited only by his character and his insight. He was the leader of an insurrection, the dashing and brilliant figure on the barricade, not the organizer of a new movement; a master of melody and of descriptive verse, who has left his permanent impress on English poetry, and is best known of all modern English poets in Europe. Wordsworth, succeeding to the tradition of Thomson, Cowper and Burns, interpreted Nature from the spiritual side with marvellous insight and noble passion of the imagination, and remains one of the greatest figures and one of the permanent forces of the century. Shelley, a far finer spirit than Byron, was penetrated and inspired by the Revolution; Coleridge, poet, thinker, and critic of the highest order though of discursive mind, has been a searching influence in theology and criticism. Keats's rich imagination and deep feeling for beauty imparted a spell to his verse which Tennyson and the later poets have not escaped.

The first slender volume which came from the hand of Tennyson alone was issued in 1832, but it was fifteen years later before his reputation had passed beyond the circle of a small group of devoted friends, and had become one of the great traditions of English literature. "In Memoriam" gave expression to that life of the spirit which has been the inspiration of English character and the source of English moral strength since the beginning of the race. His balance, sanity, deep artistic feeling, thorough technical training, and power of divining and reflecting the thought of his time, made Tennyson the representative English poet of the latter half of the century; while the Brownings, Matthew Arnold, William Morris, Rossetti, and Swinburne express different phases of English thought or different aspects of modern passion and faith. In England the novel reached its fullest development in the hands of Scott, Jane Austen, Dickens, Thackeray, George Eliot, Meredith, and Hardy; while criticism of life in history, biography, and essay has been enriched by the work of Carlyle, Ruskin, and Arnold

By inevitable reaction the romantic movement in France was followed by the realistic movement, which, pushed to its extremes, became Naturalism, and Naturalism inevitably brought forth the decadent school, which was doomed to sterility and decay by its absorption in the secondary or morbid phases of life.

The century has seen the rise of a great national literature in Russia, which has given the world a poet of high order in Poushkin, and four novelists of genius in Dostoyevski, Gogol, Turgenieff, and Tolstoi—all in profoundest sympathy with their race, and interpreting its spiritual quality, its passion, its mysticism and the pressure of absolutism on its rich impulses with marvellous power.

Bjornson, a typical Norwegian,

has interpreted with simplicity and sincerity some aspects of contemporary life in Norway. Ibsen is the foremost in point of contemporary interest of all the Northern writers; a dramatist of great force and of satiric spirit, who has applied to the society of his time searching and remorseless analysis, and whose underlying doctrine, if it were carried to its logical conclusion, would disintegrate society.

Until 1832, Germany possessed in Goethe the foremost man of letters of the century—an artist of immense fruitfulness, of extraordinary range of interests, and of a breadth of culture which is not likely to be repeated in any of his successors; with lyrical power of the highest order, wide and tolerant insight, and the breadth of view which goes to the making of a poet of the first rank; the author of the most significant poem of the century; whose defects are to be found in the vagueness of his moral insight and the consequent inability to secure the highest dramatic effectiveness by identifying the doer with the deed. Second to Goethe stands Heine, whose writings Matthew Arnold places first among the modern streams of influence in Germany.

American literature began with the publication of Irving's "Knickerbocker's History of New York." Before that day there were writers in America, but, with three exceptions — Franklin, Edwards, and Woolman—they cannot be ranked as masters of style. In American poetry the name of Poe stands first —an artist whose command of the lyrical note was more subtle and sure than that of any other American singer; who was not a representative poet, and whose work does not interpret the fundamental ideas of life which rise in such clearness in the work of Homer, Dante, Goethe, Shakespeare, Milton, and Tennyson. In American prose Hawthorne holds the first place; with these two in the highest circle belongs Emerson, a poet of high rank by virtue of half a dozen poems, and a "friend of the spirit" by virtue of the entire body of his work. Irving, Bryant, Lowell, Holmes, Whittier, Longfellow, Thoreau, Whitman, and Lanier are names which must be reckoned with in any report of American literature.

In brief, if the chief characteristic of the nineteenth century is freedom, the first duty of the twentieth century is to learn how to use that freedom in religion, politics, society, art, literature, so as to maintain the highest ideals and minister to the largest life. The work which lies before the twentieth century is as great as that which the nineteenth century has accomplished.

MARCHING SONG FOR THE NEW CENTURY.

The Future hides in it
Gladness and sorrow;
We press still thorow,
Nought that abides in it
Daunting us,—onward.

And solemn before us,
Veiled, the dark Portal,
Goal of all mortal:
Stars silent rest o'er us,
Graves under us silent!

While earnest thou gazest,
Comes boding of terror,
Comes phantasm and error,
Perplexes the bravest
With doubt and misgiving.

But heard are the Voices,—
Heard are the Sages,
The World and the Ages:
"Choose well; your choice is
Brief and yet endless:

Here eyes do regard you,
In Eternity's stillness;
Here is all fulness,
Ye brave, to reward you:
Work, and despair not."

—*Translated from Goethe by Carlyle.*

RUSSIA AND ITS EXILE SYSTEM.*

WE devote a good deal of space in this number to the empire of Russia, which, stretching across two continents, is challenging the attention of the world at once on the shores of the Baltic and on the shores of the Pacific. Mr. Noble's book, which we review, is one of the most lucid accounts that we have of this strange anachronism—a survival in the twentieth century of the feudal despotism of the fifteenth. But the long pent-up forces of anarchism, socialism, revolution and revolt cannot be forever suppressed. Their volcanic and Titanic energies seem to be in the throes of explosion. It is possible that the troubles at the heart of the empire may arrest the aggressive policy at its frontier; unless, indeed, as by frequent device of despotism, a foreign war be used to divert attention from intestine revolt.

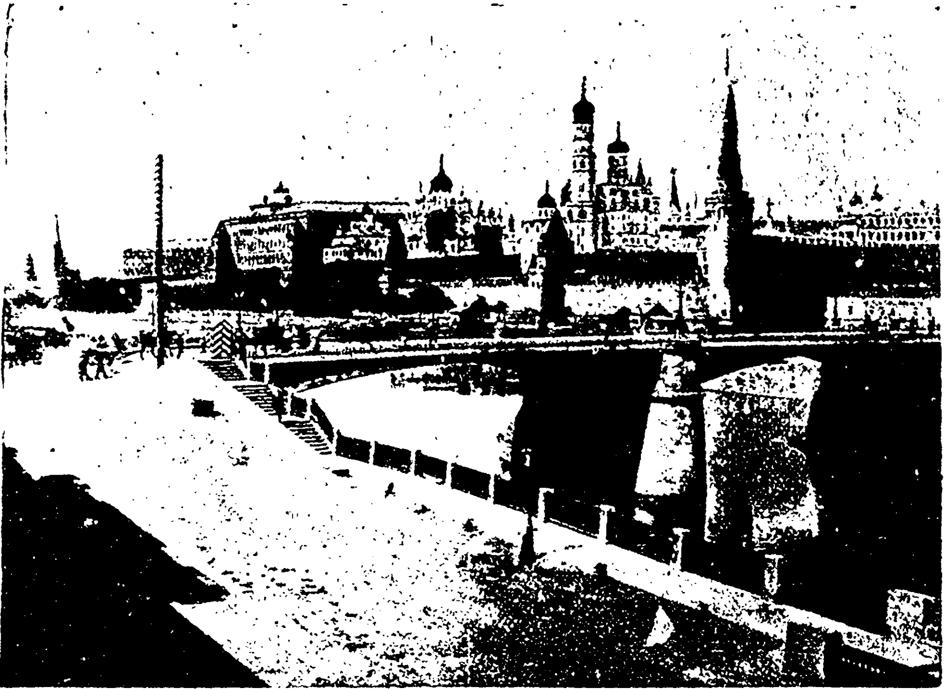
The young Tsar, infirm in frame, scarce convalescent from serious illness, menaced with the doom of so many of the Romanoffs, a cruel assassination, seems to have lost his nerve. And well he may, when a mine has been discovered beneath his country palace, and nobles who stand near the throne, it is feared, are conspiring against his life. He is a man of amiable character and benevolent impulses. His ideal scheme, the Peace Conference of

THE LATE TSAR ALEXANDER III.

the Hague, has been so far abortive. The flagrant violation of plighted word and solemn treaty in the Russification of Finland is an evil augury for his reign. Absolute monarch as he is, he is not free from the traditional policy of his house, and the evil influence of a bureaucratic entourage. Like a

EX-EMPRESS OF RUSSIA (WIDOW OF THE LATE TSAR.)

* "Russia and the Russians." By Edmund Noble. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Reviewed in this number of the METHODIST MAGAZINE. See also "The Russian Revolt," by the same author, and "Count Kropotkin, a Gentle Anarchist." Reviewed in the number for April, 1900.



THE KREMLIN, MOSCOW.

man in the grip of a glacier, he is being swept on as by a resistless destiny.

The English have special interest in the future of Russia from the intimate relations of our royal family with the imperial household. The influence of the Dowager Empress, sister of Queen Alexandra, was always wisely and judiciously exercised. So has also been that of the present Empress of Russia, the daughter of English Alice, whose mother love caused her death by her passionate embrace of her sick child at Hesse-Darmstadt.

In order to bring about the conversion to the Russo-Greek Church of the Princess Alix, some of the most learned theologians instructed her in the hair-breadth distinctions of the Greek Church—the historic discrimination between "Homoousion" and "Homoiousion," and the importance of "Filioque" in the creed.

Russia still preserves much of its Byzantine character; the ancient capital, Moscow, is utterly unlike any other in Europe. Its fortified Kremlin, with its many-coloured and bulbous spires, its jangling bells, its quaint and bizarre architecture, is more like a dream of the Orient than the reality of the Occident. In no country of Europe are the extremes of wealth and poverty more marked than in Russia. The display of splendour at the Winter Palace of St. Petersburg, with its precious marbles, malachite, lapis lazuli and onyx, its rock crystal and gold, and the priceless pictures in its gallery, is unsurpassed in Europe. The condition of the poor and ignorant mujik is one of sordid indigence. Only one-tenth of the population inhabit towns, the rest are scattered sparsely over boundless steppes. A state of famine is almost chronic throughout vast regions. The last cow is often sold

for food. A merciless conscription drags to the army every able-bodied man. Where one fails to pass the doctor's examination, there is loud rejoicing among his people, and endless consumption of vodka—a fiery and pernicious drink.

The peasant folk dwell in rude log houses, chinked with moss against the drifting snows and piercing winds of winter, and dimly lighted with one or two small windows. The furniture is meagre and rude. There are generally no beds, the family sleeping on the floor, or in winter, on the broad

THE TSAR OF RUSSIA.

brick oven in a corner of the room. The peasants sleep in their clothes, with seldom more than one outfit. The sheep-skin coat with the woolly side in soon becomes saturated with grease. The instinct of the female mind to personal adornment is shown by the tawdry finery and coarse jewellery of the women, which are heirlooms from one generation to another.

Russian official society in its upper crust is honeycombed with fraud. Beneath a thin veneer of civilization, brilliant with art, with music, ostentatious wealth and pomp and splendour, seethes an under-world of wrong and wretchedness and reckless unrest.

It is alleged that the disturbances in Manchuria were fomented by the Russians to give them a chance of seizing the country. The Chinese revolt against oppression was followed by wholesale butchery of the people, and, despite the polite disavowals of permanent retention of the province, the iron grasp will probably never be unloosed. The "Adamzad" of Kipling's poem will maintain his bear-like hug.

The head of the Holy Synod, Pobiedonostzeff, the power greater than the Tsar, the Bismarck of Russia, is described by one who seems to know him well as follows:

"This man, able, adroit, unscrupulous, is a narrow reactionary, a perfect 'Dark Ages' type. He hates all forms of progress. He suspects all newspapers, magazines, books, all men with a tendency to broad ideas. He is bitterly opposed to all schemes for secular education, and his pet aversion is the universities, which he regards as hotbeds of irreligion and political iconoclasm. He ruled the late Tsar, partly through his superstitions, partly through discovering plots against his life. Some of these plots may have been genuine; many were undoubtedly pure inventions of his police; none was without some police part in it."

The government is the very essence of intolerance, religious as well as political. Even Sunday Schools, which, unnoticed, had multiplied till hundreds of them had sprung up under the inspiration of Madame Altchevsky, and nearly a million peasant people were enrolled in classes, were rigidly suppressed when discovered, and only very recently have they received toleration.

Russia is the storm centre of Europe. Yet we cannot believe that this colossal despotism is destined forever to prevent progress of free institutions throughout the greatest empire, next to Britain, in the world. With its immense territory,

its exhaustless resources, its many races and vast population, it must have a civilizing mission for mankind. Its evolution out of barbarism has been slow, very slow, but like the tardy northern spring unlocking the ice-bound rivers and tundras of Siberia, will, doubtless, be the growth of the new civilization of this great northern nation. We have pleasure in presenting in these pages the instructive account given by Mr. Edmund Noble of Siberia and its exile system.

The very word "Siberia" has deeply impressed itself upon the popular imagination. For the people of Russia it is associated with some of the saddest aspects of their national life; for the world in general, especially for literature, it has become a synonym for the suppression of free thought and the punishment, not only of political, but also of religious aspirations.

THE EMPRESS OF RUSSIA.

Yet it is only in relation to the exile system, and to the practice of banishing men and women to the extreme northern areas of the Asian continent, that Siberia is

FAMINE YEAR IN RUSSIA—SELLING THE LAST COW.

correctly described as a forbidding waste, where the exile must drag out the brief day of his monotonous existence either in the utter absence of human companionship, other than that of his fellow exiles, or in regions within the Arctic Circle inhabited only by the aborigine nomads of the far north. In its southern areas, Siberia is a country of delightful climate, of exceedingly fertile soil, as well as of resources, mineral and agricultural, which have scarcely yet been touched.

With great and numerous waterways traversing it in all directions, and with its growing lines of railway, the most important of which—that connecting Europe with the Chinese coast—is now approaching completion, Asiatic Russia promises to play a part in the world's trade the magnitude of which is yet far from being realized. The enormous extent of the country—into which, by the way, the whole of the United States and the non-Russian countries of Europe could be placed, along with another territory as large as France, without using up the available space—will make of Siberia, for centuries to come, a more than ample, as well as appropriate, outlet for the surplus populations of European Russia.

The first mention of this vast continent in connection with the Russian punitive system dates as far back as the reign of Alexei Mikhailovich. Exile to portions of it for colonizing purposes is mentioned as early as 1582, and account is given of the punitive banishment of 7,400 persons in 1622. But we do not get definite statements until the eighteenth century is reached. The first convoy of exiled persons was forwarded to the peninsula of Kamchatka in 1709, two years after the region had become Russian territory. That convoy originally contained some 14,000 persons, mainly

THE LUCKY RECRUIT: UNFIT FOR A SOLDIER HE RETURNS HOME.

prisoners of war taken by Peter the Great in his campaign against the Swedes; but owing to the hardships met with, a large number of the party died before reaching their destination.

The opening of the silver mines of Siberia in the eighteenth century produced a demand for labour which the authorities proceeded to satisfy by transferring thither a large number of prisoners who had not yet served out their sentences in the jails of European Russia. As the Russian punitive system developed, moreover, it became the custom to banish not only persons accused of the graver crimes, but also men and women charged with trivial offences, until finally Siberia came to be regarded as a convenient destination for all who, for one reason or another, on one pretext or another, had become obnoxious to the authorities.

For a century or more the method of dealing with convicts who had been sentenced to Siberia was crude in the extreme. No pains seem to have been taken to preserve the identity of the prisoners, or to make it certain that an accused person would serve out the sentence imposed by a court or fixed administratively by the Minister of the Interior. Prisoners could exchange names and sentences at will, men convicted of serious crimes were sometimes released after a few months' detention, while offenders whose delinquency had been trivial were kept for years at hard labour in the mines.

The journey to Siberia had to be performed, moreover, on foot; the members of the marching party wore leg fetters, and were accompanied by guards under orders to punish serious insubordination or the effort to escape with death. The exiles usually set out from some large city of European Rus-

sia, such as Moscow; passing over the Urals, and halting only at the famous boundary post, the farewell scenes at which have been so vividly depicted by the Polish painter Sochaczewski, they gradually proceeded by successive stages along the roads leading to Siberia. Thrown upon the public for subsistence, the party literally begged its way from one provincial city to

A RUSSIAN SHEPHERD GIRL.

another, the first indication of its approach being the miloserdnaya, or "exiles' begging song," in which the convicts appealed for assistance:

"For the sake of Christ,
Have pity on us, O our fathers!
Don't forget the unwilling travellers—
Don't forget the long imprisoned!
Feed us, O our fathers, help us!
Feed us, help the poor and needy!"

In 1811 an armed guard was organized to accompany parties of exiles to Siberia, and the convicts were thenceforward provided with documents showing their identity.

In its modern form, as described by Mr. Kennan and others, the system takes cognizance of four classes of exiles. There are first the "hard labour" convicts—men and women punished for the graver crimes, including political offences—who, in addition to their exile, which is for life, lose all their civil rights. Next come the "penal colonists," offenders whose crimes suffice to deprive them of civil rights. The third class is constituted of the simple exiles, who do not lose all their civil rights by banishment; while the fourth grade is made up of the women and children who voluntarily follow their relatives into exile. The convicts of the first two classes go to Siberia in fetters, with one side of the head shaved, and remain there for life; the members of the third class are at liberty, on the expiration of their term of banishment, to return to European Russia.

Three centuries were allowed to elapse before records of the Siberian system began to be preserved. Between 1807 and 1813 the deportations numbered 2,000 persons yearly; between 1814 and 1847 they averaged from 3,000 to 8,000; while from 1853 to 1863 the average number was 10,000. Between 1823 and 1887 no fewer than 772,979 persons were transported to the Asiatic possessions of Russia. In 1896, as shown by official reports, 9,628 men and 540 women were banished to Siberia, while 744 men and 871 women voluntarily followed their relatives into exile.

INTERIOR OF RUSSIAN PEASANT'S HOUSE.

The number of voluntary exiles —mainly wives and children— reached 54,900 between the years 1823 and 1880; in 1876, 3,000 women thus shared the fate of their husbands; in the year 1885, as stated by Mr. Kennan, 5,536 wives and children, out of a total of 15,766, were voluntary exiles. The total number of persons exiled to Siberia between 1754 and 1899 was 1,450,000.

In recent years it has been possible to lessen the hardships of transportation, and this has been done by the substitution for the journey on foot of railway trains through portions of the land route, and of barges where rivers facilitate the journey. The exiles thus escape, for parts of the route, the former hardships of the marching party, as well as the filth and disease of the etape house. Yet the immunity is more than made up to them by their experiences in the convict barge, with its stifling atmosphere and unsanitary conditions, and in the overcrowded, germ-laden forwarding prison; while those who go beyond Tomsk have still to run the gauntlet of the etape system for hundreds of miles into the forbidding regions of eastern Siberia.

Visiting the Siberian prison of Tiumen in 1885, Mr. Kennan found 1,800 people crowded into a building made to hold only 800. "The foul, muddy floors, whose air had apparently been respired over and over again until it did not contain an atom of oxygen, was laden with fever germs from the unventilated hospital wards, and fetid odours from diseased human lungs and unclean human bodies," and worse stenches. The convict barges suggested to Mr. Kennan "a recently vacated wild beast cage in a menagerie."

But now comes the Dantean hell

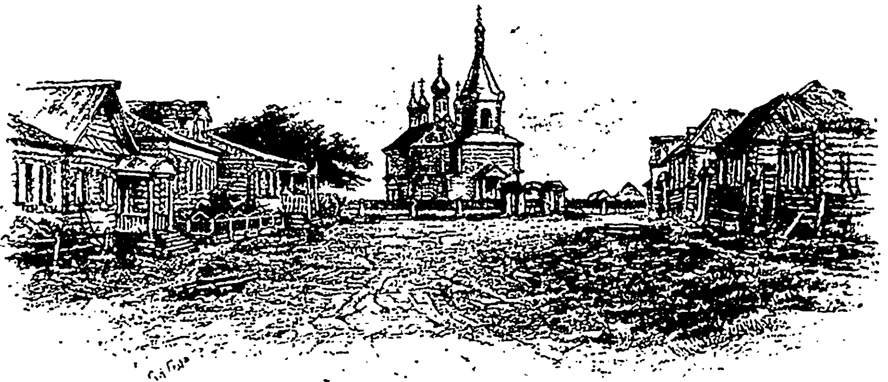
ON THE MARCH TO SIBERIA.

of the forwarding prison at Tomsk. When Mr. Kennan inspected it in 1885, it contained over 3,000 prisoners, though designed to hold only 1,400. Amid "air insufferably fetid, hundreds of human beings packed so closely together that they could not move without touching one another, were trying to exist, and to perform the necessary duties of life." The cases of sickness for the year in this prison numbered 2,400, and there were 450 patients in the prison hospital at one time, with beds for only 150.

Marching parties, 300 to 400 in each, made up every week, travel from Tomsk to Irkutsk, a distance of 1,040 miles, and spend about three months on the road. The ordinary convicts march on foot, and receive five cents a day for their subsistence; the politicals, who are also nobles, or belong to the privileged classes, are carried in carts, and receive seven and a half cents a day.

The hardships of the road itself affect both sexes impartially. The clothes provided by the government give no sufficient protection against inclemencies of weather. The boots of the prisoners, expected to last for six weeks, are of such poor quality, owing to official fraud, that they often become worthless in a couple of days, and the loser has to continue his march barefooted through "mud whose temperature is a little above freezing point." Many of the convicts, drenched to the skin by rain, become sick, and linger for months without proper medical care.

The silver mines of Nerchinsk are worked for the benefit of the Tsar, who regards their yield as his private property, by some 2,000 convicts. It is here that the punishment of chaining men to the wheel-barrows which they use in their work has been frequently inflicted; here both men and women have been flogged for insubordina-



A VILLAGE ON THE STEPPES.

VILLAGE OF SIBERIAN STEPPES IN WINTER.

tion, in some cases so severely that the punishment has been followed in a short time by death. Here also where the "politicals" have joined in "hunger strikes" as the only means left them of protest against the cruelties of the prison authorities; and here that political offenders have gone mad, or committed suicide, as a means of avoiding insanity.

The lot of persons sent into ordinary banishment, not involving a period of detention in prison, is much more bearable; yet even upon these serious grievances are sometimes inflicted. The allowance made by the government—six rubles, or three dollars a month—is too small to enable him to subsist; he finds himself therefore compelled to seek some means of adding to his income. But here the interfering code imposes so many limitations upon his activity, that the political exile, always an educated man, is usually doomed either to starve or to eke out his living by resort to some humiliating form of labour.

Many distinguished men, either by work in the mines or by ordinary banishment, have expiated their offences against the Russian government by exile to Siberia. Among the more recent cases of banishment which have attracted world-wide attention is that of the famous novelist, Dostoyevsky. He was twice flogged by the prison authorities at Omsk.

"When our marching party left Tomsk," writes a political exile in 1882, "a snowstorm began. The roads were in a dreadful condition. Many of the party, chiefly women, fainted away or went into hysterics; several children died in their mothers' laps from the cold. In the etape station it was almost impossible to breathe. The wife of the banished doctor, Byely, who was going to join her husband, went mad in consequence of the hardships and the inhuman treatment of the soldiers."

Another exile, kept in the Yakutsk prison about the same time, wrote: "We live literally in the dark, and have only from one and

ON THE WAY TO SIBERIA.—EXILES IN CAGE ON CONVICT BARGE PURCHASING FOOD FROM PEASANT WOMEN.

a half to two hours of light in which to eat. We have no bread, but only fish. I have no more hope of ever seeing the sun again. We work from six in the morning till eight in the evening, in ice-cold water, which frequently rises up to our knees. When we reach our cells at night we are utterly exhausted. . . . We need everything—books, linen, shoes, and money. Our torments are frightful; if we could only have an hour in the open air we should be satisfied." A few lines may be added from the mines at Kara: "A few days ago the soldiers beat Miss Armfield with the butt ends of their muskets for insubordination. . . . Rods and knouts often come into use here. . . . Kolenkin is dying of his wounds, which are being torn open by his fetters. Semenovsky has shot himself; Rudin has poisoned himself with matches. We have to carry our fetters not only during working hours, but also in our cells. . . . So we live

on a diet of black bread, in a cold, damp, and suffocating atmosphere, continually threatened with bayonets and the butt ends of muskets, and only kept alive by a single hope —that of being able to return home and see once again those near and dear to us."

In recent years various circumstances have contributed to lessen the faith of the Russian government in the Siberian exile system. The fraud and corruption inseparable from the system; the suffering resulting from official cruelty, as well as from the hardships of transportation; the excessive sick and death-rate in the prisons and settlements; the demoralization incident to the practice of "man-hunting," degenerating into wholesale murder under the incitement of official rewards offered for their recapture —these accompaniments of the system have also had their weight with the Tsar and his advisers.

Mention must also be made of the new sensitiveness of the Russian administrative conscience to western opinion, as well as of the condemnation which, with a few rare exceptions, the Siberian exile system has never ceased to receive, not only from Russian officials themselves, but also from travellers, philanthropists, prison reformers, literary men, and all others who have the welfare of the race at heart. If, therefore, Russian official announcements are to be depended upon, it must be regarded as a gain for humanity that Tsar Nicholas II. has finally (May, 1900) sanctioned preliminary measures for the abolition of the system which in years past has added so much suffering to the preventable evil of the world.

THE LARGER VIEW.*

BY FREDERIC LAWRENCE KNOWLES.

In buds upon some Aaron's rod
The childlike ancient saw his God;
Less credulous, more believing, we
Read in the grass—Divinity.

From Horeb's bush the Presence spoke
To earlier faiths and simpler folk;
But now each bush that sweeps our fence
Flames with the Awful Immanence!

To old Zacchæus in his tree
What mattered leaves and botany?
His sycamore was but a seat
Whence he could watch that hallowed street.

But now to us each elm and pine
Is vibrant with the Voice divine,
Not only from but in the bough
Our larger creed beholds Him now.

To the true faith, bark, sap, and stem
Are wonderful as Bethlehem;
No hill nor brook nor field nor herd
But mangers the Incarnate Word!

Far be it from our lips to cast
Contempt upon the holy past—
Whate'er the finger writes we scan
In manger, prophecy, or man.

Again we touch the healing hem
In Nazareth or Jerusalem;
We trace again those faultless years;
The cross commands our wondering tears.

Yet if to us the Spirit writes
On Morning's manuscript and Night's,
In gospels of the growing grain,
Epistles of the pond and plain,

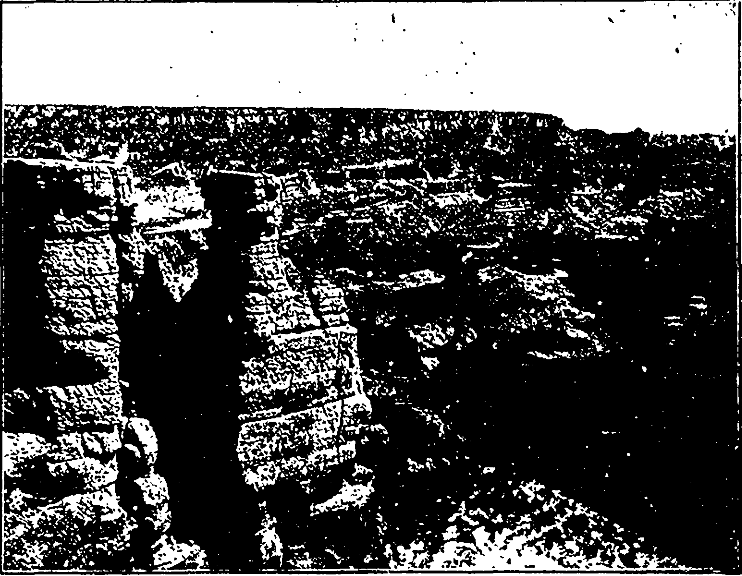
In stars, in atoms, as they roll,
Each tireless round its occult pole,
In wing and worm and fin and fleece,
In the wise soil's surpassing peace,—

Thrice ingrate he whose only look
Is backward focussed on the Book,
Neglectful what the Presence saith,
Though He be near as blood and breath!

The only atheist is one
Who hears no Voice in wind or sun,
Believer in some primal curse,
Deaf in God's loving univer e!

* We have pleasure in reprinting from *Zion's Herald* the above poem, which we regard as one of very special merit.—Ed.

THE GRAND CANYON OF ARIZONA.*



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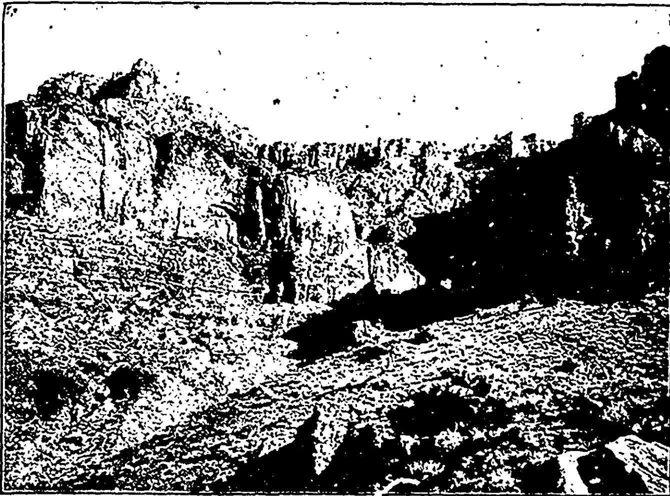
GRAND CANYON OF ARIZONA—FROM CYCLORAMA POINT.

THE series of tremendous chasms which form the channel of the Colorado River in its course through northern Arizona reach their culmination in a chaotic gorge two hundred and seventeen miles long, from nine to thirteen miles wide, and midway, more than six thousand six hundred feet below the level of the plateau. Standing upon the brink of that plateau, at the point of the canyon's greatest width and depth, the beholder is confronted by a scene whose majesty and beauty are well-nigh overwhelming. Snatched in a single glance from every accustomed anchorage of human experience, the stoutest heart here quavers, the senses cower. It is one of the few widely advertised spots which one need not fear approaching with anticipations too exalted. It is a new world, compelling the tribute of sensations whose intensity exceeds the familiar meaning of words.

If you say of Niagara's gorge that it is profound, what shall you say of the Colorado's chasm that yawns beneath your feet to a depth nearly fifty times greater? And when you face, not a mere narrow, frowning gash of incredible depth, but a broad underworld that reaches to the uttermost horizon

* The Grand Canyon of Arizona is reached by rail only by way of the Santa Fe route. No other railway approaches it within hundreds of miles. Till recently the only approach was by a stage road of some seventy miles from Flagstaff, Arizona. A branch railway runs from Williams fifty-seven miles, from thence a stage runs to the rim of the Canyon, about ten miles farther. The combined rail and stage route requires about four and a half hours' time; the present fare is $10 for the round trip. It will probably be less to visitors to the Epworth League Convention in San Francisco in July.

and seems as vast as the earth itself; studded with innumerable pyramidal mountains of massive bulk hewn from gaudiest rock-strata, that barely lift the cones and turrets of their crests to the level of the eye; divided by purple voids; banded in vivid colours of transparent brilliancy that are harmonized by atmosphere and refraction to a marvellous delicacy; controlled by a unity of idea that redeems the whole from the menace of overwhelming chaos—then, surely, you may be pardoned if your pen halts.



IN THE GRAND CANYON.

The best popular description in print is the account by Mr. John L. Stoddard.

"At last," he writes, describing his approach to the canyon, "I hurried through the intervening space, gave a quick look and almost reeled. The globe itself seemed to have suddenly yawned asunder, leaving me trembling on the hither brink of two dissevered hemispheres. Vast as the bed of a vanished ocean, deep as Mount Washington, riven from its apex to its base, the grandest canyon on our planet lay glittering below me in the sunlight like a submerged continent, drowned by an ocean that had ebbed away. At my very feet, so near that I could have leaped at once into eternity, the earth was cleft to a depth of six thousand six hundred feet—not by a narrow gorge, like other canyons, but by an awful gulf within whose cavernous immensity the forests of the Adirondacks would appear like jackstraws, the Hudson Palisades would be an insignificant stratum, Niagara would be indiscernible, and cities could be tossed like pebbles.

"As brain grew steadier and vision clearer, I saw, directly opposite, the other side of the canyon thirteen miles away. It was a mountain wall, a mile in height, extending to the right and left as far as the eye could reach; and since the cliff upon which I was standing was its counterpart, it seemed to me as if these parallel banks were once the shore lines of a vanished sea. If the entire range of the White Mountains were flung into it, the monstrous pit would still remain comparatively empty. It is not strictly one canyon, but a labyrinth of canyons, in which the whole Yosemite could be packed away and lost.

"The colouring of the Grand Canyon is no less extraordinary than its forms. Nature has saved this chasm from being a terrific scene of desolation by glorifying all that it contains. Wall after wall, turret after turret, and mountain range after mountain range, belted with tinted strata, succeed one another here like billows petrified in glowing colours. To stand upon the edge of this stupendous gorge, as it receives its earliest greeting from the god of day, is to enjoy in a moment compensation for long years of ordinary

uneventful life. Taken altogether, with its mentioned and suggested wonders, with its named and unnameable formations, with its uncounted exhibitions of beauty, glory and sublimity, the Grand Canyon appears to have been flung by God's great hand into a fathomless abyss to hold together two yawning sides of the unfinished earth and to give mankind for all ages something about which to study and wonder."

Charles Dudley Warner writes of the Grand Canyon of Arizona as follows:

"This region is probably the most interesting territory of its size on the globe, with colour. The vastness of the view amazed us quite as much as its transcendent beauty.

"There are some experiences that cannot be repeated - one's first view of Rome, one's first view of Jerusalem. But these emotions are produced by association, by the sudden standing face to face with the scenes most wrought into our whole life and education by tradition and religion. This was without association, as it was without parallel. We had expected a a canyon—two lines of perpendicular walls 6,000 feet high, with the ribbon of a river at the bottom, but the reader may dismiss all his notions as a canyon, indeed of any sort of mountain or gorge scenery with which he is familiar. We had come

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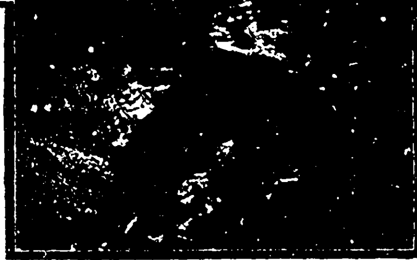
FROM RIM TO RIM.

In attempting to convey an idea of it the writer can be assisted by no comparison. The Vermilion Cliffs, the Pink Cliffs, the White Cliffs surpass in fantastic form and brilliant colour anything that the imagination conceives possible in nature ; and there are dreamy landscapes quite beyond the most exquisite fancies of Claude and of Turner. It is impossible to convey an adequate idea of it by pen or pencil or brush. The scene is one to strike the beholder dumb with awe. All that we could comprehend was a vast confusion of amphitheatres and strange architectural forms resplendent into a new world. What we saw was not a canyon, or a chasm or a gorge, but a vast area which is a break in the plateau. From where we stood it was twelve miles across to the opposite walls. We looked up and down from twenty to thirty miles. This great space is filled with gigantic architectural constructions, with amphitheatres, gorges, precipices, walls of masonry, fortresses terraced up to the level of the eye—temples, mountain size, all bright with horizontal lines of colour—streaks of solid hues a few feet in width, streaks a thousand feet in width, yellows, mingled white and gray, orange, dull red,



SENTINEL PEAK, GRAND CANYON OF ARIZONA.

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brown, blue, carmine, green, all blending in the sunlight into one transcendent suffusion of splendour.

"The vast abyss has an atmosphere of its own, one always changing and producing new and strange effects, an atmosphere and shadows and tones of its own—golden, rosy, gray, brilliant, and sombre, and playing a thousand fantastic tricks to the vision. In the visions which inspired or crazy painters have had of the New Jerusalem, of Babylon the Great, of a heaven in the atmosphere with endless perspective of towers and steeps that hang in the twilight sky, the imagination has tried to reach this reality. But here are effects beyond the artist, forms the architect has not hinted at.

"Those who have long and carefully studied the Grand Canyon of Arizona do not hesitate for a moment to pronounce it by far the most sublime of all earthly spectacles. It has been here in all its lonely grandeur and transcendent beauty, exactly as it is, for what to us is an eternity, unknown, unseen by human eye. It is only within a quarter of a century that the Grand Canyon has been known to the civilized world. It is scarcely known now. It is a world largely unexplored. Those who best know it are most sensitive to its awe and splendour."

A BIT IN THE GRAND CANYON.

It is the theory of geologists that 10,000 feet of strata have been swept by erosion from the surface of this entire platform, whose present uppermost formation is the Carboniferous. The climax in this extraordinary example of erosion is of course, the chasm of the Grand Canyon proper, which, were the missing strata restored to the adjacent plateau, would be 16,000 feet deep. The layman is apt to stigmatize such an assertion as a vagary of theorists, and until the argument has been heard it does seem incredible that water should have carved such a trough in solid rock. It is easier for the imagination to conceive it as a work of violence, a sudden rending of earth's crust in some huge volcanic fury; but it appears to be true that the whole

region was repeatedly lifted and submerged, both under the ocean and under a fresh-water sea, and that during the period of the last upheaval the river cut its gorge. Existing as the drainage system of a vast territory, it had the right of way, and as the plateau deliberately rose before the pressure of the internal forces, slowly, as grind the mills of the gods, through a period to be measured by thousands of centuries, the river kept its bed worn down to the level of erosion; sawed its channel free, as the saw cuts the log that is thrust against it. Tributaries, traceable now only by dry lateral gorges, and the gradual but no less effective process of weathering, did the rest.

JONAH ON BOARD A MAN-OF-WAR.

BY THE REV. ARTHUR BROWNING.

HE British sailor is a character. If he be religious you may depend on his never showing the white feather, however fierce the persecution, and if he be the other way he has one redeeming feature in his wickedness, he is never a hypocrite. I have studied "Jack" in his own home, and for a strange conglomeration of contradictions, commend me to the gentleman before the mast on a British man-of-war. I had peculiar opportunities for observation. For years the captains and other officers of Her Majesty's ships gave me the run of their vessels, and never and nowhere have I found more free-hearted, generous souls than the officers of the navy of Great Britain.

When the San Juan difficulty was on, Captain Prevost, of H. M. S. *Satellite*, 40 guns, was ordered to put in an appearance at San Juan, just to show our American cousins what a British man-of-war was like. We anchored in the bay, and at night had gunnery practice, making the shores of San Juan tremble with the roar of the cannon. I was by special invitation a guest of the captain, who was a most religious man. Every opportunity was given me to get acquainted with the sailors, but I felt that to them I was an intruder. They were respectful, but repelled all my advances toward intimacy, and evaded giving me a welcome on board. I asked the officers the reason of this coldness, and they laughingly answered that I was a Jonah. They had their own chaplain on board, and the presence of any other minister was looked upon by the sailors as a sure token of disaster. The time was spring, and a sail through the islands of the Gulf of Georgia at this season was the very perfection of enjoyment, so I forgot all my sorrows among the men, and pitied a superstition which had my poor self for a subject.

Nanaimo hove in sight, the anchor was gotten ready, and the captain's gig put in shape to row me on shore But just then, when our voyage seemed over, and our vessel seemed safe within the harbour, I heard the sound of grinding under her keel. Then our ship trembled from stem to stern, and the engines were stopped, then reversed, then stopped again. Her Majesty's ship *Satellite,* 40 guns, for the first time in her life, was hard aground on an unknown reef. It was a stern rebuke to my optimism, and the way those sailors looked at me so rebukingly, and yet so full of sorrow, was a lesson I never forgot.

As we lay there, not knowing

whether the guns had to go overboard, or whether the ship, spite of this last resort, would remain on the reef, I suffered agonies of torture. I was the Jonah. To throw me overboard or put me on shore would not release the vessel, and I inwardly vowed that I would never be a Jonah again. But, alas! how soon we forget our vows! I have one satisfaction, however; the reef on which our vessel grounded is known on the charts to this day as "Satellite Reef," and not a word is said on the chart about the Jonah who was so prominent in its perilous discovery.

Captain Richards was a bluff old sailor, and in command of H. M. S. *Plumper.* He was a firm friend of my own, and in a season of great trial stood by me and the Church I humbly represented. He came to my room one morning, saying he had an order from the Governor to report at Victoria immediately. As this order was in relation to our mission work, he asked me to accompany him on board his vessel. I remembered my former experience as a Jonah, and hesitated, but he laughed away my fears, and so I stood no longer on the order of my going, but accepted his invitation. The business was urgent, the orders imperative, and the *Plumper* put on full steam, so that the eighty miles run would be speedily accomplished.

I forgot all about Jonah, and sitting in the cabin listened to the sea stories of the captain with no mixture of fear as to how our trip would end. As we sat, the captain, who loved his ship as a man loves his wife, described to me every darling attribute of his vessel. To him she was a live being, and her language he well understood.

"Listen," said he, as the screw made its revolutions. "Do you know what that screw says? It says, 'Go it, *Plumper*, go it, *Plumper.*'" I listened, and found it was not so unlike after all.

But just then the cabin table was thrown over, the screw began to whirl around fearfully, and H. M. S. *Plumper* swung over on her side as if ready to turn turtle. On deck the officers were hurriedly giving orders, and the men obeying them, although no one knew what it all really meant. But the captain once on deck saw it all. Under a full head of steam the vessel had struck an unknown rock, and was clinging to the rock by her forefoot as if afraid she would drown. It was an awful moment of suspense and anxiety. Who could tell? She might sink suddenly—go down like a shot, or she might be saved only at the expense of guns and of stores, and perchance of life.

Then I saw the perfection of British discipline on a man-of-war. Every man stood at his post, and had the vessel gone down then and there not a soul would have flinched from duty, with death as the certain result.

I stood alone in the quarter-deck, holding as best I could by the rail. There was no time for questions and answers; we all had to do the best we could in that position, and wait for what followed. But once more I felt I was a Jonah. What business had I to tempt Providence and to bring on my head the rebukes of the poor man-of-war's men? Why should they have added to their other dangers the danger, no matter how imaginary, of having a man on board who, to their superstitious fears, was an innocent, but no less unwelcome, passenger?

How vivid the scene is to me at this hour—the vessel careening over, the officers consulting as to throwing over the guns and lowering the boats, and the brave, good-hearted, yet childlike sailors, ready for anything, yet not forgetting now and then to look at me as the source of all this misery and the unfortunate cause of all this danger. But by the mercy of God we

escaped without loss of the ship or injury to any soul on board. Again I will refer you to the chart of the inner channel from Victoria to Nanaimo. There you will find the Governor's Rock distinctly marked. It is called so because it was discovered in such an unceremonious manner on our way to see the Governor, but not a word is said in the chart about the Jonah who suffered so much when H. M. S. *Plumper*, who discovered it, hung between life and death on its jagged crest.

One would think I had received lessons enough in my *role* of Jonah. But there was yet one more, and it was my last, and to one poor fellow the most unfortunate. Perhaps I was forgetful, or maybe I was presumptuous, for I accepted another invitation from Captain Richards to run with him to Victoria. We passed the Satellite Reef, and looked at the Governor Rock as the waves broke around it, and smiled at the fears of the sailors, who still had their doubts of the wisdom of the captain in taking me on board.

We were nearly in sight of Victoria. The weather was fair, the sky clear, and the men were practising with the guns. There was a sudden commotion around one of the guns, and I saw a man lifted in the arms of his messmates and carried below. An officer came to the captain to report. The captain of a gun had had his fingers blown off by a premature explosion, and was carried below for surgical treatment. I knew I could not be responsible for that gun going off at the wrong time, but none the less I was sorry I was on board. I saw by the looks of the men that on my shoulders rested the weight of this accident, and that in their judgment had I not been on board this would never have happened.

The injured sailor was my personal friend and countryman, but this only added to their grief, as if they felt that it was not an enemy, but a friend, who had brought disaster, not of his own volition, but because of his unfortunate character. Then and there I vowed I would never meet the pitiful looks and chiding words of these good, honest men again. If I sailed again on board a man-of-war, not a soul should know I was a clergyman except the officers, and I have kept my word.

Captain Prevost became an admiral, Captain Richards became an admiral, and hydrographer of the British navy. They were specimens of the British naval officer, wherever he is found. But the men, in spite of their superstitions, were in many cases deeply religious, and not the less brave. One of the most religious seamen I ever knew dived into the midst of a school of sharks in the Bay of Panama to save a messmate, and thought nothing of it. The British sailor, when religious, is religious without ostentation, and is as loyal to his God as to his sovereign, and no one has ever doubted the loyalty of "Jack" to the monarch he serves.

THINGS THAT ARE WORTH WHILE.

He built a house; time laid it in the dust:
He wrote a book; its title now forgot;
He ruled a city but his name is not
On any tablet graven, or where rust
Can gather from disuse: or marble bust.
He took a child from out a wretched cot,
Who on the state dishonour might have brought,
And reared him to the Christian hope and trust.
The boy, to manhood grown, became a light
To many souls, preached for human need
The wondrous love of the Omnipotent.
The work has multiplied like stars at night
When darkness deepens; every noble deed
Lasts longer than a granite monument.

—*Sarah K. Bolton.*

ROMANCE OF A COUNTRY TOWN.

BY ANNETTE L. NOBLE,

Author of "Dave Marquand," "How Billy Went Up in the World," etc., etc.

CHAPTER VII.

"It is the most beautiful summer I have ever known in Cairnes," said Hannah Goddard to herself. "What other summer of my life ever brought me leisure to stand ten minutes in my front door to watch the shadows run across ripe wheat fields ?"

"Can I do anything for you, Cousin Hannah ?" said Kate, appearing behind her. "I think I saw three new spools of thread on the bargain counter at the store yesterday."

"A German lesson to-day ?" asked Hannah, with a hint of surprise in her tone.

"Yes, because we have what Hope calls a 'stint' of Schiller to read, and yesterday we talked and wandered off on irrelevant topics."

"And last week you went to the woods ?"

"Yes," laughed Katherine, "that 'purely conversational' afternoon, as Mr. Aller calls it, is a farce. He says exercise while talking German helps to scatter compound words about in the right places. There he comes now !"

"Just in time, Miss Hamilton ! I have spent a wretched half-hour with my dictionary, owing to that rash promise you extorted. I don't believe in previous study ; do you, Miss Goddard ? I should never quote the dictionary to a German in his native wilds ; I should be spontaneous—unpremeditated in my utterances. Let me carry your books."

They stood a moment while Kate buttoned her glove, and Hannah, surveying them admiringly, noted the handsome fellow's easy airs and her pretty cousin's equally easy indifference to them. It pleased Miss Hamilton to treat him often like a younger brother—well-meaning, but giddy. Hannah, turning to go indoors, saw Joel Huggins coming up the road. She had an errand with him, and so went to meet him.

"Good afternoon, Miss Goddard," Joel said. "You wanted to send a message by me to Langbury."

Hannah explained her affair in detail while Joel chewed the stem of a feathery grass. He nodded and wasted no words himself. It was rather a surprise when he threw away the grass and remarked, "Pretty girl, that relation of yours; bright as a button, ain't she ?"

"Yes."

"Aller there is a sort of a takin' chap. Ever see any of his credentials ?"

"Why, he is the minister's friend !"

"Yes—umph ! Well, I don' know as he is exactly that, or, just as you might say, in the dominie's care. Doctor Sumners told Bill Bogert that if ever Aller said he needed anything warmin' at the bar, for his chills, you know, that Bogert better be out of the stuff ; better say what he is so fond of saying', that he 'don't keep no bar anyway !' I don't want to see any girl like that one down the road takin' up with a tippler. You won't let this go no farther. I never 'ud a told Polly in this world. Polly is a confidin' nater with her neighbours' affairs."

"I understand," returned Hannah soberly, as she went indoors.

"Don't go so fast, Miss Hamilton," said Aller, suddenly falling behind her. "Since you have insisted that I study my lessons, the emotions of my youth have returned. I have this moment all the whining school-boy symptoms. I want to loiter—to play truant." Any one would know that you were educated at that Protestant convent, Mount Holyoke. Your self-imposed duties hold you in such a relentless grip ! You would make an excellent Professorin. Isn't that the German of it ?"

"Oh, I have taught, but I never before was considered severe ; however, my pupils were all very bright."

Aller acknowledged the hit by a light laugh. Suddenly he exclaimed, "I have a sister that every other fellow calls charming. She writes me that she is at a barren old place on the coast of Maine. If I had only known earlier in the season what fate had in store for me this summer, I would have had her here with me in Cairnes.

"Tell me about your sister and your home," said Kate, who had wanted to satisfy a natural curiosity as to

Aller's people and their place in the world.

He began at once a prolonged and detailed narration. They were the only foot passengers along the shaded path. They stopped by the Ferris' pasture to see a colt career about and jump a stone wall. Mary Ferris, at her sitting-room window, pointed them out to Polly, who was clearing the dinner table. Polly nodded sagaciously.

"Foreign tongues, to be sure! I don't see any signs of their own landgwidge givin' out yet, but keepin' at it as they do, them young folks, it may fail. But I thought it looked as if this chap was keepin' company with Hope more than with this Kate Hamilton."

"For all Miss Hamilton dresses so handsomely, she is poor; because Miss Goddard about as much as allowed it one day in saying some relatives paid her expenses abroad. Mr. Aller is rich, and just the kind of man such a girl would like."

"Precisely, and if the minister don't see that Hope Hopkins is a jewel, he is a 'gump,'" commented Polly.

By that time Aller and Kate were approaching the parsonage. Willard, sitting with his books in the open doorway, glanced up and saw them halt again by the water-trough. Miss Hamilton seemed to be carefully removing the green moss from the trough with the tip of her parasol, while Aller was talking quite earnestly.

Mr. Ferris came to the parsonage, and certain matters relating to the church were disposed of. Before he went away, Mr. Willard told him how pleasant he found his stay in the Hopkins family. Every member of it treated him with great kindness, and they seemed like old friends. He asked if the absent minister was not a genuine Doctor Primrose, for, from all accounts he was a most innocent and unworldly-wise man. He then concluded an agreement with Mr. Ferris, to be kept as secret as possible, to the effect that Mr. Hopkins' *salary should be paid him in full* during his absence. Willard insisted that it was recompense enough for all his own ministrations to be allowed to board in a home like the Hopkinses', a home whose frugality, apparent behind its hospitality, proved how far the small salary had to be stretched.

Willard had liked John Ferris from the first, but supposed him to be merely a steady-going man of ordinary calibre. This afternoon the conversation drifted from personalities to more remote topics. A new book was open on the table. John picked it up, asked about it, and in the talk which ensued, Willard was much interested in this man who seemed to have seen less of life and of the world than many a lad of eighteen, yet one who had been thinking his own thoughts, and in many things arriving at conclusions very different from his neighbour's. John had risen to go, when Marjory came to the open study door with a note, and he went away at once.

"Andy brought it, and he is waiting for an answer."

Heedless of anything but the contents of his note, Willard exclaimed, "Run back, Marjory, and tell Andy I will be at Miss Goddard's in less than ten minutes."

It was Willard's first visit there, and he found it very different from the "teas" to which he had been invited elsewhere. He was received as simply as if it had been his habit to drop in at that hour daily. He was given an easy-chair by the window with widest outlook, but Hannah did not fuss about in any spasmodic nervousness of hospitality. She showed him no photograph album, asked him no questions. The girls went on with their fancy-work, Aller sang ballads from a book that Kate had left open on the piano, and then tea was ready.

It piqued Willard just a little as the time went by to see with how much more freedom Kate chatted with Aller than with himself.

"She is as prim with me as if I were about to catechise her on her Sunday-school lesson," he thought, rather unjustly.

The evening was so fine that the young people, sauntering into the garden, remained there. Hannah came and went between her flower beds and the house, now directing Andy, who was watering certain plants, and again *calling the others to admire* some especially fine blossom. It fell out at last, perhaps not quite by chance, that the young minister was alone at her side.

"Is it true," she asked, looking directly at him, "that your friend Mr. Aller will remain in Cairnes all summer?"

"There is no reason why he cannot if he wishes, and at present he is enjoying literally everything. He professes every day to be more or less bored by the lack of excitement, but he has the happy temperament that gets amusement out of trifles—amusing other people as he does it. Every hanger-on at the Bogert House is his sincere admirer."

"You have know him a long time?"

"Years."

"He is very pleasing," said Hannah, and hesitated. She had a horror of being thought a "meddlesome old maid." Again, if she made plain what she meant, Mr. Willard reviewing her words later, might put on them some construction which she would resent; as, for instance, he might suppose that Kate or Hope were already becoming too much interested in Mr. Aller.

"Yes, I can see that his being here will make the days more enjoyable for Hope and Kate. Before Kate came Hope had very little companionship with any young person."

Willard did not detect Miss Goddard's motive in turning the conversation as she had, but the instant after her next words he understood, and was strangely embarrassed.

"In the unrestrained intercourse of a country village like Cairnes, where the latch-string is always out, you will see that it behooves the chaperone of one or two pretty girls to—be careful. I am very glad that you are a friend of Mr. Aller's. I thought that possibly you were merely an acquaintance."

"No, I am Fred's friend. I want to prove a true one to him," said Willard, and stopped in a mental whirl of which Hannah could have no comprehension.

This guileless woman wanted to know if Fred was a desirable friend for these charming girls. If he told her the truth about Fred's late intemperance, she would be shocked. Suppose that Aller and Miss Hamilton had already become interested in one another, was it not disloyal and unkind to spoil his chances at the outset?

"No," said Willard to himself. "I will talk to Aller this very night. It is not for me to confess his sins I will tell him the truth: that with my consent no sister of mine should give herself to him. I will tell him Miss Goddard is wondering if he is a safe companion, and if he is right-minded, as I think he is, he will do a little confessing on his own account."

Hannah's next remark was about her garden again, but she had taken note of Willard's hesitancy, the doubt, the momentary forgetfulness of her own presence.

"There is something that he might say, but does not," she reflected, and a little while after she suspected the reason of his silence.

"Nice girls, aren't they?" said Aller, an hour or two later, when the young men were going along the deserted road in the starlight.

"The minister's daughter has not seen much of the world, but she carries herself like a lady. She has even more of that repose of manner which my elegant sister tells about than Miss Hamilton herself. Miss Kate is seldom twice alike, but each new mood is interesting."

"Aller," said his friend abruptly, "if you were now (or perhaps I might better say, if you had been all along) just the sort of fellow you could be, I would not ask a more acceptable brother-in-law; but as you are—if I had a sister——"

"Exactly dominie; I understand! As we go to press, you forbid the banns. Well, as I do not want to marry your sister, and you have no sister for me to marry, what then?"

"You are quite right. Hope Hopkins does not know the world, and Miss Hamilton knows only the best of you. Miss Goddard put me in a close corner to-night. She wanted me (although she did not say that outright) to assure her that you were good enough to be intimately associated all summer, with those two girls."

"What did you say?" asked Aller, with entirely good-natured curiosity.

"I said that we were friends; that I wanted to be a true friend to you," stammered Willard, "and I felt disloyal in not praising you as I wanted to do and dared not, because—well, you know why."

"What a thing it is to have a conscience! I don't believe I myself can afford to keep one, and while we hunt as a pair, yours will do for the two," laughed Aller, giving his friend a sounding whack across his broad shoulders, as if to end the conversation, but just before they reached the Bogert House, Aller exclaimed, "That is a capital idea, old fellow! Bless you for putting it into my

head. I'll confide in Miss Hamilton. I will tell her I have been a bad lot —then we will stand square, and she will take an interest in me. Good girls always are interested in reforming bad boys."

. . . .

One charming day Miss Goddard and Mrs. Ostrander started away for a drive. They went partly for pleasure, partly to purchase a black silk dress. When a Cairnes lady made an important purchase she took into her confidence her well-to-do neighbours, examined their possessions of a similar sort, and discussed the matter until she knew everybody's ideas about the amount, cost and best place to buy. In the present case, Mrs. Ostrander had arrived at this conclusion, "I shall go over to Brackett, in Kent."

Soon after they were tying their horse in the green opposite the town hall.

"I want to stop in the post-office a minute, Hannah, to mail a letter that Mr. Ostrander forgot ; wait right here for me," exclaimed Maria, suddenly popping in at an open door. She was gone more than a minute, and came back with a small parcel which she eyed rather curiously.

"The clerk in there—I know him, he is one of the Cooper boys—he asked me to hand this to Mrs. Ferris. It is something that he says she has been exercised about, has been over twice to get it. Why under the sun doesn't she have her mail matter sent to our own post-office ?"

"Maria," exclaimed Hannah, with a little shake of the other's arm, "you and I can keep ourselves from idle curiosity and gossip if we try. Let us try."

Kent was a pleasant, old-fashioned town, half-city, half-village in its appearance. Hannah always enjoyed walking about the shaded streets, loitering in the book stores, the picture gallery, and taking lunch in the quiet hotel. Each lady had a variety of errands to accomplish, and so it was late in the afternoon when they drove from the town out along the country road again, past cosey farms, along the banks of a shallow stream, where sleek cows stood in the rippling brown water.

"Turn out to one side, Maria ; there is a man trying to pass us with a cart," said Hannah, just before they reached the Pixley's.

Maria jerked her head out of the phaeton, saying, "It is Joel Huggins ! How do you do, Joel ? Oh, wait a minute ! Won't you just take home this package for Mrs. Ferris ? They sent it from the Kent post-office, and it is something she is in a hurry for."

"Then why in thunder did she have it sent around by Alasky !" was Joel's cool comment, when he had pulled up his team and received the package in his begrimed hand.

"Sometimes I wonder if my instinct is not better than my judgment," said Hannah, as they were alighting on the old "horse block" at the Pixley gate. "I reason that we ought not to delay in getting that thing to Mrs. Ferris, but it might have been more agreeable to her to get it from us."

"I can't see why," replied Maria.

"Neither can I."

Joel Huggins rattled along over a rough bit of road, gruffly singing. Whenever he bawled out loudly on "the ocean blue" the farm horses started up faster, and so he drove into the barn-yard a half-hour before Polly had supper ready. John Ferris was coming out of the great hay-perfumed barn just as Joel began to unharness the team. Joel gave him the package and Mrs. Ostrander's message. Turning toward the house, John examined the superscription with an idea that there must be some mistake. The outer paper, which was torn, was directed to his wife, but why was it sent to Kent ? It was not a letter, for on the wrapper was marked "merchandise." No doubt it was a sample of some domestic article, and thinking nothing else, he removed the torn cover. Within was a box having a pink and white label bearing the device of a skull and cross-bones over the word "Poison." The whole came from the drug store of Conrad Helmer in the town where was the asylum once Mary's abode. Scarcely knowing what he conjectured, John opened the box to find within a most innocent-looking powder. He touched it gingerly to his tongue, and found it not unlike quinine. But did druggists label quinine "Poison"?

With a vague presentiment of the truth, Mr. Ferris put the package in his pocket and strode away toward the post-office. At this hour of the day old Doctor Sumners was likely to be gossipping on the Bogert House piazza, after a long drive or a hard day's work. He had gone but a few paces

when he stopped, shook a half-teaspoonful of the powder into an envelope, tucked it away in his vest pocket, and returned to the house.

Mary was alone in the sitting-room, listlessly rocking. She was looking rather ill and much depressed. He held out the package, asking, "What is it, and why did it come to Kent ?"

A light half-broke across her face, and the next instant a shade seemed over-dropped. An answer came so quickly, the thought entered John's mind that it was prearranged, this most reasonable reply :

"It is quinine ; but how stupid in Doctor Ames to send it to Kent ! I don't like old Doctor Sumners, as you know very well, and so last week I wrote to the asylum and asked Doctor Ames to prescribe for me. I feel very weak and languid lately, as if I had malaria. I might have known he would send quinine—he gives it to everybody. He had a cousin in Kent, and was always talking to me of the place, so he has got it in his head that we live there."

"I never knew that druggists labelled quinine with a death's head."

"Do they ? Well, too much quinine might make any one deaf and half-crazy. Did you see Mrs. Ostrander yourself ? I wonder if she has bought her new silk dress. I meant to give her a sample of mine to match. There is the supper bell. Polly has something unusually good, she says."

Yes, it must be that Mary told the truth. She had looked very miserable for a week or two, and it was a fact that she disliked Doctor Sumners. John went to supper relieved of dim suspicions pointing he scarcely knew to what. Mary followed in a few minutes, and was amiability itself, praising Polly's meat-pie and talking more than she had done in a week.

It was Wednesday evening, and the night for the weekly prayer-meeting at the church. For the first time since her return to Cairnes, Mary, of her own accord, proposed to accompany her husband, and even hurried him off lest they be late. Mrs. Hopkins and a few other mothers in Israel were there discussing the missionary society affairs, but none of the men had assembled, so John went out, and, according to habit, turned toward the Bogert piazza.

"Hallo, Ferris ! How does the parson flourish ? I can't follow up his services as I would like to. There is such an ado about measles round the country, I can't even take time to see if he is orthodox."

It was the doctor who greeted him and stopped with one boot on the step of his mud-bespattered gig.

John talked awhile with him, then, taking the envelope containing the powder from his pocket, asked, "Doctor, if you found that labelled 'Poison,' what would you say it was ?"

The old man sharply eyed the paper, lifted it between his big thumb and forefinger, and said, "It is morphine. What on earth are you carrying it around in that shape for ?"

"Couldn't it be quinine ?"

"It might be new milk, but it is morphine, and nothing else."

John stared down the road with a look on his face which the old man was puzzled to understand, then he said moodily, "Doctor, I want you to go over to my house for a talk. I know you are tired, but Polly can give you some supper, and I must see you. Drive on, and I will follow when I tell my wife that I can't come in to the meeting to-night."

The doctor nodded, stumbled into his gig, stumbled out again at the Ferris' kitchen door, and invited Polly to serve him up some supper.

He was ready soon, however, for the interview with John in the sitting-room, when the door had been tightly closed between them and Polly Huggins. John told him the facts about the package and Mary's explanation.

"Let us see the stuff."

It was not in the drawer where Mary had dropped it but in her work-box, and by its side was a tiny instrument that John might not have seen. The doctor pulled it forth without ceremony, muttering, "A hypodermic syringe, eh ! So she takes 'shots' of morphine, too !"

"You don't think it is a confirmed habit, doctor ? Why, she can only have begun, because, don't you know, she has been for years where she could not get it."

"Has she ! You will find that somebody has supplied her with it. She has always had money from you, I suppose ?"

"Of course. How could I keep her penniless when she might have wants that were not supplied in the asylum. She was never too irrational for that; but now, Sumners, may you not be mistaken ?"

"No ; I thought the last time I saw her that something of this sort was

true. She avoids me ; but tell me is she not notional, discontented, and purposeless ? Does she not show a little failure of memory, and often complain of giddiness and sleeplessness ?"

"Yes."

"Does she tell the truth ?"

"I thought she did."

"This was 'quinine,' according to her, you say ?"

John was silent for a moment, then he asked in a dreary way, "What is there to be done ?"

The old doctor mused a while before he said, "John, your wife has indulged in this habit until it has become a disease. I have no doubt of that. Morphia, as we call it, produces a change in the nerve system, just as does alcohol, and for this change the system requires the poison in order to act. The will is as much under the influence of the habit as is any other function of the nervous system. The brain being diseased, the mind is unsound. One of the commonest results of opium or morphine taking, is an utter disregard for truth. Mary will lie, and she will not try to free herself from this habit, so you must do with her and for her."

"How ?"

"First let her understand that you know everything—the very worst. She cannot be deprived at once of the drug. It would be unspeakable torture, and perhaps death, but you must begin to-morrow to control the exact amount taken, and to reduce it every day slowly, but surely. You will have a battle for and probably with her, and every day renewed struggles. It will be easier to reduce the first seven-eighths of the quantity taken by the day than to give up the last one-eighth."

The door suddenly opened, and in came Mary, looking brighter than John had seen her for a long time. She was extremely polite to the old doctor, and bustled about as nervously as Mrs. Ostrander could have done.

"Mrs. Ferris," said Doctor Sumners, in his most matter-of-fact way, "what made you fancy that was a box of quinine that you got to-day ?"

She started and seemed hesitating whether to subside into sullenness or to answer. When she spoke, John was astonished at the pleasant tone and child-like manner :

"It was not quinine, and my conscience has troubled me ever since I said it was. I will tell you the exact truth. In the asylum I knew a lady from Kent. She was there only a year, and returned to Kent the month I came to Cairnes. She takes morphine for neuralgia, and cannot live without it. Her people want it to be kept secret, and she gets her supply once in three or four months from the city. I have allowed her sometimes to send it to my address, then I call on her in Kent, and leave it. That is why I go occasionally to Kent. No one knows there that the poor thing was ever in the asylum."

The old doctor listened intently to the clumsy falsehood, but John bowed his head on his hands in disgust and despair. Nobody spoke for a full minute, then Doctor Sumners, turning over in his hand the hypodermic syringe, remarked, "Mary, I should like to see your arm."

She glared at the two men, one so cool, the other with bowed head, then darting forward in uncontrollable fury, she snatched the little instrument from the doctor's hand, screaming, "You meddlesome old fool, coming here lying to John about me ! You brought that here in your pocket ! I never saw it before in my life ! You want me sent back to the asylum, don't you ? You had me put there in the first place ! Well, you old grey-haired idiot, I would like nothing better. I hate Cairnes. I hate every hypocritical neighbour I have got—they come palavering around, and talk behind my back. Now you go tell that I take morphine, and let Hannah Goddard sympathize with John, and Maria Ostrander ask prayers for me in the women's meeting, and that wagging-tongued old maid Pixley go spreading the news from Kent to Langbury. Did you come poking your nose into my affairs, or did John——"

"I have been marking out a plain path for John and you," remarked old Doctor Sumners calmly, stretching his long legs and slipping his hands in his pockets even while Mary stood over him quivering with rage. "Sit down, Mary, and control yourself. You know I doctored you years ago. I can understand exactly how this habit has grown on you, and that you found it a great solace in the asylum, but you are out of that now for ever, and ready to be as useful and popular a woman here in Cairnes as any——"

"Hold your tongue! I hate these Cairnes women. I——"

"Mary, you must be still," said John sternly. "Dr. Sumners is too old a——" but the doctor waived him to one side, as if to show him he gave not a thought to her words, and cheerfully, as if he were prophesying recovery to a sick person, he told her that her husband would hereafter give her gradually reduced portions of this drug which she was taking so recklessly.

When John tried to make her understand that he meant to follow Doctor Sumner's advice to the uttermost, her anger knew no bounds. Her voice rose to a yell of defiance, and she poured out abuse on the old man, and reproaches on the young, in language she could only have learned from lunatics lost to reason and so to shame. Polly Huggins had her ear to the key-hole of the sitting-room door, while Joel elbowed her on one side, and Pulsatilla on the other. The reason of the discordant sounds they could not make out, but Polly at intervals retreated, to shake her long forefinger in the air, and whisper in blood-curdling tones, "What did I tell ye Doctor Bumpus said? Lunaticacy is never cured. Some night she will kill us with the carving-knife. Bolt your chamber door, Tilly, and set the washstand agin it. Gracious me, she is fairly a-howling!"

"Nothing but temper, I'll bet! Old Sumners mebby has joked her, and I've noticed she can't take jokes," muttered Joel. "Anyway 'taint none of our business, so come away, Polly."

The doctor came out; Joel appeared with a lantern; and held it while the old man clambered into his gig, for the moon was not up.

"Mrs. Ferris was took pretty bad, wasn't she? Newrolgy, is it?"

"Joel," remarked the doctor, "there is one prime thing about you—I have often noticed it—you can hold your tongue. You and Polly may have a good deal to talk about, but don't let it go outside the gate."

When Dr. Sumners left them alone together, Mary sank into sullen silence, and John sat so motionless, so lost in thought, that she glanced at him more than once wondering what were his reflections. She was sorry he had found out her secret, not because she feared any restrictions that either he or Doctor Sumners could devise. She had anticipated detection and provided more than one means to supply herself with morphine, but she was sorry to lose John's good opinion, sorry to realize that he had lost faith in her. His first words moved her, while they surprised her as well.

"Mary, will you help me?"

"How?"

"You can't want to be under the control of this horrible habit! If, as the doctor advises, I try to control you, and you are not with me in really wishing to be free, we shall not succeed. Your will is half-paralyzed, and mine you can circumvent. I am afraid to trust you. I am sure now that you have told me a great many untruths since you came from the asylum."

"Well, perhaps I have; we were more comfortable than we will be if you try to follow Doctor Sumners' way. Let me have the amount of morphine I require, and I will do whatever you like, will visit, be good-natured, be like other women."

John regarded her with momentary despair.

"I can't consent to let you ruin yourself, soul, and body."

She rose suddenly from her chair, and, standing before him, said, with energy, "I can't cure myself of this habit. Don't you think I have tried? I can't, and you can't. You would be wise to give up the attempt before you make it. After all, what is the harm?"

"Mary," he cried, with a ring of new earnestness in his voice. "What is our Gospel worth if it cannot stand us in a time like this? Jesus Christ is the power of God for our salvation, and what is salvation but a saving from sin? You are right in saying that you can't save yourself, and that I cannot by acting as your keeper. You can have more than human help if you will avail yourself of it. Let us begin this very night on the right basis. If you want help you can have help, and you can conquer. Are you willing to pray now with me that Christ the Helper will work in you, with you, and for you?"

Was she sincere, or was it all a part of the double life of quiescent hypocrisy which had become her second nature? She wiped genuine tears from her eyes while she asked John to pray for her, and meekly promised to begin anew the struggle with evil. Even on her knees she was almost unconsciously plotting a safer way

of supplying herself with the drug she craved.

When they ceased talking it was late. The inmates of the kitchen had retired. John, going about to see that all things were in order for the night, stood out a while alone in the starlight. He seemed to himself to have come all at once to an end of one period of his life. All his lately revived hope of domestic comfort, of a real home which he could enjoy as other men enjoyed life about their hearthstones—all this was dead. Henceforth he must minister, not be ministered to, if ever in the past this last had been his lot. He had fancied that Mary needed development, now he saw that in her small, weak, untruthful soul, a new life must be born, if ever she became anything but what she already was. For a moment the man was unutterably lonely, then, forgetting himself, he felt only pity for the forlorn creature in his care.

"If I fail her she has nobody on earth to turn to. I must not give her up," he murmured.

During the next three weeks John Ferris did not know whether to be discouraged or hopeful in regard to his wife's mental and physical condition. She partially agreed to all that the doctor had laid down as their rule of conduct. She evidently suffered great uneasiness, and even distress, and not unfrequently importuned John for a double quantity of the drug so sparingly dealt out to her. At the end of the third week there was a great and apparent change in her, and one that he considered the turning point toward her ultimate recovery from the thraldom in which she had been held. He reported the state of things to the old doctor, who heard him with less enthusiasm than he expected, although he said he was "very glad to learn of it, and hoped she would continue to improve."

"It is really wonderful, doctor, and sometimes I think we were mistaken, and that she was quite right in saying that she was far less addicted to the habit than you supposed her to be. She now lets me decrease the allowance much faster than you said would be possible, and her irritability has quite gone."

"Humph! Shall I call around?"

"N—o; perhaps you might annoy her, for she thinks you suspect her."

"All right, I will manage to see her sooner or later without coming just for that purpose," assented the doctor, driving away from the post-office and saying to himself, "There is something back of this mighty change in my lady. John is so through and through honest, he can't fathom any depth of deceit. I'll bet considerable that she has 'struck oil' somewhere else—has got a supply from somewhere, by which she keeps herself feeling angelic, while she reforms on that which John deals out to her. Well, poor fellow, he has peace, so I will let them alone until next time."

To be continued.

AN END OF SONG.

BY ARTHUR JOHN LOCKHART (PASTOR FELIX).

Of Song's divine succession sweet,
  Say, can there ever be an end?—
Apollo's golden reign complete,—
  The Muses latest sonnet penned?

Nay! not while rosy morning breaks,
  And evening folds her wings in dew;
Not while Love's dimpled boy awakes,
  With natal flame the gods renew.

Not till the spring-time shall return
  Without the Robin's cheery note;
And we of summer cease to learn
  From Bob-o-lincoln's madcap throat;

Not while the bluebird's carol still
  Thrills our Canadian greening vales;
Not while we know our whip-poor-will,—
  England, her larks and nightingales.

Because our Shakespeare lies in dust,
  Because our Milton sings no more,
Fails Song's supreme, immortal trust,—
  Is her harmonious mission o'er?

By all the passions of our heart,
  By all our yearnings, all our dreams,
Suns may decline, and suns depart,—
  Still on that sacred lustre streams;

Still Music lives for waking ears,
  Still Beauty glows for opening eyes:
The Bard, the Minstrel, disappears,—
  The race of poets never dies.

Pemaquid, Me.

WORTHY OF HIS HIRE.

BY THE REV. E. RYERSON YOUNG, JUN.

IT was late in the afternoon when Mr. Hewitt entered Bracebridge. He had had a long and tedious drive over the rough Muskoka roads, and both he and his horse were ready for a rest. Mr. Hewitt was on his way to Gravenhurst to the May District meeting. He could have driven to Gravenhurst that evening, but having decided to have a rest, he drove up to the Red Lion Hotel. After supper, he went out for a stroll through the town, which is one of the most romantic on the continent and has many sights to interest the visitor. The spring had swollen the beautiful river so that it was now a rushing torrent, and the grandeur of the water fall was thereby greatly increased. The log-chute, beside the falls, was of particular interest to Mr. Hewitt, as it showed him another chapter in the history of many a log which he had seen taken from its native haunts. He met his brother minister of the place, Mr. Roper, and had a short chat with him. Then, after an hour's outing, he returned to his hotel. He was met at the door by the clerk, who told him that a man had been there to see him and that he would be back again in half an hour. Within that time a rather thin, but fine-looking young man came, and introducing himself, said :

"Mr. Hewitt, I believe. My name is Roland Montague. You will perhaps have forgotten me, but I shall never forget you. I was a scaler in Goldsmith's Camp which you visited so faithfully. I'll tell you more of that by and by. I want you to come and accept our hospitality. I saw Mr. Roper and he told me that you had driven into town and that you would likely be here."

"It is very kind of you, but I have a horse and it is put away. It will be too much trouble to bother now."

"It will be no bother. Pack your grip and I'll see that the horse is harnessed."

"It is very kind of you," Mr. Hewitt managed to say before his friend turned and was out of the back door of the hotel. Looking after him, Mr. Hewitt puzzled himself to know which one of the hundred men in Goldsmith's Camp this fine, hearty fellow could be. He, however, looked after his grip and finding the clerk, told him that his friend had come to take him away. On asking the clerk for his bill, the clerk replied :

"Oh, that will be all right. Mr. Montague will settle it."

"Excuse me," said Mr. Hewitt. "I pay my own bills whenever I can. How much do I owe you for self and horse?"

"Thirty-five cents," replied the clerk.

After paying his bill, Mr. Hewitt went out into the yard and found that his new friend and the hostler were just finishing the work of hitching the horse to the buggy. Picking up the lines, Roland told the preacher to jump in and that he would drive him home.

Turning to the clerk as they drove by the door, Mr. Montague said :

"Charge Mr. Hewitt's bill to me, Holmes, and I'll settle with you."

"He's beaten you there, Montague," shouted back the clerk.

"You shouldn't have done that," said Roland to Mr. Hewitt.

"But I should pay my own bills, shouldn't I?" said the young preacher.

"That is so," assented Roland. "But while you are in Bracebridge I wish you to consider yourself my guest."

Mr. Hewitt was now in a still greater wonder to know who this young man was. Roland noticed the inquiring look on Mr. Hewitt's face and exclaimed :

"You surely haven't forgotten the accident at Goldsmith's Camp, have you?"

Mr. Hewitt turned sharply in his seat, seized Montague by the shoulder and turned him partly round. After looking at him a moment he said with some surprise :

"You are not the Rolly Montague who was hurt, are you?"

"I am the man," replied Roland, "and a thousand thanks to you that I am here."

"But you have become very thin. You were a fat, robust fellow at camp."

"Yes. It was a long struggle back to health, but you gave me a good start."

A short drive across the town and over the bridge brought them to Roland's home. They drove up the lane, passed a very neat brick house and went on to the stable. He would have sent Mr. Hewitt into the house, but the preacher insisted upon helping him put the horse away. After this task was done they entered the house together. When Roland told his

mother who the young preacher was, she received Mr. Hewitt very cordially and did what she could to make him feel at home. Just then a man came in great haste for Roland, who excused himself, and was leaving to go with the messenger when his father came in. Roland briefly introduced Mr. Hewitt to him as a young preacher who had come to visit him, and then he was off with the messenger.

Mr. Montague was a rough-and-ready man, one who had been knocked about in the rougher and ruder days of Muskoka. Being thoroughly able to hold his own with all comers, he had made his way and had accumulated considerable wealth. He was apt, however, to tell people what he thought of them and their class. For preachers, he apparently had no particular liking. This was chiefly due to the practical working of his mind, as well as the fact that he had not been able to see any immediate cash return coming to the country from their labours.

After leading the way to the parlour and seating himself and seeing the young preacher also seated, he began:

"So ye're a preacher, hey?"

"Yes, I'm a preacher," replied Mr. Hewitt gravely.

"Got a horse, I suppose?" continued Mr. Montague.

"Yes, I have a horse," was the half-amused reply.

"Ha, ha!" laughed the old man to himself. This was a sign to the enemy to beware; but Mr. Hewitt was ignorant of an assault, and so was unprepared.

"Ye're just like the rest of them preachers—them drive-around-in-yer-buggy missioners. Ye just come around a-spongin' for yer grub, and yer horses eats up the hard-growed oats of the poor settlers. Ye slick chaps, a-livin' on the fat of the land. Ye're a poor lot of preachin' parasites, anyway. Ha, ha."

Mr. Hewitt was indignant. He managed to keep his seat during most of this speech because he remembered his efforts to help Roland try to become a Christian, but at the word "parasites," he was stung and, springing to his feet, he said:

"Excuse me, Mr. Montague, I'll trouble you for my hat and coat. I did not come here to be insulted."

"Oh, sit down, young fellow. Ye're in here now and ye might as well stay. Rolly is a little struck on preachers just now, and he'd take it hard if you'd awent and not seed him."

"I cannot stay," said Mr. Hewitt, "while you call in question the manliness, let alone the Christian honesty, of our ministers."

"Well,' drawled out the old man, "I was only a-speakin' generally."

"I do not like this speaking of things generally," replied Mr. Hewitt. "Tell me of one man in our ministry who goes sponging upon the people."

"Why," said the old man with a chuckle, "you're here to-day."

"Do I owe you anything?" asked Mr. Hewitt.

"No, ye ain't been here long enough."

"Does any preacher owe you anything?"

"Well, they'se had many a meal and many a mess of oats out of me."

"Did they ever leave you thinking any better of your neighbours?" asked Mr. Hewitt, looking the old man directly in the eyes. The old man's eyes dropped. He scratched his head for a moment and then said:

"Why—why, yes. Come to mind just now how Mr. Rogers patched up a quarrel 'tween me and old Jones yonder. Him and me's had many a deal since," he added with a gleam of delight.

"Did you pay Mr. Rogers any percentage of your profits?"

"Why, no," replied Mr. Montague, rather astonished at the idea.

"Did any minister ever comfort you in times of sorrow, or bury your dead?"

"Yes," said the old man. His head went down and he added, "That was when poor little Lizzie died. My, but the minister and his sweet wife—she was real sweet and pretty—bless her, and was so kind in them days, regular angels they were," he added with emphasis.

"Did any minister ever marry you or any of your children?"

"Yes, they did. Do you think we're heathens?" said the old man rather shortly.

"Did any minister ever cheer you when you were in trouble? Did any of them ever put good thoughts into your head, or set any ideals before you?"

"Why, yes, young fellow. That's what they come for."

"Did any of them ever gather your family around them and point them to the Saviour?"

"See here, young man," said Mr. Montague, shifting in his chair. "I'm not goin' to be preached to."

"Why?" said Mrs. Montague, entering the room, "What's this? Will you not be seated, Mr. Hewitt? Roland will be back in a very little while."

On resuming his seat, Mr. Hewitt said:

"Thank you. Mr. Montague roused the preacher in me and set me on my defence."

"Father has some strange notions,

especially about preachers," said Mrs. Montague apologetically. "But he likes to see them just the same. And he ought to like you."

"How's that?" demanded Mr. Montague.

"Why, father, don't you know? This is the gentleman that saved Roland's life."

"You don't say!" said the old man opening his eyes.

"It was hardly that, Mrs. Montague," said Mr. Hewitt deprecatingly.

"Oh, yes, it was," said Mrs. Montague, "and you did more good perhaps than you know. Roland is so changed."

"So he is, so he is," interjected Mr. Montague. "He was a lad before he went into the camp. Came home in them days regular drunk!"

"Oh, don't talk about it," said Mrs. Montague, throwing her apron over her face.

"Well, it's true," persisted the old man. "He was a terror and he could fight like an old she-bear. Had to bail him out regular."

"Thank God," said the mother, "that's all over now and, under God, Roland says it was you. Here comes Roland now and we'll ask him?"

Roland came into the room, laid his hat on the rack and, as he swung off his coat, said:

"Sorry that I've been away so long. One of my old cronies, Jim Edwards, got into a quarrel down town with another drunken fellow. One had a knife and the other an empty bottle. Jim broke the other fellow's nose with the bottle, but the other fellow has slashed Jim very badly with the knife. Poor Jim has been very mad at me lately because I would not go and drink with him as I used to do. When I told him that he ought to change as I did, he cursed me up and down the town. But they say, that, as soon as the fight was over and he began to realize his great danger, he called for me. After the doctors are through with him, I'll take you down to see him, Mr. Hewitt. You helped one poor sinner out of the ditch and you can help another."

"Pass the good work on, Roland," said Mr. Hewitt.

"God help me, I will," replied Roland. "But, do you know that I might have been the fellow who fought Jim if I hadn't met you. How kind you were to me. May God reward you, I never can."

"What did he do?" asked the father, "You've never told me."

"I've started to a dozen times, but you always said it was like a Bible story or a sermon, and you wouldn't listen," replied Roland laughingly.

"Well, go ahead now," said his father.

"You will tire Mr. Hewitt," protested the mother.

"His mind needs refreshing on this story," replied Roland, "and he can bear it. I was scaling logs for Goldsmith when a tree fell on a team of horses and they ran away. I was ahead of them in the bush road and tried to stop them, but failing, I stepped in the snow at the road side. As the horses went flying by, the sled slew against me, and a cant-hook, which had caught in the fore part of the sled, caught me, ripped an awful gash, and my clothes holding, it dragged me. I was banged senseless in no time. Mr. Hewitt here was riding in to visit the camp. He saw the runaway horses and the man dragging at the side of the broken sledge. Turning his horse broadside in the narrow road, he forced the horses into the snow and stopped them."

"Bully for him!" exclaimed the old man.

"But that was just the beginning. He soon tied the horses to a tree and had me off the hook. Other fellows came rushing up and he had me restored to consciousness and carried back to camp. They took my clothes off and saw what a tear the cant-hook had made. Some of the fellows were horrified when they saw me, but Mr. Hewitt washed me, put the sides of the wound together, and with some silk thread and a needle, which the cook happened to have, he put in ten stitches. He did his work so well that the doctors in the hospital didn't have to do it over again. He took his own white shirt off and tore it into bandages. It was some time before they could get a sled to bring me down, but he stayed with me, waited on me and talked to me so kindly. I swore at my luck and did lots of things that I am sorry for now, but he was patient."

"Yes, and sarcastic, telling you that the devil wouldn't answer any of your calls for help, no matter how hard and long and often you called to him," put in Mr. Hewitt.

"Yes, but you also told me of One who would hear, and, thank God, I listened, and Christ has put a new spirit in me. You stayed with me, talked with me, soothed the raging fever, sang to me, nursed me, and then helped them to take me to Burk's Falls, where they put me on the train and sent me home."

"He did!" exclaimed the father. "Then I'll never say a word against preachers no more."

"I hope you haven't here," said Roland with sudden suspicion. He looked at Mr. Hewitt, whose eyes dropped and whose face turned deep crimson. The colour came mostly as he thought of his hasty determination to depart. Roland then looked at his father. The old man returned the gaze doggedly and said :

"Rolly, do you mind a preacher bein' *here by the name of Rogers ?*"

"Yes, I do. Why ?"

"Why ? 'Cause I been a-calculatin' that I owe him a hundred dollars on those Jones' deals. Then there's old Millikin what married your ma and me. I paid him the fee in oats, wish I could give him some cash. Then there's preacher Johnson what walked the bank with me when I thought I was going crazy, when the dam was washed away. I was nigh to jumpin' in, too, but he said, 'There was Scriptur' to this, tho' the bird might be different to the Scriptur' writer's idee.' 'How's that ?' says I. 'Well,' says he, 'the Scriptur' says, "riches takes wings to itself and flies away." I guess your bird must have been a duck or a loon.' I tell ye I owe that man somethin' for keepin' the sense of life in me. And then there's that preacher, Mr. Moore. You 'member him, ma. He was so kind when our Lizzie went under. How he waited on her and she did like him. Lizzie, sweet little bird ! Say, ma, for her sake let's make up a little reminder and send it to the Moores."

"Why, pa," said Mrs. Montague, "What ever's got into you ?"

"Never you mind now. Just do as I say and you will feel the better for it yourself."

"So ministers are not so bad after all ?" Mr. Hewitt could not refrain from interjecting.

"Don't you never say that again to me," said the old man somewhat fiercely. "You just belong to this family for what *you done to Rolly. And ma, you get* some new white shirts for him, for the one he tore up. Now, don't you forget."

Roland looked at his watch and whispered to Mr. Hewitt. The young men arose together.

"Where are you young fellows a-goin' this hour of the night ?" asked Mr. Montague.

"Going to pray with poor Jim," said Roland.

"Well, won't you pray with your poor dad, first ?"

"Why, of course, father. I've wanted you to establish family prayers in our home often enough," replied the now happy Roland.

"Well, begin now," was the sententious reply.

Roland got his Bible. Mr. Hewitt conducted evening worship. Then, as the young men were leaving on their errand of mercy, Mr. Montague slipped a roll of bills into Mr. Hewitt's hand, whispering to him :

"You may need to get something for Jim !"

THE SCORN OF JOB.

Job xxxi. 17.

BY THE BISHOP OF DERRY.

"If I have eaten my morsel alone !"
The patriarch spoke in scorn :
What would he think of the Church, were he shown
Heathendom, huge, forlorn,
Godless, Christless, with soul unfed,
While the Church's ailment is fulness of bread,
Eating her morsel alone ?

"I am debtor alike to the Jew and the Greek,"
The mighty apostle cried ;
Traversing continents, souls to seek,
For the love of the Crucified.
Centuries, centuries since have sped ;
Millions are famishing ; we have bread,
But we eat our morsel alone.

Even of them who have largest dower
Shall heaven require the more.
Ours is affluence, knowledge, power,
Ocean from shore to shore ;
And East and West in our ears have said,
"Give us, give us your living Bread."
Yet we eat our morsel alone.

"Freely, as ye have received, so give,"
He bade, who hath given us all.
How shall the soul in us longer live,
Deaf to their starving call,
For whom the blood of the Lord was shed,
And His body broken to give them Bread,
If we eat our morsel alone ?

NICHOLAS II.

BY EDWARD SYDNEY TYLEE

The double eagle of thy crest
  Looks either way, for sign
The Empires of the East and West,
  Past and to come, are thine.
To thee their hundred millions bow,
  Whom next to God they fear;
But He is very far: and thou
  Most awful and most near,—

A haughty claim, which, truth to tell,
  Yon gentle face belies;
No lowering threat of knout or cell
  Dwells in those dreaming eyes.
A poet this whom Fate's caprice
  Earth's proudest Monarch made;
A mild-voiced angel, preaching peace,
  Tho' girt with Michael's blade.

When such a voice a truce declares,
  What power should cross his will?
No less, o'erburdened Europe wears
  Her heavy armour still;
And borne on all the winds that blow,
  And gay with flaunted death,
A hundred swaying banners go,
  Their silent hosts beneath.

For though we know thee high of heart,
  Stern-willed and ardent-souled,
Captive of giant powers thou art,
  Too mighty for thy hold.
Slowly the enormous glacier moves,
  But with resistless force;
And grinding through its rocky grooves,
  Or finds, or makes, a course.

Even with such slow, deliberate pace,
  Hath Russia's Empire grown;
Even so her noiseless steps erase
  All landmarks but her own.
Trace the dark story of her Kings,
  Her sombre annals read,
And see what bitter harvest springs
  From slavery's poisoned seed.

See where, 'twixt loathing and desire,
  The Imperial wanton stands,
To watch her strangled lord expire
  In Orloff's savage hands!
See Peter living fountains quaff
  To slake his tiger mood;
Or Ivan's iron-pointed staff
  Wet with his first-born's blood.

So the long tale of crime and fraud
  Goes on from age to age;
No record here but bears one broad
  Red smear across the page:
To those last fatal lines that tell,
  In letters yet undried,
How, slain by those he loved too well,
  Thy noble grandsire died.

For only Freedom's self can trust
  Her subjects to be free;
Who rules besotted natures must
  Or King or martyr be.
So fierce a child Oppression bore,
  The startled sire, afraid,
Recoiled, like Frankenstein, before
  The monster that he made.

And shall thy single life redeem
  That heritage of hate,
Or one weak arm turn back the stream,
  The hurrying stream of Fate?
Shall man lay down the useless steel
  And all the conflicts cease,
And our disbanded warriors kneel
  Before the Prince of Peace?

Ah! little of the way they note,
  Nor what its perils are,
Who towards a Bethlehem so remote
  Follow so faint a star.
To us, on nearer journeyings set,
  A hopeless quest it seems:
A breath, a dream, perhaps, and yet—
  Who doth not love such dreams?

The Spectator.

THE BLINDED EYES.

BY THE LATE J. C. LONG, D.D., LL.D.

I thought the shining sun was dark,
  And dark the bending skies;
Alas! I find the darkness all
  Is in my blinded eyes.

I thought my fellow men were cold
  And from me stood apart;
Deceived was I, the coldness all
  Is in my frozen heart.

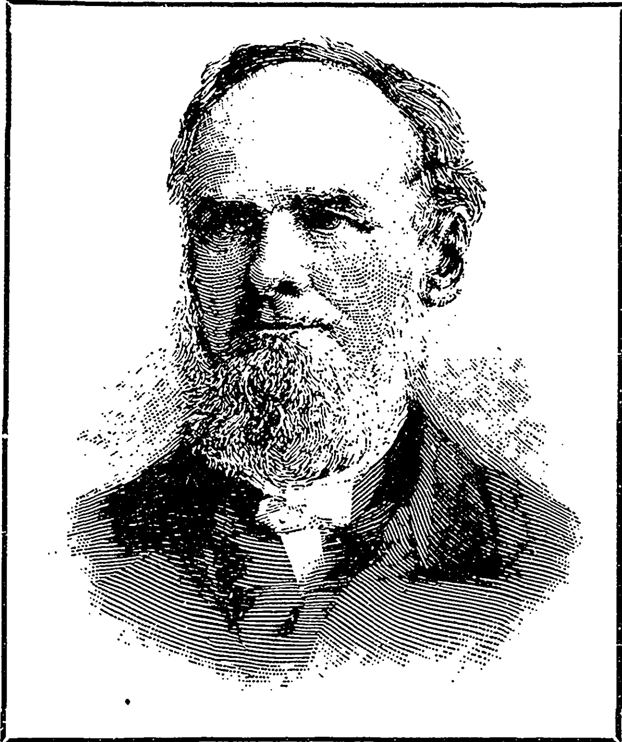
No music in the rippling brook
  Nor in the breeze I find;
The brook and breeze are not to blame,
  No music's in my mind.

No beauty beams in all the fields,
  In flower, shrub, or tree;
Yet not in them, but in myself
  Is the deformity.

I ask not that the outer world
  Another face may wear;
But that myself, myself be changed,
  I make my daily prayer.

—*Independent.*

"A TONGUE OF FIRE STILLED."



THE REV. WILLIAM ARTHUR, M.A.

We quote this phrase from an eloquent tribute to Rev. William Arthur in *Zion's Herald*. He will be longest and best remembered by that notable summons to Christian consecration which rang like a bugle-call through the churches. He was one of the best-known, best-loved, most cultured and consecrated Methodist preachers of the last half-century. He was a man of slender physique, yet he lingered on to the beginning of his ninth decade and rendered invaluable service not only to Methodism, but to the whole Christian Church.

He was born of good Irish-Presbyterian parentage and brought up under the bracing Protestant traditions of that "True North." Yet had he a warm appreciation of the warm-hearted, impulsive and often bigoted Irish Roman Catholics of the Green Isle. Of this his sympathetic "Life of Gideon Ouseley," the Methodist apostle of Ireland, one of Mr. Arthur's most characteristic works, is a demonstration.

Brought under Methodist influence, his unusual gifts soon led him into the Methodist ministry. At Hoxton Institute he met John Hunt and James Calvert, both aflame with missionary zeal, and soon caught their spirit. He offered himself for the foreign field and was sent to Mysore, in India. He was soon able to preach the Gospel in bazaar and village street, but his health broke down, his sight became much impaired and he was ordered home.

He rendered probably greater service to India by his book on the Mysore Mission and his soul-stirring sermons and addresses than he could ever have given in the foreign field. Unable to read or write, he thought out his subject and spoke *as with a tongue of fire to the hearts of* the people. As a boy he had saturated his soul with the best literature and verse

and especially with the Bible. This was the secret of his classic style and choice vocabulary.

In 1846 he was sent to Boulogne and soon after to Paris, where he spent the stormy period of the Revolution of '48. He soon was summoned to the Mission Office, and rendered invaluable service to the cause that lay so near his heart. His sermons and addresses are still an inspiring tradition. His lectures in Exeter Hall, and work for the Bible Society, brought him before a wider public and into contact with leaders of religious thought. He became, year by year, more influential in Conference, and in 1866 reached the highest honour which British Methodism can confer, its presidency. That year was emphatically a year of the Son of Man, the increase in the membership being about 6,000. He served, at the request of the Irish Conference, as president of the Methodist College at Belfast. He here repaid in part his debt to Irish Methodism.

Returning to London he became Honorary Missionary Secretary, and a leader in all the forward movements of the day—the Metropolitan Church Extension Fund, and the like. When unable to speak he took an active part in the councils of Methodism. On the great question of lay representation his speech was read by his friend, Dr. Bowman Stephenson, while the writer stood by the side of his deputy during the three-quarters of an hour while it was read.

As an author, his grace of style, his earnest purpose, his stirring eloquence, led to marked success. Of his "Successful Merchant" more than 100,000 copies were sold. His "Tongue of Fire" was translated into many languages, stirred the heart of the Church, and was made a benediction to thousands far beyond the pale of Methodism. He was a man of broad culture, speaking with fluency French, Italian, and German. His books on "Italy in Transition," "The Modern Jove," and "The Pope, the Kings, the People," show his broad statesmanship and thorough mastery of the whole papal question. He was a frequent contributor to the London Quarterly Review, and other high-class periodicals. All this work was done under great disabilities. In reading he was obliged to use a large hand-glass, such as people enjoy in looking at photographs.

It is a touching fact that his health was broken down by exposure fifty-four years before his death. He had spoken at a ragged-school meeting in Exeter Hall to a crowded audience, following the Duke of Argyll and others. When he left the meeting it was raining hard. He writes: "I could not afford to take a cab. I mounted on the knife-board of an omnibus, and had no umbrella. I was worn down with overwork, preaching and speaking more than was enough for two men of my strength, and doing the work of editor, which post I temporarily filled, after J. S. Stamp broke down. So I caught a chill."

This was the beginning of his utter breakdown. "Nobody has expected me to live to see the New Year," he wrote; yet for fifty years longer he lived to serve the Church of God. By marriage connection he became possessed of ample means, but ever regarded himself as the steward of God's bounty. He was twice delegate to the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and was a member of two Ecumenical Conferences. We had the pleasure of meeting him at the hospitable board of the late Hon. Senator Macdonald. The charm of his manner, his genial courtesy, and, above all, the brilliancy of his conversation, and the saintliness of his spirit, will never be forgotten. Such men are God's best gift to His Church and to the world.

Daffodil, crocus and lily
They stir, they break from the sod,
They are glad of the sun and they open
Their golden hearts to God.

They, and the wilding family—
Windflower, violet, may—
They rise from the long, long dark
To the ecstasy of day. . . .

We scattered troops and kindreds
From out the stars wind-blown,
To this wayside corner of space,
This world that we call our own;

We, of the hedgerows of time,
We, too, shall divide the sod,
Emerge to the light and blossom
With our hearts held up to God.

—*C. Roberts.*

A GREAT EDITOR.

An editor is born, not made. There is no college course, no apprenticeship that will train a man in this craft. Horace Greeley, C. H. Dana, Daniel Whedon and Arthur Edwards were great editors by the gift and grace of God. Of the two latter, each in his time was dean of the Methodist editorial corps. Dr. Whedon worked chiefly in the sequestered quiet of a quarterly review, Dr. Edwards on a religious weekly, and Greeley and Dana in the strenuous unceasing grind of a great daily. It was Edwards' personality that made the *North-Western* one of the most influential Methodist papers on on the continent. The tributes to his memory in this paper are very noteworthy. We quote a few phrases:

"He was a man of the common people. He believed God loved them, not because He had made so many of them, but because they were His creatures, eligible to become His children. Bolts of lightning flew from his pen against the wrongs inflicted upon the blacks, but he indulged no malice in his heart toward their oppressors, while for some who defended these wrongs he had the most ardent affection. He was criticised for his intensity, but he was respected for his courage and sincerity."

His life was a busy one. He was converted at Ohio Wesleyan University, through the faithfulness of his college chum. He became military chaplain during the American war. He was chosen to remonstrate with his commanding general, "Fighting Joe Hooker," upon his intemperate habits, lest they should imperil the army at some critical moment. General Hooker not only thanked him for his courageous performance of a delicate and disagreeable duty, but declared that neither the chaplain nor army should have future cause for anxiety over the condition of their commander.

For thirty-six years as assistant and editor-in-chief he guided the fortunes of the *North-Western*. A few months before his death, he was informed that an immediate and critical operation was necessary.

"He was told that the operation might prove fatal, but it was the only hope of saving his life. The physicians and surgeons were at his house, prepared to act. He asked them to wait twenty minutes. He then went upstairs to his 'den,' where, surrounded by his books, he wrestled with himself, and talked with God."

Returning to the room, he said to the physicians, "I am ready now, go ahead," and calmly lay down on the operating table. He never fully recovered his health, but so great was the confidence of the Church in his ability, that the next General Conference re-elected him by an enormous vote. The feeling of confidence is expressed in the words of one of the delegates, "I would vote for Arthur Edwards as editor, alive or dead." He had wide grasp of public subjects, and did much to mould the policy of the Church.

His father was a lake captain, and he was in his youth an enthusiastic yachtsman and sailor. His love for the lake he never lost. He was one of the first men to use a bicycle, and constructed a tire with rubber hose. He had an intense sympathy for the poor and the oppressed. At Atlanta he visited the quarries where convicts were employed. Among these was an old coloured woman, who was wheeling earth in a barrow. Her gait was unsteady, and she lost her footing. The guard began to abuse her unmercifully. Dr. Edwards indignantly protested. The guard turned on him with vicious curses. The Doctor ignored the attack on himself, but warned him if he again mistreated the old woman he would have him punished. Dr. Edwards, learning that the poor old convict's mishap resulted from defective eyesight, brought next day half a dozen pairs of spectacles, and found a pair that enabled her to read. She was the more happy when she found that her benefactor was a Methodist preacher, for she too was a Methodist, but just then was not working very hard at it. This is as chivalrous a deed as any of Bayard or Sidney.

Riding in a street-car, he noticed the sadness of the conductor, won his confidence, learned that he had just buried his child. He went with him to the car stables, and preached Jesus and the resurrection, to his great comfort.

Travelling by night, he noticed the coloured porter studying a medical book. He found that he was ambitious to be a physician. Dr. Edwards helped him to secure books and obtain a profession. These are little things, but they show more, perhaps, than greater ones—the genuine manhood of the man. The tributes to his character, from laic and cleric, are many and strong. What he said of our own Dr. Ryerson is true of himself: "Such a man not only lives for his country, but makes his country worth living for."

The World's Progress.

The Russian Problem.

THERE ARE MOMENTS WHEN ONE WANTS TO BE ALONE.

We have dealt so fully with the Russian problem in other parts of this magazine that it needs but little reference here. The facts, so far as known, reveal the state of Russia as a "seething cauldron of discontent, of treason, of anarchy." Mr. A. Maurice Low writes in *Harper's Weekly* that the flight of the Czar for safety to London or Paris would not be amazing. Nihilism is rampant, and a "Nihilist is simply a man turned into a beast, with all a beast's lust for blood." This is not from personal animosity to the Czar, but from hatred to the oppressions for which he stands. Kropotkin and Tolstoi are not in favour of the bomb or revolver: they demand representative government. It was Herzen, the founder of scientific Nihilism, who brought about the liberation of the serfs, and it is his followers who are determined to achieve still greater things.

The most potent ally of peace is the financial condition of Russia. She is seeking loans in every bourse in Europe, and failing in the attempt. The only fear is that with the reckless instinct of the gambler the last stake may be risked and the plunge into war made to escape the perils of revolution.

The Rev. F. E. Clark writes in *Harper's Weekly* an interesting account of his journey by rail and river through Siberia. He states that this experience has weakened his faith in the boasted enterprise of Russian railway construction. How a line which cannot carry a few hundred passengers without interminable delays could be used to mobilize a hundred thousand soldiers is difficult to comprehend.

Russia and China seem each to be playing a game with loaded dice and with effort to deceive. Though Britain declines to press British pretensions to an exclusive sphere of influence in the Yang-Tse valley, yet a British syndicate has received enormous concessions of valuable oil and coal lands. These will likely secure commercial supremacy for many a long day.

Russia and the Student Riots.

[Prince Kropotkin, or Peter Kropotkin, as he now calls himself, is a descendant of the royal house of the Ruriks. He was born at Moscow fifty-seven years ago, was first a page at court and then personal page of Alexander II., and next an officer in the army. In his youth he travelled extensively, and he has been an active and distinguished writer of geographical works. Not until he was thirty years old, and journeying in Switzerland, did he come in contact with men who were developing the Anarchist move-

PETER ALEXEIVITCH KROPOTKIN.

ment. Their obvious disinterestedness and the greatness of their aims appealed strongly to him, and he shortly devoted himself with feverish activity to carrying forward the agitation in his native land. A year later he was arrested for participation in Socialist propaganda, and spent the next three years in prison. In 1876 he escaped and came to Switzerland, where he founded the paper *Revolt*, and assisted in extending the Anarchist agitation in the south of France. In 1883, after an Anarchist uprising at Lyons, he was again imprisoned, but was set free after three years' imprisonment. Since 1886 he has lived in England. He is now on a second visit to this country.—*The Outlook.*]

Prince Kropotkin writes thus of the riots:

The fact that a crowd of students and simple onlookers who stood on the Kazan Cathedral Square at St. Petersburg were so brutally assaulted by the *nagaikis*, or lead-weighted horsewhips, of the Cossacks, and that so many as nineteen students were killed by these terrible weapons, is something absolutely new for the inhabitants of the capital. It shows that Nicholas II. is ready to treat his subjects—at St. Petersburg, in the chief thoroughfare of the capital!—in a way which even his great-grandfather, "the iron despot," Nicholas I., never risked resorting to. If so "respectable" a society as the Society of Russian Authors, whose President is a cousin of the Czar, has not hesitated in issuing at once a protest against the behaviour of the police on the Kazan Cathedral Square, this shows that the spirit of St. Petersburg has been roused, and is quite different to-day from what it was lately.

It may thus be said most positively that, although the disturbance began with the students, the discontent is now among all classes of society. The reason for this spreading of irritation becomes self-evident if one follows the gradual development of the recent events of which the last acts only were telegraphed to the newspapers.

The Minister of Public Instruction, Bogolepoff, condemned *one hundred and eighty-three students* to exclusion from the University for terms of from one to four years. And, finally, the Czar, interfering personally, made things infinitely worse. "Send all the first category to Port Arthur as soldiers," was his order.

Four, and later on twelve, of the students who had been ordered to become soldiers refused to take the oath of allegiance to the Czar. But now they fell under military law, and were court-martialled. "Death" was the sentence required by the military code, and they were condemned to death. Surely they will not be executed, but they most surely will be sent to the punishmen battalions, which, in Russia, as in France and elsewhere, are real hells. And so a trifling affair ended tragically, the mothers and fathers saw their sons sent for numbers of years to be flogged and martyrized in all sorts of ways in the military hard-labour penal establishments.

That evidently provoked a general uprise of all the students of all universities, men's and women's, all over Russia, and of all academies and technical high schools. And now, as if this was not serious enough, we have the *nagaikis* of the Cossacks freely playing on the heads and faces of St. Petersburg crowds.

The officers already quite openly say and write: "Is the army going to become a penal colony, and the soldier looked upon as a convict?"—*The Outlook.*

"The students," says *Zion's Herald*, "have issued a call for all intelligent Russians to join them in the struggle for liberty. One-half of the total number of students arrested are women, who will probably be punished by deportation to convict camps where they will be compelled to marry male prisoners."

On this subject Goldwin Smith remarks: "It looks as if revolution were imminent in Russia. But before we come to that conclusion we must turn our eyes from the outbreaks of student disaffection and enthusiasm in the universities to the eighty millions of politically torpid or Czar-worshipping peasantry, on whose allegiance the despotic throne is founded. The student element is probably drawn in large measure from the sons of the clergy, an unfortunate and disaffected class. While the Roman Catholic Church enforces celibacy on her priesthood, the Church of Russia enforces marriage. The Russian clergy are very poor, and their sons, while they are educated, probably often find the gate of suitable employment shut against them, and naturally become enemies to the system. The revolutionary element in Russia, in all its varieties, appears to be in the highest degree speculative and visionary. This is true alike of the furious iconoclasm of Bakounin, of the gentle anarchism of Kropotkin, and of the evangelical enthusiasm of Tolstoi. The aim of all is not practical and possible reform, but the total subversion of all existing institu-

tions and of the entire social system. Nothing could be founded on such principles, if principles mere dreams can be called. The only result would be confusion, followed by a relapse into despotism, and a despotism probably more iron and less paternal than that of the Czars since Nicholas, in intention at least, has been."

THE KAISER.

The German Emperor's rash and reckless speeches cause great apprehension. He seems to be so conscious of "the divinity that doth hedge a king" that he menaces with the bayonet, the "impudence or insolence" of what he deems incipient revolt. But even the Germans, loyal as they are to the house of Hohenzollern, no longer admit "the right divine of kings to govern wrong." The Socialists, on the one hand, and some of the grand dukes whose duchies have been overshadowed by the growth of Prussia, are in a resentful mood. The German empire is not so thoroughly unified, is not so formally consolidated, as to be beyond danger of revolt. Much must be pardoned a monarch, however, who has just escaped death from the attack of a man who was either a maniac or an assassin, and who is said to be suffering from serious nervous malady. He is the strongest personality in Europe, and let us hope will cultivate more the calm and poise and self-restraint of his father and grandfather.

EXIT AGUINALDO !

The wily Filipino was at last run to earth, and will probably disappear as the factor in the Philippine war. We regret that the unchivalric methods of fraud and forgery and lying should be resorted to for his capture. "A Bystander" remarks in the *Sun :*

"The consciences of a few Americans are pricked about the manner in which Aguinaldo was captured. It is certain that the vilest treachery was employed, and the employment of the vilest treachery can hardly add to the glory of a nation."

The New York *Outlook* says :

"The capture of Aguinaldo has been greatly praised by the many and severely criticised by the few. It unquestionably shows in General Funston originality in device, fertility in resource, and great vigour and courage in execution, all of which are highly praiseworthy military qualities. But the capture was accomplished by deception, falsehood, and what in commercial life would be called forgery. It is this fact which arouses the indignation of some critics."

But it defends the plot by alleging that such double dealing is justifiable in war. We would be glad to hear of the capture of De Wet, but would be very sorry if it were attained by the soiling of British honour by lying, forgery, and fraud.

THE REJECTED PEACE.

The Boers are probably realizing that they made a great mistake in rejecting the generous terms of peace offered by the British, and are said to be negotiating again. The bitterest drop in the cup of their humiliation is the determination of great Britain to grant the rights of man to the blacks, whom the Boers have for generations treated like dogs. Never were such generous terms offered before, and prolonged resistance can in no wise better them. Sir Edward Clarke, the strongest friend of the Boers in Britain, has announced it is intolerable that a defeated enemy should be permitted to make their own terms.

The Boers instinctively trust the word of the British officer, and if through misunderstanding they think themselves deceived, the outcry is bitter. When Prinsloo surrendered, a cornet, Vilonel, was sent with conditions. These were explained to the burghers as demanding a free pass to their homes with horses and weapons. But these terms were refused, whereupon Vilonel agreed to unconditional surrender. In the *Cape Times* "One who fought with the Boers" says :

"President Steyn knows it well, yet the truth is hidden, and the vile falsehood is used to defame the honour of a most gallant enemy and honourable gentleman, and through him the honour of a nation of brave men and considerate victors, to be used as the great incentive to spur tired, war-sick men to desperation and dishonoured death, to cause poverty-stricken women and children to cry out for revenge and blood, and to plunge an unhappy country further into the mire of ruin."

STEAD, ET AL.

Mr. W. T. Stead continues his role of calamity croaker by announcing that "South Africa will be the grave of the British Empire," but nobody now takes Stead seriously. Kruger, from his safe retreat in Holland, leaving his wife in the

care of the British at Pretoria, continues his campaign of lies. Against these slanders we place the testimony of the truth-loving Lord Roberts, of the Swiss Consul at Pretoria, and of Mr. A. G. Hales, correspondent of the *Daily News*. Mr. Hales affirms that the refugee women and children received an amount of courtesy that was almost dainty in its thoroughness. DeWet, the desperado bandit, leaves his wife and eight children in the care of the British; and the Boers in arms, knowing that their families are well cared for, are enabled to hide behind rocks and snipe at British officers and troops. The best friends of the Boers are counselling surrender.

Certain pro-Boer papers think they see the "handwriting on the wall" proclaiming that Britain is "weighed in the balances and found wanting," much to the aid and comfort of the foreign press which reprints their croaking prophecies. The *London Quarterly*, the highest organ of British Methodism, utters a more robust note. Reviewing Conan Doyle's "The Great Boer War," it quotes as follows:

"If there were any who doubted that this ancient nation still glowed with the spirit of its youth, his fears must soon have passed away. . . . The Empire has 'found itself.' The real glories of the British race lie in the future, not in the past. The Empire walks, and may still walk, with an uncertain step, but with every year its tread will be firmer, for its weakness is that of waxing youth, not of waning age."

The British Government have at last interposed to prevent the sowing of treason in Cape Colony, and the circulation of three periodicals much beloved of the Boers have been prohibited in South Africa—Mr. Stead's *Review of Reviews*; *Reynolds' Newspaper*, a scurrilous and often blasphemous infidel weekly; and *Truth*, the organ of Mr. Labouchere, who stood absolutely alone in opposition at the recent loyal vote on the King's Civil List.

British Protection of Boers.

Paul Kruger, from the safe seclusion of his retreat in Holland, does not cease to denounce the "cruelty" of the British, and exult in the complications in China, which will enable the Boers, he thinks, to win their independence. Never was war waged so humanely. For the Boer prisoners in Ceylon, games, amusements, costly pianos, and steamer tours for the convalescent are generously provided by the British Government. Paul Kruger's own record is one of cruelty, craft, "slimness," and not seldom of unmitigated lying. Kruger is fond of quoting Scripture. Does it ever occur to him that his is a case of "His mischief shall return upon his own head, and his violent dealing shall come down upon his own pate." He invaded British territory, and proclaimed its annexation, and sought to reduce British towns with shot and shell, and by famine and fever, yet he now whines like a whipped school-boy because the British annex the Transvaal and Orange Colony, and instead of a so-called independence under a tyrannous oligarchy, offers the same freedom to Boer and Briton that French and English alike possess in Canada.

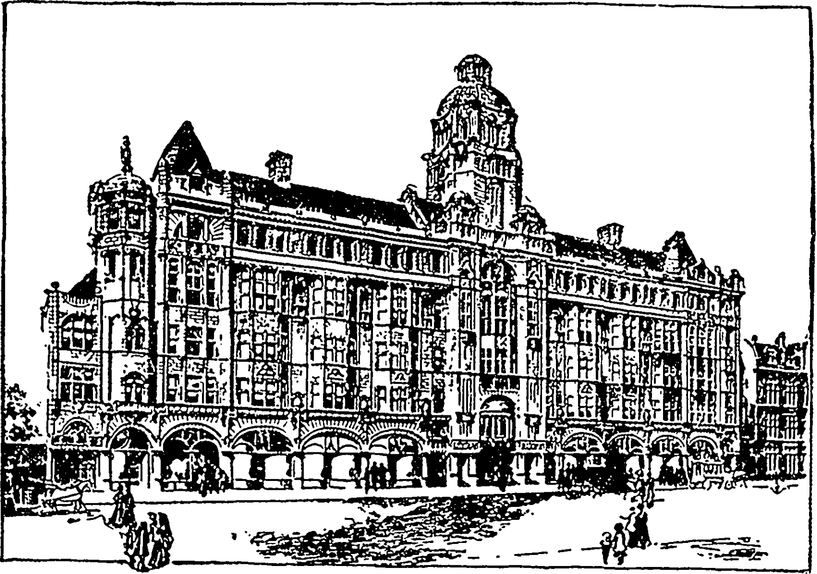
The United States Press Sympathy.

We are glad when the press of the United States show a friendly sympathy to Great Britain in the present war. We have had to complain a great deal of the contrary. We therefore print with pleasure the accompanying item from the *Illustrated Methodist Magazine* of St. Louis:

"The Boer population, weary of the war, and displeased with the excesses of which their guerilla companies have undoubtedly been guilty, are beginning to uphold the British, and the war of "revenge" declared by the Dutch leaders cannot last very long. In Uganda, furthest to the north, a region associated with the labours of Mackay and other heroic missionaries, a great work of pacification and consolidation has been effected. A large new steamer has been launched on Lake Victoria Nyanza; and the railroad to the east coast is now safe to travel all the way. Probably in a few years it may appear that Africa, in place of being the grave of the British Empire, is likely to prove one of its brightest fields of enterprise."

One of the most marked features in connection with the world's tribute to the beloved Sovereign of Great Britain is the prominence given to her religious life. After all, it is character that counts. There have been masterful spirits shrined in woman's form in Elizabeth of England or Catharine of Russia, but the world-wide homage to the homely virtues of Victoria are a tribute to the majesty of meekness, the power of goodness. Kind hearts are more than coronets and simple faith than Norman blood.

Religious Intelligence.



THE NEW LEYSIAN MISSION PREMISES, CITY ROAD, LONDON.

Leysian Mission.

We have pleasure in presenting the picture of the new Leysian Mission, the centre of a forward movement in the heart of London. It is on that great thoroughfare, City Road, in which is situated the mother-church of Methodism, in which John Wesley so often preached, and next door to which he died and where he was buried. It is a monument to that grand man better than one of brass or marble. A station of the new "tu'penny tube" is almost opposite the mission, and a vast tram system runs past its doors, so it is one of the busiest spots in all London.

The design is stately and imposing, a modern modification of Elizabethan Tudor; like Methodism itself, an adaptation to the times of ancient principles. It is built with bright red terra-cotta facing and stone dressings. It will have a great mission hall to seat 2,000 persons; Sunday-school, with twenty three class-rooms and large hall; medical mission, waiting rooms, dispensary, etc.; women's and girls' and boys' and men's clubs, coffee bar and drill hall; a residence for the Sisters of the People; a residence for the Leysian College Settlement, which brings Methodist culture and refinement in contact with the masses, and every means for their uplift and uplook.

A unique feature is a roof garden of 2,780 square feet, with seats and a prominent band stand. Thither by the aid of sweet music it is hoped to lure the passer-by, that he may hear the Gospel message. This feature, we believe, is new in city mission work. A grand inauguration of the twentieth century is this forward movement in the heart of old London.

A Happy Wind-up.

A very happy incident accompanied the practical wind-up of the Twentieth Century Fund. Most of the donors had designated the object to which the gifts should be devoted, but an amount of about $21,000 remained to be divided between the different beneficiaries. It was proposed to appoint a committee to adjudicate upon their respective claims, but Dr. Potts, to whose indefatigable efforts the success of the movement is so largely due, proposed a method of division which he said came to him in a vision

of the night. It was that Victoria University, the Missionary Society, and the Superannuation Fund, although very much needing further help, should forego their claims and divide the amount equally among the smaller colleges. This generous proposition met with unanimous approval. The smaller colleges, which were the most needy claimants, thus receive a considerably larger amount than they otherwise would, and all rivalry in claims is at once set aside. This is a beautiful example of the Scripture policy of the strong helping the weak, "in honour preferring one another." We feel sure that the generous spirit of Victoria University, the Missionary Society and the Superannuation Fund will bring them more hearty support than if they had insisted upon their share of the unappropriated balance.

A Harmless Bolt.

The excommunication of Count Tolstoi, whose crime is that he seeks to make society conform to the Golden Rule, and

COUNT TOLSTOI.

the prohibition of his burial in consecrated ground, calls forth a vigorous protest from his wife ; but the Count accepts his fate quite philosophically. The edict harms the Holy Russian Synod more than it harms Tolstoi.

A Wronged Woman Vindicated.

The decision of Judge Archibald in the notorious Delpit case will be received with approval wherever men love righteousness and hate wrong. This woman was lawfully married by a Protestant minister to Delpit seven years ago. She proved to him a faithful wife and loving mother to three children whom God gave them. After seven years this man wants to shake off his wife, and suddenly discovers that, being Roman Catholics, a Protestant marriage was invalid. He is confirmed in this cowardly violation of the most sacred vows by the Roman Catholic bishop and by the Pope of Rome. Thank God, wherever the British flag waves, no woman, however lonely or unfriended or deeply injured, shall appeal to the defence of the British law in vain. No domestic or foreign priest shall be allowed to inflict the deepest and direst stamp of ignominy upon a wronged and loving woman.

Protestant Church Growth.

In a recent *Independent* Rev. Daniel Dorchester gives these encouraging figures in answer to the question, "Is the Church still gaining at the close of the century ?"

Year.	Churches.	Ministers.	Communicants.
1800	3,030	2,651	364,872
1850	43,022	25,555	3,529,988
1870	70,148	47,609	6,673,396
1880	97,090	69,870	10,065,963
1890	151,172	98,185	13,823,618
1900	172,406	126,046	17,784,475

During last twenty years there has been an increase of 75,316 churches and 56,176 ministers.

The increase in the communicants :

From 1850 to 1870 was 3,143,400 in 20 years.
" 1870 " 1880 " 3,392,267 " 10 "
" 1880 " 1890 " 3,757,555 " 10 "
" 1890 " 1900 " 3,960,857 " 10 "

Many have supposed that the last decade would show a smaller increase, but it has far exceeded the previous decades—203,302 more than from 1880 to 1890 ; 568,590 more than from 1870 to 1880 ; and 817,457 more than from 1850 to 1870. Had the full data for 1900 been obtained, the gain for the decade would have footed up to over 4,000,000.

Comparing the whole population with the total evangelical communicants, we have these striking results :

1800, one communicant in 14.50 inhabitants.
1850, " " " 6.57 "
1870, " " " 5.78 "
1880, " " " 5.00 "
1890, " " " 4.53 "
1900, " " " 4.28 "

COMPARISON WITH THE ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH.

Year.	R. C. Pop.	Evangelical communicants.	Evangel. pop. or adherents.
1800	100,000	364,872	1,277,052
1850	1,614,000	3,529,988	12,354,958
1870	4,600,000	6,373,396	23,356,886
1880	6,367,330	10,965 963	35,230,870
1890	8,579,966	13,823,618	48,382,663
1900	10,129,677	17,784,478	62,245,662

Of 70,000 young men in American colleges 38,000 are church members, and over 5,000 re candidates for the Christian ministry. During the past century the increase of church membership to that of general population is as 27 to 9. There are in the United States over 100,000 Christian ministers, over 145,000 church edifices, over 165,000 church organizations, and over $700,000,000 invested in church property.

Recent Deaths.

Miss Charlotte M. Yonge. We quote the following sympathetic reference concerning this distinguished lady from the *Methodist Recorder:* "One of the most popular of English writers has closed her long and honorable career and entered into rest. In how many Christian homes, years ago, was the 'Heir of Redclyffe' read? Her ideal in church life was the famous Bishop Selwin, of New Zealand, one of the best and noblest missionary bishops of a past generation. The profits earned by the 'Heir of Redclyffe' bought Bishop Selwyn's missionary ship, the *Southern Cross.* 'The Daisy Chain,' another of her most popular books, provided Bishop Selwyn with £2,000 for his Missionary College at Auckland, New Zealand. She wrote other books besides stories. Her 'Life of John Coleridge Patteson, the Martyr Bishop,' was, perhaps, the most successful."

The name of Staples is a familiar one to Canadian Methodism, the family having given many faithful members to the Methodist Church. Rev. Samuel G. Staples, B.A., entered the ministry five-and-twenty years ago. As a student at Victoria College he evinced much talent and received valuable training for his life-work. His ministry has been chiefly in the western peninsula, and for the last three years at Malahide in the London Conference. The particulars concerning Brother Staples' death we have not yet, but a wide circle of those to whom he ministered the word of life mourn the loss of a wise pastor, a faithful preacher, a devoted friend.

The Rev. James Macfarlane belonged to a younger generation of Methodist preachers. He entered the service young and was permitted to serve the Church for three-and-thirty years. In the earlier years of the ministry he did much work on missionary districts He "obtained a good degree" among his brethren, and served as Secretary of the Bay of Quinte Conference. He was only fifty-four years of age at his death, but he had been weakened by an attack of grippe and had continued faithful in service, on the Greenwood Circuit, to which he removed from Lindsay last July, till the powers of nature were exhausted.

Rev. John Vickery, of the Toronto Conference, passed from labour to reward March 31st, at Stouffville. Brother Vickery had served the Church for about a quarter of a century. His name is as ointment poured forth on the important circuits in which he laboured. He was a preacher of great ability and soul-converting power. He had been unwell for some time, but, to near the last, hopes were entertained for his recovery, but his work was done, the Master said "Come up higher."

Rev. John Hiscocks passed away at his home in Lachute, Quebec, on March 18th, at the venerable age of eighty-six. He "entered the work" in 1859, and continued with the Methodist Episcopal Conference till 1870, labouring chiefly in what is now the Montreal Conference. He became supernumerary in his sixty-fourth year, but continued to preach with great acceptance, as strength permitted, till the last year of his life. "He died," writes his pastor, "In the triumphs of the Gospel. Here where he lived we loved him for his fervour and his godly life."

We extend our sincere condolence to the Rev. Dr. Galbraith, of Belleville, on the sore bereavement which he has sustained in the death of his wife, the beloved companion of many years of ministerial toil.

The Rev. H. M. Manning, of Brampton, has also sustained a crushing loss in the death of a son on the very threshold of manhood. He has our heartfelt condolence.

Mr. Henry Langford, Crown Attorney of Rat Portage, an active member of our Church in that place, the son of the Rev. Dr. Langford, and brother of Professor Langford, of Victoria University, was called away in the midst of an active and useful public career.

Dr. Watson, of this city, brother of the Rev. W. G. Watson, M.A., was also summoned by a tragical accident from the activities of time. Truly "in the midst of life we are in death."

Book Notices.

Russia and the Russians. By EDMUND NOBLE. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. v-285. Price, $1.50.

Mr. Noble has mastered the copious literature of the subject and has written a singularly sympathetic and interpretative book. The story of an empire covering a larger area than any other, having a population of over a hundred and fifty million souls, "who continue to be held by a church-supported autocracy in a condition of political serfdom," deserves our serious study. Within the century it has increased about fivefold and now its extent is "equal to the visible surface of the full moon." Vladivostock is in the latitude of Nice, and St. Petersburg has the highest latitude of any capital in Europe.

The Russian language and religion have been a barrier between Russia and Western civilization more formidable than any mountain chain, more unrelenting than any Imperial ukase. Russia failed to share the revival of learning, or the renaissance. Its sovereigns for centuries were autocrats of the type of Ivan the Terrible. Peter the Great, who earned his rouble a day as master carpenter, became a builder of empire as well as of ships. The Greek Church taught that smoking tobacco was sinful while drinking brandy or vodka was right, because "Not that which entereth into a man, but that which cometh out, defileth the man." But spite of this benediction the drink habit is the curse of Russia.

The greatest emancipator of the century was Alexander III., who in 1883 set free 22,000,000 serfs. But enfranchisement will not accomplish much without education, and Russia is the most illiterate country in Europe. In Great Russia the proportion is ninety-four per cent. Russia is living five hundred years behind Western Europe. She is as devoid of free institutions as she was in the days of Ivan the Terrible. Not one of the 150,000,000 of her population has the slightest voice in determining her home or foreign politics.

Russia refuses privileges granted even to the Maoris of New Zealand, denies the right of trial by jury elsewhere centuries old, and maintains the same odious system of *lettres de cachet* as that which provoked against France the indignation of Europe. She is a fifteenth century state wearing the habiliments of the nineteenth. The peasants are poorer than they were forty years ago. Widespread famine has become almost well-nigh chronic. Even to-day the lord of the manor may scourge the peasant toiler as in the old days of serfdom. The Poles have been despoiled of their language, the Little Russians of their literature, the Baltic Germans of their religion, the Finlanders of their constitution. Her religious systems produce pronounced agnosticism or primitive superstition. Russia, the writer believes, is destined to collapse as Spain collapsed at the first decisive touch of a virile modern race. Yet out of this collapse a new Russia shall rise.

An instructive chapter is devoted to Nihilism and its causes, to the hunger strikes and to the more perilous revolt of the intellect of the universities, which not even the hoofs of the Cossacks trampling men and women students under foot can finally suppress. The story of Siberia and the exile system is a chapter like the prophets' scroll, written within and without with lamentation and weeping and woe. The author is not a pessimist. He discerns the exhaustless resources of Russia which shall produce an industrial emancipation full of promise in the future. Russian progress may be slow, but it is inevitable.

"The peasant brain shall yet be wise,
The untamed pulse grow calm and still;
The blind shall see, the lowly rise,
And work in peace Time's wondrous will."

The Russian Revolt, Its Causes, Conditions and Prospects. By EDMUND NOBLE. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 269.

This book is an admirable complement of Mr. Noble's volume on "Russia and the Russians," though written earlier. It gives a succinct account of the revolt against Russian tyranny, which has been in progress for many years. Mr. Noble traces much of the character of the Russians to their environments, their vast and lonely steppes, their sparse settlements, their long dreary winters and short hot summers. The monotonous

landscape and dreary climate throw the mind back upon itself and conduce to subjective rather than objective intellect.

This strikes us as too vague a statement. Sir Charles Dilke more adequately expresses it by saying that the long winters cultivate thrift, energy and forethought, without which civilization would perish, and at the same time give leisure for reading and study. So the Scotch, the Icelanders, the Swedes, and the northern races generally, are much better educated than the Latin and southern races. "Scotland," says Dilke, "Is blessed with a rigorous climate while the islands of the southern seas are cursed with the bread-fruit and perpetual summer." The one environment breeds philosophers, the other naked savages.

The benumbing influence of the Byzantine Church upon the intellect and life causes, too, a degradation of women. Popular proverbs show the contempt of the sex, as: "A woman's hair is long, but her understanding is short." "As a horse by the bridle, so a woman must be directed by menaces." The practice was equal to the theory and "many women believed that they were only born to be beaten, and that marital life was best expressed with the lash."

There has long been a religious protest against the national Church. There are upwards of fourteen million Russian dissenters, many of whom, like the Stundists and Doukhobors, have been bitterly persecuted. Many causes conspire to the universal pessimism of Russia—the dreary landscape, the political oppressions, the tyranny of the church, the lack of healthful activities in citizenship. "How sad our Russia is!" exclaims Gogul. A poet of the people writes,

> "Where moaneth not the Russian man?
> A mighty woe falls on our Russian lands."

It is the Russians, not the English, who take their pleasures sadly. They seldom laugh. Music is in the minor key. "Their street cries are a shriek of pain, an exclamation of anguish, a wail of despair; it seemed the rhythmic utterance of centuries of suffering."

After the Crimean war came a "dynamic period" of revolt and hope. Many thousands of persons, of both sexes, became apostles of revolt, left school and university, put on peasant's attire, steeped their hands in brine to make them rough like the peasants', and as blacksmiths, carpenters, shoemakers; as servants, as governesses or teachers, honeycombed society with sentiments of revolt. Schools of revolt, in the guise of workshops, were founded in St. Petersburg, where Prince Kropotkin lectured on socialism. Ladies of high rank started village schools to teach the sacred doctrine. Professors in the universities and lyceums, land-owners, and high officials sacrificed their fortune for their faith. In '72 and '74, hundreds were arrested and thrown into prison—nine hundred peasants in the Government of Kiev alone.

Then followed conspiracies and assassinations. General Trepov, police prefect of St. Petersburg, for his cruel treatment of a student prisoner, was shot by Vyera Sassulich, a sixteen-year-old girl. As long ago as 1878 students by the hundred were dismissed from the university of Kiev.

The police and house porters became secret spies. Revolts broke out in the prisons, the victims choosing to die rather than suffer. The Nihilist conspirators were driven to frenzy. Repeated and desperate attempts were made on the life of the Emperor Alexander II. In thirty years one hundred and thirty-five political prosecutions took place, involving the arrest and punishment of one thousand three hundred and fifty-six persons. Forty-five of these were either shot or hung, and many were sentenced to the mines of Siberia. Fifty met their death by violence in the gaols or in exile; hundreds fled from Russia.

Sophie Lvovna belonged to one of the most aristocratic families. She became an apostle of revolt, spent many months in prison, and at twenty-six was sent to the scaffold. Her last letter to her mother is described as "one of the most eloquent and solemn and touching epistles ever composed in anticipation of death."

"My darling, my priceless mother, not for a moment do I sorrow concerning my fate. I look forward to it calmly, for I have long known and anticipated that it would end thus. And this fate is, after all, dear mother, not so terrible. I have lived as my convictions dictated; contrary to them I could not act; therefore I await with a calm conscience all that impends for me."

The despotism of the Tsar, the unlimited power of a single individual wielded over a whole people—this was the iron that enters the soul, the oppression that makes a wise man mad.

"They were all united in the intense love of their country, in a sorrow for its suffering people, and hatred of tyranny and oppression that made actions immoral in themselves seem to them the highest

virtue, but with the sublime recklessness of men and women who, however, misguided in their choice of methods, yet gladly offer their lives for the cause which they believe to be sacred and true."

In every theatre, in every newspaper office, in every hotel in Russia, is a police spy. In fifteen years fifty-seven newspapers were suspended and all the others rigorously censored. Grossly immoral books can be sold with impunity, but political aspirations are rigorously repressed.

The students are often so poor that they prepare their lessons by the light of a street lamp to save the cost of a candle, or walk miles to give a lesson for a meal. In the papers appear such appeals as "Wanted—Something to do, anywhere and for anything." "For the love of God help a blind student and keep his family from starvation." Yet are they surrounded with ostentatious wealth and "a priesthood that presents not the slightest example of morality." A state attorney sent to report on the imperial tribunals of Orenburg thus denounces the police:

"I lived in an atmosphere of appalling groans and heart-breaking sighs. I took down the depositions of peasant women who had been subjected to torment—their flesh pinched with red-hot tongs—by order and in the presence of the chief commissary of the police, merely because they had presumed to plead on behalf of their unfortunate husbands. It was horrible to be compelled to acknowledge to one's self that these semi-animate, wasted, filthy, and dun-coloured objects, draped in a few rotten rags, were, after all, men and women. Their prisons were loathsome dens. They were scourged by Russian Cossacks with inhuman cruelty." Such is the statement, not of a terrorist or prisoner, but by a Russian official. He was speedily dismissed from his functions and the journal in which he recorded his experiences was suspended.

Prince Kropotkin declares that in St. Petersburg prisoners were tortured by electricity to compel disclosures. "In such prisons," says he, "insanity steals on the mind slowly, the mind rots in the body from hour to hour."

It will be seen that the recent revolt is but one of many which have been waged for years against the cruellest oppression. It is the protest of eighty millions of people against the wrongs of ages. Mr. Noble concludes his eloquent volume as follows:

"Let the Tsar and his advisers beware! The spectacle of this frightfully unequal struggle is not lost upon Europe, or even upon America." He looks for a time "when tyranny shall be an offence against the community of nations, as it is now an offence against the community of individuals, and when countries that have won their own liberty and gone through the bitter day shall gladly repay their glorious gains in noble blows struck for universal freedom."

The Soul: Its Origin and Relation to the Body; to the World, and to Immortality. By E. T. Collins, M.D. Cincinnati: Jennings & Pye. New York: Eaton & Mains. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 335. Price, $1.50.

This is a book of great interest and importance. It discusses the most momentous of themes from a new and scientific point of view. The author has been a successful practising physician for half a century and has profoundly investigated the claims of both psychology and religion. He finds the argument of St. Paul in the fifteenth chapter of first Corinthians strictly in harmony with the most advanced psychological science. We heartily commend the volume to our preachers and thoughtful readers. Dr. J. W. Bashford, himself an eminent authority, gives the book an enthusiastic endorsation.

Tekel. The Credentials and Teachings of Emanuel Swedenborg Examined. By Rev. David Tice. Cincinnati, Chicago, Kansas City: Jennings & Pye. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 309. Price, $1.25.

The teachings of the Swedish mystic have attracted wide attention and won not a few followers. The amiable character of the man must not blind us to the errors of his system. He allegorises away much of the teachings of Scripture and substitutes therefore certain revelations of his own concerning the heavenly mysteries. The purpose of this volume is to investigate his teachings and point out their errors. In this respect the title well describes the result, "weighed in the balance and found wanting."

An Enquiry Concerning the Human Understanding. By David Hume. Chicago: Open Court Publishing Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. xxv-180. Price, 25 cents.

This is an inexpensive reprint of an essay which attracted much attention on its first issue, over a hundred years ago, and which has still a good deal of literary and philosophical interest.