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A CHINESE MANDARIN'S SUMMER RESIDENCE.

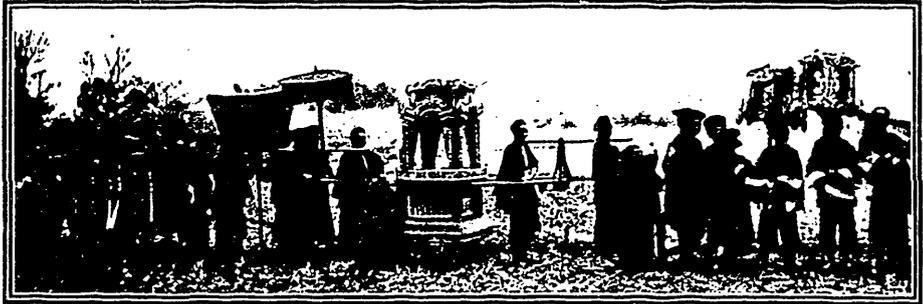


A CHINESE COURT SCENE.

Methodist Magazine and Review.

SEPTEMBER, 1906.

THE CRIME AGAINST CHINA.



A CHINESE MARRIAGE PROCESSION.



HERE can be little doubt that the opium habit constitutes a vice more hopeless and deadly in its effects upon the human system than any other known among men. Opium is far more deadly than alcohol, because it fastens its grip upon its victims much more quickly, and because, when the habit is once formed, deliverance from its thralldom is practically impossible. To-day it is estimated that one hundred and twenty millions of Chinese are slaves of this debasing and pauperizing habit.

Yet less than one hundred years ago opium was almost unknown in China. Whence, then, came this awful scourge? It was forced upon China at the muzzle of British guns. For it was only after two wars against Great Britain, in defence of her right to exclude the drug, that

China, in shame and humiliation, was forced to put a customs duty upon opium, and thus recognize the traffic as a lawful one. Since then China has made repeated attempts to induce the British Government to withdraw its coercion, but her appeals have been put aside.

And on what ground has Great Britain been pursuing this iniquitous and shameful policy toward China? For the sake of India's revenue. For India supplies about one-sixth of all the opium consumed in China, and the cultivation of the poppy, from which the opium is made, the preparation of the opium and its sale, whether wholesale or retail, is a monopoly of the Indian Government, from which it draws a revenue of not less than one hundred million rupees annually. How and where shall we secure the money to replace the revenue from opium, should the latter be swept away by vote of the House of Commons? is the question



HONG-KONG—A CHINESE HOME.

with which it always succeeds in silencing any disposition on the part of the Home Government to abolish this gigantic evil. The Government of India is thus raising a revenue by one of the meanest, lowest and most disgraceful means that a people can be guilty of—trading on the vices of others, and that, too, solely because the latter are too weak to help themselves.

For many years the "Society for the Suppression of the Opium Trade," representing the best sentiment of the British people, has been seeking to force Parliament to wipe

out this, the greatest stain that ever blotted the fair name of any enlightened nation. Largely through its influence, the British Parliament, in 1891, passed a motion declaring that the method by which the Indian opium revenue was raised was "morally indefensible"; yet, notwithstanding this motion, the monopoly still continues. Other countries are, we are glad to note, moving in the matter. As soon as Port Arthur fell, a movement was set on foot to induce Japan and the United States to unite in exercising their "friendly offices" to induce Great Britain to release

China from treaty compulsion to allow the opium traffic to continue.

It is felt that the present moment is particularly opportune to again bring the matter to the attention of the British Government, in view of the fact that, with the close of the Russo-Japanese war, the whole political status of China will come up for discussion. As the voice of Canada is becoming increasingly powerful in the councils of the Empire, it is to be hoped that all true patriots will unite to bring pressure upon the British Parliament, to wash its hands clean of this monstrous evil. A special committee of the British House of Commons has been appointed to deal with the matter of the opium trade as it affects China and India, and there is every prospect that the former country will have some redress of her wrongs in this matter in the near future.

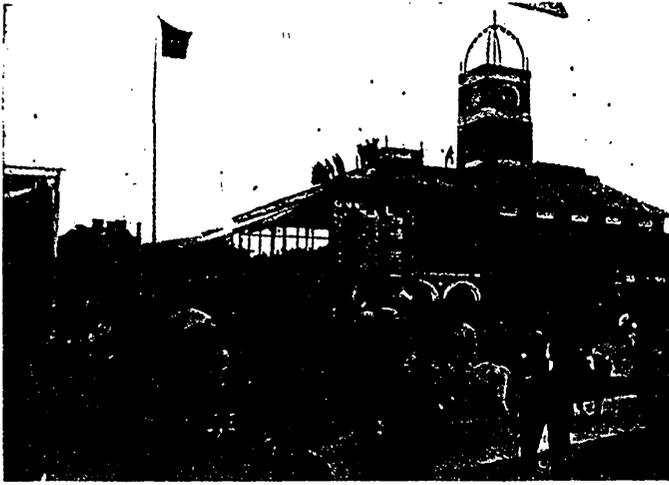
The present Prime Minister, the Secretary for India, Mr. Morley, and three hundred members of Parliament, says *The Christian World*, are known to favor a reversal of the policy which seventeen years ago was supported by the report of a Royal Commission. Leading British journalists, as well as publicists, are now in line with what has been the missionary opinion for decades, and it seems likely that before many years—possibly only months—have passed the attitude of a nominally Christian nation will be more in harmony with the ethics of Jesus. The contrast between the ideal and the actual is made more acute, of course, by the policy of Japan, the non-Christian nation, which as far back as 1838 faced the matter seriously and decided to protect her people from the curse. Australia, also, has prohibited the importation of opium, save for medicinal purposes, and the United States has gone about ridding

the Philippines of the traffic in a right summary and scientific way. The argument for retaining the traffic, doubtless, will be one of revenue, but, as *The Scottish Review* says, if the traffic is morally wrong it must be abolished and the deficit must be made good, not by India, but by the great and wealthy nation which paid twenty million pounds to free the slaves.

The following objections to the opium trade are formulated by Joseph G. Alexander, LL.B., Hon. Secretary of the Society for the Suppression of the Opium Trade: First, it is a state monopoly misused. The cultivation of the poppy (which is carried on under Government license and stimulated by Government advances), the preparation of opium (which is carried on in Government factories), and the sale of opium, both wholesale and retail, are, in British India, a monopoly of the Government. Such a monopoly can only be justified by strict regulations, intended to prevent the improper use of a dangerous drug. But, as regards the opium sold for export to China and other countries, no such regulations exist. On the contrary, this opium is expressly prepared for sensual indulgence, not for medical use.

Second, the opium trade has produced, and is continually producing, amongst the Chinese people, widespread demoralization and ruin.

The Viceroy Chang Chih-tung, to whom it is largely due that the Central and Southern Provinces of China did not join in the recent Boxer movement, and who has thus helped to save a large number of Europeans from massacre, in his remarkable "*Appeal to China*," written shortly after the war with Japan, says of opium: "It is spreading devastation everywhere, wrecking the minds and eating away the strength



SHANGHAI—THE RACE CLUB.

and wealth of the nation. . . Unless something is soon done to arrest this awful scourge in its devastating march, the Chinese people will be transformed into satyrs and devils."

The highest European authority as to the sentiments of the ruling classes of China is undoubtedly Sir Robert Hart, G.C.M.G., Inspector-General of the Imperial Maritime Customs since 1859, described by Mr. Henry Norman, M.P., as "the most interesting and influential foreigner in China." Sir Robert Hart writes: "The position the Chinese take up may be said to be this: 'We did not invite you foreigners here,' they say; 'you crossed the seas of your own accord, and more or less forced yourselves on us. . . . To the trade we sanctioned you added opium smuggling, and when we tried to stop it, you made war upon us! . . . Your legalized opium has been a curse in every province it penetrated, and your refusal to limit or decrease the import has forced us to attempt a dangerous remedy; we have legalized native opium,—not because we

approve of it, but—to compete with and drive out the foreign drug. And it is expelling it, and when we have only the native production to deal with, and then have the business in our own hands, we hope to stop the habit in our own way.'"

At both the Missionary Conferences held at Shanghai, in 1877 and 1890, representing all the Protestant Missions of every nationality at work in China, unanimous resolutions were adopted in strong condemnation of the habit. Missionary testimony is, on a matter of this kind, of the highest possible value. Speaking the language, constantly moving about, and always in close contact with the people, they are able to give far more trustworthy opinions on such a subject than any other class of persons. A memorial was presented to the Opium Commission, signed by seventeen British missionaries in China, all of over twenty-five years' standing, in which they state "that the consumption of opium in China is exerting a distinctly deteriorating effect upon the Chinese people, physically,

socially, and morally," and that they "never met with a Chinaman who defended the practice as morally harmless, but have heard it unsparingly condemned by the Chinese times without number."

Dr. Griffith John states that: "Opium-smokers are not admitted into the Christian Church in China, and that they are excluded, not by the anti-opium attitude of the missionary merely, but by the strong anti-opium convictions of the converts themselves."

Third, the opium trade powerfully contributes to foster amongst the Chinese people unfriendly feelings towards the British nation, which they regard, with only too much reason, as responsible for forcing upon them their greatest national curse.

The Tsung-li Yamen (Foreign Board) of China addressed to the British Government a despatch in which they say: "The Chinese merchant supplies your country with his goodly tea and silk, conferring thereby a benefit upon her; but the English merchant empisons China with pestilent opium. Such conduct is unrighteous. Who can justify it? What wonder if officials and people say that England is wilfully working out China's ruin, and has no real friendly feeling for her?"

The Rev. Griffith John, D.D., of Hankow, who has completed fifty years of service in China, makes this significant statement: "The anti-foreign literature of Hu-nan is full of the severest denunciations against us as the originators of the opium vice in China. I am convinced that the relation between the two countries can never be what it ought to be whilst the traffic lasts."

Fourth, the opium trade greatly hinders the development of legitimate British commerce with this nation of some four hundred million people, in

which no hostile tariffs exist to shut out our manufactures, but in which the opium trade has caused a large amount of extreme poverty, thus effectually preventing the purchase of our goods.

On this subject Mr. Chester Holcombe says: "Great Britain herself has been the most serious foe to the increase of foreign commerce with China and the development of her enormous natural resources. She has been the enemy to the honest trade of every nation with that empire. For foreign commerce must depend mainly upon internal prosperity. And the question how much increase in foreign traffic may be expected with any nation whose people are from year to year more hopelessly stupefied, besotted, and impoverished by opium, is a question which answers itself. . . . There is a peculiar fitness in the fact that Great Britain is herself the greatest sufferer from her vicious policy. She is the only European nation which sells any appreciable amount of commodities to the Chinese. . . . The hundreds of millions of dollars which she has drawn from China during the past sixty years for opium represent a small sum when compared with what might have been gained, to the advantage of both countries, if she had suppressed the sale of the drug, and confined herself to lines of honest commerce."

The Rev. Dr. Ashmore, a missionary of over fifty years' experience in China, writes: "The opium vice, more perhaps than any other one thing, paralyzes the purchasing powers of the Chinese. Herein is slow-footed retribution. . . . The plea has been paraded for many a year that India must have the revenue derived from the product of opium. On account of that view, Western moral sense has been



SHANGHAI—CHINESE GILDED YOUTH UP-TO-DATE.

blunted. Iniquity is decreed by law. While thinking only of the advantage of their end of the line, those purblind administrators of Indian affairs never saw the disadvantage at this end of the line. They were blocking the way to their own markets. Manchester must now pay for the gains of India."

Fifth, the opium trade disgraces our country in the eyes of other nations, where it is frequently made a reproach to us, thus lessening our moral influence in the world.

Sixth, the policy of the Indian Government with regard to the opium trade is in conflict with that of the self-governing British colonies.

In our self-governing colonies in Australasia, where the Chinese immigrants have introduced the opium habit, it has been found necessary to adopt drastic anti-opium legislation, in order to prevent the spread of this debasing vice. In New Zealand, by the Opium Prohibition Act, 1901, it

is unlawful to import opium into the colony in any form suitable for smoking. In Queensland, a stringent measure for the suppression of the vice is in force, and Sir Horace Tozer, K.C.M.G., Agent-General, states that the Government of Queensland is determined to stamp out the evil.

Seventh, the opium trade places a serious hindrance in the way of the spread of Christianity in China, and powerfully counteracts the labors of the devoted missionaries, both Protestant and Catholic, engaged in the evangelization of that country.

The fact is attested by innumerable witnesses. The Shanghai Missionary Conference, in 1877, recorded its conviction that "The opium trade . . . both from its past history and its present enormous extent, producing suspicion and dislike in the minds of the Chinese, . . . is a most formidable obstacle to the cause of Christianity." Archdeacon Moule,

of the Church Missionary Society, who has had more than thirty years' experience in China, says that he has had this reproach cast in his teeth "hundreds of times," while preaching to the Chinese. Similar testimony is given by many other missionaries. It must suffice to quote the graphic description given by a diplomatist, Mr. Chester Holcombe writes:

"The writer listened for some time one afternoon to a missionary addressing a large gathering of natives upon the street of an interior city of China. Near by, and up on the outskirts of the crowd, stood a middle-aged Chinese, evidently of the literary class, and having a countenance of much intelligence. Physically, he was a mere walking skeleton. The tiny opium jar in his hand, the expression of his eyes, and the brown stain upon one of his fingers, all marked him as a slave to the narcotic poison. After listening a few minutes to the preacher, he turned away with an indescribable scowl of hatred upon his face, and snarled out as he left: 'You foreigners exhort us to virtue! First take away your opium, and then talk to us about your Ya Su' (Jests)."

J. F. B. Tinling, B.A., author of "The Poppy Plague," writes thus of a century of shame:

The world knows no greater curse than the opium trade, which Britain has built up in the East, and maintained, against all protest, for more than a century. Until quite lately few Englishmen understood its character, and of these few, the great majority regarded it as a necessary evil. At length the national conscience is stirred by the voices of unimpeachable witnesses to the devastation we have wrought in China, Burmah and India. And we may hope that the echoes of these voices will now suffice to arouse the great bulk of the nation

to wholesome shame and practical repentance.

Witnesses to the Evils of Opium.

More than five thousand medical men in the United Kingdom have signed a declaration that, in their opinion, "The habit of opium smoking or of opium eating is morally and physically debasing." The *Lancet* has said, "Opium is, from first to last, a drug and a poison," and again, "we know it is far worse in many respects than alcohol."

Of the effects of opium among the Chinese, for whom the British Indian drug is specially prepared, the missionaries, living among the people, are, as Sir Rutherford Alcock observed, specially competent to speak. With practical unanimity, and in agreement with similar declarations by many of their brethren in India, they declare that "the baneful effects of its use cannot be easily overstated: it enslaves its victim, squanders his substance, destroys his health, weakens his mental powers, lessens his self-esteem, deadens his conscience, unfits him for his duties, and leads to his steady descent, morally, socially and physically."

The Origin of the Trade.

This trade, as conducted by Englishmen, has now a history of over one hundred years. The Government of the East India Company, under Warren Hastings, attempted in 1781 to smuggle opium into China. Informed by their agents of the Chinese laws, which made every Chinaman dealing in it punishable with death, and desirous to keep on good terms with the Chinese Government, they prohibited the opium trade in their own vessels, but connived at its continuance in the ships of merchants to whom they sold the drug. Opium smuggling had been commenced be-



SHANGHAI—THE ARISTOCRATIC CHINESE SHOPPING STREET.

fore, but the annual import rarely exceeded two hundred chests, of which a considerable part may probably have been honestly used for medicinal purposes. Now the national habit requires a supply of over seventy thousand chests annually from India alone, besides a far larger quantity produced in China; and for this general state of things Britain is justly held in every part of the world responsible.

In 1834 the monopoly of the East India Company's trade with China was cancelled, and from that time the British Government became directly responsible to China for the behavior of British subjects in her waters. These were now largely reckless adventurers, eager to share in the notorious gains of the contraband trade. The disorder of the time may be gauged by the fact that Commissioner Lin was able to destroy more than twenty thousand chests of opium, valued at two millions sterling. Of the action of the Chinese at that time Mr. Gladstone said, "They had a right to drive you from their coasts on account of your obstinacy

in persisting in this infamous and atrocious traffic." Of the war which we waged in consequence from 1839 to 1842, he declared that he had never read of one "more unjust in its origin or more calculated to cover this country with permanent disgrace."

From that time till 1857 the smuggling trade went on as before, with the advantage resulting from the possession of Hong Kong as a base of operations.

The seventy thousand chests annually exported from India form now but a small part of the quantity of opium consumed by the Chinese. Opium is now grown in every one of the eighteen provinces, and in Sz-Chuan, where our Canadian mission is situated, which is several times larger than England and Wales, two-thirds of the entire cultivated area is under the poppy, while the produce of Yunnan is but little behind. In view of these figures, we may accept, as no less sober than terrible, Dr. Griffith John's estimate that the opium grown in China is at least six times more than that reported from India.

The large displacement of the food crops of the country, in the desperate endeavor to drive out or supplant the foreign drug, is drawing over a hundred millions in China the shadow of an appalling famine, which may soon be complete at once the ruin of that unhappy country, and the demonstration of British iniquity.

The contrast presented by such a consummation with the natural result of a century of honorable intercourse, is enough to make an honest man blush for his country. But for those who remember the Divine Master's great commission, declaring the first business of nations, as of individuals, professing Christianity, to make known the truth that saves and civilizes, the sight of the most populous heathen countries debauched by those who were intended by God to evangelize them is, perhaps, the saddest spectacle which this sinful and suffering world can anywhere afford.

Opium in India.

It was generally supposed until lately that very little opium was consumed in India, and that the Government, in the management of its monopoly, carefully and effectually preserved the subjects of the Queen-Empress from the havoc which they wrought with a light heart among the Chinese. If this was ever true, it certainly is so no longer. It cannot surprise any one that the opium habit should be spreading in India. The Indian Government has admitted an increased consumption of 14 per cent. in eight years. The consumption in Sind has increased in ten years 106 per cent., while the growth of population has only been 19 per cent. There is nothing in the character of the natives of India, or the methods of the Government, to protect that part of the British Empire from the fate of China, where,

according to the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, one hundred millions of the people are now consumers of opium. Bombay City shows one hundred thousand customers a week, the drug being sold, for its weight in silver, indiscriminately to men, women and children, and pills being specially prepared and advertised for babes, many of whom are regularly drugged with them, morning and evening.

Some progress, however, has been made in India. Mr. W. S. Caine, M.P., has by persistent correspondence exposed the attempts of some officials to encourage the use of unlicensed places for opium smoking, when the dens formerly licensed were closed by an ordinance made necessary by the Parliamentary and public sentiment in England.

The countries in which the poppy plague prevails are reckoned (in *Whitaker's Almanac*) to have an aggregate population of 648,000,000, and, allowing for the parts of America and Australia affected by Chinese habit, at least one-half of the population of the globe may be said to be threatened by the spreading vice.

The Financial Aspect of the Question.

The opium trade is wrong financially, as well as morally; it is no less a blunder than a crime. A singular delusion respecting the amount of the revenue influences not only the public, but the government, and even its Indian officials and experts. Thus Sir James Fergusson challenged reformers to tell him where to find the "eight millions which would be sacrificed by its abandonment." Sir John Strachey called it nine millions, Sir James Stephen reckons it six, and *The Englishman* newspaper in Calcutta is content to speak of five. Yet the exact estimate of the Indian Government for this year's opium revenue (1893-4) is \$5,061,200 Rx. (tens of



THE GREAT WALL WHICH DIVIDES THE CHINESE CITY OF PEKING FROM THE TARTAR CITY.

rupees), equivalent to £3,110,000 sterling. Such is the sum which this wealthy nation, of which the annual savings amount to three hundred millions, is declared incapable of sacrificing for self-respect, international goodwill, the spread of Christianity, and the saving of innumerable lives, or of procuring for the Indian revenue, in any other and honorable way.

Britain, with her eyes opened, will not consent to a slight relief of the Indian Government being secured by indiscriminate slaughter in all parts of the East. A temporary subsidy, which will allow time for readjustment without increasing the burdens of the Indian tax-payers, will then appear a very easy alternative to the intolerable wrong.

Let the righteous sentiment which has already expressed itself in no less than 2,553 petitions to Parliament continue to cry aloud to God and man against the trade which defies the law of heaven, degrades England, and destroys humanity, and we may reasonably expect that the facts which must now be speedily gathered will furnish conclusive evidence, when set

before the awakened and growing conscience of the British people, that the Anglo-Indian opium trade is an intolerable wrong, which must be swept away by the deed and at the cost of those who are responsible for it.

The question has been asked: "Is there any use going on with this agitation? Of course one cannot but regret exceedingly that our country is engaged in such a traffic, but is it not hopeless to continue the struggle? Is it not flogging a dead horse?"

To such a question I unhesitatingly answer that it is of use to go on agitating. I give this answer, in the first place, because I am sure that we are on the side of truth; and God is always on the side of truth, therefore we are bound to win. I give this answer with the greater confidence because, in looking back over the history of our agitation, I see how we have been winning victory after victory. It is true that the central fortress, the opium traffic with China, still holds out against our attack. But we have taken one after another of the outposts, and, if we persevere,

we shall yet, in God's own time, see the great citadel itself surrender.

The first notable victory won by the agitation was the ratification of the Chefoo Convention in 1886, after nine years' delay. The Opium War of 1840 was waged in support of what Mr. Gladstone correctly described as "an infamous contraband traffic"; for the Chinese Government at that time strictly prohibited the import of opium. Even at the close of the war they refused to legalize the traffic, and the Emperor of China nobly declared: "It is true I cannot prevent the introduction of the flowing poison; gain-seeking and corrupt men will, for profit and sensuality, defeat my wishes; but nothing will induce me to derive a revenue from the vice and misery of my people."

The welcome news has been received from India that the opium dens have been entirely closed, both in the city of Bombay and throughout the Province of Bengal; another anti-opium victory. The most practical and valuable of all our victories relates to Burmah, the whole of which country is now a province of British India. The beneficial effect of the law restricting the sale of opium is shown by the following figures, showing the quantity of opium sold in Burmah before and after the new regulations came into operation: Average of three years, 1890-1 to 1892-3, 58,259 seers (1 seer equals 2 1-10 lbs.); year 1894-5, 19,275 seers. If the time and money spent on the Anti-Opium Movement had yielded no other result than this, they would have been well laid out.

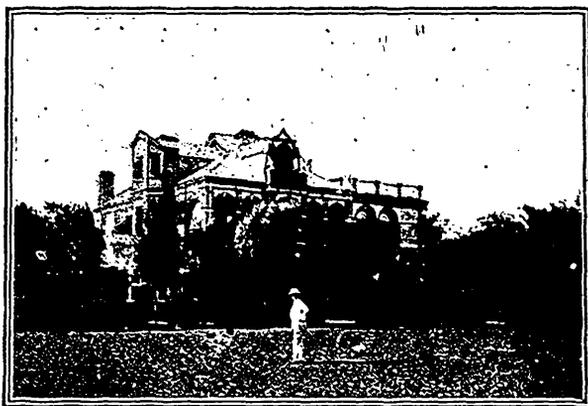
Besides these positive results, it must not be forgotten that the anti-opium agitation has had a valuable influence in preventing the extension of the traffic, even where we have failed to put an end to it. Again, we have been greatly encouraged by the

recent action of Japan in extending to the newly-acquired island of Formosa the prohibition of opium, which has been rigorously observed in Japan itself ever since that empire was opened to foreign commerce.

We see another sign that God is working with us in the remarkable blight that has fallen upon the poppy culture in British India. In defiance of the "law of averages," there have been eight successive bad years for the opium crop. We cannot but ask the question: "Is not this the finger of God?" And we are the more encouraged to go on praying as well as working, believing that He who is the Lord of nature as well as the Judge of nations will hear our cry, while we plead with Him for the unhappy victims of Britain's opium traffic.

J. Hudson Taylor, the apostolic founder of the China Inland Mission, writes: "You may go through China, and you will find thousands, I can safely say tens of thousands, of towns and villages in which there are but small traces of the Bible or of Christian influence. You will scarcely find a hamlet in which the opium pipe does not reign. Ah! we have given China something besides the Gospel, something that is doing more harm in a week than the united efforts of all our Christian missionaries are doing good in a year! Oh, the evils of opium! The slave trade was bad, the drink is bad, the licensing of vice is bad, but the opium traffic is the sum of villainies. It debauches more families than drink; it makes more slaves directly than the slave trade; and it demoralizes more sad lives than all the licensing systems in the world.

One of the far-famed band of Cambridge University men who went from England to China as missionaries of the China Inland Mission in 1885—Mr. Montagu Beauchamp—illustrated in a few words the imperi-



NANKING.—THE HOUSE WHERE LI-HUNG-CHANG STAYED ON HIS WAY TO PEKING.

This is a sample of houses built by Europeans and sold to rich Chinese.

ous nature and the cruel and hopeless bondage of the opium crave. He said, "I remember well a Chinaman who had taken a kitchen chopper and cut off his finger that was wont to handle the awful pipe; this was by way of clinching his divorce from his great enemy. But after a short time, there he was again smoking, only with the stump of his finger to remind him of his miserable failure."

My own inquiries in China convince me that the foregoing pictures are true types of Chinese life. For instance, a Chinese gentleman of good social position, in telling me at Canton that the opium habit was the greatest evil that had ever fallen upon China, said that of the sixteen of his father's family, eleven were addicted to the habit.

A sample of the heartless callousness which opium begets, a proof of the above, is depicted in a few sentences by Mr. G. F. Easton (China Inland Mission): "At present we have an old woman living in our house, aged seventy. She is respectable, and has been well-to-do. She has three married sons, all, I think,

over thirty years of age. Two of them and one of their wives are amongst the most inveterate opium-smokers in the city. They have ruined the family, sold everything, even to the garments off the poor old woman's back, and the bedstead from under her, and left her on the floor to starve."

Another proof. Dr. Wm. Hector Park, Surgeon in charge of the Soochow Missionary Hospital (American), wrote on December 10, 1898:

"While I am penning these lines, the crying of a wife who has been sold by an opium-smoking husband can be heard on the street in front of our house. He is one of our nearest neighbors, and I have known the wife even since I came to China, when she was a pretty, young girl. When he first began smoking, his mother, who was a widow and had some property, and was also a teacher of embroidery in our Mission, seeing no hope in life, took opium and killed herself. He then sold off the houses one by one, then the furniture in the house, then his wife's clothes, then his grandmother's grave-clothes she had prepared against her burial, then his own clothes, and now he has sold his wife. The two children born to him have fortunately died, else he would sell them next. This is not an isolated case, but can be duplicated in nearly every street in every city and town of this vast empire."

Nor have Asiatics alone been thus snared. I could name, among others, a young woman, a once promising missionary in China, who has had to return to her native land, a wrecked

life, a pitiable, hopeless slave to opium, which she says she first took under medical advice.

Does any one say she must have been a woman of very weak moral fibre? Mr. Hudson Taylor gives a case of the opposite sex. Several years ago he welcomed to China a young missionary sent out by a British Mission, who, although not a medical man, had spent two years or more in medical study. For a time it seems that he used this medical knowledge with good effect in his missionary work. But falling ill on one occasion with a painful affection, he resorted for relief to a subcutaneous injection of the preparation of opium known as morphia. On the return of the pain he resorted again to the drug, until he became so enslaved that he was unable to end its use. "The result," says Mr. Hudson Taylor, "was that his missionary career was completely spoiled. With a dear young wife, who would have been a blessing to China, he was obliged to return to his native land. The officers of his Society, and his friends, did everything that they could for him. He was put under control for some months and supposed to be cured; but as soon as he was free, and had the opportunity, he again had recourse to the baneful drug. It resulted in his separation from his wife, in his falling lower and lower, until a few years ago, on my return from China, I met his sister, who told me the saddest story, I think, that I have ever heard. The family could do nothing for him, nothing with him. . . . If he got any money, it went in morphia."

What were the Chinese before the opium traffic? This question is briefly answered by Mrs. Howard Taylor in her book, "One of China's Scholars," as follows: "We found them, little more than a century ago, peaceful and

prosperous, a great, united nation, wonderfully temperate and industrious, supplying all their own requirements, and neither seeking nor desiring any relations with the outside world. They were civilized, cultured, well-to-do, and possessed of remarkably few vices. They neither smoked opium, chewed tobacco, nor were enslaved to strong drink. Their fragrant tea, and native water-pipe afforded all the stimulant desired, and their simple habits left them free to enjoy many of the comforts of life. Three hundred millions of human beings who had never developed a craving for stimulants or narcotics—what a prey they have proved for the unprincipled Westerner in his all-consuming greed of gain!"

Rev. Dr. Griffith John writes:

The moral effects of opium are of the most pernicious kind. It tends to paralyze the moral nature and prostrate the will. It bedims the moral vision, blunts the moral sentiment, and extinguishes every virtue. The Chinese themselves say that an opium-smoker is ever devising some mischief, and that no confidence can be safely reposed in him. There is nothing too mean for him to attempt. He will lie, cheat and steal without the faintest sense of shame or wrong. In order to satisfy his craving, he will sell or let out his wife, starve his children, and steal the clothes off the backs of his aged parents. Not only is the moral sense weakened in the opium victims, but they are led by the habit into associations where they are directly tempted to the most profligate vices. The opium dens are for the most part sinks of iniquity, and opium-smoking is generally associated with debauchery, gambling, and other gross vices.

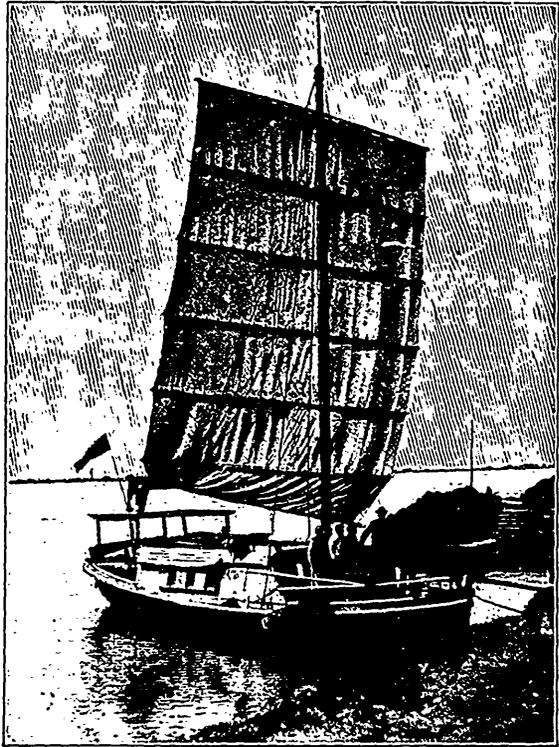
In 1891, 1,502 Wesleyan ministers signed a memorial against the opium

trade, which was forwarded by Rev. Dr. Moulton, then President of the Conference, to the Marquis of Salisbury, Prime Minister of England. Dr. Moulton said: "If the people of England could realize what is going on in China, we should have something like a revolution—throughout the Christian Churches, at all events—and I believe that multitudes would find it almost impossible to go about their daily duties, so overwhelmed would they be with the magnitude of the calamity which we are in some great measure instrumental in bringing upon China. It has been called 'England's greatest contribution to the wretchedness of the world.' These stirring words, ever since I read them, have been burnt into my mind."

In 1892, 271,000 members of Wesleyan Methodist congregations signed memorials to Lord Salisbury against the opium trade.

Our own Canadian missionaries join the stern denunciation of this colossal crime.

At a gathering strikingly representative of Christian thought and activity, lay and clerical, held at Wycliffe College, Toronto, an Anti-Opium League for Canada was formed, to co-operate with similar organizations in other portions of the Empire. This assembly showed anew that the Church of Christ in its diversities has one heart when stirred by a great and holy cause. Suggested by a Bishop, convened at an Episcopal institution, it deliberated under



HOUSE BOAT ON THE YANG-TSE.

the chairmanship of a Baptist layman, a Methodist minister acting as secretary. Under such catholic auspices, the first and immediate step of the new League was a suggestion to the various important Church Courts (then about to meet) that: Through the Secretary of State of the Dominion, you request His Excellency the Governor-General to lay before His Majesty the King your convictions on this important question, with the prayer that His Majesty will be graciously pleased to use his puissant influence to relieve our Empire of the great responsibility for this evil, in which it has been so long involved.

More recently Chancellor Burwash presented a similar resolution,

and we trust that our General Conference will lend its great influence to this needed reform.

The Bishop of Durham, in a noble strain of Christian patriotism, says:

I do not envy the man who can lightly say a word against his country. I love England with a lover's passion. If it were lawful to say so, I worship the great idea—England. I thank God that He has permitted me to have part and lot in England as mother and as country. I shrink to an intense degree from terms of condemnation of England, sweeping and unqualified, and which forget the glorious other side. But then, the deeper one's love, the more devout one's honor, for an object of affection such as a relative, or such as one's own country, the more keen is the anguish of the conviction that the person or the land has not acted up to itself, and has been untrue to its ideal.

Now history sorrowfully convinces me that this has been the case. It is a sad story of 120 years since first in any serious degree opium from India under English auspices was brought to the doors of China and offered and pressed for sale. And this grew, and more and more lucrative became the venture: and then the temptation came, more or less forcibly, to expand the market; the demand was promoted, and the supply was sent in increasing quantities to meet the growing demand. And this was done directly against the intense will of the responsible rulers of China. That is one of the most pathetic incidents in the story. In 1844 there is recorded a passionate protest by the aged Emperor. It is said that he was himself a rescued victim of opium. It is said that he had two sons who died of the opium vice. Facts like that within the circle of a man's own experience

can tremendously revolutionize his view of an abstract question. So the monarch then, in the course of a determined effort against the resolve, apparently, of English trade and politics to make a way for this fatal luxury into China, said that he would "consent to any sacrifice rather than make a revenue of the vice and misery of his people."

England is the only power of the first order which has treaties with China which protect the influx of opium into China.

China, of course, has its faults. It has often been guilty of a grotesque arrogance. The way in which it can speak of the most cultivated races of another type of civilization, as if they were barbarous, is hard to listen to with patience. China has again and again acted with an insensate contempt towards the outer world. But nevertheless I dare to say that, under a higher and better influence than the great agnostic morality of Confucius could ever teach her, China is capable, as a race, of coming out into the front rank of all that is great and good in humanity. Think what it would be if she did so—that one homogeneous quarter of the human race!

But it is, after all, for the sake of righteousness, and of the Lord Jesus Christ as the Lord of righteousness, that we are most moved about this matter? It seems to me that this great question, whilst complicated in a thousand details, is singularly simple in its main issue—more simply arguable than even the great problem of slavery of seventy years ago. And can anything be more awfully solemn than the question, Which side of that dilemma will our beloved, our glorious, our God-used England take?

If deliberately and finally, after the fullest appeal of loving, filial warnings that can be made, the answer

is for materialism and not for the spiritual law, what can the future be? God is a Retributor still. Some of us think that in the great conflict in the East which is going on now, we see something of that retribution as to which even Gibbon said that he felt his studies inclined him to believe that it held good through history. It has been pointed out—and is it superstition to think it?—that the disaster in the Khyber followed our first China opium war, and that the Indian Mutiny synchronized with our second opium war. If we persist, if we forget, if we repent not, the retribution will come. It may

come with the slow step of national decay—the decay of ideals, the decay of the home, the decay of reverence, an awful decay of faith within the Church. Or it may come by sharper and sterner means.

Not very many years ago, it was as if the imperial fabric, in the crisis of the African war, were trembling in the balance. It may easily be so again. The Lord, the Arbiter of nations, has not abdicated. "The Prince of the Kings of the earth" is the title of Jesus Christ to-day; and if we forget, He may think it His necessity to strike where He has blessed so long.

RIGHTEOUSNESS OR REVENUE?*

Righteousness or Revenue?

England, thine the choice!
Country, dearer far than life,
Wilt thou heed the voice
Calling thee to clear thy name
From thy share in China's shame?

Righteousness or Revenue?

"Revenue," she cried.
Then the curse began to work:
China far and wide
Groaned beneath the opium blight,
Wandered further into night.

Righteousness or Revenue?

Orientalists say,
"Give us Revenue," and we,†
We have nought to say
Whilst our coffers ring with gold,
Price of curse to China sold.

Righteousness or Revenue?

Ah! we watch with tears
England's opportunity;
Yet dismiss our fears,
Whilst we ask that God will sway
England's will, the price to pay.

Righteousness or Revenue?

Awful is the choice,
Should we choose the Revenue

And despise the voice
Calling us to rise and be
Freed from Mammon's tyranny.

Righteousness, whate'er the price!

God make *this* our choice!
Oh! may England's stalwart sons
With a clarion voice
For her stainless honor plead,
Though her coffers gold must bleed.

Righteousness! This first we seek!

God in Heaven, hear;
When we turn us from our sin
Thou wilt bend thine ear;
Hear, and heal, and bless our land,
Make her in Thy Might to stand.

Then from China's stretching shores

Myriads yet shall stand,
Clasping hands with England's sons
In the sinless land.

Use, O God, our country where
Opium fumes now taint the air!

Even yet shall China learn
England can repent;
Costly though the sacrifice,
She shall yet relent;
And her name no more shall be
Linked with China's misery.

* The accompanying verses were written by Miss M. E. Barber, missionary secretary at Fuh-chow, after reading the speech of the Bishop of Durham on the Opium Question. She says: "I faced this morning 240 Chinese girls, and I asked them to pray that Christ would bless every effort to root out the opium curse from their country. With one voice the girls said, 'England sent it to us.' For a moment I was speechless, and, then, almost with tears, I said, 'Yes, it is true, but England is sorry she did.'"

† The answer to the question we put to the Chinaman, "Why do you grow the poppy?" is always, "It pays."

MISSIONS AND WORLD MOVEMENTS.*

BY BISHOP FOWLER.



MISSIONS and world movements, fully stated, would answer the whys of human history—why it runs thus and thus. Mount Calvary is the key that unlocks the mystery. Redemption is God's objective point. Whatever God says goes in a missionary convention; goes finally in human history. I have seen throngs of Hindus bathing at the junction of the Ganges and the Jumna. They believed that at the junction of these two sacred rivers there was also a third, a holy and invisible, river coming down from the throne of God, that, mingling with the two earthly rivers, cleansed the bathers and made them fit for the kingdom of God. So we hold that where the great streams of secular events and of church movements mingle there is also another stream coming down from God's almighty providence, that transforms these streams and orders their movements in the interest of the kingdom of God. This stream of Providence comes to the surface in the history of Israel, but it sweeps on under all history. Cyrus took Babylon from polytheists, idolaters, and extended the domains of monotheism; Mohammed trampled down idolatrous altars. The bloody Eagles of Rome quieted and compacted the clashing tribes and lifted a wide shield that protected St. Paul everywhere from the malice and bigotry of his countrymen. German and English monarchs turned back the power of the Pope and made room for

*An address at the Missionary Convention at Philadelphia.

religious freedom. Wesley touched the dead corpse of formal Christianity; it felt the throb of new life and stood upon its feet. The trend of the ages is Godward.

Latest evolutionists hold that natural selection is under this law. There has always been one end in view up through all animal increments to the perfected physical, up into the intellectual, and up, by the same law of selection, to the spiritual. From the first speck of mist in the universe on through the inconceivable lapses of duration there has been a steady trend toward the perfect man. This ideal of evolution Christianity has realized in the Man of Nazareth. There is that in things that makes for righteousness. My faith does not faint or weary in this long ascent. This only gives me a good start into an endless future. The supreme Power who has worked and watched so long will not now sleep or forget me.

On the way to the North Cape our steamer brushed against the branches of trees on the sides of the mountains that rose almost straight up out of the sea. I wondered how it could be safe to sail so near; but marine engineers said to me: "It is safe. The shape and slant of the land above water indicate the shape and slant of the land below." So the unnumbered ages of God's thought in the past assure me of care for endless ages to come. When God tires out it will be so late that the universe will have been rolled together like a scroll and folded away like a vesture, and we shall have grown so old and strong on the wide fields of our eternal activity that we can only dimly recall the little kinder-

garten patch of this world's missions. With Jesus here in our humanity we see what is possible. We can poorly realize what we shall be, but this we know: we shall be transformed into His likeness, our vile bodies shall be fashioned like unto His glorious body, and we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is. God seeks always with all power and with all wisdom, with all unflagging, heartaching love to lift up and save all men. He is no respecter of persons. He willeth not the death of him that dieth, but would that all men would turn and live. God's providence sweeps around the world and through all time. All available forces and agencies are marshalled and marched, sent into the field to help forward His redeeming purpose. So the great world forces that seem so hard and hostile are yet handled by Him. They are His messengers, His missionaries. Even the wrath of men shall praise Him, and the remainder of wrath He will restrain. All things shall work together for good for His children and for His cause.

True, many statesmen handling heathen countries for profit, many nominal Christians in mission fields for trade, many travellers wishing to make books for the market, and many seagoing officers who barely reach open ports, are the natural enemies of missionaries and of their work. The lives of many of these men are rebuked and their practices are interfered with, therefore they are quick to criticize what they never investigate. The East India Company stood in the way of the work for years. Government officials frequently are willing to find scapegoats, and therefore criticize and complain. But in spite of all these surface views the facts remain that missionaries usually lead the way into these lands. They furnish much information for

government administrators and for scientists. The secretaries and interpreters of the government embassies to unopened heathen countries have nearly always been missionaries. When the Ministers of the civilized governments were besieged in Peking, and the whole world stood aghast, hourly expecting the horrible massacre to be consummated, it was a missionary, an honored member of this body, that conducted the defence, without which deliverance would have been impossible. When the American troops made their way into Peking, under the wall through the bed of the river, as the Persians made their way into Babylon and into the feast of Belshazzar, it was a missionary of our own mission that led the troops into the city. We feel that it is high time for this irresponsible and unjust criticism to stop.

The apocalyptic angel for this twentieth century calling the nations to judgment, stands with one foot on the Pacific and the other on the continent of Asia. The Pacific washes five continents out of six. Asia contains the three greatest empires on earth—British, Russian, Chinese. It cradles three-fourths of mankind. It has the loftiest mountains and the most important rivers. It has the widest stretches of arable land and the most productive soil. It has an empire extending from the Arctic Sea to the Indian Ocean, and from Germany to the Yellow Sea. "It built the most wonderful of all cities, Babylon, and the richest of all palaces, Persepolis," and the most beautiful of all tombs, the Taj Mahal. It has given us music and the drama, gunpowder, and a guide for earth and heaven—the compass and the Bible. It has generated the most philosophies, and is the birthplace of all the great religions. It has produced the world's greatest moral and

religious teachers, the wisest of kings, and the bloodiest of conquerors. This is the land "where Abraham received the covenant and Moses the law; where the first Adam sinned and the second suffered." This is great Asia, whose population to-day is on the increase, and whose virility, with the aid of Russian infusions, equals its palmyest days; whose commerce is the magnet of every metropolis, and whose markets are the inspiration of every great nation, and the necessity of all the dense populations. With new blood monopolizing her high-ways, with rival leaders, the Saxon and the Slav, fighting with their backs to the North Sea and the Arctic Ocean, it is impossible for the imagination to measure its importance. Not a harbor open to the Pacific but feels the throbbing of its swelling pulse, and not a nation with a Pacific exposure that can safely sleep at the present low-tide mark.

The Chinese Problem.

Turkey is the sick man in Europe, China is the sick man in Asia. I cannot discuss her special mission work; I can only enter the yellow ward in the world's hospital, feel the patient's pulse, look at her tongue, question the nurses, and sit down a few moments with doctors and surgeons in the anteroom. The patient seems to have creeping paralysis. It may be locomotor ataxia. It may be only the trick of the old serpent. The doctors are timid about diagnosing the case. They all agree that, whatever ails her body, the malady has not reached her intellect. The Russian surgeon has brought his chest of instruments, yet he seems to hesitate to venture an opinion. Once when the Roman conclave was walled in to elect a new Pope, and no one of the Catholic monarchs was certain of electing his candidate, in order to gain time they

elect an aged cardinal who was too sick and feeble to stand alone. As soon as the ballot was announced the sick man arose, dropped his crutches, and straightened up in vigorous manhood, saying, "Now, gentlemen, you have a ruler." A long and powerful reign verified his statement. So it is difficult to treat this sick man of Asia, who has the longevity of the forests, the rough endurance of the rhinoceros, the stately dignity of the lion, the cunning of the fox, and the wisdom of the serpent.

The bulk of China is too vast to be handled easily in our minds. As it was lying on the map when some of us were in school it stretched through sixty degrees of longitude and spread over forty degrees of latitude. It measured four and a half million square miles. But in the convulsions of recent years it has shaken off Thibet, Ili, Kashgaria, Mongolia, and Korea. There remain 1,500,000 square miles of the best acreage, one-third the empire in area, with eleven-twelfths in population. It is over 350,000,000 strong. It is not difficult to accept the recent statement of J. W. Foster, the great authority on American diplomacy, when he says: "It is scarcely an exaggeration, in presence of its history and attainments, to assert that no nation or race of ancient or modern times has stronger claim than the Chinese to be called a great people." They were an ancient people, with city and town organizations, with commerce and trade, with arts and sciences, with histories and heroes, three thousand years before there was any Anglo-Saxon. They had printing centuries before Faust played with his blocks, and gunpowder long before that last great Mohammed shot down the gates and walls of Constantinople. Their compass directed their open-sea voyages beyond the sight of mountain or

beacon long before Columbus picked up bits of strange wood on the shores of Italy. They dug salt wells 5,000 feet deep centuries before Solomon was born, and they had civil service examinations for office ages before Abraham received the blessing of Melchizedek. Surely they are a great people.

Chinese Characteristics.

When I stepped upon their shores I felt that I was in another world. The ages crumpled beneath my feet, and I instinctively looked about me for the patriarchs and for the leaders of the primitive races. Physically everything was turned around. Men I met turned out to the left; men I greeted shook their own hands instead of mine. Scaffoldings were built first, then the houses were built inside of them. The mechanic turned his auger and gimlet and screws to the left to make them enter. The carpenter pulled his plane and his saw toward him, and pushed his drawing knife from him. Strangers moving into a new neighborhood called on the people with whom they wanted social relations. Soon one learns that the externals are only indices of deeper differences. The very modes of thought seem reversed. Their architecture and art and very laws of language are peculiar. Business methods, politics, literature, amusements, and worship are all strange.

While the races of the Orient often differ widely from each other in personal appearance, in costume, and speech, yet one feels a common spirit among them all. Touch Asia anywhere and you have the same impressions. It is like touching a tiger, soft and pleasant, yet you are conscious that there are teeth and claws concealed near by. There is the same politeness and dignity in manner, the

same indifference to truth, and punctilious attention to minute social laws. It is always easier for them to lie than to offend. Æsthetics annihilate ethics. They respect successful falsehood and judges who are flagrantly corrupt. They placidly accept any government with power. They admire a governor who rides over them and beheads them. Liberty would be scoffed at by them. They think that there is no use of having power unless you use it. They do not believe in power that they cannot see. Honesty is a myth, and a man who does not improve his opportunities is an imbecile. They are oblivious of the value of time, and hate haste as much as if they had, like Methuselah, eight or nine centuries to kill. There is a gulf between the orientals and occidentals as wide as the gulf between Dives and Lazarus, yet, as in that case, there are humans on both sides. These are some of the characteristics of the Asiatics from the Arctic Ocean to the Indian Ocean, and from the Black Sea to the Yellow Sea.

These characteristics, bad as they are throughout Asia, have their worst development in China. Here their evil types are confluent and malignant. The Chinaman has no public spirit. The officers are paid to administer to the government, so let them do it. The officers, almost without exception, are unmitigated liars and thieves, and the mass of the people match them in perfidy. There is not the slightest shame about lying. But it is a disgrace not to put on the best face. Treachery is a virtue. Li Hung Chang gave safe-conduct and assurances to the seven leading captive generals of the Tai-Ping rebellion to dine with him on his boat, and the next morning their heads were knocking about in the bay. Sir Robert Hart was so outraged by this

bloody perfidy that he hunted all day, revolver in hand, for Prince Li, determined to kill him at sight. There is no limit to their mendacity. The higher the official the more monumental the treachery.

In 1793 Lord Macartney was the first English Plenipotentiary to be admitted to an audience with the emperor. He refused to kowtow (knock his head on the ground), for his king knew no superior. The boat that carried him up the Peiho toward Peking bore a flag, saying, "Ambassador bearing tribute from the country of England." The high officials took advantage of his ignorance of Chinese to proclaim this falsehood. It would take a supernatural chemistry to distil one drop of honorable integrity out of a nation like that. It is not strange that such a people left to themselves are incapable of gratitude. The two men who have served China most faithfully for more than half a century in most arduous and distinguished duties are Sir Robert Hart, head of the customs service, whose integrity and honesty and lofty character have never been questioned, and Dr. Martin, head of their Chinese college for training men for the diplomatic service of China. The greatness of these men is only surpassed by the greatness and variety of their public services. There are no men in all Asia who deserve more from China than they do. There ought not to be a man in the empire who would not gladly protect these two men at all hazards. Yet when the outbreak against the foreigners culminated in Peking no man would lift a hand to help them, and they barely escaped with their lives into the protection of the British barricades.

The empire is honeycombed with secret societies. The slyness and mystery of these organizations are adapted to the superstition and sus-

picion of the Chinese character. These societies afford runaways from the officials and from real and imaginary enemies. Their thieves have a king who sells immunity from their ravages. Their beggars also have a king who fixes the price of deliverance from their importunities and offensiveness. It is an unclassified social condition where a beggar travels his circuit on horseback. Famine relief money sent to Canton was used to pay damages awarded on account of assaults made upon the foreign concession. When the emperor orders that taxes be not collected in a certain district on account of famine, the officials often carefully delay posting the decree till after the taxes have been collected.

Often when relief has been distributed the taxgatherer follows close upon the heels of the charity agent and gathers up the contributions. These two agents often have a co-partnership in the business, and both thrive. I saw up in the hills along the Yang-tse the castles of a great viceroy who had cut off within three-scores of ten thousand heads, and I saw some of the heads hung out over the street in iron baskets like ancient torchlights. This viceroy was praying to his gods to spare him till he rounded up the full ten thousand. Yet he would quote from Mencius and other ancient classics beautiful sentiments about "the sacredness of human life."

Cooke, in his "Life and State Papers of a Chinese Statesman," shows that this statesman "pockets the money given to him to repair an embankment, and thus inundates a province; and he deplures the land lost to the cultivation of the soil." Signing a treaty he said it was "only a deception for the moment," yet he exclaims "against the crime of perjury." The supreme irony known

anywhere in the world, in the united judgment of the foreign Ministers, is in the inscription over the entrance to the Yamen, where treaties are negotiated, which reads, "The greatest happiness is in doing good." Like the wrecker who picked up the body of a drowned man, and when asked if he tried to resuscitate him, said, "Yes, sir; I picked his pockets." This bland, two-faced perjury runs throughout the empire, from top to bottom. Very rare exceptions, one in a thousand millions, are found; hardly enough to prove the law.

Li Hung Chang was sent to St. Petersburg to protest against Russian encroachments upon Manchuria, and he was at that very time in the pay of the Russian government as a director in the Russian Bank in Peking. China is the supreme hypocrite of all the races and of all the ages. It is a compound of Judas Iscariot and Ananias perfected by the training and practices of four thousand years. It has not the conscience of Judas, enabling it to commit suicide. It barely has the smouldering remnants of the moral sense of Ananias sufficient to make it susceptible to moral punishment. Its chief public virtue is fear of power. The only binding force in its covenants is in the mouth of a double-shotted cannon.

China a "Moral Mummy."

This moral mummy is embalmed and wrapped in superstitions four thousand years old and more than ten thousand layers deep. These superstitions touch every act of life and every word and every secret thought. They are victims of luck, fortune-tellers, and necromancy. They live in a world packed to the very stars with powerful spirits, which must not be offended. All ranks and classes, from the emperor down to the poorest coolie, are steeped and boiled and

parboiled in superstitions. By these superstitions the university men and the priests govern and rob and torment all classes. The priest in charge of a temple in Canton pays many thousand dollars (\$40,000) for the control of the temple. He robs the people by his monopolies to pay this fee and enrich himself. Poor people pay to him ten times as much for an incense stick as it costs elsewhere. Only sticks purchased in that temple can be burned there. Women pay enormous extortions for the privilege of sleeping on mats in the temple. This privilege is said to increase their chances for male progeny.

All China is robbed and persecuted and tormented by these cruel superstitions. Behind the viceroy's yamen in Tientsin—that was Li Hung Chang's yamen, or court—there was a temple to Ta Wang, the wind and water dragon. A boat conveying a prefect was nearly overturned by a sudden storm. Some boatman with his pole must have carelessly disturbed Ta Wang. Careful search was made, and a small snake was discovered near the railroad bridge; profuse apologies and prostrations were made to it, and it was carefully carried with the greatest pomp and ceremony to the Ta Wang temple. China is the deepest pit of heathenism, where Satan brews his most powerful charms and his most deadly moral plagues.

No human plummet can fathom this sea of corruption. Two hundred thousand natives in Hong Kong, many of them born there or living there fifty years, in close contact with intelligent foreigners, glad to have the protection of the British flag and the high wages of a British city, where silver is as abundant as brass on the mainland, and where no mandarin can extort half or any part of their wages, glad to be taught with-

out cost, so as to earn the high wages of European clerks, and have the free service of English physicians; glad to be under incorruptible magistrates and just policemen; glad to live in a model foreign city, where they can live as they please and follow their own customs and worship their own gods; with everything to help them and nothing to disturb them—in spite of all this they are in all ranks, with too few exceptions to count, as deeply dyed with superstitions as any who never even saw a civilized man. They are bland and smiling and silent while nothing unusual jars the public mind; but when the plague came all their old superstitions came to the surface. They cursed and hated the foreigners, and hid their sick from the doctors, and refused to go to the hospitals, and assaulted both doctors and nurses, and threatened to burn the city and poison the wells. They believed every old superstition and trusted their incantations and vile, filthy remedies. The influences of the clean and helpful civilization in which they had lived for half a century, but which did not concern itself much about their religious enlightenment, vanished in one hour. There remained only hatred for the foreigners and the undisputed reign of Satan. No human power can save this people. Only the almighty grace of God, that can create anew the elements and energies of a moral nature, can make them moral and trustworthy for the uses of civilization.

The one virtue in the Chinese character that has survived these long centuries of oppression and superstition, that keeps society from utter dissolution and the state from annihilation, is the family tie. It begins with the devotion of children, strengthens with every year of natural life, and extends to the worlds

out of sight, in an absorbing worship of parents and ancestors.

Every emphasis is placed upon the family. It is the unit in the state. The entire family is responsible for the conduct of each member. There is a mortgage of ancient and constant custom, an unwritten law, that makes the family responsible for the debts of the father. There is only one way to discharge a debt in China, and that is to pay it. It follows the family like an avenging spirit, not to the third or fourth generation, but for ever till it is paid. The family must take care of its own poor. One man thrives, the indolent and thriftless live on him. He must employ them, even to the exclusion of competent service, and often even to the ruin of his business. This family feeling widens a little, reaching neighborhoods and clans, but fails to strengthen the empire. The family is the chief virtue planted in the Garden of Eden that has survived all the migrations and all the changes in dynasty and all the centuries. It absorbs all the natural vigor of patriotism and all the supernatural inspiration of religion. Its roots entwine the earth, and its branches embrace the heavens.

Another element of strength in the Chinaman is his colonizing power. He crosses all seas and burrows into all continents. He surpasses the Saxon in ability to toil in all climates. He matches the Russian in enduring Arctic storms, and surpasses the negro in working in the tropics. He is the one cosmopolitan, at home everywhere as if he owned the world. Silent, gentle, submissive, industrious, economical, temperate, all-enduring, he thrives everywhere—on the mountains, in the deserts, on the plains, in the islands. As the serpent, with his one ability to crawl, competes in vari-

ous fields, without fins swims with the fish, without hands climbs with the monkey, and without feet runs with the horse, so the Chinaman with his one ability of adaptation competes successfully with the sailor on the sea, and with the frontiersman in the wilderness, and with the miner under the earth, and with the exile in wanderings. He does not ask for a fair chance. He asks only for a chance, so does not try to crowd anybody. Once landed he abides. The individual changes, but the kind continues. A human microbe, he multiplies. Not being a politician, all governments that let him alone suit him. He never breeds or joins revolutions abroad. Not being a specialist, all industries, with a possible margin, attract him. He never boycotts any trade. Not being ambitious except for more cash, all social orders that pay for services are equally satisfactory to him. He is pleasing to the greatest variety of women. He marries through the widest range of races. Like a mongoose, he can run through any passageway; though fond of a palace, he can live in a closet, and make a home anywhere. As gravity draws all rivers along the lines of least resistance, so his instinct for gain draws him along lines where there is the least waste of energy. He is the supreme colonizer. All countries are his—Siberia, India, Burmah, Australia, all the Americas, including the Philippines, and all the islands of the seas. He has the largest colonies here and there on the earth—even larger than the English colony of Buenos Ayres. In the Malay Straits he far outnumbers the Malays. In Siam he is nearly 3,000,000 strong—one-third the entire population of that kingdom. But for the fact that he could not vote in America, and so left the politicians to oppose him in the interest of those

who could vote, he might have been to-day 10,000,000 strong under our flag. It took all the venom of local prejudices and all the power of the general government to check this silent, creeping, ever-pressing tide.

In his wide wanderings he is a factor wherever he lives. He owns and manages great steamship lines, banks, factories, mines, plantations, mercantile establishments, great corporations in the English colony of Hong Kong, in Japan, in Singapore, in India, in Burmah, in Siam. He is a constant menace to the laborer in every labor market of the world.

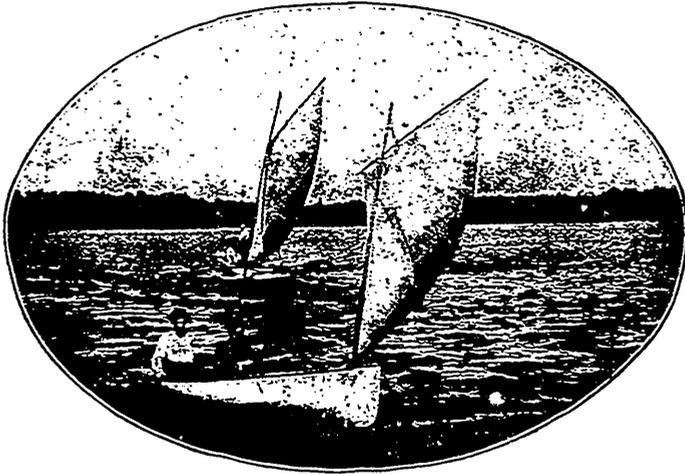
The Chinaman is not a soldier. You find over China statues of scholars and statesmen and philosophers and literary men, but not often of soldiers. He has no military spirit, yet he has courage when he is well drilled, commanded, and paid. There are rare instances of heroism. Some men have volunteered as substitutes to be executed. He believes in strategy, not arms. He fights behind walls, like a cornered rat, but before an assault he runs like an antelope. This spirit has made it possible to live in the same world with him. When he finds a good drill-master and an able commander, and prompt care when wounded, and certain pay for service, he will be a splendid soldier. Russia can furnish all these lacking requisites. England sent a drill sergeant up the Nile into the sands of Egypt, to the water-carrying Fellahs, and Europe and Asia were surprised to see these recruits fight like ancient Greeks. Anything the Egyptian can do the Chinaman can do. What England has done for Egypt Russia can do for China.

The greatest modern Chinese statesman, Wensiang, often said to foreign diplomats: "You are all too anxious to wake us and start us on a new road, and you will do it; but you

will all regret it, for once awaking and started we shall go fast and far—farther than you think and much faster than you want.”

In recent years she has lost two-thirds of her territory, though only one-twelfth of her population. Yet there remain 1,500,000 square miles of land, an immense block of available land, and 350,000,000 people. She may change dynasties, she may come under the control of some foreign power, but she will not cease to be. She will not be wiped out. Like

the king in a chess game, she may be checkmated, but she cannot be removed from the board. Some pawn or knight, some Japanese or Muscovite, will cover her exposure, and continue the game. Her very numbers is God's promise of perpetuity. The yellow race will remain the menace of the world. It lies on the shore of Asia a huge club, only waiting to be picked up by some Hercules. China is the world's problem for the twentieth century. Who will seize this club?



THY WILL BE DONE.

BY THE LATE HON. JOHN HAY.

Not in dumb resignation we lift our hands on high ;
Not like the nerveless fatalist, content to do and die.
Our faith springs, like the eagle's, who soars to meet the sun,
And cries exulting unto Thee, "Oh! Lord, Thy will be done."

When tyrant feet are trampling upon the common weal,
Thou dost not bid us bend and writhe beneath the iron heel.
In Thy name we claim our right by sword or tongue or pen,
And even the headsman's axe may flash Thy message unto men.

Thy will! It bids the weak be strong; it bids the strong be just;
No lips to fawn, no hand to beg, no brow to seek the dust.
Whenever man oppresses men beneath the liberal sun,
Oh! Lord, be there; Thine arm made bare, Thy righteous will be done.

JAMES GILMOUR OF MONGOLIA.

BY DR. A. T. PIERSON.



BIOGRAPHY is the philosophy of living, illustrated and illuminated by example. Gilmour was a rare instance of consecrated character, working out an heroic ministry in an obscure sphere. He might have been lost sight of among the thousands of missionaries of the past century but for his fascinating books, for we may say of this lonely pilgrim worker in a comparatively forsaken land, that his "kingdom," like his Master's, came "not with observation."

Gilmour's forty-eight years lay between 1843 and 1891. He was born at Cathkin, near Glasgow, and died at Tientsin, China. His life-story, which thus spans almost a half-century, falls into two parts: first, from birth to ordination at Edinburgh, in 1870, at the age of twenty-seven, and, secondly, from ordination to death in China, twenty-one years later. A few facts stand out prominent in this last score of years, such as his marriage in 1874, his first visit to England in 1882, the death of his wife in 1885, and his second visit home in 1889. He gave about twenty years' service to China and Mongolia; perhaps no equal period on the mission field could show a more devoted service. Up to ordination nothing was very noteworthy. In his home of comfort he lacked Carey's discipline of poverty, and his parents, though ordinary people, were of sterling worth, having the substantial traits—truth, conscientiousness, moral courage, independence, and mother wit. James' training

was scriptural and sensible, the three requisites of every well-regulated household being found in his home—the family Bible, family altar, and family rule. His schooling was above the average, his instructors being capable and faithful, even if a trifle stern.

But in himself was the making of a man. It is a prime fact that, in the best characters, often no qualities so stand out as to throw the rest into the shade; they are spherical, and the perfection of a sphere is symmetry—the all-roundedness in which every point is equidistant from the centre. Seven qualities in this lad together made up this symmetrical completeness—industry, tenacity, honesty, modesty, sympathy, geniality, and sobriety—none of them beyond any other man's having and cultivating.

If any one trait was conspicuous it was, as with Carey, plodding—his patience, perseverance, and application being far beyond the average. Neither money nor minutes were wasted. There was no lazy hair in his head, and the worth of time grew upon him as it passed away. Even when a task was a bore, he never "scamped" it, but mastered it, too intellectually honest to water his stock of brains or cram for an examination and slight daily studies. Once, indeed, a professor criticized an essay of his, as "wanting thoroughness." But the way he met the criticism showed his pluck. His grandfather, a miller, met his parson's complaint of short measure in oatmeal by going straight to the manse, proving that he had given overweight, and carrying back the excess to the mill, so that exact

justice might be done, teaching the crestfallen parson a lesson in ethics. So James Gilmour tackled his critic, and puzzled him to justify his criticism, proving to him that it was his own examination of the essay that "lacked *tl. ighness.*" Gilmour's fondness for a fight and for fun; his combativeness and his humor, side by side, were strongly developed, but marred by no malice or ungenerosity.

We must look beyond his natural make-up to account for James Gilmour, the man of God and the missionary among the Mongols. On the spiritual—the supernatural—side other qualities together made him one of the foremost men in the missions of the nineteenth century, such as closeness to Christ, passion for souls, habits of prayer, love for God's Word, self-abnegation, the courage of faith, and the consciousness of God, and, above all, absorption in His will.

In these he reminds us of "Chinese" Gordon's four rules: Utter self-oblivion, scorn of the world's honors, absence of all pretension, and absorption in the will of God—traits which make a man great in the eyes of God. His close friends read these mottoes written on the spirit's inner chambers, and to his college chum, Patterson, he said, as they parted, "Let us keep close to Christ."

As his Glasgow training drew to a close, there were plain signs of a new beginning. The few who knew him best could see that he was getting ready, half unconsciously, for some great work. Ambition had been chastened into aspiration. He was reticent, however, about these things, save to intimate friends, and even to them it was his life more than his lips that revealed him.

He emphasized personal dealing more and more to the end, but never forgot that conduct speaks louder than converse, and character still louder.

The present Bishop of Durham tells of a Cambridge clergyman, so indifferent a preacher that his pews were half empty; yet when a score of students, being together, were asked to write the name of the man they would desire to have with them in a dying hour, every ballot bore the name of this man whom, as a preacher, none of them cared to hear! It is the life that tells.

At no time, even when in college, was there room to doubt Gilmour's pious devotion to some great work. But toward the end of his preparation *the stream of his life was manifestly flowing through a deeper bed and in a fuller flood, and rising rapidly to its permanent high-water-mark.*

His passion for souls became conspicuous, and proved itself genuine in seeking men one by one. Zeal for mere numbers is a sign of the leaven of pride and self-glory. The Saviour's love for sinners shines most not when he spoke to the throng, but when He met one needy seeker, like Nicodemus, or the woman at the well. Gilmour was equally ready to preach to a crowd on the street, or in a railway station, and to speak to a laborer in the field, or a wayfarer on the road. Even his public addresses were less formal discourses than hand-to-hand talks. Beneath a shy manner hid the burning coals of a sacred enthusiasm, restrained by a humility and genuineness which shrank from appearing more in earnest than he really was. He felt much drawn to the Salvation Army, despite its grotesque methods, because of its bold appeals to every passer-by, and drilled himself to a similar habitual approach to men.

There comes to all holy souls a definite break with the world and self. After carrying off prize after prize, there still remained to Gilmour more worlds to conquer—his first success at Cheshunt College beckoned him on to

one more trial and triumph. But he saw how, even after resolving to break the bonds of worldly ambition and be free for God's work alone, he had, by the bait of worldly honors, been caught again in the net of ambition. He took a stand, flung away the hopes for the new prize, and gave to his Bible the time he would have given to what now seemed a bauble, if not a bubble. That was a turning-point—perhaps the crisis—in James Gilmour's life. Henceforth it had a new direction, certainly a new intensity.

Gilmour's missionary career deserves notice, though the man, not the field, is of first importance.

In 1817 two missionaries, Stallybrass and Swan, had left England for pioneer work among the Buriats—Mongols under Russian sway. Twenty-seven years later the Czar ordered them out, and the mission collapsed; but the missionaries had translated the whole Bible into Buriat, so that it could now be its own missionary. This mission, after nearly thirty years, Gilmour felt led of God to re-establish in connection with the London Missionary Society. Peking was the base of operations, and arriving there in 1870, he settled down to study Chinese, which is said to require a patience like Job's and a lifetime like Methuselah's to master.

His methods of work differed little from those of others, but his Christian manhood stamped Gilmour as great, and from him we learn the art of character building. Within six weeks after he reached Peking the news came that the Romish convent at Tientsin was in ruins and thirteen French people were killed. How far bloodshed might be carried on no one knew, but Gilmour met this test of his faith and constancy, at the outset, in a martyr spirit. Alone and unable to speak the language, he went up to the great Mongolian plain and began his

life-work, knowing himself to be on the "slope of a volcano" that any moment might belch forth its fires. He bethought himself of the God of Daniel and the three holy ones, still able to deliver, but he thought more of the poor Chinese and Mongols, whom a greater Lion sought to devour and whom a hotter furnace fire threatened. Tests may thus become steps and hindrances helps. What the devil means for a stumbling-stone is often turned into a stepping-stone.

Buddhism so grips Mongolia that it shapes even manners and garments; hence the heroism of attempting to evangelize that vast region single-handed. But two months later Gilmour was travelling across the great unknown plain, with a Russian postmaster as a companion, studying a people he could not talk to, seeking to win them by getting down to their level, and learning in the company of his unseen Master new lessons in self-oblivion. With him always the missionary idea was foremost. He often thought of Dr. Alexander's ordination charge: "You do not go to discover new countries."

At Kiachta, on the southern frontier of Siberia, he found himself in a "sea of troubles"; his passport would not avail, and he must wait months for another. He found no sympathy; ignorant of the language, the victim of forced inaction, unable to get a suitable teacher, depression fell on him like a pall. Knowing something of the intense loneliness of Christ's life when no one understood and appreciated Him, he actually felt the suicidal impulse.

Before the year closed he was sharing a Mongol's tent, compelling himself to use the colloquial. He so impressed the natives that he is still known as "our Gilmour." He first gave away books; then, at price of many a blunder, tried to talk and even

reason with his obtuse hearers. By diligence and patience, within a year he could read the Mongolian Bible slowly at sight, write a passable letter in that difficult tongue, and surprised the natives by his proficiency in the spoken language. That first year in Mongolia had given him a knowledge both of the language and the nomads of the plain far beyond that of any other European. To think of this lone man, riding a hundred, sometimes two hundred, leagues on horseback at a time, with one Mongol and no luggage, depending on the natives for hospitality, and using every opportunity to reach the people one by one, is to get a mental picture of Gilmour's solitary ministry. When at Peking, resting from one work by taking up another, he studied Chinese and gave mission help, never idle or losing sight of his life's great aim. His year's trip satisfied him that Chinese missionaries should work among the agricultural Mongols, who speak Chinese to a man, and he decided for the Mongols of the plain as his field of work, though, later on, the exceptional hindrances met in labor among them led him to settle among the Mongols of the villages.

Gilmour never had any colleague but his devoted, heroic wife. Three associates were successively appointed and for various reasons withdrawn. He was obliged to be all things to all men and all in one, and became virtually a medical missionary. Without scientific training he had picked up some rudimentary knowledge, and demonstrated his own theory that it is little less than culpable homicide to deny a little hospital training to those who may have to pass years where men would sicken and die before a doctor could be had. Armed with forceps and a few simple remedies, he relieved pain and distress often as effectively as a dentist or physician.

His tent became dwelling, dispensary, tract house, and chapel.

His wife he got in a unique fashion. While boarding in 1873 with Rev. S. E. Meech, an old college friend, he saw a portrait of Mrs. Meech's sister, Emily Prankard, corresponded with and proposed to her. He married her in 1874, never having seen her until she arrived in China! Yet a courtship, conducted on the faith principle, proved a match made in heaven. Three children were given to them—one of whom died not long after the mother. This heroic woman largely made up for lack of other colleagues, multiplying his joys and dividing his sorrows. She shared his nomadic life, even taking her infant son with them. She lived with him in his tent in all the rigors of a changeable climate, and faced the discomforts of heavy rains, which soaked them and floated their bed, and risked the danger of being swept away by rivers swollen to torrents. Her husband said of her, "She is a better missionary than I." Of the impertinent curiosity of the Mongols, who intruded on their meals, devotions, and even ablutions, she never complained. She picked up the language, and shared her husband's work and passion for souls; but this exposure partly wrecked her health, so that after a brief eleven years of wedded life she left him in 1885.

Gilmour never spared himself. With two bags of books on his shoulders, he walked about to find a purchaser, etc., stamping his address on books, so that those might find him who needed guidance. In one case he walked three hundred miles in a week, with blistered feet, a donkey carrying his baggage, himself the only missionary of the L. M. S. in China who adopted *in toto* the native dress, food, and habits, and lived at an average expense of threepence a day!

He studied the people to avoid what

repelled them. For example, he found them suspicious of any foreigner walking early and alone—he was secretly taking away the luck of the land; if he wrote, he was taking notes of the capabilities of the country, or perhaps making a road-map for a hostile army; if he shot, he was denuding the land of game. At one time he and his wife nearly lost their lives because his attempts to relieve sore eyes ended in blindness, and the natives accused him of stealing the “jewel of the eye,” etc. He could not flee, for that would confirm suspicion: he had to stay and live down the accusation.

While in London in 1882-3 he brought out his book, “Among the Mongols,” which even *The Spectator* highly praised; and when his literary success set for him a new snare he escaped it as he had done the Cheshunt prize.

Few things index a man’s true self like the books he reads and revels in. As a child his mother had helped to shape his mind and morals by the Bible, Watts’ “Divine Songs for Children,” “Uncle Tom’s Cabin,” and such reading. The books he himself chose later on were James’ “Earnest Ministry,” Baxter’s “Reformed Pastor,” and Bunyan’s works, the Bible more and more crowding all else aside.

His death still remains a mystery—a problem of Providence. No man could be less easily spared. He had been a true seeker of souls, yet with no apparent success, never baptizing even one convert, and able to claim, as the fruits of his own labor, not more than he could count on the fingers of one hand.

A few of his choice sentences may fitly close this brief sketch:

“Comfort is not the missionary’s rule.”

“Always do something; never let the work stop because you can’t do what is ideally the best.”

“Unprayed for, I feel like a diver at the bottom of a river, with no air to breathe; or like a fireman on a blazing building with an empty hose.”

“Were Christ here now as a missionary among us He would be an enthusiastic teetotaler and non-smoker.”

“I do not now strive to get near God; I simply ask Christ to take me nearer Him. The greatest thought of my mind and object of life is to be like Christ.”

“I feel God can perform by me; or, rather, use me as His instrument for performing if He has a mind to.”

“Christ was in the world to manifest God. We are in the world to manifest Christ.”

“Some day we shall in eternity look back on time. How ashamed of any want of trust and any unfaithfulness! May God help us to look at things now in that light, and do as we shall wish we had done.”

SEPTEMBER.

BY ARCHIBALD LANPMAN.

In far-off russet corn-fields, where the dry
Gray shocks stand peaked and withering, half
concealed

In the rough earth, the orange pumpkins lie,
Full-ribbed: and in the windless pasture-field
The sleek red horses o’er the sun-warmed
ground

Stand pensively about in companies,
While all around them from the motionless
trees

The long clean shadows sleep without a sound.

Under cool elm-trees floats the distant stream,
Moveless as air; and o’er the vast warm earth
The fathomless daylight seems to stand and
dream,

A liquid cool elixir—all its girth
Bound with faint haze, a frail transparency,
Whose lucid purple barely veils and fills
The utmost valleys and the thin last hills,
Nor mars one whit their perfect charity.

Thus without grief the golden days go by,
So soft we scarcely notice how they wend,
And like a smile half happy, or a sigh,
The summer passes to her quiet end;
And soon, too soon, around the cumbered eaves
Shy frosts shall take the creepers by sur-
prise,
And through the wind-touched reddening
woods shall rise
October with the rain of ruined leaves.

SONG TO AEGIR.*

BY HIS IMPERIAL MAJESTY WILLIAM II., GERMAN EMPEROR
AND KING OF PRUSSIA.

TRANSLATED BY DR. PAUL CARUS.

O Aegir, Herr der Fluthen,
Dem Nix und Neck sich beugt,
In Morgensonnengluthen
Die Heldenschaar sich neigt.

In grimmer Fehd' wir fahren
Hin an den fernen Strand,
Durch Sturm, durch Fels und Klippe
Führ' uns in Feindes Land.

Will uns der Neck bedräuen,
Versagt uns unser Schild,
So wehr' dein flammend Auge
Dem Ansturm noch so wild !

Wie Frithjof auf Ellida
Getrost durchfuhr dein Meer,
So schirm' auf diesem Drachen,
Uns, deiner Söhne Heer !

Wenn in dem wilden Harste
Sich Brünn' auf Brünne drängt,
Den Feind, vom Stahl getroffen,
Die Schildesmaid umfängt,

Dann töne hin zum Meere
Mit Schwert- und Schildesklang
Dir, hoher Gott, zur Ehre,
Wie Sturmwind unser Sang.

O Aegir, Lord of billows,
Whom Nix and Neck obey,
See here this host of heroes
Bow in the dawn's first ray.

For fierce war we are sailing
Now to a distant strand.
Through storm, through rock and shallows
Lead to the hostile land !

In case that Neck should threaten
Or that it fail, our shield,
Thy flaming eye protect us
In brunt of battle-field.

As Frithjof on Ellida
Sailed safely o'er the wave
The host, so, of thy children
Our dragon ship shall save.

When in ferocious combat
The battle hotter grows,
And Walkyries from heaven
Take off the stricken foes,

Our shields and swords shall, clashing,
Down to the ocean ring,
High God, unto Thine honor,
A hymn of praise we'll sing.

* Some time ago Emperor William II. wrote a war song entitled "Song to Aegir," and set it to music. In giving shape to his sentiment he utilized Norse mythology as a vehicle of his thought, representing Aegir as the ruler of the deep, to whom the boisterous water goblins, Nix and Neck, are subject.

The poem breathes the warlike spirit of the ancient Teutons, and mentions the Norwegian hero Frithjof, who on his dragon ship Ellida sailed the stormy sea, and successfully overcame all danger. The sportive children of Aegir dealt kindly with him, and though they put his courage to the test, let him reach his destined haven.

It may be redundant to explain that the Walkyrie, or as the Emperor calls her, "the shield maiden," is a personification of death in battle, and the embrace of these war genii means in northern mythology, to die the glorious death of a hero.

—The Open Court.

THE BRITISH PARLIAMENT.*

BY BART KENNEDY.



WESTMINSTER is one of the most beautiful places in the whole world. It is a wonderful maze of beautiful chambers and rooms and cloisters and spaces and chapels. Just to go into the central hall and into the Strangers' Gallery of the House of Commons is not to know Westminster at all.

Though the central hall and the vestibule leading to it are very beautiful, still to get an idea of the beauty and meaning of Westminster one must wander at leisure through the whole of it.

There is the Crypt. A strange, small chapel, coming from the time of the far-off Saxons. To reach it one descends a flight of steps. A quaint old door is opened, and you enter into the strange, curiously-roofed little chapel. How it shines in the dim light that comes in through the windows! The powerful, circular, groined roof is as if it were covered with beaten gold. How quiet and still is this Crypt! The silence of the centuries is upon it. Here worshipped in this strange place of half-gloom warriors and nobles and kings and queens and grand dames. Their ghosts pass before you as you stand reverently. Here clanked the scabbard of the great sword as the warrior knelt and prayed that victory might crown his arms. Here in the silence and the dead of night people of old kept vigils. Under this circular, groined, strange roof. Before

*Abridged from a brilliant article in The Pall Mall Magazine.



BLACK ROD.

this still altar. Here prayed the people of a sincere, devout age—an age when all men were wise enough to render obeisance and homage to the Unknown.

This altar-cloth. How strangely it is embroidered! The queens of England who are gone worked upon it with their own hands. Here is the device that Queen Eleanor worked into it. The gentle and kind queen of old who pleaded with her husband so

that the citizens of Calais might be spared. And here is the device that was worked into the cloth by the mighty Queen Elizabeth. Many embroideries are there in this old purple cloth. It tells many stories here in the dim silence.

The little chapel shines in a strange way in the half-gloom. It is filled with a dark, soft golden shimmering. A beautiful, strange place of quietude—of golden quietude.

These old stones. What could they not tell of the people who knelt upon them and prayed to God? What could they not tell of king and queen and fair woman and strong captain-in-arms and silken courtier and iron administrator? What could they not tell of monk and abbot and thoughtful, strange-faced priest? What could they not tell of the thoughts and aspirations of those gone to dust? These old stones have heard the con-



TAKING THE OATH.

fessions of the centuries. In war, in peace, in fair time, in dark time, in times of terror and gloom and light and splendor and darkness, men came

to pray here. Here in the silence. They knelt here upon the old stones. Here in the Crypt.

The light steals softly in. And lo!



BRITISH HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

the arching roof of the Crypt is illumined. What power and might there is in the lines of the roof. How massive and wonderful is the arching. And over yonder in the shadow the lines soften and disappear, and the shadow deepens down into darkness. A wonderful roof.

The Crypt. A place of solitude and silence and the past.

We walk down a corridor. And here is the room where Cromwell stood and handed out through the window the death-warrant of Charles I.

What manner of man was this strong Cromwell? What was the expression of his face? Did the glance of his eye pierce and menace? We have portraits of him; but portraits tell but what they wish to tell. In what manner did his voice sound?

How did this strange and terrible man deport himself—this man whose dust was scattered to the winds by the people of England? This man of power. Who is there to tell us aught that is true about him? The people of his time saw him but this way or that way. They saw him not in his roundness. This man who shook England—who shook a king from a throne.

Men of power are as swords that are double of edge. They build nations, but they also wreck them. They overthrow tyranny and put tyranny in its place. With glowing, terrible words they set alight the frightful, purifying fire of revolution. But the fire but whirls in a circle. It comes back and shrivels them. They bring forth the sword that in the fulness of time turns and even slays

themselves. And still there is magic and wonder in the man of power. He draws all to him. He is a true king. And centuries after he has gone to dust weak men sing his praises. For power is the essence of everything. It is behind all elements. An uncontrolled, splendid, mysterious agency. This Cromwell was a man of power. And it came to pass that his dust was scattered to the wind by the people of England.

Here is a hall great and magnificent. And here is the place where stood the king who died on the block. Surrounding him, in this great and magnificent hall, were his accusers—the men who had willed it that he was to die. The king had fallen into the grasp of power. And he stood here to say what was to be said for himself. He stood here, saying that there was none who had the right to arraign him. But he might as well have spoken to wind or fire. He was in the grasp of power.

A man who is born a king has within him a force, curious and subtle. Through his life men have bowed before him. Men have bent before him as rushes bend before the wind. Always he has been paid homage and deference. He has never met the bold, square look that lives in the eyes of men who are men. He lives in the world of bent backs. And there comes to him a fine, a superb insolence. It speaks in the glance of his eye. It is a force, curious and subtle. It is not power, but it acts for power—save on momentous and terrible occasions.

It spoke from the eye of Charles as he stood here in this great hall, awaiting the sentence of doom that in the end was pronounced upon him. But it availed him not. The king had naught to lean upon save the man that was within him. He was alone.

He fell—but let the just thing be

said. He fell nobly—as a king should fall.

Here is the great wide vestibule that leads towards the House of Commons. Here, statued in the lasting stone, are the men of debate. The men whose fame still rings through the years. They stand silent and still along the great corridor. The hush of death has long fallen upon them. They are gone. But they are here. Statued in the lasting stone.

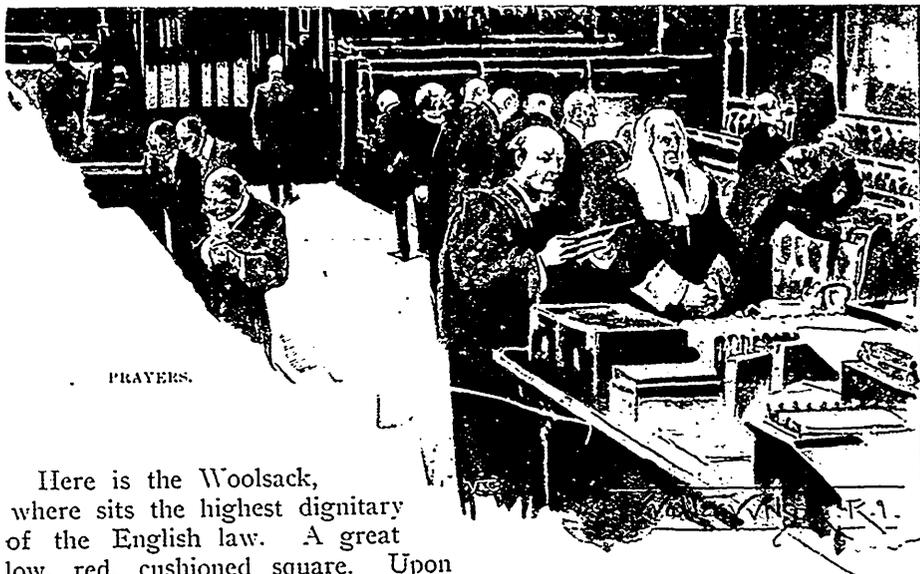
Up the steps you pass, and you are in the central hall. High up in niches around the walls are statues of kings and queens. To the right is the House of Lords, where sit the men who are legislators by the right of birth.

The House of Lords is a beautiful chamber. At the end of it are chairs of state where sit the King and the Queen and the Prince of Wales when Parliament is being opened.

The prevailing tone of color in this chamber is red. All the other colors and tints rest upon it. A strange, red chamber. A place of beautiful proportion and balance. The light comes softly in through the curiously stained windows.

And there is a quietude and dignity in the chamber. In this sense it has almost the effect of the Crypt. But it gives forth no feeling of the past. And still there is no sense of the modern in it. It is a beautiful chamber that might belong to any time. A place of perfect proportion and balance. A beautiful place that might belong to the past or the present or the future. A red chamber.

It gives no effect of luxury—no effect of ornateness. And still these effects are in it, but they are lost in the quietude and dignity of the whole. They are lost in the simplicity that belongs to the effect of perfect balance. A place of chosen words.



PRAYERS.

Here is the Woolsack, where sits the highest dignity of the English law. A great low, red, cushioned square. Upon it sits, in great dignity, robed and in state, the Lord Chancellor. He sits here whilst the Lords deliberate in chosen words. For in this chamber things go on in an ordered and sedate manner, as befits a body of men who are born wise into the world. The great man of law sits solemnly upon this great, low, red, cushioned square. He is the sedate and decorous guide of a sedate and decorous assemblage.

And still the Woolsack had a simple beginning. It was simply a sack of wool upon which an old man sat. He was the centre of a group of younger men, and he was favored because the years were heavy upon him. These men were rude and simple, and they were chosen to control and guide the affairs of their fellows, not because they were born wise, but because they were wise.

Into the central hall come all types and conditions and classes of men. And almost all races. This hall might be called the centre of the great British Empire. All through the day and

into the night men are coming in and going out through the swinging doors. And they stand around waiting for members to come through the lobby from the House. They wear the curious, eager air of men who are actively pursuing aims and objects. As a rule they talk in quiet, subdued voices whilst they are waiting. The hall is an impressive place.

It is a busy place, but still there is about it a quietness and an orderly air. It has almost an air of solemnity. The voice of the messenger echoes as he calls out a member's name as it would echo in a church. The policemen look solemn and responsible. It is as if they were bearing the real weight and responsibility of running the British Empire. They are at once solemn and grave and very polite and very watchful.

The stranger, on gazing upon one of these grave and solemn guardians of legislation, would be apt to feel that to offer him a tip would be a piece of presumption—that it would be almost a sacrilege. In fact, the innocent

stranger would probably almost as soon think of offering a tip to a Minister of the Crown. These policemen embody British dignity and stateliness.

In sharp contrast to the manner and air of the policemen is the manner and air of a member of the House when he stands at the barrier, waiting for the person to come forth who has sent in to see him. The policeman calls out the member's name in a solemn, sonorous, and religious voice, and a hush falls upon the subdued hum in the central hall. It is all but impossible to describe his manner as he stands waiting. It is a mixture of jaunty ease and dignity, and consciousness of being one of the great, and condescension, and affability. It is a mixture of all these things, but perhaps the dominant thing is his manner of jaunty ease. The easy, natural, sufficient-unto-himself air that comes to the one who is undisputed master of the situation. He stands whilst the policeman calls forth his name, and his eye roams around. Ah! It has caught the eye of the man who has sent in to see him. Even if the member has never seen the man before, he is still able to pick him out. His eye has become trained. And the member greets the one who has called after the manner of a genial but busy potentate.

The chamber of the House of Commons has none of the beauty and dignity of the chamber of the House of Lords. It has at once a busy, and a lounging, free-and-easy air. When looking down into it from the Strangers' Gallery, one has the sense of looking down into a cock-pit. Which, indeed, it is. The lounging, bored-looking, aged, middle-aged, and young men are there to fight it out. They are there to contradict, and cavil at, and to argue one another down.

With all their free-and-easiness

there is the suggestion of a slumbering aggressiveness in the manner of the members. In the central hall outside a member has the manner of a jaunty, genial, but busy potentate, but this manner fades from him the instant he enters the chamber. If you watch closely from the gallery you will see the change. First, a slight frown comes over his face, and then there is the look of the effort to get into touch with what is going on. Then the frown deepens, and by the time he has got to his seat that frown has changed to a dangerous "look-out-for-me" expression. The oratory that is going forth may lull him to sleep, but even in slumber his face wears a hard expression. It is curious.

Ministers have a different manner of entering the chamber. They do not wear the air of aggression that is worn by the private member. Their manner has the suggestion of looking out for attack. They look like men who don't know where or how they will be hit. Some of them stroll in in a languid, indifferent way, as though they were weary of the House and everything in it. Others come in in a quick, haughty way, whilst others wear a mask of severe aloofness. But all this is mere hollow pretence. Beneath it the seeing eye will detect the manner of men who are living under the sword. One feels that in reality they are but well-groomed Ishmaels. Ishmaels who are in the receipt of fat salaries. They are there for the purpose of being shot at. They are there for the purpose of being grumbled at because they are unable to run the Empire on ideal and heavenly lines. Poor fellows! The stranger in the gallery feels a sorrow for them—that is, if he be at all human. Poor, tired holders up of a vast empire. It is only when they are asleep on the front bench that they come forth, so to speak, in their true colors. All pre-



THE DIVISION LOBBY.

to listen eternally to everybody. Other men may interrupt and make noises, or shout insults guised in a Parliamentary manner at a droning orator, or go out. In fact, they may do almost anything—short of actual physical assault—to show their inappreciation of some prosy Demosthenes. They may even go to sleep before his face—thus inflicting that last and most deadly insult upon eloquence.

But the Speaker! There is no hope for him. He must listen—listen. He must take careful note of everything. He must know the thread of what is

tence is then gone. A softened, sorrowful, haggard expression rests upon their faces. One feels sorry for them.

But there is a man in the chamber whose lot is far worse than the lot of any Minister. It is the Speaker. His fate is sad indeed. He is condemned

being said. He must know the last word—foolish or otherwise—that has been spoken. He must have the tact and patience of twenty ambassadors rolled into one. And even then he will fail. He must know when to be stern and when to be easy. When to allow a liberty and when not to allow it. He is the father of this cockpit. In fact, he is all things rolled up into one. The timekeeper, the referee, the interposer, the encourager, the discourager—the everything.

Poor Speaker. His fate is as the

fate of the Chinese criminal, who is condemned to be kept awake through long periods of time. Indeed, his fate is worse even than the Chinese wrong-doer, for the Chinaman is assisted, in keeping awake, by various subtle and ingenious devices. But there is no one to help the poor, unfortunate Speaker. He must do it all by himself. And how he manages it no one knows—perhaps not even himself. But he manages it. He keeps awake through the early and late and small hours. He listens to the perpetual flow of oratory that but too often has no quality save a soothing, restful quality.

After the Speaker has done his time—and I say time advisedly—he is created a peer. He may now go and repose in the sanctity and quietude of the House of Lords. He may go and take a long-needed sleep.

To the eye of the stranger the manners of the men in the chamber of the House of Commons are curious. They are conventional in the sense of conforming to certain usages—but at the same time they are very natural. One feels that the men are as much themselves as it is possible for them to be. The parliamentary usage to which they conform is but as the lightest of light cloaks. It in no way hides the personality of the man who is wearing it. In fact, you feel that he is more himself than usual when he is in the chamber.

The men strike one as being really rough and rude in their attitude towards each other. No man would dream of saying such things to a man as may be said in the chamber of the House of Commons. At least he would not dream of saying them without he were ready, if the need arose, to fight with him. Of course, the things said are said in compliance with a certain form of usage. They are said in a certain way. In fact, the

hypocritical courtliness of phrase only adds to it.

Over all this, of course, is the gloss of parliamentary form which really only emphasizes the naturalness—to put it with mildness—of one member's manner towards another.

To the observer this whole thing may appear at first sight to be somewhat extraordinary. But when one comes to think the matter over it will be seen that there is a very good reason for it. Men are really sent here for the purpose of fighting. Even though they represent, practically, but one class of the community, still their interests, and if not their interests at least their points of view, are in conflict. And, after all, it is in this chamber where the business of the greatest empire in the world is carried on. Here momentous interests are examined into, and all their bearings and relations to things thrashed out. Upon the words that are uttered here may hang the fate of thousands upon thousands. Small wonder is it, then, that the men who debate in it drop affectation. Small wonder is it that they act in a natural manner towards one another. They are continually dealing with real issues, and reality brings men to bed-rock.

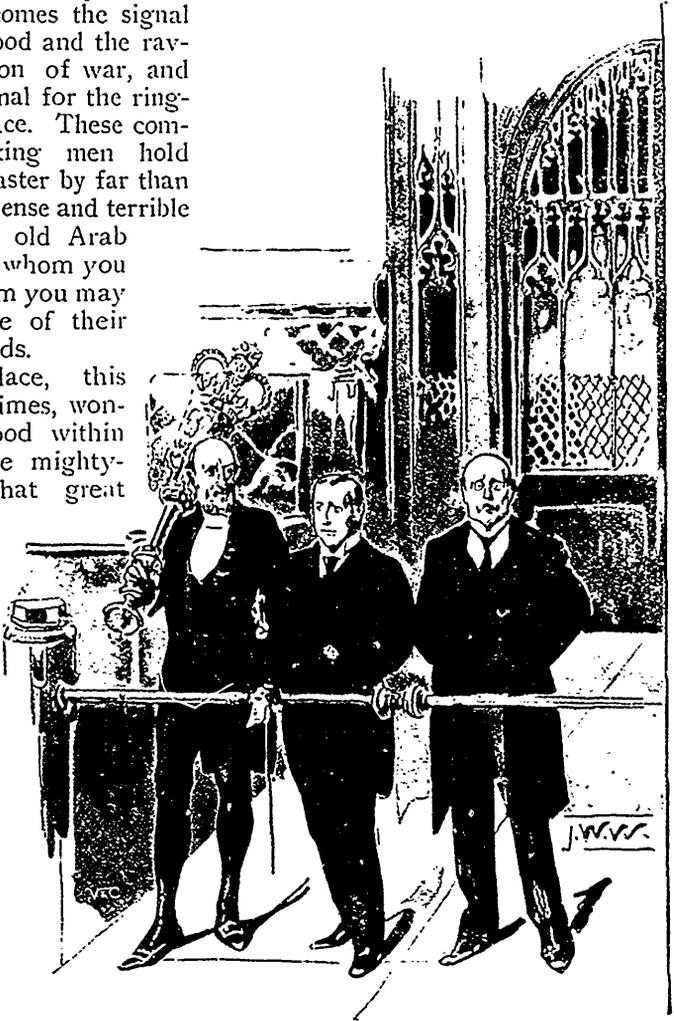
This chamber is often a dull and heavy place, but it is a place significant and momentous. There is a curious undercurrent and thrill in its atmosphere. One feels this even when one is inclined to smile at what is going on in it. One feels it even as one listens to the droning voices of dull men. It is a place greater by far than the greatest and most solemn court of justice. It is an inter-ly human place. Here there is neither pomp nor ceremony. The usages and forms that exist in it are but the merest trappings.

From it comes the signal for the marching forth of armies and the set-

ting forth of tremendous ships of destruction. From it comes the signal for the flowing of blood and the ravage and the desolation of war, and from it comes the signal for the ringing of the bells of peace. These commonplace, weary-looking men hold within them powers vaster by far than the powers of the immense and terrible beings told of in the old Arab tales. These men at whom you may smile, or at whom you may laugh, hold the fate of their kind within their hands.

A wonderful place, this chamber. And at times, wonderful men have stood within its. Here spoke the mighty-voiced O'Connell—that great and splendid Irishman—that glorious man of genius. His voice rang out here in trumpet tones. He stood, a figure grand and imposing—one of the world's great men. He fought in this chamber and won. Here in this chamber have stood sinister men upon whom was the lust for the flowing of blood. They have stood here, and also they have won. And here have stood great men of noble purpose. Here stood John Bright—that

grand fighter for peace. And here stood the great Jew, Disraeli. This chamber has echoed and resounded with the matchless oratory of Gladstone—that wonderful and complex man of genius. Great men have come and stood in and passed from this chamber. They have gone to rest



AT THE BAR OF THE HOUSE. A CHARGE OF REFLECTING ON THE HOUSE OF PARLIAMENT.

and to dust, but their names and their influence live.

Into this chamber men have been for ever coming and going. They have fought together, and then passed onward. They have done battle in this place of real issues. They have been themselves, as men who fight must.

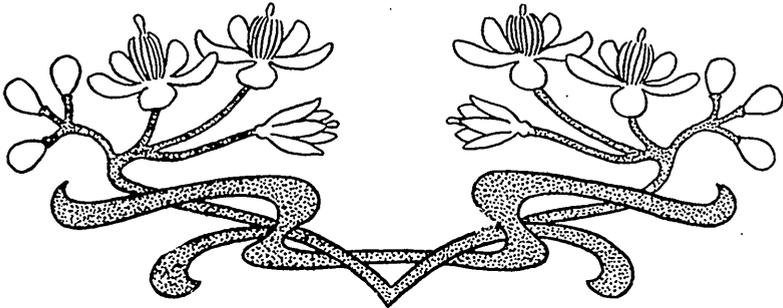
A strange place is this Westminster. A wonderful maze of beautiful chambers and rooms and cloisters and spaces and chapels. A place of the present and the past and the future. A place telling of the power and might and splendor of England. A wonderful place. A place of significance, magical and strange. Westminster.

How beautiful the name. A name of wonderful romance.

What tales Westminster could tell

of the life and growth of England. What tales it could tell of the Saxons of old, of the mailed Normans, of strange comings and goings, of terrible doings. It could lift the veil from long gone, dim events. It could tell of solemn happenings. This old place of story. This link between the past and present. What will it tell the generations to come of us?

This place standing by the dark old river. This old, solemn, beautiful place!



SONG OF THE OUT-OF-DOORS.

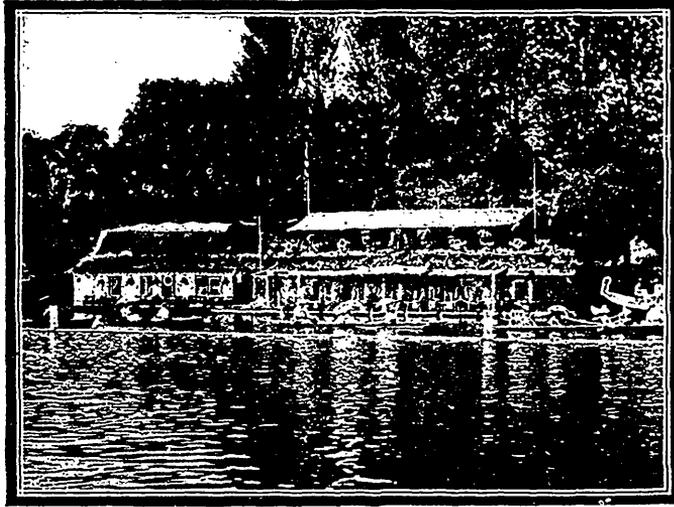
BY HERBERT BASHFORD.

Come with me, O you world-weary, to the haunts of thrush and veery,
 To the cedar's dim cathedral and the palace of the pine;
 Let the soul within you capture something of the wild wood rapture,
 Something of the epic passion of that harmony divine!
 Down the pathway let us follow through the hemlocks to the hollow,
 To the woven, vine-wound thickets in the twilight vague and old,
 While the streamlet winding after it a trail of silver laughter,
 And the boughs above hint softly of the melodies they hold.
 Through the forest, never caring what the way our feet are faring,
 We shall hear the wild birds' revel in the labyrinth of Tune,
 And on mossy carpets tarry in His temples cool and airy,
 Hung with silence and the splendid, amber tapestry of noon.
 Leave the hard heart of the city with its poverty of pity,
 Leave the folly and the fashion wearing out the faith of men,
 Breathe the breath of life blown over upland meadows white with clover,
 And with childhood's clearer vision see the face of God again!

—*Cosmopolitan.*

AT THE HENLEY REGATTA.*

BY L'INCONNU.



"ROUGE ET NOIR." HOUSEBOAT AT HENLEY.



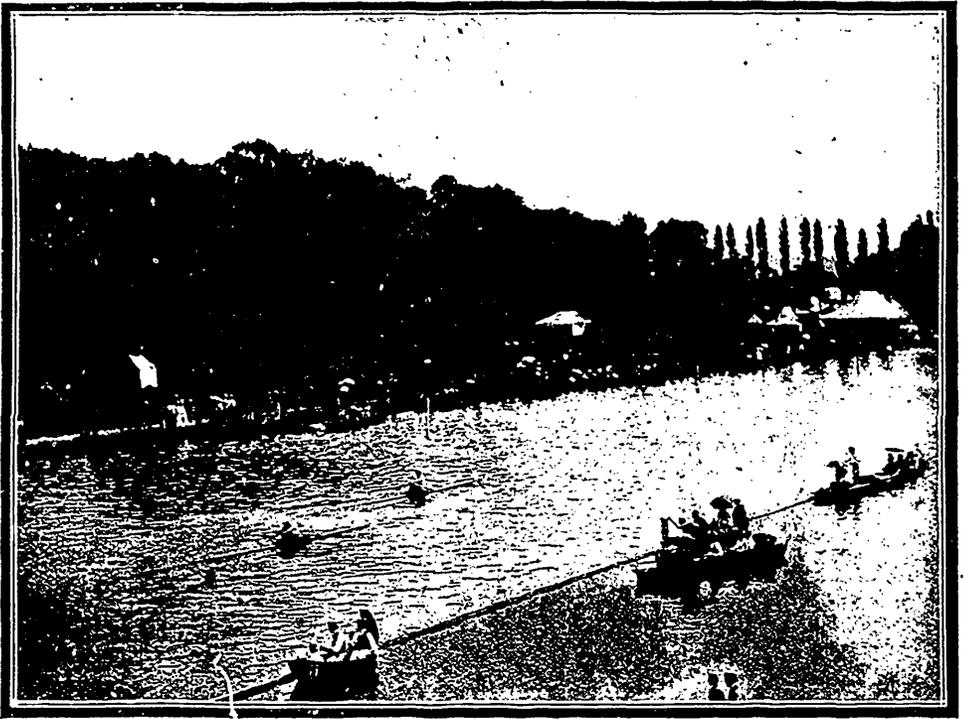
JUST to be out-doors again through the long, glad summer days—just to escape from walls and work and live like a child in the joys of sun-wave, tree-shade, water-ripple and flower-burst, and, above all, in the flower-burst of an English summer, with its tempered heat and its misty, half-veiled skies. But this was no common "outdoor" day. It was one of the days when the fairest of the indoors came out to deck the outdoors, and the outdoors put

*Our accomplished contributor's visit to Henley is, like that of a good many ladies, more for the beauty of the scene, the iridescence of the color, and the poetry of the pageant than for the thrill of the regatta which she has forgotten to describe.—ED.

on its fairest to deck the indoors outdoors.

In short, it was the day when Henley turns her green grass into a drawing-room carpet, with the Thames for a border. Every nation likes to don her gala dress at times and do honor not only to the men of brawn or brain, but to also the men of brain-pulsed brawn who have exceeded their fellows and seized with their own hands the prize of victory. Note our eagerness to turn out to applaud a Hanlan or a Sherring. But such a scene in our Canadian work-a-day world is far from adequate to suggest the splendor with which the leisured class of old England turn out to greet the victors in amateur aquatic sports.

"Why is it that the Henley Regatta has drawn to itself such great im-



HENLEY—A RACE FOR THE DIAMOND SCULLS.

portance and attention, and how is it that the English crews are so uniformly successful against foreign competitors?"

We had heard this query often. We were not at all sure that with our pleasure-seeking eyes, unaccustomed to take in the scientific side of any sport, we should be able to answer it.

But one thing was certain, whether we answered the query to the satisfaction of an athlete or not, we were at any rate to have a day that would always remain one of the fair pictures "on memory's wall."

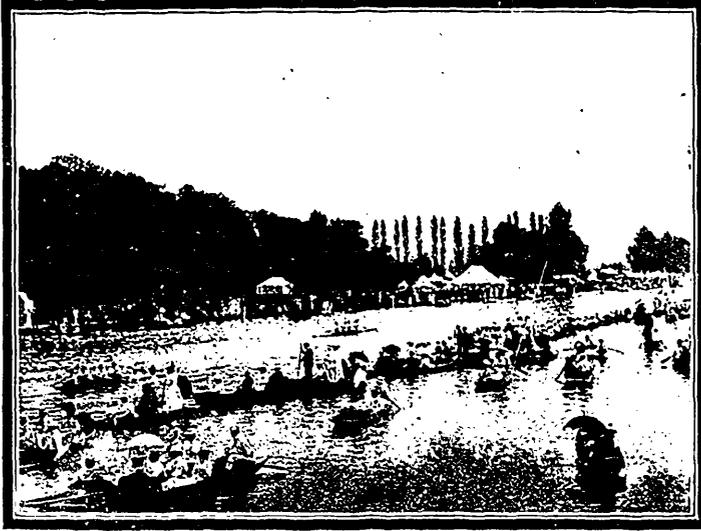
We paid the cabby double fare quite cheerfully for driving us down to the Thames.

"Only chance I have in a year to

charge double fares," we heard the next one telling an American who protested at this extortion. The American smiled significantly at us. He knew we knew he would have had to pay four times that amount at home. Through the picturesque old English village of Henley we passed, over the bridge, "the picture postal bridge," some tourist has called it, "more than a hundred years old," as the villagers say.

It was a perfect day, a sky of cloud-islanded blue with just a suggestion of dove-colored mist veiling the horizon and giving that softened touch peculiar to English landscape.

In a moment the whole scene burst upon us, the river blue with its banks of velvet lawns and flower-beds. and



WATCHING THE FOUR-OARED RACE.

gnarled old trees, and in the background the green and the grain of the Chiltern Hills—lily rocking on the still, blue river—a kingfisher darting for his noon-tide meal.

That was the scene as one would find it on other days. But to-day! To-day all the tints of the sunrise seemed to have drifted into those upper reaches of the Thames. For a mile up and down the river barges and house-boats were set broadside along the shore, gay with bunting and flags and flowers and overflowing with student enthusiasm. Conspicuous among them were the house-boats of the two great universities, Oxford and Cambridge, whose crews were being hilariously cheered on toward the contest. The river was a confusion of gay parasols, soft tinted dresses and crafts of various shapes and kinds. A colored, drifting confusion of myriads of skiffs, wherries, canoes, snub-nosed punts, and a funny little craft appropriately called a cockle, so ticklish in its balance that

the girl in the end has to sit with her eyes fixed on the young man with the oars lest a glance to the right or the left should upset the uncertain shell. It would seem as if even a turmoil of color would disturb the balance, too, for seemingly the lady's gown must be a long flow of white or pale lavender or cowslip. Indeed, this delicacy of coloring is one of the features of Henley Day costumes. There are no trumpet blasts of color.

For this is no rustic crowd collected to cheer on the picked crews of England. People who are familiar with the faces of Englishmen of note will distinguish in the crowd many of the representative men of the land. Neither is it a particularly juvenile crowd nor a predominatingly feminine one. Here and there one sees, as a touch of English exclusiveness, a sign-board standing up in the meadows along the banks, asserting that this plot of ground belonged to this or that lady. The lady herself awaits her guests in a roped-off enclosure.



HENLEY—DISTRIBUTING THE PRIZES.

By no means the least picturesque touch in the scene was given by the gypsies, with their white tents and their fires gleaming, pale yellow, in the afternoon sun. They were ready to tell every one an optimistic fortune for a penny and then to sell small brushes that no doubt helped to realize it.

One did not wonder as one viewed the scene that an American once wrote: "I have hitherto contended that class-day at Harvard was the fairest flower of civilization, but, having seen the regatta at Henley, I am no longer so sure of it."

One must remember that the Thames of Henley is not the thick and turbulent river of London, mud-

died with the inrush of the commerce of all nations. It is here the Thames of which Laurence Binyon wrote:

" Dog-daisies were dancing,
And flags flamed in cluster,
On the dark stream a lustre
Now blurred and now glancing.

" The tall reed down-weighing,
The sedge-warbler fluttered ;
One sweet note he uttered,
Then left it soft-swaying.

" By the bank's sandy hollow
My dipt oars went beating,
And past our bows fleeting
Blue-backed shone the swallow.

" High woods, heron-haunted,
Rose, changed, as we rounded
Old hills greenly mounded,
The meadows enchanted,

“ A dream ever moulded
 Afresh for our wonder,
 Still opening asunder
 For the stream many-folded ;
 “ Till sunset was rimming
 The West with pale flushes ;
 Behind the black rushes
 The last light was dimming ;
 “ And the lonely stream, hiding
 Shy birds, grew more lonely,
 And with us was only
 The noise of our gliding.”

Up and down this fairyland of amphibian beauty and colors boat-loads of minstrels moved in and out, strumming banjos and guitars, collecting pennies and singing popular airs. Old-time plantation darkies sang the melodies of the South “with the slurring vowels and wandering aspirates of East London.” Some of them cheerfully carried a face only one-half of which was blackened.

Somebody describes one of these scenes thus: “The boats thickened upon the water as if they had risen softly from the bottom, to which any panic might have sent them; but the people in them took every chance with the amiability which seems to be finally the thing that holds England together. The women were there to show themselves in and at their prettiest, and to see one another as they lounged on the cushions or lay in the bottoms of the boats, or sat up and displayed their hats and parasols; the men were there to make the women have a good time. Neither the one nor the other seemed in the least concerned in the races, which duly followed one another with the ringing of bells and firing of pistols, unheeded.

But to return to these same races and the why and wherefore success falls so commonly to English crews. It is necessary first to study the course. It is marked off midway from either shore by long timbers fastened end to end and forming a barrier to the intrusion of the myriads

of pleasure craft. The Henley course is short, being but one mile and five hundred and fifty yards long. And the English method of making a vigorous start usually tells against foreign competitors. Often the latter are considerably outdistanced at the very beginning, and with the shortness of the course it is hard to make up for this. Then, too, the foreign or colonial crew needs to be slightly faster than the English to offset the effects of the unaccustomed climate.

There is another consideration. This matchless regatta of Henley has stood always for the highest class of amateur and that only. But there is a great gulf between the amateur oarsman of an English university and the amateur, say, from a college in Canada or the United States. The amateurs from Oxford or Cambridge are the flower of England's aquatic strength. They are most of them university men, men who were trained to row as boys at Eton, old in experience though young in years. Whereas the man from this side the water has little or no experience in a racing boat. The little he has had he has usually to unlearn, and the coach has not infrequently more trouble in instilling orthodox methods into the man of some experience than he has in the case of the utterly inexperienced oarsman.

But our attention was diverted from the races by the serving of afternoon tea, an indispensable feature of English life. Our last memories of Henley were of evening time, the house-boats aglow with Chinese lanterns, colored lights flashing across the river, fireworks lighting up the heavens, snatches of guitar and mandolin music from the boats, strains of music from the shore, and drifting songs upon the river. Good-bye! Good-bye, Henley! We left the little town a patch of lights and bunting

beneath the misty stars. But afterward, looking down from our windows upon the mud-brown Thames of London, we turned and read Bashford's "River Song":

"O, Thames beneath the Hartslock Wood
Goes clad in silks, serenely,
A maiden in a tranquil mood,
That through a world scarce understood,
Moves innocent and queenly.

"'Twas there, a hundred miles away,
We dreamed of toil and treasure;
'Twas there among the reeds we lay,
Our mood the river's, and the day
Scarce long enough for pleasure.

"The sun lay bright on Streatley Hill,
The glad winds thronged to meet us,
'Twas there we watched the white sails fill,
That came like dreams, so frail and still,
Far down the stream to greet us.

"Where deep among the shadows curled
We told our secret story,
And sped our navies round the world,
With topsails set and flags unfurled,
To storm the port of glory.

"And I should go to London town,
But short would be the waiting,
And soon we'd meet on Hartslock Down,
And soft should be your wedding-gown
And prosperous your mating.

"Ah! Thames has changed since then, I fear,
And fancy's path was shrouded,
And strange it is a stream so clear
Should surge beside a London pier
So turbulent and clouded;

"Such giant children at her breast,
So laboring and laden,
That once our tiny shallop pressed
Where winding under Hartslock crest
We loved her as a maiden.

"Oh! dreaming's idle work, they say;
And youth's for toil and laughter;
And yet it was the river's way
To dream such tender dreams to-day,
And bear so well hereafter.

"So Wapping Stairs for seaward airs,
For strife of tug and tender,
For moiling crowds and singing shrouds,
And all the tideway's splendor,
For barges bumping down to port,
And siren hooters screaming:
Oh! Wapping Stairs for life's high cares
And Hartslock Wood for dreaming."



AFRICA.

BY GEORGE COUSINS.

She stands, with dusky head downbent,
And gloomy eyes that spell despair,
She who is old—yet young of face—
She to whom fell the dark disgrace
Cain's evil brood to bear!

She dreams of nations long since dead,
Of millions killed by fire and flood,
And, though her parted lips are sweet,
Beneath her slender, tinged feet
Run rivulets of blood!

Misfortune met her at her birth;
Her children bore the brand of Cain;
Her lands the homes of savage brutes,
Of songless birds, of bitter fruits,
Of slavery and pain.

Her wealth hath tempted many men;
But for herself not one has sighed;
And lower bows the dusky head,
From sombre eyes salt tears are shed
Of bitter wounded pride.

—London Spectator.

RECOLLECTIONS OF SCHLIEMANN AND HIS FRIENDS.

BY MRS. M. E. T. DE TOUFFE LAUDER.

“The beings of the mind are not of clay—
I saw or dreamed of such,—but let them
go—
They came like truth, and disappeared like
dreams ;
And whatsoe'er they were—are now but so ;
I could replace them if I would : still seems
My mind with many a form which aptly
seems

Such as I sought for, and at moments find.
I've taught me other tongues, and in
strange
Have made me not a stranger : to the
mind
Which is itself, no changes bring sur-
prise,
And neither age nor death can e'er exist.”
—*Three Authors.*



THESE reminiscences concern one of the greatest personalities of recent history. He was very distinctly a German of the Germans, possessing the remarkable characteristics of his own great nation, and of some others beside. He could boast an imposing presence with that superb head of

his, a countenance betokening refined culture and high thinking—and likewise traces of pain and sorrow. He had a fluent tongue in all the literary languages of Europe.

His English was surprising, but did not lose a certain foreign air and tone, which were the result of having learned it too late in life; no mortal will ever speak perfect English who does not learn it in the first childhood—its pronunciation is so very abnormal, and it contains such a wealth of words from so many languages. “Oh,” said a German to me once, who was endeavoring to master English, “Ihre sprache ist ganz verrückt!” (Your language is perfectly crazy.)

Dr. Schliemann possessed a Macaulay-like memory, and a will force and determination of character that no obstacle could daunt, or drive from his fixed purpose to reach the goal.

He once paid a drunken miller who could do it, to recite Homer to him, long before he knew one word of Greek, and when it was to him merely a rhythmic sound; but he mastered Greek, and when he was learning Russian he had to change his lodgings three times, as he studied and recited aloud to himself—and read aloud also—and there was not a being to be found who knew a single Russian word.

Schliemann was born in 1822 at Ankershagen (a disputed point) in Mecklenburg, and was the son of a Lutheran clergyman, who, in his son's childhood even, awakened in his strong imagination an enthusiasm for the heroes of ancient Greece and their famous exploits. The son had some amusing stories to tell of those childhood years, and his scholarly father encouraged his precocious dreams and fancies. Then he had a first love—Minna—with whom he planned his discovery of Troy.

Misfortune, unhappily, overtook the family of the little parsonage, and the lad of fourteen was compelled to leave school and earn his own livelihood. A five years' life of incredible slavery as a grocer's assistant followed, when he became bookkeeper and correspondent in a mercantile house, and in 1846, at the age of twenty-four, he was sent to represent

this establishment in St. Petersburg. One year later, at the age of twenty-five, he established a business for himself, dealing chiefly in indigo, olive oil, tea and cotton, and became eminently successful: amassing, in fact, a splendid fortune, and becoming a hard-headed man of business before he burst forth the brilliant scientist dazzling the world. This astonishing success was won partly by means of his masterly knowledge of the Russian language.

Now he saw himself able to devote his attention to the studies he had so passionately loved in early boyhood, and began his excavations in the East, and in 1869 published his "Archæological Researches in Ithaka, the Peloponnesus and Troy." With much difficulty and delay, he finally obtained leave to excavate Mycenæ—Mykenê—and here he discovered the royal tombs of the Atridæ, and gold and silver ornaments of distinctly artistic worth.

But I must retrace my steps a little in the history of this extraordinary man.

A grievous sorrow met him in 1869. Dr. Schliemann spent this year in the United States—in Indiana—where he had a brother, securing a divorce from his Russian wife, who absolutely refused to leave "holy Russia." There were two children, Sergius, born in 1855—I give these dates as landmarks—and Nadeshda, born in 1861. The children remained with their mother in Russia, all well cared for by the desolate man, who went forth to fight the battle of life alone and uncomfited. About a year afterward he married Sophia, an accomplished and talented lady of Athens. There are of this union also two children, who, Dr. Schliemann hoped, would one day follow up his discoveries. These Greek children are Andromache, born

in 1871, and Agamemnon, born in 1878.

From the time of Dr. Schliemann's visit to Leipsic, I followed with keen interest his history, and studied the splendid works he published at different periods. His "Mycenæ" appeared in 1878, and has a brilliant preface by Gladstone. In dreams I visited the classic island of Ithaka, twenty miles from the mainland of Greece, the principality of Ulysses and his noble and true Penelope, and indulged in a pardonable rage at those execrable suitors, stretching out greedy hands for the supposed widow's rich dower.

In 1880 appeared Schliemann's "Ilios; The City and Country of the Trojans," with a preface by Professor Virchow, and notes by Max Müller and Sayce. The book is dedicated to Sir Austen Henry Layard, the pioneer, in recovering the lost history of the ancient cities of Western Asia, Nineveh, Babylon, etc., who, being Ambassador at the Sublime Porte, had it in his power to lend Dr. Schliemann substantial assistance. The beautiful portrait of the lady wearing one of the two gold diadems found in the large Trojan treasury is Frau Sophia Schliemann, an accomplished scholar, who did so much to aid in all these discoveries, and who, herself, excavated the treasury close to the "Gate of Lions" at Mycenæ.

Professor Rudolf Virchow, just one year Dr. Schliemann's senior, is a Pomeranian, place of birth disputed, and resident of Berlin, where, in our time he was very much in evidence. He was a member of the Reichstag and an extreme Liberal. His work has been immense as pathologist, scientist and philanthropist, and he has done much for the spread of scientific knowledge among the people, and for the education of women. He

was eminent as a lecturer, and a fiery speaker in the Reichstag. The part he played in the last illness of the unfortunate Kaiser Frederick will never be forgotten. Professor Virchow is father of the term of which we heard so much in Germany—the Kulturkampf—the war of the State against the Church.

Max Müller was foreign member of the French Institute, and an accomplished gentleman and scholar, and in his house met the *élite* of society, and my dearest friend played in a musicale there with H.R.H. Prince Alfred, Duke of Edinburgh—alas, now gathered to his fathers—accompanying him on the violin.

I am sorry that Max Müller's theological creed was radically unsound. He teaches that a belief in God, in the immortality of the soul, and in future retribution, can be gained, and has been gained, by the right exercise of human reason alone, without a special revelation. He attempts to prove this, not by reasoning *à priori* only, but also by historical investigation. Together we dreamed in the old palace of Tyrins, and re-peopled its chambers with the queens and heroes of classic times, or in other scenes of Dr. Schliemann's books.

While we were in Rome appeared that charming book, "Journey in the Troad in May," and I revelled in the scenes on the classic Scamander, the chain of Mount Ida, the cumuli of Achilles, Patroclus and Ajax, on the shores of the Hellespont, the Hill of Hissarlik, the flames of the doomed city of the Dardanelles, and all the panorama of classic lore of Greece and Troy, recalling the romance of fair Helen, fresh as the dewy dawn.

Dr. Schliemann built a £20,000

marble palace at Athens, and called it "Ilion Melathron"—from the smoke-blackened crossbeam of ancient Greek dwellings. Its facade is adorned with beautiful frescoes and sculptured gods and heroes that guard its battlements, and it looks across the city to the Acropolis.

Herr Schliemann was on several occasions in England—the last time in 1886—where honors were showered upon him. His intensely interesting autobiography was written long before his death. It was impossible, in such a short paper, to discuss the numerous scientific questions that arose, but it is finally settled that there was a Troy, and that Homer's Iliad was not a myth. The city of Berlin made him one of its (the English has no equivalent for the German) Ehrenbürger (something like freedom of a city), the only other two being Bismarck and Von Moltke. The busy brain cherished still stupendous plans for further conquests in archaeology, but while on his way to the East he died suddenly at Naples on Christmas Day, 1890.

Dr. Schliemann is buried where he desired to be, in the Hellenic cemetery, between the Ilissus and the sea, at Athens. They made his grave at the highest point, on the mound of Colonos. King and Crown Prince and literati and distinguished men were present at his burial, and the Kaiser sent memorials. It was fitting he should sleep the undreaming sleep among the immortals whose brilliant peer he was, and remotest ages to come will crown him an immortal.

And from Parnassus still the eagles fly,
And from Mount Ida and Olympus, high
They float and soar, not cherishing a name:—
What know these monarchs of the air of
fame?

WILLIAM HICKLING PRESCOTT.

BY LOTTIE M'ALISTER.



OUR readers will remember that Thackeray commenced "The Virginians" with these words: "On the library wall of one of the most famous writers of America, there hang two crossed swords, which his relatives wore in the great War of Independence. The one sword was gallantly drawn in the service of the King; the other was the weapon of a brave and humane republican soldier. The possessor of the harmless trophy has earned for himself a name, alike honored in his ancestor's country and his own, where genius like his has always a peaceful welcome."

This he penned of William Hickling Prescott, New England's first great historian, who was a descendant of Colonel William Prescott, the republican soldier to whom Thackeray refers. Colonel Prescott commanded the American troops at Bunker Hill. When the historian married Miss Susan Amory he married the granddaughter of Captain Linzee, commander of the British vessel "Falcon," which cannonaded Colonel Prescott on the heights. They were both redoubtable soldiers.

While history takes pains to repeat itself, there are variations. This Montague-Capulet incident ended more happily than the tragedy of Romeo and Juliet. The contemplation of those crossed swords pressed into the peaceful service of domestic ornamentation appeal mightily to the Anglo-Saxon imagination. There they hang in striking antithesis to the achieve-

ments of a brilliant pen whose genius won a peaceful welcome in the country of the enemy.

William Hickling Prescott came of good Puritan stock, that was originally Lancashire. Although not of the "Mayflower" pilgrims, not more than twenty years elapsed between that historic pilgrimage and the landing of John Prescott, William Hickling Prescott's burly soldier ancestor. Out into the wilderness John Prescott took his fearless way, and located his plantation where the Massachusetts town of Lancaster now stands.

William Prescott, father of the historian, had a distinguished career as an able lawyer. He was a graduate of Harvard, and had a much broader outlook on the world than the average New Englander. He married Catherine Hickling, the daughter of a wealthy Boston merchant, who became American consul in the Azores. She is described, by Harry Thurston Peck in a pen-picture: "As a girl, and, indeed, all through her long and happy life, she was the very spirit of healthful, normal womanhood, full of an irrepressible and infectious gaiety, a miracle of buoyant life, charming in manner, unselfish, helpful, and showing in her every act and thought the promptings of a beautiful and spotless soul."

The historian was well-born; he was born opportunely. Archimedes claimed that he only lacked a fulcrum to raise the world, but there are numbers of unused fulcrums for lack of a sustained and steady pressure on the long end of levers. A perusal of Prescott's history reveals that this

calamity might easily have happened in his case. His father's wealth, that counted in the after time for so much in his career, told against application to uncongenial work. His personal appearance was such as to foster vanity. His vivacious spirits were made an excuse for much that would have been deemed intolerably rude in another.

On his father's removal from Salem to Boston, he was put under the care of the Rev. Dr. S. Gardiner, a man who imparted knowledge as a rose imparts its fragrance. This pleasant mode of teaching had its effect on the careless, knowledge-hating schoolboy, and he made rapid progress along the line of least resistance to natural inclination, namely, the classics of English, Greek and Latin.

The Boston Athenæum had just been opened. Compared with modern libraries, the number of its volumes was meagre, but doubtless it contained many books that could not be duplicated on the American continent. Young Prescott had access to this treasure-house of literature. Here he feasted and rejected, according to his own sweet will.

At the age of fifteen young Prescott matriculated at Harvard, and graduated honorably in 1814. This synopsis of a letter written to his father at the time of his matriculation throws light on his character, and reveals some quaint customs:

"Dear Father, I now write you a few lines to inform you of my fare. Yesterday at eight o'clock I was ordered to the President's, and there, together with a Carolinian, Middleton, was examined for Sophomore. When we were first ushered into their presence, they looked like so many judges of the Inquisition. We were ordered down to the parlor, almost frightened out of our wits, to be examined by each separately; but we soon found them quite a pleasant sort of chap. The President sent us down

a good dish of pears, and treated us very much like gentlemen. It was not ended in the morning; but we returned in the afternoon when Professor Ware examined us in Grotius' "De Veritate." We found him very good-natured; for I happened to ask him a question in theology, which made him laugh so that he was obliged to cover his face with his hand. At half-past three our fate was decided and we were declared 'Sophomores of Harvard University.'

"As you would like to know how I appeared, I will give you the conversation *verbatim* with Mr. Frisbie when I went to see him after the examination. I asked him, 'Did I appear well in my examination?' Answer: 'Yes.' Question: 'Did I appear very well, sir?' Answer: 'Why are you so particular, young man—Yes, you did yourself a great deal of credit.' I feel to-day twenty pounds lighter than I did yesterday. . . . Love to mother, whose affectionate son I remain,

"Wm. Hickling Prescott."

Young Prescott's early life forms a background against which his after life stands out in striking relief. Just a bold stroke or two for emphasis before the foreground is sketched in. Moneyed, handsome, overflowing with animal spirits, dowered with brain power, sipping nectar like a humming-bird on wing from the flower that was honeyed for his palate, having a care to partake only enough of the bitter "to save his face," as the Chinese aptly express the ordeal of passing muster.

There are soft whisperings that these siren influences were not without their deleterious effects on Prescott's character. His disinclination to steady application and natural adaptation for soft surroundings received a check so rude that he was for ever jolted out of the shining track that stretched endlessly behind, and seemed to disappear but in the horizon far ahead.

"There comes a mist and a weeping rain,
And life is never the same again."

One day, during his second year

at college, after dining with the other undergraduates, an ebullition of student hilarity—probably provoked by the absence of a “man in authority”—took the form of a rough-and-ready scuffle. It may have been by the way of reflection on college fare, that the bread remaining on the table was transformed into missiles. A crust struck Prescott squarely in the eye. He was carried home unconscious. The injury to his eye proved to be so serious that, although apparently sound, it was quite sightless.

On his recovery and return to college, life became a problem to be solved, rather than a festive day to be spent in self-gratification. At graduation the choice of a life-work proved a difficult one to make. He first settled down to the uncongenial task of studying law in his father's office, but again he was reminded that “there is a divinity that shapes our ends, rough hew them as we will.” This unreckoned factor now took the form of inflammation of his uninjured eye. Nor did his troubles end here. He became a physical wreck from acute rheumatism.

It was now planned that Prescott should visit his mother's father, Thomas Hickling, American Consul to the Azores. This visit was largely spent in a darkened room, but it is noteworthy, inasmuch as it was here he began a mental discipline that eventually enabled him to compose and retain for dictation abnormally long passages. In the spring of 1816 he sailed for London, and consulted three specialists. Their verdict was that his left eye was hopelessly paralyzed, and the well-being of the other depended on his general health.

Although his happy temperament never failed him, yet this verdict seemed to have cast its shadow. He wrote: “As to the future, it is too

evident I shall never be able to pursue a profession. God knows how poorly I am qualified, and how little inclined, to be a merchant.”

After two years absence Prescott returned home. He had learnt at least what he could not do. Optic nerves in good condition were essential to trace American law from its deepest root of *Whereases* through all its interminable offshoots to its topmost twig of *Therefores*. For three years more the question of his life's career was held in abeyance while he listened to the classics read by his friend Gardiner, and the standard English authors by a devoted sister.

In 1820 the monotony of his life was broken by his marriage to Miss Susan Amory. It proved to be an ideally happy union. Mr. Ticknor, Prescott's biographer, gives this description of him at this happy period:

“My friend was one of the finest-looking men I have ever seen. He was tall, well-formed, manly in his bearing but gentle, with light brown hair that was hardly changed or diminished by years, with a clear complexion and a ruddy flush on his cheek that kept for him to the last an appearance of comparative youth, but above all with a smile that was the most absolutely contagious I ever looked on. . . . Even in the last months of his life when he was in some other respects not a little changed, he appeared at least ten years younger than he really was.”

He was now brought face to face with the seriousness of longer delaying a definite choice of work. He finally chose literature, and his drift towards history can be easily discerned in his memorandum. The realization of his limitations met him at every step, and it is pathetic to trace his strenuous efforts to strengthen his literary foundations where he had built all too flimsily in his careless youth. He sketched out an arduous course of studies in English and moderns. He recorded:

"I am now twenty-six years of age, nearly. By the time I am thirty, God willing, I propose with what stock I have already on hand to be a very well-read English scholar; to be acquainted with the classical and useful authors, prose and poetry, in Latin, French, and Italian, and especially in history."

To this course he tied himself with commendable zeal and self-denial. In 1824, while Prescott was laboring with German, Mr. George Ticknor, who had been delivering a course of lectures at Harvard on Spanish literature, read some of them to Prescott with the hope of diverting him. These lectures discovered to Prescott the cap-stone that was to join together the unfinished arches he was building so laboriously, and if missing for ever might have left his life's edifice a mockery for the casual passer, a desolate place for the owl and bat, and every creature that haunts the forgotten, the out-of-way, but found and lifted to its place explained the whole structure, and made it an abiding place for the nation's admiration, a stately house for treasure trove.

He immediately began to study Spanish, and in two months wrote: "Did you never in learning a language, after groping about in the dark for a long time, suddenly seem to turn an angle where the light breaks upon you all at once? The knack seems to have come to me within the last fortnight, in the same manner as the art of swimming comes to those who have been splashing about for months in the water in vain."

Two years previously he had written in his private notes: "History has always been a favorite study with me, and I have long looked forward to it as a subject on which I was one day to exercise my pen. It is not rash, in the dearth of well-

written American history, to entertain the hope of throwing light upon this matter. This is my hope."

History, he decided, was to employ his pen, but this field is as wide as the habitations of men. He was drawn towards some phases of Italian history—perchance, he thought, "the history of Italian letters." The price had always to be weighed. In one scale-pan was his very defective eyesight. Into the other he now put an approximation of the quantity and exact quality of knowledge needed, and presently dismissed this enterprise by casting into the already overweighted pan this consideration: "Literary history is not so amusing as civil."

In December, 1825, he was still but feeling his way, and wrote: "I have been hesitating between two topics for historical investigation—Spanish history, from the invasion of the Arabs to the consolidation of the monarchy under Charles V., or a history of the revolution of ancient Rome which converted the republic into an empire. . . . I shall probably select the first as less difficult of execution than the second."

A year later his memorandum reads more definitely:

"Cannot I contrive to embrace the gist of the Spanish subject without involving myself in the unwieldy barbarous records of a thousand years? What new and interesting topic may be admitted—not forced—into the reigns of Ferdinand and Isabella? Can I not indulge in a retrospective picture of the constitutions of Castile and Arragon—of the Moorish dynasties and the causes of their decay and dissolution? Then I have the Inquisition with its bloody persecutions; the conquest of Granada, a brilliant passage; the exploits of the Great Captain in Italy, . . . the discovery of a new world, my own country. . . . The age of Ferdinand is most important. . . . It is in every respect an interesting and momentous period of history; the materials authentic, ample. I will chew upon this matter and decide this week."

Some days later he added :

"I subscribe to the 'History of the Reign of Ferdinand and Isabella.'"

It was, to use his own words, "A fortunate choice." Having made his choice he remained with it, and overcame what seemed at times insuperable difficulties, in such a way as to make them stepping-stones to greater achievements. America was a new country; books and documents of authority on his subject were across the sea, many of them locked up in the archives of foreign peoples, their very existence forgotten, and frequently as unclassified as a dust heap. Prescott had found it detrimental to his eyesight to travel; the reader he employed did not understand one word of the Spanish he so bravely undertook to read aloud, but all these untoward circumstances did not turn him from his purpose. The following quotation helps greatly to understanding of his mode of working: Mr. English, one of his secretaries, has furnished a picture of him at this period, seated in a study lined on two sides with books and darkened by green screens and curtains of blue muslin, which required readjusting with almost every cloud that passed across the sky. His writing apparatus—a noctograph—lay before him, and he kept his ivory style in his hand to jot down notes as the reading progressed. In accordance with his general method, these notes in turn were read over to him, when they were worked up in his memory to their final shape. So proficient did he become that he was able to retain the equivalent of sixty pages of printed matter in his memory, turning or returning as he walked or drove. The rate of progress in preparation was, therefore, necessarily slow, apart from any liability to interruption by other undertakings and failures in bodily health. The noctograph was a device

of brass wires to represent ruled lines to enable the blind to write.

The thoroughness of his preparation may be judged from the fact that although he had decided on his subject in January, 1826, and had gone to work as steadily as a workman at the bench whose family's meal depends on his day's labor, the opening sentence was not written until October, 1829, and the closing note June, 1836.

When Prescott's three volume history was complete he wrote: "I should feel not only no desire, but a reluctance to publish, and should probably keep it by me for amendations and additions, were it not for the belief that the ground would be more or less occupied in the meantime by abler writers."

Its publication in America and England gave him instant recognition as an historian of first rank. "Daniel Webster spoke of him as a comet which had suddenly blazed out upon the world in full splendor." The brightness of that first glory has been reinforced so splendidly by Prescott's later works, "Conquest of Mexico," "Conquest of Peru," and "History of Philip II.," that what was supposed to be a comet has been discovered by modern and stronger lenses to be a fixed star. Prescott's life, opening as it did so auspiciously under cloudless skies, and then suddenly darkening, darkening until it became physically a chamber of horrors, must have appeared to him as unsolvable as the Sphinx's riddle. Every life waits its *Œdipus* to face its mysteries and to take a comprehensive view of its sum total. Then comes the solution that causes the Theban monster to destroy herself, who for ever pessimistically propounds to each passing pilgrim on life's highway the Whys.

London, Ont.

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.



It is very difficult for us to put ourselves back seventy-five or one hundred years and realize what was the condition of things then regarding slavery. But unless, by some effort of imagination, we do this, we cannot comprehend the career of William Lloyd Garrison. That career is brought afresh to our notice by the occurrence of the one hundredth anniversary of his birth. His crowning glory is that to him, more than to any other one man, was due that arousing of the moral sentiment of the North which fired men's hearts and nerved their arms for the overthrow of slavery. No man, in any land or time, ever surpassed him in the singleness of purpose, the downright earnestness, the noble disinterestedness, the thorough honesty, the indefatigable zeal, the sincerity, simplicity, and unfaltering devotion with which he consecrated himself to his God-given task.

He had other excellent traits—so many that there is an embarrassment of riches in trying to enumerate or depict them. Worthy of all admiration were his humility, self-abnegation, sympathy with suffering, detestation of all forms of cruelty and oppression, active benevolence, patience in adversity, indomitable courage, glorious independence, persistent cheerfulness. No cupidity, vanity, ambition, or self-seeking marred his mission or detracted from the dignity of his moral crusade. He impersonated the highest moral sentiment.

He had a wondrous charm of manner, a most attractive personality, which attached others to him strongly;

there was something magnetic about him which all felt who came into his presence, and which in numberless cases disarmed the hostility occasioned by his printed words. He was genial, buoyant, winning in his ways, with a kindly face, and even, gentle voice, a Quaker-like calmness, deliberateness, and meekness, unfailing courtesy and good temper, sweet reasonableness and companionableness, a keen sense of humor, a quick eye for harmless pleasantries, a hearty laugh. His private, domestic and social life was without spot or blemish, without the faintest shadow of suspicion or stain, as all bore witness who knew it. He made his home a heaven into which it was a delight to enter. Said Wendell Phillips:

“His was the happiest life I ever saw. No man gathered into his bosom a fuller sheaf of blessing and delight and joy. In his seventy years there were not arrows enough in the whole quiver of the church or state to wound him. I have seen him intimately for thirty years, while raining on his head was the hate of the community, when by every possible form of expression malignity let him know that it wished him all sorts of harm. I never saw him unhappy. I never saw the moment that serene abounding faith in the rectitude of his motive, the soundness of his method, and the certainty of his success did not lift him above all possibility of being reached by any clamor about him. Every one of his near friends will agree with me that this was the happiest life God has granted in our day to any man standing in the foremost rank of influence and effort. God ever held over him unclouded the sunlight of his countenance.”

What a leader he was! How pure and patriotic, sagacious and indomitable, brave, tireless, fearless, serene, wholly noble! No one, however mad with hate, ever dared to hint that there was anything low in his aims,

false in his assertions, or selfish in his efforts. In the darkest hour he never doubted the omnipotence of conscience, never lost heart or hope. His tenacity of purpose never weakened, even up to old age. He was a prophet, a divinely inspired voice speaking for God's outraged law of justice and love, pleading for the inalienable rights of man, and rebuking the sin that preyed upon the nation's life; the voice of one crying in the wilderness and commissioned to make the way straight for the coming of the Lord, whose glory our eyes beheld when He trampled out the vintage where the grapes of wrath were stored and loosed the fateful lightnings of His terrible swift sword.

He was utterly loyal to God and truth and to every conviction of duty. He gave the world a new conception of the majesty and power of a single human life. His faith in the ultimate triumph of moral principles was absolute, his faith in God immovable. Whoever else might yield to discouragement, he never. He showed a fairness in controversy such as has very rarely been seen in any age of the world, even by those making (not without foundation) the highest professions of Christian perfection. He treated opponents and critics in his own columns in a way that probably was never done before, giving them often more space than he took himself, letting himself be roundly abused in his paper without offering a word of reply, evincing a magnanimity and nobility of character, a perfect confidence in the truths he held, and a faith in free discussion, which is unparalleled. His heart harbored not the least touch of ill-will, nothing of venom or personal rancor.

His career is remarkable for several things; not only for the courage with which he overcame the successive obstacles that withstood him; not only

for the sagacity with which he discerned the hidden forces fit for such a movement, called them forth, and welded and wielded them to most prolific results; but also for the extremely rare fact that it was his own moral nature, almost if not quite unaided from outside, that consecrated him to the great idea which absorbed his life. He confronted the nation in the bloom of his early youth, set himself against all the forces of commerce and college, of church and state, when hardly more than a boy, well knowing what he did, seeing clearly that a fight, of the longest, hardest kind, with the worst passions of human nature, was before him; and yet he did not quail or tremble.

Before he was twenty-four years old he found and sounded, first of all, the tocsin of immediate, unconditional, uncompensated emancipation, and proceeded to organize upon that great (because simple) principle a movement which, under God, proved mighty enough to accomplish its object. Before he was twenty-five he was in jail in Baltimore for his cause, singing with a heart overflowing with gratitude—"his prison turned into a palace," he said—the hymn beginning, "When all Thy mercies, O my God!" When just entering his twenty-sixth year, Jan. 1, 1831, he started in Boston the publication of *The Liberator*, advocating the immediate abolition of slavery, and incorporating in the first editorial these memorable words—now adorning the monument which stands on Commonwealth Avenue:

"I will be as harsh as truth, and as uncompromising as justice. On this subject I do not wish to think or speak or write with moderation. I am in earnest; I will not equivocate; I will not excuse; I will not retreat a single inch; and I will be heard. The apathy of the people is enough to make every statue leap from its pedestal, and to hasten the resurrection of the dead."

It was this heart-crushing apathy

which called from him in his desperation words that seemed over severe, denunciations that were scathing and scalding. He defended them on the ground that there was so much ice around him to be melted he had to be red-hot, and he constantly lamented the inadequacy of the English language to do half justice to the enormities of the iniquity he attacked. Apathy concerning, or antipathy to, his cause not only filled the minds of politicians, but characterized the great majority of the churches and ministers. There were noble exceptions. Oliver Johnson bears the important testimony that the sixty-two delegates from eleven States who met at Philadelphia, December 4, 1833, to form the American Anti-Slavery Society, were, without a single exception, Christian men, most of them members, and a dozen or so ministers, of evangelical churches. Every member of the executive committee, he says, was an orthodox Christian. "Here and there," says Mr. Johnson, "a religious paper treated the subject with something like reasonable fairness, but as a general rule the organs of the different sects were bitterly hostile. This failure on the part of the churches in general—especially the leading ecclesiastics, the chief officials, the more influential pulpits—to give them the support they felt they had a right to expect, naturally embittered the abolitionists to some extent, and led to their taking up with ideas and people of another sort, so that the breach widened very lamentably.

Mr. Garrison was brought up by his godly mother in Newburyport, where he was born, a pretty rigid Baptist, though he never became a communicant. As he grew to look into all matters with his independent mind, his views changed in many particulars; but that he ever became an "infidel" in any opprobrious or disgraceful

sense is not true. He indignantly repudiated the charge in 1841, when it began to be made, as "both groundless and malicious." He wrote to an English friend:

"I believe in the indwelling Christ and in His righteousness alone. I glory in nothing here below save in Christ and Him crucified. I profess to have passed from death unto life, and by happy experience know that there is no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus and walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit."

He did thus walk all his days. "My trust is in God," he said; "my aim to walk in the footsteps of His Son; my rejoicing, to be crucified to the world and the world to me; Christ is my Redeemer." "My arguments are all drawn from the Bible, and from no other source." His ideas subsequently to this became gradually somewhat changed, so that possibly he could not have used in after years such explicit language; but we find no reason to believe that he was not to the last a Christian in the essentials. When we consider how much he did for God in behalf of the oppressed, how brave a fight he made against enormous odds, how pure a life he lived, ascribing, as he did, all the glory of it to God alone, sincerely deprecating any personal credit, we are not willing to call him infidel on account of his departing from many traditional views of Christianity. How easy to fling such terms of reproach! How often those who flung them, ignorantly or maliciously, are much further from the kingdom than those whom they thus vainly seek to put down.

Mr. Garrison had a very masterful spirit; he was a most militant soul, very dogmatic and positive in his opinions, rather prone to fall upon those who did not see as he did with tomahawk and scalping-knife.

But it does not, after all, very greatly detract from the sum total of

his excellent greatness. He stood for the truth, the truth at any cost, truth rather than peace. When dragged through the streets of Boston, October 21, 1835, by a respectable "broad-cloth" mob, in imminent peril of his life, he walked with head erect, calm countenance, flashing eyes, full of faith and hope and love. His soul, he says, "was not only devoid of fear, but was so sustained by the promises of God that he was ready to shout aloud for joy."

His motto, carried at the head of *The Liberator*, was: "My country is the world, my countrymen are all mankind." When he closed its publication, its work done, at the end of 1865, when slavery was no more, he could say: "I began the publication of the *Liberator* without a subscriber, and I end it without a farthing as the pecuniary result of the patronage extended to it during thirty-five years of unremitting labors." He would have died, as he had lived, a very poor man, had not his many friends the world around rallied to his assistance, and made his declining days comfortable by a testimonial amounting to \$31,000.

His career may be briefly summed up in the words he wrote to a friend: "I did what I could for the redemption of the human race." To be able truthfully to say that was surely worth

all it cost. His closing years at his delightful home in Roxbury were very peaceful. He was universally honored. Few men, indeed, have ever lived to see so much of vindication and triumph, to behold so complete a victory after so long and severe a conflict. Beginning with rotten eggs, he ended with roses. He was favored far above most in this, as well as in the happiness of his family life and the serenity of his disposition. Exceptionally beautiful was his decease. He regarded death as "simply an exchange of spheres for the better," and wrote to one of his sons at the end of his 73rd year: "The matter of death grows more and more insignificant as I advance."

He was always fond of hymns, always singing them from boyhood, when he belonged to the choir; and in his dying hours his children gave him utmost pleasure by singing around his bed, "Thus far the Lord hath led me on," "Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings," "All hail the power of Jesus' name," "The Lord is my Shepherd," and other such precious pieces. He passed away, May 24, 1879. The blessing of multitudes ready to perish whom he so signally helped to deliver, is his eternal great reward.—*Zion's Herald*.

MY LITTLE BOOK.

BY ADELIA DUNBAR.

What time I plan to give all care the slip,
One little book I carry in my scrip
To cheer my soul along the common way—
Staunch friend of mine, or skies be gold or gray.

Its light-heart humor warms the chilly air,
And makes a feast of plain and scanty fare.
I read a verse when paths grow rough to
climb,
Then trudge on gaily to the lilted rime.

Yet must I pause to greet my brother man,
To aid him with his burden when I can;
Else would those well-worn leaves look scorn
at me,
As traitor to our pact of sympathy.

Would I not lose great joy of pilgrimage,
Without the gentle soul on each blithe page?
It is the sum of rare good-fellowship,
One little book I carry in my scrip!

SOME BACKGROUNDS OF ENGLISH.

BY CLARENCE EUGENE BLAKE.



OUR language, the most familiar fact of life, is the most interesting and the least known. Its beauty and color are hidden by common handling. Jacob Grimm, the German linguist, says that it possesses "a veritable power of expression such as perhaps never stood at the command of any other language of men; . . . in wealth, good sense, and closeness of structure, no other of the languages at this day spoken deserves to be compared with it." A great writer has said, "In a language like ours, where so many words are derived from other languages, there are few modes of instruction more useful or amusing than that of accustoming young people to seek for the etymology or primary meaning of the words they use. There are cases in which more knowledge of more value may be conveyed by the history of a word than by the history of a campaign." "Languages reflect the history of nations; and, if properly analyzed, almost every word will tell us of many vicissitudes through which it passed on its way from central Asia to India or to Persia, to Asia Minor . . . the British Isles, America."

The early political history of England was largely responsible for the existence of the English tongue. "Had the Plantagenets," says Macaulay, "as at one time seemed likely, succeeded in uniting all France under their government, it is probable that England would never have had an independent existence. The noble language of Milton and Burke would

have remained a rustic dialect, without a literature, a fixed grammar, or a fixed orthography, and would have been contemptuously abandoned to the boors." Müller says that "language is thicker than blood." "When the Hindus learnt for the first time that their ancient language, the Sanskrit, was closely connected with . . . that uncouth jargon spoken by their rulers, they began to feel a pride in their language and their descent, and they ceased to look upon the palefaced strangers as strange creatures from another . . . world." He quotes from Horatio Hale: "When the people of Hindustan in the last century came under the British power, they were regarded as a debased and alien race. . . . The proudest Indian prince was only a 'nigger.' This universal contempt was retorted with a hatred as universal, and threatening most disastrous consequences to the British rule. Then came an unexpected and wonderful discovery. European philologists discovered that the classic mother tongue of northern Hindustan was the elder sister of the Greek, the Latin, the German, and the Celtic languages. At the same time a splendid literature was unearthed, which filled the scholars of Europe with astonishment and delight. The despised Asiatics became not only the blood relations, but the teachers and exemplars of their conquerors. The revulsion of feeling on both sides was immense. . . . Even in the Mutiny, which occurred while the change was yet in progress, a very large proportion of the native princes and people refused to take part in the outbreak. It may safely be

affirmed, at this day, that the discovery of the Sanskrit language and literature has been of more value to England . . . than an army of a hundred thousand men." All of us who speak Aryan tongues have, in common with Hindus, Persians, Armenians, and others, certain words which we carried away together from our long-forgotten home in the highlands of Asia. Father and mother, brother and sister, horse, cow, dog, and the name of the Deity "are so little changed that even now, if carefully cleaned and placed under the microscope of the scholar, they appear almost identical."

Almost every word that we use has a background, but it is so hidden by age that it must be brought to the light. No one can understand "the life and growth of a language without an historical knowledge of the times in which that language grew up." Many of our commonest words take us back to the time when Norman and Saxon lived together in England as two distinct peoples, in the relations of ruling and subject classes. "Sovereign," "throne," "homage," "royalty," "duke," "count," "treasurer," are Norman words; "boor," "hind," "spade," "plow," "wheat," "oats," are Saxon words. Saxon names attach to the live domestic animals, as "ox," "cow," "steer," "calf," "sheep," "swine," deer;" but when the same had been killed and dressed for the table, their names were Norman, as "beef," "veal," "mutton," "pork," "venison." The Normans gave us "palace," "hall," "table;" but the Saxons gave us "the dearer names" of "hearth," "house," "roof," "board." Of "yes, sir," "yes, ma'am," "yes" is Anglo-Saxon, "sir" (senior) and "ma'am" (Latin, *mea domina*, my mistress) are Norman. "Frank" is a relic from chivalry.

The Franks were a noble people who scorned a lie, respected their word, and honored the nobler qualities. Conquerors among inferior and degraded tribes, their name became a synonym of noble character. "Panic" goes back to mythology. The Greeks thought the god Pan sometimes appeared in battle and, by his cry, inspired the soldiers with a sudden terror. "Miscreant" comes from the Crusades, when it meant simply *misbeliever*; prejudice attributed all badness to those who did not believe in Christianity, hence the present sense. Duns Scotus was one of the ablest scholars of his time. At the Revival of Learning his school defended the old traditions with great ability. But the old was bound to give place to the new, and the "Duns Men" came into disfavor. Hence "dunce" acquired an opposite meaning from its original. "By 'lumber' we are taught that the Lombards were the first pawnbrokers in England, a 'lumber-room' being a 'Lombard's room' where the pawnbroker stored his pledges." "Signing" a name carries us back to the time when few could read or write, when the sign or cross put under his name, which some one else had written for him, was the only signature that noble or king could put to a legal paper. "Calculate" comes from *calculi* (pebbles), once used in calculations before arithmetic was generally known. A "jovial" man was born under the planet Jupiter (Jove), the happiest star of all. "Heaven" is from *to heave*, and it tells us that men once believed that it had been *heaved* (heaven) *up* to its position. "Wrong" is perfect passive participle of *to wring*, i.e., *wrung* or *twisted* from the right. "Strong," a participle of *to string*, dates back to the use of bows; for a strong man has his sinews (bow-strings) firmly

strung. In "trivial" we see *tres viae*, the corners where three ways meet, where the idle and worthless have ever wasted their time in gossip. "Blackguard" meant originally the menials who cared for the kitchen utensils of a court household. "Wheat" was *the white*, from its color when ripe. "Moon" is from a Sanskrit root *to measure*, "called by the farmer *the measurer*, the ruler of days and weeks and seasons, the regulator of the tides, the lord of their festivals, and the herald of their jubilee assemblies." By derivation, "fate" was what *had been spoken* or *decreed*, hence could not be changed. The word "government" (from Latin *gubernare*) could have originated only in a seafaring community.

Some of the most ordinary English words are very much alike in sound. If these, also, have a similarity of meaning, we have a right to infer that they have a common origin. "To bear," "burden," "barrow," "bier," "birth," "bairn" (that which is born), "barley" (that which the earth bears), "barn" (barley house), are related to one another through the root *bar* with its variable vowel. "School" originally meant *a halt or rest*. To the Greeks, lectures, discussions, etc., were *a rest* and *pleasure*; so they called them *σχολή*, (*scholé*). Many words are not derived from roots, but are imitations of sounds, like "click," "cuckoo," "hiss."

Language indicates the character and experiences of a people. In our own case, its versatility is not appreciated. "Much depends on the speaker, for you may say almost anything in English, if you know how to do it." Also there is more than a suggestion in the fact that "we have not nearly so many words to express joyous emotions as we have to express sorrow." Among the first words

found in the dictionary are "abuse," "alarm," "alas," "anguish," "affliction," "avarice," and very many like them—not rare words, but those in common use. Our tongue is richer "in words setting forth sins than in those setting forth graces." Numerous terms have been dragged down from their original meanings to baser uses, as "retaliate," "animosity," "prejudice." "Animosity" once meant *spiritedness*, as is shown by the derivation. "Resentment" was originally either gratitude for good or enmity for evil that had been done one. That only the latter sense is now used shows that our sense of injustice is stronger than our sense of benefits. The same explanation applies to "retaliate." A few words show the goodness in men's hearts in having been lifted from lower to higher uses. "Evangelists" was once only *messengers*. "Paradise" was a *park*. Our language is rich in home-words, and English-speaking peoples especially value the home life. Some tongues have no words for *home*, and their peoples lack a true conception of the institution. The derivation meaning of "passion" is *to suffer*. What a witness to the weakness and helplessness of one who is in the grip of a controlling impulse!

Proper names are largely relics of historic conditions. "Smith" (one who smites the iron) suggests the commonness of this important member of an ancient community, so necessary to supply the much-needed articles of husbandry and incessant wars. We once heard of a Mr. Onbehind, whose name probably suggests its own origin, as does that of the famous Indian, Rain-in-the-face.

Many words that were once part of our language have been dropped. Since 1611 388 words have become obsolete, or one-fifteenth of the whole

number of words in the English Bible. "Wanhope" was used for *despair* till Elizabeth's time. We find "dearworth" for *beloved*, "earsports" for *entertainments*, "moonied" for *lunatic*; "fore-talk" for *preface*, "sunstead" for *solstice*, "eyebite" for *fascinate*, "waterfright" for *hydrophobia*.

There is a constant tendency towards greater simplicity in modern English, with its one declension and its one genitive formation, compared with the Anglo-Saxon with its six declensions and various genitive forms. We are now going through the process of losing the subjunctive mood. The disappearance of the adjective termination "-en" is now taking place. "Gold" is no longer *golden*, nor "stone" *stonen*, nor "milk" *milken*; the substantive serves as adjective, its nature being indicated by position and use. The feminine termination "-ess" was formerly more common than now; the words that retain it are growing less. The feminine affix "-ster" has long since ceased to be used as such, "spinster" being the only survivor. "Trickster," "huckster," "teamster," "youngster," "rhymester," "songster," and words of that class are no longer feminine by termination; while "songstress," "seamstress," etc., probably received the affix "-ess" after the signification of "ster" had been forgotten.

Our tongue has received contributions from many sources. Two, three, and even more words have been brought in that mean, in general, the same thing, but with more or less different shades of meaning. Many words have been introduced twice, as "fidelity" and "fealty" (from *fideltitas*), one directly from the Latin and the other through the French, each with a peculiar shade of meaning. So also with "species" and "spice,"

"tradition" and "treason," "blaspheme" and "blame," "persecute" and "pursue," "hospital" and "hotel," "faction" and "fashion."

"Imp" implied honor and respect in the time of Spenser, who wrote:

"Ye *imps* that on Parnasso dwell."

"Brat" was once used in a good sense,

"O Abraham's *brats*, O brood of blessed seed!"

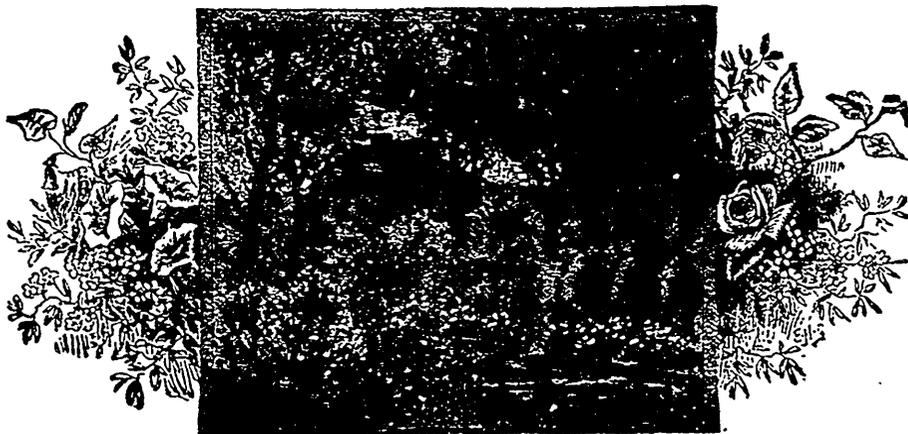
At first "religion" was only the outward forms, the external service of God, not the inward principle of piety as now it means. "Carriage" was *baggage*, not the vehicle that carried the load. "By and by" meant *immediately*, "kindly" was *natural*, "kindly fruits" were *fruits after their kind*, natural fruits. Once "carpet" was *covering for a table* as well as for a *floor*, "copy" was *abundance* (Latin *copia*); "corpse" the *living body* as well as the *dead*; "knave," a *boy*; "painful," *taking pains*. "Prevent" (by Latin composition to *arrive beforehand*) has slipped from the sense of arriving at a point before another, and *keeping it for him to keep it against him*, for "one may reach a point before another to *keep* or to *hinder him* there." "Promoter" was once a term of contempt, for a promoter promoted accusations against men. At first "uncouth" meant simply *unknown*. Its present meaning resulted from the dislike with which all nations regard that which they do not know. "To starve" was to *die any manner of death*.

The origins and original meanings of some words have been forgotten through changes of spelling. A "grocer" was a *grosser*, one who sold by the *gross*. "Grogram" or "grogran" was once *grossgrain* or *coarse grain*.

Many words are homonymous, as "cent," "scent," "sent;" "steak,"

"stake;" "sewer," "sower," "soar," "sore;" "right," "rite," "write;" "cite," "sight," "site;" "hours," "ours." A large number of our words with identical spelling receive different pronunciations according to their uses, and are practically different words. These different meanings and pronunciations of the same terms may cause ultimate differences of spelling, and so bring two words out of one. This has often been the case in the past, as illustrated in "snake" and "sneak;" "nighest" and "next;" "history" and "story;" "custom"

and "costume;" "borne" and "born;" "spear" and "spire;" "chivalry" and "cavalry;" "person" and "parson;" "cure" and "care;" "price" and "prize;" "poke" and "poach;" "dyke" and "ditch;" "breach" and "broach;" "lace" and "latch;" "bank" and "bench;" "wake" and "watch;" "chart" and "card;" "antique" and "antic;" "allay" and "alloy;" "propriety" and "property." A new word is sometimes coined to meet a need. "Selfish" is not more than two hundred years old.—Outlook.



CHRIST'S PRESENCE.

BY HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

Still, still, with Thee, when purple morning
breaketh,
When the bird waketh, and the shadows flee;
Fairer than morning, lovelier than the daylight,
Dawns the sweet consciousness, I am with
Thee.

Alone with Thee, amid the mystic shadows,
The solemn hush of nature newly born;
Alone with Thee in breathless adoration,
In the calm dew and freshness of the morn,

When sinks the soul, subdued by toil, to
slumber,

Its closing eye looks up to Thee in prayer;
Sweet the repose, beneath Thy wings
o'ershadowing
But sweeter still to wake and find Thee
there.

Oh, shall it be at last in that bright morning,
When the soul waketh, and life's shadows
flee;
Oh, in that hour, fairer than day's dawn-
ing,
Shall rise the glorious thought, I am with
Thee!

THE PARSONAGE SECRET:

BY ANNETTE L. NOBLE.

CHAPTER V.

SHADOWS.



NE fine summer morning Bessie Roberts went singing along the road toward the minister's house—singing because she was happy and because there was none but the birds to hear her. Song being in their line, they joined with her right heartily. Freddy, swinging on the gate, had a brief frolic with her before she tapped on the half-open front door. Mrs. Stoughton came from the next

room. Bessie was startled by her pale face and dull eyes.

"Are you ill?" she asked, sympathetically.

"Oh, not very. I seldom feel well. Won't you come in, Miss Roberts?"

"Thank you, no. I came instead of Miss Parks, who begs that you, your husband and Freddy—the baby, too, if you will let her—will come over for a little visit to-day? She said you must come early in the afternoon. A little change may do you good. You are looking pale."

Mrs. Stoughton thanked her listlessly; and from her vague reply Bessie hardly knew whether or not the invitation was accepted. But Mr. Stoughton just then coming from his study, at once said "Yes" on learning her errand. He urged Bessie to stay awhile, and from his persistency she fancied that he had some reason to wish her presence. Possibly his wife was melancholy, therefore Bessie lingered after he went away. She seated herself with Freddy on the upper door-step, fanning herself with her leghorn hat, and saying, "I meant to bring you MacDonald's last story; Miss Tilly thought you might like to read it. She enjoyed it."

"Is he the one who writes so much in the Scottish dialect? I don't like that. Mr. Stoughton began to read to me a book of MacDonald's, but it seemed all sermon and no story. I made him read to himself. Don't you like Bertha Clay's novels?"

"Bertha Clay," echoed Bessie, vaguely. "Does she live in Hazelpört?"

Miss Roberts was thoroughly well read, but for the moment she supposed that Alice

was speaking of some person who lent books, not wrote them. Alice enlightened her with a little air of superiority. "She is an authoress. She writes of English high life."

"A life which, it seems to me, must be stupid in reality, and certainly is dull in fiction, don't you think so?" Then, having an intuition that her taste in such matters might be radically different from Alice's own, she said, "Hazelpört is a real story-book place. Every day or two I find delightfully original people. Take Nathan and Jane Wilkes, for example. They are very unknowing about some things in New York that we have understood since childhood, yet they are very shrewd. Jane impressed me with her insight into other people's characters and Nate is a perfect exemplification of what he always calls 'horse sense.' That Hummel in your kitchen is another oddity with real virtues."

Alice made a faint grimace, then taking up the pretty straw hat Bessie had taken off, she said, "These are beautiful French flowers! I miss the city shops more and more. Living in the country is very tiresome."

Bessie cast about in her mind for a response not too unsympathetic. "The country is quiet if one has to stay indoors, but it must be good for your children; Freddy is so plump and rosy. Children in cities are defrauded of their birthright. It is their inalienable right to hunt hens' eggs, pick dandelions, and make mud pies."

"I should like my country life in the way of seaside hotels and places like Saratoga in mid-summer; though I never had a chance even to try them."

"Take my word for it," said Bessie, "after the novelty is gone, you would soon be tired of it all. I like fun, but the fuss, fashion, gossip, and general sameness of those places grow monotonous. You get no good from nature; you miss all the meaning of the summer."

"But I like fashion, show and flirtation. To have everything elegant that money could buy, would be living."

"I find this living," said Bessie, contentedly. She broke off a spray of yellow honeysuckle, looked up at the tender blue heavens and off at ripe wheat fields, which

the soft wind was rippling into long, bright waves.

"You can well afford to be contented, Miss Roberts. I might be if I had been all over the world and had seen all that you have," said Alice, moodily.

"Yes; I have seen wonderful and beautiful sights. There are such things peculiar to every country; but we have them here at home, too. I find the scenery right here in Connecticut exquisite."

"Oh, scenery," said Alice, and her intonation made the girl at her side aware that whether they talked of life, literature, art, nature, or of themselves, they would always be at odds. Bessie stayed a while longer, made some talk of various town topics, then putting on her hat went home by the longest, most rural way. It led her along the stream, far below the bridge, but where she could cross the swiftly-flowing water on broad, flat stones.

Certain lines came to her mind, and thinking herself quite alone, she repeated them audibly:

"Here's my neighbor color-blind,
Eyes like mine to all appearance,
'Green as grass,' do I affirm?
'Red as grass,' he contradicts me.
Which employs the proper term?
Were we two the earth's sole tenants,
With no third for referee,
How should I distinguish? Just so,
God must judge 'twixt man and me."

She was suddenly startled by Mr. Stoughton's voice. He rose from a rock by the water's edge, saying, "It is a strange coincidence that I was just quoting your very poet to myself when you appeared. My sermon next Sunday is to be on the resurrection, and certain good words from "La Saisaiz" were in my mind. Do you remember how Reason and Fancy, personified, discuss together the immortality of the soul as a 'perhaps,' a 'possibility,' a 'nothing sure'? I was thinking that when a man is young or happy, or if one has lost no near friend, he can coolly reason and philosophize over the resurrection, can speak of it as an unproven dogma—a pleasing doctrine. But let death take his best loved, then what an immediate and blessed inconsistency that very person will show. He knows there is a life hereafter. Browning writing 'La Saisaiz' was a poet at his best, but he never spoke to the world anything that was more real to himself than certain words he wrote to a friend just after Mrs. Browning's death. You will find them in his 'Life and Letters.'

Speaking of the expression of her face when dying, 'Then came what my heart will keep till I see her again, and longer.' There was no longing nor pain, no consciousness of separation, but God took her to Himself as you would lift a sleeping child from a dark, uneasy bed into your arms and the light."

"Yes, I remember reading that," said Bessie, "and it was while I was staying in Florence. Whenever I went to the Pitti Palace I passed under the windows of the home where they lived their lives together—their life, rather; for what a union of heart, soul and intellect their marriage was!"

A minute later Bessie wished she had said something else to this man whose own marriage had suggested, to outsiders at least, a hint of incongruity. She hastened to ask him in a playful way if he was hunting for sermons in this brook or merely playing truant for love of it. He pleaded guilty to both charges, then, with a few more words and a message to Miss Parks, he wandered down the stream while Bessie went home.

About four in the afternoon of this same day Bessie came from her own room into Miss Tilly's presence.

"How fresh you look!" that lady exclaimed, noting with admiration Bessie's pretty blue lawn and the white roses at her belt.

"You look very pretty yourself, and what a knack you have for making those old rooms attractive," returned the girl, glancing around the old-time place, brightened with fresh flowers. "You have just enough cushions and pretty trifles to break up the stiff look, while you keep unspoiled the old-fashioned charm of the whole."

"Yes; is not the place delightful?" asked Tilly, eagerly. "Do you know, child, I can't get really used to so much happiness. In the morning, when the birds wake me with their singing, I say to myself, 'Oh, it must all be a dream! I have to hurry into my old clothes and get off to the shop or be fined for being late,' then I seem to hear the milkman at the area of the boarding-house. I get up too glad to contain myself, and all day long I am contrasting this year with last summer. Just now, when I came from the pantry, where Jane has put ready for supper her cakes, jellies, custards and meats, and when I stepped into this cool room, smelling of flowers, I thought of my counter in the 'Grand Emporium.' Four o'clock was about the hottest part of the day there, and customers then were the most wearisome. You see, the people who shop in midsummer are

often those who must make a little money go a long way. They used to scold as if I put the price on the goods. They looked so tired and hot I could not get cross. I knew how they felt. Oh, how sorry I am for poor folks, Bessie. I feel I shall get selfish with all this luxury. I must do something for somebody."

Bessie laughed as she said, "To my certain knowledge it is not two hours since you started a box of good things to some old body in New York, and yesterday it was flowers enough to fill the children's ward in a hospital."

"But that was easy and cost so little. I wonder why the Stoughtons don't come; didn't you tell them to come early?"

"I certainly did. There they are now at the gate."

"Freddy bounded into the parlor, shining with cleanliness and good humor; then his father was over the threshold, saying, "How cool you are! This is refreshing."

Mrs. Stoughton stopped a minute to pick a spray of clematis before she also appeared, dressed rather too finely in a lilac silk, but looking extremely pretty. Bessie remembering her listless air that same morning, was surprised to see her bright and smiling. Her eyes sparkled, her voice was full of animation. She hastened to kiss Miss Tilly, and then went into pretty raptures over the flowers, crying out, "How you have changed this grim, musty old parlor. Every time I came here (it was seldom I confess), I thought of coffins and funerals."

"Why didn't you bring the baby?" asked Tilly.

"Because she has been the crossdest little sinner you ever saw all day long until just before we started, so I left her with Hummel."

"Is she well? She looks very languid, Mrs. Stoughton. I thought her such a vigorous baby the day I first saw her on the train."

"Oh, yes, the heat makes her cross and wakeful. Did you have a pleasant walk this morning, Miss Roberts? I believe you are as fond of the woods as my husband and my Freddy are. I can't see the fun of stumbling over roots and logs, tearing my clothes on briars and getting eaten up with mosquitoes, and, it may be, stepping on a snake."

"You can't have been in these woods, Mrs. Stoughton; they are not like that. When the laurel blossomed this year I never saw such enchanting woods as these were. Won't you let me show you their beauties some day soon?"

Bessie's invitation was laughingly refused,

but Alice's mood was so amiable that they soon were discussing a variety of topics, while Miss Parks entertained the minister.

Freddy made his escape to the barnyard, where he found Nathan, who introduced him to a most fascinating litter of little pigs.

Nothing is more pleasing than the unaffected fun of bright girls. Miss Tilly after a while forgot to give Mr. Stoughton any more facts about a New York mission in which they were interested, for both preferred to listen to Bessie and Alice.

"How I have misjudged Mrs. Stoughton," thought Tilly. "She seems a dear little thing, bright as need be. When she has seemed dull she has probably been suffering; for the rest she will learn better ways of housekeeping in time."

Certainly that visit was a success. When they gathered around the table spread with lavish tokens of Jane's skill in culinary matters, every one knew that the afternoon had been very pleasant. To tell the truth, Miss Tilly had invited Mrs. Stoughton for neighborly kindness, not because of any personal pleasure she expected from the visit. She enjoyed greatly Mr. Stoughton's informal calls when Freddy was to be hunted up, but she had noticed that he was seldom at his best in Alice's presence. She herself was often a social dead weight.

Soon after supper Freddy grew sleepy, and the Stoughtons went home with kindly words about the hospitality enjoyed. Alice scarcely spoke on the way home.

"Are you tired, dear?" asked the minister.

"Yes, very. I am as sleepy as Freddy every bit. We will go to bed together."

"While I will go to my sermon. Miss Parks' excellent coffee has waked up my ideas."

He went at once to his study and, flinging the windows wide open, let in the cool, sweet air. His heart was lighter than usual. Life, for no special reason, seemed better than it had been of late.

Mrs. Stoughton began to undress Freddy, who was decidedly cross. Hummel, hearing him fret, came from the kitchen and put him to bed, while his mother removed what Hummel considered her very unscriptural apparel, or rather that sort denounced in Scripture as "gold and costly array."

"Has the baby been good, Hummel?"

"Wall, after you left she acted kind of sick and heavy like; finally, she went off to sleep and slept like a log. I ha'nt heard a peep out of her. She never woke up to get her milk."

"That is a blessing—her being so good."

"You give her a homerpathiky pill, didn't ye?"

"No," said Alice, sharply.

"Why, Miss Stoughton, you forget. I see you put a spec of something white in her milk."

"Did I? Then it was a tiny bit of a tablet—not the tenth part of one."

"Yes; when I lived with Miss Elders she used to give homerpathiky pills to her young ones. She said there wa'n't no particular strength to them more than sugar; but you seemed to be doin' something even if babies hadn't orter have real medicine. Your pellets seem to have more to 'em someway. You quiet the baby awfully sure. What sort do you call 'em? Pilsertally used to be Miss Elders' stand by."

"Don't talk to me, I am worn out," said Alice, crossly.

Hummel meant to ask her what Miss Parks gave them for supper, but she refrained and put Freddy to bed in silence.

Before she went away Alice asked in a gentle and pathetic tone, "I am so tired, I must sleep all night. Couldn't you take baby's crib into your room to-night so as to see to her if she cries?"

"I s'pose I could," said Hummel, who, fortunately for Alice, accepted impositions and unpleasant tasks as duties religious and profitable for her soul, because they were disagreeable.

Mr. Stoughton could think better in the cool quiet of a night like this, so it was that he wrote until after midnight. He was glad when he went to their room to find his wife too sound asleep to be disturbed by his movements; but he had not undressed before he heard Hummel's voice outside the open door.

"Miss Stoughton! Miss Stoughton!" Hummel never called a woman "Mrs.," though she might have been married half a century.

"What is it, Hummel? Don't waken Mrs. Stoughton."

"It is the baby. She ain't right, and I don't see what ails her."

"What seems to be the matter?"

"I can't tell, though I am used to babies' performances in general. She never waked once from four this afternoon till midnight. I never in all my born days see a young one sleep so hard. Why, she just snored like folks. She had stopped before I went to bed; but about 'leven I riz to shut my winder, bein' sorter chilly, and I took a look at her. 'Pon my word, I thought the child was death, for she looked queer and felt clammy. I thought

she oughter wake, so I rubbed and fussed over her. Just a minute or two ago she opened her eyes sort of feeble like and was too sick at her stomach. You better wake Miss Stoughton while I get some water heated to give her a warm bath."

Hummel hurried noiselessly away in her stocking-feet, and Mr. Stoughton went to arouse Alice. To his surprise it seemed almost impossible to do this. At last he had to shake her vigorously; then she only moaned stupidly and relapsed into unconsciousness again.

"Alice, Alice! Wake up! The baby is sick!"

"Don't," she muttered. "Do let me alone."

"With a sudden suspicion Mr. Stoughton bent his face close to hers. She was breathing heavily, but her skin was cool, and his fear groundless.

"Alice, dear! You must wake up. Hummel says the baby is sick."

She opened her eyes, stared stupidly at him, then said: "Let Hummel see to it herself—I mean do for the baby—she knows how; her mother had a dozen babies."

The minister bethought himself that in the past Hummel's knowledge of infantile needs exceeded Alice's own, so he let her sleep and hurried down-stairs.

Hummel by that time had the baby in the kitchen, where water was heating over a quick fire. The child was quiet but cold, very pallid, and had dark rings under her eyes.

"I guess the worst is over now," said Hummel. "I've been with ma's babies when they had colic and convulsions, but none of them looked so dumb-like and cold as a dead toad. If this yer youngster had only yelled real lively I wouldn't have been scared. So't was seemed as if she hadn't life enough left to cry."

"She does look deathly. Are you sure she is not faint from hunger?" asked the minister.

"She may be faint now. The minute I get her out of the warm water and rolled in flannel I'll give her some milk."

Hummel was all life in an emergency. Before Mr. Stoughton could suggest any other theory or treatment of the case, she had the baby in the water and out, softly rubbing it warm again.

Meanwhile Mr. Stoughton got the milk ready, and the baby, though languid, let them feed it. Hummel presented a striking picture as she gyrated about in the lamp-light. In her haste she had donned quite

disconnected articles of her usual attire putting those on top of her nightdress, while she had forgotten to remove her night-cap. However, Mr. Stoughton was more inclined to see in her a guardian angel than to criticise her from any æsthetic viewpoint. He thanked her warmly, while he explained that Alice seemed so overtired he had let her sleep.

"Yes; 'twas as well," assented Hummel, "for likely as not she wouldn't have been no good anyhow. It's experience tells you how to deal with such young ones, and I got that before I was out of my short dresses. First off, I had six brothers and sisters, and when ma's last husband came to live with us we had most as many more, off and on." Then, forgetting that the watches of the night are best silent, Hummel burst into song:

"How dreadful and how drear,
In yon dark world of pain,
Will Sabbaths lost appear
That cannot come again?
The guilty—"

"Oh, Hummel, don't sing until daylight," entreated the minister. "Let us all try to get some rest."

Hummel eased off her doleful song in the night, cuddled up the baby and followed Mr. Stoughton up-stairs.

CHAPTER VI.

A DISCOVERY.

A few days after the visit at Miss Parkes' Mr. Stoughton started for the post-office. He had been writing a letter to Alice's sister, Mary. She was one of these homely, helpful, capable women that unmarried men find very uninteresting, if girls like Alice are present. Later, when the same men married get into any difficulties, they gravitate directly to such women for help and comfort. Mr. Stoughton had not told Alice that he was writing to her sister, and the reason is not far to seek. The second page of his letter read as follows:

"I have wanted for a long time to have a talk all alone with you; but I can't leave home very well, and you are too busy to come to me. You may wonder when I tell you, Mary, that after being married these six years, I must come to you for help to understand my wife. But you knew her long before I ever saw her. Alice is not well. I cannot find any physical ailment in her aside from neuralgia. You might think that is enough,

and it certainly is, to account for many things about her; but, Mary, sometimes lately it has seemed to me that Alice was not quite right mentally. She is either full of life and animation, full of schemes of rather impractical results, or else moody, languid, almost stupid. She neglects the children most noticeably; in fact, she seems to have no affection for the baby, who, by the way, begins to show neglect, and is not looking at all as she did when you had her.

"But stranger than all else, Mary, are things like this: a day or two ago I overheard Alice talking with our maid-of-all-work -- a queer specimen, but honest and faithful. Alice was talking as children talk when they play at 'make-believe.' She described her home before marriage as one of great luxury, told of carriages, saddle-horses, and a yacht that her father owned. The girl accepted it all for a fact. When Alice came out of the kitchen, I asked her what she meant. She was confused for a minute, then laughed it off, partly on the score of Hummel's being 'half-witted' (which she is not), then contradicting herself by saying Hummel knew she was talking nonsense. Children then do just such things, and Alice is something of a child. That and other things I would not write you of, but, I assure you solemnly, dear sister, that I have lately found Alice telling deliberate and mischievous falsehoods to my parishioners; most purposeless ones. When I question her, she explains one untruth by another. I now avoid asking her what things mean, for the mystery of it all puzzles me. Was Alice ever in any way peculiar or at all unbalanced before her marriage?"

Mr. Stoughton had stopped by the house door to play a moment with his children. Freddy, as usual, was rampant with wooden horse, gun, and tin trumpet. Little Mary was quietly sitting on a rug that Hummel had thrown down for her on the grass. She was really a beautiful child, with great brown eyes and exquisitely moulded limbs. The father putting her on his shoulder, bore her up and down in the sunshine between the door and the gate. The last time that he halted at the gate a rugged old man passing stopped with a hearty greeting:

"How are you, parson? How is the madam?"

"Doctor Strong, good morning! Wait a minute and I will go down to the post-office with you."

"Hello, Midget!" said the doctor, glancing at the baby.

Mr. Stoughton, who was just starting

to return the child to the rug, stopped to say:

"See here, doctor, it is your special business to understand the mechanism of these queer little music boxes—just take a look at this one of ours. Lately when it plays at all, the discords are ten to one of the melodies, often the works seem half-inclined to stop—I mean, doctor, the baby cries or acts very very dull when awake."

"Does not sleep enough?"

"She sleeps too much, it seems to me, a long, heavy sleep."

"Your nurse-girl has not been soothing-syruping it, has she, or dosing it with paregoric? The child looks like one that has had that treatment pretty well kept up."

"We have no nurse. When my wife does not have her, Hummel Bogart takes care of her. Hummel is a good nurse, though she is not here for that."

"Hummel is no fool; I know her of old. Well, give this baby plenty of air, sun, and good milk, then, no doubt, she will come out all right."

Later both men were going toward the village, busily talking politics; but when Mr. Stoughton came home again, he went immediately to interview Hummel.

"Give baby paregoric or anything else? No, never! Medicine is just pison for young ones, to my mind. I think this one is better off without even them homerpathicky pellets Miss Stoughton gives her once in a while."

"Those are harmless," said the minister, starting for his study. At the foot of the stairs he remembered Alice had asked of him at breakfast money for household matters, so he turned back to find her. She was not about the parlor as usual and did not answer his call. Her work-basket and a novel were in an easy-chair drawn up to an open window. He had often seen her go to that basket for her purse. It occurred to him to take it out, put into it the money and leave it for her. He plunged his hand into a tangle of embroidery, silks, sewing implements, and feminine belongings. In feeling about, he knocked open a tiny, oblong box, out of which rolled a small, bright syringe and a bottle. The bottle was not quite half full of tablets. It was marked, "*Morphine, Sulphate of.*"

He took up the syringe and turned it over, lost in wonder. Suddenly a thought came to him—a revelation followed!

He was a student, a man whose work was with souls rather than with bodies; but the clergyman who has not some medical lore in his theology will do little for certain classes.

Mr. Stoughton had learned a great deal about men and women in his city mission work, very much that he could never have found out in his library. He knew a hypodermic syringe and just what work it could do; blessed occasional work in hands like Doctor Strong's—Satan's work when used habitually by a woman like his wife.

Here was a key to the whole mystery of Alice's conduct. This explained the varying moods, the excitement, the stupor, the moral degeneracy. A great wave of disgust passed over him. He felt a sickness of soul and body. He was angry, but anger passed into pity, to be succeeded by a feeling almost akin to despair. The morphine habit renders almost powerless the strongest will. What, then, could he have to expect from one morally weak as was Alice? He must help her to the utmost; but he knew at the outset that he had to deal with a nature unstable as water, and almost incapable of retaining an impression.

He was gazing sternly through the open window, seeing nothing of the summer day outside, when suddenly, from a door almost opposite, Alice appeared, pretty, petulant, and very untidy. She saw in an instant what he held in his hand. Her face whitened, but a strange hardness came over her delicate features.

"Alice" asked her husband, trying to put all sternness and vehemence out of his tone, "where did you get this morphine and the hypodermic syringe?"

"That—oh—well, I suppose I shall have to write an apology to Doctor Meldrum! You remember that time in Bridgeport, ever so long ago, when I had a terrible attack of neuralgia? I never had seen one of these things before, but Doctor Meldrum used it once or twice. One time, the last time—he left it and the bottle; forgot it, of course. I put it carefully away, and utterly forgot it myself. Yesterday I came across it in a drawer."

Mr. Stoughton could not trust himself to speak. He knew this was a falsehood, and he abhorred untruth. What an adept in deceit must one be who so quickly could invent this plausible answer, useless as it was in deceiving him. He fixed her gaze with one long-searching, beseeching, accusing look, under which she dropped her eyelids and grew crimson; but not so much from shame as from rage. Then he took the box and the bottle up to his study and sat down alone to find an answer to the question: What can be done?

Left alone, Alice sank into her chair moody and wrathful. She felt no real humiliation,

nor had she the faintest conception of her husband's distress. What she did realize fully was that he would never allow her to go on as she had been doing in the past, if by any means he could prevent the use of the drug. There was never a man more unsuspecting, less given to prying into details and trifles. There was never one keener to read motives and conduct when once he set himself so to do. But alert and shrewd as he was, Alice felt herself able to outwit him; for nothing had been easier in the past. The manner in which she came to form the habit of taking morphine can be told in a few words. The young doctor called in to relieve her during her first attack of neuralgia had been most free in his use of the drug. Alice soon learned to depend on it, until the doctor could not fail to see that she demanded it on the slightest pretext, or almost none at all. He then warned her of its abuse, of all the evil effects, and advised her to try it only in case of extreme pain. He should have done that all long before; for her desire for a thing was always redoubled in proportion as that thing was hard to get.

Some imp of darkness came to her help about that time. Mr. Stoughton had a right to adorn his name with the title of "Doctor" of divinity, but he never availed himself of the privilege. The honor was, however, often conferred on him in print, and strangers occasionally supposed him to be a physician instead of a clergyman. Probably for this reason there came to him one day the "price list" of a large firm of manufacturing chemists in New York City. Alice picked it up and, glancing through its pages, had what she considered an inspiration. She came to the price of hypodermic syringes and the various forms of morphine sold to physicians. Long before that she had questioned the young doctor about the amounts given under various circumstances, how large a dose was safe, and, in short, everything that she wanted to know. That afternoon she wrote an order for instrument and tablets, doing it in a business-like way and signing the order "(Dr.) Susan M. Gage." In a few days she called for it at the post-office where it awaited her. Her first experiments were timid and carefully timed. The supply thus obtained of the morphine lasted her over a year. The following year she ordered from a firm in Philadelphia, using again the name of a doctor existing only in her imagination. At the end of three years she was as she had made herself. How entirely a slave, her husband did not yet dream—perhaps she did not know herself.

There never was a good-natured single woman who was not more or less romantic. Miss Tilly Parks had no sooner become a little used to her new prosperity, so that she had "a heart at leisure from itself," as the hymn says, than she began to wonder if Nate's occasional fits of snappishness were not because he had not been disappointed in love. That, too, after Jane declared to her that her brother never went to bed without eating lavishly of pie, pickles, and cold meat. Jane further deposed, that anybody "to look at the whites of Nate's eyes would know his liver was all out of order." All the same, in his case, Miss Tilly, like Shakespeare and certain other poets, seemed to consider the liver and heart one and synonymous. She even delicately sought if she might win some sentimental confidence from Jane herself, only to be horrified by that prosaic creature's cold condemnation of love, matrimony, and "all such fool things."

Under these circumstances what more natural than that Tilly should at once see in charming Bessie Roberts delightful possibilities for all sorts of past, present, and future romantic experiences. She artfully questioned the young lady one evening when they sat together in the moonlight. She was quite sure that she would elicit some tale calculated to stir all her sympathetic emotions; but Bessie failed to respond in any such fashion. Instead she grew very merry over an account of a widower whom she met while crossing the ocean; one who described to her in detail his courtship of two wives, and who hinted pointedly at a vacancy then existing in his heart and home. Bessie admitted to Miss Tilly that she might marry some day, but for the present she avowed that she was "quite comfortable, thank you."

Now about six miles from Hazelpoint was a fashionable summer hotel where there happened to be several of Miss Roberts' city acquaintances. She had purposely kept from them the fact of her sojourn in a retreat so near and easy of access; for, as she told Tilly, "None of them are really friends, and I see quite enough of them in winter." But one morning there glided into Hazelpoint, over the bridge and to Miss Parks' doorstep, a young man on a bicycle. He had discovered Miss Roberts' abode and hastened to make her a visit.

Young McClure was extremely fine-looking, with easy manners and a ready wit.

Never before had he made quite as pleasant an impression on Bessie as he made during the two hours in which he sat under Miss Tilly's vine and honeysuckle, petting old Robin and telling about his winter in

Egypt. Miss Tilly virtuously removed herself from all chance of overhearing their conversation, but she allowed herself an occasional peep, and decided Mr. McClure was "something of a swell."

If Miss Tilly had heard the subject matter of their discourse toward the last of the interview, she would have been more than ever convinced that there were admirers of whom Bessie could boast had she seen fit.

"So you were foolish enough to suppose I would not find out where you were," he said, trying to make her look into his handsome eyes.

"Well, I might have known that any one can find anybody else if he likes to waste time playing the detective," she replied roguishly.

"That is just what I have done—not wasted my time by any means (having been rewarded by finding you), but I had to put in some quite fine work in tracing you out. You wickedly let me understand that you might spend this summer in Norway, or Wales, or Scotland, or Maine."

"So I might have done, only I did not. I came here."

"That is evident, but perhaps you remember, Miss Roberts, that while I was climbing the pyramids and gazing at the Sphinx, you let me hope that you would favorably decide something that I have been begging you to do for nearly three years."

"You—you put it too strongly," Bessie hastened to say. "I only agreed to think—to—to find out my own mind. I thought I knew it, but you insisted that I did not know it; neither do I now, and so I am sure you will see that things are better as they are and have been—just pleasant friendship between us."

There was an angry gleam in the fine eyes studying Bessie's face; but she was too excited to see it. She only felt herself half-attracted, half-repelled, and wholly perplexed by the earnest pursuit of this lover of hers. She liked him, but she had now, as always, the consciousness that she did not know him. Their acquaintance had been formed and carried on in the round of winter gaieties incidental to city life. He was well educated, of good family, and reputed rich. Mothers with marriageable daughters smiled on him. The world spoke well of him. In Bessie's most critical moods she sometimes wondered about the man's weight in solid worth.

McClure told himself this day that he must begin all over and have patience; yet before he went away he detected what Bessie herself began to perceive: that if she did not

love him, she admired him, and enjoyed his society more than ever before. He accepted Miss Parks' invitation to remain to dinner, and flattered that guileless lady by his attentions to her and his admiration for the old homestead. Soon after dinner, however, he mounted his wheel and rode away, leaving the two women in the doorway where they lingered.

"Well, dearie! is he to be the one?" asked Tilly, when he had gone from sight.

"I wish I knew that myself," said Bessie cordially. "I shall be treating him really unfairly hereafter if I cannot answer that question."

"Why don't you answer it?"

"Well, I will tell you the little there is to tell. Ralph McClure is one of three very agreeable men who have been perverse enough to want to marry me. He is the only one I have thoroughly liked, or at least liked well enough to think I could love. All I know about him is in his favor. His father and mother are dead; he has no real relatives, and he came of a good stock; but is that knowledge of a man's real self? I mean just the knowing that he is good-looking, talks well, pays his debts, and seems to be all a young man ought to be? At eighteen that would have been enough for me. Then marriage meant months of shopping, a stunning trousseau, a church wedding, bridesmaids, presents, reception, rice, bridal tour—and the rest a sort of golden haze. I am twenty-three now, and more worldly-wise. The winter I went up the Nile there was on our boat a couple not two years married. I had known the man in New York—such a genial, courtly manner as he then had. We girls used to call him Bayard, '*sans peur et sans reproche*,' and fancied that he was a possible hero who only needed opportunity in order to do some splendid deed. Now, on this Nile trip I had ample time to study him when he was on dress parade, and I really came to know him as very selfish, hateful, and sarcastic to his young wife; as disagreeable a companion when he chose to be as one could well imagine. I heard much worse things of my whilom hero; but I only tell what I saw. I often wish I had never met him again; for he gave me a poorer idea of mankind than I ever had before; in fact, he filled me with distrust. I don't go so far as to say I will not 'call any man good until he is dead,' but I do demand proof of his real worth while he is living, better proof than his reputation of being a 'good fellow' in society."

"I understand," said Tilly, thoughtfully, pulling a rose to pieces. "In the country it

is different. When I was a girl we knew all about the young men, for we had played with them when they wore knee-breeches. But I think that generally a woman's intuitions are keen enough to read a man's character after some acquaintance, unless she is too infatuated to do anything but adore him."

"I do not adore Mr. McClure, but I might love him; sometimes when I reason over it I think I do."

"If you only reason about it, if you only think you do—you just don't. That is all there is about that!"

"How do you know?" asked Bessie.

"Because there is no guesswork or doubt about real love;" then, as if fearful of some personal question, she hastily added, "You are right to hesitate. Don't be urged into any engagement until you know more of yourself and of him. Maybe you are being held back by what the Bible calls the 'good hand of the Lord upon you,' saving you from a way not meant for you to go in."

"Do you think that?" asked Bessie, earnestly. "I was sorry to-day when I saw Ralph McClure going away that I had not agreed to an engagement."

Tilly was about to speak when an old chaise, not unlike her own, stopped at the gate. Two farmers' wives had come to pay her a neighborly visit; for Miss Parks was making new friends very rapidly. Everybody "took to her," as Nathan said.

Bessie slipped away up-stairs, but first she encountered Jane.

"Beau gone?" asked that unceremonious person with a grin.

Bessie laughingly replied, "The individual who ate so heartily of your excellent dinner, Miss Wilkes, has departed; but you say rather too much when you call him my 'beau.' That is, if I rightly understand the title as used in Hazelpart."

"Relieved to hear you say so. He is mighty spruce and tailor-made, his manners are correct and all that; but Robin didn't trust him. Now, you mark my words for it, if you ever see a boy or a man that a dog does not believe in first off, you steer clear of him, for he won't wear. The queer thing about it is, that even if the feller makes advances to the dog as soon as he arrives, it ain't no use; the dog smells the hypocrite."

"Oh, Jane! You are quite too hard on poor Mr. McClure. I have known him a long time. I like him."

"Have you, so? Very well; give him a long rope before you go to the altar with him, says I, and maybe he'll hang himself first."

"Mr. McClure would have been all right in Jane's eyes," thought Bessie, "if he had spoken a civil word when she brought in the dinner. He supposed she was just like any cook, not knowing of the bank account and the Wilkes' pedigree;" then the young lady went to her big, cool chamber where the green and yellow sunlight slipped in between the quivering leaves of a huge maple tree close to the windows. She began to sing softly to herself, being not quite content to know that a certain solitaire diamond ring had gone away in the vest-pocket instead of staying behind on her finger.

It was several hours before Mr. Stoughton trusted himself again in Alice's presence. Meanwhile he could think of nothing but his discovery; for everything that had been mysterious was now plain. After hours of reflection as to how best to deal with her, he decided first of all to appeal to her conscience; but he knew he must not stop there, for her moral nature was partially deadened. Disuse of the opiate would at once produce a state of depression that Alice might fancy was real repentance, but which would result from purely physical conditions. He must not reproach or upbraid her, for only tears or hysterics would be the result. He must be gentle, watchful, but above all, tireless in his efforts to show her the terrible effect of constant indulgence in the habit she had formed. Would the utmost that he could do be of any real avail? He did not forget that Divine help can make human efforts *effectual* to overcome any evil; but Alice's inner life was even more a mystery to him now than ever.

That night he talked with her for a long time patiently, plainly, being kind even when stern. Had she been a stranger who had come to him for help or guidance, he would have been uplifted by his faith that hers was a guileless soul seeking to free itself from evil, eager to be pure and sincere beyond a question. Alice confessed frankly just as much as he was able to discover or had already reasoned out. She promised whatever he asked of her for the future. He was disarmed, if not made hopeful by her meekness. She wiped away her tears in the fashion of Freddy after some childish fracas, and as she dried them she congratulated herself that a package that afternoon would arrive at the post-office of a near town. Within a few days, an errand to the town was easy to manage; for she often went there shopping.

(To be continued.)

ON THE ISLAND OF THE LOST.

BY E. A. TAYLOR



FURTHER than further Asia is Okhotsk, the "bitter sea," whose shores have names which sound as hard and cold as death,—the Kurile Islands, Kamchatka, Siberia and Saghalien,—the lowest depths in the inferno of Russia's penal system,—the island of the lost.

A narrow strip of land, it stretches for five hundred miles between the seas of Okhotsk and Nippon. Its northern part morass, which in the summer is a sponge saturated with ice water, aflame with wild flowers, and covered with a haze of mosquitoes. Among the ignorant peasant convicts, which formed the greater part of the population of the prison island, there was a strangely persistent belief that Saghalien was not an island, and as often as the long, almost Arctic winter ended, and the island flashed into life in the brief heat of its summer, men broke from the prisons in the south, and fled, always north, to wander in the desolate marsh until the savage natives, who received the same reward for returning a convict dead as alive, either captured or murdered them.

In the south it was more possible to live; men took the fish that swarmed in the seas on either hand, and hunted the fur-bearing beasts in the wilds,—the Russian sable, the ermine, and the marten,—whose skins are coveted by kings and millionaires.

But the horror of Saghalien was not the horror of its barrenness, nor of its long and bitter winters. It was the horror of those prisons behind their stockades in the towns,—Niyomi and Shepevan, and Karasakorsk with its piers and Government buildings, and its green-domed belfries and towers of the Russo-Greek churches.

The July sun was blazing on the white stuccoed front of the Government House, which looked too well built and thoroughly European to be there in that island which men counted beyond the pale of hope, but the sentry on guard before it glanced through the office window at the two visitors who had just landed and were waiting to see the official in

charge, and decided that the young man was English, for he looked like one, and only a man who, like all English, was mad, would have come to Saghalien unless he was forced to, as a soldier or convict.

The supposed Englishman's companion was a woman whose thin, lined face was shaded by the wide white flaps of a Russian Sister of Mercy's cap, and she was saying softly, more to herself than to the young man,—

"The heavens are very high above Siberia, and the Czar is far away, but here, beyond even Siberia, we are made to learn that heaven and God are dead, and that the Little Father of Russia is not."

"Sister Sesoki," (Saved), interrupted her startled companion. He had only travelled with her two days and looked on her as a dull-witted, middle-aged woman who seldom spoke and had no thoughts beyond her beads. Now she looked up at him with brilliantly flashing eyes.

"I was saying, monsieur," she said, "how far we are from Europe, and all that Europe stands for to men of the white races,—a place where we can believe in God, where we can love and have a home. You know what love means, monsieur? Here everything pure and sacred is seven thousand miles away. Is not that so, monsieur?"

"It is about that distance to Europe across Siberia, I believe, Sister," he answered, uneasily, wondering what her outbreak meant, and trying to recall where he had seen her strangely bright eyes before.

"Across Siberia," repeated the woman, with a far-away look on her face. "There is a long road across Siberia, and every year some eighteen thousand persons, men, women and children, tramp along it. About a third of these, including all the children, are voluntary exiles, wives who take their little ones and follow their husbands to wherever their sentence sends them. Then there are the Sylmi, persons simply banished, who are mostly vagrants or tramps, exiled by the village communes to which they belong. These do not wear chains, or any mark to stamp them as criminals, and are not

regarded as having quite lost their civil rights. Lastly, there are the penal colonists, who have been sentenced to live in such and such a Siberian settlement for a term of years, under the close surveillance of the police, and the hard labor convicts, who go to the mines. The men in both these last classes must go to their destinations wearing irons on their legs, and with their heads half shaven. But all, voluntary or compulsory exiles, penal colonists and convicts, must march the fifteen or twenty miles a day, guarded by soldiers, now under the scorching sun, now through roads ankle-deep in mud. And all must be herded together at night in the wayside prisons, dark, damp and dirty places, with floors covered with dried filth, and four times as many persons crowded into each as even the Russian prison regulations allow. All, exiles and convicts, must sleep on the bare planks, for there is no bedding, nor ventilation, nor sanitary arrangements of any description provided in a Siberian prison. And the scenes of brutality and debauchery which take place in those dens, I dare not try to describe. Truly the heavens are high above Siberia, too high for God to see or hear what men do there."

"Then there are the political prisoners as well" said the man, interested in spite of his misgivings that she was a Nihilist in disguise, or a lunatic, or both.

"They are not a class by themselves, monsieur," was the quick reply. "About a hundred and fifty politicals pass down the great Siberian road each year, and are distributed among the classes I have mentioned, a third being Dobrovolni, (voluntaries)."

"Then only about a hundred persons are sent to Siberia for political reasons each year. I had the impression the number was far larger."

"How many would you like it to be, monsieur? Remember the revolutionary class in Russia is a very small one, it is not as easy as you seem to think to be ready to go to hell that other men may have a better chance of heaven, and many of these are rather evolutionaries, who believe that all violence is wrong, and that good could and should be evolved out of the present state of evil by peaceable means only. 'Only' a hundred persons are sent down this long road each year for political crimes. Their ages average from fourteen to twenty-five. They are mostly men and women of what in Saxon lands would be called of good

character. Not more than one or two out of the hundred have been implicated in the traditional Nihilist work of bomb throwing, etc.; the others only think that people should be allowed to think, and have said too much on the subject.

"And then remember this, the exiles have been condemned by the councils of their villages, sitting in open court. The criminals have been tried by judge and jury, defended by advocates, and calling what witnesses they wished. But the politicals have been tried by secret courts sitting behind closed doors, before which they are brought after months of solitary confinement, and without in many cases being told of what crime it is they are accused. They are closely questioned, and in the end probably condemned to—hell. Sometimes one or two may be sent alone with a gang of criminals, and their journey ends in insanity or death. But a little group will help each other to endure cheerfully, and so they go on, to end perhaps as penal colonists among the savages in the Arctic Circle, or as convicts in the mines of Kara, or on Saghalien, the island of the lost."

The strange nun's eyes were dull again, and her fingers busy with her rosary, as an officer entered and greeted the young man warmly.

"I have read your letters of introduction, M. Worth," he said; "and I shall be most happy to do anything to oblige my cousin's friend. Now, what can I do for you? You have come here, I understand, to look for a woman who is not a convict. What may be her name?"

"Anna Jakobovna Lazarus, monsieur," answered Frank Worth.

"What! Olga Ivanovna's pretty little Jewess?" exclaimed the Russian, raising his sandy eyebrows in surprised amusement.

"Mademoiselle is a Jewess," said Frank stiffly; "also she has promised to be my wife. I met her in Port Arthur where she was living with her brother, and we were betrothed. After the surrender of the city she was sent away with the other women, and as soon as possible I followed, understanding that she had come here with General Bloc's wife."

"Yes, Olga Ivanovna's little girl was very sick, and your Jewess offered to act as nurse, and proved to be such an excellent one that when Madame Bloc came here,—her brother being the governor, as I suppose you know,—she insisted on little Lazarus coming too."

"Then there is nothing to prevent me seeing her, monsieur?"

"Nothing at all, monsieur. Olga Ivanovna is now at Merec, where the governor has his country house, seven miles away. I am going out there this afternoon, to pay my respects to madame, and I shall be most happy to have your company."

Frank thanked him and went out, as the Russian opened the papers which the sister, bowing very low, had given him.

"What's all this about?" he exclaimed.

"I don't know, your high nobility," faltered the woman, "I cannot read, but their Excellencies at Vladivostock ordered Sister Eudoxia and me to come here, and we came. I am alone now because the sea made Eudoxia so ill that she is not yet able to leave the ship."

"Oh, I am not blaming you, but whatever will they do next? Our governor sends a list of what he must have at once if the island is to be put in a position of defence, one item being Red Cross nurses, as Saghalien has no hospital service whatever, and two nurses are the only things they see fit to send. Well, Sister Sesoki, I will report your arrival to the governor, and for the present you and your companion had better stay on your ship."

Sister Sesoki bowed herself out, and hurried down the unpaved road, with its rows of log huts on either side, and never even a single plank of sidewalk in front of them. Only the churches and Government buildings rose like islands of opulence in that city of poverty and squalor.

On the pier she met Frank Worth who did not look pleased when she spoke to him. "Going back to the ship, too, Frank Ivanovitch? I suppose there are no 'rooms for arrivers' in Karsakorsk. All arrivals are provided for by the Government."

"Yes, Sister," said Frank coldly, turning away from her, then instantly faced her again, as she said sharply:

"Frank Ivanovitch, don't be a fool. I am here, like you, to save Anna, and I know, as you do not, how impossible a thing it is that we mean to do, for we are now in the House of Death—the island of lost souls."

"Who are you?" demanded Frank.

"Sofie Palma, terrorist," was the instant reply. "Don't you remember meeting me now, when my name was Ycarie Kartzow?"

"But—" began Frank.

"I am old enough to be my own mother, you think," she interrupted. "Bah! that is just made up. Now, lis-

ten to me, on this island are about thirty thousand men, hard labor convicts and convicts whose time has expired who are living here as penal colonists, and the garrison of four thousand soldiers. And every man, from the governor to the meanest wretch of a convict tramp, is a cynical debauchee of the lowest kind—I except, of course, the political. Of late years Russia has been sending all women condemned to hard labor here, that long building yonder is the women's detention prison, but they say here in Saghalien that no woman has ever been left over the night in it. When a fresh batch arrive, first the officers, then the soldiers, and last the colonists, rush in to take their choice. Women are still scarce here, and all a woman convict can hope for is to attract some officer, who will probably keep her for himself, for if her owner is a soldier or colonist, he will sell shares in her to whoever can buy, until she dies of it all."

"But what has all this to do with Anna Jakobovna?" said Frank. "She is not a Russian convict."

"She is a revolutionary, or rather an evolutionary," answered Sofie. "You know how, as a young girl, she chafed against the narrowness of her Jewish home, and how her brother, instead of insisting on her marriage among her own people, let her go to college and join a circle of student reformers; but he made her swear never to forget she was a Jewess, and when you wooed her, and he held her to her word, she fled to me, offering to take a message that it was necessary some one should take to our friends who are prisoners here. I need not say at how awful a risk."

"But you will help me save her now, madame?" Frank's tone was very quiet, but there was a set look in his eyes.

"I would give my life for hers gladly, for she is too young to be murdered here," exclaimed Sofie, "dying to herself, "But I fear we have come too late."

That afternoon the governor's aide-de-camp, Count Michael Glinka, came, according to his promise, to ride with Frank to Merec. The roads were dry, and the horses were good, and the island of the lost did not seem so bad a place to Frank, as they cantered on in the warm sunshine, but Count Michael, who had taken a sudden, very Russian liking to Frank, was earnest in his denunciation of life there.

"It is hell, I assure you, Frank Ivanovitch," he exclaimed. "Why, your little Lazarus is positively the only woman in

the place worth looking at, and she is a Jewess. But her eyes, ah, and she knows her value, too; a countess could not hold herself more proudly."

"I would prefer not to discuss made-moiselle, if you please," said Frank, coldly.

The unabashed Michael only laughed. "How English," he said. "What we have we hold, and trespassers will be prosecuted. Is not that what the English say? I understand, my friend, and will be silent for ever. But really one might as well be a convict at once as stationed here, and there is no reason at all why my family should refuse to use their influence to help me. You do not know my joy when I received the letter from my cousin that you brought, and you can depend on me to do anything for you. If you have an interest in convicts, I can show you some."

"Thank you. Is it allowable to ask if you have many politicals?"

"Ask what you like. We have some, but I don't know how many. I don't take any interest in the prison books, but at Merce I can show you a man who has been here twenty-five years, first as a convict, then as a penal colonist, and he will never leave, for he was suspected of implication in the martyrdom of Czar Alexander. My cousin wrote that your opinions on Nihilists were entirely trustworthy. Do you mind me saying that you must be ahead of your nation in your thoughts of them."

"I think the whole gang should be shut up in insane asylums," growled Frank, who hated Sofie for the position into which he thought she had enticed Anna.

"Exactly what I think. Now, I sat on a court martial once in Odessa to try a bunch of them, I don't know for what. There were some of their queer short-haired women with the lot, the biggest dowdies you ever saw, and as sour-looking! why I would have as soon jumped into the sea as wanted one of them. We didn't seem able to get any evidence against them, so they were just exiled to the Arctic provinces. But I told my fellow-members of the court that the kindest, because the quickest, way to put down Nihilism altogether was to revive the old Russian punishment of political suspects, from two thousand to five thousand blows on the bare back with ticks not too large to go into a musket barrel."

"Two thousand," gasped Frank, "couldn't you kill them off any easier way?"

"Easier way! The fiends! How did Czar Alexander die? No, she-fiends and he-fiends, I would give them all the same dose."

Frank was silent, remembering that Michael was speaking of persons suspected only, and thinking that perhaps in Russia a little bomb-throwing was excusable sometimes, for if a man is bound to be punished anyhow, he might as well have the satisfaction of doing something to deserve it first. It was a Saxon way of looking at things, and perhaps explains why even in the dark ages the rulers of the English did not try Russian methods of managing their people.

There was the sound of jingling chains, like the rattling of innumerable bunches of keys, and Frank saw a long straggled-out line of men, working with shovels and pickaxes on what seemed to be earthworks. They all wore gray shirts and trousers, and they were half shaved in such a way that one side of the scalp was smooth and blue, and the other covered with a tangle of long, neglected hair. Each man wore a five-pound leg fetter, with its clasp irons round his ankles, and the long chain between fastened at its middle to his belt. So they worked, watched by soldiers, who stood at intervals behind the line.

Michael rode among them, crying cheerfully, "How do you do, boys."

And a hundred voices answered in shouted chorus: "We wish for your good health, your high nobility."

Frank looked at them, thinking that hard labor convicts was surely a misnomer, for he had not thought it possible that men could work as slowly as these were. And he was surprised to see so few criminal looking faces among them,—some there certainly were, but the most were placid mild-eyed Russian peasants, looking bewildered and a little frightened, as if they did not in the least understand their position, but were trying to adapt themselves to it contentedly, because it was without doubt the will of the good God, as it was of His representative the Czar.

Yet most of these men were thieves and murderers. Michael pointed out some of the most notorious of them. Then a sleepy-looking highway robber passing with a case of dynamite, stumbled, and would have dropped his burden to save himself, had not the only alert man Frank noticed in the gang sprung forward, and took it from him.

Before the guards could do anything, Michael had furiously attacked the man

who stumbled, beating him in his face with his fists until his rage had exhausted itself. Then he turned to the second convict and said to Frank: "This is Anton, one of the politicals you were asking about, Frank Ivanovitch. Would you like to speak to him?"

Michael went to speak to the officer in charge of the gang, and Frank looked at Anton Paulovitch. He was not really an old man, though the long hair on one side of his head was white, and his face was drawn by mental and physical torture. Dressed like his fellow-prisoners in gray rags, where vermin crawled in plain view, he stared hungrily at Frank, as if, chained there among the scum of Russia, he had almost grown to think it was a dream that there was a world anywhere where men were free.

"Is there anything that I could do for you, monsieur?" said Frank, hardly knowing what to say.

"Thanks, monsieur," said Anton, slowly, "but I am quite content just now. It is good to be out here, for in the huts at night we are so crowded together, and so tormented by vermin, that we cannot sleep. And sometimes we are shut up there for weeks together, away from light and air."

"And what are you complaining about now?" demanded Michael, as he came back.

"Monsieur," said Anton, eagerly, "the cut on Felix's foot is worse, and his ankle is so swollen that the chain pressing on it causes him great pain. Would you permit it to be removed just for the one night?"

"No," snapped Michael; "and don't you dare take it off."

"If he doesn't," said Michael, as he and Frank rode off, "it is only because he thinks Felix will be punished as well as him, if he does. He is a dangerous man, and really I should not have allowed you to speak to him, he is a most desperate character."

"Is he a suspect?" asked Frank; "or did he really do something?"

"I fancy he was mixed up in some affair," answered Michael. "But it would be awful if a man like him escaped and got back to Russia. No one can help fearing a man who is afraid of nothing. Why, soon after he came, Bloc,—you don't know Olga Ivanhoe's husband, he is second in command here,—well, Bloc came out one day with a new rule for the prisons, any one who threw away his food was to be flogged. They don't get

so much food here that they ever feel like throwing any away, and no one understood the order till evening, when after the black bread had been served out, the big pot of soup was brought in, and before all the prisoners a guard poured into it a bucketful from the cesspool, and ordered the men to come forward and take it. It was a beastly trick, but then Bloc always was a beast. I don't know what the poor wretches would have done had not Anton stepped forward and thrown the contents of the entire pot out on the ground. He got the knout for it, but I am quite sure he would do the same to-morrow, for he is afraid of nothing if he thinks a thing is right, and such a man is a danger to our Government."

They were at Merece now, a street of mean log huts, a prison where Anton and his comrades lodged, and the governor's country house. It was like stepping into a bit of fashionable Europe to pass into the wide parlors, and there Frank saw Olga Ivanovna, a faded woman with an artificial smile, Masha, the sick child, and Anna, very lovely in the quaint nurse's dress it was a whim of Olga's she should wear,—a high-necked white bodice with very full sleeves, an over-bodice of scarlet, embroidered with gold, cut low and without sleeves, a scarlet skirt, and necklace of amber beads.

Anna stood still with her eyes on the ground and her hands clasped tight together, while Michael spoke to Olga, and then she was left alone with the man she had loved and from whom she had fled.

"Anna Jakobovna," he said, "I asked you to be my wife, and because you said yes, I have followed you these six months to know why you ran away from me. Surely you know me well enough to know that I would never persecute you with my attentions if they were unwelcome. Are they, Anna?"

"Yes," she said, not daring to look up, her body trembling though her voice was firm.

"Very well," he answered, "I shall not offend you with them again, but it would be better not to make this ending of our engagement public just yet, for I wish you to come from the island with me to-morrow. I have Madame Palma's consent that you leave this awful work to which she sent you."

"I have finished it," said Anna, looking up at last with a strange bright smile, "and I will pretend that I am still your betrothed, if you wish it, and go with you to-morrow." And to her-

self she added, "Bloc will never let me go; he suspects me now, and I do not know why he waits."

Bloc stood at the door scowling at them then, a big man in uniform, overpoweringly perfumed, with jewelled decorations blazing on his breast and a fortune flashing on his ringed fingers.

Olga had insisted on Frank's dining with them, so he sat at the table while in the next room Anna played on the piano during the meal. Afterwards Olga and Michael strolled out to flirt in the garden, and Bloc sat alone drinking brandy, while Frank went to Anna, and sitting by her side in the twilight, listened to the storm of wild sweet music she called into being from the keys.

"What is it?" he asked at last.

"The Dance to Death," she said. "It is a tale of the Middle Ages, Frank Ivanovitch. The Black Death had struck the city of Nordhausen and the people, gone mad with fear, decided to burn all the Jews among them to death. And when my people hear their sentence, they come out of their quarter in festal garments, and dance through the streets to where the flames await them, while their musicians play and sing:

'Our feet shall stand within thy gates,
O Zion.

Within thy portals, O Jerusalem.'

"The knight of Nordhausen pleads with the Jewish girl he loves to leave the ghastly dance and accept the Christian faith, and life, and love. She answers, though she loves him, 'Love is only a flash, a dream, caught sight of, and renounced at a higher claim. Knight, I am all Israel's now, I have no thought, no passion, no desire, but for my people.'"

Frank felt a hidden meaning in her words, then she added, "Bloc has called Count Michael to him, and Olga Ivanovna is alone. Go to her, or she will be angry."

He obeyed her unwillingly, and she sat still in the darkness thinking. Her eager over-stimulated brain had taken hold of the idea that she and Frank had met and loved centuries before, he the knight of Nordhausen, and she the Jewish maid. Now, when they loved again, would she have strength to refuse his love? and was there any real reason why she should? Her oath,—with her brother's consent she had gone to live outside her people's pale,—she had departed from their strict obedience to the letter of the law, because among the Nihilist brother-

hood she believed she could better obey its spirit. God must be holier than His law, and might it not be possible that one could really draw nearer Him, i.e., serve humanity better,—by accepting this personification of passionate self-abnegation whom men like Frank and Anton said was Christ.

In the next room Bloc raised his voice as he spoke to Michael. "This is their plan; you know that the men working on the earthworks here keep their tools in their sleeping huts at night. Well, to-night they mean to loosen the logs with their pickaxes, and escape north. Owing to the confusion in Russian affairs, American, Canadian, and Japanese have been plundering our fur preserves on the Siberian islands for months, and one of these poaching ships will doubtless meet Anton and his friends at an appointed place."

"To-night," cried Michael, excitedly, "their tools must be removed at once."

"Nothing of the sort," said Bloc, "you will call out the guards here and ambush them in sight of the prison. When the whole gang are out, fire,—and don't bring me back any prisoners."

"But, sir—" began Michael.

"You have your orders," said Bloc, "I cannot reach that female Judas, Sofie Palma, but Anton is her lover, and if she ever lands here with her Japanese friends, she shall find only his body."

Anna understood them, for it was Andrei Palma who was waiting with the "Ossawatomic" in a bay a score of miles away, and it was she who had led the political prisoners know. To-night was the time set, but that day Sofie had come with a change of orders, still the prisoners were to be allowed to escape, because, Sofie had said, it was too dangerous to try to communicate with them.

Anna danced as she slipped silently out of the house. "Thou hast heard my prayer," she said. "O Lord God, and I dance to my death this night. I will warn my brothers, and when Bloc takes me, I will not poison myself. It was Madame Sigida's death at Kara which did much to keep America from giving Russia even any moral help in her war with Nippon, and if I die as Bloc would like me to, Frank will find it out and make my story public. And dead I shall hurt Czardom more than I ever could living. Lord God of hosts, blessed be Thy holy name for ever." All the way she danced, as she went swiftly through the darkness.

The izba, or sleeping hut, was a log building, containing an office, a low grimy hall with two stoves in it, two windows at its further end, and foul windowless dens opening off the hall, each made for ten men and holding forty. In the dirty office a smoky tin lamp was burning, but within the prison there was darkness and the sound of men gasping, and screaming out curses, because they could not rest, and frequently turning on each other in senseless rage, fighting till murder was done, and the guards paying no attention.

By the lamp in the office a woman was standing, dressed as a Sister of Mercy, and the sergeant in charge was frowning over a written order she had given him. It was signed by Bloc, and gave the bearer, Sister Sesoki, permission to speak to the convict, Anton Harina, that night.

Such a thing was unheard of, and while the sergeant sent a guard for Anton, he also sent for his captain, and the officer and Anton came into the office together.

"What does this mean?" said the captain roughly. "You are not Sister Sesoki."

"I am Sesoki," answered Anna defiantly, "I came to the island to-day, and you must not dare to do anything. My name is Sesoki."

The man jerked off her head-dress. "You are Lazarus the Jewess," he said. "Now we will see what the general has to say to his signature."

They had taken Anton back, but as he went he thought,—"So Sofie is here again. When she came last, her name was Hope, and her message, 'Be ready,' then Anna brought Andrei's letter, and this time it seems that her name is Sesoki (saved already), and her message 'do nothing.'" And there was no attempt to escape made that night.

Soon after midnight a hastily convened court met to try a dark-eyed girl, and Bloc looked up with his heavy face twitching with rage as he saw Frank enter with Michael.

"General Bloc," said the young Canadian, "as a friend of mademoiselle's will you permit me to watch this case in her interest and to the best of my ability act as her counsel?"

Bloc turned to Michael. "Put this man under arrest and remove him at once," he ordered.

"General Bloc, Count Glinka, and the others of you gentlemen," said Frank, "I do not deny the gravity of mademoiselle's offence, but if you mean to re-

fuse her her only chance of defence, whatever you do will be known, and I warn you your names will be printed in every English and American paper as cowards and blackguards. I have friends in Russia too, and you may find that, willing though your Government is to ignore the lawless brutality of its representatives in such places as this 'Ile-du-Diable,' it may turn on those foolish enough to make their misdoings public."

"You are on the 'Ile-du-Diable,'" sneered Bloc, "and you will never be anywhere else, so make things public,—if you can, my Englishman."

"You cannot murder him," whispered Michael; "the English always find such things out, and there would be the devil to pay. Besides he has letters from Serge Julievitch, and we would have him after us too."

"General Bloc misunderstands me," said Frank, suavely, "I have no wish to act against Russian law. He has asked mademoiselle questions which she will not answer. Will he allow me to try and induce her to speak?"

"General Bloc thanks you," said Michael, "and agrees to recognize you as the prisoner's counsel." Bloc glared at him, but said nothing.

Anna had met Bloc's questioning and threats with unmoved silence, but now she trembled as she looked into her lover's very grave eyes,—"I must beg that you will answer me fully and truly, mademoiselle," he said.

She held out her hands to him with a little piteous gesture. "I trust you," she said, "with what is more than my life, my honor. I will answer you, but, Frank Ivanovitch, if you have any love for me, don't ask me anything that I should not tell. I trust to your honor."

The man bit his lip, then repeated Bloc's questions, and Anna told of Andrei's plot, named the bay his ship lay in that night, and admitted that Eudoxia and Sesoki were Nihilist agents. Then she was removed to a cell, where she crouched trembling. What had she done? Was love so false and low a thing that it had blinded her and made her betray her friends? Could Frank use her trust in him to rob her of her honor? If he had, then Bloc could spare his tortures, for never woman, even on that island of torment, would suffer as she would. If Frank's love meant that to save her for himself he was willing to perjure her soul, it would only be to see her die in madness before his eyes.

Frank was standing on the beach in

the gray dawn, when Michael came to him. "Lazarus is to be shot at sunset with Anton," he said; "and Bloc has ordered your arrest. Will you give me your parole, and stay at my rooms till it is all over?"

"Could I spend the day with mademoiselle?" said Frank. "I will give you my word not to try to help her to escape. I only wish to be with her, and be sure that Bloc does nothing but carry out his sentence."

"Lazarus is too pretty a thing to be shot off like this," said Michael. "Yes, you shall have her for to-day; I will arrange it."

Frank said nothing. He had watched Anna go to the prison the night before, then gone himself to Sofie. Her orders were brief. "I will warn Andrei and escape with him. They will not let you see Anna alone, but you must make her tell everything, and guard her for twenty-four hours."

So they brought Anna to Frank in Michael's room, placing a guard outside the door, and the girl looked strangely at her lover.

"I am your fellow-prisoner, mademoiselle," he said. "And when Bloc discovers, as he will soon, that Sesoki, Eudoxia, and Andrei's ship have all disappeared, I expect he will decide to waste some good ammunition on me at sunset, too."

"Oh, Frank," cried Anna; "why did you try to help me? Can't you escape? You must."

"I have given my parole, so I can't try to," said Frank. "And, Anna, seeing that you won't marry me, and will stick to this infernal Nihilism, I would as soon be shot as not. Life isn't much satisfaction if I have to spend it chasing round after you among a lot of Russian blackguards."

Anna looked at him helplessly. This lover of hers was always doing and saying things that she never expected him to; then she started, for from far away came the sound of heavy guns.

"That must be Katakou's battleships bombarding Karsakorsk. I didn't think they would be here so soon," said Frank, looking at his watch with assumed indifference. "It is nine now, so if Bloc doesn't shoot us off hand, our Nipponese friends have about eleven hours to rescue us in. I should hate them to leave it to the last minute,—too theatrical."

Anna did not answer him, and for six hours they listened to the guns, Frank making polite remarks on things in gen-

eral, and Anna saying she did not know what. Then suddenly they heard orders being shouted in Russian near them. The girl turned to her lover quickly.

"They are coming to kill us, I think," she said. "And, Frank, I know you are vexed with me for bringing you here, but won't you forgive me? I am sorry that I ran away from you."

Frank stepped in front of her as the door was burst open, and Michael stood there, crying, "We have been forced to abandon Karsakorsk, and the yellow devils are landing just below here to cut off our retreat. Go to the governor's house, for God's sake—our women are there—and save Olga if you can."

Half an hour later the Nipponese were in very orderly possession of Meree, and in the governor's garden an excited Jew was holding Anna in his arms, and rejoicing over her in Yiddish. Then gently she drew herself away from him.

"Moshe, my brother," she said, "last night before the Russian court I trusted Frank against my reason, and because I was right in doing so. I think I shall not be false to the law of my fathers if I trust myself to him altogether."

The Jew looked at Frank, who stood by them. "So you are still determined to marry this woman, Frank Ivanovitch?" he said.

"We leave Saghalien to-night," answered Frank, promptly, "with Andrei and Madame Palma, and as soon as we reach Nagasaki, Anna becomes my wife."

"And you think, Frank Ivanovitch, to find happiness in a marriage which means the apostasy of a woman from the faith of her fathers?"

"I believe that God is holier than you think, Dr. Lazarus," said Frank. "An 'everlasting love' cannot be bounded by questions of race or creed."

Moshe Lazarus threw up his hands with a gesture of despair which made Anna shrink back, and Frank come close to her, but the Jew only said: "I cannot bless thee, O daughter of my father, but I cannot curse,—I pray that the anger of the Lord God may be turned away from thee, and fall on me only. Yesterday I thought I would have sooner seen thee dead than the wife of a gentile, but when last night Sofie Palma came to us and told me that thou wert in the hands of the uncircumcised heathen, and probably even then dying as Madame Sigida died at Kara, I vowed that if Frank Ivanovitch plucked thee from their hands I would say naught against thy marriage with this man who saved thee, my little one, on the island of the lost."

THE GENERAL CONFERENCE.

The quadrennial parliament of Canadian Methodism will have important problems to discuss. The tremendous growth in area and population of its field in the New West and New Ontario, of its mission work at home and abroad, the development of its colleges and institutions of learning, and, above all, the Union question, will tax the wisdom of its delegates. Its foreign missions have always been a subject of deep interest to the Church, but now it is not paradoxical to say we have foreign missions at home. The influx of European and Asiatic aliens brings to our very door a population demanding evangelization as a safeguard of our own Christian civilization. It is this fact that creates the imperious need for union of forces of the Churches to which God has committed the task of evangelizing the flood of foreigners pouring upon our shores. Forty languages are spoken, it is said, in Winnipeg. The moral and religious teaching of these people of many lands and many tongues is the greatest work before our Church. The very greatness of its opportunity creates a crisis in its history. The magnitude of the task makes in our judgment union imperative.

Not that this is the only reason—far from it. The growth of the spirit of brotherhood, the increasing sense of the deep underlying and vital principles in which we agree, has served to dwarf the hitherto exaggerated conception of the things in which we differ. The meeting of the union committees has intensified this feeling of oneness and brotherhood.

It has been said the expense of these committees has been great, our share being about \$2,000. But it has been well worth it to learn that we are friends and allies, and not enemies and rivals. The hands go not back on the dial of time. We can never revert to the aloofness or antipathies which once marked our relations. In the alembic of the union committee difficulties of doctrine and polity which seemed insuperable were solved.

Providence has come to the aid of this union sentiment by removing other difficulties which would have made union less easy. The surplusage of men created by the consolidation of forces in the older parts of the country will be absorbed by the growing needs of newer Canada. If it had been possible that the committee

could have been ten times as large, its hallowed influence would have been a propaganda of union which would have melted opposition before it.

It has been thought that the enlargement of the scope of projected union has embarrassed the movement which had already made such happy progress. On the contrary, it seems to us to have greatly aided it. Prominent members of the union committee argued against the narrower movement because it did not offer terms for a wider union. The objection will now be removed and Canada may yet have the honor of leading the world in the organization of a national church independent of, and untrammelled by, the state.

All the arguments for the union of three churches apply a fortiori to the union of all. Large liberty of private interpretation of Biblical teaching is now allowed within the Methodist Church; a larger liberty still must be granted to the larger aggregation. Some leaders of opinion in the Anglican Church of Britain have surprised their Nonconformist friends by the breadth of their sympathy and the gladness of their co-operation. In matters of doctrine we are practically one with all evangelical Churchmen. The theory of the historic episcopate, which is largely obsolescent, need not longer keep us apart.

As for our Baptist friends their Calvinism is not a whit stronger than that of our Presbyterian brethren, and, if a *modus vivendi et credendi* has been found in one case it will apply also to the other.

Their only distinctive contention, that concerning the subject and modes of baptism, is one that need not create serious difficulty. The re-statement of creed already agreed upon says nothing on either of these topics. Our Discipline permits persons to be baptized by immersion if they so prefer, and surely whether the sacred rite shall be administered by sprinkling or immersion is no adequate ground for the flood of controversy which has surged around it. Its validity depends not upon the quantity of water more or less.

The soldiers who crucified our Lord refused to rend His seamless robe, but, alas, throughout the long centuries His professed followers, by their strife of words concerning non-essentials of the

faith, have not scrupled to rend the unity of His body, which is the Church.

Let us then, uniting, bury
All our idle feuds in dust,
And to future conflicts carry
Mutual faith and common trust;
Always he who most forgiveth in his brother
is most just.

From the eternal shadow rounding

All our sun and starlight here,
Voices of our lost ones sounding
Bid us be of heart and cheer,
Through the silence, down the spaces, falling
on the inward ear.

Let us draw their mantles o'er us
Which have fallen in our way;
Let us do the work before us,
Cheerily, bravely, while we may,
Ere the long night-silence cometh, and with us
it is not day!

RAILWAYS AND THE LORD'S DAY.

The enactment of the Lord's Day Act by the Dominion Parliament places Canada far ahead of any other country in this regard. In this connection the following opinions of great railway managers has special interest:

The New York, New Haven and Hartford R. R.—C. H. Platt, General Manager, said at Chicago Sunday Rest Congress: "We believe that men working six days per week can handle as much traffic, and better, than when required to work seven days per week."

The Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul R. R.—The Defender, of recent issue, in Boston, says: "A year ago President Earling, of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul R. R., said: 'I am sick of running Sunday excursions out of Milwaukee and Chicago, for we take out mostly sober men and bring back a load of drunks.' A few weeks since he visited a city where that road was to land hundreds of Sunday excursionists, and studied the demoralizing effect on excursionists and the residents of the city, and returning made such a report to the Board that he secured the order, 'Contract no more Sunday excursion trains.' We had repeatedly called their attention to this demoralization. About 4,500 miles of Wisconsin roads, 25,000 miles of road in the North-West freed from this curse."

The following letter from Mr. D. L. Bush, General Superintendent, of date March 22, 1906, has been received by the Lord's Day Alliance: "No Sunday excursion passenger trains are contracted for, and the movement of freight trains on our line is restricted to the necessities for perishable freight and live stock, and completing a run that starts on Saturday."

The Chicago and Alton R. R.—The Chi-

cago Interior, of date last autumn, says: "Several thousand employes in consequence get the new boon of a restful Sunday."

Sir David Stewart, Chairman of the Great North of Scotland Railway Company, made an interesting statement on the question of Sunday trains. He was totally opposed to running trains here, there and everywhere on Sundays, even if it resulted in a dividend of ten per cent.

No local—not even suburban—passenger trains run out of the great city of Glasgow on Sunday, on any railway, nor any freight or "goods" trains.

More than a hundred thousand of the railway employes of this country are united in wanting the abolition of Sunday traffic as far as it is possible or practicable.

There is no source of demoralization in regard to our Sabbath so great as that of the transportation companies, if allowed to keep on their work on Sunday; that unless we can arouse a public sentiment that shall crystallize into a national law to abolish Sunday trains in this country, the Sunday trains will abolish the Sabbath.

I do not agree with what is said about perishable freight. Which is cheaper, a little ice, when God gives us such an abundance of it, or the demoralization of these railroad men by robbing them of the Sabbath?

Again, in regard to cattle. All my life I have handled cattle, and know the needs of stock. I make the assertion that whenever a car of cattle goes on such a journey that a Sunday must intervene, it is better for the men who own the stock, and better for the men who buy the stock, that the cattle be taken off a day, and rested and fed; and so true is this,

that we have succeeded in enacting a national law that no car of stock shall have a continuous ride of over twenty-eight hours.

We are working for public safety when we are working for Sunday rest.

WHOLESALE REDUCTION OF SUNDAY FREIGHT TRAFFIC ON EUROPEAN RAILWAYS.

Finland.—“The railroad service of Finland has lately been changed, so that no freight trains are run on Sundays.”

Holland.—“In Holland the number of freight trains run on Sunday has been actually reduced by 99 per cent.”

Belgium.—“In Belgium the number of Sunday freight trains has been reduced by 2,227. Statistics of accidents occasioned by the fault of employes on Belgian railroads show that they have been about fifty-four per cent. less frequent since the men employed on freight trains have had their regular rest on Sunday.”

Sweden.—“In Sweden the number of freight trains on Sunday has been gra-

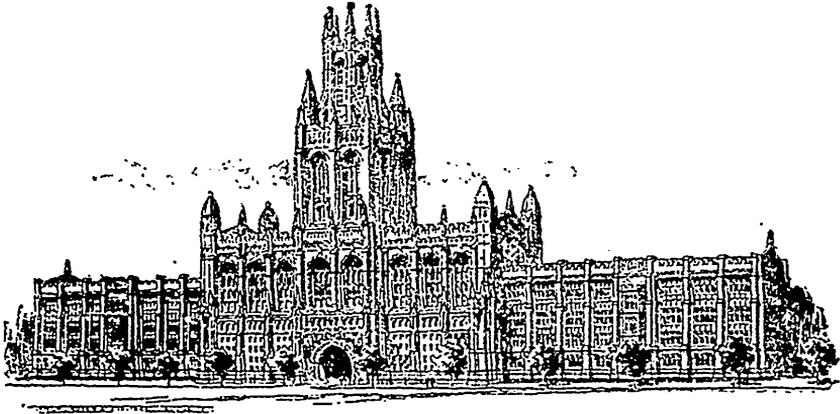
dually reduced, until now it is only one-sixth what it was.”

The stoppage of Sunday freight trains has not reduced the receipts of the lines affected or interfered with the steady growth of business and profits.”

“The Sabbath is of inestimable secular worth. It should be contended for as the men of Anglo-Saxon times did for Magna Charta. . . . Had red-handed communism risen up and attempted to destroy the Day of Rest, the interest of the public had been aroused. The peril is in the imperceptible and quiet way in which the Sabbath is being taken away.”—Bishop Charles E. Cheney.

The Sabbath was a perpetual witness that, though under the actual conditions of our life in this world, severe toil may be absolutely inevitable, it is not God's will that all our days should be spent in drudgery. We were made for something better than that—for peace, for joy, and for freedom, and not for perpetual enthrallment to the inferior necessities of our nature.—Robert W. Dale.

Current Topics and Events.

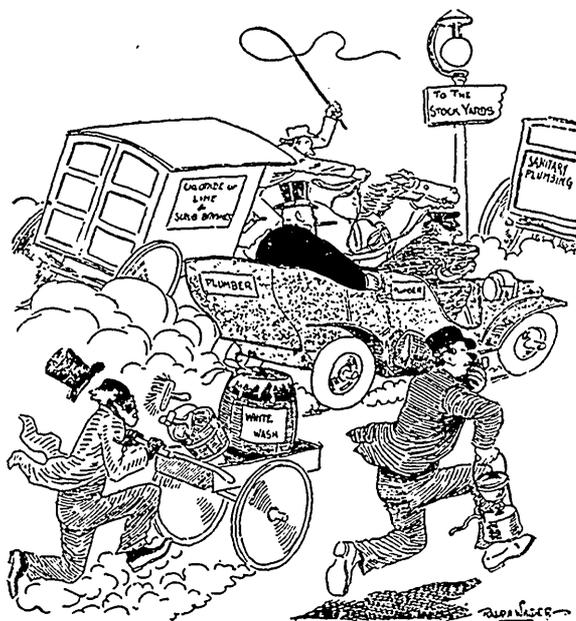


HARPER MEMORIAL LIBRARY BUILDING.

The beautiful building shown in the picture, which we use through the courtesy of the Boston Transcript, is the memorial library to be erected for the

University of Chicago in honor of Dr. Harper.

It is to cost \$1,250,000, and will be the largest building of its class in the world.



THE BRIGHT SIDE OF THE STOCK-YARDS EXPOSURE.—IT IS NOT LIKELY THERE WILL BE NEED OF ANOTHER.

—Wilder in the Chicago Record-Herald.

The international conference of labor, of the representatives of the world's workers, should receive a kindly and cordial welcome. Much could be done by promoting peace principles in the press, by restraining the savage cartoonists and venal newspapers from sowing the dragon's teeth from which shall spring a bitter crop of hatred and international strife.

He suggests further, Government aid in the printing and distribution of books and pamphlets which make for peace, of which many are issuing from the press, the arranging for the reproduction of international primers or handbooks on current questions, all treated from the point of view that peace is the greatest of British interests. The approaching conference at the Hague furnishes an admirable opportunity for the initiation of such a scheme. Nations, he says, have souls as well as bodies, and we should appeal to the nobler spirit of our own people as well as of foreign people.

"By suppression of news, by the distortion and misrepresentation of facts, and by the persistent malevolence with

which some editors attack their neighbors, the newspaper has become the most efficient stirrer-up of strife. This is not due by any means to the fact that editors have more than their fair share of original sin. It is due to the far more serious fact that, as the immoral Dooley put it, 'Sin is news, and virtue isn't.' A quarrel between nations copy. There is not a 'stick' of matter in the mere absence of quarrel and the existence of goodwill."

Such a peace propaganda, if adopted by Great Britain, he declares, is certain to make the tour of the world.

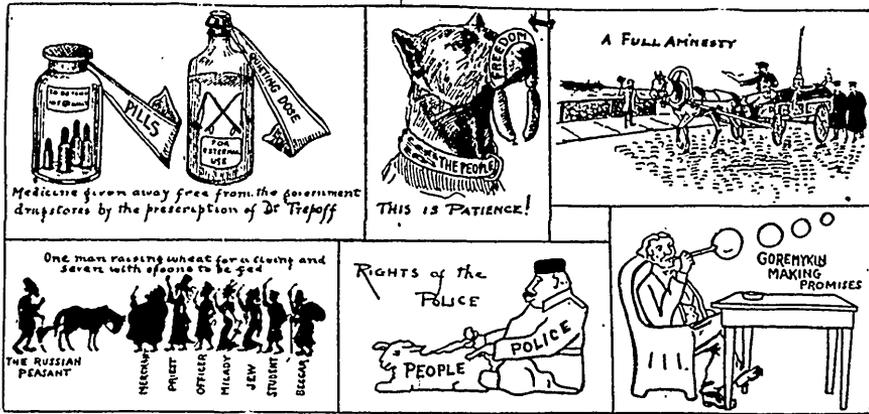
THE PASSING OF THE EDUCATION BILL.

The passing of Augustine Birrell's Education Bill in the House of Commons by a majority of 192 is a notable result which was confidently anticipated. But in the House of Lords it will undoubtedly meet with a more bitter opposition. But the

common-sense views of the mass of England are bound to prevail in the end. When just across the Channel, France has risen and separated church and state, one could hardly expect Protestant England to wear the yoke of ecclesiasticism for long.

Indeed, so far has the pendulum swung that a local school board in Yorkshire recently refused to pay for religious instruction given in a certain school, and was sustained by the law in its refusal. Out of this has come a rumor that Non-conformists who have been imprisoned for refusal to pay taxes may yet be able to demand reparation.

The attempt at undenominational religious instruction in the schools as provided for by the new bill is no experiment. Under the Act of 1870, the Bible was read and similar instructions given, and six years after the passage of the Act the chairman of the London School Board stated that out of 126,000 schoolchildren only 124 objected to receiving such religious instruction. The United States is awaiting with interest the result of this undenominational teaching in the schools.



REVOLUTIONARY POST-CARDS CIRCULATED IN RUSSIA.

FROM BAD TO WORSE.

Unhappy Russia during the month has been going from bad to worse. Those who doubted the sincerity of the Czar in granting the Douma find verification of their fears in its peremptory dissolution. No wonder the death-doomed Douma fled by night to Helsingfors and published its revolutionary appeal to the nation. The immediate answer was the mutinies at the two great naval arsenals, Sveaburg and Cronstadt. These outbreaks were premature and easily quelled and the political strike proved futile. It is a difficult thing to call out the whole of the wage-earners

of a nation and make them face starvation or death in the doubtful endeavor to overthrow an armed autocracy. But you cannot imprison a whole nation nor suppress its aspirations.

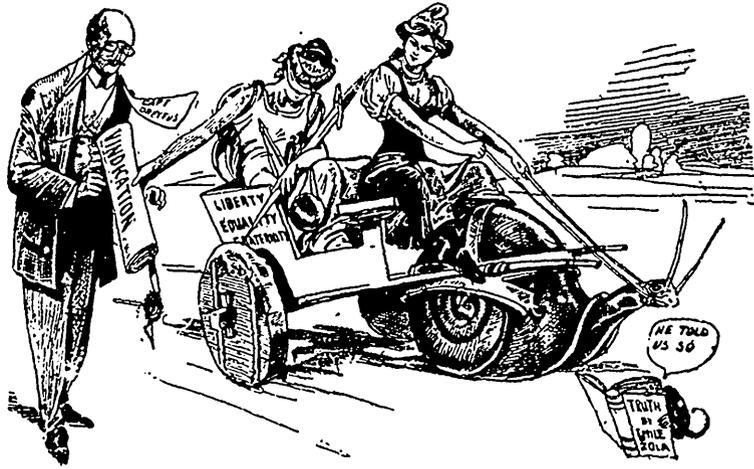
The greatest menace of Russia is the vast, dumb, weltering mass of peasant folk who, taxed beyond endurance, goaded to desperation by oppression and wrong, are rising in their millions, burning, destroying the property of the barons and murdering them when they resist. The question is not so much political, industrial, socialistic, as agrarian. The peasant must have land from which to wring a living. Therefore he demands



NICK'S PERIL—ALRIPT.
—Browne in the Chicago Tribune.



RUNNING WILD.
—Macauley in the New York World.



DREYFUS VINDICATED AT LAST.

—News, Detroit.

bureaucrats and Government. In some such division is the only solution of the Russian question. The Intellectuals, the Reds, the Nihilists and Anarchists are but a handful, but the peasant folk number a hundred millions. If their voice demanding a reparation of their wrongs

cannot be heard through the Douma, it will be heard in ravage and outrage and slaughter. The remarkable stories illustrating current Russian affairs by our talented contributor, E. A. Taylor, are the most illuminative of actual conditions of anything we have seen. We bespeak for them a thoughtful reading.

Under this national tragedy even the cold language of diplomacy gives place to burning words of sympathy. The cool and cautious British Premier speaks the sentiments of the nation when at the Interparliamentary Union he cries, "The Douma is dead, long live the Douma." The Czar may marshal his myriads of Cossacks, may shoot down the mutineers by hundreds, may crowd his dungeons with political prisoners or send them by the thousand into exile, but he will only the more alienate the sympathies of the civilized world and hasten the Nemesis which like that which haunted the house of Atreus, shall surely overwhelm his dynasty.



NOW THAT THE SUN (KING EDWARD) IS AGAIN SMILING ON GERMANY SHE WARMS HERSELF HAPPILY WITH ITS RAYS.

—Simplicissimus, Munich.

By a striking poetical justice Major Dreyfus is reinstated and advanced in office and vindicated in character on the very spot where but a few years ago he was degraded and disgraced. A virulent anti-semitism forged lying accusations against his probity as a soldier and a man, and the unhappy victim was sent a partition on the vast estates of the

for life to the well-named "Devil's Island," a very hell on earth. But the love and trust of his faithful wife and friends left no stone unturned till the fraud was exposed and his character vindicated. The French Government and people have shown themselves strong enough to admit their error and make what reparation they can. Dreyfus scorned to accept a money indemnity and sought only the vindication of his honor.

Never did any nation render a conquered people such generous treatment as has Great Britain given its recent enemies, the Boers. In addition to giving shelter, food, clothing, hospitals and schools to the refugees during the war, and in addition also to the gift of millions for re-stocking their farms and rebuilding their homes after its close, they have given one of the freest constitutions on the face of the earth. Every Boer, no matter how bitterly he may have fought, receives a free and untrammelled franchise and all the privileges of British citizenship. There are those who question the wisdom of this generosity, but we deem it an appeal to the highest principles of honor and believe that no more loyal subjects to the Crown will be found than those who were late in arms against it. We hope that both British and Boer in South Africa will unite in giving similar liberties to the great black population which is still unenfranchised. The Boers may also use their beloved Taal dialect in parliamentary debate, a practice which we believe they will soon outgrow.

Although the mortal remains of Russell Sage lie locked fast in a casket that cost \$25,000, his relatives do not intend to leave his colossal fortune thus undisturbed. His belligerent nephews have announced their intention of leaving no stone unturned till they get what they consider their rights. Whatever there is to praise or condemn in the way Russell Sage amassed and left his fortune, it is to be hoped that the law will give a forceful lesson to the class of young men who hope to get something for nothing. A strong and democratic age like this should surely produce more virile types of manhood than such as look to the wealth of collateral relatives to provide them with cushions of ease.

Amid the more revolting atrocities of the beef trust and pork packers, the coal oil scandal is almost forgotten, but a few weeks ago the news stalls fairly reeked with oil. But it was a wholesome odor compared with the new scandals which have been unearthed. Mr. Maybell points out a poetic justice that should be inflicted on the men who poison the people's food. Of old it was said, "He that withholdeth the corn, the people shall curse him." How much severer condemnation do they deserve who convert corn into fraudulent food, and transmute the so-called delicatessen of life into horrible compounds. Our cartoonist shows the almost universal adulteration of foods, the gypsum flour, potash beer, the coal-tar food dyes, tar-bark coffee, glucose syrup, alum bread, glue jam, borax butter, and all the rest of it. The most rigorous inspection of foods and penalties for frauds should save us at least from this slow poisoning, or not so very slow after all.

The American papers are full of cartoons on the unsavory packing-house revelations. These, from their disgusting character, in which vultures and grizzly grinning skeletons, personifications of graft and greed, we figure, cannot reproduce.

The medical faculty are finding that drugs are not a panacea, that mental and moral treatment is often necessary. In Boston a social service work is maintained under the direction of the general hospital for the treatment of persons who apply as patients for whose ailments neither medicine nor surgery has any cure. The maladies of these persons are found to be the results of bad mental conditions, of which worry is one of the most prominent. Headache, indigestion and other diseases often are caused by anxieties and fears, which can be relieved by counsel, sympathy and encouragement. Laboring men unable to care for their families, women without knowledge of personal hygiene, mothers who don't know how to feed their babies, get advice, instruction and cheer from unpaid workers who visit them in their homes and share their burdens and often are able to remove them. When the mind is relieved health returns. It is said that 450 cases have been treated with encouraging results by these efforts since last October. The hospitals have had no organized method of treating disease except by medicine for the body, but often medicine for the soul is the greater need.

Religious Intelligence.

THE REPRESENTATIVE OF SOUTHERN METHODISM.

The Rev. James B. McCoy, M.A., pastor of one of the Methodist churches in Birmingham, Alabama, the seat of the late General Conference, has been named by the Board of Bishops as fraternal messenger from the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, to the approaching General Conference of our Church in Montreal. It seems to have been the custom in nearly all the branches of Methodism to appoint fraternal delegates from among the grave and reverend elderly men of the connexion, but this rule has been departed from in this case. Mr. McCoy was born in Blount County, Alabama, on August 6, 1868, his father being Rev. W. C. McCoy, an itinerant preacher of the North Alabama Conference. He received his education at the Southern University, Greensboro', Alabama. On graduation with the degree of Master of Arts in 1889 he entered the North Alabama Conference, and, with the exception of one year when he was editor of the Alabama Christian Advocate, he has labored in the pastorate with signal success. He was a member of the last Ecumenical Conference in London, a member of the recent Inter-Church Confederation Conference and of the recent General Conference of his own church. Canadian Methodists have always felt a peculiar interest in the Methodism of the South, and they look forward with very pleasant anticipations to Mr. McCoy's visit in September. As fraternal messenger to our Church he follows some brilliant and able men. We doubt not he will be their in every way worthy successor.—Guardian.

CHURCH UNION IN AUSTRALIA.

Negotiations are proceeding in the different states of Australia at the instance of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church of Australia between the Congregationalists, Methodists and Presbyterians. Joint committees have been formed in the different states, and from these sub-committees have been appointed. Considerable progress has been made, and the leaders are hopeful that

practical results will issue. The best spirit has pervaded the consultations. It is not expected even by the most sanguine that organic union, even if practicable, is possible for many years. The results of the leaders' deliberations, when their deliberations are completed, will, of course, have to go before the several congregations. It is remarkable, however, to find that professed adherents of Calvinism and professed adherents of Arminianism can discuss with perfect amity theological questions, and arrive at a common understanding. The Baptists too have had their consultations about union. They have had some conferences with the Disciples of Christ about the possibility of amalgamation; but the negotiations have been broken off.

NO DECLINE IN METHODISM.

As an offset to current intimations of Methodist decline in New England, says the Congregationalist, Dr. D. A. Goodsell, the resident bishop, calls our attention to the figures which he has just gathered from the New England Conferences concerning the net gain of communicants for the year ending the first of this month. They foot up 2,412, the largest number accredited to any single section being 695 to western Connecticut. The showing with regard to the net gains in communicants in all the spring Conferences of Methodist Churches throughout the country is also encouraging. With only thirteen to be heard from, the number is 38,000. There is reason to expect that when the reports are brought in to the autumn Conferences, twice as many in number as the spring Conferences, the figures will carry the total gain of communicants in 1906 up to at least 100,000. As we read the accounts of recent large Methodist gatherings like that in Chicago in connection with the gathering of the bishops and the missionary conventions in different cities, we are impressed with the vitality and purposefulness of Methodism to-day. It aims at large ends both at home and abroad, and other denominations may well be incited, not to compete with them, but to emulate their zeal.—Congregationalist.

WHAT OF CHRISTIAN SCIENCE?

Under this title *Zion's Herald*, one of the ablest of the Methodist papers of the United States, discusses the recent gathering of some thirty thousand Christian Scientists in Boston, the Mecca of their faith, not only from all parts of this continent, but from foreign lands as well, including titled adherents from England, and men of judicial positions in the United States. The dedication of the new two-million-dollar temple in Boston was the loadstone that drew them from so far. In view of this event we devote some space in this number to a discussion of Christian Science, and quote still further from our Boston confrere: "Great earnestness," says the Herald, "intense fervor, no little spirituality, and a deep desire for the best results in conduct and character, were to be seen and felt.

"Our common Christianity, it seems to us, has not a little to learn from this phenomenon. Its main hold is in its buoyancy and brightness, its cheerfulness and courage, its contentment and faith and love. Through this means blessedness and health have been brought to many who were previously peevish and fretful, soured, ailing, and sad. They have been delivered from fear and doubt and worry, from formalism and materialism. They have been brought nearer to God, 'the All,' and led to a complete consecration, which has evidently included their property, for this two-million-dollar temple was dedicated free of debt as the result of superabundant free-will offerings.

"It seems to us that most of those who have become infatuated with Christian Science are the ones who, either through their own fault or the fault of the churches to which they have belonged, have hitherto missed the real deep joys there are in Jesus. They have, in various ways not easily accounted for, come to some perception of them by this means. Therein they have been the gainers, and we can rejoice with them. Their services, so far as they are made up mainly from Mrs. Eddy, cannot be really helpful to mind or soul. Some of them are finding it out, and are returning to the folds whence they departed. The philosophy of the movement cannot be accepted. Its view of the universe is false. Its treatment of disease is fraught with imminent peril. It will have its day and pass, having taught its lessons to the world. It will the more quickly pass in proportion as the Churches gen-

erally put in practice their theories, rise to the level of their opportunities, and really live out the glorious Gospel with which they have been entrusted and which needs no supplement from the Rev. Mary Baker G. Eddy."

THE JUBILEE IN INDIA.

Rev. J. Sumner Stone writes: "Fifty years of work are ending in a pentecostal revival; 16,434 souls were added to the Church last year. If the first-fruits of this year suggest the coming harvest fully a score of thousands will be won for Christ when the Jubilate Deo is sung in December under the shadow of the Himalayas, where William Butler, fifty years ago, opened his evangel, and Dr. Humphreys, still living, baptized the first convert.

"There is an average of 3,000 converts a year for fifty successive years. William Butler's mantle is on the shoulders of apostolic successors. Bishop Thoburn, with faith's vision undimmed, and spiritual strength unabated, summons the Church to larger gifts and more heroic deeds. He says: 'I believe if the Church would take the lesson to heart that God is teaching us, within ten years we might have ten millions in India who are worshipping idols to-day, either within the pale of the Christian Church, or inquiring the way thither. But if my own poor life is spared till I see a million gathered within our native Church, in India, then I shall thank God, and these poor feet, which shrink and falter now, with unutterable joy shall walk through the gates of day.'

"Ye men of business, do missions pay? In 1856 the Church sent one missionary and his wife to the field. To-day we have 4,731 American and native workers in India. In 1856 the property of the mission was reported as valued at \$112.02. Now the valuation is \$2,000,000. In 1857 three members and three probationers were reported. In 1906 there is a membership of 160,000, and a Christian community of 200,000. The church-membership is being increased at the rate of nearly 20,000 a year as the flying years of the new century carry us on. From their poverty the Indian Church proposes to lay on the Lord's altar this jubilee year the sum of \$50,000 as a thank-offering. The home Church is asked to give \$200,000 that a quarter of a million dollars may be devoted as a special fund for the pushing of the campaign for Christ in Hindustan.

Book Notices.

"The Knowledge of God and Its Historical Development." By Henry Melvill Gwatkin, M.A. 2 Vols. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. xi-308, v-334. Price, \$3.50 net.

The imprint of T. & T. Clark upon a book gives it a stamp of theological importance and merit. These two goodly volumes represent the Gifford Lectures delivered at Edinburgh, 1901 and 1905. While the form and vivacity of the spoken discourse are retained, solid learning and scholastic treatment are not wanting. Some of the lectures have been very much expanded in putting them in permanent form. When discussing the knowledge of God, the revelation in nature and the revelation in man are first considered. Two chapters are devoted to general considerations, then is treated the subject of inspiration, prophecy and miracle. Possibly methods of revelation are also treated, then primitive religions of mankind and the classic nature worship and interpretation of Greece which have so moulded thought and literature of all the ages.

The second volume takes up consecutively the revelation of God in both the Old and New Testament to the early Church and the Nicene period; then the great conflict between Christianity and paganism for the conquest of the world, the wonderful transition from Rome pagan to Rome Christian. The development of Christian thought in Reformation times, and in the more modern period are also treated. In conclusion the author drops a thought into the future, as men drop pebbles into deep wells to see what answer they return. The writer is not a blind worshipper of authority. "There is a deeper scepticism," he says, "in the return to authority than in the broad results, however sceptical, reached by those who seek for truth in philosophy, in science, or criticism. We sin the sin of sins only when we turn our back on truth as we do when we make authority our refuge and the first duty of reasoning men." There is a sustained and lofty eloquence in these volumes which make them fascinating reading.

"Padri Elliot of Faizabad." A Memorial chiefly autobiographical. Edited by Rev. A. W. Newbould. London: Chas. H. Kelly. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. vii-350.

This is a biography of a man who has spent nearly half a century as boy and man in the mission fields in India. A thrilling chapter is that entitled "Through Fire and Sword in the Indian Mutiny." The book gives a vivid picture of Indian mission life, showing the trials and triumphs of the Gospel amid the arduous conditions of the great Indian dependency. Here Britain has before her the most stupendous missionary problem of the times, because she is here supreme ruler, not, as in China and other countries, an outsider, and is responsible before God and man for the moral and spiritual outlook and uplift of the people committed in the providence of God to her care.

"Made in His Image." By Guy Thorne. Author of "When It Was Dark," etc., etc. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company. Pp. viii-360. Price, \$1.20.

The author of "When It Was Dark" achieved a wide vogue by describing what the world would be if the resurrection of Christ had never taken place. A worse than Egyptian darkness, one that might be felt, crept over and around the universe. In this story he describes an eclipse of faith in Britain and the awful social consequences to the realm. Of all the places in the world it was at the ancient religious foundation of Oxford, the High Church university, that this eclipse of faith began. One of its most learned dons had written a philosophical and anti-Christian book which had completely overthrown the "sentimentalists," with their belief in Christianity.

Its most brilliant student became Prime Minister of England, and in grappling with the problem of the poor, the most exigent of the times, he attempted to solve it on the principles of a Christless creed. The poor who could not or would not work must be crushed, segregated, doomed to a living death. For these a British Siberia was prepared in the

Cornish Hinterland, shut in on one side by the sea, on the other by an impregnable and unscalable wall. They were condemned to work in the copper and tin mines without hope of reprieve or of freedom. All the manhood in them was ground down into a beast. The remnant of the "sentimentalists," those who retained some fear of God and love of man in their souls, tried to prevent God's image from being trampled out, and sought to lift up the fallen and to restore man to the image in which God had created him. Just when the secularists issued their blue book showing the economic triumph of their system in a profit of six thousand pounds from the British Siberia, the wild beast in these men broke out, a desperate mutiny took place which made the brilliant success a ghastly failure.

"Sammy Brindley and His Friends; Or, Glimpses of Methodist Life from the Slopes of Boon Hill." By George Sudlow. London: Chas. H. Kelly. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 257.

The writer has undertaken a difficult task. He tells a story with the real names of persons and places, with pictures of his heroes and their local habitation. We do not think any of them will "get mad" at his treatment of them. Two or three are disguised under the names of "Sparem" and "Wearum" and "Droppit." But he begs pardon all round if anybody should be offended. It is a sweet and wholesome story of English Methodism which will benefit both heart and head.

"Thomas Champness As I Knew Him." By Josiah Mee. London: Chas. H. Kelly. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 128.

One of the best beloved men of English Methodism was the late Thomas Champness. By his training and employment of Methodist local preachers he organized a new departure, and thus gave to that old-honored agency a new impulse and a new life. The story is one passing romance.

"David Hill." An Apostle to the Chinese. By the Rev. W. T. A. Barber, D.D. London: C. H. Kelly. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 128.

This is an abridged life of the famous Wesleyan missionary to China, whose life story is an inspiration to missionary endeavor and consecration. He is well named the Apostle to the Chinese.

"The Church of Christ: Its Character, Purpose and Unity." By the Rev. T. A. Watson, B.D. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 113. Price, \$0.00.

The fact that this book has in a short time reached a second edition is proof of popular appreciation. The Church of God is the greatest institution of the world, running through all the ages and destined to fill the earth. The relation of the Church to the masses, secret societies, to the subject of organic union, especially that at present before the country, are of striking import.

"The Monthly Review." Edited by Charles Hanbury-Williams. May, 1906. Toronto: Morang & Co. Pp. 174. Price, monthly, 50 cents; per annum, \$5.00.

A charming story of the Canadian North-West appears in this high-class monthly as well as severe criticism of indentured labor under British rule, stories of Irish folklore, a chapter on spiritualism, and a lighter vein of articles, including a serial story, than is generally found in stately reviews.

The U. E. Loyalists.—Much light has been thrown upon the record of these heroic men who for love and loyalty to the British crown left their homes and property and went forth like Abraham, not knowing whither they went. Not less than sixty thousand of these devoted patriots, it is estimated, came to the Maritime Provinces and Upper and Lower Canada, many of them leaving all their earthly possessions behind. Great Britain voted large sums of money, four million dollars, and grants of land for their succor and support. These two goodly volumes by Alexander Fraser, the Ontario archivist, are issued under the direction of the Province of Ontario. They comprise two goodly octavo volumes of 1,436 pages, including copious index. They give reports of the commission which dealt with the claims of these loyal men. Among these we find references to our own great-grandfather who served the King loyally in South Carolina and came with others of his kinsfolk to Nova Scotia at the close of the war.

CORRECTION.—The Rev. Dr. Cornish writes: Kindly allow me space to correct an error which in some unaccountable way appears in my paper on "A Bird's-Eye View of Methodism," in the August number of this magazine, on page 131. The increase since the Union of 1853 should read 136,011, or an average of 5,727 per annum, after making up for all losses, etc. All interested will kindly correct the error if making use of the figures.