

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure
- Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.

- Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached/
Pages détachées
- Showthrough/
Transparence
- Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression
- Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue
- Includes index(es)/
Comprend un (des) index

Title on header taken from:
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:

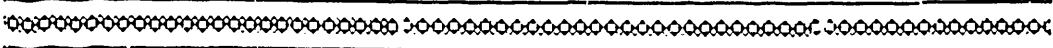
- Title page of issue/
Page de titre de la livraison
- Caption of issue/
Titre de départ de la livraison
- Masthead/
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

Additional comments:
Commentaires supplémentaires:

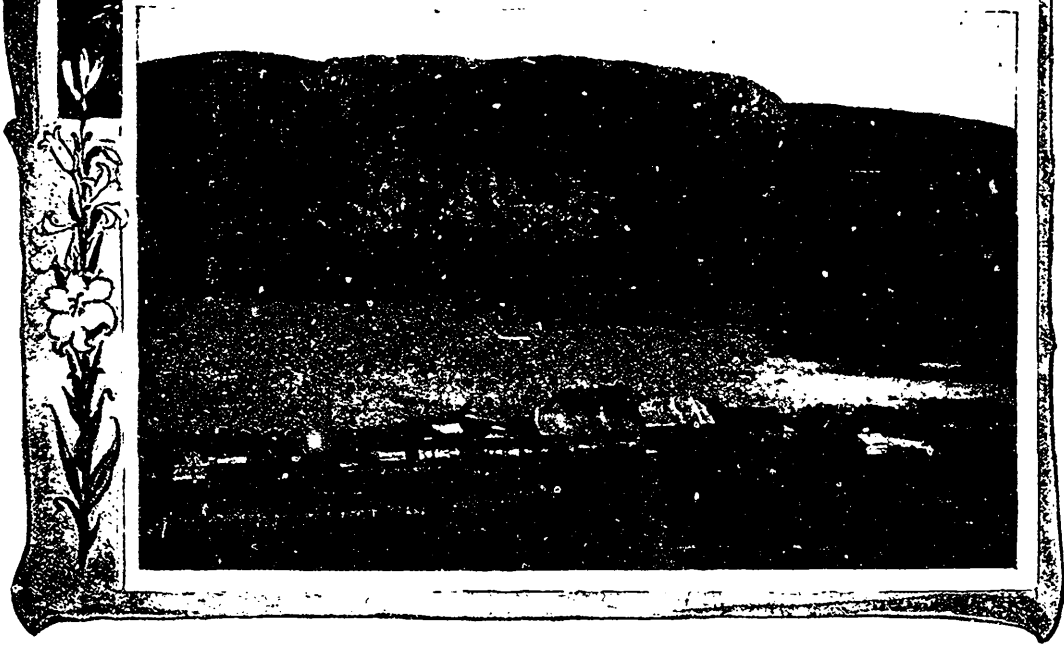
Pagination is as follows: p. [481]-580, [4], 581-584.

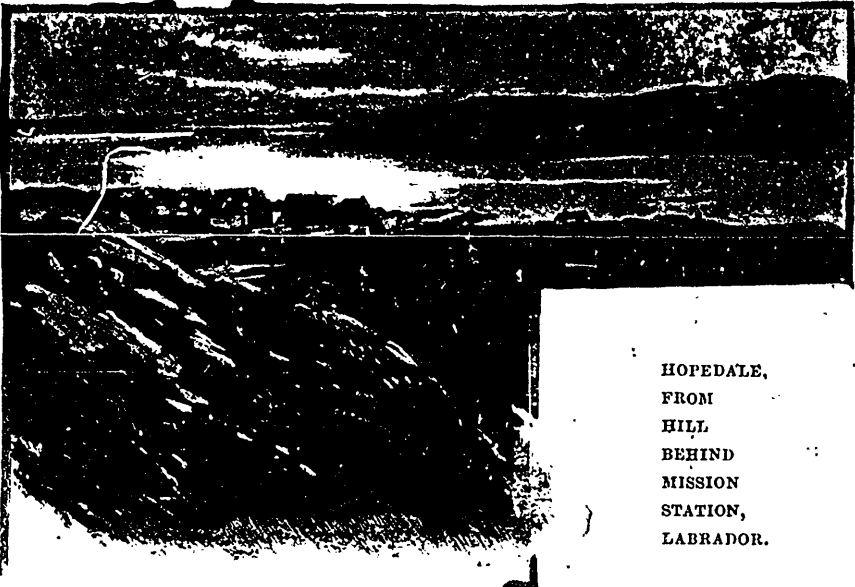
This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	12X	14X	16X	18X	20X	22X	24X	26X	28X	30X	32X
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>



TWO VIEWS OF
NAIN,
MORAVIAN
MISSION STATION,
LABRADOR.





HOPEDALE,
FROM
HILL
BEHIND
MISSION
STATION,
LABRADOR.



A DOG TEAM READY TO START ON A WINTER JOURNEY.

Methodist Magazine and Review.

DECEMBER, 1905.

MORAVIAN MISSIONS IN LABRADOR.

BY THE EDITOR.

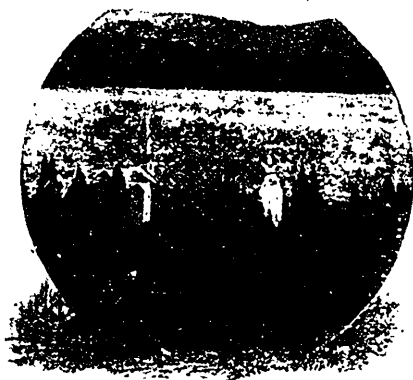
II.



OUR first personal acquaintance with the Moravian missionaries of Labrador was during a summer trip as far as Nain in 1904. We had met a few Eskimo sailors or fishermen at Rigolet and other places in southern Labrador, but it was at Hopedale, one of the older Moravian missions, that we came across them in any considerable numbers. It was Sunday morning when our steamer arrived, and the missionaries and lay helpers came down to bid us welcome. Against a dull, grey sky, and backed by low, rounded, sterile hills, the mission buildings, with their great red roofs and neatly painted walls, presented an appearance still more attractive from their forbidding surroundings.

The Eskimos, far from being the squalid, unkempt-looking creatures, whom we too often associate with the name, wore, the women especially, neat and clean attire, in some cases of an immaculate whiteness, cut in native style, a short tunic with flaps on front and back, and seal-skin boots or shoes. The chief difference between the men and women's attire was the longer flaps of the latter, and that their glossy black hair was neatly parted and knotted on the back of the head, while that of the men was squarely

VOL. LXII. No. 6.



MORAVIAN MISSION AT MAKKOVIK,
LABRADOR.

cut off below the ears. They are a short, stout, cheerful-looking people, of brown or copper color, but not so dark as our American Indians.

The entrance to the mission premises is through a strong fence or stockade, a survival of the time when such construction was necessary for defence from raid or robber. Our steamer anchored in the offing while we went ashore in the ship's boat to a well-built wharf. Being Sunday morning, most of the Eskimos, who are often absent during the week on hunting or fishing excursions, were at home. We were conducted to the chapel, a large, long room on the ground floor, equipped with comfortable, high-backed benches, platform and reading desk, and a small pipe

organ. The floor, except a space in front of the desk, was covered with a smooth coating of fine sand symmetrically arranged. This was to absorb the oil from the seal-skin boots of the Eskimos.

At the sound of a bell hung in a



PASTOR CHRISTIAN SCHMIDT.

little belfry, the natives came trooping in. It was a genuine surprise to hear these Eskimos sing with much power and sweetness the grand old hymns of the ages translated into their own tongue and set to fine German chorales or classic English music. They sang thus Luther's grand hymn, "Ein feste burg ist unser Gott," "A mighty fortress is our God," and that

noblest of all English hymns, Top-lady's "Rock of Ages." The service is slightly liturgical, but the readings and responses all give evidence of careful religious training.

It is one of the miracles of missions that these devoted Moravian brethren, who found these aborigines of Greenland and Labrador unclean and brutal and murderous, have raised them by their faithful ministrations and the power of the Gospel to the dignity of men and often to the fellowship of saints. They reduced their rude jargon to a written language into which they translated the Holy Scriptures, a copious hymnary, Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," a copy of which we possess, and other books. Through the generous aid of the British and Foreign Bible Society, these Scriptures have been printed in Eskimo and these once ignorant savages can read the oracles of God in their own mother tongue wherein they were born. On the centenary anniversary of the Bible Society, contemporaneous with the meetings in St. Paul's Cathedral, London, and in many other of the great centres of civilization, was held a memorial service in this out-of-the-way place, cut off from the rest of the world during the long months of winter by storm and ice and snow.

The devout observance of the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, and of Christian baptism, and of the quaint Moravian institution of the love-feast, was to those who witnessed it profoundly impressive. The Eskimos exhibit much musical talent, and sometimes one of the natives will preside



THE NEW HOSPITAL AT OKAK, LABRADOR.

at the organ and lead the singing. A large, old-fashioned box-stove heated the room in winter, and on its front it was curious to note the familiar name of Edward Gurney, Toronto.

Attached to the mission was a large warehouse and store for the collection of the dressed skins of the seal and fox and other peltries, and of oil and fish, against the annual visit of the "Harmony," the vital link with the Old

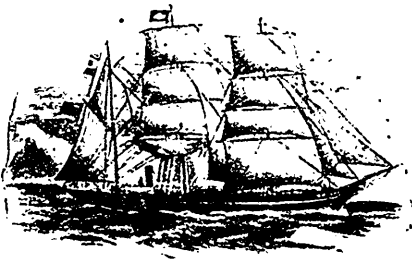
Land. The Eskimos are thus encouraged in thrift and industry, and the mission seems to have solved the difficult problem of associating trade and religious instruction. In the hall-way, on a row of hooks, were the pass-books of the Eskimos, in which all their debits and credits were entered, that they might, at any time, know exactly the state of their account.

Instead of living in rude and

MISSION STATION—WINTER
AT RAMA.



squalid hovels, as was their early wont, the Eskimos occupied warm and comfortable wooden houses, divided into rooms, with glass windows, beds and bedding, stove and chimney. These houses were sometimes crowded with their fishing gear and rude implements of industry, but it was pleasing to note in some of them a few books and other evidences of civiliza-



MISSION SHIP "HARMONY."

tion. Everywhere "huskie" dogs abounded, with cocked ears and wolfish muzzles, not to be too implicitly trusted, for treacherous animals they are, requiring strict subordination.

On the way north from Hope-dale to Nain, a fellow-passenger on the steamer was Pastor Christian Schmidt, a man known and honored all along the coast as a tried and true and trusted friend of the Eskimo, as are also the other missionaries. He was a large, blonde, blue-eyed, full-bearded man, an ideal type of Teutonic person and character. It was a rather bleak and stormy day, and in the warmth and seclusion of the saloon he was plied with questions by the group of tourists on his mission work, its trials and its triumphs, the Eskimo character and customs. The good pastor did not seem to feel the need of sympathy; he was full of hope

and cheer, and modestly, but thankfully, recounted the success of their efforts among the aboriginal people of this bleak and stormy coast. But a tear filmed his eye as he spoke of the great cross of mission life, that of sending their children back to England or Germany in their seventh or tenth year to receive an education. In most cases this was a final parting, for few ever returned unless they came





MORAVIAN MISSION HOUSE AT NAIN, LABRADOR.

back as missionaries in after years, and few and very far between are the furloughs of the missionaries themselves.

For about a hundred years the Moravian mission ship has always borne the appropriate name "The Harmony," and made its annual voyage from London to Labrador. As it becomes old or worn out it is replaced by a newer, larger, better ship. They have been singularly free from accident. The special providence of God watched over them.

As one sails further north the scenery becomes more majestic and sublime. The rugged and iron-bound coast rises into great rolling hills, in places to a height of three or four thousand feet. Under the generally sombre skies of this northern latitude they are of an indigo blue, while on their base land-locked fjords wind their way, rivalling, if not surpassing, those of even Norway.*

* In the short summer are many days of bright warm sunshine. The day before reaching Nain we sat on deck wearing a thin coat

As we approached the mission station of Nain, the sun broke through the clouds and a burst of glory irradiated the gloom. The rugged hills, the sombre clouds, the wine-dark sea, were gilt and burnished with the level beams of the setting sun, and through an opening rift the green and olive and lemon-colored sky, like the very body of heaven in its clearness, seemed the counterpart of the spiritual illumination which had visited these dark places of the earth once filled with the habitations of cruelty.

Pastor Schmidt received a tumultuous greeting from the eager, bright-eyed children, and one more sedate, though not less hearty, from his devoted wife and fellow-missionaries. He kindly conducted us over the little

and straw hat, and used an umbrella as protection from the heat. We sailed through scores of icebergs. Thirty-eight were in sight at one time, looking like a great fleet of line-of-battle ships. A mirage, or "loom," reduplicated these in the sky, making some to look like gigantic capital letters. Two of these looked like J K, as if an arctic commemoration of the centenary of John Knox.



NAIN FROM SOUTH-WEST, WITH DRIFT ICE IN JULY.

estate bordered with dark green spruce trees, and containing a few acres diligently reclaimed from the surrounding desolation. A few hardy, blue-eyed pansies, sweet-breathed mignonettes and other familiar plants in a sheltered nook, gladdened the little garden.

A few beds of onions, lettuce, beets, some rather scrawny and scraggy cabbages, and some thriving potato vines, gave evidence of the industry of the missionaries, despite the unpropitious climate. The potatoes were protected by hoops, over which canvas could be stretched to ward off the early frosts. As rare exotics in a little green-house grew some cucumbers and melons, very small and spindling, more for ornament than use, like orchids in a Canadian conservatory. The love for children was shown in the dainty playground and lolls' houses prepared for their delectation.

The large and comfortable red-roofed mission house was occupied by

Bishop Martin and two other missionary families. Each of these had its own apartments, but the ladies of the household took turns in co-operative housekeeping. Very cosy and cheerful were the little parlors, with German pictures on the wall, German and English books on the shelves, and illustrated magazines and papers on the table. The only drawback to this supply of literature was that it came nearly all at once. The good ship "Harmony" makes but one voyage from England in a year, the mail steamer from Newfoundland but two, and the winter mails are brought by the infrequent and uncertain komatik or dog-sledge. A large German porcelain stove, looking, as Mark Twain would say, like the family funeral monument, though much more cheerful and benignant, seemed a reminiscence of the land of Luther, amid the austerities and snow and ice that besieged the house throughout the long



ESKIMOS IN WINTER DRESS.

winter. A good German piano lent its touch of grace, and the singing of some German chorales and English hymns, and eager talk, gave a domestic touch to the scene.

One must not imagine that the missionaries are a dull or despondent group. On the contrary they are full of vivacity and fun. One merry little Dane was full of quip and crank and joke. He told us he was the original and veritable "Man Without a Country." The son of travelling Moravian missionaries, he was born upon an ice-floe and, of course, his birthplace soon disappeared. On his fiftieth birthday, with a rather grim humor, his friends presented him with a big block of ice as a souvenir of the place of his nativity. His wife, a cheery, and bustling dame, was born at the Moravian mission in South Africa. Thus the extreme north and south were blended together in happy union. The missionaries seldom have an opportunity to select a wife for themselves. All that is arranged in the mission rooms and in the good ship, "Harmony," is sometimes invoiced a wife for Brother X— or Y—, to be received by him in faith and love and trust. But such marriages are often more happy than those resulting from a chance meeting in some gay or frivolous scene.

It would be a great mistake to imagine that the lowering skies, the stormy seas, the bleak and rugged coast the long and cruel winter, depress or dishearten the Eskimos. On the contrary it would be hard to find anywhere a more cheerful group of people. They are merry hearted, with a keen sense of humor, quick to appreciate a joke, and their contagious laughter verified the Shakespearian phrase, "A jest's prosperity lies in the ear of him that heareth it."

A group of them came off to the steamer on which we sailed, in the long twilight which lingered in the sky until very late. They sat on deck and sang and laughed and chatted and laughed again, and asked innumerable questions till they almost wore out their welcome. But the whistle of the steamer and the rattling of the anchor chain at last sent them over the ship's side and ashore in their kyaks and canoes. Their song and laughter echoed over the waves and beneath the solemn stars—the great Bear swinging round the North Star high overhead—reflected in the glassy waves beneath. We took leave of the hospitable mission of Nain and its brave-souled missionaries with a



ESKIMO IN WINTER DRESS.



CHRISTIAN ESKIMOS.

heightened appreciation of their self-sacrifice and devotion.

The missionaries are nothing if not Biblical. We quote from their list of missions in many lands the following: Nain, Hebron, Zoar, Bethel, Carmel, Bethlehem, Nazareth, Salem, Bethany, Mizpah, Bethabara, Emmaus, Bethesda, Sharon, Mount Tabor, Magdala, Ephratah, Bersaba, Elim, Mamre, Enon.

Their latest statistics at hand, those of 1904, enumerate a baptized membership in their many mission fields of 94,995, being an increase of 1,289, after making up for 1,969 deaths, 1,793 removals and 2,925 withdrawals or dismissals, and 918 restored to church privileges. Of

this membership there are in Labrador 1,267; 185 children in school, 12 ordained missionaries, 6 unordained, 12 missionaries' wives, and "one sister about to become such," making 33 missionaries and 19 assistant evangelists, and 22 native assistants. They have also a medical mission hospital, recently established at Okak, where, during the first year 1,370 patients were treated at the hospital, and 1,005 Eskimos were visited in their homes.

The Moravians raise a larger part of the expense of their missions in the mission fields themselves. This amounted in 1904 to £39,687 13s. 9d. The entire amount of money expended in the mission fields was £71,375 1s. 8d. There was a deficit of £9,808 6s. 5d., which weighs heavily upon this truly apostolic Church.

The Eskimos are the aboriginal inhabitants of the whole Arctic and sub-Arctic region of the North American continent and of part of eastern Asia. Most ethnologists consider them to be of Mongolian origin.

They exhibit extraordinary ingenuity in the dressing of the furs which form their garb, in the preparation of their sealskin boots and komatikks or sledges. The runners of the latter are often made of bones, and in extreme cold weather are shod with ice by spraying them with water, which instantly freezes. They show much skill in bone and ivory carving. They are hardy, ingenious, active, industrious, and make ideal helps to northern explorers. Peary, in his expedition now under way, depends almost entirely upon their aid to reach the Pole. The Algonquins drove them from the Gulf of St. Lawrence, as they in turn had driven the Norwegian settlers in Greenland from that country about the fourteenth century.

The Eskimos, as they are generally called, do not like that name, which



CHRISTIAN ESKIMOS, NAIN.

means, "blubber eating." The name they give themselves is Innuit, which means "the people," as if they were the foremost people in the world.

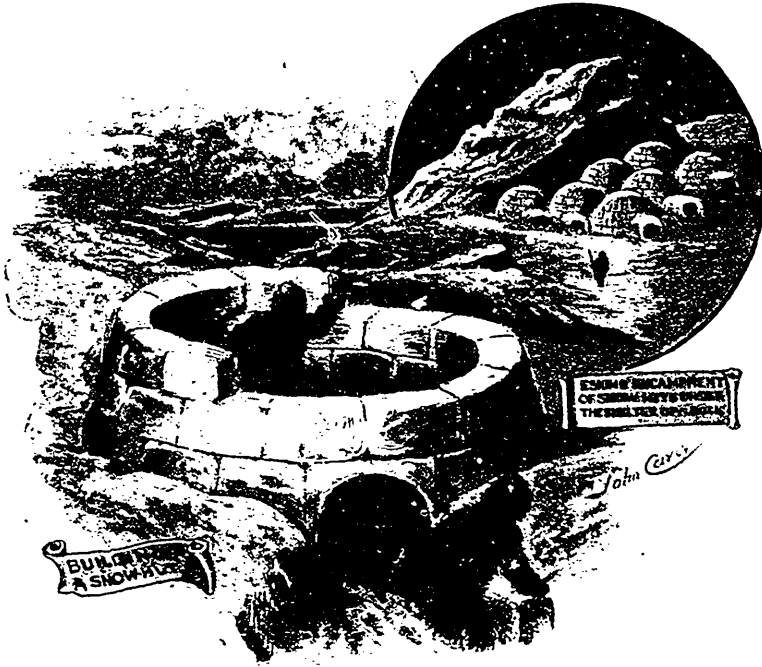
They still secure their livelihood by hunting and fishing. The polar bear, the walrus, whale, seal, reindeer, wolves and foxes are their game. It is an incessant and hard life, struggling with the storms of wind, ice and snow and wintry waves. Many a brave hunter far out at sea in his frail kyak, harpoon in hand, hunting the walrus and seal, has found an untimely and watery grave.

The Eskimos in winter, when on their hunting trips, have often occasion to build their snow houses or iglus. These are made of blocks carved out of the snow, white as Parian marble, and built in dome-

shaped structures. They are approached through a long, low passage-way cut in the snow, are warmed and dimly lighted with blubber lamps, and are made tolerably comfortable by skins of the seal and other animals of prey.

Mr. David T. Hanbury, in his "Sport and Travel in the Northland of Canada," speaks highly of the Eskimo iglus, and refutes the idea that they are close and unhealthy, and abound in filth, squalor, vermin and stench. He lived for eight months in the iglus and should know. Speaking of their construction, he says:

"All the snow-bricks for the construction of the iglu are cut from the snow on the ground on which the iglu is to be built, or from what may be called the floor of the house. Two



Eskimo work together, one cutting the bricks of snow, the other placing them in position. The bricks are laid in an endless coil which, as it increases in height, decreases in breadth. The walls are thus gradually drawn in towards each other, until finally only a small hole remains in the top at the centre of the roof. Into this a circular or square plug of snow is inserted, and the edifice is complete. The igloo is circular in shape, and the roof, when built by experts, forms a perfect dome. All the work is done from the inside, and when the igloo is finished the two workmen are still within.

“They cut a hole, crawl to the outside, and then close up this hole with a snow-brick. Next, snow-bricks are cut for a distance of some ten feet outwards from the snow house, and are laid close against each other in

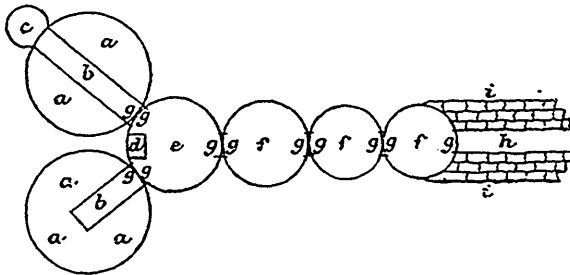
two lines so as to form a passage, the bricks being piled higher on the windward side. Through the side of the igloo a square hole for a permanent doorway is then cut on a level with the floor of the passage. The two builders now re-enter and inspect the result of their labor. Some of the bricks are seen not to fit closely, light appears in the interstices. These are carefully gone over and plastered with loose snow. There still remain a considerable number of bricks in the interior, for the area of the floor has furnished more bricks than were required for building up the walls and roof. These spare bricks are now used to form benches, one on either side. On these snow benches the inmates sleep and sit, only a narrow passage is left between them. While the men complete the igloo, the women

shovel snow against its sides and on the roof to ensure perfect freedom from draughts of cold air.

"When the house is completed, inside and out, the women enter with the deer-skin robes and the rest of their 'stuff.' Mats made of dwarf birch are laid on the snow benches on either side. The deerskins are laid on these, and the iglu is ready for occupation."

The Eskimo mothers and fathers are extremely fond of their children. A lady of our party learned the native words for "pretty baby." This she used indiscriminately to all the round-headed, bead-eyed, snub-nosed little brownies, and so won her way straight to the hearts of the mothers, who were as proud of their little ones as any white mother in the world.

The Eskimos of the Moravian Missions can all read, write and, to some extent, cipher. The long winter nights are enlivened by magic-lantern lectures in the chapel on the life of Christ, and scenes in foreign lands. Nothing so interests and astonishes the natives as the pictures of the skyscrapers of New York. A little printing press at Nain publishes probably the smallest paper in the world. 2



GENERAL PLAN OF TWO ESKIMO SNOW-HOUSES AND CONNECTING KITCHEN AND OUTHOUSES.

(a) Raised benches of snow on which Eskimos live and sleep; (b) passages down middle; (c) meat safe or cellar; (d) fireplace in kitchen—flat stones laid on raised snow bench; (e) kitchen; (f) outhouses for storing stuff, shelter for the dogs, etc.; (g) doorways, about 2½ feet high; (h) passage to outside; (i) walls of snow for protection from wind and drift.

monthly religious journal, of which we possess a copy.

Many of the Eskimos are still pagan and exhibit much of their early barbarous habits and appearance. Such are some of those figured in these pages. Under the benign influence of the Moravian missionaries all those on the Labrador coast have been brought to a knowledge of the Gospel, and most of them to a conscious experience of its blessedness. The difference between the Christian and pagan Eskimo is strikingly shown in the contrasted portraits of this and the preceding number of this magazine.

In the depth of the Arctic winter of 1904-5 an Eskimo in the employ of Captain Bernier travelled two hundred miles alone, in the endeavor to find the post of Dr. Munsden, the Norwegian explorer, who was trying to locate the magnetic pole. The man succeeded in his attempt, brought back a reply to Dr. Bernier, returned again to Dr. Munsden, and on his return trip badly injured his hand by the discharge of his gun, but still reached safely to the good ship "Arctic."

A visit to Labrador and the Moravian Missions can be made with great ease and comfort by the Reid Company steamers sailing from St. John's, Newfoundland, fortnightly during the summer. St. John's is readily reached from Sidney, Cape Breton, in a romantic journey, by steamship and rail, in forty hours. The ride across Newfoundland in the narrow-gauge Pullman cars is quite a unique experience.

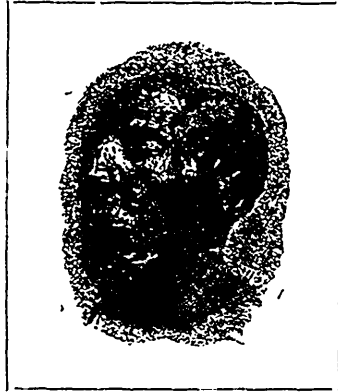
SOME REVENGES OF HISTORY.

BY THE REV. W. HARRISON.



HOW utterly passionless, and how startlingly illustrative of the irreverence of the moderns for the high and mighty potentates of antiquity, is the following well-authenticated account of an occurrence in the custom-house of Cairo not very long ago. Brugsch Bey, the famous explorer of the tombs of ancient Egypt, who discovered the mummy believed by all the authorities to be that of the Pharaoh who oppressed the Israelites, afterwards found another mummy, on the coffin of which was the royal cartouche, indicating that the body was one of the Pharaohs. The explorer was delighted with his discovery, and with great care packed it for conveyance to Cairo. On arriving at the railway station, he was directed to have his "baggage" put in the baggage van. The Bey was concerned about its safety, and insisted on its going in the car with him. The officials consented on condition that the fare was paid as a living passenger. Brugsch Bey accordingly paid Pharaoh's fare, and the mummy went in the passenger coach.

At the custom-house at Cairo a new difficulty arose. The customs officers demanded duty. The Bey explained that the package contained the mummy of a Pharaoh, and that no duty could be levied upon it. But the officers were convinced that it might be made dutiable under some category, and they searched their lists for a suitable class. Finally, we are told, they decided to charge for it



THE HEAD OF SETI I.

as dried fish, on which a duty is imposed. The Bey scorned to contend about the small charge involved, and the mummy having been weighed and the duty paid, the dead body of one of the Pharaohs entered the capital of Egypt as a package of dried fish!

Such is the contempt poured on one who doubtless in his lifetime was a mighty sovereign, and who, no doubt, commanded the homage of all who came into his presence, and wielded the forces of a far-extended empire as well.

If we require further examples of history's pitiless revenges, we may stand for a few moments in the Bulak Museum, in some respects the most suggestive and remarkable collection of relics in the world. There, in a glass case, in a royal gilded coffin, lies a shrunken, withered mummy. The lower limbs are yet wrapped in the cerements of the grave, but the skull is exposed and perfect. The long, hooked Roman nose, the deeply sunken eyeballs, the heavy, square

jaw, tell of the warrior and the conqueror. Notwithstanding the somewhat grotesque disguise of mummification, there is plainly to be seen an air of old-time majesty, of relentless resolve, and of boundless pride.

This pathetic, solemn relic of a human form is no other than the veritable Rameses II., the Pharaoh of the Oppression, whose identity has been established beyond question. For more than twice fifteen hundred years the old tyrant lay in the silent, patient earth, until at last the aggressive empire of the spade broke into this dark resting-place and uncovered before the fierce light of the modern world a face and form with a message all may read.

Here is Moses' playfellow, the object of a strange resurrection, and the source of interest to a curious, gazing, wide-awake, and wondering world. What a fate is this! To lie in utter, worthless impotency for more than three thousand years after the poor glories of a brutal reign are all vanished; to be in possession of the wandering, lawless children of the desert as a prized secret simply for the gain it brought; to be wrangled over for years by the gatherers of ancient relics; to be handled and owned by foreigners whom the old king would have despised and crushed without a tear or sigh; to be borne, without one touching recollection, to a museum where the wrappings of thirty centuries would be stripped off one by one before an assemblage of curious eyes; and to have the merciless, unflattering camera send out to every nation the face and form of one whose power was once feared and obeyed by crowding millions of men, is a destiny where the ironies, humiliations and remorseless revenges of history seem to reach a climax and to point a tale that all may read.



THE PROFILE OF RAMESES II.

What a "find" the antiquarian has made! And how carefully, yet without a moment's hesitation, the uncomplaining scissors clip and clip, until the last shred of the winding-sheet is removed, and cool science discloses the cruel despot of the Oppression for the candid comment of a curious world, as it looks and passes on!

But what a fate! To be held up on infamy's high stage for ever as a hard, cruel man, for the condemnation of every succeeding age! The matter and manner of splendid burial are only a passing show; but character is enduring, and time's long and honest years will repeat the verdict until the solemn end. What an awful, immortal pre-eminence is this for a human being to secure—a memory for wrong-doing written out in the everlasting custody of the printed page, which no ruin can hide, and

which no grave can keep within its dark and cold embrace!

Surely these dark, vast figures in time's far-off exciting drama "are gone because of destruction, Egypt shall gather them up," and "Pharaoh the king is but a noise, he hath passed the time appointed."

In letters deep and clear we are assured that violence, pride, selfishness, unrighteousness, may have power, but it is a power that is doomed to perish; thrones and dominions, but they cannot stand the forces which assail them; crowns, nevertheless, they are apparitional and fading; glory, yet it is but a gilded, dazzling

fiction which the moral order of the universe in its solemn, resistless march will not fail to lay in graves on which no resurrection dawn will ever rise.

Pharaoh, the oppressor! The toy and sport of a few Arab rascals, and the prime curiosity in a museum where the most flippant tourist may stand awhile and muse over the changes which have buried cities and empires in the dust, and left these poor remnants as mute reminders of the remorseless humiliations which are in store for all the scoundrels and heartless Pharaohs of to-day.

Cornwall, P.E.I.

THE SHEPHERD'S LITTLE SON.

BY EMMA A. LENTE.

"O mother, mother, wake, I pray! How canst thou sleep to-night?
I hear strange sounds along the wind, the sky is streaked with light;
There's something stirring in the air that doth my heart affright!"

"Nay, nay, my child, lie still and sleep,
Safe as the lambs the shepherds keep."

"O mother, come beside the door and hear the music sweet,
And see those glittering forms that float along with movements fleet;
And, O, the star! it shines so bright it makes my pulses beat."

"Nay, nay, my son, thou dost but dream;
By night things are not what they seem."

"O mother, would that I had gone with father on this night!
You thought it was too chill and dark, but, see, how very light!
O, let me follow—'tis not far—I'll haste with all my might!"

"Nay, child; come, rest thee in thy bed,
And sleep these troubles from thy head."

"O mother, mother, do not sleep! an angel draweth near;
The shepherds' field is all aglow, but they are bowed with fear;
The angel speaks—what does he say? O mother, help me hear!"

"O hush thee, hush, my restless child,
And cease thy fancies strange and wild!"

"O mother, now I hear! he says a Babe is born this night;
In yonder town He lies asleep—a fair and holy sight!
It is His birth-star in the sky that shines so wondrous bright!"

"Nay, nay, my child; thou dost but dream;
It is the olden stars that gleam."

"O mother, wake and run with me—for, see, the shepherds go!—
There's one will carry me across the frosty fields, I know.
To where the little Baby lies whom angels herald so!"

The mother slept, nor followed down
Her little son to Bethlehem town!

WOMANHOOD AND SERVICE.

AN ADDRESS GIVEN AT THE EPWORTH LEAGUE CONVENTION,
DENVER, COLORADO, JULY, 1905.

BY ISABELLE HORTON.

Author of "The Burden of the City."*



VICTOR HUGO says in his description of a French nun, "She had a sublime capacity for flinging herself away." If God has given woman the capacity to "love much," and a sublime capacity for "flinging herself away" for that which she loves, is it not because somewhere in this great world of His there is need for all this abandon of service and sacrifice?

There are many such cries of need from many lands, and from many fields in our home-land. I may be pardoned if I direct your thought to but one to-night, but that one I believe to be the most important, the most dangerous, the most immediate crisis the Church has to meet in this twentieth century. I mean the cry from the heart of our great cities.

Will you go with me a thousand miles eastward, to where our great in-

* Miss Horton's stirring book, "The Burden of the City," is a call to duty like that of the Hebrew prophets, a book whose pathos grips the heart with a strange power. She speaks of a need whose depths she has sounded, of a healing which has never failed. Out of her own experience in Deaconess work in Chicago comes this summons to service with its blessed reward. In our own cities, Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg, the same problems face us which have reached a still more acute poignancy in Chicago and New York. The same old Gospel which met the needs of Ephesus, and Corinth, and Rome, is still the antidote for all the evils of our modern civilization. The introductory paragraphs of Miss Horton's address at Denver are omitted, but its substance is given.—Ed.

land metropolis sits upon the rim of the lakes? We will not stop in the suburbs where lovely villas sit among their embowering trees; nor along the boulevard flanked by stately homes and grand cathedrals. We will go on to where a cheap, narrow thoroughfare stretches for miles through the city's heart, and where its pall of smoke hangs heavily. It is Saturday night, and late. The hucksters' carts, the beer-wagons and coal-wagons have gone home. But the street-cars plunge ceaselessly up and down, almost within arm's length of the sidewalk. The walks are thronged with people sitting on door-steps, or moving restlessly up and down, and among them are hundreds of children, many of them wee, bare-footed toddlers. Saloons are everywhere. The perspiring bartenders pass the foaming glasses across the counters in full view from the street. Women and children are not infrequently among their patrons

You have a sense of not feeling at home. You hear the chatter of unknown tongues about you. Within the space of a block you may look into the faces of swarthy Bohemians, fair-haired Germans, and dark-eyed Greeks, Italians and Jews. Even the names on the shop doors are strange and foreign.

From the main thoroughfare on either side run dark, narrow, unpaved streets, and between these is a network of still narrower alleys and crooked passageways; but in the nar-

rowest and most noisome of these you may still find the group in the doorway—women with elbows on knees and chin in hands, or with babies in their arms, and dirty children playing in the street. This is their hour of recreation, their only relief from the heat and burden of the day.

The best houses are smoke-grimed and dingy, the worst are mere rotting and miserable hovels. They open directly on the sidewalk, and jostle and crowd one another at sides and rear. If you enter, you will find them bare and comfortless. Probably the remains of the evening meal still stands upon the table. There is neither tablecloth nor napkin. A half loaf of bread and the knife lying beside it, a bit of oily butter possibly, a few cracked dishes, a teapot, or, if the family are foreigners and your call is unexpected, a beer pitcher. In some of these close, dark rooms an aged grandmother or perhaps an invalid or crippled child will sit panting for air.

Should you have entered in the daytime when the sun beat pitilessly upon the unshaded windows and frail walls you would wonder how any human being could live in the foul atmosphere. Yet these women have toiled there for hours, and weeks, and years. I never wonder that the children take to the streets, the low-browed, sullen men to the saloon, and the women to the sidewalks when night comes.

All around is squalor, ignorance, brutishness—sin, you will say, but I am not so sure about that. Evil there certainly is—sin there is somewhere—that is equally certain; but sin means a wilful turning away from good, does it not? and these people, it seems to me, have had little choice. Perhaps the sin is with those to whom God has given much that they might share with the oppressed. Perhaps our Lord has a message for these people who sit in darkness, a message that

can only be given through a life, as He himself was God's message to the world, and He has no one to carry the message; and so the sin may come to be my sin, and your sin.

But sin or not, here are certainly the effects of sin—vice and degradation, and stolid, hopeless indifference.

And this is but a glimpse of the whole, a sample of conditions that stretch away for black miles, and miles, and miles. You may stand upon the steps of the rambling old mission church here, and know that within one-half mile of you, upon either side, there live more than forty-one thousand human beings, and, if it interests you to reflect upon it, this is the only English-speaking Protestant church within far more than that territory.

And this dark flood, this drift left by the whirling currents of city population, is rapidly growing, and its conditions may be duplicated in every great city in the land. Not only are our own unfortunates sinking into it day by day, but it is being even more rapidly augmented from foreign lands. Almost a million have been added to it within the present twelvemonth. These people—the least desirable of all the floods that Europe has poured upon our shores—come, not to push westward and to develop and build up the country, as did the Scandinavians and Germans half a century ago, but to huddle helplessly together in the already congested portions of our great cities. Even the dauntless man at the White House stands appalled at the problems they are forcing upon us.

Stop immigration, you say? But that's for the law-makers. And even if this inflow could be checked at once—which it cannot be—we have a serious enough problem with the millions already here.

Thus far the Church has not regarded the down-town problem seri-

ously. A Methodist minister, speaking of one of the down-town churches, said to me, "Oh, we can't do anything here, except sell the church. Why, the district is filling up with foreigners, and the American people are all moving out."

This has represented only too well the attitude of the Church at large. But we can depend upon it, if the church and the school cannot take hold of these masses and implant in them the leaven of Christian citizenship, there will be little demand for either church or school by the middle of the century. We *must* civilize them or they will heathenize us.

We think it worth while to send missionaries to foreigners, if they live across the sea. We support an institution at great cost to convert the Catholics in Rome; our missionaries suffer martyrdom in their efforts to plant the banner of Protestantism in Catholic Mexico and South America, and we leave Catholicism, and ignorance and superstition to flourish unmolested among the foreigners in our own land.

But if we *could* reconcile our consciences to do nothing for these foreigners, because they are our own, we must not forget that there is growing up amongst them a generation who are not foreigners, but American citizens. Already they speak our language, and hurrah for our flag. This army of children—thousands upon thousands of them—are coming on to be an important factor in our national life. Can we leave them to the education of the street and saloon, of the public school, from which all religion is eliminated, and of the parochial school, with its narrow bigotry and superstition? Here we find the beginnings of a new and vigorous life—the raw material for a new citizenship. *Shall not Methodism lay a moulding hand upon that citizenship?* Our Church has

made a proud record in the past—must it fail in this crisis?

The situation demands strenuous effort. It is not a field for easy philanthropy. These children are bold, and dirty, and saucy; they are turbulent, restless, and uncontrollable—girls as well as boys. Jacob Riis says there is a time in every child's life when he thinks he knows more than his parents; the trouble with these children is, they really do. I know youngsters of ten or twelve who can swear at their fathers in three different languages, while the father can but understand them in but one. Having thrown off restraint in the home they do not take kindly to it elsewhere. They fear neither God, man, nor—anything but a policeman, and they can usually outwit him. And yet, when once their confidence is won, they are loyal to the core. One of my own small proteges had been sent away to a reform school, and in writing back signed himself, by a slip of the pen, I suppose, "Your loving fiend, Fritzie," and it seemed not altogether inappropriate.

But the practical point is, that children are here, and whether we will or not, we *must* deal with them. Almost 17,000 of them in that small radius of one-half mile, of which I told you. If we cannot make good citizens of them we shall still have them to support in prisons and penitentiaries and poorhouses—unless we hang them, and even hanging is expensive. A year ago a gang of boy bandits was broken up in Chicago, and three of the ringleaders were hung. None of them was over twenty-one years old. There were laid to their charge eight murders, and robberies amounting to many thousands of dollars. In addition to this it cost the city \$65,000 to try and execute them. This makes no account of the tears of sisters and brothers, of the broken hearts of the mothers, above

all of the influence, black as night, going out from those lives to curse other boys. Sixty-five thousand dollars, just to put them out of the world, after their career of crime was finished! That money would have supported for fifteen or twenty years a mission that is dealing with hundreds of just such boys as those were, and saving scores of them to Christian citizenship.

Either for good or evil, there are tremendous forces at work among these children. There is always something doing where they are. It might just as well be something good as something bad, only the mischief is always at hand, and the good is not. We fail to make sufficient account of this matter of environment.

One day I heard our pastor say to one of our boys: "Charlie, with the chance you have here, and the care and patience Miss Blank lavishes upon you, you ought to be one of the best boys in the city."

After the boy was gone I said to the pastor: "Mr. Satterfield, how much did it take to make you and me good and respectable? My father was a Methodist minister; what was yours?" He said, "My father was a preacher too." I said, "Charlie's father is a drunken Bohemian teamster. Since I was born I heard my father read night and morning in the Bible and pray for his children. Charlie never heard a prayer in his home in his life, and but few anywhere. His mother's idea of discipline is to hit him over the head with a poker if she can catch him, but as she usually cannot, she takes it out in swearing and abuse. I never dreamed of a Sunday without church and Sunday-school. I didn't dare look my dolls in the face on the Sabbath day. But Charlie—well, I suppose he has a conscience, but it never troubles him for doing wrong,

but only for getting found out. And then it never lets him rest until he has properly punished the fellow that 'snitched.'

"Moreover," I said, "I suppose you lived in the country, as I did—in God's out-of-doors—where clover fields, and blue skies, and trees were all beautiful as God made them. Charlie lives in an old basement on Canal Street. He never sees grass or flowers, or anything that God made, but only broken sidewalks and hideous, smoke-grimed old tenements. Even his sky is shut in with walls and dimmed with smoke. Everything about the child is as ugly as sin. How can it help entering into his soul and making that black and ugly too. And yet," I said, "with all this difference, I am no better than I ought to be, while Charlie has quit smoking, and stealing, and craps, and Sunday theatres, since he joined our club, and did you see him in prayer-meeting the other night, kneeling with the rest of us? He's frightfully handy with his fists yet, among the boys, but it's too much to expect him to be a saint all at once, just because he has one friend who stands up for him."

One evening a little fellow of eleven or twelve dashed up to my room and said, "I saved a collision over on Johnson Street just now."

It seemed that a street-car was crossing the line of the Central Railroad tracks. It was growing dark, the gates were open, and a train was coming. The boy shouted to the motorman, but no one pays any attention to a boy screaming on the sidewalk. Then his skill in "hopping cars" came to his aid, and, never thinking of his own danger, he sprang aboard and shouted in the motorman's ear, "Don't you see that train?" With a jerk of the brakes the man stopped the car so suddenly that the conductor

was flung from the platform, and the glass front of the car was crushed, but no one was seriously hurt.

"What did they say to you?" I asked the boy. "Did they arrest you for jumping aboard the cars?"

"Aw," he said; "they didn't say nawthin'. Everybody was talkin' and sayin' that it wasn't their fault, and the man that takes the tickets, he was askin' everybody's names and writin' 'em in his book. I says to the r.otor-man, 'Did I do all right? Did I help any?' and he says, 'Yes, yes, boy, you done all right,' so I come away."

Is not such a boy worth saving? I know of a surety that his morals are not irreproachable, but he took his life in his hands to save others, and I call him a hero.

Among these children the work of the teacher, the specialist, is indispensable. The lack of home care and training leaves a wide field for this kind of missionary effort. Where the mother knows nothing of sewing, and there is scarcely needle or thread to be found in the homes, the mission sewing-school becomes a necessity. It is the same with cooking and other domestic arts. The boys are as ignorant of the use of saw and hammer as they are of Sanscrit. Even the country boy's harmless and necessary jack-knife becomes, in the hands of his little brother of the alley a weapon of sinister omen. "He carries a knife," is said of one with exactly the same inference with which one would say, "He has a revolver," or a billy, or a slung-shot.

But even the worst of these unruly urchins are sometimes more amenable to feminine than to masculine control, our brothers themselves being witness. I was talking one day with a man well known as a writer on social topics, and asked his advice about securing a young man to take charge of our boys' club work. He said, "Why do

you get a man for that work?" "Because," I said, "because—why—of course. A man would be able to control them better, and having been a boy himself, he *ought* to understand their heathenish ways."

"Not at all," said the great man, calmly. "You get a good woman to take hold of that work. You'd have to have a first-class man, an extraordinary man, to take hold of a proposition like that, and he'd have to have a big salary."

"Oh," I said, "we haven't much money. We should have to find a cheap man, who loved the work; a sort of deaconess man."

"I'm afraid you can't find one," said he, "but you can get three or four first-class women for what you'd pay one man, and they'd do better anyway. That's my advice."

I was humiliated by his cheapening of women's work, but I reflected upon his advice. I remembered that through the winter I had had a couple of young lady cadets from the Swedish Sloyd school to teach our class in carpentering. When the summer vacation came I thought I was exceedingly fortunate in securing the services of a competent and experienced man to take the class for a six weeks' term. But the boys surveyed the new teacher and walked out in a body. They wanted a woman teacher, they said, "one who knew something." And this, you understand, was to teach them to drive nails, to whittle sticks, and to make boats and boxes.

I also remembered that within a few months we had had three different Y.M.C.A. students to take the gymnasium work. The last one was a young Hercules for size and strength, and my club boys ran him out in six weeks. I had persuaded a stalwart young medical student to undertake their Sunday-school class, and they fell out in a month. So I concluded

that within certain limits my learned friend knew what he was talking about.

When the Church comes to look these down-town problems fairly in the face, and begins to grapple with them in earnest, it will find that, not only among children, but among the adults, the great burden of the work will be done, can only be done, by the women folks. I am not going to lift one atom of responsibility from the shoulders of our brothers. I hope to see the time when the best brains and the finest culture in the ministry are found in just these places.

And there is work for laymen to do. If there is anything in your beautiful City of Denver that I covet—that I would like to take back to Chicago—it is not your splendid new State House, of which you are so proud—not your Rocky Mountains that tower protectingly above you—it is your judge of the Juvenile Court and his able assistant, Dr. Merrill. I wish we had a score of such men at work there.

There is enough for men like them to do. But there is plenty that they cannot do. There must be so much of the personal contact, of hand-to-hand, heart-to-heart work, that only those who have a "sublime capacity for flinging themselves away" upon details, apparently trivial, will have the courage to undertake and to persevere in it. Take the mere matter of racial antagonism, for instance. As much finesse, as much social tact and diplomacy, are needed to bring Mrs. Morony, and Mrs. Skubinsky, and Mrs. Olson, and Mrs. Essenmacher together in the social club, and to affiliate them with the plain Browns and Robinsons, as to steer clear of breakers in a court drawing-room.

Above all, how much there is needed in homes of poverty and sorrow the patience, the subtle sympathy—the something that understands—

the pity that presses so close to the burdened heart that somehow it can share the burden!

A visitor once stood in the home of a poor Bohemian woman and listened to her story of misfortune. The husband, who drove an ice-wagon, had crushed his hand, and been for a long time out of work, and there had not been bread enough for the hungry children. Then sickness came, and with it debt. "First, Proslav got a measles," she said, "den Vina, she got a measles, den de baby, and there was all my five childrens sick wid de measles." The doctor came, and his bill, though not large, meant pinching economy for months if it was ever paid. The poor woman said, with tears rolling down her cheeks, "I try to be a good woman; I do no harm to anybody; I know not why all this trouble comes to me."

It was a hard question, and one that the visitor felt it was vain to try to answer. But she looked upon the wall where hung a picture of the Christ, with thorn-crowned head and bleeding heart—a cheap and tawdry thing, but telling its message of love and pity. "I don't know why it is," she said, "but you see He suffered too. He knows," and then, because her own heart was aching with the pity of it she kissed the heavy-eyed baby in the mother's arms, and went her way, and forgot it.

But the mother did not forget. Months afterward the deaconess came again with a little gift for the child, who was on her cradle roll. But the heavy-eyed baby was gone, and a tinier baby was in the mother's arms. She brought a faded picture of the dead child, and said: "You remember him, lady?—Frankie—the baby you kissed, standing right there by the door?" All those months that touch of sympathy had left its tender spot in the mother's heart, and the visitor, bewildered to see how much it had

meant, wondered if perhaps the little one had taken that kiss—less, even, than a cup of cold water—and laid it at the Saviour's feet.

A wise man said to me the other day, "I think I've found out your secret; you love your people." I said to him, "What business would I have with them if I did not? That's no secret."

Tolstoi says: "We think there are circumstances where we may deal with human beings without love, and there are no such circumstances. We may deal with things without love. We may hew down trees, hammer iron, make bricks without love; but we may not deal with people without love." And a greater than Tolstoi, speaking with authority, said: "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

If once we could but believe that! If even the Church of Christ would accept it as the sane, perfect, and possible law of faith and practice, it would do more to eliminate the bitterness of social strife than all the policemen in the country. Instead, we make our appeal to law. Law must be enforced. The laws must be obeyed. The words do sound large and fine, and we make them our slogan of battle. We forget that human law is but a tool, a machine, a weapon, perhaps a whip with a stinging lash. And with hatred in the hand that wields it, it can bring but a harvest of hatred, and riots, and tumult in return. It can never bring lasting peace in the strife between masses and classes.

But if we will accept it, there is a power above law, greater than law, a power that makes not for oppression, but for righteousness. Until this power is recognized in business, civilization will continue to be but a series of struggles between rich and poor, between labor and capital, between selfish brain and selfish brawn. Human reason has figured it out that

God is law; God is force. But inspiration says, God is love; and His law is love.

The Church has the secret of this power, if secret there be. To woman's hand especially has been committed the sceptre of its authority. What matter if we are not law-makers? We will conquer by the sign of the cross, the sign of utter sacrifice for love's sake. The symbol of humility, and service, and suffering, but the symbol, too, of the power that guides all power—of the silent, irresistible force that sooner or later must bring all forces under its control because it is of the essence of God Himself.

In the conflicts between capital and labor, law has been administered, sometimes in heroic doses, to the foreign laboring classes, while the Church has for the most part let them severely alone. Is it not time the Church took a hand in this controversy? *Dare* she stand between the two contestants, and preach to both alike the great Commandment—and not only preach but practise it? And then let her send her women to publish the tidings, a great host, into by-way and alley and slum.

It is possible that in adapting itself to present conditions in a country that is undergoing "such an inpouring of people from all corners of the earth as the world has never seen," the Church may have to change somewhat, not its power, but its machinery, perhaps to add new machinery to what it already has. The power must be harnessed, and made practical. Love for humanity must be incarnated in service to humanity. These cannot be separated. Love not expressed in service is but mysticism; service not inspired by divine love is but cold humanitarianism. Either alone is but half a gospel. Together they form the ideal Christian life.

Have we ever thought that in the picture Christ gives of the judgment,

that last dread day of final adjustment, everything hinges upon this question of service? The test is not, after all, How many thrills of holy rapture have you experienced, how many prayers have you offered, how many words of testimony spoken? but, How have you ministered to the Lord Jesus in His humanity? Have you fed the hungry, clothed the needy, visited the sick and suffering, even the prisoner in his cell? What have you done for humanity? That tells the story.

And when the Lord asked of Peter, "Lovest thou me?" what did He demand as a testimony of that love? Three times—"Feed my sheep"—"Feed my lambs."

The service must be real and genuine—often toilsome and painful, but what of that? Let us be done with the sentimentalism of too much of our literature. We read of criminals converted by a kind word said by a passing stranger; of a smile and a tract from the pretty new Sunday-school teacher starting a wharf-rat on the way to become a philanthropical millionaire; of a flower bringing a Magdalen to the feet of the Saviour. And we come to think a life of Christian service mere diletantism.

I do not say such things never happen. The spark of the divine lies deep hidden in the heart of fallen humanity, and the Holy Spirit is ever waiting to convey the answering flash from the heart of God. Such things do happen; but they belong to the unusual, to the marvellous. But we dwell upon them until they seem common. Lazy human nature loves to see great results with small outlay. So we come to believe that we have only to walk through the city's streets sowing smiles and flowers, and little acts of easy kindness to reap a harvest of grateful hearts and redeemed lives.

But life is too precious to be bought so easily. There must be long and

patient watching, and toil, and heart-aches, and tears, and desperate holding on to God, and conquering faith, if we would win these submerged lives from bondage, and give God His own. Why should we expect to do the Master's work so easily, when He gave drops of blood and sweat of agony? Even the poor themselves shame our half-hearted service in the kindnesses they show one to another.

You go into a little home of two bare rooms and find that they have taken in a stranger, a poor woman turned on the street for rent. There is but one bed, and the husband gives the stranger his place, and sleeps on the floor. How many times have we sent the wanderer on rather than disturb our immaculate guest room?

In another home you find a cheery-faced woman sweating over the wash-tub, her head tied up with a handkerchief, and an odor of camphor in the air. It is late, the room is in disorder, the children, happy, but dirty, have turned the chairs upside down. The little mother explains that across the way there is a dead babe lying in its coffin; and as that mother has six children while she has but three, and as the other mother is quite ill, while she has but a headache, and both are very poor, she has brought over the family washing, to do it for her. Why, if I did things like that I should think I deserved a halo. And they are done quite as a matter of course by those who suffer and know what pain and poverty are.

In the deaconess order, properly directed and inspired, the Church has an arm of power that can help it to reach these masses, and to solve these problems, in so far as they can be solved in one generation. And in what way can woman better pay her obligations as a citizen than in helping to save to society, to the Church, and to the State these peoples who have sought with us an asylum from Old-

World oppression? Love and service are the watchwords of the order. "Your servants for Jesus' sake," its motto.

But we should consider that *service* need not be *servitude*. The deaconess is not the bond-servant, but the sister-servant. As Paul says, "Our sister—a servant of the church." Paul knew the difference between the service that is sold for money and that which is freely given for love of Christ and in His name. There is no great uplifting joy in a commercial transaction, however honest and honorable it may be. Too often we measure a man's worth by what he gets, when we should measure it by what he gives to the world. A man *must* take from the world, in return for what he gives it, a shelter for his head, food and clothing for his comfort and health. If he must also sell the service of brain and heart for fine broadcloth, for costly equipage, for jewels, and the luxuries of the table—that is the pity of it. But if he can live *superior* to broadcloth and damask, and give to the world royally of his manhood—that is the glory of it.

And the Church needs women for service who can give thus royally. Women of such unquestioned ability that cynics will not dare measure the value of the service by the dole that is received for it. Women who can wear their gowns of serge like a queen's robe, and never dream it a sacrifice.

And if women can be found who are willing—glad—to give the *best* things—patience, and sympathy, and love, and life itself to the cause of the people, should not the Church stand behind them with its gold and silver? Not doled out in penny collections, just enough to keep the light of hope from going out altogether, but royally, with bank-cheques that will put heart and life into struggling institutions, that will build in the slums edifices for glory and for beauty suited for

new and practical uses, centres of life and light to burdened women, to sin-enclaved men and to neglected children; buildings to which we can point with pride and say: "This is what Methodism is doing for the masses; this is our faith in the promises of God."

Then we need women especially trained for service. Women who are not only good, but good for something, definite and special. We want kindergartners, and nurses, teachers of domestic science and gymnasium work, teachers of all kinds of useful and practical things, above all—*teachers—leaders*.

We older women are soon to be dropping out of the ranks. Life goes fast in this work, much of it can be put into twelve years. We were but the advance guard anyway—emergency women, holding the fort until the regularly trained militia can be brought up. And as we falter and fall from the ranks we want to know that we are passing the work on to younger hands, stronger, better trained, more faithful, more efficient than we ever were, who will carry the banner of the King on to victory.

There are such women *here* tonight. Are you satisfied with your present life? I do not ask if you are busy—who ever heard of a woman who was not busy? But are you doing the best things you are capable of—things that are worth while? You are sitting and weighing the chances and counting the cost, and thinking, perhaps, of the sacrifice. Let me say to you, my sisters, there is no sacrifice in His service. If God is calling you to His great white harvest fields I bid you accept the call with uplifted faces as a royal commission not less honorable than that of any queen on her throne; and if you truly serve for love of Christ and in His name, you need not envy the happiness of any woman on earth.

SOCIAL LIFE IN RUSSIA.

BY L. VILLARI.



WHAT at once strikes the stranger on entering Russia is the very Asiatic character of the country and people, and a long stay only confirms him in this impression. Russia is in Europe, but not of it, and we feel at once that we are among a people wholly different from ourselves or our immediate neighbors. The groups of peasants at the wayside stations, in their red shirts, sheepskin coats, fur caps, and high boots, the women in brightly-colored kerchiefs, the primitive carts, the wretched cottages, the general air of squalor and untidiness, and the casual way in which everything is done, recall the East rather than the West, in spite of sleeping-cars and electric light.

When I say that Russia is an Asiatic country, I do not mean that the people are of non-Aryan race. Although it contains an immense number of different races, belonging to almost every branch of the human family, the great majority of the Czar's subjects are pure Slavs, and therefore Aryans. But they have been in contact with and even governed by Orientals for many generations, and have imbibed their traditions and habits. The Russians are a western people who have lived outside the western system, and as part of the eastern world, until Peter the Great and his successors tried to graft a brand-new civilization on to them.

Peter tried to convert the Russians into Europeans, but by the methods of an Oriental despot. He ordered

the people to become civilized then and there. They were horror-struck at this impious subverting of cherished customs, but like good subjects they obeyed. They cut off their beards, they adopted western attire, they aped French or German manners, they learnt foreign languages, they accepted western institutions, and they called their sovereign Gosudar Imperator instead of Czar. Under Peter's successors, especially Catharine II. and Alexander II., the work of Europeanization was carried on. But the character of the masses remained unchanged—mediæval, barbarous, and Asiatic. Hence the glaring contrasts which perpetually confront us. The highest classes show an outward refinement and a cosmopolitan culture that savor of the banks of the Seine rather than of those of the Neva; they also indulge in an ostentatious extravagance and immorality reminiscent of the later empire. We see side by side great wealth and the most grinding and sordid poverty, high culture and incredible ignorance, servile docility and outbursts of savagery.

In the large towns there are railways, trams, smart shops, fine hospitals, large hotels, all the outward attributes of civilization. Nay, more: in intellectual circles we are startled by the most daring and advanced views, that would be surprising even in western Europe. The most extreme Socialism and Anarchism, the most destructive criticism of existing institutions, the latest theories of art, literature, and philosophy, find enthusiastic exponents in Holy Russia. On the other hand, there are immense

rural districts utterly untouched by the modern world—without railways, roads, or schools, inhabited by peasants of incredible ignorance, tilling the ground with ploughs more primitive than those described in the *Georgics*, and leading lives compared with which that of French serfs at the time of the Crusades was highly advanced.

These conditions exist even in the towns: the bazaars of Moscow and St. Petersburg, not to mention those of provincial centres, are fragments of the East, where business is carried on as it was in mediæval Europe, and is still at Constantinople or Bagdad. Even among the cultured classes one meets instances of surprising ignorance. In spite of imperial ukases Russia has been untouched by the three great movements which have moulded and formed modern Europe—the classical renaissance, the Reformation, and the French Revolution. The Russian Church has remained unchanged by any great revival or reform, crystallized since the ninth century. All-powerful though it be, upheld by State protection and popular fanaticism, it lacks the living spirit; its theology is but the rattle of dry bones, its priests ignorant peasants, its monks cenobites of the desert, its episcopate a splendid anachronism. As for political revival, its total absence is testified by every detail of Russian life.

Another dominant note is the terrible monotony of the country. One may travel for days across vast unending plains, unrelieved by the tiniest of hills, sometimes without even a tree or a house for miles, passing apparently the same stations, the same towns and villages, the same peasants. One's travelling companions belong to certain set types which are unvarying from one end of the country to the other. The *tchinovnik* (official),

invariably in uniform; the fur-coated nobleman; the untidy female who takes off her jacket, smokes squashy cigarettes, and pesters the guard for hot water to make tea at every station; the dirty, strong-looking, keen-eyed *mujik* (peasant); the greasy, grey-robed priest; above all, the eternal blue-coated gendarme on every platform—these characters you see repeated countless times. The provincial towns, with their long, broad, ill-paved streets, their ugly, badly-built houses, painted the most gaudy colors; their untidy, noisy, and somewhat disreputable hotels; their flamboyant churches, are, with few exceptions, all exactly alike, utterly lacking in characteristic features.

The Czar and Grand Dukes.

What sort of a society has grown up amidst all these incongruities? The Czar, a ruler with infinite power for good or evil if he be a man of character, is regarded as a semi-divinity by the mass of his people. But the present occupant of the throne is a man of good instincts, perhaps, but weak, hysterical, not over-burdened with brains, and brought up in an utterly false atmosphere, where he learned to see things in an entirely wrong focus. Intensely superstitious and obstinate, he is swayed now by one set of opinions, now by another—by Grand Dukes, by spiritualist mediums, by meteorologists, by company promoters, by the notorious procurator of the Holy Synod, and by peace enthusiasts. The Empress-Dowager is said to exercise the strongest permanent influence over him, but in favor of reaction: as the widow of his "never-to-be-forgotten father," she deems it her duty to guard him against all dangerous contact with liberalism. But it is the numerous bevy of Grand Dukes which constitute the worst influence in the coun-

try, each with his own establishment, his own court, his own set of intrigues and scandals, disliked and despised by all classes, and regarded as the *fontes et origines mali*. They are the most strenuous opponents of reform, because they derive every advantage from the continuance of the existing order of things. Russians delight in recounting discreditable exploits of which the Grand Dukes are heroes, which form an unending topic of conversation among the educated classes.

Then comes the bureaucracy, a vast unwieldy machine, spreading its ramifications all over the country, tyrannical, inefficient, troublesome, affecting every aspect of national life, and formed into an elaborate hierarchy closely akin to Chinese mandarinism. The Russian Government is a vast business concern, owning immense tracts of land, forest, mines, railways, and all kinds of industries. At the same time it exercises a powerful control over private undertakings. Many of the individual officials are honest and capable men, but the system is such that a premium is placed on corruption. The salaries are absurdly low—fifty roubles (\$25) a month is not at all unusual—but the officials enjoy an immense amount of arbitrary power. They must keep up appearances, and by nature the Russian is inclined to be extravagant: men earning \$50 a month will not hesitate to spend \$100 on a single evening's entertainment. Hence bills, debts, and the acceptance of bribes.

The most important section of the bureaucracy is the police, which, in fact, really governs the country. It comes into closest touch with the population in every walk of life, for there are police agents in countless villages where there is no other Government official. These police are of several different kinds—gorodovoi

(town police), gendarmes, secret police, etc. A form of police administration which is particularly surprising to the foreigner is the *dvornik* system. Every town house has one or more *dvorniks* (porters), who are paid by the landlord but responsible to the police, by whom they are appointed. They are responsible for every one who enters or leaves the house, and must report the suspicious goings-on of any tenant. But it often happens that people really desirous of escaping notice "square" the *dvornik* by a judicious tip to shut his eyes. The *dvorniks* must assist the ordinary police in executing arrests or maintaining order. When a *gorodovoi* has executed an arrest, he summons the nearest *dvornik*, who escorts the prisoner to the police station. On the occasion of processions and other public functions I have seen rows of *dvorniks* lining the streets helping to keep order. Of the extreme cases of police oppression, of men and women hauled out of bed at night, and perhaps never heard of again, I shall not speak, for English readers are familiar with them. But it is not so generally known that the Russian police is extraordinarily inefficient. The famous secret police is for me a lost illusion.

An institution closely connected with the police *régime* is the passport which may be regarded almost as the pivot round which Russian town life revolves. A peasant who does not leave his native village is exempt from having a passport, which is a form of taxation. But any one who wishes to travel must be provided with one, and show it at all requests. As soon as he arrives at an inn the landlord asks him for it, and sends it to the police, who affix their *visa* to it. If he has no passport no hotel will receive him, and he is liable to immediate arrest. If he wishes to leave the country he

must get an authorization from the police to cross the frontier affixed to the precious document. The object of all these elaborate regulations is to enable the authorities to control the movements of the population, and know the whereabouts of any person at any given moment. But the system is not carried out thoroughly—few things are in Russia.

The Czar's subjects are divided by law into four classes unequal in size, almost castes, and this division is an important feature of Russian social life. The law recognizes four main classes—viz., nobles, burghers, clergy and peasants; but these names do not quite correspond to similar expressions in western Europe. The nobles are not a feudal estate, but an official order. They are, as their name implies, courtiers, and owe the origin of their privileges and advantages to the favor of the Czar. Their estates are merely sources of revenue, and have no connection with their rank or position. Nobility is closely bound up with the service of the State; indeed, until recent times a noble who did not enter the public service lost his nobility, while to this day a noble who has no Government position enjoys very little consideration, which, of course, leads to absenteeism. An official, on the other hand, who reaches a certain grade in the official hierarchy becomes a noble. Nobles are personal or hereditary; in the case of the latter the dignity extends to all the sons. Consequently the aristocracy is extremely numerous, and its ranks have been further recruited by numbers of dispossessed Circassian, Tartar, Siberian and Kalmuck tribal chiefs. Many of the nobles are men of great patriotism and liberal ideas, while others are reactionary bureaucrats or mere empty-headed voluptuaries. Among the ladies of the aristocracy

are to be found many women of wide culture and superior intellect.

The burghers are divided into several groups, of which one has some curious characteristics—viz., the merchants. Russian merchants are divided into guilds, not according to the character of their trades, as in mediæval Europe, but according to the importance of their business. The old-fashioned Moscow *kupietz* is a very primitive person, uneducated, often illiterate, narrow-minded, conservative, but possessed of considerable business shrewdness, which enables him sometimes to build up an enormous fortune. In manners he is hardly above the humble *mujik*, but although he leads a home life of great simplicity, he occasionally indulges in outbursts of Oriental ostentation and splendor. Usually he wears the traditional costume of his class—a long frock-coat-tunic, high boots, and flat cap—and is a mighty drinker. He is seen at his best when, after a good stroke of business, he celebrates the occasion at one of the large Moscow restaurants. He invites a party of boon companions, and hires a *cabmet particulier* for the evening. All the most expensive dishes are ordered, champagne flows like water, and everybody gets royally drunk. Then the mirrors are smashed, the rest of the champagne sprinkled over the flowers or poured down the necks of the guests, and the proceedings close with the upsetting of all the glass and crockery on to the floor. The vagaries of the Moscow merchant are the standing joke of the aristocracy, although their own amusements even in Grand Ducal circles are often of this same description. The *kupietz* conducts his business on old-time methods, and indeed affairs generally in Russia are transacted in quite an Oriental and mediæval way. As for

his commercial integrity, foreign merchants in Russia complain that it is not above suspicion; a great English authority on Russian affairs said that ordinary business is carried on in that country on the same principles as horse-dealing is in others. But within the last few years a new class of educated merchants is growing up, men who have lived abroad, studied modern methods and foreign languages, and are imbued with progressive ideas. It is a class from which the country in future may expect a great deal.

The peasants form the enormous majority of the population of Russia—some 85 per cent. of the total. They are not only in the rural districts, but are very numerous even in the towns, a great many being employed in the urban trades. The mujik is a docile, kind-hearted, childlike creature, utterly uncivilized, elemental, ignorant, and superstitious, inclined to be lazy, but strong and capable of the hardest toil. He is wretchedly poor, and while in normal times he can just rub along, if the crops are but slightly below the average—every year the harvest fails in some part of Russia—he is faced with starvation. He is improvident in the fat years, frequently in debt, and does not take kindly to agricultural improvements. As members of village communities the majority of the peasants have a plot of land which is inalienable. From the peasants, but especially from the descendants of the unendowed, domestic serfs, the factory hands are largely recruited, and indeed until recent years there was no fixed artisan class, factory labor being carried on by peasants who worked half the year on the land and half in the mill. But the growth of the population, the diminishing fertility of the soil, and the establishment of large modern industries, has brought a class of per-

manent operatives into being, who are the most advanced and intelligent section of the lower orders. Oppressed, badly fed, worse housed, underpaid, yet they are groping in the darkness towards a higher development. The factory is a powerful moulder of character, and in it men acquire a self-reliance and a consciousness of human dignity which had hitherto been lacking in the Russian poor.

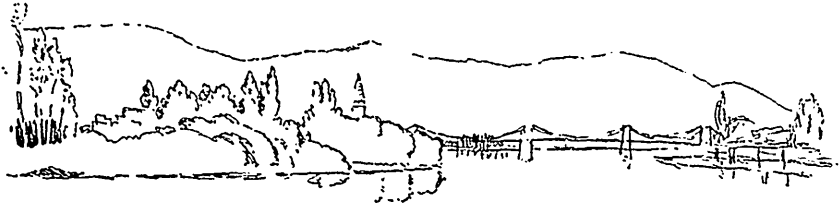
What of the Future?

Out of all these elements what possibility is there of a free and healthy organic nation arising? Things are clearly not well with Russia of today, and some change from the existing régime is inevitable. There is no doubt that the whole country is seething with discontent, and that all intelligent people feel that there must be an end to the present state of things. But the various elements of discontent are so scattered, so unconscious of each other, so ill-organized, that one does not see how they are to offer any concerted opposition. The great weakness of the Russian character is its want of organizing ability, and this is seen in the army, the civil service, and in business. The problem lies in how best to unite all these divers elements—progressive nobles, "intellectuals," men of business, working men, Socialists, and Constitution-
alists, not to speak of Finns, Poles, Jews, and other non-Russian peoples. The aspirations of these various groups are not always definite. There is a very general but vague desire for thorough reforms, for the purifying of the administration, for education, for greater efficiency in all departments; a hatred of the bureaucracy, and a longing for security against arbitrary arrest, and for some measure of representation. The zemstvos embody these ideas to some extent,

and in a development of their powers many Russians see a dream of future liberties. Against the Czar personally there is little hostility; in fact, the mass of the people still regard him as a sort of benevolent divinity. For a revolution to be successful the country would have to be intellectually prepared for it, as France was by the writers of the eighteenth century; but as yet Russia is too uneducated and too insufficiently knit together. The Government has systematically discouraged education, with such success that close on 85 per cent. of the population are illiterate.

A larger and more difficult question is whether the Russians could make good use of their freedom when they got it. An immense part of the

population is totally unfit for self-government, for it is colossally ignorant; and even the more intelligent classes have no political training. The people need a sound and thoroughly practical education, and the lesson of discipline; for Russians, although ruled by the police, have no real discipline, and are very untidy, as one sees from the condition of most Russian households and the careless way in which everything is done, from affairs of State to keeping a shop. A benevolent despotism, that panacea for the despairing reformer, might seem the ideal government for such a country. But despotism as it is practised in Russia has been weighed in the balance and found wanting.



THE LEGEND OF THE CHRISTMAS ROSE.

BY FRANCIS THOMPSON.

Long years ago—a Christmas legend tells—
A lowly maiden on the Bethlehem plains
Followed the shepherds thro' the starlit night,
Led by the sweetness of angelic strains.

With fleeces soft they lined the stony bed.
She bowed with them in reverent amaze;
But, weeping o'er the babe, she vainly tried
To join their anthems of adoring praise.

And then, 'tis said, a messenger was sent
From the angelic host who watch'd above.
"Why weepst thou?" he asked. "I am so poor,
I have no gift," he said, "to prove my love."

He drew her gently thro' the open door.
She saw the ground illumin'd at her feet;
And lo! upon the turf, unseen before,
Were flowers of starry whiteness, pure and sweet.

"Take these, my child," he said; "their waxen bells
Shall whisper to the world each Christmas morn.
Love needs no offering but its own sweet self.
Who giveth this, for him the Christ is born."

CHRISTMAS ONCE IS CHRISTMAS
STILL.

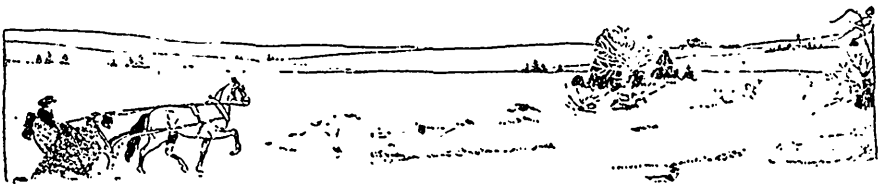
BY PHILLIPS BROOKS.

The silent skies are full of speech
For who hath ears to hear ;
The winds are whispering each to each,
The moon is calling to the beach,
And stars their sacred wisdom teach
Of Faith and Love and Fear.

But once the sky its silence broke,
And song o'erflowed the earth ;
The midnight air with glory shook,
And angels mortal language spoke,
When God our human nature took
In Christ the Saviour's birth.

And Christmas once is Christmas still ;
The gates through which He came,
And forest wild, and murmuring rill,
And fruitful field, and breezy hill,
And all that else the wide world fill,
Are vocal with His name.

Shall we not listen while they sing
This latest Christmas morn,
And music hear in everything,
And faithful lives in tribute bring
To the great song which greets the King
Who comes when Christ is born ?



VENTURES AMONG ARABS.*

BY THE EDITOR.



CROSSING THE DESERT.

This picture was taken from a camel's back as the author rode along. It shows a caravan on the desert. At any sign of danger the camels are brought together and made to kneel down. The Arabs find their way across these trackless plains by watching the sun and stars.



THOUSANDS of persons who attended the great meetings of the Sunday-School Convention last June in Massey Hall, Toronto, must have been impressed with the striking figure dressed in Arab costume who sat upon the platform and gave a stirring address. They did not know, and could not learn from anything he said, how thrilling was his missionary record and what a story of adventure he could have told. That story is here recited and reaffirms the saying,

"Fact is stranger than fiction." We purpose in brief to sketch some of the incidents of his remarkable life, which we hope will so pique the interest of their readers as to make them possess the volume for themselves.

The first chapter describes the initiation of Mr. Forder to his mission work in Moab. He had been four days on the way from Jerusalem, and hoped, before daybreak, for they

* "Ventures Among the Arabs in Desert, Tent and Town. Thirteen Years of Pioneer Missionary Life with the Inhabitants of Moab, Edom and Arabia." By Archibald Forder, late of Kerak. Boston: published by Wm. Hartshorn, 120 Boylston Street, with 46 half-tone illustrations. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, \$1.25.



MR. ARCHIBALD FORDER IN EUROPEAN AND ARAB COSTUME.

travelled at night to elude capture by the Arabs, to reach his destined field of labor in Kerak, the old Moabitish capital. Suddenly, without any warning, they were surrounded by a large number of fierce fellows armed with rifles, spears, daggers and revolvers. The loaded animals were captured and the missionary and his wife

driven off in different directions. Mr. Forder heard his wife calling in the darkness, slipped off his horse and ran to her assistance, and was allowed to share her captivity in a Bedouin encampment. This was an unpromising beginning.

But who was Mr. Forder, and how did he come to be a missionary in



AN ARAB FIDDLER.

The Arabs have two kinds of music. This picture shows a youth playing a one-string fiddle, which is home-made. The other instrument is a double flute made from fine bamboos, and generally played by the shepherds when tending their flocks.

Moab? It is an interesting story of divine guidance and providence. He was English born, one of seven children, the son of pious parents of the Wesleyan Church. When eight years old he heard the famous Robert Moffat, pioneer of missions in Africa, father-in-law of the more famous Livingstone, give a missionary address. The heroism of missions appealed to all that was chivalrous in the lad, and he determined to be a missionary. He spent his holidays in collecting for missions, and devoted his spare time in London to slum mission work.

An article in a missionary magazine appealing for help for the mission work begun by Mr. and Mrs. Lethaby, two Wesleyans who conducted an independent mission in Moab among the Arabs, came as a call of God to

young Forder and his wife. They received a few months' hospital training which proved of incalculable value during their mission life. In September, 1891, they left England for this far-off field. From Jerusalem to Jericho they were carried in crates slung across a camel's back. The jolting and rocking under the scorching sun in this rude conveyance was almost unbearable, but after crossing the Jordan and paying fifty dollars toll for permission to enter the country they were captured as already described.

The Turkish government had no authority in the region, and there was no one to whom they could appeal for help. They were permitted, however, to live in a half underground room and to teach the children, to make rude furniture from their



WOMEN GRINDING AT THE MILL.

Steam mills among the Arabs are unknown. The women grind the flour as they need it. The mill consists of two stones, the upper revolving on the lower. The mill is fed through a hole in the centre. It is considered a disgrace for a man to grind at the mill.

packing-cases and render such service as they could to the natives. Mr. Forder found one day a man held down on the ground by a blacksmith and four assistants who were trying to extract a tooth with a huge pair of pinchers. The missionary offered his services and effectually cured the toothache. Soon the natives brought him all sorts of things to mend, boots, saddles, boxes and the like. He learned Arabic from a class of boys whom he taught English.

Fierce fights frequently took place among the Arab tribes. In one of these eight men were killed and twenty-three desperately wounded. Mr. Forder was sent a five hours' journey into the desert to render what help he could. His first patient had nine sword, spear, dagger and gun-shot wounds. The missionary

trembled like a leaf, but with a prayer for courage and wisdom for the task he set to work to sew up and bandage these gaping wounds, surrounded by some seventy or eighty men and women. He remained several days nursing the wounded and sleeping in a tent with men, women, and children, goats, kids, sheep, lambs, dogs, and puppies, two donkeys, three cows, and one calf, two horses, and one mule, and fowls without number.

In these black tents of Kedar the zealous missionary read his Arabic Bible and explained the Ten Commandments. He was subjected to a fusillade of questions, as "How much did I pay for my wife?" "Where were my sword, dagger, gun and spear?" "Did the Queen have as nice tents to live in as they had?"

Two weeks after the missionaries'

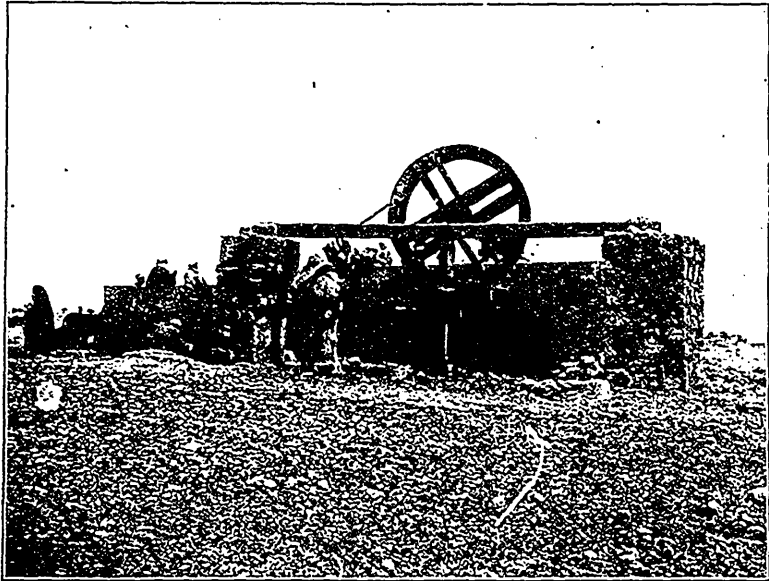


AN ARAB WOMAN CHURNING BUTTER.

The Arabs make many things from milk, which is plentiful in the springtime. Here is seen a very primitive churn,—it is a sheepskin slung on a tripod. By being jerked to and fro, the fat in the milk accumulates and becomes butter, which is eaten with dates and considered a great luxury.

arrival at Kerak Mr. and Mrs. Lethaby left for England. Circumstances prevented their return and the

new-comers were left to carry on the mission alone. Just eight months after their arrival the great tragedy



DRAWING WATER AT BEERSHEBA.

A primitive windlass turned by a camel is used to draw water from the wells at Beersheba. These erections are quite modern, although water has been drawn from the wells for centuries. All the woodwork is done by native carpenters.

of his life befel Mr. Forder. Without a moment's warning his wife fell dead in his house, suddenly called from earth to heaven. He had so won the confidence and love of the Bedouins that they were heart-broken over his loss and showed him great kindness in these days of darkness and sorrow. The chief said, "You must not leave our country now when you have buried your dead in our midst, you have become a son of the land." The nearest post-office was a hundred miles away. He had to make the journey to send home the sad news.

Almost continual fights among the rival tribes took place, and Mr. Forder was frequently in demand to sew up frightfully mutilated wounds. He was subsequently joined by his sister from England, who found the experiences of travel and sojourn among the

Bedouins somewhat exciting, at least. Going along a very narrow mountain path her pack-saddle slipped, and slid down twenty or thirty feet, greatly endangering her most precious belonging, her fiddle, with which she beguiled the solitude of her mission exile.

Being robbed of everything they possessed was a not uncommon experience. As they had no money a wild Bedouin determined to have the wedding ring of his deceased wife, which Mr. Forder wore. The Bedouin, finding he could not easily remove it, was about to cut off the finger when the chief of the tribe interfered. Robbed of his clothing, the missionary received only an old sack, into which he slipped, exposed to the dews and cold of night and the burning sun by day, yet he experienced the



HAGAR'S WELL IN THE DESERT OF BEERSHEBA.

The Arabs believe that this is the well from which water was taken by Hagar to give drink to Ishmael (Gen. xxi. 19). The grooves in the stones have been worn by the ropes of the shepherds as they draw water, and prove how ancient this well is. The shaft is about ten feet in diameter and one hundred feet deep.

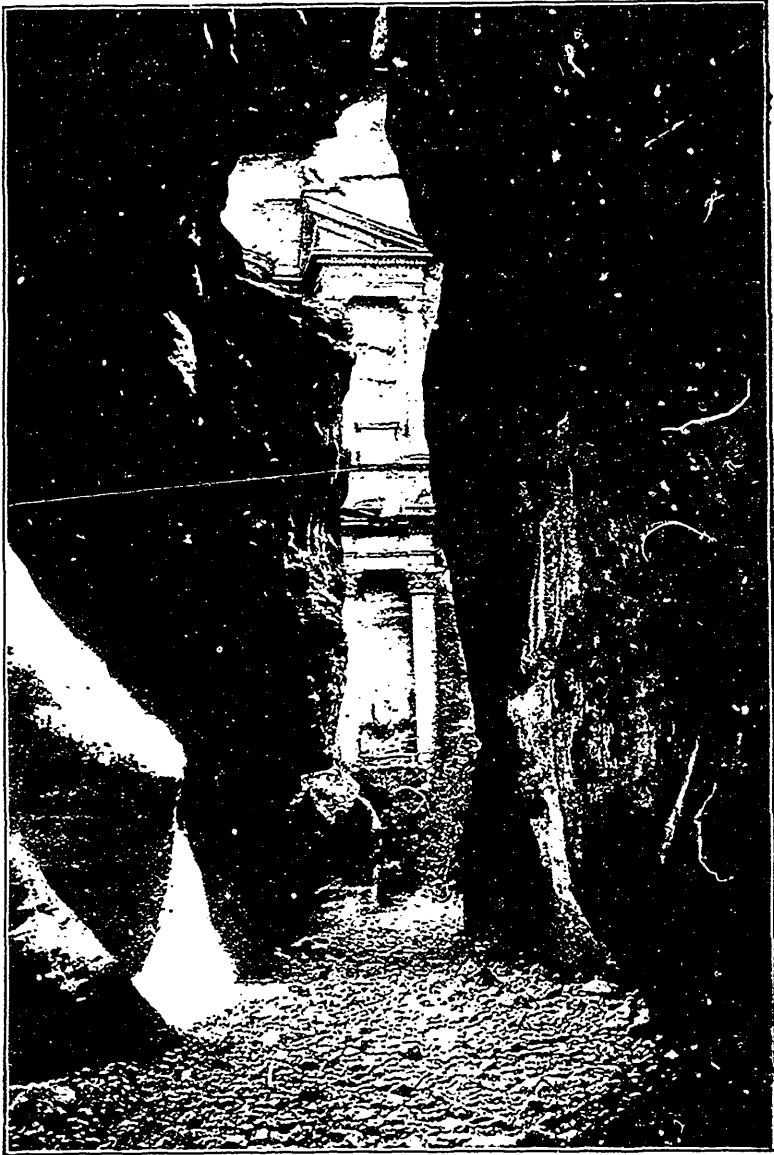
fulfilment of the promise, "The sun shall not smite thee by day nor the moon by night."

After nursing scores of people smitten with smallpox he fell at last a victim himself to the dread disease. He was long delirious, but the natives begged to see him, urging: "He was our friend when we were in trouble, he came to us when others were afraid." On his recovery he found opportunity to read his Arabic Bible and preach the Gospel to the crowds of men and women who thronged around his door. One man came two days' journey to be treated for a shot in the shoulder. After treatment he received a Gospel of St. John; two months later he returned for a complete Arabic Bible.

But the brave missionary did not have it all his own way as a surgeon-physician. He could not

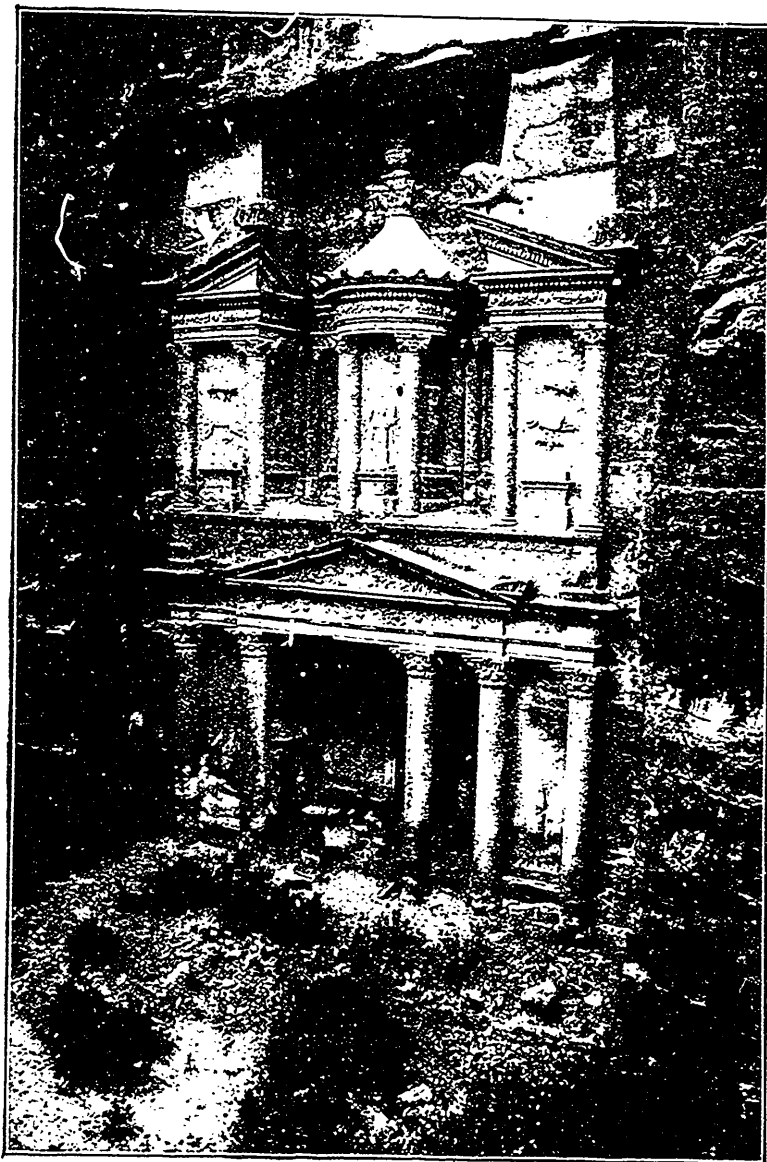
give the instantaneous relief that the native doctors promised, and oftentimes the sick Arabs would pay the native quack a heavy fee for some visible and painful application rather than have the slow restoring remedies free. Fire, bleeding, and dangerous drugs were the remedies for everything among the Arabs. Sometimes their interference caused the death of the patient who might otherwise have recovered. The most abominable dressings and plasters were put on clean wounds, and even a sheep's knuckle bone forced in as a magic charm.

A burly Arab one day seized his medicine chest and demanded money for its ransom. The missionary swiftly sprang out of the house and locked the door on the thief, who was only released by the sheik on promise of reform. A few weeks later Mr.



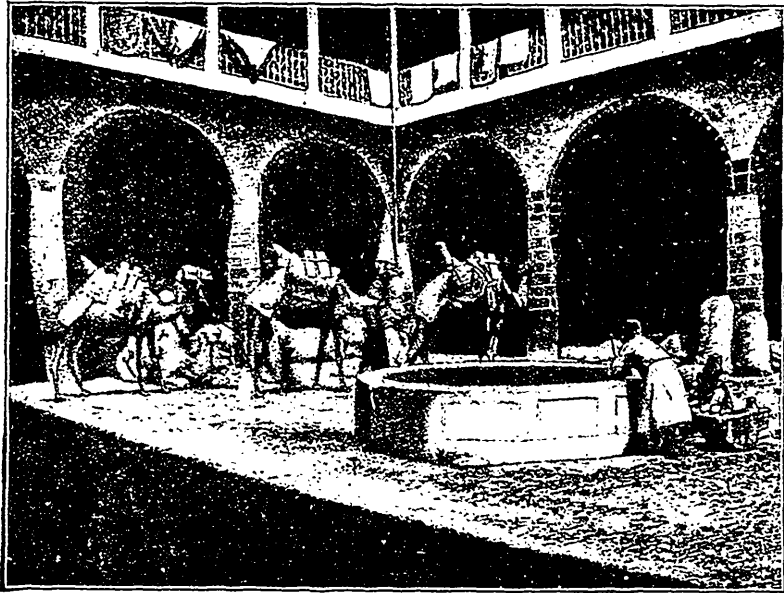
A SECTION OF THE SIK (RAVINE), ARABIA PETREA.

Arabia Petraea is ten days' journey south of Jerusalem, and famous for the wonderful rock-hewn city of Petra. This city is entered through a long ravine called by the Arabs, "The Sik." The rock on either side is of many colors, and in places covered by ferns and creepers. The gorge is about a mile long and terminates in front of a magnificent rock-hewn temple.



PHARAOH'S TREASURY, THE MASTERPIECE OF EDMOM.

This temple is cut from the rock, which is of rose-pink color. It is over eighty feet high, and more than two thousand years old. It contains three chambers, one thirty-five feet square, and two twenty-five feet square. Its sheltered position has preserved the elegant carving from destruction by the weather. The Arabs call this temple "The Treasury of Pharaoh." No one knows for what purpose this elaborate excavation was used.



AN EASTERN CARAVANSARY.

These temporary shelters are found in all Eastern cities. Men and beasts may have shelter and drink for about six cents a night. A fountain in the centre of the enclosure yields a constant supply of fresh water.

Forder, on his way to attend a wounded man, encountered his former prisoner, breathing out slaughters and threatenings. "Now I will kill you," he cried, "throw your body into a pit and nobody will know what has become of you." I replied, "God will; He will punish you." The Arab dropped the arm holding the deadly weapon, and said, "When you said, 'God will know,' all the power went from me." From that time they were fast friends.

Once, at midnight, he was attacked by three masked ruffians who said, "We have come to kill you." He asked them to sit down, made some tea, and they said they had been lying in wait for him five days. They demanded thirty dollars to depart. He gave them instead a magic-lantern exposition of Bible pictures with which they were delighted, especially with the chromotrope.

Another ruffian swore that he would not eat or sleep till he had killed the missionary, and kept watch all night on the flat roof of his house. In the morning the customary crowd of natives came for medical treatment. The young man shouted threats and curses till Forder could stand it no longer, went up on the roof and said, "If you want me, here I am." The ruffian was cowed and went away muttering, "I will give you a bullet when I meet you alone." A few weeks later at a native wedding four hours distant a sham fight was in progress when the Arab was, by accident, shot with a bullet through the throat. His first words, spoken with difficulty, when the missionary came to his succor, were "How could you come to me after the way I served you?" After five days and nights' kindest care he suddenly fell back on his nurse's breast. Said one man,

"The fellow swore to give you a bullet but got one himself. It is the work of God. Every one must eat his fate."

Perils by sea as well as by robbers were encountered. Returning from Jerusalem by way of the south end of the Dead Sea, in order to avoid hostile Bedouins, the whinnying of his horse at night saved the missionary party from a lurking band of robbers. Taking to their boat, the only one on the Dead Sea, they were wrecked by a storm, and Mr. Forder with his wife and babe, for by this time he had married a lady missionary of Jerusalem who spoke Arabic well and proved an invaluable aid in his missionary work, had to wade through the stormy waves.

The Sultan sent several thousand troops to reduce to subjection the independent tribes of Kerak, and place a garrison in the ancient city. Field cannon were mounted and the place besieged. Mr. Forder refused to leave a people whose love they had now won. For a week the troops were kept at bay, but many of the defenders, whom he had known for years, were shot dead before his eyes or wounded, because they defended their homes and women from the intrusion and insults of the soldiery. Their wives and children came to the missionary for shelter and succor. At length the Turkish army entered Kerak in triumph. Their rule was more disastrous to the mission than that of the wild Bedouins. "It was in November, 1893, and from that time on for another three years obstruction, opposition, and humiliation at length led to our separation from our hardly won Arab friends and the land which had become ours by adoption and, as the Arabs often reminded us, by reason of my dead having been buried in it."

The new governor had been a leader in the Armenian massacres. He

said the school and medical work must cease. "You have the favor and hearts of all these people, and now that I have come for the Sultan of Turkey you must leave. If I cannot wean the people away from you, I will separate you by force and persecution." Patients who came for medical treatment were arrested, imprisoned and fined. The men were lashed with heavy whips. On the protest of the missionary the Governor replied, "If you were an Arab, or one of our own subjects, I would have had you killed long ago, for no one has ever spoken to or treated me as you have."

One day "Old Faithful," an Arab who brought the supplies to the missionary, was flung in prison. To the demand for his release the Turkish Governor replied, "You have the hearts of all these Arabs; every day before me they are praising you, saying that you are their father. I will not release the man; let him remain in the prison a time, so that others may be afraid to disobey my commands." "I will not leave your room," said the missionary, until that man is released and given over to me." And hour after hour till ten at night he kept his post till his importunity prevailed. Next day the angry official declared:

"Mr. Forder, if your Society are not proud of you, they ought to be; no man as ever faced me as you have. I am sorry you are an Englishman, for you would make such a good Turk. Yesterday you gained your victory, but I will gain one yet, for I will not rest until I have got you out of this place."

"Then followed a time of trial, humiliation, persecution, and suspense that few have had to endure. Soldiers followed my wife and myself wherever we went; from early morning until late at night our gates were guarded, and no one was allowed to come to us with food or other things to sell. Messages were sent to us again and again that unless we were gone in so many hours soldiers would be sent to drive us out and



CARAVAN RESTING AFTER A JOURNEY.

This shows the camels with their heavy loads off, after a continuous journey of thirty-eight hours across the desert. The heavy saddles are rarely removed. The Arabs fear the camels will get cold if too much air is allowed, for the beast is very susceptible to cold.

break up our home. To all this we gave no heed; we simply 'committed our way unto the Lord, trusted also in Him, and He brought it to pass.'"

For three years this petty persecution endured, till through the demands of the British consul in Damascus the Turkish Governor was removed and degraded, much to the delight of the natives and many of the minor officials. "All through this time of opposition and discouragement," says Mr. Forder, "I forged ahead with the new buildings, so that by the time the oppressor was removed we had ready for our work five roomy houses, all above ground, with windows, airshafts, and paved floors, also a dispensary, consulting room, and large assembly hall, in which the people now gather to listen to the Gospel message before being treated by the medical missionary."

But the intolerance of the Christians closed a mission which the persecution of the Turk could not prevail against. Mr. Forder had been brought up a Wesleyan Methodist, but the mission was under the control of the Church of England. The missionary had never been confirmed. The alternative was presented of receiving confirmation and accepting the Articles of the state church of England or retaining the beliefs and teachings of his early days, and severing the relations of the Society he was serving.

"The temptation," says Mr. Forder, "to hold on was strong, but conscience prevailed; refusing to become an Episcopalian practically meant commencing life over again, but God gave me courage and grace to stand by my convictions. A few months later we left the people and land, both of which we loved and were willing to spend our lives for. The separation was a hard one; the people never understood why we left them for others to

take our place. God grant that they never may know of the jealousies that keep men bearing the name of Christ from becoming one under that name."

Mr. Forder might have remained in Moab and carried on an independent work among the people he knew so well. This he declined to do because, he says, "an opposition mission would cause questionings among the simple people that would be difficult to answer, and we would not have any work ruined by the Arabs knowing that among Protestants sectarian differences were sufficiently strong to allow one section of the Church to treat another as they had me."

He determined to go to the lost sheep of the house of Ishmael scattered abroad throughout the land. Leaving his wife and family in Jerusalem, he procured a tent and set out on his travels. Speaking one day in the public guest chamber of a village khan a fanatical Arab said, "Do you know you are preaching in our mosque, and you a Christian, unclean, an infidel, and one of the heathen; only a short time ago we killed two Jews here, and you are all alone." A man asked him to his house and sat up late while the missionary told the message of the Cross. He said, "We never knew these things before, now we have no excuse; we are glad you came; there is no way but Jesus."

Camping one day at the Wells of Beersheba, where scores of Arabs were watering their flocks, he told the story of Hagar and Ishmael, but from the old well of Hagar he was driven away lest his presence should dry up the waters. Guns and clubs were ready to be used if he persisted in remaining.

At Kadesh-Barnea he was menaced with rifles lest he should cast the spell of the evil eye upon the wells or the people.

"Not only," says the intrepid missionary,

"did the country of the patriarchs receive attention from me, but also those parts south of Moab, terminating in the rock-hewn city of Petra, with its magnificent ravines and wonderful excavations, all tinted by nature in every conceivable shade and pattern. Few have penetrated these recesses. The wild nature of the Bedouin and the absence of any human help in case of need debar most people from going to this ancient, rock-hewn city, which is full of historic interest and fascination."

Here he visited the traditional tomb of Aaron on Mount Hor, taking probably the only photograph that was ever made of this venerable relic. But a wider range of labor opened before him—the great Arabian peninsula, the immemorial dwelling-place of the sons of Ishmael. At the end of 1899 he set out on this missionary tour. He was soon arrested and haled before the Turkish Governor and ordered to return to Jerusalem. "My disappointment was God's appointment," he says, "and was for a wise purpose."

The following spring he set out again, was soon again brought before the local Governor, who had taken a leading part in the Armenian massacres.

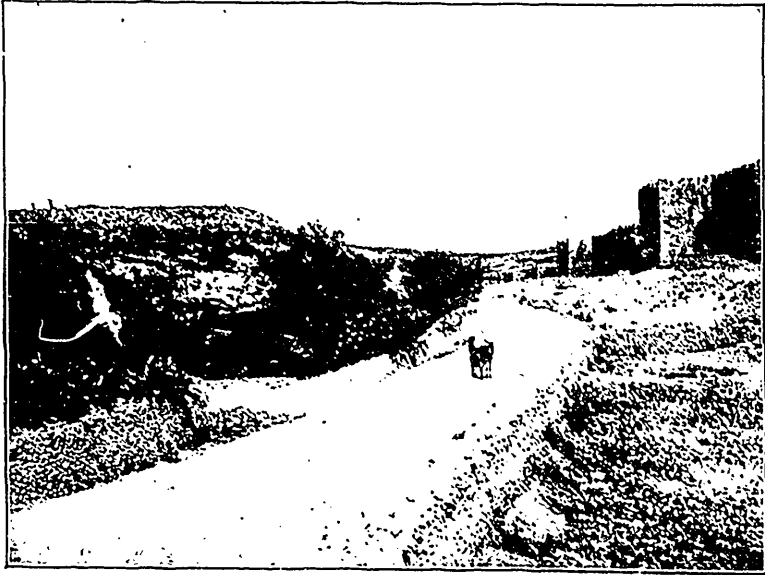
"I went to him," says Mr. Forder, "and he began to bully me and ordered me to leave the place within an hour. I told him that I was within my rights in being there, and presented my Turkish passport. He ridiculed that, and said, 'as he was governor there he could do as he liked.' He then ordered that I should be shut up in a small room, detained till morning, and then sent away under an escort. I was ordered to mount, two cakes of dry bread were given me, and in charge of two mounted men I was sent away from Maan, and so for the second time turned my back on Arabia, more and more determined that I would not be discouraged by these seeming failures."

After a few days with his family at Jerusalem he made a still further attempt to enter Arabia by way of Damascus. The fourth day out, on a steep mountain path he was thrown from his horse. He lay for several



STONE DOORS, BASHAN.

These interesting remains of the Stone Age are found east of the Jordan in the Druse country. These doors are slabs of black basalt; they turn on pivots let into sockets in the upper and lower lintels. When struck they ring clear as a bell. Some doors still in use are nine feet high and six feet wide. Unfortunately, these ancient remains are being destroyed to give way to more modern fittings. At Castle Frank, Toronto, is a tomb with stone doors, like those shown in the cut.



CALVARY, OUTSIDE THE WALL.

The hill on the left side is Golgotha, i.e., the place of a skull. On the right is the north wall of Jerusalem. The road leads to Jericho, and was traversed by Mr. Fordor when attempting to enter Arabia.

hours on the spot; his left leg was broken and the bone badly splintered. When able to travel he returned home with his leg unusable by reason of the bone being badly set. He went to the hospital, had his leg opened, the bone broken down, some pieces taken out, and the limb properly adjusted. Some advised him to give up his futile mission to Arabia, for surely providence was against him, but the evangelization of Ishmael and the redemption of Arabia seemed laid upon his heart and conscience.

A fourth time he set out in December, 1900, on his lonely quest. "It was easy enough to bid farewell to the grown-ups, but the last straw came," he says, "from my little four-year-old, when, on stooping down to kiss him, he said, in his childish voice, 'Will you be long, Dadda?' It was a question that none could answer."

Through the wild region of Es-Salt, (Ramoath-Gilead), Gerash and Bashan he fared forth, his chief luggage being a supply of Arabic Bibles or parts of the Bible. The castle of Sulkhud was held by a Turkish garrison. He wished to steal past the castle in the night, but was unable. Next day, under the protection of a dense fog, he passed the guard-house of the soldiers. Five minutes later the fog disappeared, but the peril was past. Christmas Day was spent without fuel and without food in a rude shack, in falling snow and rain, on a hard floor on a straw mat filled with vermin. But undeterred by disaster and difficulty he pressed on. He joined at last a caravan of sixteen hundred camels and was soon in full swing with the moving mass. The journey was made under high pressure. He rode thirty-eight hours with only half an



OLD TOWER AND CASTLE AT SULKHUD.

These ancient remains of the Stone Age are on the edge of the desert, south-east of Damascus. How Mr. Forder passed this place in the fog is told in our story. Turkish obstruction hinders modern travellers from visiting these interesting ruins.

hour's stop, but he had reached at last the great Arab town of Kaf, the goal of years of effort.

"Why will you stay with these cursed people?" they asked me. "They will surely kill you because you are a Christian." Never shall I forget the feeling of loneliness that came over me as I made my way back to that room. Everybody about me strangers—not only nationally, but religiously, and, as I well knew, of a kind not favorable to Christians. The thought that I was the only Christian in the whole district was one that I cannot well describe."

It was stony ground in which to labor. "If you are a Christian," said an old sheik, "go and sit among the cattle." He found comfort in these words: "The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil; he shall preserve thy soul."

He tried to join a caravan leading to the Arab town of Jowf. Said the chief, "You will never leave here

alive, and if you did and reached Jowf, you would surely be killed. This is the land of the Moslem; no Christians come here; you are our enemy and the enemy of God." It was an amazement to the women especially that he should leave his wife and family just to tell the people of the Saviour. "We women," they said, "are no better than our camels or donkeys; we have no souls, when we die there is an end of us."

The ten days' journey through the desert to Jowf was one of extreme hardship. For five days they found no water, and had but a scanty supply of bread.

"We oftentimes saw skeletons of camels on the sand, and twice saw human remains. On coming across a skull one day, the men called my attention to it and tried to impress me with the fact that it was a Christian's skull—one that like myself had ventured into the land of the Moslem, but had

perished in the desert, and his remains had been left as a warning to any Christians that came after. 'Such will be your fate' was the comforting assurance they offered me."

At Jowf this welcome was given him: "May God curse him." "The enemy of God and the Prophet, may we be delivered from him." "Infidel, Unclean!" and such like were hurled at him by all classes, especially the woman and children.*

Summoned before a *cadi* and his court the following conversation took place:

"Did you come over here alone?"

"Yes."

"Were you not afraid?"

"No."

"Have you no fear of any one?"

"Yes, I fear God and the devil"—a common saying among them.

"Do you not fear me?"

"No."

"But I could cut your head off."

"Yes, I know you could; but you wouldn't treat a guest thus."

Not long after the *cadi* was injured by a falling wall. His leg was broken and he was cut and badly bruised.

As he lay on the sand of the courtyard of his castle some one remarked, "This is the Christian's doing; he must have been out and looked at the tower and affected it so that it has fallen; it is the beginning of evil." This was like a spark to a keg of gunpowder. It was quickly agreed to be his doing, and the cry was raised, "Let us kill the Christian." As he stood at the gate of the court he saw the crowd come round the corner, and heard the yell, "Kill him, kill him, the Christian, the Christian!" They had clubs and daggers, and some revolvers. On they came nearer and nearer. He did not run away; to have done so might have meant death, and would have appeared as if he had done something."

* The present writer at Hebron and Mount Gerizim has been spat at and cursed for "a dog of a Christian," and pelted with sticks and stones by fanatical Moslems and Samaritans.

"When they got within eighty yards of me, Providence interposed. Three men came from behind and ranged themselves in front of me, crying out, with their revolvers in their hands, 'Not one of you come near this Christian.' The crowd stopped, and I was slowly backed into my room, the three men remaining at the door. The crowd soon melted away, and my deliverers came in to me. I thanked them for their kind and ready help and asked what led them to act as they did. Their answer was a good one.

"We have been to India and have seen Christians there, and know that they work harm to no man; we have also seen the effect of the English rule in that land and in Egypt, and we will always help Christians when we can; we wish the English would come here; Christians are better than Moslems. These people of Jowf are ignorant of the ways of Christians and would have killed you if we had not come along and defended you."

We have not space to follow in detail all Mr. Forder's adventures and hair-breadth escapes. One would need, it would seem, to be endowed with as many lives as a cat to carry on missionary work among the rough and reckless Bedouin. But fever and semi-starvation, perils by robbers and ruffians, did not deter him. When a prisoner, and money was demanded for his release, he had none to offer, for all had been taken from him, as well as his shoes, kettle, soap, comb, towel, underclothes—almost all his possessions.

At last he made his way across the desert to Damascus, which seemed an earthly paradise after his prolonged sufferings. He was heartily welcomed at the British consulate, and after a nine days' ride at length rejoined his family in Jerusalem. He rejoiced that in his long and perilous journey two hundred and fifty Arabic Scriptures were sold or distributed among these hitherto neglected people, hundreds of leaflets and booklets given away, and many hundreds heard the Word of Life.

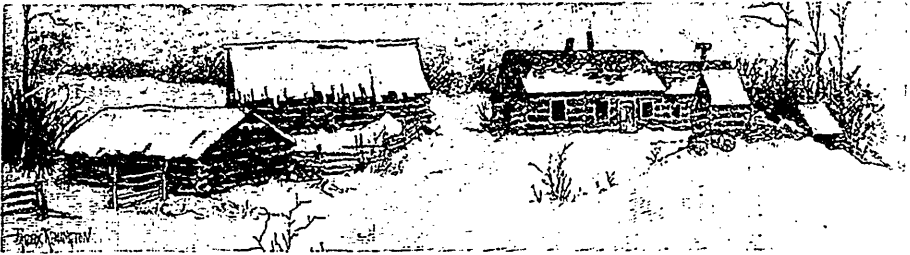
Mr. W. N. Hartshorn, the enthusiastic promoter of the Sunday-

school pilgrimage of 1904, has published this book in the interest of Mr. Forder and his mission, and of the education of his three children.

Undaunted by disaster, this intrepid missionary looks forward confidently in the hope that "Arabia's desert ranger to Him shall bow the knee," "the kings of Sheba and Seba shall offer gifts, the dwellers in the desert shall bow before him." He cherishes the purpose of returning to the work in which he has devoted so much time and toil. Doors long closed, he says, are slowly opening; every year will make such work easier, and every journey will mean less opposition, and

the more seen by the Arabs of Protestant Christianity in contrast to the Christianity of the Orient, so much more will misunderstanding, prejudice and fanaticism lessen.

We strongly commend this book for all our Sunday-school and church libraries and for private purchase. It would make an admirable holiday gift book. It is handsomely illustrated and bound, with folding map showing the missionary's travels. Any persons wishing to contribute to his work may address Mr. A. Forder, care of the British Consul, Jerusalem, Palestine, or Mr. W. N. Hartshorn, 120 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass.



YULETIDE.

BY ROBERT REXDALE.

The skies are dark save for one splendid star,
That marks the manger where the young Child lay.
Far off I hear the surging of the sea,
The town's dull roar is stealing up to me,
Ere breaks the day.

A dream of palm-trees swaying in the wind,
Of flocks that graze on far Judea's plain.
I weave the holly and the mistletoe,
And sweet old songs of yuletide long ago
Sing in my brain.

The cuckoo calls the hour upon the wall,
The gates are shut, the lights are burning dim.
Though deep the snows are drifting on the wold,
My tender lambs are safe within the fold,
Beloved of Him.

Dreaming, I walk the way the Master trod,
E'en I who may not touch His garment's hem.
This holy night, beneath the happy stars,
I cry to Thee from out my casement bars,
O Bethlehem!

HUDSON TAYLOR.

BY EUGENE STOCK.



HUDSON TAYLOR'S name will rank in missionary history with those of the greatest missionary pioneers, with John Eliot and Hans Egede, with Ziegenbalg and Carey and Duff, with Morrison and Gilmour, with Marsden and John Williams and Allen Gardiner, with Moffat and Krapf and Livingstone. And yet one does not naturally think of him as a "great" man, in the sense that Carey and Duff and Livingstone and Krapf were "great" men. But, then, neither were most of the other heroes just mentioned. No; for God does not always choose His instruments from among those who have the qualities, intellectual or moral, which we quite rightly call "great." To adopt the language of one of the older Reformation versions of the Bible (preserved to us in the Church of England Prayer-Book) He "hath exalted the humble and meek"; and that phrase will apply to some of the pioneer missionaries whose real greatness we rejoice to acknowledge, the greatness that comes simply from the grace of God working in His humble and believing servants. Not that Hudson Taylor was without high qualities of natural character. He had, conspicuously, courage, patience, perseverance; he had a large heart and expansive sympathies. The very humility that was so marked in him tended to conceal such qualities from the casual observer; but it was these that God used for the accomplishment of His purposes.

It was under a small and short-lived

organization called the Chinese Evangelization Society that Hudson Taylor went to China in 1853. In actual work he was frequently associated with the missionaries of the larger societies; particularly with one who became his intimate friend, F. F. Gough, of the Church Missionary Society, a Cambridge man who had been the founder of the University Prayer Union. Taylor was a qualified surgeon, and was one of the very earliest medical missionaries; but he had not the fine hospitals, the well-furnished dispensaries, the modern appliances, the trained nurses, that we are able now to give to our medical missions.

The crisis in Hudson's Taylor's life came when he was in England in 1865. On Sunday, June 25th, at Brighton, he was suddenly overwhelmed with a sense of the wrong done by the thousands attending church and chapel in neglecting the millions of China. There were at that time eleven great provinces of the eighteen in China without a single missionary; and Taylor there and then prayed for twenty-two men for those eleven provinces, going two and two. This was the origin of the China Inland Mission, which was organized in the following year, 1866, when Taylor sailed with fifteen comrades. That little Mission, initiated by a single man, and backed by no church or denomination, stands to-day second of all Protestant societies (and, in China, actually first) in the number of its agents. Or, rather, of its members. "Agents" is a term that Hudson Taylor could never employ.

The China Inland Mission is not a society whose members are in Eng-

land, and which sends out its "agents" to a foreign land. Not that there is anything wrong in this; but Taylor's Mission was, and is, of a different kind. Its members were, and are, not the supporters at home—who are, in fact, anonymous, and quite unknown to one another—but the missionaries themselves.

The scheme of sending two men to each of eleven provinces, some of them remote, was strongly condemned by the older Missions, especially as the men themselves were not regarded as qualified for such a work. The able editor of what was then the foremost missionary periodical wrote: "The conception is grand; the execution impracticable, and, if attempted, disastrous." Like the Balaklava Charge, it might be "magnificent," but it was "not war." That mistakes were made in the early days of the enterprise, is true; but in this respect the Mission was only like every other new mission everywhere. The difference is this, that Hudson Taylor has always frankly acknowledged them, and has been eager to learn from them. Of course, such a scheme as he had formed could not be carried out at once. In ten years only two of the eleven provinces were entered. Part of the time Taylor himself was at home ill; funds failed; and the missionaries were frequently in sore straits. But his faith never failed; he never doubted that God had a purpose for the Inland Mission.

After the Chefoo convention of 1876, and when the Imperial proclamation informed the people of China that foreigners might travel anywhere, extensive itinerations were begun, and in the next two years the China Inland Mission men travelled thirty thousand miles, visiting every one of the remaining provinces. Again the other missions criticized. What object would be gained by such aimless wanderings? Where was the

"precept upon precept," the "line upon line?" How much better the regular station, with its proper staff and its systematic work! The reply was that the people must be accustomed to the foreign barbarian gradually; that a passing visitor was welcomed where a settler would have been expelled; that pioneer journeys are a branch of real missionary work, otherwise what claim had Livingstone to be called a missionary? The event, assuredly, has proved the justice of the reply. All those provinces are now occupied by other missions; but it was the China Inland Mission that led the way.

One of the severest criticisms passed upon Hudson Taylor's methods was touching the employment of young unmarried women in the interior of China. Dreadful pictures were drawn, particularly from the arm-chairs of London journalists, of both the impropriety and the danger of young women travelling in China—the impropriety if with men, even with married couples, and the danger if alone. Precisely the same objections were made to Miss Nightingale and her comrades going out to the Crimea just fifty years ago, and thus initiating the immense and blessed work of modern nurses. It is worth noting that the first woman to go far inland was a wife with her husband—Mrs. Hudson Taylor herself—and that her work was the relief of the famine-stricken, a work less objectionable to the critic than the teaching of Christianity! and that the first unmarried woman to follow was a middle-aged lady of education, who went of her own accord at her own charges. Since then hundreds of young women have gone—not without experiences trying to flesh and blood, borne for Christ's sake but at least without offending China. Modesty by wearing the close-fitting dresses common among the wives and daughters

of consuls and merchants at the treaty ports. All the missions in China now find the untold value of the services of Christian women, of whom there are about a thousand.

It is only right to say that the Mission owes much to other men besides Mr. Taylor; to Mr. Broomhall and Mr. Sloan, for instance, as successive secretaries of the Home Council, and to Mr. Stevenson and several leaders in the field. But they would all with one voice affirm that the beloved director has been the life and soul of the work. Agreement with all his plans and methods has not always been possible; but this only means that men are fallible, and that the Mission has not escaped the experience of every other organization in which different minds have shared in the direction. Whatever varieties of opinion there may be on this or that question, all must confess that the China Inland Mission has stood forth before the world as an example of simple faith, undaunted courage, and entire devotion to the Lord's service. Yes, unto death; let the seventy martyrdoms of 1900 bear witness!

But Hudson Taylor's influence has not affected China only. It has been a great power in the Christian Church at home. He set a new standard for missionary meetings. It has been too much the custom for a speaker to praise his own society, and to urge its claims as if it only was doing all the work; and particularly to aim above all things at a good collection at the end. Now Mr. Taylor never pleaded for his own Mission in particular; he pleaded for China; nay, he pleaded for the great dying world, and for the honor and kingdom of his Divine Lord; and he rejoiced un-

feignedly at every development and extension of every organization for the preaching of the Gospel, whether at home or abroad. As for money, he not only never asked for it, he literally declined to have any collections at all his meetings. I know of at least one case when he addressed a parochial meeting, and the clergyman said they really must have a collection, as the people would have brought their little offerings and would be vexed if they could not give them. "Very well," said Taylor, "collect this money and send it to the Church Missionary Society; don't give it to me." His object was to touch the heart with a sense of Christ's claims; and he knew that then money would follow, and prayer, and personal service.

And now the dear veteran has gone Home. It is but a few months since his beloved wife was taken from his side; and he himself had long been a sufferer, and incapable of active work. One did not expect him ever to leave his Swiss retreat, unless it was to come home to die; yet he solemnly resolved, at any cost, to go back once more to China. Could it be right? Yes, surely we can now see that it was right. It was fitting that the man who had done more than any other for China's evangelization should render up his spirit to the Lord in the land for which he had so long labored and prayed. And not at a treaty port. No, the apostle of Inland China should lay down his life in Inland China; in the very province of Hunan, which, longer than any other, had resisted the entrance of the Gospel. *Totus, teres, atque rotundas*—such was the life, the work, the death of Hudson Taylor. O God! to us may grace be given, to follow in his train!—Sunday-at-Home.

In the pure soul, although it sing or pray,
The Christ is born anew from day to day;

The life that knoweth Him shall bide apart
And keep eternal Christmas in the heart.

WONDERS OF THE SUN.



IN Sir Robert Ball's fascinating book, "The Earth's Beginning," the Royal Institution Lectures for 1900, we have the latest results of scientific inquiry into the probable origin of our solar system. Nowhere have we seen these results so fully and lucidly set forth as in this handsome volume of 380 pages. Nor must we omit to say that the numerous illustrations, consisting chiefly of photographs of celestial phenomena, add greatly to the charm and value of the book. The hand that treats the subject is a master-hand; he is no mere amateur astronomer—he speaks with authority. Many of the facts are of such profound interest, and are so stupendous, that we propose to give a few for the benefit of those who may not have seen the book. In Chapters V. and VI. Sir Robert Ball deals with the sun as the central orb of our planetary system. Of its immensity he gives the following illustrations. If we represent the earth as a grain of mustard seed, the size of the sun should be a cocoonut. Or, put it this way. "Look up at the moon which revolves round the heavens, describing, as it does, so majestic a track that it is generally at a distance of two hundred and forty thousand miles from the earth, yet the sun is so large that if there were a hollow globe equally great, and the earth were placed at its centre, the entire orbit of the moon would lie completely within it." The heat poured forth into space by the sun beggars all description. The heat from two square feet of the sun's surface would drive the engines of the largest liner between Liverpool and

New York. And all this heat is scattered through space with boundless prodigality; the immense supply which the earth receives is but an atom of the whole. If, says our author, all the coal the earth has, or ever had, could be hurled into the sun and forthwith burned to ashes, there would, no doubt, be produced a stupendous quantity of heat, but it would be as nothing in proportion to the daily expenditure of the sun's heat. "We are giving deliberate expression to a scientific fact when we say that a conflagration which destroyed every particle of coal in the earth would not generate as much heat as the sun lavishes in the tenth part of a second." How is this truly tremendous expenditure maintained? Why has not this amazing prodigality been followed by exhaustion ages ago? The child knows that the fire of the hearth will burn itself out. Not merely for years, but millennium after millennium, the sun has been squandering two million thousand times as much heat as the earth receives, and has been receiving, for ages; and were the supply to fail but for an hour, in that hour all things would perish. How, then, is the huge furnace replenished? Sir Robert Ball makes the startling affirmation that the sun is becoming exhausted, as all bodies must which feed upon themselves; that it is undoubtedly contracting, not, however, cooling. Yet its sources of energy are so inconceivably vast that myriads of centuries must elapse before there can be any appreciable diminution of its supply of light and heat. The shrinkage in the sun's diameter is about a mile every eleven years. It may impress us to remember that on the auspicious day when Queen Victoria came to the throne the sun had a

diameter five miles greater than when her long and glorious career ended. The sun that shone on Palestine at the beginning of the present era had a diameter of about 170 miles greater than the sun which now shines on the Sea of Galilee. But let us suppose a warehouse with 2,500 tons of wheat in it, and a grain of wheat were taken away per day, it would take ten millions of years to remove it all. A span of ten thousand years will certainly include all human history, but take a period of four times ten. It is easy to calculate the diameter of the sun 40,000 years ago, and what will be its diameter 40,000 years hence. The shrinkage in this long period is rather less than 4,000 miles, yet there would be no recognizable difference. If we could conceive two suns, one 863,000 miles and the other 859,000 miles, it would take careful telescopic measurement to tell which was the larger of the two; and the loss of sixteen inches per day in so vast a bulk is imperceptible, and the curious thing is that according to the law of physics, and according to fact, the lessening bulk does not involve a lessened temperature.

We know that the sun in its outer parts is not solid or liquid, but vaporous. Astronomers can weigh the sun with but little margin of uncertainty, and the results could be stated in myriads of tons, but comparison is a better way. Our earth is five times the weight of a globe of water of the same size, heavier than a globe of granite, though not so heavy as a globe of iron. The sun is, of course, very much heavier than our globe; indeed, it is more than three hundred thousand times heavier; but, then, it is a million three hundred thousand times larger, which shows that its density, or solidity, is only one-fourth of our earth.

We have spoken of wandering bodies falling into the sun by its im-

mense pull of attraction. This is perennially going on, adding thousands of tons to its bulk, but the gain from the influx of meteors is partly counterbalanced by expulsion in violent convulsion of any mass of material, which takes the form of a comet, so that these meteors make very little addition to what we may call the sun's fuel. The glowing clouds of carbon make the sun's photosphere, the comparatively thin stratum around the sun (the interior is dark), and is the source of its brightness. These "clouds" are made up of myriads of minute beads of light, particles of carbon; nor are these fire-clouds at rest. They are often the sport of terrific hurricanes, and in their temporary absence we see the interior, which we call a sun-spot. Carbon is one of the commonest yet one of the most remarkable substances in Nature. The piece of coke or charcoal is carbon; wood is made up of it; the diamond is pure carbon in crystalline form; it is in every organic substance; it burns in our candlestick and in our lamp; it even occurs in the blood of our veins, and we see the part it plays in the sun. There is more iron in the sun than any other one substance. Arsenic, sulphur, phosphorus, mercury, gold, and lead are found in the sun's spectrum. The most conspicuous and most intense substance in the sun is one that plays an important part in our earth—calcium; yet it is so subtle and elusive that it is never seen in itself save in the chemist's laboratory, but without calcium there could be no lime, no rocks, no marble, no bones for animal life, no shells, no coral reefs in the Pacific, no pearl necklaces; and the singular thing is that in the sun's spectrum the calcium lines are invisible to the eye. On the photographic plate they attract more attention than any other one thing. Science was never more alert than now, and is ever exposing the secrets of nature.

FALSE GOSPELS.

BY J. H. TAYLOR.



THE term Socialism, as all the world knows, was coined in England. In the year 1835, a society was formed under the auspices of Robert Owen—the father of English Socialism—with the grandiloquent name of the “Association of all Classes of all Nations,” and the words Socialists

and Socialism, as far as we know, were first used in the discussions which arose in connection with it.

The term travelled to the Continent, and Reybaud, the great French writer, in his well-known work, the “Reformateurs Modernes,” in which he discussed the theories of Saint Simon, Fourier, and Owen, gave it Continental currency. And it is now the world-historic name of one of the most remarkable, and maybe the most eventful, economic movements the world has ever seen.

The term Socialism, however, by no means bears the same meaning or covers the same facts or ideas in different countries, or even by different groups of men in the same country. The most rational theories are set over against the most irrational, and all are dubbed with the common name. Much misunderstanding and prejudice and worse are due to this fact. Owenites at the start, applied the word Socialism to Owen’s theory of reconstruction operating from co-operative effort. But with the spread of these ideas and their adoption and modification by different men in different countries, the term has been made to cover countless theories of economic

reform and other reforms. Indeed it is almost bewildering to collect the definitions of responsible authorities. Every man has “cleaned his slate,” and then written thereon according to his wont.

When you get behind the writing and ask these men what they are writing about; what their mission is; what they are busying themselves with; for what, in their judgment, Socialism stands, Babel is revived.

“Socialism,” says Roscher, the great German economist, “stands for those tendencies which demand a greater regard for the common weal than consists with human nature.” “Socialism,” asserts Adolf Held, “means the tendencies which demand the subordination of the individual will to the community.” Janet is more precise. “We call Socialism,” he says, “every doctrine which teaches that the State has the right to correct the inequalities of wealth which exist among men, and to legally establish the balance by taking from those who have too much in order to give to those who have not enough, and that in a permanent manner, and not in such and such a particular case—a famine, for instance.” Laveleye explains it thus: “In the first place, every Socialistic doctrine aims at introducing greater equality in social conditions, and in the second place, at realizing those reforms by the law of the State.” And Von Scheel, revealing the under feeling of finest Socialism, says: “Socialism is the economic philosophy of the suffering classes.”

These definitions, as far as they are definitions, reflect the general looseness and strength of Socialistic writers

and speakers. They are too vague. They leave so much mist. They arouse more questions than they settle. They go too far, or they do not go far enough. Socialism needs, perhaps, more than anything, a great prophet who shall also be a logician and a statesman greater than all who have been or are, and who will once and for all put into permanent speech Socialism's definition. But this is asking too much. That man will rise when the times are ready; they are not ready yet. The movement is young—as movements count time. With them, a thousand years is a day. Evolution is the law of movements, and evolution seems careless of time. The wings, as well as the mills, of God move slowly. The seers of Socialism have seen this. Rodbertus represents them in calling Socialism—"a theory of Social evolution." The emphasis is on the last word. It is a social reconstruction to be evolved through a long period of time. It is the third stage of economic life, and may take as long to evolve as either of the two which preceded. Slavery had a long day; men were serfs for centuries. The William Langlands and the John Balls had hard tasks. They were called "mad priests," and generation after generation waited for the shackles to fall and labor to be free. Then came the second stage. Capitalism superseded feudalism, and for two centuries or more Capitalism has made its way, and gained the throne of industry. Huge fortunes have been made. Men have been divided according to what they possessed, or into the shearers and the shorn. The divorce between the land and the laborer has been decreed and effected, and until Socialism began its work, Capitalism dictated to labor, and labor, for the sake of poor life, cringed at its feet.

But Socialism, whatever else concerning it is true or false, has cer-

tainly inaugurated the third economic theory of the ages, and when the theory is wrought out, labor will be as completely emancipated from the tyranny of capital as it was previously emancipated from the tyranny of slavery and feudalism.

So that Socialism seems to be a providential evolution, and that it is incoherent when explained by its exponents is not strange. Every other great movement has experienced the like. Men are *but* men. God works through the best agents available, and the best are often poor. Every movement is distinct from its exponents, and just as Christianity is not to be judged by every human specimen, so Socialism must be judged, not by what its poorest exponents say of it, but by what it actually is.

And what is it? When you get below to the throbbing heart of the movement you get to three great ideas—Justice, Equality, Brotherhood. Justice, though the heavens, or, what is much more likely, though the earth, fall. Socialism believes that at the present labor does not receive its full share of reward; that it is not reasonable for two-thirds of the wealth of the nation to be owned by one-third of the population; and that it is equally unjust for two per cent. of the people of America to own 70 per cent. of the wealth of that great continent. Socialism stands by the economic fact that the workman at present does not, as a rule, receive the just share of the profit, and it proposes to so readjust the industrial machine that this shall be remedied.

Next, Socialism stands for Equality. Not, of course, as some men foolishly proclaim, a levelling down or up to an unnatural and undesirable uniformity.

Even Edward Bellamy, in "Equality," does not advocate this. All who say responsible Socialists advocate it are either ignorant of facts,

or liars. What Socialism does aim at is to secure equality of opportunity in labor; the organization of society on a basis of labor, instead of as at present on a basis of private property. Socialism aims at abolishing all drones, above and beneath. This equality involves equality of opportunity in education; so that the child of the poorest man may have an equal chance with the child of the rich, and so the whole intellectual strength of the nation becomes developed for the nation's good.

And then comes the claim for brotherhood. Brotherhood, instead of the slavery of the past, or the cut-throat competition of the present. There is no real brotherhood in a system of business where one man's success means another man's failure; where an employer grows fabulously rich while the employee merely exists; where you have the palace at the one end, and, because you have it, you have the poorhouse at the other. Socialism seeks to replace hatred and rivalry by love and service, and to substitute the only competition permissible between brothers, the competition which seeks to serve society best, and not each other the worst.

Taking this as the Socialistic Utopia, Tom Hood's question comes, "Utopia's a fine place, but how are we to get there?"

Well, by way of answer, to begin with, Socialism seeks to correct an idea upon which Capitalism has gone mad. The idea abroad is that the welfare of a nation depends upon the amount of its wealth. "Money answereth everything." And the way to national wealth is for every man to obtain command of the means of production, land, capital, air, machinery. The persons who procure these and use them are considered benefactors. This idea has turned the industrial world into a gladiatorial

arena, in which the weakest go to the wall.

The new idea is that national well-being does not depend upon wealth, but upon health—mental, physical, moral. That self-interest is not the moving power in human life, but love; that society must not sacrifice for the individual, but the individual must sacrifice for society. The greatest good must be secured for the greatest number. Society is a family. And it is only the savage who kills his parents when they are old, or lets the little child die of want or neglect, and society must be so reconstituted that its parents and children and weak will be provided for. This is the aim, to substitute a Christian for a pagan idea, or, in the Socialistic terminology, it is the substitution of collectivism for individualism.

But when you have got thus far in your vision you see that Socialism means the State ownership of all the means of production and distribution. The State is to own all works, business and property, just as it now owns the post office, the arsenals at Woolwich, and the clothing works at Enfield, and in some countries owns railways, land, and what not.

This ownership is to be procured, not by revolution—Socialists are not Anarchists in their methods—but by evolution. The process is going on before our eyes. All businesses are being absorbed into companies. Small companies are being absorbed into large companies. Witness the tobacco war. Shortly, a few companies will own all the match works, all the ships, all the railways, and the idea is that in time it will be the simplest thing for the Government to buy out these few companies, and so actually inaugurate the reign of Socialism.

This is the vision, and it makes the Socialist's heart rejoice. But can it come to pass? Is it possible? Will

it ever be possible? That something ought to be done in the interests of justice and brotherhood goes without arguing; that the Socialist has called attention to this, and thereby done great good already, is also admitted; but that is not meeting and overcoming the difficulties in the way of State Socialism. Karl Marx, the most powerful and most philosophic of Socialists, aimed at superseding the existing Governments by a vast international combination of the workers of all nations, without distinction of creed, color, or nationality. Would that mean the sacrifice of the worker's individual liberty? And could such a combination be made workable? Under Socialism every one is to be compelled to labor, just as, under the present system, with few exceptions, every one capable of it does labor; the difference is that neither the task nor the wages will be a matter of choice or stipulation.

It is hard to distinguish this from forced labor, and hard to distinguish forced labor from slavery. Is it likely that men will grasp at that? The same idea applies to liberty in many directions. Liberty is as essential to the reason as to the spirit and life of mankind. Every revolution in science, every radical invention in mechanical appliances has, in the past, been opposed by some form of authority, if it be only that most deceptive, but most oppressive of all—public opinion.

The progress of the past century,

whether in science or industry, could never have been achieved but for the obstinate persistence of individuals against received and popular opinions. The introduction of railways was assailed as fiercely as later on the Darwinian theory. Under the new social régime, how would the man be regarded by the authorities—for you cannot have the singular without the plural—who showed that the labor of skilled workers might be dispensed with by some radical invention? Are these laborers alone to be benefited? And if not, how is the fair share of the relief to be distributed throughout the nation? The truth is that authority must work by routine, and if you upset the routine you upset the authority.

Socialism has other difficulties. They cannot be named here. Its trust in the regenerating power of environment; its seeming satisfaction with material comforts; its views on the drink traffic, not to name its economic difficulties, are all food for thought. But we must not despair. Perhaps on all these matters the years will bring solutions. Knowledge grows from more to more. The Radicalism of one age is the Conservatism of the next. The children do what the fathers dream impossible; and who knows but men and conditions may arise which will save Socialism from its faults and fears, and, in ways as yet unforeseen, realize all its finest dreams?—Primitive Methodist Magazine.

CHRISTMAS EVE.

The earth is hushed in immemorial calm—
 Serene the valleys watch beneath the ancient stars;
 The eternal hills breathe forth in rapture undefiled
 The solemn cadence of a mighty psalm;
 Nor height, nor depth, nor living thing is there which mars
 Remembrance of the birthnight of a Holy Child.

—*Emery Pottle.*

AN IMMORTAL BIOGRAPHY.

BY THE REV. JESSE S. GILBERT, A.M., PH.D.



SINCE Plutarch wrote his famous "Lives," no biography has achieved such high and lasting place in literature as Boswell's "Life of Johnson." It has been well said that it is probably more imperishable than any of the Doctor's own writings.

A conceited toady, Boswell was, notwithstanding, the very prince of biographers. His pages possess an undying charm. From the time that he first met Dr. Johnson, he made it his principal business to note down his sayings and doings. As a result we have "the most interesting and instructive specimen of biography ever given to the world."

The *Edinburgh Review* said of Boswell: "Homer is not more decidedly the first of heroic poets; Shakespeare is not more decidedly the first of dramatists; Demosthenes is not more decidedly the first of orators, than Boswell is the first of biographers."

The *Quarterly Review* pronounced his "Life of Johnson" the richest dictionary of wit and wisdom any language can boast."

Samuel Johnson was born at Lichfield, Staffordshire, September 18th, 1709, being just six years older than John Wesley. His father was a bookseller and stationer. He had no sisters, and only one brother, Nathaniel, who died in his twenty-fifth year. From his father Dr. Johnson inherited "a vile melancholy," which cast a shade over his whole existence, making him "mad all his life, at least not sober."

The elder Johnson was a good Latin scholar, a zealous high-churchman and royalist, and for the greater part of his life well-to-do. As might have been expected Dr. Johnson's mother was a woman of ardent piety and good understanding. Of course there are the usual apocryphal stories of the precocious things the young Samuel said and did. One singular fact recorded is, that being afflicted with the scrofula, or king's evil, his mother actually carried him up to London, according to a superstition then widely prevalent, and had him touched by Queen Anne.

His first teacher was a widow, one Dame Oliver, who taught him to read, and when a young man he was leaving for Oxford, in the kindness and simplicity of her heart brought him a piece of gingerbread.

His next instructor was a master, Thomas Brown, a queer character, who published a spelling book and dedicated it to the Universe.

Another singular character to whom Johnson went to school was one Hunter. Hunter would flog the boys unmercifully, saying as he did so, "All this I do to save you from the gallows."

When nineteen years of age, on the 31st of October, 1728, Johnson was entered a commoner of Pembroke College, Oxford. While still a very young man the dreadful affliction of his life, melancholy and hypochondria, came upon him with great force, and from it he was never perfectly relieved. A dread of loss of reason and insanity overshadowed his whole life.

Johnson spent three years at Oxford and left without taking a degree, his father not being able to assist him

any longer. He seems to have read and studied a great deal in this period, but in an irregular and desultory way. It is said of him that he hated to read a book through, and that Barton's "Anatomy of Melancholy" was the only book he wished had been longer.

Soon after his return home his father died, and Johnson found himself very poor and thrown upon his own resources. His first attempt at employment was a position as usher in the school of Market Bosworth, in Leicestershire, whither he went afoot. Here his employment was irksome, and his life dull. After a few months of drudgery he resigned the position, and for a while had no settled plan of life, and very scanty subsistence. Notwithstanding his rather poor prospects in life Johnson married at twenty-five, his wife being nearly double his own age. Soon after this event he set up a private academy and boarding-school at Edial, near his native place. This is the advertisement published in 1736 in the "Gentleman's Magazine": *At Edial, near Lichfield, in Staffordshire, young gentlemen are boarded and taught the Latin and Greek languages by Samuel Johnson.*

Note the educational system of the times. Only Latin and Greek were deemed worthy of mention. Only two pupils were secured in answer to this advertisement, but one of these was David Garrick.

But teaching was not Johnson's forte, and after a year and a half the school was closed. His oddities of manner and peculiar gesticulations unfitted him for success as a teacher, while his wife's personal appearance and manners rendered her equally unsuited as matron of the Academy. She is described as "very fat, with swelled cheeks of a florid red, produced by thick painting, and increased by the liberal use of cordials, flaring and fantastic in her dress, and affected both

in her speech and general appearance."

Johnson next resolved to try his fortunes in London, but the experiment was not a success, and after a brief and fruitless stay in the metropolis he returned to Lichfield.

But he seemed to feel the drawings of the larger life of the great city, and after a few months at Lichfield returned to London, and began his literary career, by writing for the then famous "Gentleman's Magazine." Then followed years of work as a mere literary laborer, "for gain, not glory"; "pot-boilers," we would say in modern phrase.

He wrote "London," a poem in imitation of the Third Satire of Juvenal, began a translation of Father Paul Sarp's history, and published "A Complete Vindication of the Licenses of the Stage." Johnson's "London" was the beginning of his literary fame. It was highly commended, and a second edition was called for in the course of the first week after its publication. General Oglethorpe, who afterward sailed to found a colony in Georgia, in the same vessel with John Wesley, was one of the patrons of the poem. Pope, no mean judge, and himself a poet of high rank, commended it very highly.

About this time Johnson began to "report" Parliamentary debates for Cave's Magazine. These "debates" were drawn up by Johnson himself, after he had ascertained the order in which the different speakers rose, and the drift of their argument. They must have been surprised at the splendor and pomp of their eloquence when they saw it in print. When he found that these reports were taken for genuine, he ceased writing them, "for he would not be accessory to the propagation of falsehood," and a short time before his death he expressed his regret "for having been the author of fiction which had passed for realities." He certainly never

would have done for a position upon the staff of a modern yellow journal.

Dr. Johnson's style was ornate and pompous to a high degree, so that we still speak of an ornate, high-flown writing as Johnsonian. It would not be popular to-day, and perhaps would not have been then, had it not been for the vigor of his intellect and the virility and strong common sense of his thought. Upon one occasion he told a friend that he thought of writing some fables, in which little fishes would be made to talk. His friend replied, "The trouble would be that you would make them talk like whales." He was noisy and pugnacious in debate, so that some one said of him, that he would fire his pistol at an antagonist, and then knock him down with the butt end of it.

At times Johnson was reduced to extreme want, stories even being told of himself and his friend Savage walking the streets all night, through inability to pay for a lodging. This must have been when he and Mrs. Johnson had lodgings in the vicinity of London, and he came up to spend a convivial day in town.

In his forty-eighth year, in the midst of his intense literary labors, and in the height of his fame, there fell upon him a sad bereavement in the death of his wife. This strangely mated pair seem to have been very fond of each other. Her wedding ring he preserved with tender care to the day of his death.

About a year after the death of his wife, Dr. Johnson published the great work that cost him a vast amount of toil, his once famous and standard dictionary. We now find him mounting upward in the literary world at a rapid rate. Oxford gave him an A.M., and later on an LL.D. When we consider that he wrought out the dictionary unaided, we are filled with wonder at his capacity for labor. Superseded now, of course, by more

elaborate and later works, it was a rich mine of information and of high authority in its day. There were many Johnsonian touches in connection with it. One of the great Doctor's peculiarities was a marked dislike of Scotland and the Scotch. So he defines oats as "a grain which in England is generally given to horses, but in Scotland supports the people." Once when Boswell showed him a fine view in Scotland, and said, "Surely you must admit that this is very fine," Johnson replied, "The finest view, sir, that a Scotchman ever sees is the road that leads him to England."

When a lady asked him how, in his dictionary, he came to define "Pastern—the knee of a horse," he good-naturedly answered, "Ignorance, madam, pure ignorance." Who but Dr. Johnson could have defined "network," as "anything reticulated or decussated at equal distances, with interstices between the intersections."

The word "Tory" he derived from "an Irish word signifying a savage."

Under "Pension," we read, "An allowance made to any one without an equivalent. In England it is generally understood to mean pay given to a state hireling for treason to his country."

A lighter and very characteristic product of Dr. Johnson's pen about this time was a defence of the use of tea. This was written as a review of Hanway's "Essay on Tea and its Pernicious Consequences." In this review Johnson describes himself as a "hardened and shameless tea-drinker, who has for many years diluted his meals with only the infusion of this fascinating plant, whose kettle has scarcely time to cool, who with tea amuses the evening, with tea solaces the midnight, and with tea welcomes the morning." Is it any wonder that he suffered from low spirits and weak nerves?

Another of his oddities was an intense dislike to being upon the water. He said, "No man will be a sailor who has contrivance enough to get himself into jail; for being in a ship is being in jail, with the chance of being drowned."

Notwithstanding his harsh exterior there must have been something lovable about the man to have attached Boswell to him with a devotion that was almost absurd, and when his mother died, some five or six years after the death of his wife, he mourned her loss with sincere and tender grief.

Better days soon dawned upon Dr. Johnson, and in 1762, notwithstanding his caustic definition of the word pension, he was granted and accepted a pension of three hundred pounds a year. A great deal in such matters depends upon being asked.

In 1763 occurred what, so far as his enduring fame was concerned, may well be called the great event of Dr. Johnson's life, his acquaintance with Boswell, the man who was to make his name immortal. Boswell has given a very detailed and picturesque account of the first meeting. He was "much agitated," and knowing Dr. Johnson's antipathy to the Scotch, when he was announced as from Scotland, exclaimed, "Mr. Johnson, I do indeed come from Scotland, but I cannot help it."

Boswell soon after visited Johnson in his apartment, and has given a not very complimentary account of his appearance. "It must be confessed that his apartment and furniture, and morning dress, were sufficiently uncouth. His brown suit of clothes looked very rusty; he had on a little old shrivelled unpowdered wig, which was too small for his head; his shirt-neck and knees of his stockings ill drawn up, and he had a pair of unbuckled shoes by way of slippers."

From this time on Boswell carefully noted down the doings and sayings of

his hero; his table-talk, his eccentricities, and his opinions upon all sorts of subjects. Incidentally he brings in many other of the literary celebrities of the period, and throws many a sidelight upon the characteristic features of that distant time.

When Boswell spoke of the great success of those called Methodists, Johnson replied, "Sir, it is owing to their expressing themselves in a plain and familiar way." When Boswell told him that he had been to a Quaker meeting, and heard a woman preach, he replied, "Sir, a woman preaching is like a dog walking on his hind legs. It is not done well, but you are surprised to find it done at all."

The great Doctor was very fond of the pleasures of the table. His biographer says: "I never knew any man who relished good eating more than he did. When at table he was totally absorbed in the business of the moment; his looks seemed riveted to his plate; nor would he, unless in very high company, say one word, or pay the least attention to what was said by others, till he had satisfied his appetite, which was so fierce, and indulged with such intentness, that while in the act of eating the veins of his forehead swelled, and generally a strong perspiration was visible." "When invited to dine even with an intimate friend, he was not pleased if something better than a plain dinner was not prepared for him." Of one place at which he was asked to dine he said, "This was a good dinner enough, to be sure, but it was not a dinner to ask a man to."

One charm of Boswell's work is its absolute frankness. He certainly painted Dr. Johnson "wart and all." Conversing upon Bishop Berkeley's denial of the existence of matter, Boswell says that Johnson struck his foot with great force against a large stone, saying "I refute it thus."

When fifty-five years of age, he had another very severe attack of his old hypochondriac disorder. A friend who found him in a most deplorable condition, "sighing, groaning, talking to himself, and restlessly walking from room to room," reports him as exclaiming in his distress, "I would consent to have a limb amputated to recover my spirits."

Talking to himself was one of his oddities, as was also his care not to go out or in a door or passage but by a certain number of steps from a given point. Commenting upon this latter, Boswell says, "I have upon innumerable occasions observed him suddenly stop, and then seem to count his steps with a deep earnestness, and when he had neglected or gone wrong in this sort of magical movement, I have seen him go back again, put himself in a proper posture to begin the ceremony, and having gone through it, break from his abstraction, walk briskly on and join his companion."

His manner in conversation was amusingly odd. In the intervals of articulation he made various sounds with his mouth, sometimes as if ruminating, or what is called chewing the cud, sometimes making his tongue play backwards from the roof of his mouth, as if clucking like a hen, and sometimes protruding it against his upper gums in front, as if pronouncing quickly, under his breath, too, too, too; all this accompanied sometimes with a thoughtful look, but more frequently with a smile. Generally when he had concluded a period in the course of a dispute, by which time he was a good deal exhausted by violence and vociferation, he used to blow out his breath like a whale." This latter Boswell thinks was "a contemptuous mode of expression, as if he had made the arguments of his opponent fly like chaff before the wind."

In 1765 Trinity College, Dublin,

surprised him with the compliment of an LL.D., an honor well deserved, for notwithstanding his weaknesses and oddities, Johnson was a rare scholar and a man of giant intellect.

Of Dr. Johnson's personal appearance in his later years Boswell has given a very vivid description:

"His person was large, robust, I may say approaching to the gigantic, and grown unwieldy from corpulence. His countenance was naturally of the cast of an ancient statue, but somewhat disfigured by the scars of that evil which, it was formerly imagined, the royal touch could cure. . . . His head, and sometimes his body, shook with a kind of motion like the effect of a palsy; he appeared to be frequently disturbed by cramps, or convulsive contractions, of the nature of that distemper called St. Vitus' dance. He wore a full suit of plain brown clothes, with twisted hair-buttons of the same color, a large bushy, greyish wig, a plain shirt, black worsted stockings and silver buckles."

Not the least entertaining part of Boswell's book is his account of the tour that he induced Dr. Johnson to make with him through the Highlands of Scotland and the Hebrides. The journal that Boswell kept is very minute, detailing much of the conversation, and many amusing little incidents.

Later on Dr. Johnson made a tour of France, and Boswell preserved and incorporated in his life some very interesting letters which he wrote from that country, and also considerable extracts from his diary.

A very pleasing incident in Dr. Johnson's life is the fact that John Wesley presented him with a copy of his "Notes on the New Testament," to which compliment he replied with a very appreciative letter of thanks. Of Wesley himself Johnson said, "John Wesley's conversation is good, but he is never at leisure. He is always obliged to go at a certain hour. This is very disagreeable to a man who loves to fold his legs and have out his talk, as I do."

Boswell has recorded Dr. Johnson's table-talk and epigrammatic remarks upon almost every conceivable sub-subject, as war, emigration, Methodism, the stage, diet, the use of stimulants, travel, theology, poetry, the noted men of his times, ancient literature, law, labor, morals, commerce, and so on through a well-nigh endless list.

Johnson was irascible and explosive, often in a rage, could not brook contradiction, and more than once turned upon poor Boswell. Boswell, however, was always ready to crawl, and ever continued to burn incense to his idol.

Like Wesley, Johnson was strongly upon the side of King and Parliament in the strife with the American colonies. Like a red flag to him was the mention of the subject. Once, at a dinner party, he declared that he was "willing to love all mankind except an American." Like Saul of Tarsus he seemed to breathe out "threatenings and slaughter," calling the Americans "rascals, robbers, pirates," and affirming that he would "burn and destroy them." He was a man of extremes, a fierce hater, and when he praised his geese were apt to be swans.

There is really some foundation for his animadversion upon himself that he "had been mad all his life."

His devotion to the Established Church was as marked and exaggerated as his devotion to King and Parliament. A very estimable young lady and personal friend he stigmatized as "an odious wretch," simply because she left the Church of England to become a Quakeress.

Fearful of death all his life, he met the last enemy with great composure, and upon the 13th of December, 1784, at the age of seventy-five, calmly exchanged the life that now is for that which is to come. A short time before he died he asked his physician to tell him plainly if he could recover.

"Give me," said he, "a direct answer." The doctor, having first asked him if he could bear the whole truth, which way soever it might lead, and being answered that he could, declared that, in his opinion, he could not recover without a miracle. "Then," said Dr. Johnson, "I will take no more physic, nor even any opiates, for I have prayed that I may render up my soul to God unclouded."

In this intention he persisted up to the moment of his death. He was buried in Westminster Abbey, close to Shakespeare's monument, and there his dust awaits the day of general resurrection.

The stories told of the oddities, wit, sayings, and doings of this strange compound of strength and weakness, generosity and rudeness, are almost without number. He had no ear for music, and no eye for art. His only interest seemed to be in people. He loved London and had small regard for the country. When a friend called his attention to the beauty of a landscape he replied: "Never heed such nonsense: a blade of grass is always a blade of grass."

When expostulating with him upon his hatred of Scotland, some one said, "God made it," he answered, "But he made it for Scotchmen." He was indolent by nature and with very irregular habits of study and reading. He hated to read a book through, and there were only three that he wished longer, "Don Quixote," "Robinson Crusoe," and "Pilgrim's Progress."

Judged by modern tastes and standards, his literary style was abominable, being pompous and inflated. He will live in literature more as a memory than an active force, and Boswell's life of the great English Doctor will perpetuate his name and fame when his own writings are covered by the dust of the centuries. Take it all in all, the world will never see his like again.

SUMMERWILD.

BY ANNETTE L. NOBLE.

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

CHAPTER VIII.—(Continued.)



HE dinner was prepared and eaten. Mrs. Hogarth waxed rather indignant at Dorothy's non-appearance, but the good lady, remembering it was Sunday, tried to keep from overmuch scolding. Bess spent her afternoon in a course of Bible study, in which she was much interested.

Every one disapproved of Dorothy for her continued absence until twilight,

then Mrs. Hogarth began to be alarmed, and Bess all at once exclaimed :

"Do you suppose she can be lost in the woods? She may have tried to come home that way and be wandering away off on Sprague's Mountain."

"I guess she is," shouted Billy. "She is an awful dumbhead about losing her way, she told me so. She said she was always a-goin' to walk an' comin' home to find the woodshed on the wrong side of the yard, or that the barn had changed places with the house, and the front doors all faced whichever way the back doors used ter before she started."

"What shall we do, Stephen?" wailed Mrs. Hogarth.

"Oh, let her alone and she'll come home," sung Mr. Hogarth, whose optimism was maddening to his spouse. "Dorothy ain't the sort that gets lost, strayed or stolen. It's warm weather, and no wild beasts will devour her."

"Billy, you run right down to the Cobbs' and see if they can give us any light. David Fenton is good for something in an emergency," replied Mrs. Hogarth.

"Yes, David has the grace of silence when there is no use in talk; give him my regards," said Stephen.

"I will go too, mother," said Bess, and throwing a light shawl over her head, she hastened after Billy.

Martha Cobb was leaning on the front gate enjoying the evening air, and Billy, reaching her first, told his tale. Just as Bess came up he suddenly cried out :

"Look up on the hill! The Quaker

meeting-house is all lit up! What's goin' on over there?"

"Sure enough," said Martha. "Them Quakers never meet over there evenings, they live too far off. At least, I never knew them to more than half a dozen times, and David would have told us if anything was goin' on."

"Let us go over, Miss Bess, do! Maybe Dorothy is there. I never went to a Quaker meetin' yet," pleaded Billy.

Martha grimly remarked :

"So much the better for the meeting, if you couldn't keep your heels stiller than you do in your own church. Howsomever, if you'll run in and get my bonnet off the peg behind the hall-door, I'll go over a little while."

Billy rushed after the head-covering in hot haste, while Martha said to Elizabeth :

"I'll warrant Dorothy has gone gadding back there for the novelty of the thing. Your mar gives her girl too much liberty—"

"But Dorothy never before did anything like this."

"What is the exciting cause of Billy's liveliness?" asked John Welles, appearing at the door.

Bess, who did not know he was there for Sunday, wished she had not come. She let Martha do all the explaining.

John turned his face toward the people within doors and talked, then came out, followed by David, who seemed more puzzled than all the rest by the lighted meeting-house.

"Well," said John, "I propose Miss Hogarth, Martha, and Billy go by the road up the hill to the top. David and I will take lanterns and go through the woods. It is possible Dorothy has lost her way."

It was a lovely, warm, starlight night, and as they started Bess said :

"If Dorothy were out on the road anywhere she could find her way, but in the woods it is dark, of course."

"Oh, depend upon it there is some meeting going on that David hain't heard of, but Dorothy has. We'll find her there, and I'll give her a hint that home was the place part of the time Sundays, and what's more, that she not being a Quaker hain't no call to traipse up here

twice in one day," remarked Martha, puffing a little as the hill grew steeper.

Bess did not speak, but Billy put in his word :

"They haven't lighted the old house up very well. Some of the windows are all dark, and I don't see any heads through them, do you?"

"If there ain't but a baker's dozen of 'um they don't need to waste kerosene; Quakers are saving, and when they come to meeting they calculate to sot still—heads and all; they ain't like some other folks, always on a wriggle and a squarm."

Martha's remarks were so palpably personal that Billy only responded :

"Poh! hit him ag'in!"

With that they mounted the broad platform and opened a door, to stand in open-mouthed amazement. The corners of the great room were all in shadow; but around the raised seats at the upper end the light was brilliant, and stretched out on the upper bench was Dorothy Hakes. She was evidently in a profound slumber, for her large mouth was half open, and most resonant snores echoed through the usually silent sanctuary. It is needless to say that she was the entire congregation—at least she had been until our friends arrived.

"For the land's sake, Dorothy Hakes!" exclaimed Martha, after marching directly to the sleeper, and forcibly shaking her. "What be you a-snoozin' away here in this public buildin', where tramps might come to murder you! I hope you ain't intoxica——"

At the first shake Dorothy had sat up solemnly, opening her onion-like eyes, but at that unfinished word of Martha Cobb's she bounded to her feet like a rubber acrobat.

"Intoxicated! Ain't you ashamed, Miss Martha Cobb! I jined the temperance society before I was out of nankeen pantalets, and I never broke my pledge even to drink a sip of sweet cider just from the press. I guess you'd be tuckered out if you had meandered the way I have over half of New Jersey."

"Sunday ain't no day for meanderin'," stoutly asserted Martha before Bess could speak, but to Bess Dorothy addressed herself, turning indignantly from Martha.

"Miss 'Lizabeth, you know how I come right on here to meeting after you did this morning. Wall, I never went before to no such a service, and, first off, I thought the peaceness was beautiful. I said my prayers and tried to think of all my past evil deeds to repent of 'em,

and I made some new resolutions. I heerd the old sister talk of mercies and counted up bushels of mine. Then she sot down and nobody did nothing. I tried to repent some more, and to resolute a lot more good things to do and be, but I seemed to have done it so thoroughly in the first season of peaceness. I couldn't do no more for that time. After a spell the stillness got just awful. I fairly heerd the flies' leetle hoofs a-trampin' over the old chaps' bald heads, and I got that ne ous I was regular hystericky. Think I, what if I should screech right out, would them calm sisters jump? Then I was just possessed to yell. You can't understand it if you never was took that way yourself."

"I was once," confessed Martha Cobb. "It was to a Friend's funeral. Nobody had spoken for an hour, and I never felt solemn in my life, till I, setting right up close to the corpse, happened to think, 'What if I should laugh?' It was awful!"

Dorothy relented at this kinship in weakness confessed by Martha and turned toward her again :

"To keep from hollerin' out loud I fell to thinking week-day thoughts, and was right in the middle of trimming my new plaid gingham with double ruffles around the basque, when I realized that was wickeder far in the sight of the Lord than to let a yell out of me, so I just slipped out-doors, for I could not be good there one minute longer. I was calm as you please once I got out-doors, and I thought if I went along the road in the middle of the forenoon I would seem to set a bad example of galivantin' around promiscuous on the holy Sabbath day, so I decided to go through the woods singin' hymns and hurtin' nobody. It was most beautiful; nater all warm, and everything livin' pipin' up, makin' their different little buzzin's and hummin's. I walked right along, following likely-looking paths, and I come to a swamp where the ferns grew to my elbows. I turned around and went on and on miles till I got inter a pasture where there was a bull. He had on his Sunday behavior, but I got back over the fence for fear he'd backslide, and I found half a mile further a farm. The woman was real sociable. She gave me a glass of milk and some berry pie, and said I was about as far from home as I could get, but a be-line across the woods again would fetch me back all right. Bee-lines ain't straight as far as I ever see; anyway, mine warn't. Wall, to make a long

story short, with trampin' hours in the woods, restin' sometimes and gettin' beat out, I fetched up here about sunset, and it didn't seem as if I could go a step further. I poked around and found some lamps half filled and a box of matches. Thinks I, if I illuminate and sit down to await results it will be borne into some of them Quakers around here to come up here to see what's goin' on. It was takin' a liberty, but I'd got to get home some time before winter come on, and explorin' wildernesses ain't my strong p'int."

"Ain't ye hungry?" asked Billy.

"Hungry!" she exclaimed, and did not need to add more.

At that moment the two men appeared, and Dorothy's adventures were briefly rehearsed.

"Billy," said Martha, "you run right back and tell Mrs. Hogarth our house is nearer, so Dolly better stop there and get something to eat."

"Yes, that is best," suggested John Welles. "Then, if Miss Hogarth will kindly wait while I put out these lamps, I will walk down the hill with her—and here, Billy, take back this lantern."

There was no evident intention to dismiss the rest, yet they started almost immediately. It seemed to Elizabeth that John was very slow, but he remarked that he must be careful that everything was safe, and see there was no danger of fire. Then it took longer to secure the door and to wonder if Dorothy found it unfastened. The lanterns were so far ahead they looked like fireflies when the two were ready to start.

"It is a warm night; let us not hurry," said John; a moment after he put her arm in his, saying, "There are such steep places on the hill you might turn your ankle in the dark. Tell me of the meeting this morning. It was not so trying to you as to Dorothy. David told me you were there."

"I often go and find it does me good. There are some strong men and rare women who are Friends. A sentence I read once in Aunt Hannah's 'a-Kempis' always seems to me to apply to these: 'They were grounded in true humility, they lived in simple obedience, they walked in love and patience: and therefore they grew daily in the Spirit and obtained grace in God's sight.'"

"That is a perfect description, Miss Hogarth, of what every Christian ought to be," said John simply.

"Only the pity is that the reality held

up to that ideal is very unlike," said Bess.

"Not always if we could see souls as God sees them. Aunt Hannah and Father Cobb and David Fenton are not wholly unlike."

"They are very like that," said Bess, adding impulsively, "I was looking in, not out."

"You cannot, in the nature of things," said John, "have passed many milestones along the Christian highway, but if you are 'growing daily,' that ensures your future; you will come into that ideal."

"Yes, one will," said Bess, finding it easier to talk impersonally, "but if one has sometimes the ideal we speak of, and at other times seems to care for nothing but to learn—to read—to gain everything ambition suggests—what will that one attain?"

"More or less of the good that in his inmost soul he believes to be his best, or as Emerson says: 'We only believe as deep as we live.' One may see there is a 'beauty of holiness,' but long more for the beauty of earthlier things; that man gets what he really values. Paul means this, I think, when he says he was 'not disobedient to the heavenly vision'; after he saw the Crucified One he did so live that life meant Christ, and death meant gain."

Bess did not speak for a while, then John said: "Women, I think, can and do attain to such lives easier than men; don't fancy me an ideal character, because I can talk so glibly. The devil has been at my heels all the past week, or rather he has been dancing before me, dangling within easy reach a prize I want."

"What prize could the devil have to offer—or, I beg your pardon, I did not mean to ask a blunt question," exclaimed Bess.

Her foot stumbled, and he drew her arm closer, saying, "I will tell you, if you care to listen."

He had never before talked of himself, and it made her glad to have him now tell her of his ambitions—right and noble ones they were. He aimed to be a force for good in the world of letters. He had succeeded beyond his hopes in journalism, but his intense desire was to have a share in the editorial management of some influential paper. The week before the chance had come, bringing with it a large salary and the offer of a place more important than he thought it possible for him to gain. But to fulfil expectations, to make a success, he must

in this case lower his standard : become in religion and in politics a "trimmer." A character such as filled out the sketch of Aunt Hannah's book would be about as much at home in this particular editorial chair as the mediæval saint himself would be in the proceedings at the Stock Exchange.

"But could you not take such a place and fill it more worthily, accept the chance, then speak out boldly on what you think right every time on every issue?"

John laughed as he answered, "Were I to try that, to steal the livery of the devil to serve Heaven in, my tenure of office would be brief, I assure you. But I am bad enough to be sorely tempted."

"And good enough to resist," said a soft voice.

The ungloved hand that rested on his sleeve was quickly taken in a larger hand and carried to his lips as he said : "Such a woman's faith ought to make a man good."

After that there was a restraint between them not easy to overcome, though neither cared to have the walk ended. John reflected that many more such interviews would be dangerous. Elizabeth was saying to herself, "He probably knows that I will understand nothing more than he means, because I have heard of that young girl ; perhaps he told Aunt Hannah to tell me."

They did not reach the Cobb gate until Dorothy had taken time to refresh herself with half a pan of gingerbread and milk without stint. She was even at the gate when Elizabeth arrived. They heard her say to Martha : "Another Sunday I'll repair to the Methodists, where I belong. This was a judgment on me for havin' itchin' ears and running around on Sunday for my curiosity's sake. I've torn my dress, split out my shoes, and might have been gored to death by a bull. I'll let it be a lesson to me, as my mother used to say. Good-night."

Although Dorothy was a sufficient escort, John chose to go quite to the Hogarth piazza before he said his good-night. He said it then with rather a lingering hand-pressure.

That night he had a final but a fiercer struggle than any previous one. Could he not take this position open to him, fill it honorably, and not shoulder responsibility that—that—well, was there no middle and justifiable ground that he could occupy ? If he could do so, the

way was at once open to him. He could woo and win for his wife a certain maiden about whom he just then broke out into a rhapsody. "What an animated face she has ! handsome is too heavy a word for it ; pretty is too weak ! She is lovely, eyes, voice, manner. I have heard music that was like her. If I could paint, I would paint her as Saint Elizabeth and the miracle of bread turned to roses. I can see her with that sweet surprise on her innocent face as she stands looking at the flowers in her apron. How daintily she dresses ! That white shawl or veil fell over her head most gracefully as she stood waiting for me to put out the lamps. She had something pink at her throat."

Now such is the blindness of human nature that it never once occurred to John Welles that he was indulging in very romantic and altogether uncommon sort of reflections for him. He was not in the habit of observing whether his lady friends wore pink ribbons or snuff-colored ribbons ; and of the dozens and dozens of young ladies whom he daily passed in the streets, he never put one into an imaginary frame or canonized her as a latter-day saint. How long John might have meditated upon faces and roses and St. Elizabeths no one can tell, if, all at once, the form of Martha had not appeared in the Cobb door. Espying him not far off, she exclaimed : "If you had just as soon come in as not, I would like to lock up. We are ready for bed."

John went in, and, there being nothing else to do, he went to bed, but not to sleep. How easy his future might be ! How hard was his present, and harder every day. Long ago he denied himself all luxuries ; now he spent scarcely anything for himself. Louise and the new maid were doing bravely in some ways, but even Aunt Hannah's management was less expensive. It was galling to be so cramped ; to have to talk economy, to dole out dollars and wish every five were a fifty. Now it need be so no longer. He was almost thirty years old. A man ought to have an assured position in the world, to have succeeded at thirty, not to be at the beginnings of things. So the battle had to be fought all over again.

Was it because he did not know the right, or was it because of the girl who that evening went home and, "superior" as she was, fell to studying herself in the mirror ? Her dress of soft gray

silk was brightened by a knot of pink at her neck, which heightened the delicate tint on her cheeks.

"I came very near being really good-looking," she said, "but I failed.

"Oh, a little more and how much there is! A little less and what worlds away!"

I wonder how she looked, and if he was very devoted to her; of course he was, if he never can love any one else."

She bent her stately head to let the gaslight glint on her nut-brown hair and nestle in the lace about her white neck; then, in anger at herself, turned off the light and retired in the dark. She resolved to be very reserved and intellectual hereafter in all her intercourse with Mr. Welles? Why had he ceased to give her Greek lessons? Perhaps he feared for her peace of mind. She was anything but saintlike in her emotions when that idea occurred to her.

CHAPTER IX.

CLARENCE IN TROUBLE.

The long, lovely summer days came and went; and they were, in some respects, the brightest and the gloomiest in John Welles' life. As time went by he could not help being more or less in the society of Elizabeth Hogarth, and he fully acknowledged to himself that he loved her as he had not thought he should love any woman. Sometimes he fancied she divined something of this, and that she was not sorry—those were the bright days. Again, he was sure she had never, in the farthest stretch of her fancy, thought of him other than as grave, studious, old in feeling, and as far from her in tastes and sympathies as a dweller in Saturn—these were the gloomy days, and there were twenty-five of them in each month.

As for Elizabeth, she demeaned herself in a manner which David Fenton considered to be very reprehensible, but which, with all his plainness of speech, he thought it not wise to rebuke. Usually she carried herself when with John as if he were indeed a "potent, grave, and reverend seignior." If she was betrayed into anything like familiarity, she proved herself so saucy and sarcastic that the Quaker, who had known her all his life, gazed at her in mild-eyed wonder. She saw something like this one day, and said to him afterwards, "I am not at all meek with Mr. Welles, because it vexes

me to know he thinks of me as frivolous, or weak, or superficial, or something."

"Yea, or something," echoed the Quaker, with immovable lips and eyes half shut.

"Oh, you have noticed it yourself, have you?" asked Elizabeth quickly, not catching his real meaning, and thereupon she became saucier than ever to her unfortunate lover, who was even more unlearned than David in woman's ways.

At last there came a day which put an end to their friendship.

It was a day when John sat on the piazza with David Fenton, who drew Elizabeth into a very matter-of-fact conversation. How it was no one knew, but eventually the talk came to be of men and of their success in life.

"Success depends upon the individual," said Elizabeth, with the profound wisdom of twenty-one years of femininity. "If a man has anything in him he will be a success at thirty. If he has not at thirty actually reached the goal he is at least so far on the way that everybody can see he is 'ticketed through,' as they say on the railroads."

"Nay; I do not know about that. It depends upon what they may call success," said David. "I am sure it is not true of achievements gained by ambition, fortune, or learning, and I think it was of that success thee wast speaking. My successful man might be one the world's people could call a failure. He might find himself at fifty without money and wholly unknown to fame, yet, if he had built up within him a splendid character, if in head and heart he was a success, the lack of accessories would never make him a failure."

"That is all true," Elizabeth said recklessly, without consciousness of John's earnest eyes turned upon her. "But I don't believe a man can be such a 'success in head and heart,' and be building up a 'splendid character,' without fortune, fame, and all these outward tokens of success flowing in upon him. If he is worth anything, folks will find it out; these lights hid under bushels amount to nothing."

"But don't you make any allowance, Miss Hogarth," asked John, "for defeats and hindrances? A strong man ought most assuredly to run well and to run straight toward his mark, but if his feet are hampered, what then?"

"Oh, then I suppose he won't run well, unless he has will and force enough to rid himself of impediments. For my part I don't half believe in this tal'

about 'adverse circumstances'; a man must make his own circumstances. If he don't succeed within himself—outside—all around—why, half the time it is not all the fault of his 'defects or hindrances,' it is his own. He has not the capability of attaining what he has covetousness enough to desire. He may be in a certain way ambitious, but back of that—he is pusillanimous."

Martha Cobb called loudly for David Fenton, and as he went Elizabeth looked up to see in John Welles' face and eyes an expression that fairly took her breath away—shocked, hurt, angry, grievously surprised—as if he had been struck by her in insult. The whole conversation flashed again through her brain, with all its suggestions and applications. He, thinking of his own life, had seen a meaning in every word uttered; and she, simply and stupidly, had gone on without a motive; using the strongest words as one might merely to hear their sound—words that must have cut like razors. To add anything now was impossible. "I did not mean you" are sometimes the truthful words one would give a fortune to say—and one may not say them. In a second almost David came back, as if he had left Martha unceremoniously; this was the case, for she followed him with questions about her chickens. Aunt Hannah came too, and in the stir and bustle John Welles disappeared. Elizabeth stayed longer, hardly aware of anything said, and most anxious to see John Welles again without that look in his eyes, to have a chance to say something, how or what she did not know, to convince him that she had not hurt him so cruelly, knowing what she did. How could he imagine she thought him a "failure," simply because he was thirty, poor, and not famous? She had, if the truth could be known, so idealized him that he was to her a hero, the sum of all perfections in man, and "a success" was a tame word for her estimate of him. Because she had thought all this of him, it had some way seemed to her that he must seem all this to himself—without self-conceit, of course, if the reader can fancy such a state of mind. Elizabeth could perfectly.

At last she was forced to go; and just then John Welles reappeared. He came forward as her hand was on the door, and said: "We go back to the city soon, I may not see you again. I have to thank you very heartily for your kindness to my aunt; you have done a great deal for her this summer," then a little lower, he

added: "I hope to hear often from my friends, of your 'success' in life! undoubtedly I shall—for you are not 'pusillanimous!'"

Poor Elizabeth! If he thought that last shot a gentle revenge, he should have read her heart as she walked home through the fields. The tears filled her eyes so persistently, that all the buttercups and daisies doubled and redoubled themselves in her sight.

"Elizabeth is in one of her wayward moods," said David quietly. "There is not enough in her life to fill it; she would be happier if she were a poor girl earning her living."

"Which she ain't likely to be yet a while," quoth Martha, appearing in the doorway. "I heard somebody say the other day that Stephen Hogarth was the richest man in Summerwild. Everything he undertakes fetches in the money. He bought some California land once for six hundred dollars, and gave it to his wife; a few years ago it sold for thirty thousand, as town lots. The man that gets Elizabeth won't need to slave very hard for bread and butter."

"By the way, David," asked John Welles carelessly, "how did that Southern land company you were telling me about turn out? I had a friend interested in it."

David informed him at length.

That afternoon John told Aunt Hannah that he should probably not be in Summerwild until the day he would come out to accompany her home. He did not need any more diversion; the heat was not oppressive in the city, and he must be more industrious.

"I thought I heard David saying something to you John, about a place on a paper and an advantageous offer?"

"It was nothing of which I could very well avail myself, and so came to nothing. Now, auntie, go on as you are, getting younger and prettier every day until it is time to go home."

"Are you going to the city now?"

"By the next train, due in ten minutes."

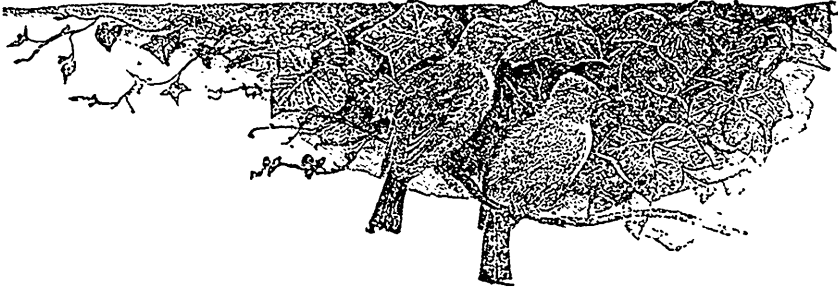
He kissed her, slid a roll of bills into her little wrinkled hand, and started for New York. He seemed to his fellow-passengers that day a remarkably self-possessed, fine-looking fellow, intent on the daily paper. He was saying to himself, "She has never been the same since that walk from the meeting-house. She read me then and saw the time had come to say, 'thus far and no farther.' She overdid the thing, as such intense natures always do; something less than

a blow that, metaphorically speaking, would fell an ox, would have served the purpose, but it is all over. She, the heiress, was helping, a worthy man to earn his living. He was to her only a teacher, approved by David Fenton. When he ventured to be something besides the exponent of a dead language, he must be promptly snubbed. If she were poor I would persecute her, or rather, I would conquer her and

make her care for me. I believe I know her well enough to be equal to the feat, but an heiress—I must run after her, take such repulses as this to-day. When I do that, I will be more of a 'failure' than I seem at present to her ladyship."

"Hoboken," shouted the trainman, and John joined the crowd hurrying for the ferryboat. The summer was ended for him.

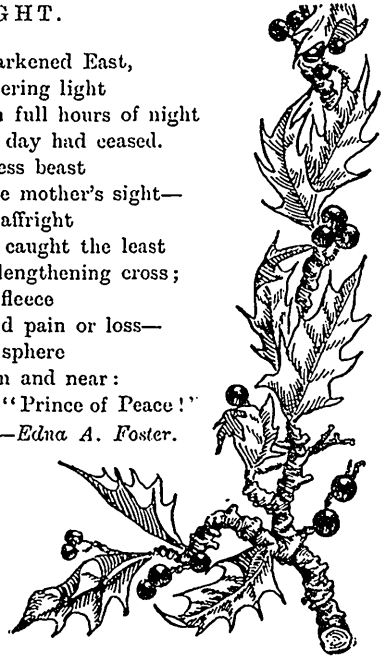
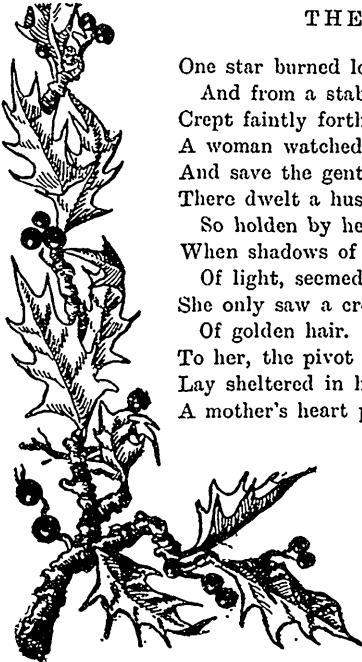
(To be continued.)



THE HOLY NIGHT.

One star burned low within the darkened East,
 And from a stable door an answering light
 Crept faintly forth, where through full hours of night
 A woman watched. The sound of day had ceased.
 And save the gentle tread of restless beast
 There dwelt a hush profound. The mother's sight—
 So holden by her Babe took no affright
 When shadows of the beams, that caught the least
 Of light, seemed shapened to a lengthening cross;
 She only saw a crown made by a fleece
 Of golden hair. Naught presaged pain or loss—
 To her, the pivot of the swinging sphere
 Lay sheltered in her arms so warm and near:
 A mother's heart proclaimed Him "Prince of Peace!"

—Edna A. Foster.



HOW THE BATTLE WAS LOST.

BY E. A. TAYLOR.



KOHMATANG is a little Chinese village in Manchuria, on the great highway from Yalu to Liao-yang. All around it are mountains, and the village itself lies in a hollow scooped out at the northern base of a mighty cliff.

Strategically Kohmatang was, to the great unhappiness of its people, an important position on that Saturday, April 30, 1904.

For the Russian lines formed a rough triangle, the apex being at Kohmatang, while the base lay along the Yalu, from the mouth of its tributary Aiho to the city of Antung.

So Russian men with their guns and horses filled the village that morning, listening eagerly to the sounds of far-off battle, and asking questions of each other which none could answer, while from the heights between the Yalu and the Aiho, where the Russian centre lay, came the ceaseless thunder of great guns, and from further off, on the other side of the Yalu, the batteries of Nippon were roaring in answer. The battle of the Yalu had begun, and along the dividing river a terrible artillery duel was raging.

In Kohmatang men waited and talked excitedly, shrugging their shoulders and laughing a little as they looked towards the old temple where the Red Cross flag was waving over a scene of wreck and confusion. A starved horse, with the blood drying on his wounded side, and a pitiable look of pain and terror in his eyes, stood among a huddle of broken and upturned Chinese carts, while all around were broken bottles and cases, torn clothing, and all manner of hospital supplies, destroyed, it would almost seem, out of pure wantonness.

Doubtless from one point of view it would seem economical to furnish scouting parties with twelve days' rations, with instructions to live on the country after that, without paying for it. Only in this case the uncivilized Cossacks not unnaturally paid more attention to securing supplies than they did to the movements of the enemies, with the result that every Manchurian peasant in the

neighborhood became a bitter and active enemy, and the Russian commanders were entirely in the dark as to what Nippon was doing.

Even the Red Cross was involved in the general mismanagement, being under the control of half a dozen societies, who acted entirely independently of each other and of the heads of the Russian forces. The result was that now when the battle was on, surgeons and their trained assistants were riding over the country, looking for stores which either had not come up, or else had been lost in the confusion.

One train of carts, looked after only by Chinese servants, had strayed into Kohmatang, and there been pillaged by a troop of Cossacks, whose officers were all away somewhere else.

It was most annoying, thought Serge Lobenko, their dashing young captain, as he stood among the wreck fidgeting uneasily with the hilt of his sword.

"But, my dearest Frank," he said irritably, "what else can you expect of peasant filth? the brutes will be brutes always."

Frank Worth did not answer. A young Canadian clerk in the Russo-Chinese Bank at Harbin, he had joined the Red Cross out of love for humanity and adventure, and now he knelt by the side of Kung Yang, native pastor of the Methodist Church in Harbin, who, when the foreign missionaries were expelled from Manchuria by the Russian invaders, had steadfastly kept his faith. He had volunteered for service with the Red Cross, and now lay dying as simply and bravely as he had lived, from wounds received while vainly protesting against the destruction of the goods given to his charge.

"Believe me, I am desolate, dear Frank," said Ser., glancing indifferently at his men, who were going slowly by, one by one, with sullen faces, "to think that with all the country before them, these imbecile wretches of mine should have picked on your own pet pig-tail." He stopped, then added sharply, "What does the old heathen mean, Frank? Why does he shut his eyes? Tell him to say if his assailants are passing now, at once."

Frank translated the words very gently

and Kung Yang looked up at him and smiled.

"I have grown up a fool all the days of my life," he said, "so it may be I am acting unwisely now. But I have tried, very far off, I know, to follow the Lord Christ. He gave His life for others, not asking that any should be taken for Him, and I cannot identify my poor murderers. God pity and help them."

Serge laughed as Frank repeated Yang's words. "The old heathen has certainly a good conceit of himself," he said, "to think I would take a white man's life for his. No, I'll flog the man, that's all, to teach him to keep his hands off my friends' property in future."

Frank's eyes flashed for an instant, then he briefly translated, and still resolutely not looking, Yang answered, briefly, "My life is Christ's, I gave it willingly, I do not wish that any man should suffer for me. And now, good-night, not good-bye, brother, for we shall meet again when the morning cometh."

For an instant white man and yellow clasped hands, then Yang's fingers tightened and twitched convulsively, and he passed over into the Beyond. Frank stood up.

"Well, of all the obstinate old fools," exclaimed Serge, then meeting the look in Frank's eyes, he added hurriedly, "But anything to oblige you, dear Frank. Would you like me to punish some one for your poor pig-tail's death? It won't really matter if I take the wrong man, for no doubt the rascal would have done it if he had the chance."

"I have no intention of advising you in matters of military discipline, Serge," said Frank, tartly. "And pray don't punish any one to oblige me. I suppose a little matter like this," he added sarcastically, glancing at the ruin around them, "doesn't need investigating?"

"Oh, the proper authorities will doubtless look into it all right," said Serge, cheerfully, as he went off. "Say, can you come 'round to-night? we intend to have a little celebration of our victory?"

"Thanks," said Frank, grimly, "but I believe I am here on duty and have something else to do."

"Thank goodness," he added to himself, as he called his coolies together, to save what he could from the wreck. "that I am not in command of the Russian army. I'm afraid I should want to shoot half my force, and surrender the rest."

Packs were made, stretchers and a cart repaired roughly, and Lady Maple, Frank's dainty thoroughbred, looked doubtfully at the poor brute they harnessed with her to the cart. But she was a good little horse, and though quite unused to hauling heavy loads, she pulled so bravely that her companion roused himself to a little interest in life, and managed to do about a quarter of the work as they went towards the river, up and down the vilely roaded Manchurian hills.

Here and there they passed the ruins of a cottage, or the wreck of what had been a farm, but they met no living thing, and the sounds of battle were growing ominously near. Frank looked around him uneasily. "Bring the train along the Antung road, if you find it," had been Surgeon Milkoke's last order, and whether he was on the Antung road, or any road at all, Frank did not know.

There was the sound of a shell exploding not far off, and Maple plunged nervously. Frank went hurriedly to her head, as he heard a soft voice say in English, "It is the Red Cross, Murray." And looking up he saw, as he supposed, two boys, one white-skinned and fair-haired, looking as unmistakably English as his companion did Nipponese.

It was the latter who sprang down from the rocky shelf, saying in excellent French, "Will Monsieur pardon my insolent interference, but the road he is following will shortly bring him out on the bank of the river, and into range of the guns of the armed steam launches from the warships of Nippon, which are holding the Yalu."

"Thanks," said Frank in English. "And now what ever are you two boys doing here by yourselves? You are English, I take it?" he added looking at Murray.

"I am blind," laughed Murray, "so I do not see why men should call themselves this nation or that. I have no king but Christ, and I call all men my brothers. And I am here because the Cossacks carried off my friend, Toshio Noshi; I followed, and because I know Russian and music we were able to escape together and are waiting for a chance to get back across the river, for we both belong to the Red Cross of Nippon."

Murray chose his words carefully, so as to speak the truth, and yet obey the sign Noshi had given him, not to correct Frank's mistake regarding her sex.

"You are not in uniform," said Frank,

"still if you will give me your word that what you have said is the truth, I'll commandeer you both for the Russian service. That will keep you out of some danger, and I'm awfully short-handed."

Then Frank climbed up to the ledge where he could see along the Antung highroad and a stretch of the broad river, where a flotilla of steam launches, with mounted guns, were watching in the shadow of the Korean hills.

"There is evidently some movement on foot," observed Frank, "I can see our infantry and artillery down there in the valley; and there come some of your Cossack friends too, Noshi."

"It may not be good manners," said Noshi, "but I dislike Cossacks; they are not thoughtful, and too sentimental to be really good soldiers."

"Sentimentality to his enemies is a thing I never heard a Cossack accused of before," said Frank.

"Yet sentimental is the proper English word for what I mean," said Noshi, "at least I think so, sentimental or amorous. The Cossacks do not seem self-controlled men, and they are very thoughtless. Take my case for instance, if this Sergeant Malineff had given proper thought to his duty, would he have lost his way as he did in Korea? And then to carry off me, who am of no military value whatever. He was a very thoughtless man indeed."

"And where does his sentiment come in?" asked Frank, rather amused.

"He left his post beyond the Aho, Mr. Worth, to look for some girl he desired among the Chinese villages, which was why our forces were able to cross the Yalu, at Syu-ku-chin, and turn the Russian flank this morning."

"Have they done that?" exclaimed Frank. "Then the Russians must be intending to make a counter-movement down there in the valley."

Noshi smiled, "No Russian will ever cross the Yalu, Mr. Worth, except as our prisoner," she said, "even if they had the daring to attempt it, and you must remember they are not English. Hayashi Yamato, captain of the gunboat 'Maya,' who is there with our steam launches, would prevent it."

Murray, who was holding the girl's hand, felt it vibrate as she said the name of the man she loved, yet he knew there was neither passion nor hurt pride in the thought of Hayashi, though he had broken the solemn betrothal between them, and made her a divorcee who was never a wife. The woman in her might be crying for this man's love, and be

wounded at the shame of her rejection, but the proud Samurai soul of her held even her passions so entirely under control, that she forgot she was hurt.

They forget sex and love as well as their old class lines, and the clan feuds which had been cherished for generations. They were neither men nor women, nor high nor low, that people of Nippon, who made war on Russia, which was why she lost the battle.

Suddenly there was a movement among the flotilla on the river; either the low hills on the shore failed to screen the Russians from their keenly watching foes, or else treason signalled from the towers of Antung. They opened fire, pouring their shot with quick precision on the gathering Russians, who answered at once with their batteries.

Gun answered gun in thunder, and the air was flecked with the white spots of bursting shells. But it was very terrible, even to Frank and Noshi, watching from their height, to note the steady, deadly skill with which the men of Nippon used their guns, while Frank could hardly believe his eyes when, after half an hour of battle, not one of the enemy's tiny ships was either sunk or disabled.

"The Russian guns are not firing now, Murray," said Noshi, "and the men are all scattering, running back among the hills. We have won, because we were calm and careful, and the Russians were neither. I am glad I am here; of course, I knew it before, but now I have seen with my own eyes how necessary it is for a soldier to be above such agitating emotions as love or hate. If Captain Hayashi had not been as indifferent as he is in sentimental matters, he might not have been able to do his duty as he has just now."

Murray remembered Hayashi's tone when he had heard of the supposed murder of his discarded sweetheart, and he thought there was probably not much indifference in his feelings as he trained his guns on those Cossacks, now in scattered headlong flight. Doubtless he thought much of the honor of his emperor, but the blind boy fancied he was thinking more of the girl he had learnt to love when he believed she was lost to him for ever.

But he only said, "I don't believe in this difference of races, you know, Noshi. I feel that men, good men, are very much the same—"

'Each heart recalls a different name,
But all sing "Annie Laurie."'

Then Frank called them. He was ready to start now for the battlefield. The firing had ceased now, and with the Red Cross floating over it the cart and its followers went slowly down the dangerous road by the river. Then, as they came back among the hills, they met a Russian soldier, Yakovleff the gunner, stumbling like a man in drink, and with blood on his yellow hair.

Blinded by his own streaming blood, he fell, and when he could open his eyes again, it was to see the blind boy he had befriended that morning kneeling beside him, while Noshi's fingers were busy at his head. Frank, seeing she knew her work, had not waited.

"An ugly scalp wound, but not as bad as I thought," she said, "But, Murray, don't Russians ever wash themselves? The stories of our torturing our prisoners must have been started by their knowing how we insist on cleanliness."

Yakovleff looked at her with the dumb gladness of a grateful animal, then suddenly kissed her fervently on both cheeks, and with praiseworthy heroism, she smiled at him.

"Everybody is dead, I think, little blind brother," lamented the gunner, "thanks to those accursed boats. I myself saw Bulgakoff killed, a bullet went right into his mouth and stuck in the back of his neck. The Cossacks were beside us, and Topotsky had his head taken clean off him by a shell, and the shell without bursting, went on through his brother Luka, killing him too. Malineff was nearly cut in two, but he is not dead, he lies down there on the road screaming for water, and for some one to kill him."

They went on then, and Yakovleff was able to rejoin his battery, while the other two found Frank again, with Surgeon Milkoke at the field hospital.

It was dark now, and the searchlights from the boats were playing on the river, while two miles away the thundering of the cannon told that the battle still raged by the Aiho.

Ambulances were streaming down from the heights, the shouts and curses of their drivers mingling with the groans of their burdens. The hospital itself was a rude shed, where the wounded, most of them stripped by the dressers, lay without order on heaps of dung, taken from a near-by stable. Clothing and bedding had been lost or stolen, medical necessities were of the scantiest, and by the operating table—some boards torn from the shed itself and laid on trestles—

Milkoke and his assistants skilfully and tirelessly obeyed the adage, "When in doubt, operate."

The first thing Frank saw as he entered was a pile of amputated limbs, from which the blood trickled in a congealing stream, to be tracked all round the narrow space by the slipping feet of the attendants. For a moment the awful stench of blood and the mangled bodies was almost too much for him, then, white-faced, and with his teeth set, he went forward to report himself to Milkoke, who with clots of blood on his white whiskers and spattered clothes, looked up to give him brief orders.

The few blankets that were brought were laid under and over the wounded men, as far as they would go, and the heap of dismembered limbs, on which the eyes of the helpless men lying near seemed fixed with ghastly persistency, was covered. Then a search was made for water, for the barrels brought in the waggons were empty. All sanitary laws were forgotten, they went to the filthy Chinese well, and Noshi, filling her canteens at a ditch she found, groping in the dark, brought the rank smelling stuff to the hospital.

And only a few yards away she saw a little brook flashing as the searchlight swept over it—only such a little way off, yet covered by those grim guns across the river. She looked at Malineff dying in torture, and at the cross on her arm, then fastening her canteens with a strap across her shoulders, she ran forward to pass between the silent Russian guns.

"Back there, you imbecile little ape," shouted Yakovleff, pushing her roughly but not unkindly.

Noshi smiled, understanding his action, if not his words. "Khristo radi" (In Christ's name), she said, using two of the few Russian words she knew, and the man stared, then let her pass.

She had filled her canteens, when suddenly the water before her flashed crystal, every stone and grass tuft standing up distinct in the white glare of the searchlight. She sprang forward to darkness and safety, as a shot hummed past her, and with a little cry of "Oh, Yamato," she fell.

For a few seconds the searchlight played on the little figure lying there by the brook, then it passed, and with a rush like a charging bull, Yakovleff dashed out, and towards her.

He just reached her when the pitiless flash returned, a moment he stood up

rigid in the white glare, with the unconscious girl and her dripping canteens in his arms, then he shook his fist at the river, with a wild yell of defiance.

But there was no fire-flash from the sentry-launch, instead, for an instant, a little midshipman appeared, raised his hand in salute to the man on the shore, then vanished, as a shot from the Russian battery went harmlessly.

Yakovleff staggered back with his burden, and Noshi opened her eyes as he dropped her by his gun. The shot had struck a rock by her, and though stunned by the shock she was not hurt, and after lying still a little while holding Murray's hand, she was able to return to the hospital.

The wounded were being loaded into some two-wheeled carts, drawn by horses borrowed from the cavalry, still with nothing to lie on but stable dung, and the ghastly train started for Fengwang-chen, a journey that would take them twenty-four hours.

Frank was not with the first detachment, for the wounded were still coming down from the battlefield, and owing to confusion and bad management there was no doctor or even trained hospital orderlies to attend them. In the care of Chinese coolies, taken from labor on the earthworks, the Russian soldiers lay on the horse-dung heaped in the carts, with their quivering limbs and oozing life-blood, bumping against each other as the carts jolted, to suffer for days, devoured by vermin, and without food or medicaments of any kind, nor water for washing.

"It is well you cannot see, Murray," said Noshi. "But you can hear and feel. Has Russia no money left for her Red Cross? Have her people no souls?"

"Russia has Grand Dukes and an Orthodox Church, Noshi; the first could tell you where the Red Cross funds are, and the last is quite satisfied with the present conditions of men's souls. You forget that these men you see tortured are only common soldiers, 'peasant filth' as their gentlemen officers call them. Russia has a king, and—

'Kings must have slaves;
Kings climb to eminence over men's graves.'"

"We have a king, too," said Noshi, "but his manners are good."

"The king of Nippon, Noshi, is her forty-seven millions of people, who are fighting to-day in defence of their divine

right to rule themselves. Emperor Mutsu-Hito holds his throne at the command of his sovereign people, whose voice is the voice of God."

Across the river Hayashi Yamato was listening to Craig, the war correspondent, who had been allowed to join the army at the Yalu.

"Well, the success of to-day is certainly with you, Captain Hayashi," he was saying.

"But the glory is with the honorable Russians," said Hayashi, "who, out-generated and outnumbered, are still sticking to their guns. You see, Mr. Craig, both armies have been strung out along the Korean border, and the one that decided to attack, and was able to concentrate its forces without the enemy's knowledge, had an advantage over him in men and guns, which it was only necessary to use."

"But to be able to plan and carry out such a movement makes General Kuroki the foremost soldier of our day," exclaimed Craig, "and the army he must have will make Nippon the peer of any nation."

For an instant the disdain of the East for the West showed in Hayashi's eyes, then he smiled.

"General Kuroki's ancestors were all honorable," he said, "and I believe the Emperor's honor is safe in his hands. But he has been able to do what he has done because of the intelligent, willing obedience of the rank and file of our army. This conflict with the West was really decided when we, the privileged classes of Nippon, demanded that all men should be equal in the eyes of the law. We shared our honor with even the outcasts, and to-day the whole people, men and women, workmen and coolies, are ready to suffer anything, dare anything, sooner than that honor should be lessened. The battles in this year 1904 were won before many of the men fighting them were born."

Then Kichi the midshipman joined them with Kuroki's telegram to the general staff of his army. "I will attack the enemy on May 1st, at dawn."

As Craig hurried back to the rear of Nippon's right, he looked at the dark outlines of the heights, where the Russian guns still thundered, and shuddered. "Attack," he thought, "and with infantry. Even with stronger forces than the enemy, to cross a river two miles wide is a serious military task, and then to have to carry by assault a carefully

chosen and entrenched position will go far to neutralize the advantage Kuroki possesses in numbers. History proves that on land the Russian soldier is a stubborn fellow to fight, and I would say it was impossible for those little infantrymen to drive him out of his trenches."

So at dawn that Sunday, May 1st, Kuroki's guns opened fire on the heights by the Aiho. The Russian batteries replied, but no living thing could stand that storm of shrapnel and shell which swept and searched every foot of the Russian position, and their guns were silenced.

It was just seven when the gun-fire slackened, and all along the Russian side of the Yalu, on the sand strip at the foot of the hills, Craig, from the island, could see long thin lines of black dots. Three divisions of Nippon's army had crept out from the cover of Tiger Hill in the darkness, and now waited the word to charge.

Up the Aiho, at the foot of the hills on Nippon's side of that river, stretched her long line of battle, four miles from end to end, outflanking the Russian right. The Russians, driven from their outer positions, but stubbornly preparing to return to their guns, did not see the enemy ready to spring at their hills. They never thought that men not white would be capable of such audacity. And the little soldiers were already advancing across the Aiho, struggling breast deep in the broad, shallow river.

Then the forward line of the black dots Craig was watching began to move and creep slowly up the base of the heights, and the Russian guns spoke, their roar mingling with the grunting crackle of a heavy musketry fire.

There were gaps in that first line now; it faltered, stopped. Then, close behind it, the second line rushed on, gathering the remnants of the first, and charging recklessly up the precipitous cliffs.

It was the first of those terrible, wonderful infantry charges that were to win Nippon battle after battle and vindicate her right to a place among the nations. For it is a sarcastic comment on our Christian civilization that a people can only secure the right to rule themselves by showing their ability to kill their fellow men.

Across the Aiho the little men were still struggling, never checked in their advance by the Russian fire, though many a man was lying on the sand under the bright water, sometimes very still, and sometimes fighting with the waters that were choking him.

But hundreds were already climbing the face of the cliffs, agile and strong as cats, even pausing to balance themselves on ledges where a goat could scarce have found footing, and returning the enemy's fire.

But the Russians did not wait for them to reach the top of the cliffs. Leaving two regiments to delay the enemy, the bulk of their force was already well on its way to Kohmatang, with men tugging at the drag-ropes of their cannon beside the few horses they had saved, and on the highest point of the captured heights rose up the red and white flag of the People of the Dawn—Russia had lost the battle of the Yalu.

Frank, who was back at the old temple at Kohmatang, came to its gate in answer to Serge's hail.

"There has been a mistake," cried the Russian excitedly. "By some bit of devil's work those accursed Yaposha have carried the heights. And their reserves are trying to cut off our retreat now. Come, if your mare is done up, I can give you a mount. Man, you can't stay here, they are heathen and uncivilized, these yellow demons."

"Surgeon Milkoke left me in charge here, and here I stay," said Frank curtly. "We are not brought up in Canada to run away from our posts for even Japanese."

Serge galloped off; he needed to, for the little soldiers who had been advancing on a road parallel to that taken by the Russians until abreast of their retreating enemy suddenly closed in on them, and the main body of the Russians fell back in confusion on Kohmatang.

In their haste the little men had outstripped their guns, and instead of waiting, as they well might, for their artillery, they came on eager and reckless. In vain the Russian guns, fired at terribly short range, were emptied into the dark masses of the advancing foe. They replied with a heavy, careful rifle fire, which did awful execution, then charged with the bayonet, right into the mouths of the cannon.

Round the walls of the temple, guarded by the sign of the Cross, and in the narrow Chinese streets, little men rushing on, quick and strong as wildcats, thrusting their steel into big men, whose bulk did not make them able to stand the onset of their enemies.

Then up the Antung road came the men who had been keeping the river with their guns. Hemmed in, the Russians tried to retreat up the steep hill on the south of Kohmatang, but encumbered by

their heavy, ill-made clothing they failed, and as Hayashi got the first of the guns into position they raised the white flag.

Joyously Noshi told Murray;—they two had followed Frank when he left the temple to try and bring in the wounded heaped in the narrow streets, where the houses were on fire, and the blind boy caught his breath for a moment, listening, startled.

Behind him he could feel the black, despairing rage with which Yakovleff and his fellows were trying to smash the breeches and closing apparatus of their guns.

And before him he knew there was a baffled hate more intense than that of those savage Russian peasants. Had Hayashi been a Russian, he would, Murray thought, have emptied his guns among those men before he chose to see their white flag. Had not his sweetheart been done to death among them?

But the instant of danger passed, and instead of the infernal crash of cannon there was a great, beautiful stillness. Murray shuddered as his quick imagination showed him Hayashi telling himself that he was justified in firing on his foes, unstayed because they asked for quarter, then afterwards finding the girl who had passed scathless through so many perils, murdered among the victims of his hate.

"Oh, Noshi," he cried, "it is good for the whole world that Nippon has won, for some of her men are stronger than themselves, so her victory is that of humanity and God."

Hayashi was assisting in the arrangements for disposing of the prisoners, and Yakovleff was not the only surprised man in the Russian ranks at the careful consideration shown by the conquerers, Hayashi hid his disdainful hate under an exaggerated courtesy, though he was careful not to let any one touch him. The little soldiers who had flung themselves into the Russian trenches like tiger cats, now smiled at the men who were under their guard, and offered them tiny cigars, though their infinitesimal pay hardly warranted such generosity.

Then Hayashi went to the temple. "You are in command here," he said as he bowed to Frank, "would you condescend to remain in charge until Dr. Toshio relieves you, which will be soon?"

He stopped with almost a start, for behind Frank he saw the girl he thought was dead.

She bowed till her pretty head was on a level with her knees, and he collected himself enough to bow in return. Then

after waiting for him to speak first, she said:

"Will you let my honorable father know that I am here and safe, Captain Hayasni. I was taken by Cossacks, yet not harmed, for Murray came and demanded me of them in Christ's name, and seeing God was with him, they gave me up to him."

"Murray," said Hayashi, slowly, "I am greatly obliged to you."

"I did nothing, sir," said the boy quickly; "it was all God."

"I am very much obliged to God," said Hayashi simply, raising his hand in reverent salute. And then he left them, apparently not disturbed at meeting the woman he thought dead. But a little later Craig saw him standing alone on the river shore.

"Hello, Captain Hayashi—" He stopped short, Hayashi's eyes were closed, and tears were streaming down his cheeks. "I beg your pardon," he added, turning away, but Hayashi stopped him.

"Pardon my emotion, Mr. Craig," he said, but when I consider the glory of the sunrise, I cannot but weep. Ah! it is wonderful."

"But the sun is setting at present," objected the bewildered Craig.

"It will rise again," murmured Hayashi.

"Awkward for this old world if it didn't," said Craig, wondering if the excitement of the day had affected Hayashi's reason.

"And consider," said Hayashi. "what the rising sun is the type of—the merit and greatness of my emperor. Ah, when I think of the might of a stainless life, I do not wonder that beasts were turned to men, and death itself could not touch where God had laid His finger."

"Has there been an attempt on the life of Emperor Mutsu-Hito?" said Craig, eagerly.

"We do not talk of our emperor as we do of other men," said Hayashi, drawing himself up stiffly. "We feel gratitude for his virtue which makes our victory possible, but he is the soul of Nippon, and death itself would die did it come too near him. Ah, my friend, you also have an emperor, and so can understand my transports."

"Excuse me," said Craig, "I have every respect for King Edward, but I happen to be an American, and we dissolved partnership with England about a hundred years ago."

"Can you pardon my degrading stupidity?" said Hayashi, earnestly. "Of

course, I remember the history of your honorable country, but you are so like the English that sometimes I forget. Ah, it was a most wonderful thing to happen, I can hardly believe it true."

Craig wished he knew if his companion was referring to the War of Independence, the next sunrise, or the continued health of his emperor. And Hayashi went on: "It reminds me of our honorable General Nogi,—you have heard of him, our poet?"

"I had imagined he was a soldier," said Craig, "and so do the Russians, I should think."

"He is a soldier as well, but during our war with China, when there came a victory, he would write a poem giving all the praise to the virtue of the emperor. The most famous poem was written after we took Kaiping. It is a wonderful thing, and whenever I think of it I weep."

"In the great heaven, on the day the year returns,
The light that rises in the glowing morning
Is the virtue of the sacred emperor.
All the people of the Orient and foreigners
Will feel their hearts burn with joy then:
And all grass and the Land of the Rising Sun
Will receive the same blessings of dew."

"If the thing was not impossible, I would imagine our friend had been drinking," thought Craig. Then they went back to the battlefield together, as it grew dark, and the searchlights played on the heaps of dead—the wounded had all been gathered by Nippon's Red Cross.

A party of Cossacks had obtained permission to bury their own dead, they were the survivors of Malineff's troop, and they had taken his body with the horror of his death still stamped on his distorted face and, having nothing else,

had tied it up in straw. A row of strange ghastly bundles the dead Cossacks made, lying in the smoky torchlight, with blotches of blood showing black on their strange shrouds.

On a table brought from a Chinese cottage was an ikon propped up by stones, with a torch flaring smokily before it. By this rude altar the dead were brought one by one, while the Russian captain read over them the blessing of the dead. Hayashi, coming on their service unawares, uncovered his head and stood still.

He saw they were laying a few poor flowers on the straw-wrapped dead, and as the searchlight passed, it showed a spot of color among the leaves at his feet. He stooped, to find a trailing morning-glory vine which was opening its blossoms in the cool night air, and saw that leaves and flowers were quite perfect. Un-crushed and undefiled it had lain there, while two continents did battle for victory round it. With a sudden impulse he plucked it gently from the ground, and stepped forward with his cap in his hand.

He would have given the vine to the bearers of the dead, but they motioned him to lay it on himself. And that was how Malineff the Cossack came to be laid to his rest with the name-flower of the girl whose destruction he had sought placed on his breast by her lover's hand.

As Hayashi turned away, the Russian officer spoke, thanking him, and after an instant's struggle with himself, Hayashi held out his hand, "I also am a Christian, Monsieur," he said.

Then without a thought of seeking the girl he believed it was his duty to ignore for the present, the captain of the "Maya," went back to his ship, to sleep, and so be ready for duty on the morrow.

M A R Y

When Mary sang to Him, I wonder if
His baby hand stole softly to her lips,
And smiling down, she needs must stop her song
To kiss and kiss again His finger tips?

I wonder if, His eyelids being shut,
And Mary bending mutely over Him,
She felt her eyes, as mothers do to-day,
For very depth of love grow wet and dim?

Then did a sudden presage come to her
Of bitter looks and words and thorn-strewn street?
And did she catch her breath and hide her face
And sower smothered kisses on His feet?

—Bertha G. Woods.



CHRISTMAS AT LONESOME CROSSING.

BY HELEN FRANCES HUNTINGTON.



NOT so much as a green glint of the Crossing pines was visible under the thick white mantle which lay shoulder-high in places where the drifts had settled. A circular depression on the slope of a near-by hill marked the resting-place of Jack Bell, who had been laid away that morning under two feet of snow within plain sight of McNulty's Hotel, as the miners called the stark, barrack-like structure where they spent their leisure. It was morning of the day before Christmas, but no thought of festivity dwelt in the minds of the five men smoking before the red-hot stove, for to them Christmas meant at best a day of drinks and card-playing.

McNulty, whose head was swathed in grimy bandages, appeared from a back room, and subsided stiffly into an empty chair behind the stove. "You see how it is," he grumbled. "I ain't fit to travel, and there's no more stuff left. It can't last for ever."

"Christmas, and no 'hot stuff,'" growled a man in leather shopp. "Say, pal, I'm going to strike the trail, blizzard or no blizzard. I'd as lief freeze to death as die of thirst."

The laugh that followed his speech was neither pleasant nor mirthful. One by one the men opened their wallets and tossed a bill or two to the table. The man in the leather shopp counted the money twice before thrusting it into his trousers pockets.

"Sixteen dollars ought to make a merry Christmas for six men," he remarked grimly. "I'd better be going before the snow gets thicker."

He had eight weary miles before him,

up hill and down, through drifted snow and hard-packed sleet where the wind had swept his path dry to the level of a month-old freeze; but Jim Leeds, used to hardships, set off doggedly, undismayed. His horse was fresh and rugged as its rider, and knew what was expected of him. It grew colder as the day wore on. A low, moaning wind crept down from the north, laden with icy needle-points that pierced his thick clothing like barbed arrows. Now and then he dismounted and ploughed his way through the drifts until his chilled blood warmed slightly and the numbness of his hands and feet disappeared.

It was well toward the middle of the afternoon when he reached Sunrise Bend. He stopped at the station post-office through force of habit, for Crossing folks were seldom favored in the way of mail.

"Well, if this ain't luck, I dunno what to call it!" exclaimed the station-master, nodding toward a little girl who sat before the stove with meekly folded hands. "She's for the Crossing. I didn't know how in the name o' sense I was going to git her out there."

"For the Crossing!" Leeds echoed sharply. "I guess not."

"Sure thing. She's Jack Bell's little tike. Come in on the mornin' freight from some orphan 'sylum, to spend Christmas with her daddy."

Leeds dropped into a chair, and stared helplessly at the timid little face opposite him. He remembered then, for the first time, Bell's talk about the child, whom he had left at the Home while he looked up a "steady job." His steady job had ended the day before they laid him in his snowy grave among the lonely Colorado hills. His death had been accidental. An imperfect fuse had exploded in the niche where he worked, and he had died before they found him. None of his comrades

remembered the girl, because he had spoken of her only once, in the lull of an exciting game of cards.

"She's such a little tike you can hang her on behind easy as nothin'," the station-master went on cheerfully. "She ain't got a stitch o' baggage but what's on her back, and there ain't none too much o' that for such bitter weather. If she don't git out to the Crossing now, there's no tellin' when she will, 'cause we're goin' to have a blizzard within the next twenty-four hours, sure's death."

"Shouldn't wonder," Leeds muttered.

The little girl watched him with appealing eyes, too timid to ask after her father, yet childishly eager for some assuring message from him. The station-master, considering the matter well off his hands, made no further reference to the child, but fell to dispensing gossip of the station, which was almost, if not quite, as bleak as the Crossing; but Leeds interrupted him summarily.

"I'll be about my business," he said, rising and turning up his coat-collar. "Have her ready when I get back, for there ain't no time to lose."

He went first of all to the general supply store, which catered indifferently to the miners' rough needs, where he made queer haphazard purchases of dry-goods and odds and ends, which mildly surprised the proprietor.

"You don't happen to have such a thing as a doll?" he asked finally.

The storekeeper laughed. "There ain't been a single call for dolls since the widder Beedle moved away," he told his customer. "You rec'lect that Christmas five years ago, when the big blizzard snowed us all under? The widder'd ordered half a dozen dolls a month or two before, an' she managed to wade through the snow an' back somehow, jest to git them dolls in time fer the kids' Christmas stockin's. She took four. Le' me see. There oughter be a couple left. If there is, they're at the bottom o' that old junk box yonder."

His search was rewarded by the discovery of a rather sorry-looking doll, whose wax face was ruthlessly scratched and dented in several places.

"It's a pity it's mused," said he regretfully, smoothing its yellow hair; "but it's a doll anyhow, and it can be fixed up some. It's got real hair, an' its eyes will open and shut if you shake it the right way."

"That's fine!" Leeds approved. "Be sure you tie the things up good and strong, for I've got a tough job before me."

The little girl was waiting anxiously in her queerly fashioned wrap, to which Leeds added a garment that completely swallowed her small form in its spacious folds. He swung her up in front of him with great care, and set off down the white trail where the broken snow marked the arduous course of his recent journey. Now and then he drew the clumsy coat closer about her feet and hands, and asked whether she felt cold, to which she invariably replied in a thin little whisper, "Not much."

Gradually the gray light of the short afternoon deepened. As the cold increased, Leeds knew, by the feel of the icy undercurrent that whistled through the air, that a blizzard was under way in the north country, and wondered just how long it would take to reach them. The darkness grew so intense, presently, that he loosed his hold on the bride, and gave his horse the lead.

After a long while a blur of light broke through the vast, icy darkness, and separated into four bright beacon-lights that marked the windows of the barracks. Leeds' "Hello" cut through the roar of the storm like a knife-blade. The door swung back immediately, revealing two men, who plunged into the gloom to greet him and stable his tired horse.

Leeds waited till the men returned before he explained the presence of the little snowy bundle which he set down in their midst.

"Jack Bell's little girl has come out to spend Christmas with him," he said in a subdued voice. "It's too bad he ain't here just now, ain't it?"

The faces of the five listeners took a curiously similar expression, a look of mingled surprise and consternation, but no one broke the silence till a thin little voice asked for "daddy."

Leeds winced. "Well, you see it's this way," he began gravely. "Your daddy had to go away very suddenly; and, as we are his best friends, we're going to look after you while—while he's gone. You'll be a good little girl for his sake, won't you?"

The little girl's face quivered, and her eyes filled with tears of keen disappointment, but she made no outcry.

"He would want us to take his place, you know," Leeds went on in a dry, husky voice. "We're all goin' to make it as pleasant for you as if you belonged to us sure enough. Now let's get them wet things off and have something to eat, 'cause we're both dreadful tired."

She ate very little in spite of Leeds' pressing attentions. When she had fin-

ished, he conducted her to the empty bunk at the back of the barracks where Bell had slept so soundly two nights before.

"That was your father's bed," he told her as he helped her struggle out of her scant little dress. "Be sure you sleep sound, 'cause to-morrow'll be Christmas, and you'll want to be up bright and early to see what Santy Claus brings you."

The men were waiting for him in the pool-room. There were no bottles on the bare table, and no one thought of the "hot stuff" which had sent Leeds to Sunrise Bend. The composite question was, "What shall we do with her?"

"Don't let's tell her till to-morrow's past," Leeds advised. "Maybe by that time she'll be a little bit used to us. It'll hurt the poor baby terrible, of course; an' it's our business to heal that hurt quick as possible. We must adopt her, of course. It would be a poor show if six great hulks like us couldn't give her a better home than any orphan 'sylum in the country"

"Shucks! Fur's that's concerned we can beat all the 'sylums in the world," McNulty exclaimed fervently. "We'll do it, too, or my name's not Cute McNulty."

"I didn't bring the whiskey," Leeds went on, "'cause I spent the money for her. She don't own a thing but what she wore. I bought all I could find at the supply store that could be used for a little tike like her. I even got a doll. We've got to fix it up somehow before mornin' so's she can find it in her stockin'."

It is doubtful whether six men of the Crossing type were ever collectively engaged upon a task like that which occupied the miners until midnight, and equally doubtful whether any Christmas doll was ever as wonderfully and fearfully arrayed as that product of their combined handiwork. Its outer covering was fashioned of Turkey-red calico, of which the best part of ten yards had been wasted, for each man had tried his luck separately. The final result was a compromise between an inflated meal-sack with barrel-like sleeves and an inverted cornucopia. There was a cowl-like hood with a flamboyant topknot manufactured from green packing-cord. But for all its grotesque array it was a real wax doll, smiling and beautiful as to face: for Leeds had carefully smoothed away the scratches and dents, and combed the long flaxen hair into straight fluffy masses.

"There ain't much to hang on a tree," said Leeds, regretfully surveying the various articles of dry-goods which McNulty

was examining with attentive curiosity; "but 'twould please her a lot, wouldn't it?"

The rest immediately agreed upon a tree. Leeds lit his lantern and went out into the howling night, to return presently with a little fir sapling, which they trimmed carefully and nailed to the middle of the floor. Then they divided the candy into several little heaps, which they tied securely in squares of red calico that looked like great ripe tomatoes against the glossy green of the tree. There were ginger cookies in great abundance, citron, raisins, and rock-candy, three pairs of clumsy little shoes, a box of stockings—which Leeds emptied, and hung the variegated contents about the tree—and other odds and ends left over from the widow Beedle's time.

The child's shy but radiant delight amply repaid their trouble. She took the precious doll straight to her heart, and to the men it was a marvel that she got so much comfort from the inanimate thing, to which they caught her whispering now and then as she sat before the stove with her treasures spread about her. Toward dusk of that long, happy day she asked when her father would return; and Leeds was about to make an evasive answer, when a sudden impulse checked him. Instead he lifted her to his knees, doll and all.

"Honey," he began gently, "once, when your daddy got hurt terrible bad, so bad that most men in his place would have raged and cried and screamed out, he never so much as opened his mouth. He jest bore it like a soldier, as brave and fine as could be. It made us all think a dreadful lot of him. Nothin' makes folks love one another more than bein' brave and good. Do you think you would be like that—real brave—for your daddy's sake?"

The little girl's eyes darkened with a shadow of nameless fear, but she nodded in solemn wonder. "Yes, sir," said she.

"You wouldn't cry no more'n he done if something should hurt you dreadful bad?"

"No," she murmured tremulously. "I wouldn't cry no more'n daddy done."

"Then, my dear little girl, I'm going to tell you the truth. Your daddy's dead."

Not a breath broke the stillness that followed the solemn announcement. The little girl's face grew deathly pale, and the doll slipped unheeded from the nerveless hands; but she did not cry; indeed, she seemed hardly to breathe while the

dreadful truth bore in upon her dazed consciousness.

Then some one drew a sharply stifled breath of pity, like a sob suddenly checked, which snapped the tension of suspense; she shivered, and laid her head on Leeds' breast with a cry of desolation that brought a rush of tears to the watchers' eyes. Leeds' rough hands covered the brown curls caressingly as he pressed the quivering form closer to his heart.

"There, there!" he murmured brokenly. "You jest cry all you like. Don't you mind us. But don't you forget that you've got a lot of big, rough friends that thinks a terrible lot of you, and will do anything in the world to make you happy. You ain't goin' back to

the Home no more, 'cause we're goin' to look after you jest like your daddy would have done. And you'll stay and be our little girl."

For a long while she cried passionately, heartbrokenly, her head pressed close to its warm refuge; then by and by her arm stole about his neck, and the sobbing grew less and less, and gradually merged into the slow, measured breathing of slumber.

For many moments Leeds did not speak. Then he looked at his comrades with a still little smile that showed how sweet a spirit dwelt under that rough surface. "Pals," said he softly, "we'll make the cleanest work of this Christmas job that ever we put our hand to."—*Christian Endeavor World.*



WHEN MARY KISSED THE CHILD.

BY CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

When Mary the Mother kissed the Child,
And night on the wintry hills grew mild,
And the strange star swung from the courts of
air

To serve at a manger with kings in prayer,
Then did the day of the simple kin
And the unregarded folk begin.

When Mary the Mother forgot the pain,
In the stable of rock began love's reign.
When that new light on their grave eyes
broke,

The oxen were glad and forgot their yoke;
And the huddled sheep in the far hill fold
Stirred in their sleep and felt no cold.

When Mary the Mother gave of her breast
To the poor inn's latest and lowliest
guest—

The God born out of the woman's side—
The Babe of heaven by earth denied—
Then did the hurt ones cease to moan,
And the long-supplanted came to their
own.

When Mary the Mother felt faint hands
Beat at her bosom with life's demands,
And nought to her were the kneeling kings,
The serving star and the half-seen wings.
Then was the little of earth made great,
And the man came back to the God's estate.

A STALLED CHRISTMAS.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.



NOW began falling just after midday. The sky was leaden, the day dark, with low-hanging clouds and gusts of piercing wind. Though the cars were steam-heated, they were cold, and about four o'clock they were dark. Outside, the great flakes fell steadily, and the engine forged ahead through a gathering storm that promised to be a blizzard.

It was a long passenger train, with one Pullman and a string of day coaches. The conductor came through at five, and the only lady in the Pullman asked him anxiously if they were on time, and if he thought they would reach Blenheim by ten o'clock?

He shook his head. "We're in an awful blizzard, miss, and the drifts are deep. Looks to me as if we might be stalled a day or two on the road. I presume they'll have the snow-ploughs out soon as the storm stops. Don't be down-hearted. You won't starve. We're not out of provisions."

"But, conductor, this is the day before Christmas!"

"Just so! I'd like to see my wife and the kids on Christmas, but I don't reckon on it. We've a lot of youngsters aboard this train. I'm afraid it won't be much of a Christmas for them, poor things!"

He went on, and the young lady settled back in her seat with a sigh of disappointment. Seventy-five miles from home, no more than that, and she had not seen home and father and mother and the other dear ones in six long months. She was a travelling secretary of the Young Women's Christian Association, and accustomed to delays and vicissitudes of the road; but seldom had she so set her whole heart on arriving promptly at a given destination, as on this particular occasion. The last college she had visited was in a small village, on the line which connected with her own home town, and it had been the farthest Western point in her itinerary. As she turned her face eastward, she had been as happy as a bird faring home to its nest. Friends at the college, weather-

wise in the tokens of the region, had urged her to stay over a day, but she had been resolute in her determination to have a home Christmas, and had started, her heart singing its undernote of joy with every mile, until, after a threatening morning and a gray afternoon, the night had settled into this blizzard.

She was the single lady passenger in the Pullman. Her companions in the car were three men, two young and one old. The latter, who had been regarding her with interest, came and stood beside her seat.

"I think I am not mistaken," he said; "you are Miss Mary Reynolds, of Blenheim—Judge Reynolds' daughter?"

"Yes," she replied.

"Well, I am your father's old classmate, Michael Saunders, and am on my way to his house. You may like to read his letter, and then, if you will allow me, I'll sit down by you and tell you how I happened to be running up from Pasadena in the teeth of such a tempest as this which has pounced upon us. I was not sure of you, or I would have spoken sooner. When you were talking with the conductor just now, there were vibrations in your voice that made me think of your mother. We boys were all in love with her, but Dick Reynolds carried off the prize. Your father speaks of you as taking this route home for the holidays."

A little cheered by finding a friend, with whose name she was familiar, although she had never met him before, Mary Reynolds spent the evening more pleasantly than she had anticipated. They had supper, with a cup of steaming coffee, and she went to bed, as the conductor assured her she might as well do, sleeping soundly till morning.

She awoke to behold a world of white and glistening splendor. Everywhere a world of deep, pure, sparkling snow. The train was standing still, hemmed in by drifts on every side. It was a beautiful, white, cold Christmas, and they might have been on the earth alone, for all trace of other inhabitants. The wind had ceased, the sun had come forth in the clear sky.

"Conductor," said Mary Reynolds, with

a good-morning that was tranquil, though not gay, "I wish you a Merry Christmas. Do you think we'll get on in an hour or two?"

"There is no telling," he answered. "I fear we'll have to spend our Christmas where we are."

"There are children aboard?"

"Lots of 'em, and their mothers are as blue as they are. We've hardly rations to go round them all, you see, and their lunch baskets are pretty nigh used up. After awhile, if we're stalled all day, the farmers from yonder will get in with their sleds, and bring us bread and meat. But it's a blue Christmas for the children."

"Mr. Saunders," said Miss Reynolds, "don't you feel as if this is an opportunity to do a little missionary work?"

"Whatever you propose," was the ready reply. "Where you lead I'll follow."

"Well, here we are, and we can't help ourselves. Providence has placed us here on Christmas Day. And close by us are enough little people for a small Sunday-school, and they are going to miss their Christmas altogether; to have no presents, no dinner, and no fun. Now I propose to brighten the day for them, if I can."

"May we help?" diffidently came from one of the young fellows across the aisle. "I've my banjo with me."

"And I can sing," added his companion.

"Four of us," Miss Reynolds cheerily said, "ought to be able to entertain the little wayfarers. Do you suppose the conductor will let us have them in here?"

"I don't fancy he'll object very strenuously, but I'll ask him," said Mr. Saunders. "I'll propitiate the porter first. He'll be the one to object if any one does. Now, shall we make a tour of the train?"

The tired mothers and fathers, and the cross and fretful children on the train were lounging in every sort of uncomfortable posture in the seats of the day-coaches. Children were crying and quarrelling.

One wee bit of a girlie, golden-haired, with eyes hidden by long-fringed lashes, lay curled up in a corner of the seat nearest the door. She was sound asleep. On her frock was a tag. She was travelling all by herself.

"Poor baby!" said the conductor. "She has gotten into life's hurly-burly too soon. That little one was shipped from New York to San Francisco, by somebody who wanted to get rid of her. At 'Frisco there was nobody to receive her, and the Express people are sending her back."

Miss Reynolds bent over the little sleeper. Five years old, perhaps, her name on the tag, Elsie Dane, prettily dressed, yet a waif that some one had thrust out on the cold charity of the world. The lady, with a tender hand, adjusted the shawl that covered the child, and took a look over the car. Then she signaled to one of the gentlemen who had entered it with her, and immediately he struck up a merry jig on his banjo. The tumpa-tumta-tum of the banjo may not be the heart-stirring beat of the drum, nor the sweet, thrilling note of the fife, but it has a rollicking melody that goes straight to the souls of children and common folk who like a tune. Everybody understands the banjo; this performer played it blithely.

At times the car felt the bracing effect of the ringing melody. The children quit their fretting, their crossness quelled by the music, the mothers brightened up, the fathers and big boys threw back their heads, straightened their neckties and looked more cheerful. Then the little procession of men went through the train, and presently returned, bringing with them all the children they could gather. They followed the banjo player as the children in Browning's ballad followed the piper of Hamelin, but to no such calamitous end. For when they were all assembled in the same car, a young lady with a voice as sweet as an angel's, said: "Children, this is Christmas! Merry Christmas to you, one and all! We're going to have some fun in our car, and we invite you in. Eat what breakfast you can, and then ccine. I've got candy and popcorn!"

So she had. Not very much, but enough to go round the little crowd.

Mr. Saunders picked up golden-haired Elsie, and carried her into the parlor car in his arms.

The Christmas music never sounded sweeter than when Mary Reynolds sang Martin Luther's hymn:

Give heed, my heart; lift up thine eyes;
Who is it in yon manger lies?
Who is this Child, so young and fair?
The blessed Christ-Child lieth there.

Ah, dearest Jesus, Holy Child,
Make I hee a bed, soft, undefiled,
Within my heart, that it may be
A quiet chamber, kept for Thee.

My heart for very joy doth leap,
My lips no more can silence keep;
I too must sing with joyful tongue
That sweetest, ancient cradle song.

When she stopped the children clamored for more, but she asked her friend to play again on the banjo, and then Mr. Saunders came to the front and taught them a carol. By this time the whole train had caught the spirit of Christmas, and far out over the new-fallen snow rang the triumphant chorals.

The conductor came in after awhile with a bag of peanuts, which were received with acclamation. Then, as the children ate them, he drew Miss Reynolds aside.

"I do not think it would be wrong for you to read the letter that was sent, as it happened, with this little girl, whom I am carrying back to go into an asylum. The man to whom it was addressed handed it back to me. He said there was some mistake; he had children enough of his own, and knew nothing about this party.

Mary Reynolds opened the letter. The child was now awake, an exquisite little being with great brown eyes, and a skin like satin. As he saw the writing, she suppressed an exclamation. The hand was familiar though weak and scrawling.

DEAR BROTHER: This letter will not be sent you till I am dead. I am now in the hospital, and the doctors say that I cannot last more than another day. Take care of my Elsie. She is alone in the world.

MILDRED DANE.

"I knew Mildred Dane at college," said Mary Reynolds. "This is her child. She was Mildred Rutherford, and this letter, addressed by the nurse or doctor, is to Mr. Samuel Rutherford. It got to the wrong person. Until we can find the right one, I will assume the charge of Elsie. I remember to have

heard that Mr. Dane died somewhere abroad. I suppose the poor mother was penniless. She was an orphan herself. I am sure she would like me to have Elsie."

"But the Express Company?"

"Their duty ended when they delivered the parcel, said the conductor. "I am carrying her back. You can make inquiries at the other end when you reach Blenheim. I'll take the responsibility of giving her to you for the present."

There was some demur about the propriety of this, but Mr. Saunders added his word, and Mary Reynolds, drawing the little one close, said: "Now, baby, for awhile you shall belong to me—my little Christmas child!"

Noon was drawing near. The weather was cold, but growing milder. Over the snow came farmers with eggs, butter, bread, meat, cold chicken, pumpkin and mince pies, and the hungry passengers bought out all they offered. It was a rather jolly Christmas after all. Everybody talked to everybody else. One man performed some sleight-of-hand tricks. Another told stories. The people visited back and forth in the cars, and the children frolicked in the deep snow. In the late afternoon they had a regular singing service, and just as their voices trailed off into silence the snow-plough came, and there was a shout that the way was clear.

Late on Christmas night Mary Reynolds reached her father's house, carrying with her little Elsie. The stalled Christmas lives in the memory of both, for Elsie's uncle was never found, and Elsie Dane, blossoming into rare loveliness, is still to Mary Reynolds her Christmas child.—*Christian Herald.*

THAT HOLY ONE.

They were all looking for a King
To slay their foes and lift them high.
Thou can'st, a little baby thing
That made a woman cry.
O Son of Man, to right my lot
Nought but Thy presence can avail;

Yet on the road Thy wheels are not,
Nor on the sea Thy sail.
My how or when Thou wilt not heed,
But come down Thy own secret stair,
That Thou may'st answer all my need,
Yea, every bygone prayer.

—*George MacDonald.*



Christmas Readings.



THE HOLY FAMILY.

The tender and beautiful story of the Holy Family has been for many centuries the chief subject of Christian art and song, and especially of Christian literature. The influence of this sweet story on human life and happiness who can estimate? In an age of rapine and untruth and wrong the presentation of that sweetest idyl, the love of mother and the babe, has touched with tenderness even hard and cruel natures, and has been a gleam of hope in darkest lands. Professor Drummond traces much of the evolution of our civilization, and even much of our religion, to this sacred relation. The naïvete of the picture in which an angel is playing on his lute to the listening Babe is one of exquisite beauty.

Christmas is, above all, the children's day. God's greatest gift to man was a little Child. But there is still, in spite of nineteen centuries of Christianity, many a little child not properly cared for to-day. There are homes yet where the face of a child would crown the Christmas feast, and there are little ones, homeless, growing up in institutions without the sweet memories of a childhood home. Let us look reverently into the face of His little ones this day for His sake, and it will be to Him a gift of sweetest savor.

IN THE HEART OF THE HOME.

It was night-time, and the sheep were folded fast on Bethlehem's hills when He came, bringing to the world the picture that has ever since been the inspiration of art. A common enough picture, it is

"A little child shall lead them."

true. One sees it at the door of every poor man's cottage—the mother and her babe. It was into the heart of the home Jesus came. And it is at the home door He is knocking this Christmastide. Great philanthropic enterprises have their place, but it was the home the Son of God entered first when He came to dwell with men. God pity any hearts this Christmas time who have wandered away from

the death-throes of war. The bitter struggles in Russia are but the birth-throes of a new age and a larger liberty.

We rejoice this year that the Christmas angel brings the spirit of peace as well as that of good cheer. While we all rejoice and make it a merry day, let us not forget the upward look, the gift of ourselves to Him who giveth all things freely.



THE HOLY FAMILY, CARVED IN WOOD.

the old fireside, and forgotten it either in the race for gain or in paths of sin. As our feet turn homeward this Christmastide may we bear such love and brightness as we never did before.

Last year at Christmastide the world was being horrified with accounts of great battles, and the slaying of thousands and tens of thousands. Side by side with the carols to the Prince of Peace were tales of armed conflict and

THE ADVENT.

The supernatural events told in the gospels of Matthew and Luke are questioned by many who once did not hesitate to believe them to be literally true. They used to say that if these statements were not facts they could not believe that Jesus was the Christ, the Son of God. Many, perhaps most Christians, accept to-day the narratives of the infancy as historic truth. But all agree now that

there are weightier reasons than these for accepting Jesus as the Saviour of the world, and that if we had only the gospels of Mark and John with the rest of the New Testament we should still see in Jesus the Word made flesh, God incarnated in a human life.

So far as the records show, Jesus did not seek to win disciples by claiming that His birth and infancy were different from theirs. He did not tell them that He had no human father, or that angels announced His coming, or that wise men from the East came to worship Him as a babe. He persuaded men to follow Him because of His mission, His message, and His deeds.

The Acts and the Epistles contain no reference to His birth or His infancy as reasons why men should accept Him as Saviour and Lord. The early disciples presented His life and His teaching and His deeds, attested by His death and resurrection, as sufficient to bring men into His kingdom and to prove that He was the Son of God. Paul said that Jesus "was born of the seed of David according to the flesh, who was declared to be the Son of God with power, according to the spirit of holiness, by the resurrection from the dead; even Jesus Christ our Lord."

What, then, is the value of the stories of the infancy, and how ought we to regard them? The first chapters of Matthew and Luke tell us in substance that Jesus "was conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary." They also trace His ancestry back through Joseph as His father to David, thus proving Him to be the Messiah, King of the Jews. Luke tells us that Mary spoke to her son of Joseph as His father. These writers apparently saw no contradiction in these statements, for they attempt no explanation of them.

Luke says that an angel foretold to the aged priest Zacharias that he should be the father of a son, the forerunner of the Messiah; that an angel announced to Mary that through the power of the Holy Ghost she would bring forth a child who should be called the Son of God; and that when the wife of Zacharias met Mary she declared that her unborn child recognized the child of Mary as his Lord. Luke also says that on the night of the birth of Jesus in Bethlehem an angel declared to shepherds in the field that the child was to be Saviour, Messiah, Lord, and that a choir of angels sang a hymn of praise. Luke further says that an aged prophet and prophetess greeted the

child in the temple as the coming Redeemer of Israel.

Matthew tells us that an angel appeared to Joseph in a dream and revealed to him that the child of Mary was conceived by the Holy Ghost; that wise men from the East came, guided by a star, to worship the young child; and that both they and Joseph were warned in dreams to protect Him from the cruelty of Herod.

What do these things mean to us? First, we do not know enough of those times and those environments to deny that these things happened, even if we are sometimes moved to question them. They are appropriate to the greatest event in the world's history. They are in harmony with the mission of the Christ to reveal God to man through a human life. Next, that visions of angels, dreams, portents in the sky and signs among the stars would not impress us if we were told of them as happening now as they did the simple people of the first Christian century. They fit the time and the occasion, and we love to dwell on them and tell them to our children.

But we see far greater things than these to convince us that Jesus was the Christ—the world being transformed by the child who was born in Palestine. Records of supernatural events connected with His infancy which may have impressed deeply those who first heard of Him as an unknown man are relatively far less important than the signs of His presence and power written large across the pages of the world's history now being made. Few heard the angel's message concerning His coming or saw the wise men on their journey. But what do we see this Christmas season? Says Dr. Fairbairn of Jesus Christ: "By means of His very suffering and His cross He enters upon a throne such as no monarch ever filled and no Caesar ever exercised. He leads captive the civilized peoples; they accept His words as law, though they confess it higher than human nature likes to obey; they build Him houses, they worship Him; they praise Him in song, interpret Him in philosophies and theologies; they deeply love, they madly hate, for His sake."

Jesus is His own witness now; with the crown of suffering on the cross, the glory of the resurrection, and the triumph over sin and death.—Rev. A. E. Dunning, in *Congregationalist and Christian World*.

THE TRUE CHRISTMAS.

The coming of Christ is the supreme event in history. Other events have attracted the world, this has attracted earth and heaven. This is the key to the history of the world. It is the solution of the problems of all time. Christ's advent unravels the mysteries of the world. The great events of history bow at the coming of Christ.

His own words, "I came down from heaven," attest His divine ancestry, and proclaim His royal descent. Time cannot measure His age, eternity is the gauge of His life. He is not of human origin, for God is His Father. He cannot be tested by human standards, and men cannot understand Him, because He is in many respects unlike men.

His nationality lies outside the world. He belongs to the empire of heaven. Men honor the home of heroes and benefactors, but the home of Christ lies beyond Bethlehem. The Jews who ought to be proud of the fact that the earth-home of Christ was within their country, have rejected Him, and it belongs to foreigners to exalt their country and race, because of their relationship to Christ. Would you seek a national monument to Christ, you must go to heaven to find it? Christ has no special characteristics of any class or nation on earth. He cannot be classified, because He bears in His person the characteristics of the race of God. As men become like Him, they show in their natures and lives that they are of the race of God.

Christ is still coming to earth. His descent is perpetual. He is descending into nations, and the power of His presence is felt in national life. He is coming into society, and is living among men to-day. He is entering into human hearts, begetting life, transforming the natures of men, and changing them into beauty, insomuch that family life has a new ideal and the home a better setting.

Men are crying for the descent of Christ. They are crying for a human brother to understand their needs and feel for them, and for a God to save them. Christ has come to satisfy human needs, and to answer the cry of sorrow. This is the apotheotic of Christmas, for it is the answer to human fears and longings for a better life. Christ for man is the reply to "The Man with the Hoe." The coming of Christ is the beginning of a new era for the world. The world, through sin, is in darkness, but Christ is the light, and He is not limited in territory, age, or power as the light of Asia,

for He is the Light of the world of science, literature, politics, religion, and race.

The material Christ is bounded by time, the spiritual Christ is eternal and universal. It is this Christ that our hearts long to see, and this is He who has come. There is a Christmas which comes every December, and is a part of earth and time, and a Christmas which comes every day in the year, which is spiritual and eternal, and belongs to heaven. The true Christmas comes when Christ is born in human souls.—Rev. John Maclean, Ph.D.

"ON EARTH PEACE."

Christ came to bring peace to the earth. He would make peace between man and man. The influence of His life is softening all life. The world yields very slowly to the gentle influence of love, but it is yielding nevertheless. Christian civilization, with its institutions of philanthropy and charity, all its refinement of feeling and all its gentle humanities, is the fruit of Christ's life, teaching and redemption.

Peace is one of the great key-words of the Bible. It has many shades of meaning. There is peace with God, which comes to all who receive forgiveness. There is the peace with God, which possesses the heart of him who has learned to entrust his life, with all its perplexities and cares, in the hands of God. Christ left as a bequest to His disciples His own peace, and we know what wonderful peace His was. He never worried. Nothing ever disturbed for a moment the quiet of His heart. Even on the cross His peace was not broken. This peace He gives to His friends, if they will receive it.

Then there is peace among men, which was part of the meaning of the angels' song. Wherever the love of Christ goes, it binds hearts together in unity. It should be ours at this Christmastide to listen again to the angels' song, "On earth peace," and to let its holy strain enter deep into our hearts. This will be the truest and best Christmas keeping. It were a sad pity if the glad day should bring to us only a few presents from friends, the music of some joyous carols, and an air of gladness, and should not leave in our hearts a new gift of peace and a holy uplift of life toward things that are more excellent.—J. R. Miller, D.D.

MOVES FASTER.

Christmas succeeds Christmas so rapidly as the years go on! Santa Claus is to older people like the dog running around the stump—he almost catches himself. But is there not in this a suggestion of immortality—of the deathlessness of life? If life got slower as it grew older, if the years began to drag, we might argue that it was running down and out; but that is not the way. It moves faster, the years grow shorter, the Christmases grow nearer together. What does this mean save that life is not lessening, but increasing? That time flies means that life must go on. So this year, when the children wish that Christmases came more quickly, when they say that they would like to have one every week, and you tell them that it won't be long before they will come around fast enough, remember that

you are voicing one of the many little things which confirm our faith and enlarge our hope in an everlasting life.—
Sunday-School Times.

In the Cave.—Strange birth-room for a Prince! Strange witnessing of a royal birth—the lowing stalls of David's Inn! Strange lovers at the midnight door, craving sight of the Star's publishment! Even at opening of those baby-eyes, the world came yearning audience; as if to lay on the new-born heart its heavy burthen, and find rest, and, in uncomprehended acceptance of a Saviour, laying down by the swaddling-clothes of mystical symbols—myrrh, frankincense, and gold. That poor, tired, old, wilful world, waiting without, "with exceeding great joy," at the chill cave, to kneel to its Lord!



VIRGO GLORIOSA.

BY LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY.

Vines branching stilly
Shade the open door
In the house of Zion's Lily,
Cleanly and poor.
O brighter than wild laurel
The Babe bounds in her hand!
The King, who for apparel
Hath but a swaddling-band,
Who sees her heavenlier smiling than stars
in His command.
Soon mystic changes
Part Him from her breast,
Yet there a while He ranges
Gardens of rest;
Yea, she, the first to ponder

Our ransom and recall,
A while may rock Him under
Her young curls' fall,
Against that only sinless, love-loyal heart
of all!

What shall inure Him
Unto the deadly dream,
When the tetrarch shall abjure Him,
The thief blaspheme,
And scribe and soldier jostle
About the shameful Tree?
When even the Apostle
Demands to touch and see?
But she hath kissed her Flower where the
Wounds are to be.

Current Topics and Events.

LORD MINTO, VICEROY OF INDIA.



LORD MINTO.

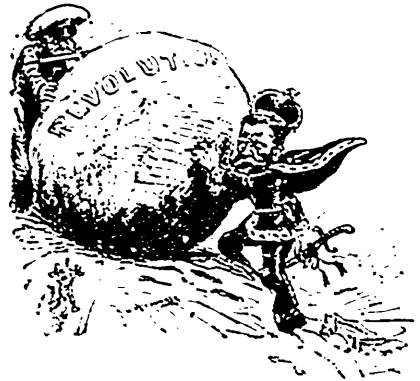
The new Viceroy of India, says The Outlook, whose full name is John Murray Kynynmond Elliot Gilbert, is now fifty-eight years old, and is a man of wide experience, having seen service in four continents. He was educated at Eton and Cambridge, and at the age of twenty entered the Scots Guards. Ten years later he served with the Turkish army and was in the Afghan War of 1879. He was the Private Secretary of Lord Roberts when he was in South Africa in 1881, and he volunteered for the Egyptian campaign of the following year. He was appointed Military Secretary of the Marquis of Lansdowne, Governor-General of Canada, and led the campaign against Riel and his half-breed followers in the Rebellion of 1885. He was Governor-General of Canada from November 12th, 1898, to December 10th, 1904. He now takes the place of Lord Curzon, who resigned the viceroyalty of

India because of conflicts of authority with Lord Kitchener over the reorganization of the army and the control of supplies for it.

THE RUSSIAN REVOLT.

Recent events in Russia have had a most dramatic character. Never, we think, has such a victory for freedom been won by the mere passive resistance of a people. The millions of Russian wage-workers were without arms, without money, and many of them without food. Yet they organized an almost universal strike and in three days paralyzed the industries of the country and brought the despotic government to its knees. Even the knouts of the Cossacks were powerless against a whole people passively resisting.

Had the Little Father met the loyal people in this spirit on that dreadful Red Sunday a few months ago he might have grappled them to his heart with hooks of steel; and even now they welcome with almost a delirium of delight their promised liberties. But they have been so often befooled and betrayed by promises made only to be broken that one cannot wonder at their hesitancy to accept at par the pledge recently given. Should an armed revolt and civil war ensue the Czar and the Grand Dukes will



BEWARE THE AWFUL AVALANCHE.

-The News, Toronto. 51



THE RUSSIAN AGITATOR IS FURNISHED WITH PLENTY OF TINDER.

—Wilder in the Chicago Record-Herald.

have only themselves to blame. A long course of the oppression which makes wise men mad has created a situation of tremendous difficulty. The Russian moujik, however, is loyal at heart to the Little Father and might easily be won back to future fealty. We believe there is yet in store for these people a bright future, and that the defeat of Russia in the Far East, without which this revolt of the West could not have occurred, will be the very best thing that could have happened.

The cartoonists, of course, devote special attention to the Russian revolution. None of their sketches are more suggestive than that by our own Mr. McConnell in the Toronto News. The Czar has indeed a greater task than that of Sisyphus in trying to keep back the avalanche which threatens the autocracy, if not his dynasty. His ukase of partial liberty, wrung from him by his personal peril, may be too late. The Council of Workmen's Delegates, of St. Petersburg, thus comment upon it:

"Freedom of meeting, but the meeting surrounded by troops; freedom of speech, but the censorship remains; freedom of learning, but the university occupied by troops; inviolability of person, but the prisons full; Witte given, but Treppoff remains; constitution given, but autocracy remains; all given, nothing given."

Had he but met the petitioners headed by Father Gapon on Red Sunday, the

Czar might have won enthusiastic loyalty of his people for the Little Father; but, infirm of purpose and of will, he let the golden hour go by. Russia, like the empire of Belshazzar, is weighed in the balance and found wanting. Its cruelties and oppressions are beyond anything recorded of the pagan empire. The persecution of the Jews, to whom all Christendom owes so much, by holy Russia is one of the darkest pages in history, and no less than twelve hundred separate edicts for the oppression of the Jews have been enacted from 1649 to 1881, and more than half of these were issued during the thirty years' reign of Nicholas I. Since then the arch-inquisitor Torquemada of Russia, Pobledonostseff, has been deposed from his seat of power, but still the ruthless slaughter of the Jews goes on.

The figure of a general conflagration, as indicated in another cut, finds ample fuel in the broken promises, heavy taxes and rank oppressions which so long have afflicted these people. Amid the wild welter of parties, three groups especially emerge, Nihilism, Socialism and Anarchism, and dance around the caldron of revolution with their weird incantation:

"Double, double, toil and trouble,
Fire burn and caldron bubble."



THE CAPTAIN—"MORE OIL, YOUR MAJESTY."
—McCutcheon in the Chicago Tribune.



THE EDGE OF THE PRECIPICE.
—Webster in the Chicago Inter-Ocean.

A NEW PURIM.

The massacre of the Jews has aroused the indignation and the sympathy of every civilized people. In English-speaking countries especially, sympathy for the victims of Russian riots is taking the practical form of generous donations. This took an unprecedented form in the McCaul Street Synagogue, Toronto, where the mayor of the city, the Premier of the province, Chancellor Burwash, and many other distinguished men spoke in earnest protest against the barbarism of the Russian massacres, and sent generous contributions for the succor of its victims. Even the optimistic Mr. Stead fears the massacre of a hundred thousand before tranquillity may be restored. Were he a pessimist he would anticipate the slaughter of a million, he says. Nevertheless he declares that the Czar is the most sane and tranquil man in Russia. His alleged tranquillity does him no credit. If any man should repent in sackcloth and ashes it is he, for the disasters his alternate stubbornness and vacillation have brought upon his unhappy country.

There is one ray of hope for the Jews, and that is the dominance of Witte in the great councils of the nation. It is well known that his wife is a Jewess. When he was first summoned to the chancellorship a few years ago he was admonished to "remember that you are unmarried," and his wife was denied all recognition at court. They are now

glad to give it her. It may be that, like Esther, she is come unto the kingdom for such a time as this, that she may succor her people, oppressed by a more bitter persecution than that of Ahasuerus of old. If she succeed, then will she go down into history, like Esther, and their day of deliverance be celebrated as the Jews celebrate in all lands the feast of Purim, in recognition of their rescue by a woman's faith and courage from a bitter bondage.

As these notes are being written the Czar is trying to crush, by martial law, the aspirations for liberty of the oppressed people of Poland. Six hundred thousand troops, it is said, are quartered on these struggling patriots, and it is also alleged that both Germany and Austria promise their help to hold them down. If this be so, the Czar is writing the death-warrant of his dynasty, and the semi-despotisms of Austria and Germany are repeating their share of the colossal crime of the partition of Poland. But the hands go not back on the dial of time. The Pole, the Greek, the Magyar shall yet be free.

Witte seems to be the one man in Russia who can rule the waves, and he will have his hands full to guide the ship of state through the storm raised by Russian revolt. The Czar's belated effort to cast oil upon the waters may, let us hope, prove successful, but some storms are too great to be thus overcome.



"RISE, RUSSIA!"
—Bush in the New York World.



—The New York Times.

The conflict in the dual kingdom of Austria-Hungary seems for the time to be restrained, but a deep and irreconcilable cleavage exists between the rival races of these countries of such romantic history and marvellous potentialities. Neither a house nor a kingdom divided against itself can stand. The intense bitterness and hostility between these peoples are well shown in our cartoon.

It is announced that Russia will spend one hundred and fifty million dollars on a military tunnel through the Caucasus, thirty-two miles long. This will enable it to move troops to the Persian frontier in seven days. Russia had better save her money and educate her new masters, the peasant people—the most illiterate in Europe.

The cartoonists find ample opportunity for their pencils in the disgraceful life insurance revelations. In the sweat-box of investigation the officers are having an unpleasant time, but not nearly so unpleasant as their unfortunate victims, whose hard-earned savings are squandered by those potentates of frenzied finance. If some of these high-toned criminals should land in prison, as indicated in one of our cartoons, it would be only what they deserve. The whole system of life insurance, however, must not be discredited on account of the frauds of a few. It is a great and beneficent system—a staunch ship that will weather many a storm if only the barnacles of speculation are scraped from its keel.

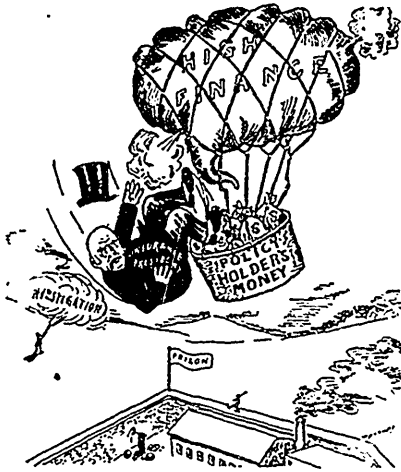
The tour of President Roosevelt through the Southern States has been a triumphal march. Everywhere he was received with enthusiasm. His visit and manly words have done much to cement the North and South as they never were before. Yet he bated not a jot of his sturdy independence. He reasserted his purpose to give every man, so far as he might, whether white or black, a square deal, an equal chance. Although he knew it was distasteful to many of the southern whites, he paid a visit to his old friend, Booker Washington, at Tuskegee, and he strongly denounced the barbaric crime of lynching, which he declared degraded its participants below the level of their victim.

The most shameless fraud and corruption have been flagrantly committed at the recent civic elections in New York. A recount is demanded. Thousands of ballot-boxes are guarded in the armories, and the New Year may see two rival mayors claiming the civic chair, as the rival popes of the Middle Ages claimed the chair of St. Peter. These things are a sign of greatest peril. Of what avail to rejoice over the emancipation of Russia, of Poland, of Finland, if bossism and an autocracy of villany be allowed to defy the will of the people and filch revenues greater than those of many a European kingdom? This is but to tolerate a despotism under the empty form of a republic.



IF YOU DON'T FEEL BETTER AFTER THIS
YOU'LL PROBABLY FEEL WORSE.

—Rohse in St. Paul Pioneer Press.



COMING DOWN.

—Handy in the Duluth News-Tribune.

The Woman's Art Association of Toronto, and its president, Mrs. Dignam, are to be congratulated on their splendid exhibit of Dutch art, especially of the works of that supreme artist, Josef Israels. They merit special commendation for their exhibit of the handicraft of the habitants of the Province of Quebec and of the Doukhobors of the North-West. Amid their rude environment these people create some very artistic designs and very skilful execution.

THE BATTLE FOR BREAD.

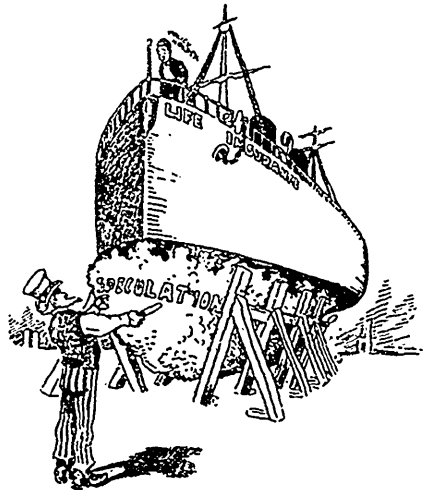
A writer in the Outlook draws attention to the fearful carnage in the ranks of industry. Every year there are in the United States between 64,000 and 80,000 persons killed, and 1,600,000 seriously wounded in the various industries. It will surprise many of our readers to know that some of the bloodiest conflicts in the history of warfare do not furnish as large a death-roll as the accident list of the modern labor market.

The factories are believed to furnish the greater part of this list of killed and wounded. For the railroads and trolleys there is an approximate basis in their yearly reports, though a notoriously incomplete one. Adding up the list of

killed and wounded from these sources, the writer has a total of 12,299 dead, and 137,916 wounded, to contrast with the records of losses in three of the bloodiest battles of the Civil War—Chancellorsville, Chickamauga and Gettysburg, with 12,857 killed in battle and 69,408 wounded.

The interstate roads alone, in the year ending June 30th, 1904, killed 9,984 persons, and wounded 78,247, while in the battle of Gettysburg, which plunged every section of the United States into mourning, both armies, after a three days' conflict, suffered a loss of but 5,662 killed in battle, and 21,203 wounded.

What is worse, it is said that four-fifths of the casualties result from preventable causes, as boiler explosions, unguarded machinery, defective coupling on cars. The Outlook points out that the old-time slave-owners and feudal barons had an interest in protecting the laborer. He was of value to them. Not so the capitalist of to-day. The laborer is but "a hand." Does he stumble off the stage into eternity? Another is ready to fill the gap in the rank. But in the name of humanity, ought these things so to be? Not even great charities can cover up the sacrifice of flesh and blood.



REMOVING THE BARNACLES ISN'T GOING TO HURT THE SHIP.

—Pioneer Press, St. Paul.

Religious Intelligence.

THE FOUNDER OF THE YOUNG MEN'S
CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.



SIR GEORGE WILLIAMS.

Another great and good man has gone to his reward who belongs not merely to the homeland, but to all lands. Wherever the English speech is known, and in many lands where it is an alien tongue, the name of the late Sir George Williams is honored and revered as the father and founder of that world-wide institution, the Young Men's Christian Association. Throughout the world the flags hung at half-mast in his memory, and this city draper was knighted by his sovereign and buried in St. Paul's with the nation's mighty dead. He had reached the good old age of eighty-four. As a draper's lad he gave his heart to God and met with others of like mind for prayer and Bible study. At 72 St. Paul's Churchyard, on June 6th, 1844, the Y. M. C. A. was born. Its line is gone out through all the earth, and its words to the end of the world. It has now 8,425 branches in 49 countries, with 699,213

members and 893 buildings valued at \$36,000,000.

In December, 1851, the first Y. M. C. A. in America was established at Montreal, and the same month in Boston. Through the organization of the Christian Commission during the Civil War its scope was greatly widened. All the world knows the history of its labors, which gleams like a golden embroidery on the ensanguined robe of war. Its agents carried at once the bread that perisheth and the Bread of Life, and healed the wounds both of the body and of the soul. The "Christian artillery" of the battlefield, the coffee-waggons and supply trains of the Commission, succored many a wounded soldier amid the horrors of war. These plumeless heroes of Christian chivalry exhibited a valor as dauntless as his who led the victorious charge or covered the disastrous retreat. This Commission disbursed for the benefit of the soldiers over six million dollars, employed 4,859 agents working without recompense, an aggregate of 185,562 days. It gave away over sixty million Bibles and other religious books, magazines and tracts.

One effect of these Associations is to give a nobler tone to business—to prove that it is not a mere selfish game of grab. The reproach of the age, whether deserved or not, is its intense dollar worship; its passionate greed of gain; the eager race for riches, in which all classes of society engage. The spirit of rash speculation and of reckless extravagance fostered by the gold boom and stock exchange are morally antipodal to religious feeling. But business, when ennobled and dignified by a lofty Christian principle, will become a high and holy calling. This desirable consummation will vastly increase the resources of the Church, and will unseal fountains of liberality which will water the earth with the streams of an almost boundless beneficence.

A special development of the Y. M. C. A. in recent years has been in connection with the colleges and universities of the world. Many admirable buildings have been erected and incalculable good has been done by these and by the visitations of Mr. Mott to the student world and enlisting them in missionary movements.

OUT OF WORK.

Referring to a recent statement in The World's Work that there were a large number of men unable to find employment in the United States, Mr. Leroy Scott, who has been investigating the case, claims the problem is not to find work for the unemployed, but to find men who will work. One great trouble he finds is that the men drop their jobs after pay-day and go off on a spree. He studied 118 men, who found refuge in the municipal lodging-houses, the men all saying that they were looking for work. Employment was secured for 31 of the 118. Eleven soon threw up their jobs, and only six stuck to their work. Forty-five men, when they learned that an effort was being made to find work for them, suddenly disappeared. He at one time dressed himself in old clothes and set out to test the truth of the reports that there was no work to be had. At the end of the day he had sixteen jobs on which to begin work next morning. He urged several men to take these positions, but they refused.

To be sure, unemployed working men are not all of this class. In justice to the working man one must admit that there is another side to the story. Often there is work waiting for the man without his having the intelligence to find it. Often the work he does find he is incompetent to do through no fault of his own. Sometimes he is physically unequal to the herculean tasks set before him. Reared sometimes in the shut-in districts of cities, on insufficient fare, and in the worst of sanitary conditions, it is not to be wondered at if he lacks the spur to work. It is easy for the man of culture to talk of what he could or would do if he were a laboring man. But it is well to remember that in putting himself in the laboring man's place he must also accept the laboring man's ancestry, environment, and limitations. The Church of God has an important problem in dealing with this class of people, especially in the line of temperance work.

While these pages go to press there is assembling in Carnegie Hall, New York City, November 15 to 21, one of the most notable conferences ever held on this continent. Its work is thus summarized in The Western Christian Advocate. We will give prominence in our next number to the result of this remarkable gathering. Some twenty-seven

church bodies, each comprising in some cases groups of churches, are represented. The programme brings together the most distinguished religious leaders of the country. There will be discussions on the general movement towards closer fellowship and on the unity of faith in God, Christ, the Holy Spirit, the Holy Scriptures. Besides these presentations there will be practical addresses on the most intimate co-operation possible between the churches in such vital matters as religious education, the social order (war and peace, citizenship, family life), home and foreign missions, evangelization (in cities, among Germans, among colored populations), and national life.

MORE MARTYRS IN CHINA.

A dreadful tragedy has befallen the Presbyterian Mission at Lienchau whereby five of its missionaries were massacred and their buildings destroyed. This is said to be a fanatical outbreak in consequence of the American treatment of the Chinese. "These five men and women," says The Independent, "were murdered by our American Congress." We have ourselves seen Chinese hunted through the streets of San Francisco till they had to leap into the water to escape assault. Now the whole of China is boycotting America. Even little children run through the streets crying, "We have no more American goods." "We are ashamed for our country in this matter," continues The Independent; "we have not been Christians; it is we, not alien hands, that have slain our own citizens." Have we not a lesson to learn in Canada of our treatment of the yellow strange within our gates?

Two distinguished citizens of Toronto have, during the month, passed away—the Rev. Dr. Blackstock and the Honorable Christopher Robinson. Of our revered and honored friend we have written at length in The Guardian, and can only here refer to his noble life, crowned with a happy death. He was a frequent contributor to these pages. Through a long life he served his generation by the will of God, and has entered into his endless rest and reward.

Mr. Robinson was the son of a distinguished father, the first Chief Justice of Upper Canada, who served his country as a boy at Queenston Heights in 1812.



BEVERLEY HOUSE, TORONTO.

His distinguished son lived and died in the old historic home in Toronto of which we give a picture, next to the Grange probably the oldest residence in Toronto. Many have been the gatherings of the great and wise and good at its hospitable table, and it sheltered three generations of a distinguished family. The late jurist maintained the high traditions of the Canadian bar and bench in a manner worthy of his distinguished ancestry.

Another saint of God has passed away. Mrs. Thompson, the mother of the Temperance Crusade, died at her home in Hillsboro', Ohio, in her ninetieth year. We recently told in these pages of the story of that heroic movement in which these weak women confronted the powers of darkness by the might of faith and prayer, and won a glorious triumph. Out of this grew the great Woman's Christian Temperance Union, the most potent propaganda of temperance and every moral reform by legislation and education.

Our Magazine for 1906.

Most of the subscriptions to this Magazine terminate with the present volume. We hope our patrons will promptly renew for themselves, and seek to send also the subscription of some neighbor or friend. If we can secure a further circulation of one thousand we will surprise our friends with the improvement in this periodical. We hope the ministers, who are our special agents, and all our friends will make an earnest effort to give us that increase. Please mention it, and The Guardian, from the pulpit and at your week-night service. Now is the best time to push the canvass. The November and December numbers will be given free to new subscribers.

Kindly intimate your desire to have the Magazine continued.

Toronto: William Briggs, Publisher.

November and December Numbers, 1905, FREE TO NEW SUBSCRIBERS



THE OXFORD OF CANADA. Illustrating "Our Canadian Colleges."

FOUR HUNDRED
FINE ENGRAVINGS

Methodist Magazine and Review

VOLS. SIXTY-THREE
AND SIXTY-FOUR

—W. H. WITHROW, D.D., F.R.C.S., Editor—

PROSPECTUS FOR 1906

ILLUSTRATED ARTICLES

Canadian Art and Artists.
Wild Sports of Canada.
Life on the Frontier.
With the Mounted Police.
The New West
Our National Park.
Life Behind Prison Bars.
Life in a Hospital.
Royalty at Home.
England in Egypt.
British Guiana.
Old Toronto.
Ice-Boating in Canada.
Humors of the Post Office.
The Mother of Parliaments.
Life on the Ranch.
Bits in Paris.
In Tonga Land.
Housc-Boats on the Thames.
The Playground of Ontario.
The Graveyard of the Atlantic—Sable Island.
Climbing the Matterhorn.
Canadian Northland.
Genoa the Superb.
In Tropic Seas.
New Russia.
China in Reconstruction.
Bits in Spain.
The Garden Province of Canada—Prince
Edward Island.
History in Cartoon.
In the Lumber Camps.
With the Pioneers.



HER MAJESTY QUERN ALEXANDRA.
Illustrating "The King and Queen at Home."

SOCIAL AND RELIGIOUS TOPICS

MANY OF THEM ILLUSTRATED

The Christian Church and Christian Reforms.

The Black Problem and How to Solve It.
The University Question. CHANCELLOR BURWASH.

The Two New Hymnals, British and American. DAVID ALLISON, LL.D., and REV. W. H. ADAMS.

The Spade as a Commentator. C. D. CURRELLEY.

The Oxford Movement. The Editor.

The Development of Religious Thought in Germany. The Editor.

Religious Thought in France. The Editor.

Aggressive Evangelism. REV. G. W. KERBY, B. A.

Love and Law. LYMAN ABBOTT.

An Experiment in Prison Reform. CHARLOTTE SMITH ROSSL.

Romance of the English Speech.

The Problem of the City.

Our Western Heritage.

The Problem of Universal Peace.

The Religious Condition of Italy.

The Training of Hand and Eye.

Social Service.

Municipal Enterprises of Frelebourg.

The King's Gift to the Nation.

The Torrey-Alexander Mission.

The Conquest of Poverty—A Social Experiment.

The Heritage of Power.

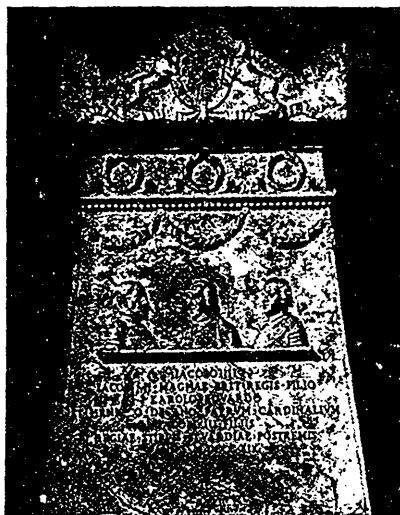
Our Public Schools.

Old Testament Prophecy.

PROF. ANDREW STEWART, D.D.



A CORRIDOR WITH CELL DOORS OPEN.
Illustrating "Prison Life in Canada."



TOMB OF THE PRETENDERS.
Illustrating "The Last of the Stuarts."

CHARACTER SKETCHES AND STUDIES

Recollections of Schliemann,
the Re-discoverer of
Troy. MRS. M. E. T. DE
TOUFFE LAUDER.

The Evolution of a Saint.
REV. S. P. ROSE, D.D.

An Immortal Biography.
REV. JESSE S. GILBERT, Ph.D.

Mrs. Senator Cox. C. CHANCELLOR BURWASH.

Mrs. Chester D. Massey. CHANCELLOR BURWASH.

A Great Historian. W. H. PRESCOTT.

John Falk, a German Philanthropist.

George Whitefield. G. K. BRADSHAW, B.A.

Elihu Burritt, a Prophet of Peace.

Henry Ibsen and His Message.

A Great Scholar—Professor Palmer.

Baroness Burdett-Coutts.

Hannah Schwanick—Scholar, Poet and Social Reformer.

Tragedy of a Palace—Marie Antoinette.

The Last of the Stuarts.

Dr. Drummond and His Work.

Public Men of Canada.

Literary Bits in London.

A Jewish Mystic.

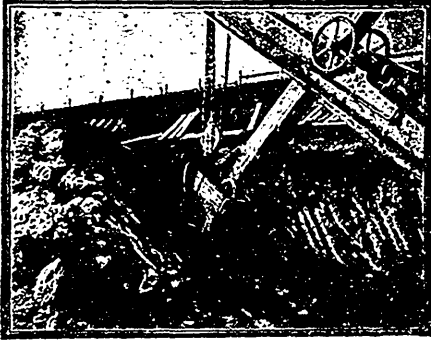


FURTHEST NORTH IN CANADA.
Illustrating "Canadian Northland."

MISSIONARY PAPERS

MANY OF THEM ILLUSTRATED.

Why I Believe in Missions. C. SYLVESTER HORN.
Missions in Manchuria.
British Burma.
The Miracle of Pentecost Renewed,
Gilmour of Mongolia.
When the South Wind Blew Softly.
At the River Ahava; or, How to Face a Crisis.
Our Pacific Coast Missions.
Missions in Japan.
Our Missions in China.
The Stranger Within our Gates.
Canadian Mission in Formosa.



A STEAM SHOVEL.
Illustrating "Making a Railway."

POPULAR SCIENCE

MANY OF THEM ILLUSTRATED

Earth's Interior Fire.
The Turbine Steamer.
The Birds of Canada.
The Psychology of Christian Science.
Development of the Automobile.
The Future of the Trolley.
Romance of the Railway.
The New Astronomy.
The Beneficence of Science.
The White Plague.
New Finds in Egypt.



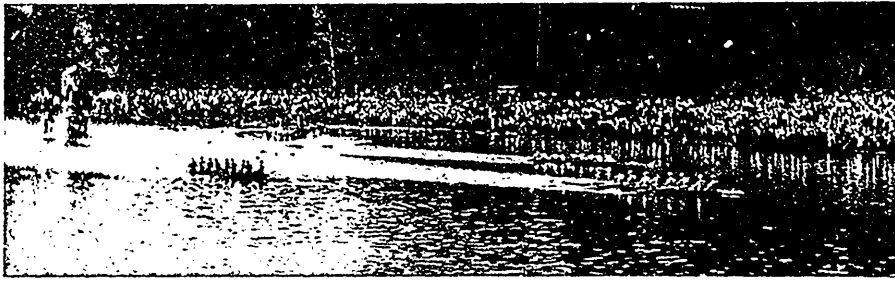
THE DAIRY OF MARIE ANTOINETTE.
Illustrating "The Tragedy of a Palace."

SERIAL AND SHORT STORIES

The Parsonage Secret. ANNETTE NOBLE.
The Man with the Broken Teeth. E. A. TAYLOR.
The Girl He Left Behind Him. E. A. TAYLOR.
A New Canadian Story. MARK GUY PEARSE.
The Trading Stamp Craze.
The Pastor's Revenge.
Weary Feet.
A Change of Occupation.



CONVALESCENT.
Illustrating "Life in a Hospital."



THE HENLEY REGATTA. Illustrating "House-Boats on the Thames."

PER YEAR—

SIX MONTHS—

\$2.00

\$1.00

GUARDIAN and MAGAZINE or
WESLEYAN and MAGAZINE together. . . . **\$2.75**

Sunday-schools subscribing for two or more copies to one
address, \$1.60 per year each.

CLUBBING RATES

These Clubbing Rates are in addition to the price paid for
the METHODIST MAGAZINE AND REVIEW.

	Regular Price	Club Rate
Century Magazine	\$4.00	\$3.50
Atlantic Monthly	4.00	3.50
Harper's Monthly Magazine	4.00	3.50
Scribner's Magazine	3.00	2.75
St. Nicholas	3.00	2.50

WHAT IS SAID OF IT

"The Canadian Church is to be highly congratulated on
its magazine."—*London Quarterly*.

"It is the best magazine for a Christian family of which we
have any knowledge."—*Christian Uplook*.

"It should be in every Methodist home."—*Kingston Whig*.



THE PORTAGE. Illustrating "The Northland of
Canada."



THE DIVISION LOBBY.

Illustrating "The Mother of Parliaments."

"Abreast of the most popular literary magazines.
The articles are by scholarly men and good writers."
—*St. Louis Methodist*.

THE DEPARTMENTS

of THE WORLD'S PROGRESS, well illustrated, CURRENT
THOUGHT, RECENT SCIENCE, NEW BOOKS, RELIGIOUS
INTELLIGENCE and EDITORIAL COMMENT will be main-
tained and developed.

Reviews of High-Class Literature
a Specialty

WILLIAM BRIGGS

29-33 RICHMOND ST. W., TORONTO, ONT.

C. W. COATES, Montreal, Que.

S. F. HUESTIS, Halifax, N.S.

SUPPLEMENT

PLEASE CIRCULATE

Book Notices.

"The English Works of George Herbert." Newly arranged and annotated and considered in relation to his life. By George Herbert Palmer. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Three vols. Pp. xx-429; xiv-443; 455. Price, \$6.00.

"Holy George Herbert" is better known now-a-days by that pious phrase of Izaak Walton's than by the study of his works. He was one of the most popular poets of two centuries and a half ago. Within a year of his death twenty thousand copies of a high-priced edition were sold, and soon many editions were published. Then for a hundred years not a single copy was printed, but during the last quarter of a century a new edition has appeared almost every other year, but none so sumptuous or edited with such minute and loving care as the one under review. "This work," says the writer, "is a box of spikenard poured in unappeasable reward over one who has attended my life." "Before I could well read," he adds, "I knew a large part of his verse." This handsome edition is the labor of a lifetime and a labor of love. It is probably the most thoroughly edited edition of any English poet in existence. The poems are printed only on the right hand page, while the notes, which are often more than the text, face them on the left.

In Herbert the purest poetry and the most devout piety are mingled. No expense has been spared either in money or the book-makers' art in making this an ideal edition of his works. It was a romantic life, that of George Herbert. He was descended from the Earls of Pembroke and was born in Montgomery Castle, Wales. His brother was the famous Lord Herbert of Cheshire, where he was born, 1593.

Our author remarks that he lived in the very crisis of English history. All history before him seems mediæval, all after him seems modern. The defeat of the Spanish Armada took place only five years before his birth. He lived through a large part of the reign of Elizabeth, the whole of that of James I., and a third of that of Charles I. He won distinction at Cambridge University and was the friend of Wotton, Dr. Donne and Lord

Bacon, who is said to have had such high regard for his learning and judgment that he submitted his works to him before publication. He was in high favor with King James, and received from him a sinecure office worth one hundred and twenty pounds per annum which Queen Elizabeth had formerly given Sir Philip Sidney. The death of the king destroyed his court hopes, and he entered sacred orders. His life was spent in exemplary devotion to the duties of his holy office. "He changed his sword and silk clothes," says Izaak Walton, "for a priest's gown."

He married in his thirty-sixth year his wife, a kinswoman of the Earl of Danby, after three days' acquaintance, and she proved a faithful and loving wife for three short years till his death. When inducted into his parish he said, "You are now a minister's wife and must so forget your rank as to not take precedence of any of your parishioners. You are to know that a priest's wife can challenge no precedence or place but that which she purchases by her obliging humility." So meek a wife was she as to assure him that "it was no vexing news to her, that he should see her observe it with cheerful willingness."

But the poet's monument is his prose work "The Country Parson," and the warm and fervent piety which breathes through his volume of poems, entitled "The Temple." The one of these poems best known is that on Sunday, two stanzas of which we quote:

O day most calm, most bright,
The fruit of this, the next world's bud;
The endorsement of supreme delight,
Writ by a Friend, and with His blood;
The couch of time, care's balm and bay:
The week were dark, but for thy light:
Thy touch doth show the way.

Sundays the pillars are,
On which heaven's palace arched lies:
The other days fill up the spare
And hollow room with vanities.
They are the fruitful beds and borders
In God's rich garden; that is bare,
Which parts their ranks and orders.

This poem shows the author's quaint conceits. It is a pleasure to handle and read these handsome volumes, which are

beautifully illustrated with twenty-nine fine illustrations, portraits, fac-similes and half-tones of the churches in which Herbert labored, and scenes of his life.

"The Christian Faith." Personally given in a System of Doctrine. By Olin Alfred Curtis. New York: Eaton & Mains. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. xi-541. Price, \$2.50.

This is an important work on systematic theology by one who has made that subject a special study for many years. The author disavows dogmatic purpose, but nevertheless his words have great weight, and he speaks with the recognized authority of a master in Israel. He acknowledges his indebtedness to four distinguished men, Daniel Whedon, Thomas Carlyle, Borden P. Bowne, and Bishop Martensen, but he strikes an original note in both his conception, arrangement of his material and treatment of the many subjects which come under review. The main clue to his argument, he says, will be found in one thing, namely, in the junction of the two ideas, personal responsibility and racial solidarity.

In a vision on one of the hills near Marburg, like that of John in Patmos, he gained a new view of the full Christian meaning of the human race. This vision not only vitalized but transformed his whole theological situation; Jesus Christ became the dynamic centre of a new race, the purpose of his redemption to "obtain a race of holy persons." The resurrection of our Lord had a much larger significance than that of personal immortality. In His incarnation the Son of God became the Race Man; by His death He bore the racial penalty and made atonement for sin; by His resurrection He founded a new race of redemption; by His ascension He was inducted into the racial office of mediation in which the new race grants to every person the possibility of a holy completion of himself and his brethren and his Redeemer, and of coming to a perfect service, a perfect rest, and a perfect joy. "This new race will at last be the victorious realization of God's original design and creation." "And I heard a great voice out of heaven saying, Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men, and He will dwell with them, and they shall be His people, and God himself shall be with them, and be their God."

Dr. Curtis writes in a pregnant and epigrammatic style. Many of his phrases stick in the memory like burs to the coat, e.g., "Christian Science is a weak tritura-

tion of Pantheism." Dr. Curtis uses the word Aseity as an attribute of God, that is, God causes himself, *a se*—another word for the phrase, First Cause.

"The St. Lawrence River." Historical, Legendary, Picturesque. By Geo. Waldo Browne. Author of "Japan: The Place and the People," etc. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Toronto: William Briggs. Octavo. Pp. xix-365. Price, \$3.50.

Our majestic St. Lawrence has never received such ample pictorial and descriptive treatment as in this handsome volume. As Sir James LeMoine has said, "It lies for a thousand miles between two great nations, yet neglected by both, for neither would be so great without it." This reproach is now removed. The author has saturated himself in the history, literature and traditions of this historic river and reproduces with graphic pen the stirring scenes of the old regime and those since its possession by the British. It is as false as it is foolish to say that Canada has no historic background. Few countries record so much romance and heroism in their history. The century-long conflict with the ruthless Iroquois, the conflict for a continent between the two greatest nations of Europe, and later the scenes of stormy struggle, give to this goodly river a romance akin to that of the Rhine, the Rhone, the Seine. The fortress city of Quebec with its five memorable sieges, its pathos and its tragedy, is one of the most romantic cities in the world. The priest, the nun, the soldier, the voyageur, the Indian, all contributed their quota to the history of this storied stream. Some of the legends and traditions find here the first written record and throw sidelights on the past which are not gained from the pages of history. We hope to give this notable book more adequate review in the near future. It contains seventy-seven fine half-tone illustrations.

"The Universal Elements of the Christian Religion." An attempt to interpret contemporary religious conditions. By Charles Cuthbert Hall, D.D., LL.D. New York, Chicago, Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Company. Pp. 309. Price, \$1.25 net.

This book is another striking illustration of the inter-relations of the churches. Dr. Hall, President of Union Presbyterian Seminary, New York, gives this course of lectures to the Methodist students of Nashville University, and dedicates it to

the bishops of the Southern Methodist Episcopal Church. Dr. Hall has recently returned from a close study of the religions and institutions of India and the Far East. The theological position of his book is distinctly constructive, and at the same time represents a broad appreciation of the best results of the critical movement. The lectures treat the following themes: The Church and the Bearing of Sectarian Movements on the Christianization of the World, the Recovery of the Apostolic Theology, the Constructive Results of Biblical Criticism, and the Larger Church of Christ. Dr. Hall is one of the ablest thinkers and writers of the modern Church.

The Thirty-fifth Fernley Lecture. "The Unrealized Logic of Religion." A Study in Credibilities. By W. H. Fitchett, B.A., LL.D. London: Chas. H. Kelly. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. vi-275.

The Fernley Lectureship is proving a striking bond of union of the whole Methodist world. It does not seek its lecturers only in the homeland, but fares far afield for representative men of worldwide Methodism. Recently our own Dr. Sutherland told, in his own admirable way, the stirring story of Canadian Methodism. Now from the far antipodes is summoned one of the most distinguished writers of the Methodist Church, or of any church, to this high honor. The accomplished author of "Deeds that Won the Empire" and "How England Saved Europe," assays in this book a new role. He shows himself no less a master of the high themes of theology than of the stirring events of history. Dr. Fitchett discusses in his own vigorous manner religion and its logic in history, in science, in philosophy, in literature, in spiritual life, and in the common life. The book will be full of inspiration to the preacher and to our thoughtful laymen.

"Christianity and Socialism." By Washington Gladden. New York: Eaton & Mains. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 244. Price, \$1.00 net.

It is an interesting illustration of the essential unity and solidarity of the Christian churches that these lectures by the venerable ex-Moderator of the Congregational Union were delivered before the Drew Theological Methodist Seminary, New York. Dr. Gladden says: "I cannot speak too warmly of the cordiality with which a Congregationalist was welcomed in this stronghold of the Meth-

odists, nor of the hospitality extended to him and to his message. And I wish that this little book might be a witness to the unity of the Spirit which is binding our churches together in the bonds of peace." Dr. Gladden has given much thought to the subject he discusses. It, more than critical or social topics, is the great crux of the times. Dr. Gladden accepts the sermon on the Mount as the basis of social reconstruction. He discusses labor wars with the frightful strikes and practical civil war which they entail—and not so very civil after all. He points out the elements of a true Christian socialism, and turns a searchlight upon the burning question of municipal reform. Preachers and lay readers alike will find much that is helpful in the discussion of these things.

"The Inner Chamber and the Inner Life." By the Rev. Andrew Murray, D.D. New York, Chicago, Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Company. Pp. 170. Price, 75c. net.

Our own Dr. Briggs recently remarked that not so many books of devotion are sold now as formerly, but that more Bibles and books on the Bible were sold than ever before. Dr. Murray's book is one of devotion and of Bible exposition as well. From the burning veldt of South Africa come these airs of grace like a breath of Paradise. The Inner Chamber, the Morning Watch, the Quiet Hour, are all symbols of the soul's necessary communion with God.

"The world is too much with us; late and soon,
Getting and spending we lay waste our powers;"

We need to turn aside from its strenuous toil and rest awhile in fellowship with the Divine. The book has all the charm of Dr. Murray's works and all the royalties therefrom are applied to his work in South Africa.

"The House of Cards." A Record. By John Heigh, Sometime Major U. S. V. New York: The Macmillan Co. Toronto: Morang & Co. Pp. vii-370. Price, \$1.50.

This is a cleverly-written society story dealing with modern finance, politics, stock-gambling, and other aspects of the strenuous American life. It is a severe indictment of some of the frauds and corruptions in these varied spheres. It is written in an epigrammatic style which keeps one continually on the alert.

"In Touch with Reality." By Wm. Arthur Cornaby. Editor of the "Chinese Weekly" and the "Chinese Christian Review." London: Chas. H. Kelly. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 334.

The ends of the earth are being laid under tribute for contributions to Christian scholarship. Here is a book written in the Yangtse valley amid the scenes of the Boxer rebellion. In such months of peril lit with the light of eternity, the grand solidity of the essentials of the faith became felt. Out of these grew the message of this book, its burden is "Room for God in His own world, for our God is a more intimate and grander reality than we have ever dared to dream." The Joy of the Lord, the Certainties of Prayer, the Up-building Force of the Universe, these are some of the themes of this inspiring book.

"The Book of Job." By Rev. James Aitken, M.A., Minister of Onslow Presbyterian Church, Wellington, New Zealand. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 114.

Another book from the far antipodes. A careful and scholarly study of the book of Job, which Carlyle calls "one of the grandest things ever written with pen, our first and oldest statement of the never ending problem, man's destiny and God's ways with him here in this earth." The results of the ablest criticism are given. The book of Job has highly developed moral ideas. The personality of Satan and other features makes the author refer it to the seventh century, B.C. The book gives a fine analysis of this sublime poem and elucidation of many of its difficulties. A somewhat colloquial phrase is used in describing the first, second and third "rounds" of the controversy between Job and his friends.

"Socrates." By Rev. J. T. Forbes, M.A., Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. x-282.

The little bald-headed, flat-nosed man whose bust one sees in every ancient gallery was one of the most potent forces, not only of Greece, but of all time. Yet comparatively little is known of his personal story: a few jibes about his ter-magant wife, a few incidents concerning his mooning about Athens, and the sublime record of his Apologia and death. Yet his far-reaching influence has moulded thought for two thousand years. This

fresh study of the great philosopher deals chiefly with the teaching of Socrates and its interpretation, especially its ethical interest and its religious belief and practice. The political conditions and civic ideal of Athens are also clearly set forth.

"The Call of To-day." Sermons preached in the First Methodist Episcopal Church, Montclair, N.J. By Abner H. Lucas, D.D. Cincinnati: Jennings & Graham. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 152.

The Bible is not a book of worn-out dicta for a long vanished age. It is a book for to-day and for all time. These sermons point out its adaptation to the needs of the hour, the religion, the strength, the work for to-day, the joy for the morning and the complete life. They abound in illustration from life and literature, have marked literary merit and spiritual power.

"English Church History." From the Death of King Henry VII. to the Death of Archbishop Parker. By the Rev. Alfred Plummer, M.A., D.D. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. xvii-194.

This book covers a most interesting and important period in the history of England—that of the conflict between Protestantism and Roman Catholicism; the historic situation under Henry VIII. and Wolsey; the cruel persecution under Queen Mary; what our author calls the Protestant Failure and the Roman Failure; and the settlement under Elizabeth. The story is told without bitterness, but it is one of which we need to remind ourselves. "We owe it," says our author, "to Philip and Mary that Britain can never again become subject to a Catholic power."

"Bread and Salt from the Word of God." By Theodor Zahn. Translated by C. S. Burn and A. E. Burn, D.D. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. x-306.

From the Word of God under this plain but suggestive title are given sixteen sermons by a distinguished German scholar and professor. They were published after long hesitation in response to the request of his theological students. They follow the German church year, and the author shows his sturdy Lutheranism throughout. It is interesting to note the shades of difference in thought and expression, and the unity of the spirit in these devout German discourses.