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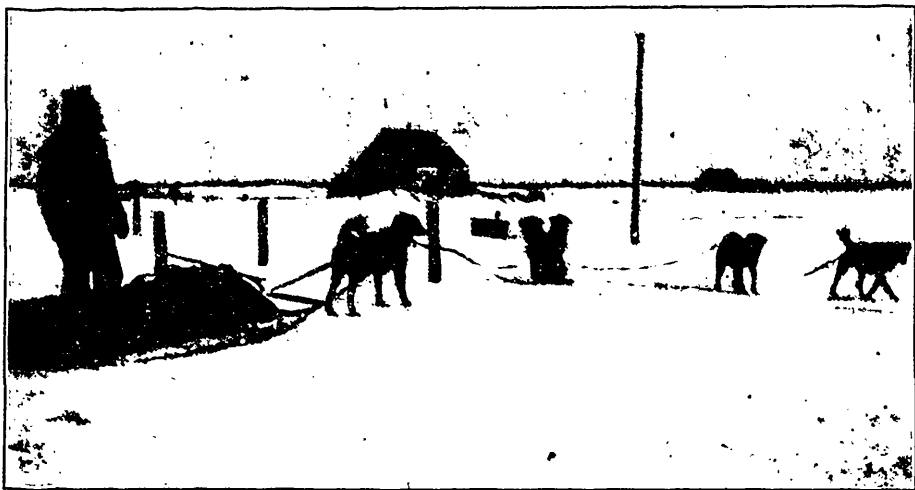
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A FISHING SCHOONER BECALMED OFF LABRADOR.

“As idle as a painted ship  
Upon a painted ocean.”



DOG TEAM.



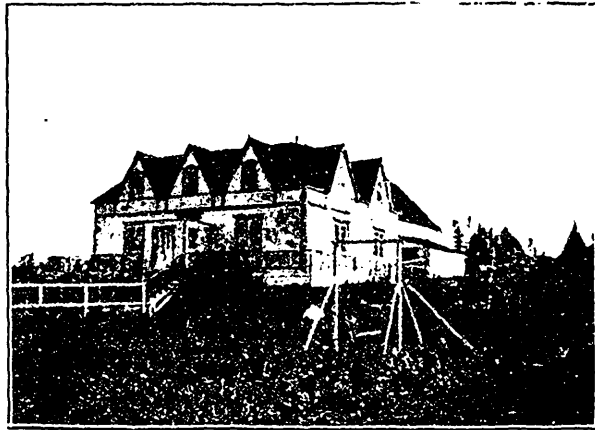
TRAVEL BY KOMATIK.

# Methodist Magazine and Review.

SEPTEMBER, 1905.

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"UP ALONG THE LABRADOR."

BY THE EDITOR.



CHIEF FACTOR FRASER'S HOME, AT RIGOULETTE, LABRADOR.

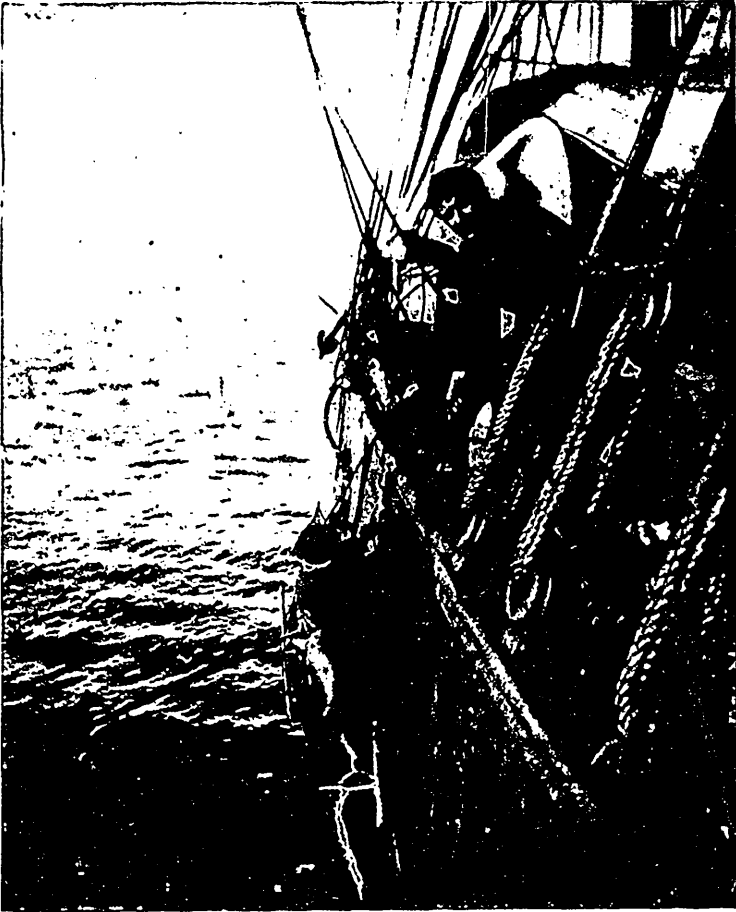
## II.



OUR good ship the "Virginia Lake," went as far up Hamilton Inlet as the Hudson's Bay post at Rigoulette, one of the oldest posts in Labrador. Here, nearly seventy years ago, came young Donald Smith, now renowned throughout the Empire as the patriotic Lord Strathcona. The little room which he occupied is now used as a post-office and store, and adjoining is the handsome residence of Mr. Fraser, the present Hudson's Bay factor. In this out-of-the-way

corner of the world it is very curious to find such splendidly equipped store-houses, wharf and buildings of the Hudson's Bay Company, and floating gaily in the breeze the Union Jack, the symbol of law and order and liberty in so many of Britain's outposts of civilization throughout the world. Mr. Fraser, his wife and child, came off in the H. B. C. yacht to the steamer, and as they returned to shore and our good ship turned seaward, the plaintive notes of "Should auld acquaintance be forgot?" were wafted over the ~~wine-dark~~ waves as the sun went down on the scene of strange and lonely beauty.

One of the institutions of the Labrador is the dog-team. Without this



TAKING ON AN ESKIMO PILOT.

winter travel would be impossible. Yoked to a wooden komatik the dogs drag this rude sled through the drifted and pathless woods for hundreds of miles, forming the sole possible communication between the scattered settlements along the bleak and lonely coast. These dogs are great wolfish-looking creatures with hungry eyes and menacing yelp, yelp, more like the cry of the wolf rather than the honest bark of a dog.

The dog-team has no reins, but is

guided by the voice and the admonitions of a whip of some thirty feet long of braided seal-skin thongs. A skilled driver can reach any part of any dog on his team. Some Eskimos can cut the button off your coat or take the pipe out of a man's mouth with this long lash. The dogs are proud of their leadership and jealous of its invasion. They are mortally afraid of the whip lash, but are afraid of nothing else. Many are the stories of hair-breadth 'scapes from their



A MONARCH OF THE NORTH. HUGE ICEBERG STRANDED NEAR BATTLE HARBOR.  
Photo by Dr. S. W. Grenfell and Cluny MacPherson. S. S. Strathcona shown through arch.

fangs. On our steamer was a little lad of six years old, dressed in Eskimo costume, the son of the Hudson's Bay agent at Cartwright, who had been rescued from the jaws of the wolfish pack of dogs. He received forty-two wounds in his body. The dogs were hanged for their misdemeanor. We asked why they were not shot, if it were for moral effect? We suspect, however, it was to avoid injuring their skin, which had a commercial value. Not all their victims are so fortunate as to escape. One Eskimo child was eaten by the ferocious brutes. The nurse at the hospital was severely bitten. No cow or goat or sheep can be kept along the coast, so only condensed milk can be had, of whose cloying sweetness one soon wearies. We purposed making an overland journey from one deep bay to another while the steamer made a long detour around the cape, but as the hour grew late we were admonished that it was

unsafe to make the attempt on account of the dogs.

Norman Duncan thus describes these animals: "The Labrador dogs—pure and half bred 'huskies,' with so much of the wolf yet in them that they never bark—are for the most part used by the Doctor on his journeys. There would be no getting anywhere without them; and it must be said that they are magnificent animals, capable of heroic deeds. Every prosperous householder has at least six or eight full-grown sled-dogs and more puppies than he can keep track of. In summer they lie everywhere under foot by day, and by night howl in a demoniacal fashion far and near;\* but they fish for themselves in shallow water, and are fat, and may safely be stepped over. In winter they are lean,

\* We thought that Battle Harbor must have taken its name from some prehistoric dog-fight. As we approached, their howling and yelping made the night hideous.

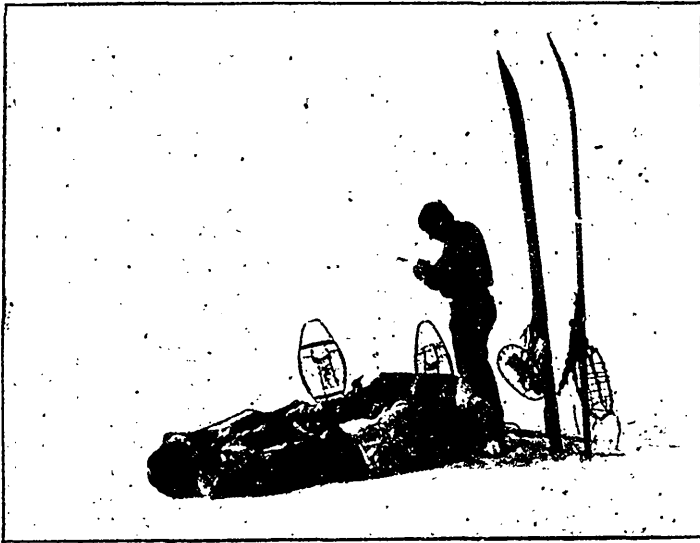
desperately hungry, savage and treacherous—in particular a menace to the lives of children, whom they have been known to devour.”

The moral and physical heroism of the intrepid missionary in ministering to the bodies and souls of the fishermen, the “liveyers,” of this far-extended coast, is beyond all praise.

“In the little hospital-ship ‘Strathcona,’ the doctor himself darts here and there and everywhere, all summer

by the mission-doctor; quite the contrary: there is, if anything, greater delight to be found in a wild, swift race over rotten or heaving ice, or in a night in the driving snow, than in running the ‘Strathcona’ through a nor’east gale.

“The Indian Harbor hospital is closed in the fall; so intense is the cold, so exposed the situation, so scarce the wood, so few the ‘liveyers,’ that it has been found unprofitable to



SLEEPING-BAG AND SKIS.

long, responding to calls, searching out the sick, gathering patients for the various hospitals.

“In the winter the sick and starving are sought out by dog-team and komatik. There is no cessation of beneficent activity; there is merely a change in the manner of getting about. Summer journeys are hard enough, God knows. But winter travel is a matter of much difficulty and hardship. Not that the difficulty and hardship seem ever to be perceived

keep it open. There is another way of meeting the needs of the situation, and that is by despatching the Battle Harbor doctor northward in midwinter. The folk know that he is bound towards them—know the points of call—can determine within a month the time of his arrival. So they bring the sick to these places—and patiently wait. This is a hard journey—made alone with the dogs. Many a night the doctor must get into his sleeping-

bag and make himself as comfortable as possible in the snow, snuggled close to his dogs, for the sake of the warmth of their bodies. Six hundred miles north in the dead of winter, six hundred miles back again; it takes a man of unchangeable devotion to undertake it."

The hardships of the fishing folk are often hard for stay-at-home folk to comprehend. "But," says Norman Duncan, "they seem not to know that

been wrecked more times than he could 'just mind' at the moment; yet he was the only old man I ever met who seemed honestly to wish that he might live his life over again."

But all these hardships are forgotten when the fishermen have had a good season. "The fleet goes home in the early fall. The schooners are loaded—some so low with the catch that the water washes into the scuppers. 'You could wash your hands



WINTER DRESS AND SKIS.

fishing is a dangerous employment: for instance, a mild-eyed, crooked old fellow—he was a cheerful Methodist, too, and subject to 'glory-fits'—who had fished from one harbor for sixty years, computed for me that he had put out to sea in his punt at least twenty thousand times, that he had been frozen to the seat of his punt many times, that he had been swept to sea in the ice-pack six times, that he had weathered six hundred gales, great and small, and that he had

from her deck,' is the skipper's proudest boast. The feat of seamanship, I do not doubt, is not elsewhere equalled. It is an inspiring sight to see the doughty little craft beating into the wind on a gray day. The harvesting of a field of grain is good to look upon; but I think that there can be no more stirring sight in all the world, no sight more quickly to melt a man's heart, more deeply to move him to love men and bless God, than the sight of the Labrador fleet





A LIVEYER'S CABIN.

beating home loaded—toil done, dangers past; the home port at the end of a run with a fair wind. The homecoming, I fancy, is much like the return of the viking ships to the old Norwegian harbors must have been. The lucky skippers strut the village roads with swelling chests, heroes in the sight of all; the old men, long past their labor, listen to new tales and spin old yarns; the maids and the lads renew their interrupted love-makings. There is great rejoicing—feasting, merry-making, hearty thanksgiving. Thanks be to God, the fleet's home."

"It do seem to me," said an old fisherman's wife, turning her eyes to the darkening wave, "that the say is hungry for the lives o' men."

The simple liveyeyers, who have never been off this bleak coast, think it, with all its hardships, the best region in the world. Mr. Duncan thus describes one of these: "I described a street and a pavement, told him that the earth was round, defined a team of horses, corrected his impression that a church organ was played with the mouth, and denied the report that the flakes and stages of

New York were the largest in the world.

"Some men,' said I, at last, 'have never seen the sea.'

"He looked at me and laughed his unbelief. 'Sure,' said he, 'not a hundred haven't?'

"Many more than that.'

"'Tis hard t' believe, zur,' he said. 'Terrible hard.'

"We were silent while he thought it over.

"What's the last harbor in the world?' he asked.

"I hesitated.

"The very last, zur! They do say 'tis St. John's.'"

Dr. Grenfell is the ideal Santa Claus of this vast region. Says Mr. Duncan: "The doctor never forgets the Christmas gifts. He is the St. Nicholas of that coast. If he ever weeps at all, I should think it would be when he hears that, despite his care, some child has been neglected. The wife of the agent stowed away the gifts against the time to come.

"Are they not afraid to play with these pretty things?"

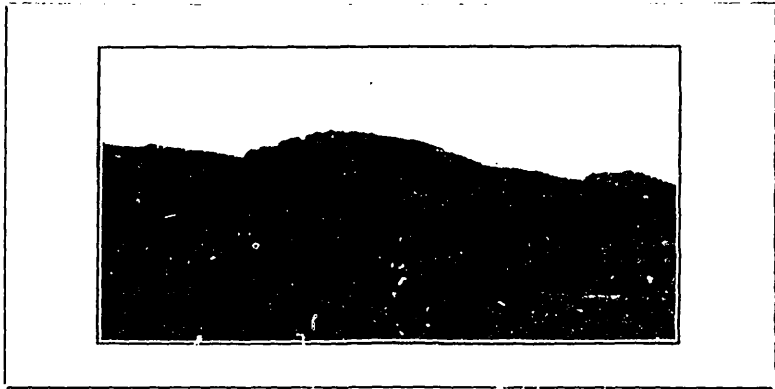
"They are,' she laughed. 'They use them for ornaments. But that

doesn't matter. It makes them happy just to look at them.'"

Dr. Grenfell's many visits to Canada have made his modest presence and manner familiar to multitudes. He does not look like the heroic viking that he is. He is as quiet and unassuming as a Quaker, but he is a very hero of valor when danger must be encountered, right championed, or wrong rebuked. He has made himself a terror to evildoers, the drink traffic is abolished along the coast, and he has championed the rights of the fisher folk in many ways. None of these has been

portant to our seafaring nation. The only practical solution was that the governing body should become a limited liability company.

It has now assets in the form of Mission Hospital steamers and sailing vessels, some of which almost defray their entire expenses by fishing with their particular fishing fleets. Other assets are shore institutes to round off the work at sea. The directors are entirely honorarv, and the whole now bears the unwieldy but to us endeared title given above, because conferred upon it by our late beloved Queen, whose intelligent and practical inter-



A LONELY HOUSE, "CLINGING LIKE A LIMPET TO A ROCK."

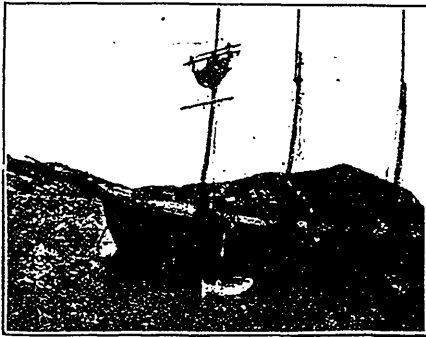
more effective than his method of introducing co-operative stores at many ports. He thus describes this process and its result:

The Royal National Mission to Deep Sea Fishermen" was started to give to these men the benefits of civilization of which they were deprived by their calling. While essentially an evangelistic effort, the Council has never forgotten that the body is the only medium through which the soul is accessible. It therefore has to set itself down to consider how it could best materially, as well as spiritually, help this large body of men, so im-

est in whatever was calculated to ameliorate the lives of her people was ever a testimonial of immense value to any effort.

The Mission began operations by buying a small fishing-smack and sending her to sea to preach the Gospel and to fish for a living. Her skipper was to keep his net up on Sundays, and, whenever he could, to hold the unconventional services which were the best calculated of all to reach the hearts of fishermen. He was taught the use of simple remedies, simple surgery for aiding the injured, and was supplied with a few instru-

ments, especially with a set of tooth forceps, which have been the first lever to raise many a man, through having attracted him within reach of the ship's influence. The skipper had also a dispensary, stocked with large reservoirs of mixtures which were labeled with almost offensive insistence as to the various ailments that they suited. The smack always carried a sack or two of good, easy, large-print reading, illustrated when possible, for all could read pictures. There was also a goodly supply of warm woollens, helmets, mufflers and mittens. These were ever invaluable



DANISH BARKENTINE.

practical sermons and testimonials to the genuine nature of the love that sent the vessel to them.

An extra large supply of tea and a nobly capacious kettle spoke eloquently on rough, raw days in winter. Though there was no lack of croakers, who "allowed the vessel three months before she gave it up," the effort was a success from the start. The brotherliness of the whole thing, the absence of any cant, and above all, a brother of the same standing at the head of it, won the men's hearts and opened the way for the victories yet to come. The first foe to be tackled was the grog vessel. Merely "laying

to" alongside, the first policy adopted, proved futile. The simple reason was, that in his cheap, duty-free tobacco (thank God, most of these vessels sailed from foreign ports) the grog vessel held a lure too imperious even for those who would fain avoid so real a danger as the fiery schnapps or the "chained lightning" had often proved to be. An appeal to the customs to allow the mission vessels to ship tobacco in bond, to be opened and sold only on the "high seas," proved unsuccessful. Accordingly, this modern Gospel mission was fearless enough of silly sentiment to ship their tobacco in bond to a Dutch port, and to permit their vessels to run in as a trader, leaving their big nets with a "pal" at their fleet. Thus they were able not only to compete with, but undersell, the enemy; and so the work grew.

The ships developed a hospital with a doctor, and became steamers with every modern fitting. The odd books became lending libraries, a spare hand was carried to lend in time of extremity to a crew short-handed from men in hospital. Friends ashore organized an association to write to, and to get to know, the hundreds of lads and young men drafted into the fisheries from workhouses, reformatories and charitable refuges. This at first despised effort has proved one most efficient agency in really winning the men. There are now some two thousand lady correspondents who regularly write to and receive letters from fishermen at sea, a class with no friends on earth in only too many cases.

An association of Christian fishermen for definite aggressive work among their fellows was next started, out of which have grown many excellent things, including some "old fishermen's homes," "lantern societies," "temperance unions," etc., etc.

And lastly "shore work" was forced upon the mission by the utter want of any provision for this special class of men at their time of greatest danger. Aggressive religious work ashore aroused, odd as it may seem, quite an opposition from the churches. All seamen are clannish ashore, but none who keep so much to their own kind as the deep-sea fishermen. Homes at the various large fishing centres were built, and were made as homely as the cabin of a vessel at sea, as "salty" as an ex-fisherman's steward and cook at the head of it could make it. Such a man has to be accustomed to the many peculiarities and foibles of seafaring men.

The results have been so gratifying that they have encouraged the mission to spread its work all round the British Isles, to the Hebrides, to Iceland, to Holland, and so across the Atlantic to Newfoundland and Labrador fishermen.

The first and most remarkable effect of the North Sea work was the utter undoing, and eventual abolition, of the grog-vessels from the face of the waters. So apparent was the benefit that since then an international agreement has rendered them subject to seizure by any man-of-war, even outside the sacred "three-mile limit." They and their evil day have gone. Would to God the saloons, those pirates of the land, could be as effectually disposed of.

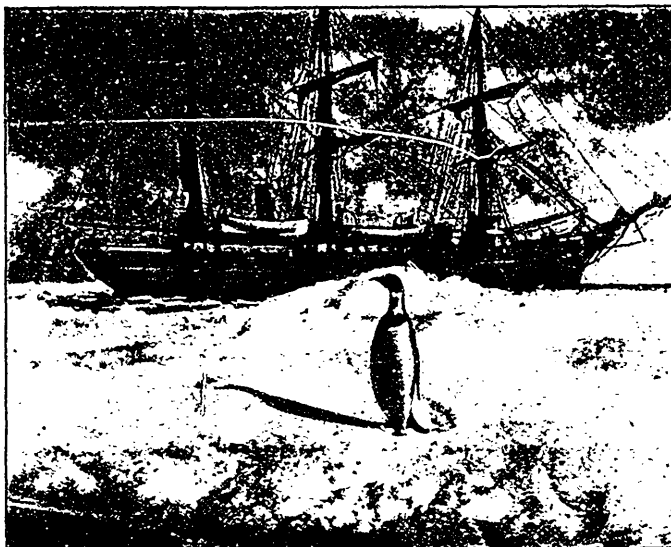
In 1892 the Mission lent their largest vessel, a yawl of 155 tons burden, to sail across the Atlantic and inquire into the condition of things among the fishermen on this side of the ocean. Here the methods of the fisheries were quite different. The fishermen, though they were away from home privileges for as long as five months in the summer, carried on their work along shore. Spread over a barren and rocky coast line of a



AN AMATEUR ESKIMO.

thousand miles at least, they frequently brought their whole families with them, erecting small mud tilts on the shore for them. Many also fished from these scattered centres, while others sailed on in the vessels that they came down in, plying their calling wherever they could find fish. The fish was all brought south at the approach of winter, dried and salted, and exported in that condition to European and South American markets. These people depended practically on the catch of a few months for their sustenance for a year. The fish only come to the shore in summer months and often scarcely visit some sections of the coast at all. As a result, every year there are a number of fishermen who scarcely catch anything. Not only are many very poor indeed, but also the debts of one set, who had done badly, had to fall on another who had done better.

This condition was rendered possible by the system on which the fish-



IN THE GRIP OF THE ICE.

eries were conducted. At each season's commencement the fishermen go to a merchant who is called a supplier. They get from him an outfit to enable them to go to the fishery. The time for settling is at the end of the season, when the merchants meet and decide what they can give for fish per hundredweight. At that time, also, each man is told what he owes, and in case the fishery has been bad, prices of goods run high, and the necessary food for the coming months of forced inaction (called a winter's diet) is of necessity cut to the lowest.

The Mission began its work by a report to the leading men in Newfoundland. They forwarded the movement with an offer of two small buildings to be used as Mission Hospitals, and a promise of their earnest help to the society, if it would commence work on the Labrador coast for the benefit of the fishermen. At selected spots on islands two hundred miles apart, these hospitals were built, and a small steam launch was added

to the ship, that it might run to and fro and so visit from the hospital ship many places otherwise outside her reach.

With the idea of teaching the difference in the cost of the necessities of life when purchased for cash instead of taking them up on credit, a small, co-operative store to deal only in cash, or dry fish, which is Labrador cash, was started, though not without considerable opposition from traders. This has been running now seven years, entirely under "fishermen management."

Though it has had to teach every most elementary lesson, and has been delayed in expansion proportionally, it has been an unqualified success. And now five others, at various distances along the shore, have risen in its wake. The fishermen themselves are taught to put any few dollars they have into capital, to take an intelligent interest in the little business, and the result has been that thrift, economy, independence and self-reliance have been



ESKIMO TRADING HIS PIPE, CARVED FROM TUSK, FOR THE VALUE OF THREE BEAVER SKINS.

fostered, and all around each store the fishermen have become very materially better off in every way.

In 1901 a schooner, "The Co-operator," was added, to save the profit of transporting the fish and goods. This adventure has also proved a great success.

The most debatable point, and a most important one, has always been, whether the wage-earning capacity could not be increased by finding work for the forced inaction of the winter months, work which would at the same time lessen the capricious nature of the men's income, which was a "hit or miss" business of at times only a month or two out of the twelve. For this purpose a grant of timber land was taken up in one district and a

small mill erected in 1902. The heads of all the families near went into the bay "logging" in the winter, though only half-a-dozen men have been kept from fishing all the season, to saw up the logs cut. In addition to this we have built and sold two fine schooners on the Hill. Thus co-operative production was commenced, and this has proved a very material benefit, not only to those living around, but any families near, making a bad voyage, now move up this bay in winter and so earn a winter diet.

From one curse of modern civilization we are at present almost entirely free, i.e., the drink traffic. This gives every remedial effort a far more hopeful aspect.

For widows and orphan children, or

for those crippled in some way that prevents them working at the hard out-door occupations alone that this country has to offer, the best remedy is to get out of it. The Mission has been able to do a little in this line also. There are on the coast a large number of Eskimos and, ranging the interior, a number of Montaignais In-

dians. With these we have only to do incidentally. The missionary work among them has been faithfully done for the past hundred years and more by the Moravian missionaries. As a complete outsider to their work, I should much value an opportunity to add my humble testimony to the great value of it.



REFLECTIONS—PHYSICAL AND MENTAL.

### THE NORTH SEA.

BY CURTIS MAY.

The voice of the North Sea calleth,  
Solemn and full and slow;  
"Come down to my icy caverns,  
My grottoes and deeps below.  
I will lay my hand on your forehead  
And on your fevered breast.  
You shall sleep serene and quiet—  
No dreams shall haunt your rest.

"I saw the boat of the Norseman  
Afloat in the silent night;  
I marked in the danger calmness,  
In the eye undaunted light.  
'Come down!' I cried. 'We are kindred,  
Thou man of fearless brow!  
The door am I of Valhalla!'  
How still his slumbers now!

"When the herring-boats outwander  
I lift my mighty arms.  
'How beats my heart for fishers,  
The lovers of ocean charms!

The cold it has kept these waters  
As pure as falling snow.  
Come hither, intrepid seamen!  
Behold, they lie below.

"No harbor am I for spices.  
Upon my diadem  
In filigree of frost I wear  
The midnight sun for a gem.  
The Unknown North has fingers  
That reach into my tide.  
Oh, not for balmy pleasure  
He clutches deep and wide.

"Ho, ye who fear not anguish,  
Ye souls of steel, come forth!  
As Jacob fought with the angel,  
Come struggle with the North!  
Stand face to face with trouble  
And meet death with a shout.  
The gale that dims your courage  
Shall blow the North Star out!"

## KOREA, WITH THE MIND'S EYE.

BY L'INCONNU.



**Y**OU are about to take your first view of Korea. You must picture it yourselves as we describe it, for the camera fiend has never yet reached such a point of vantage as to "snap" a whole country. It is only with the mind's eye that we have such visions. And we want you to picture for yourselves this land of white dresses and idle men, a land of ill-kept homes for the living and well-kept graves for the dead.

It is a mountainous country you see; the coast-line before you is rocky and bold, with great cliffs that stand like outposts of Asia. The sun is just rising; the tide is out, and all along the coast are miles of mud where the crabs and turtles and octopus are at play. But it is inland, past the sentinel cliffs, that the real picturesqueness of the country is seen. The mountains roll on in unceasing undulations; far up their sides and in their recesses green patches of crop glisten in the early sun. There is the lush, rank green of rice fields, the occasional gold of patches of sesame; there are ridges of birch, beech and pine, and again fields of millet. But it is not a heavily timbered country.

There are several things that add to the picturesqueness of the scene. One is the houses, or huts, as you are tempted to call them. You see little spots all over the country where are clustered together these little oval-shaped structures of mud with thatched roofs. These are villages; we will look at them later.

Our attention is attracted now by

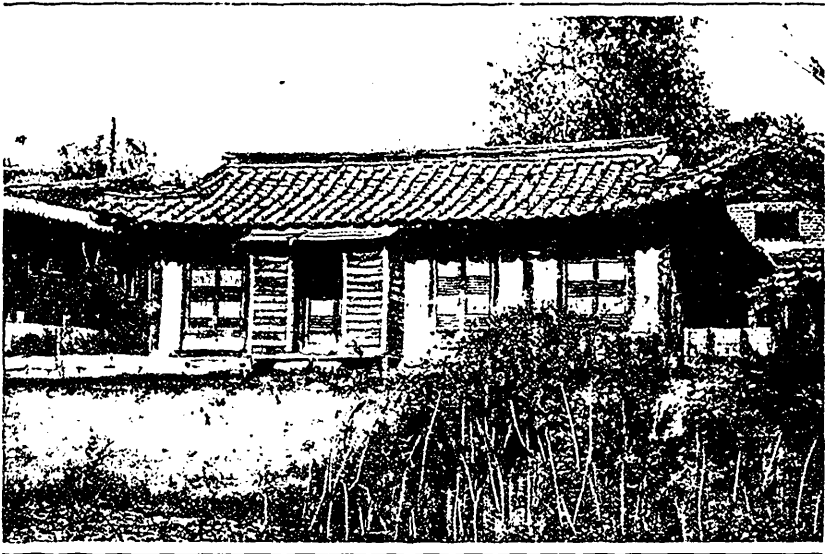


THE EMPEROR OF KOREA.

the white, ghost-like figures we see gliding everywhere, alone and in groups, for white is the prevailing fashion in Korea. The ploughman wears white in the fields; the officials in the villages are clad in snowy raiment. You see people everywhere coming out of low mud huts clad in white, wide-flowing garments. If we were nearer we should see that these white garments often bear various marks of contact with this mundane sphere; there are even various shades of so-called white, but at a distance such defects are not noticeable.

The third element that gives picturesqueness to the scene before us is, as you see, the birds that dot the land everywhere in great squawking, flapping flocks. "Gunning" is not a common recreation in Korea, and in consequence the wild birds thrive and become almost as tame as the domestic fowls of our own land. There are the tall, stately blue heron; the egret; the





FIRST CHRISTIAN CHURCH IN KOREA.

paddy birds, looking wise; the great groups of puhongi, looking like white snow-banks on the marshy rice fields.

There are the lark and the cuckoo calling from the trees. And there go flocks of wild geese and ducks and turkeys that would make the tourist hunting in Muskoka mad with envy. Then, down through the mountain glade you see those deer weaving their way. The queer structure of boards and stones is a tiger trap, for the regal beast is a frequent prowler among Korean hills.

This is perhaps the only country where the thirst for gold is subordinated to a reverence for nature. There is gold in the mountains of Korea. But the mountains are sacred. The Korean will not have them disturbed for moneyed considerations.

And now we will let this picture of the land as a whole pass from our vision. In a moment we shall take a nearer view of one of the villages and of the people who dwell in them.

Again you see with the "eye of thought" a collection of mud hovels, with thatched roofs that come down within six or seven feet of the ground. Up and down the streets dogs prowl—the most miserable-looking dogs you ever saw. We are reminded of a story told by the Rev. James S. Gale in his charming "Korean Sketches":

"For mercy's sake, An," said Mr. Gale to his guide as they entered one of these villages, "why don't you kill these dogs?"

"Too early yet," replied the guide. "We'll kill them later on."

"But why don't you kill them now and quiet the town?"

"Why," answered the guide, "you know that dogs are not good eating in spring. We wait till summer before we kill them. Do you eat them in spring in your country?"

Not far behind the dogs in the racket they are making are the fowls and birds, domestic and wild, with their clacketings and clamorings.

But we will forget that these huts are only pictures in our minds and enter one of them. You hit your head against the door-top. Never mind. You forget the bump when you get a good breath of the air inside. You have to learn to stoop when you enter a Korean doorway. Mud walls, mud ceilings, mud floor, crawling insects, and an atmosphere of smoke. Under the floor a hot fire is built. You of course sleep and sit on the floor. And a Korean would feel very remiss in

of no consequence whatever. That does not mean, however, that you are going to enjoy your smoke and mud in seclusion, for Mr. Gale tells us that wherever there is a chink or a crevice an eye peers through it at you. The only way to be alone is to put your light out and go to bed.

Indeed, Koreans do not limit their curiosity to merely peering through the wall. They come boldly into the room, squat on the floor, and proceed to question you frankly:



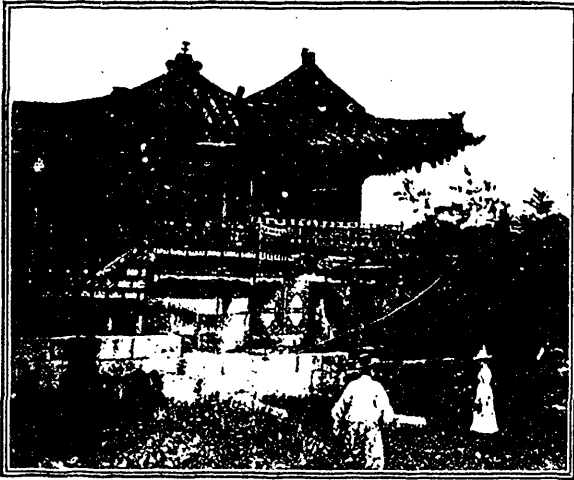
SOUTH GATE, SEOUL, KOREA'S CAPITAL.

hospitality if he had not had such a fire built under that same floor as would almost bake you in bed, be it summer or winter. The hot floor is at first very trying to the foreigner, but in time one is said to grow to like it.

Such as his hut is, the Korean is ever ready to yield it up for the convenience of travellers. You may take possession of his rooms at any time; you may even turn him out on the street and he will treat it as a matter

What is your family name? Where do you live? Have you come in peace? Are your parents alive? How old are you? Have you a son? What is your salary? What have you in your satchel?

For no one thinks of keeping secrets in Korea. Where are you going? What's your business? Whom is your letter from? These are common and perfectly proper questions. When a letter arrives it is quite the usual thing to see a whole group craning



KOREAN TEMPLE.

their necks over the owner's shoulders in reading it.

Doubtless, though, this same characteristic has been of great assistance in the spread of the Gospel tidings. In a country where no one is reticent why should not An, Amnaita, and Wushita talk to every one of the new life that is filling their thought?

At first you wonder when you enter the Korean hut how the flowing garments of the Korean are kept white. Even his stockings are great, padded, white creations in which he steps around as softly as a cat. You soon come at the secret of it, or at least the chief secret of it. It is the labor of his poor wife in the "inner enclosure."

Woman is a subject of contempt, beneath the consideration of the mighty man of Korea. He marries without love the woman his father bargains for. In fact there is no word for love in the Korean language. Woman is simply the necessary bridge between father and son. Her husband refers to her as "What-you-may-call her." She it is who cooks his

food, washes his white garments and, in short, does most of the household work. One must remember that it is scarcely sixteen years since Christianity entered Korea; that already changes are taking place. We are looking at the original Korea, and in "What-you-may-call-her" we find the hope of the nation. She at least works and is useful.

There is, doubtless, another reason why the Korean can dress in white. It is because the majority of the men do nothing. In a country where

nine-tenths of the men are idle and nine-tenths of the land is untillable, it is not hard to account for the poverty of the people. It mystifies the foreigner to know how the Korean lives. Years of residence in the country do not solve the mystery. The Korean is always on the verge of destitution, yet he always manages to continue his retired life. Labor is disgrace in his eyes. So long as he can get along without work he proves his unquestioned right to a place among the nobility. It is his boast and his glory that he does not work—does not even know how to work.

We recall an old lady in our own land who boasted that her daughters knew nothing about any kind of work—could do nothing at all. The good woman's ideas were on a par with the man of Korea. Says some one: "His house may be falling into ruins, his gates and doors off the hinges; poverty and want may stare from every chink, but so long as the master of the house does not work, his importance is assured. It is even greatly added to, if he can keep a staff of

servants to idle away their time about his premises."

But we must not think disparagingly of the Korean. There are splendid traits in his character. We may treat his ancestor worship as a subject of wonder and even amusement if we will, but there is something profoundly beautiful in his regard for father and mother. The Rev. James Gale tells a little story of how a mob had gathered around him was dispersed because it was found that he had a father and mother in Canada to whom he wished to write:

"In the mob that pushed into the courtyard, I saw the form and cut of dress of the governor's chief secretary—each official grade has its particular uniform by which it can be recognized. A word or two with him might avail something if I could only catch his ear. A moment later he came in through the press, and I had an opportunity to ask him if he would help me. 'In what particular?' said he. 'In this, it is our Western New Year's Eve to-night, and I would like quiet that I may write a letter to my father and mother, for I always write them on New Year's Eve.' 'Is your father alive?' asked the secretary with some surprise. 'Yes,' I said, 'alive, and has a very high regard indeed for Korea.'"

"He at once told those nearest him that my father and mother were alive, and that I was going to write them about their Land of Morning Calm. Word passed that I was to be trusted, for I had been born of parents and showed unmistakable signs of filial affection. Gradually the tumult quieted, the people took their departure, and some of the old women ventured to the front door and shouted questions about my maternal ancestry. Neither years nor miles can carry one beyond the protection that the Orient recognizes in the sacred names, father and mother."

Surely there is much hope of a people who have a filial love as deep



MISSIONARY TOURING IN KOREA.

as this. There may be no word for love in their language, but we feel persuaded there must be some such feeling in the hearts of the people, even though it has never found expression in words. Their filial piety is crudely and quaintly expressed in a stanza of their own poetry:

"That pond'rous weighted iron bar  
I'll spin out the thin in threads so far  
To reach the sun, and fasten on  
And tie him in before he's gone  
That parents who are growing gray,  
May not get old another day."

Another crude expression of feeling is in the following little Korean love song, which proves that the Korean is quite capable of human emotion. One has the feeling that there is a great deal reserved behind these awkward lines:

"That rock heaved up on yonder shore,  
I'll chisel out and cut and score,  
And mark the hair, and make the horns,  
And put on feet, and all the turns  
Required for a cow;  
And then, my love, if you go 'way;  
I'll saddle up my bovine gray,  
And follow you somehow."

Less crude are the lines on life:

"Ye white gull of the sea so free!  
What earthly care or rue



TYPE OF MISSION HOUSE.

Is there for a bird like you,  
Swimming on the sea?  
Tell of those happy islands where  
Poor mortals may resign their care  
And follow after thee!"

And now we will picture just one or two more Korean scenes. It is New Year's Eve. The lights are out in the low mud houses that line the village street. The moon is rising clear above the brown December hills. In its light you scan the houses and see outside the door of each a flour sieve. It is there for Santa Claus. For the Koreans have a Santa Claus, too, who comes on New Year's Eve; they call him Angwangi. But he is not the loving spirit who fills the stockings of Canadian children. He is a mean little elf, who goes around to the houses leaving typhus fever, cholera, leprosy and other such gifts. The very mention of "Angwangi" makes the little Koreans shrink in terror.

But there is one way of tricking the old fiend. He has a mania for counting the meshes of a flour sieve, so by putting flour sieves outside he is kept busy all night counting meshes

till day breaks and he has to go away without scattering his evil gifts.

Human nature is, as has often been said, much the same the world over. The Korean, like ourselves, attempts to "turn a new leaf" with the new year. Mr. Gale describes it thus:

"The noted moon of the year is the crescent that shines on the first night of the first month. Every native in the land feels that with it old things have passed away and that all things have become new. He pays his debts, puts on a new suit of clothes, bows his congratulations to the men of the village, and has the younger men bow to him; and yet after it all, there is a lack and an aching void. He acts not unlike Job did, when he said, 'Though I wash me with snow-water and make my hands never so clean, yet thou wilt plunge me in the ditch and mine own clothes shall abhor me.' Something dogs his footsteps of which he tries very hard to be rid; he calls in sorcerers, and fortune men, and during prolonged seances seeks their advice. A cook whom we left in Korea, had many times fallen a victim to a quarrelsome disposition, though he fought hard against it. We told him of the Christian way of combating such a foe, but it did not appeal to him. He said Koreans had a way too, but he would have to wait the New Year for its trial. When the New Year came late at night, we found him in the courtyard flying a kite on which he had first written, 'Evil disposition, impatience, bad words, street fighting, etc.' It was so dark that no kite could be seen; but when he had run the string out to its full length, he cut it and let it go, imagining that so he had rid himself of his enemies.

"Another regenerating method commonly practised is to prepare a straw image which contains in its inmost being a written statement of one's sins and shortcomings, together with a few cash. On New Year's night beggars who play the part of scapegoat, come by asking for *cheyong* or the image. It is passed out to them, and they become possessed of the evil, selling their peace of soul for the cash within."

Surely there is much hope of a people thus anxious to rid themselves of sin.

Like ourselves, the Koreans watch out the old year. Mr. Gale writes of the new year's season as it was before the song of salvation had been heard through the land. He writes of one dear old Korean grandmother who asked on his arrival for the first time in a village if he had any good books with him.

"Why, no," he said, "we have given them away long ago; but where did you ever hear of a good book?"

"Oh!" she answered, "I know of the Western Book, and I know Westerners are good people, and that they have not come to harm us."

The New Testament has been the real missionary in Korea. Before ever the missionary dared enter the Hermit Kingdom the New Testament was translated into Korean by the Rev. John Ross, then residing in Mukden. Large numbers of copies were sent into the country. When the missionaries arrived they found people in all parts of the land familiar with the Gospel, just as the old grandmother who asked Mr. Gale about the Western Book. When we remember that it is only twenty years since the doors of Korea were opened to the missionaries, and then, at first, only to the medical missionary, we marvel at the work that has been done.

The Korean has from the beginning shown a peculiarly receptive mind. It is no uncommon thing for a group of them to gather on the street and discuss the Gospel. In a few years after the entrance of the missionary



KOREAN COSTUMES AND VILLAGE SCENE.

in 1884 eight hundred converts had been won. To-day there are five thousand native Christians in a population of twelve million. "The harvest truly is great, but the laborers are few."

The present war in the East has naturally caused a good deal of unrest as to the outcome for Korea. Should Russia win and Korea become her prize it is unlikely that she would tolerate the work of other branches of the Christian Church in the land. The fall of Port Arthur has been a subject of great rejoicing to the missionaries in that land. Said a writer in an exchange some time ago: "The missionaries in Korea, to a man, I believe, are therefore hoping and sometimes praying for the victory of the heathen over the Christian, for we believe the heathen will prosper Christianity of a vital, forceful type more than the Christian nation."

The little church first erected in Korea stands as a bridge over which we trust the millions of that land will pass from the temple worship of other days into the white light of truth.

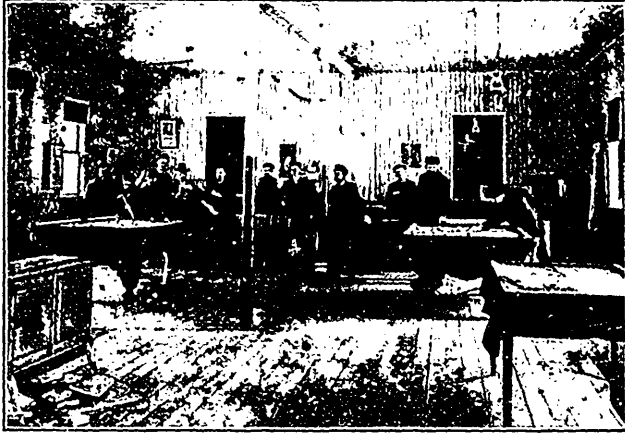


EXTERIOR READING TENT, A. R. MACDONELL'S CAMP, TEMISKAMING AND N. O. R.V.

## CAMP EDUCATION EXTENSION.

BY ALFRED FITZPATRICK,

General Secretary, Canadian Reading Camp Association, Ontario.



INTERIOR LOVELAND AND STONE'S CLUB-HOUSE, CUTLER, ONT.



THE problem of improving the condition of the semi-nomadic laborers who live in more or less temporary lumbering, mining and railway construction camps is mainly educational. The majority of these men are comparatively illiterate, while thirty-five per cent. are unable to recognize their own name in any language.

The causes of this illiteracy are, first, the foreign element, and secondly, the fact that this class of laborers is recruited chiefly from the newer settlements. The public school is usually late in reaching these communities, and when it does the average young man is often unable to avail himself of it. The combined efforts of the family are usually needed to make ends meet in a new country.

Education should not and need not be confined within the school walls. The average boy leaves the public school from the third reader. There is no reason why his education should end there; nor is there any reason why those who are wholly illiterate should not receive an education in the woods and mines in even the farthest confines of the earth. Literature will stand transportation as well as pork and beans, an instructor is as available and portable a person as a cook, and a reading shanty or tent is as easily run up as a cook-camp or bunk-house.

The practicability of manual laborers in the older settlements and towns acquiring an education or improving what they have in spare moments has often been demonstrated. Hugh Miller, in the quarries of Scotland, and Alexander McKenzie, on the Martello towers near Kingston,



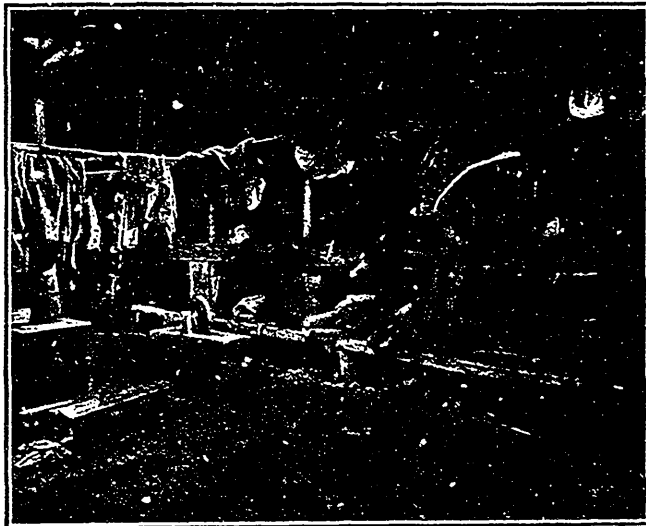


INTERIOR LOVELAND AND STONE'S CLUB-HOUSE, ONT.

Booker T. Washington, on Mrs. Ruffner's farm and in the coal mines and salt furnaces of Virginia, are well-known examples.

In recent years some employers have come to believe with Carlyle that they have "other obligations to their men than the payment of cash,"

and have assisted their employees in this direction. Perhaps the most successful efforts are being made by the National Cash Register Company, of Dayton, Ohio, John Wanamaker, and the owners of other departmental stores and manufacturing establishments. Along this line the German



INTERIOR OF A SLEEP-CAMP OR BUNK-HOUSE, SHOWING CLOTHING IN PROCESS OF DRYING, BUNKS, AND THE USUAL SEATING ACCOMMODATION OF A BENCH BESIDE THE LOWER BUNKS.



INTERIOR RATHBUN CO.'S READING CAMP.

Government has done a great deal in the way of assisting the laborer through the night-school in improving himself in his special trade. The Ontario and several other governments have also done something in this direction.

It is only within the last decade that the feasibility of educating the

men in the frontier camps above mentioned has been proven, although it scarcely required demonstration. Correspondence schools have established the fact that men who already have an elementary education can improve it by studying during spare moments in mining, prospecting and surveying camps while tenting but for a night.



INTERIOR OF ONE OF PARRY SOUND CO.'S READING CAMPS.



LOVELAND AND STONE'S CAMP NO. 1, READING ROOM IN BACKGROUND.

In the last four years the Canadian Reading Camp Association has shown it to be possible to acquire even the rudiments of an education in these camps, and also in lumbering and railway construction camps, a field which correspondence schools have not entered.

The Ontario Department of Education has assisted the work of the Association by initiating a system of camp libraries and giving a small grant for the maintenance of reading camp instructors. It has also, for several years, sent representatives from the School of Mines, Kingston, and the School of Practical Science, Toronto—usually Professors Goodwin and Bain—to visit the mining camps during the summer months, and give a series of lectures and practical demonstrations in mineralogy, geology and metallurgy to the men actively engaged in the mining industry.

These gentlemen, as well as the

reading camp instructors, do not confine their efforts to technical instruction, and are an untold influence for good in the camps they visit. This year Dr. Goodwin has taken his magic lantern with him, and additional interest is being awakened. The lantern has also been used successfully by the Association in a number of reading-rooms in the lumbering camps.

It is hoped the various provincial departments of education will in the immediate future undertake and assume full responsibility for the education of all beyond as well as within the school walls.

Hitherto, because of the failure of our Canadian departments of education and educational institutions to provide for the needs of the miner and railway employee, American correspondence schools have occupied the field. Although some of these schools are doing good work, and although



THE REV. MR. LECKIE, B.A., LL.B., HUNTSVILLE, ONT., AND HIS TEAM.  
Mr. Leckie is a Camp Missionary. He is supported by the W.C.T.U.  
and is popular with all classes.

the efficiency of the work done and practicability of this method of instruction are recognized by the large railway corporations, and by the leading manufacturers in the United States and Canada, and although one such school has more students re-

ceiving daily instruction in Canada than are in attendance at our Canadian Universities. nevertheless, no recognition of these schools has ever been given by our Canadian institutions.

One of the great needs of this busy



DOG-TRAIN BY WHICH MAIL IS CARRIED TO CAPT. WM. ROBINSON'S  
READING CAMP AT HUMB'G BAY, NINETY MILES NORTH-WEST  
OF SELKIRK, MAN.



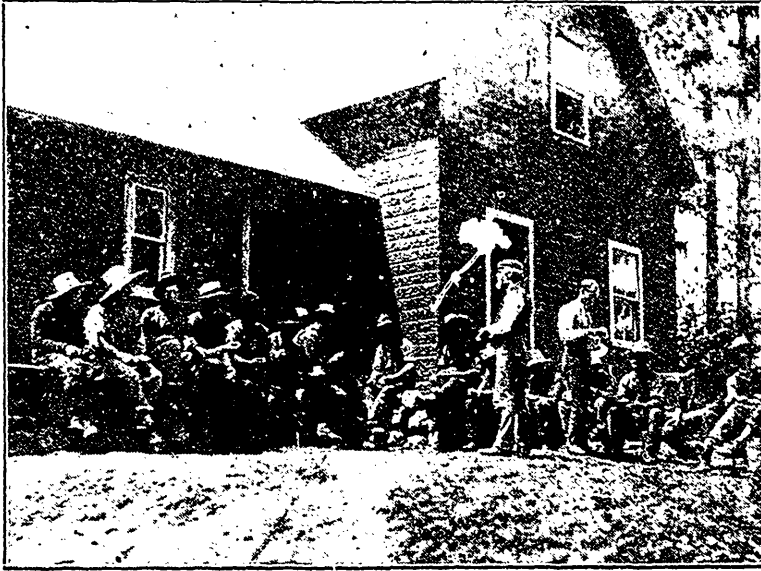
INTERIOR GEORGIAN BAY CO'S. READING CAMP, 25 MILES FROM COLDWATER. MR. H. L. LOVERING STANDING ON THE LEFT.

age is a system which will enable a man to educate himself while earning a living. In other words, we must bring the education to the man, instead of the man to the education. As to the most practicable means of doing this work it is difficult to dogmatize. A separate building at each camp is, in many ways, very desirable, if not absolutely necessary. Resident in-

struction is certainly needed for the illiterate, and great assistance could be given those taking up courses of study by correspondence, the number of which is comparatively small. An energetic instructor in the camp would inspire many who are more or less indifferent. The Association has been experimenting for four years, and is convinced that for the great



FATHER FLEMING READING TO THE BOYS IN FRONT OF THE PARRY SOUND CO.'S READING CAMP, ORRVILLE.



A CLASS OF MINERS IN RENFREW COUNTY.

After supper each night the miners are got together for an hour or two, and are given practical instruction that will help them to more intelligently develop Ontario's resources. These travelling schools are under the auspices of the Bureau of Mines, and are being conducted by Prof. Goodwin, of Queen's University, Kingston, and J. Watson Bain, of the School of Practical Science, Toronto.

majority resident instruction is indispensable. Details and the best methods would be determined upon as a result of careful observation and experiment. This ideal will probably be found in a system that combines both resident and non-resident instruction.

The work of the Canadian Reading Camp Association is the complement of that of the manual training schools. Both aim at the useful and the ethical, the development of character being the chief consideration. These schools would effect this through manual training within the school walls; the Association through mental and moral culture without.

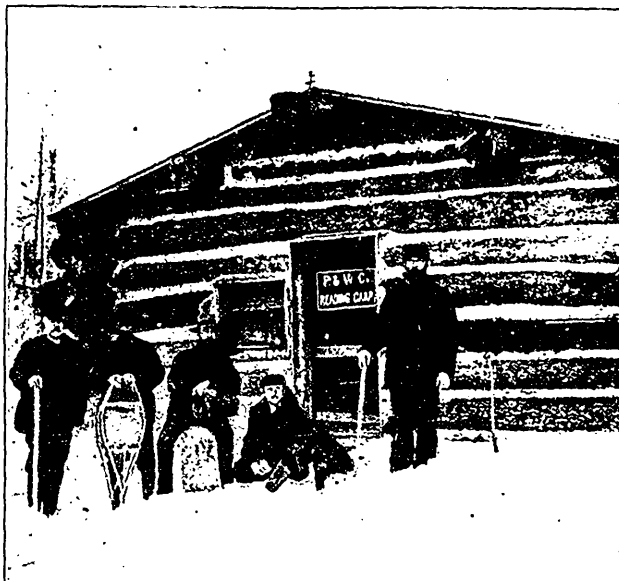
Charles H. Ham, in "Mind and Hand," proves conclusively that intelligent manual labor or tool practice directed towards useful ends promotes intellectual growth and the formation

of character. The Association aims to dignify isolated manual labor, and to free it from sordid and degrading conditions. Both believe that labor thus ennobled and made intelligent will become what Carlyle foresaw it would become, "the grand sole miracle of man," and the key to the industrial, educational, social and religious problems of our time.

On the other hand, the mere "hewer of wood and drawer of water" is developed abnormally on one side, the physical, and paralyzed on the other, the mental and moral. It is just as necessary that the man who works with his muscles should have an opportunity for mental and spiritual development as that a man who works with his brain should take physical exercise. Intellect, soul and body must go together to form one



INTERIOR READING TENT, A. B. MACDONELL'S CAMP, TEMISKAMING AND N. O. R.Y.



PLAYFAIR AND WHITE'S READING CAMP NEAR BEAVERTON.

well-rounded personality. We can no more divorce mental exercise and worship from manual labor than we can separate soul from body. The end is death in either case.

"Nor soul helps flesh more, now, than flesh helps soul."  
—Browning's "Rabbi Ben Ezra."

The tendency to this divorce has always been a cancer in our educational systems, and may be traced to the speculative philosophy of an early time, which encouraged the development of mind and despised the body.

Labor, alas! is still more or less despised, and this is ever a cause of social disintegration. The nation that will honor and educate labor, and thus give it its rightful place in relation to the mental and moral development of its citizens, will be the first to realize the kingdom of God upon earth.

Society and the Church owe much to frontier manual laborers. They have played an important part in the

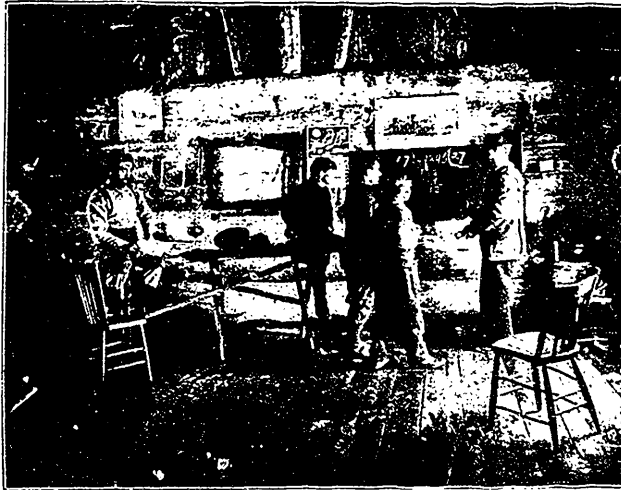
endowment of our schools, colleges, libraries and other institutions. They have cleared the forest and made the wilderness and solitary place glad, and the desert rejoice and blossom as the rose. But, alas! instead of educating these benefactors of mankind and ennobling their calling, we have degraded them by a life of isolation and ostracism. The well-to-do in State and Church often despise the lonely toiler whose back and limbs are bent because he bore his own and another's burden.

The Y.M.C.A. undertakes to send men and tents to military camps, where the militia drill but for a few weeks. The need, however, is not as great as at isolated mining, lumbering and railway construction camps, the military encampment being usually under the shadow of the churches and other institutions. It does better, and makes the same provision for the army in action, a much more difficult task.



This is well, but why attend to the needs of the soldier and neglect the shantyman, miner and navy? Does the soldier belong to a higher order of being? Is he not recruited from the same homes? Is the performance of "the daily round and common task" of sordid toil not as worthy of the country's honor and applause? The miner's and woodman's dangers from accident and unsanitary conditions are as many and as great as those engaged in military service, while they lack

loose rein, is fraught with untold consequences for evil. Lumber, gold, iron, railroads are all very useful, but the development of character is infinitely more important. Material goods are given us solely that we may work upon them and form character by the using of them. Character is the end, these are the means: "What shall it profit a man, if he should gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" is asked of the Church and State as well as of the individual.



INTERIOR CAMP SCHOOL, NAIRN CENTRE, ALGOMA.

the inspiration of exploiting an enemy's country, the stirring of martial music and the trappings of war. Their life is more solitary and humdrum. They seldom see any one outside of their own camp of from fifty to two hundred men, and when they return to the older settlements it is consequently harder for them to resist temptation.

These young men have a value all their own, and a value relative to the whole community. Their relation to the other young people, if allowed a

We are horrified when we see these young men spending their hard-earned wages in a few nights of debauch. The loss of money is the least part of, and the final act in, the awful life-drama. The real tragedy took place, not in the town and saloon under the public eye, but away back in camp on Sundays, and evenings when off work, the young man, because forsaken by his church, his country and his employer, when assaulted by the unseen powers of darkness, surrendered the fortress of the soul.

We are also alarmed when, on hearing of an outbreak of smallpox or typhus, we are told, perhaps unjustly, that it has come to us from the camps. There is reason for alarm, as it originated in filth somewhere, and no part of a community is safe so long as any other part of it is vile. But the moral and spiritual infectious and contagious diseases that are born and bred in these neglected centres of population are a menace infinitely greater.

That the problem is a serious one is seen from the fact that there are some 50,000 men engaged in the lumbering industry in Ontario alone, not to mention the other provinces or the great army of navvies and miners. About 35,000 of this number are in 500 comparatively large and more or less permanent camps.

In 1901 the writer estimated that to provide a separate building at each of these camps, with the co-operation of the employers, would require \$37,500 the first year, and, as the old building material could be used a number of times, less each succeeding year. As a matter of fact, a great deal less would be necessary, as most of the employers would provide the whole cost of building. The churches should assist the employers to this extent, as the buildings could be used for public worship. \$37,500 would be a mere trifle to the churches of Ontario. It is not a larger amount than scores of congregations invest in church buildings; besides, it would reach 35,000 men, whereas the average 37,500-dollar church does not often reach more than a thousand. The provision for instruction and supervision would be a much larger item, and this should be assumed by the Provincial Government, whose duty it is to educate its citizens; and steps should be taken to secure the co-operation of the men themselves and their employers, as in the older settlements.

An Assistant Secretary has been engaged—Mr. H. D. Robertson (McGill)—who will devote the greater part of his time to field work and supervision of some of the reading camps.

A forward step has been taken by the introduction of reading tents on railway construction. Two reading tents are being operated at MacDonell's camps. One of these was donated by Contractor A. R. MacDonell. It is worthy of note that Mr. MacDonell is the first railway contractor in Canada to attempt to provide for the mental and moral needs of his men by getting a tent for this purpose.

The main difficulty in the extension of this work is not a question of buildings. The majority of mining men and quite a few lumbermen have either already made provision of this kind at their camps or would be willing to do so if approached on the subject. The problem is largely one of supervision. In a few cases buildings have been provided that have not been a success, because the employers and the Department of Education did not, and the Association could not, engage men to look after them. The most successful club-houses in the more permanent mining camps and sawmill towns have a man, in each case, who devotes his whole time to making the particular institution under his care a success. The next are those in charge of teachers, who engage in manual labor during the day (sawing, chopping, etc.), and whose evenings are unemployed. Doctors and clerks are, as a rule, too busy in the evening to accomplish much in the reading camps, although in some cases they have done good work.

Some one is necessary to supervise each reading camp, and as there are a large number of men who can neither read nor write, the Associa-

tion decided that it was better to engage duly qualified teachers. Last year ten teachers were employed, two of whom were young medical doctors, a third a graduate of Oxford, a fourth a graduate of McMaster University, and two of the others were undergraduates of Queen's and Toronto Universities respectively. The

doctors practised medicine in the camps, and one of the teachers acted as clerk, while the others engaged in manual labor. Each man earned over one-half of his salary, the Association paid the balance. The reading tents are in charge of Mr. John Miller, of Queen's, and Mr. A. G. Davidson, of Toronto University.

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“UNTO THE DESIRED HAVEN.”

BY AMY PARKINSON.

The night drew on apace ; a wild, dark night,  
A night of rushing wind and rising wave ;  
Heaven's beacon lights all hid behind thick clouds.  
And on the heaving bosom of the sea  
A boat reeled to and fro, and vainly strove  
To gain her rest. With straining at their oars  
The weary mariners were well-nigh spent ;  
And Jesus was not yet come unto them.  
(For these were His disciples, and the Lord  
Had tarried on the land.)

The night grew more  
Obscure ; more boisterous roared the wind ; the waves  
Surged higher still ;—when lo, a Form of light  
Dawned through the gloom ! for o'er the tossing sea,  
Walking serene as upon solid earth,  
The Master came. And though the astonished men  
For one brief moment grew wide-eyed with fear,  
Not knowing Him, anon their hearts leapt up  
In joyous welcome, for a sweet “Fear not”  
Fell on their ears ; and, as they gladly made  
Room in their midst for Him, the winds lay down ;  
The foaming sea grew calm ; and straight the boat  
Was at the land whereunto they were bound.

Lord Jesus,—mighty still to save, as when  
Upon the earth Thou walkedst visibly,—  
Come to my help across life's troubled sea !  
I, too, am Thy disciple ; and the waves  
Buffet my fragile barque. The wind and rain  
Do beat upon me, till I grow so weak  
That scarce my trembling hands can grasp the oar.  
The darkness presses me.

O Thou, the Star  
Of deepest night ! Ruler of raging blasts !  
Calmer of storm-tossed seas ! Lighten this gloom ;  
Hush Thou the angry wailing of these winds ;  
And bid the waves so crouch before Thy feet,  
That they—the very dangers which I most  
Do dread—shall form a road for Thee, my King,  
To come to me.

And, when Thou drawest nigh,  
Clear Thou my vision ; make it quick to know Thee ;  
So fear may vanish in adoring joy.—  
Lord Jesus, come ! for, at Thy blest command,  
Swift shall my boat's keel touch the longed-for Land.

Toronto.

## MISSIONARY EXPERIENCES ON THE YUKON.

BY THE REV. S. HALL YOUNG, D.D.



IN 1879, John Muir, the California naturalist, and myself made our first of several long voyages together. We entered Glacier Bay, where the Muir Glacier is situated, and camped at Taylor Glacier. It is a mile and a half across its front—large enough to hold seven hundred or eight hundred of the *Mer de Glace*. Unlike most glaciers, it is advancing more rapidly than it melts. On its way it has inserted its solid plowshare of ice under a granite mountain, and is cracking it into a million pieces, and carrying the mountain bodily to the sea. It has swallowed up a salmon stream, at the foot of which an old Hoonah chief had pitched his camp. He thought that we had some mysterious connection with the strange and powerful god who was near him. He came and asked me to pray to my God to make the mountain of ice stop moving. He said: "Do you see how that great ice mountain is coming down every year like a live thing, and how it is spoiling my salmon stream? Right there used to be a fall in the river, where I would catch my large red salmon, but now my stream is almost spoiled. Last summer I prayed to my god, and sacrificed two of my slaves—an old man and woman—to the spirit of that glacier, but it will not stop. Now I want you to pray to your God and see if He can make that ice mountain go back." He thought no more of murdering that old man and wife to appease the spirit of that glacier than an old Jew thought

of sacrificing a sheep. Four years later we baptized that old man in the Presbyterian church at Juneau, and largely through his influence Fred Moore, his grandson, has become one of our most efficient native teachers and helpers. When such results can be obtained, it is worth while to expend money and teachers and missionaries upon those natives. The result of our work in this comparatively short time is this: You can scarcely find a young man or woman who has grown up in that archipelago within the last twenty or twenty-five years who cannot read and write and talk the English language. Almost all of them have made some progress in civilization, and are at least nominally adherents of the Christian religion.

At Point Barrow, the northernmost point of the continent, four missionaries have been laboring for several years among the ignorant, uncivilized ill-smelling Eskimos. At Nome, five years ago last autumn, I was seated in my tent on that treeless shore. Nearly eight thousand gold-seekers were camped there; about four thousand of them remained over winter. While we camped there in the mud a band of these heathen Eskimos appeared. Those natives of the far north-west are perhaps the most unprepossessing of any of our natives of North America, and this was one of the worst of the bands, who had never been taught the first principles of Christianity or of civilization. Their presence could be detected when they were half a mile away if they were to the windward. Men and women dressed alike, and were all indescribably filthy, looking and smelling as if they never

washed. As their custom was, they lifted up the flap of my tent and stared at me. While I was wondering how I could get rid of those people and the atmosphere they brought with them, two miners came along and stopped to look at them. I heard one say to another:

"Jim, look there; do you think them things has souls?"

"Well," said Jim, "I suppose so, though they don't look it, and if they have, they will have to go to heaven, sure, for the devil wouldn't have them around."

Three years later I was appointed a commissioner to the General Assembly from the newly organized Presbytery of Yukon, Alaska, and my associate commissioner was Kumia, an Eskimo elder from Point Barrow. Five years ago he was a heathen, living on an invariable diet of seal oil, and knowing nothing of the true God or of the ways of civilization; now he can read and write and speak English, and has made such progress in Christianity that we considered him fit to represent us before the General Assembly. When such results can be obtained in so short a time, it is worth while, even though preaching to the Eskimos involves the very extreme of self-sacrifice.

But I wish to speak especially of the work among the miners in the camps along the Yukon. In 1897, when the marvellous discoveries of gold became generally known, multitudes of men from all walks of life and from all parts of the globe hastened to the Klondike. The peculiarity of that crowd was that not one in ten had ever mined before. They were largely from the cities, plenty of lawyers and doctors and merchants and railroad men and clerks, as well as farmers' boys. It was only thirty miles from Skaguay to the navigable head-waters of the Yukon. But what

a thirty miles! Granite mountains crushed into sharp fragments and heaped up, narrow gorges with precipitous faces of solid rock; glaciers hanging on mountain breasts; threatening avalanches, and above sheer cliffs with glaciers at their base. Half that crowd turned back before they got across the Chilkut Pass.

I landed the last of August, and, after two months of struggle, and by sacrificing more than half of my goods in order to get the other half across the mountain, I reached Dawson. It was on the 9th of October, 1897, in the midst of a jam of ice floating down on the Yukon for two hundred and fifty miles in zero weather, with a foot of snow on the ground, and in the midst of four or five thousand houseless and homeless men. What a camp that was! What confusion! What ignorance of conditions! Hardly any of those men knew where they would get their gold, or how, but they expected to get it. We could not buy a pound of any kind of provisions for less than a dollar a pound.

Conditions were not very favorable to holding religious meetings, but the devil was at work and I could not be idle. I went to every gambling hall, every dance hall, every saloon, every large building in Dawson, asking the privilege of preaching the Gospel there. I was refused everywhere, not because they were enemies, for many had been my friends years before at Fort Wrangel, but they said that they could not clear out the crowd or keep them quiet. At last I found an unfinished log house capable of holding about a hundred men, and I paid \$850 cash for it. Two men were touched by the first sermon in that building, and confessed Christ at our first prayer-meeting. They joined our church at its organization as charter members on confession of their faith.

I will never forget that first Sun-

day. At night we had a still larger congregation than in the morning—men not able to find even standing room. I saw we were going to have great difficulty in lighting that building. Candles were a dollar apiece and were very scarce; kerosene was \$20 a gallon. I said to the men: "Now, you will have to help me out in this. Blow out the candle you would have used in your cabin to-night, and light it here." In that way they lighted our building all that winter at a good deal of sacrifice to themselves.

Under those circumstances we commenced our service, but after a winter of work our building burned down, with a loss of a thousand dollars, for which I was responsible. We organized on Easter Day, 1898, the First Presbyterian Church of Dawson, with fifty-nine charter members. To our great pride and joy, seven of those charter members were women, for good Christian women were very scarce in the Klondike. The first thing those good ladies did was to organize a Ladies' Aid Society; they gave a supper to pay off the debt, charging the prevailing price, \$3.50 a meal. When the rush came in we paid off the debt. We made that church self-supporting, and it has continued a strong, self-supporting church ever since. We built a church at the cost of \$3,000, paying for it; built a hospital at the cost of some \$5,000. Then I turned over the mission to the Canadian Presbyterians, and started the Presbytery of the Yukon. I organized another mission at Council, and that has been in charge of a theological student. At Teller we opened a mission in charge of a good Presbyterian elder until we could get a minister to carry on the work.

But you cannot always measure the effect of preaching the Gospel in Alaska or elsewhere by church organizations or even by professions of

Christianity. There is no people in the world that needs the safeguarding of precious lives from all manner of loose morals as in those camps. When the saloon is the only place to congregate, when there is no restraint of law or order, and no restraint of Christianity, men will drift with the tide. How often in our prayer-meeting have men said, with tears in their eyes: "If it was not for this church or this mission, I would be just drifting with the crowd." The Gospel is the only thing that can correct the evils of society and the only thing that can safeguard those precious lives.

We do not need sympathy for physical hardships, but there are trials much greater. All manner of vice marched with that company. I heard the miners say: "God does not exist here in the Klondike." And by the oaths that sounded from lips unused to them before; by the vast moral loss that many men met with; by the sad fall of many a professing Christian into all sorts of vice—by those falls you gauge the moral stamina of a man. The saddest part is to see the wickedness of those who have been trained in ways of Christianity.

We have many vices there—all the vices and lusts; but of all, I believe the most universal, deadly, dangerous, and soul-killing is that mad lust for gold. I know nearly all the men who "struck it rich" at Bonanza and Eldorado and other rich creeks in the Klondike, and to nine out of ten of those men their gold dust has brought nothing but trouble and misery, for they knew not how to get any real good out of it. I knew one young man who was brought up in a Christian home, and who came there a big, stalwart, lovable fellow. Three months later he sold a claim that he had staked for \$25,000. In two weeks he had not a cent of it left; one wild spree, and it was gone. A crowd of

those gambling and confidence men flocked around him, and kept him giving and treating the town, and having, as he thought, "a big time." The outcome of it was attempted suicide as he went back to work for wages on the claim that he had sold.

One thing that impressed me was the futility of a mere secular education to safeguard a life from moral failure and ruin. I knew many college-bred men, some of them educated in Oxford and Cambridge, in England, or in Yale, Harvard, Princeton, who are now saloon-keepers, barkeepers, superintendents of a faro table, or the mere hangers-on and stokers for saloons and gambling halls. The worst savages I have ever known—the most filthy, hopeless, irreclaimable savages—were educated, college-bred men from Christian communities. But if the man is strong in character, and especially if he has that strength that is from above, he becomes tenfold stronger and more noble in the face of such temptations. No more lovable and admirable men exist anywhere than the men of those camps in the north. The hard rubbing that destroys clay, polishes the diamond.

In the rough logging camps, and away up in dark little camps up those creeks, I have met men ready to discuss any question. The brightest con-

gregation I have ever ministered to and the hungriest for the Gospel was in Alaska. Some of those men come regularly every Sunday from fifteen to twenty miles to hear the sermon. Many of them had not heard a sermon in months, and thousands of men scattered in the wild camps of Alaska have not a chance all winter to hear the Gospel. One old-timer, whom I had known seventeen or eighteen years before at Fort Wrangel, said he had not been to church since he saw me last. He came merely for music, but presently he began to be touched; he began to study the Bible; he joined the Bible class; and at last that old "forty-niner" got up to give his testimony in the rough language and slang of the camp. He said: "You all know me. I've lived the life of the camps, and I had no thought of what was going to come hereafter. I've been in every camp on the coast, from California to the Arctic, and I've had all sorts of luck; but, partners, this is the first time that I've ever struck it real rich." I never knew the joy of service until I experienced the service of preaching the Gospel to those miners of the north.—*The Missionary Review of the World.*

NOTE.—We hope soon to supplement this paper with one describing the introduction of Methodist Missions into the Yukon.—Ed.

"AS ONE WHOM HIS MOTHER COMFORTETH."

BY AMY PARKINSON.

Dear Lord, I have often told Thee

How weary and weak I grow,  
And how I am troubled and tossed about  
By the thoughts that confuse me so.

And Thou hast patiently listened,  
And drawn my tired head to Thy breast,  
Tenderly soothing me, till I have lain,  
Like a pacified child, at rest.

Oh, quiet me now, Lord Jesus!  
Speak peace to my heart once more,  
With the voice of love which, many a time,  
Has comforted me before.

Toronto.

Tell me again that the questions,

Which do so bewilder me,  
Are not for my answering, that I may leave  
These perplexities to Thee;

That Thou in Thy hand art holding  
The key to life's mysteries all—  
And that my part is just to be trusting Thee,  
In matters of great or small.

Bid me remember that shortly  
I shall know as I am known,  
And help me to wait, with a tranquil mind,  
For the light which shines from Thy Throne.

## THE CRISIS IN THE NORTH-WEST.

BY THE REV. O. DARWIN.



THE late Cecil Rhodes, the great empire builder, once said: "If there be a God, I believe He wants me to help carry out His purpose in history by painting as much of the map of Africa as I can a British red." What we need as Christian workers, members of the Church of Christ, is a clear vision that God wants us, as His disciples, to paint this great land with which we are identified a Christian white.

There are conditions, hindrances and opposing influences to this work, and these constitute the problems of our home mission work. There are the thousands of people that are coming to us, scattering over wide areas of our country, requiring greatly multiplied agencies in men and homes and churches; there are the institutions of the devil—the licensed liquor traffic, the brothel and the gambling den; there are infidelity, agnosticism, atheism and materialism, with its greedy mammonism and blight of deadly worldliness.

As we look at this great array we are led to ask: Who is sufficient for the solving of these problems? Who is sufficient for these things? The pessimist says it cannot be done; the problems must remain unsolved; the work cannot be overtaken; the oncoming tide of materialism is too much for the Church; things are getting worse and worse; it is impossible.

We, however, are not of that school. We believe in God; we have faith in Christ, the great Mediator; we believe that He will no more desert His

people in their great spiritual need today than He did that hungry, famishing, fainting multitude in the desert place nineteen hundred years ago, when, with five loaves and two small fishes, He fed five thousand souls. Impossible! Napoleon, at the battle of Lodi, ordered an advance across the long, narrow bridge that was swept by the Austrian artillery. One of his staff turned to him and said: "Sire, that is impossible." With flashing eye Napoleon turned to him and said: "That word is not French; go forward," and forward moved the French host, carrying the bridge and capturing the Austrian artillery, and the Plains of Lombardy were open to Napoleon's army.

And in this great movement of the evangelization and Christianizing of this great land, with the marching orders of the great Commander-in-Chief; with an omnipotent and omniscient God behind and above us, in His name we will go forth to the task and laugh at impossibilities, and shout: "It shall be done." We, however, must recognize the part we have to play in this great drama in order to its success. Seventy years ago, when the rush into the Western States began, the wisest men of the Republic began to doubt how long the original stock of America could bear the interfusion of elements alien to their history and to the faith of their ancestry. The conviction was then often expressed that the case was hopeless on any theory of their national growth which did not take into account the eternal decrees of God. Good men were hopeful only because they had faith in the reserves of might which God held secret from human view.



Students of the history of that country in those days will have read how such men as Dr. Lyman Beecher, of Ohio, and Dr. Wm. Blackburn, of Missouri, used to return from their conflicts with the multiform varieties of Western infidelity to thrill the hearts of Christian assemblies at the East with their pictures of Western greatness and Western perils.

The ideas which these veterans of the platform kept before the minds of the people were three: The magnitude of the West in geographical area; the rapidity with which it was filling up with social elements, many of them hostile to each other, but nearly all of them conspiring against Christian institutions; and the certainty that Christianity must go down in the struggle if Eastern enterprise was not prompt in seizing upon the then present opportunity, and resolute in preoccupying the land for Christ.

Again and again these men said on these Eastern platforms: "Now is the nick of time. In matters which reach into eternity, now is always the nick of time. One man now is worth a hundred fifty years hence. One dollar now is worth a thousand then. Let us be up and doing before it is too late."

These eloquent appeals for help failed to arouse the Eastern people as they ought to have been aroused, and the result is, we are told, the Church has never been able to overtake the ground which was lost in consequence of their failure to respond.

History is repeating itself. Instead of the Western States it is now Western Canada. Our turn has come. We have, according to careful estimate, two hundred and fifty million acres of wheat-producing land, and only about sixty million under cultivation. Millions of acres still vacant waiting for settlers; people desiring to be settled turning their eyes toward our great prairies, "boundless and beautiful,"

and hundreds of thousands coming to take possession of these acres and beginning the task of home and fortune making.

As we look upon this great inrush of population from the standpoint of the Church and the Christian ministry, we surely cannot fail to see a great wide open door of opportunity. When we think of the power of environment, if we have the conception we ought to have of our exalted calling and privilege, we shall bless God for the splendid opportunity afforded us in having a part in making the conditions of such a kind that the new settlers will be influenced on the side of right, of Christ, and the Church.

"The rudiments of Empire here are plastic yet  
and warm,  
The chaos of a mighty world is rounding into  
form."

And the form is going to be largely what the Christian people of the country choose to make it.

The new settler upon his first arrival is in a frame of mind to be easily won for God or evil. He leaves his former home and all his associations, his friendships and fellowships. He comes into a new country. He looks for new surroundings. He expects to adapt himself to new conditions of society and to swing in with what he finds. He acts according to this expectation. If he is met with a warm-hearted Christian greeting, he takes that to be the new order and is predisposed to respond to it. If he is met by godless conditions, if he finds the community careless of the Sabbath, absentees from church worship, or perhaps without the opportunity of enjoying it, he assumes that this is to be the atmosphere of his new surroundings, and he is inclined to take things as he finds them. But when once he has settled down to these conditions, all his predispositions will be against change.

We must, therefore, keep ahead of this opportunity. Just a little too late will mean, in many instances, too late for ever. The Methodist Church in this land and in this work has a great responsibility, a responsibility which should drive us to our knees, asking for the sight of a seer's discernment, of power to grip what we behold, and wisdom to organize and direct a mighty campaign for God. Our Western country just now is in that condition which Edmund Burke described as "a perilous and dancing balance." And the question of the hour is, Which way shall the balance turn? and that will depend largely on how we see, and how we seize, the situation before us.

In the present condition of affairs one is reminded of the judgment which has been expressed by almost all the great generals of the world, from Julius Cæsar to the generals of modern times, that in every decisive battle there is a moment of crisis on which the fortunes of the day turn. The commander who seizes and holds that ridge of destiny wins the victory. The conflict of the world's salvation and evangelization partakes of the same character. Our national salvation demands in supreme exercise certain military virtues: "Vigilance in watching opportunity; tact and daring in seizing upon opportunity; force and persistence in crowding opportunity to its utmost or possible achievement—these are the martial virtues which must command success. Christian enterprise for the moral conquest of this land needs to be conducted with the self-abandonment which determined men would throw into the critical moment in the critical battle of the critical campaign for a nation's endangered life."

What the campaign in Pennsylvania was to the Civil War, what the battle of Gettysburg was to that campaign,

what Waterloo was to another nation on another occasion—such is the present opportunity to the Christian civilization of this country. Wherever you turn in this great land you are confronted by the same element of crisis in the outlook upon the future. And, as one has said, "Everything seems, to human view, to depend on present dissolving chances. Whatever can be done at all must be done with speed. The building of great states depends on one decade. The nationalizing of alien races must be the work of a period which, in a nation's life, is but an hour."

The elements we work upon and the elements we must work with are fast precipitating themselves in fixed institutions and consolidated character. Nothing will await our convenience. Nothing is indulgent to a dilatory policy. Nothing is tolerant of a somnolent enterprise.

What we ought to do, and do quickly, is to plant ourselves in the strategic points of this country.

The first and most important place is in this city of Winnipeg. We ought to take a leaf from the book of Old Country Methodism, and in this city plan a mission equal to the one conducted in Manchester or in Edinburgh. A centre near the C.P.R. station, from which missionary work on a scale which has never been attempted in this land before, ought to be inaugurated. I believe from such a mission untold blessing would go out throughout the length and breadth of this great land.

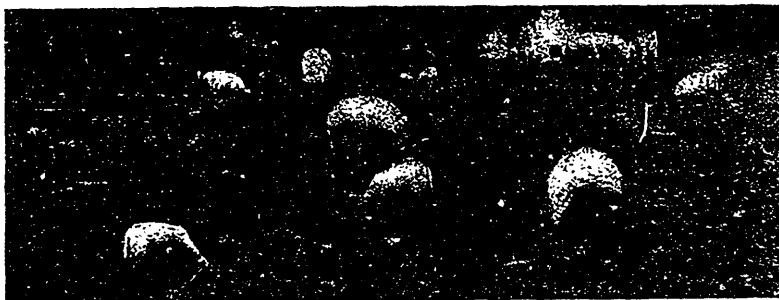
Methodism ought to furnish men for the hour; young men who will see the opportunity for doing grandly for God and country, and who, while they would never dream of giving themselves to the work for salaries' sake, will willingly go for the Saviour's sake. We are engaged in what Lord Bacon called the "heroic work of

making a nation," for which heroic sacrifices are demanded. We thank God for so many who are making the sacrifice for men on our home mission fields, who are possessed of the spirit of heroes. In this crisis of our work, pray for us. Pray for the work. Pray for the workers. Pray that God may raise up and send forth laborers into his harvest field.

The present emergency demands the consecration of our means; the acceptance of the principle of Christian stewardship in order that the missionary treasury may be adequately furnished for the carrying on of the

great work. Let men of wealth bring their gifts to the Lord's treasury so that there shall be no lack of means with which to carry on the work. Let the whole force of Canadian Methodism be organized for a determined attack upon everything that is unholy, un-Christian, especially in this Western land, and as a Church let us seek to lay the foundations deep and strong and stable in these institutions which are the strength and glory of any land. In this way our problems will be solved, our country saved, and God, even our God, shall be glorified.

Winnipeg, Man.




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### A H O L I B A H .

BY R. BOAL.

A glorious creature wert thou made,  
A woman, so exceeding fair  
That men, beholding, were afraid;  
Thy face made faint the gazers there,  
And so the witchery of thine eyes  
Filled chosen captains with surprise.

Fine raiment decked thee as a bride  
And purple silks were thine attire,  
And lustrous gems gleamed from each side  
And stirred bold captains with desire,  
Men wrought thee marvels out of gold  
Thy walls all glorious arts unfold.

Rich wine of many seasons fed  
Thy mouth, and made it wanton sweet;  
Thy silken shoes were bound with red,  
Thy royal garments were complete  
And pearls and rubies decked thy head  
Thou satest on a stately bed.

Aholibah God called thy name,  
His tabernacle thou didst know,  
But wrath fell on thine evil shame  
Thy dust the desert winds now blow,  
And so the heathen people say  
Her name and fame have passed away.

## THE MIRACLE MAKER OF GARDENS.

BY EMMA BURBANK BEESON.



THE hundreds of valuable new fruits, nuts, grains, grasses, flowers, and vegetables emanating from the experimental farms of Luther Burbank at Santa Rosa and Sebastopol, California, have made his name a household word the world over, and so marvellous are these creations that men and women everywhere are watching the progress of his work, and seek to know more of his methods.

Varieties of fruit have been produced that are more prolific and hardier, growing in regions where the old varieties failed; the fruit season has been prolonged several months by early and late bearing varieties; keeping qualities have been developed so as to stand long distance shipment; many years of costly waiting have been saved the fruit growers by precocity in trees; fruits have been made larger, stones removed, thorns eliminated, shells made thinner, flavor, color and odor improved, and entirely new fruits produced. Grains and fodder plants have been made larger, more prolific, more nutritive, and to have less waste; cotton, rice, and sugar cane have been improved. To flowers have been added beauty, grace, perfume, size and color.

The practical value of this can scarcely be estimated; if wheat, barley, oats and rice yield only one grain more to each head, and corn one more kernel to the ear, the result in the United States in one year would be millions of bushels of these staples, without extra cost of labor; but not alone for one year or one nation are

these results; they are legacies that belong to every man, woman and child who shall inhabit the earth. The work of the plant-breeder appeals to all; those who are unable to appreciate the importance of the experiments, or to enjoy the beauty of the flowers, realize something of the value of improved food products.

The sun never sets upon the Burbank creations; in far away New Zealand and in the wilds of Australia they find a welcome; in South Africa are the Cecil Rhodes orchards, from which plums are shipped to San Francisco for the winter market, arriving in good condition after a journey half around the globe; in the garden of King Edward grows the famous crimson winter rhubarb, also enjoyed by the Japanese Mikado. One thriving town in California, Vacaville, owes its growth and prosperity to the Burbank fruits, and claims him as its patron saint.

Only a few of the most remarkable productions can be described in this article.

The primus berry, the first recorded instance of a fixed species produced by man, is the result of crossing the Siberian raspberry with the native California dewberry; it is very productive, of a unique flavor, and ripens its fruit before most of the standard blackberries and raspberries bloom.

The plumcot is a combination of the apricot and the Japanese plum, and is a distinct new fruit, still undergoing improvement; the fruit is more highly colored than either parent, it has a slight silky down and shadowy bloom.

The new prune has a nutty kernel without shell, and can be easily cut

through with a knife; the kernel gives an improved flavor to the fruit. The sugar prune, because of its large size, sweetness and drying qualities, has proved of great value in the prune industry.

By combining the Japanese and American plums, hundreds of new plums have been produced, varying in size, color, flavor and quality; the Bartlett plum has the flavor of the Bartlett pear, the rice-seed plum has an extremely small seed, each has its peculiarity, but only those varieties that have demonstrated their superiority have been introduced to the public.

In these enchanted grounds the poppy is now being transformed; last year in a bed of more than two thousand plants, no two were alike. A wonderful poppy, the product of a cross between a perennial and an annual, is of rare beauty, and blossoms all the year.

The beautiful Shasta daisy, one of the most useful and most popular of flowers, is the result of combining the American with the Japanese and European species, followed by years of skilful selection.

The Australian star flower, a fadeless flower, is another plant now in process of development at Santa Rosa; over a thousand letters and telegrams concerning the flower have been received, and many firms are competing for the exclusive right to handle it, but it is not yet ready to go out into the world.

It is, however, upon the thornless cactus that all eyes are centred; these plants of priceless value have been ten years reaching their present state of perfection, yet they must linger months, perhaps years, before perfected and ready to go forth on their mission, made edible for man and beast, to reclaim vast deserts and

furnish food for twice the present population of the world.

How has all this been accomplished? The methods are hybridization, selection and environment, but the work is unique and embraces the whole life of the man—observation, research, insight, skill and experiment. Allowing no rules or preconceived opinions to deter him or impede the work, no other living man has got so close to nature in the realms of horticulture.

As a scientist will Luther Burbank have the greatest eminence in coming years.

As yet his work is known chiefly by its practical horticultural results; many of his most remarkable experiments and of great scientific import, having no immediate commercial value, are unrecorded.

Without financial aid this alchemist in nature's laboratory has produced more changes in plant life than were ever previously known in the world's history, and while thousands of dollars are annually received from the sale of these creations, it has all been expended in the vast experimental work, so that there has been neither time nor money for the keeping of explicit records.

The trustees of the Carnegie Institution at Washington, D. C., impressed with this fact, have recently made an appropriation of \$100,000, payable in ten annual instalments, in order to facilitate the work and secure accurate records for science. In a measure emancipated from financial care, it is hoped that he will have time for placing in permanent form some of the facts he alone possesses.

His experiments are on a scale more gigantic than was ever before attempted. Three hundred thousand varieties of plums are now growing on his experiment farm at Sebastopol,

each tree grafted so as to contain from one to five hundred different kinds; at one time there were nearly or quite five hundred thousand seedling lilies growing on the place, and twenty-six thousand roses; the thornless blackberry was selected from sixty-five thousand seedling plants, and from nearly a million seedling pears no tree worthy of propagation was produced; many other fruits and flowers have been grown on a like magnificent scale.

These experiments are of intense interest to scientific men, and the experiment grounds are a veritable Mecca to scientists, many of whom, from the great universities and experiment stations of every country, find their way there each year.

That his work is not unappreciated is evinced by the California Academy of Science in 1903 awarding to him, as the man who had accomplished most in the development of plant life, its semi-centennial gold medal, an honor that falls to but one man in half a century. When his name was spoken in the French Chamber of Deputies at Paris, every member arose to his feet as a tribute of honor.

He was elected the first honorary member of a possible ten of the Plant and Animal Breeders' Association of United States and Canada, and he is an honorary member of many other scientific organizations. Notwithstanding that he considers himself a doer rather than a talker, he has recently received the appointment as honorary lecturer to the Stanford University at Palo Alto, California.

He has little time for writing, but the few papers from his pen have been well received and widely disseminated; even his commercial catalogues are used as text-books in the universities at Moscow and other foreign cities. The discoveries he is making are of greater importance

to humanity than were those of steam and electricity. With more and better food products, weakness and crime will be lessened; more beautiful flowers will bring with them higher ideals, and better conditions for man will prevail.

The social and spiritual import is far greater than the practical and economic. If such wonders can be wrought with plants, what may not be done with man, the most sensitive of all living things to his environment.

An idealist, but not a dreamer, is Luther Burbank; in the humble weed by the roadside he has seen the poetry and beauty of floral wealth, and has wrought it, as can no poet with pen or artist with brush, into the life of the world.

My brother was born March 7th, 1849, in the beautiful and historic town of Lancaster, Mass.; reared on a New England farm, loving nature in her varied forms, he made the best use of all his opportunities.

My father was a man of scholarly tastes and strong convictions, a good business man, who gave each child the best example and education in his power; while my mother, possessing a remarkable fondness for flowers, no doubt transmitted the inventive and horticultural tendencies to her son.

Luther's first toys were the plants in the window and in mother's flower garden; he never ruthlessly destroyed a blossom, but loved them as things of life, and a bright flower placed in the baby hand would always stay the falling tears.

A quiet, retiring child, shrinking from notice, Luther spent much of his time with nature; he knew more than any one else about the apples in the orchard, the wild berries on the hillside and in the meadow grasses, the chestnuts and hickory nuts in the woods. He knew where to find the

first blossoms of spring and the brightest flowers of summer. The birds and animals allured him, and no rock, tree or cloud escaped his notice. The habit of observation and classification, with the power of individualizing, which he possesses in such a remarkable degree, was early developed. Both in the district school and the Lancaster Academy he excelled in scholarship, and was a favorite with teachers and classmates.

Coming to California in 1875, the letters to the New England home tell how the beauties of the Santa Rosa Valley, afterward to become his home, and the scene of his plant transformations, appealed to his enthusiastic temperament.

Since coming to California he has collected plants from all parts of the globe. In recent years he has had collectors in foreign lands, and has been greatly assisted by botanists and explorers.

Penetrating into the secrets of nature, finding unknown truth in familiar facts, he has acquired a knowledge of the habits, characteristics, adaptability and latent possibilities of plant life possessed by no other. This has required patient toil, privations and self-denial; often misunderstood, sometimes misrepresented, thwarted and disappointed, but never discouraged or impatient, he has gone steadily on with his experiments.

Life is very simple in the vine-covered cottage at Santa Rosa, with his plants as his only family; the mother, now past ninety years of age, shares his home and rejoices to see her son honored of the world, revered by associates, respected by employees and loved by all.

Very exacting in his work, as each plant undergoing transformation demands his personal skilful care; the

supervision of help, a large correspondence and the thousands of callers each year have taken many hours from needed rest. If a spirit of work pervades the atmosphere, so does the spirit of tranquillity and good feeling which accompanies the work uplift, and there is a charm in the association with the great men and women who flock thither.

Strong in his principles and convictions, he uses neither tobacco or alcoholic drinks, and employs no men addicted to their use; he recently declined to have a new brand of cigars bear his name and portrait. He subscribes to no creed, believing that each to-morrow should

“Find us farther than to-day.”

Tender in his nature, he may be seen some early morning in summer as he carefully examines certain plants, to gently open the petals of a poppy where some belated bee, in his task of carrying pollen from flower to flower, had become imprisoned by the closing of the flower for the day; the bee's smothered cry had reached his sensitive ear, and very tenderly he sets the little captive free, watching its glad flight in the bright sunlight. The only secret of success that he claims is honesty with nature. When upon introduction one said: “I believe you are the man who improves upon nature,” he rather indignantly replied: “No, sir; I only direct some of her forces.”

The public schools of California and neighboring states are making his birthday, March 7th, a “Burbank Day” for the planting of trees and flowers with appropriate exercises. No tribute could be more fitting.

He says: “I shall be content if because of me there shall be better fruits and fairer flowers.”—The Independent.

## CANADIAN JOURNALISM.

*ITS OPPORTUNITIES AND RESPONSIBILITIES.*

BY H. P. MOORE.



THE late Sir Oliver Mowat declared at one of the functions he attended a few months before his death, that the profession of journalism, as it obtains in Canada, is one of the most useful and most attractive professions with which he came in contact during his public career.

Prof. Bryce in his work on America says the press owes its power to three sources: its narrators, its collectors, and its weathercocks—to the last source its chief influence. Lieutenant-Governor Kirkpatrick at the annual dinner of the Canadian Press Association in 1893, in quoting this statement, said that Mr. Bryce might so judge the press of the United States, but as for the Canadian press its influence was much more largely due to the first two sources named. As collectors of news; as reporters of every passing incident, and emphasizing the progress of the country, the Canadian press stands distinguished for its zeal and industry. As advocates of political opinions our newspapers and journals are characterized by a fearlessness and an ability most creditable to all connected therewith, as well as to the country itself. In fact, the Canadian press embodies in

\* Mr. Moore, who at the request of the editor prepared the accompanying paper, is specially well qualified to render the service. He is himself a veteran editor and proprietor of one of the ablest, best printed and handsomest weekly journals in Canada. He has had the honor of being president of the Canadian Press Association, and is a fine type of a progressive Canadian journalist.—Ed.

a clear and concentrated form the general progress and position of the people.

Canadian papers are by no means perfect, yet the press, as a whole, is far broader in view and has a wider knowledge of world politics than that of the United States. This is a natural result of our Imperial position, and the consequent associations, and is a feature worthy more than a passing thought. Upon the whole, the press of Canada is a great influence for good citizenship and higher ideals. It is, notwithstanding adverse criticism in some quarters, proving more and more the beacon to light the way to the highest and best development of national and industrial life.

The leading journals of the country to-day are well written, increasingly moderate in tone, surprisingly non-sectarian for a country of divided religions, highly moral in principle, and fairly free from the sensationalism which is so objectionable in those countries where "yellow" journalism panders to tastes morbid and unnatural. And all this may, in large degree, be said of the newspapers in general throughout the Dominion.

It is gratifying that the material position of the press of Canada is steadily improving. The past has been a struggle against adverse circumstances and difficulties only appreciated fully when it is remembered that ours is a new country bordering for three thousand miles upon the possessions of a great national competitor whose alien influence has been difficult to overcome. The present is



marked by almost every element of progress in a right direction.

Some one has said that the conditions and influence of the press of a country is an accurate indication of that country's advancement. The fact that Canada possesses so many prosperous and influential newspapers, circulating so widely and extending over so great an area, is therefore an index of this country's progress. Our newspapers are manifesting to the outside world how extensive is the field and how great its possibilities.

In his annual address at the session of the Canadian Press Association in February, President John A. Cooper, editor of *The Canadian Magazine*, laid special emphasis on the progress and influence of the press of Canada. He said in part: "It may be permissible for one who has served ten consecutive years on the executive of this Association, to make some comments on the growth of journalism in the past decade. It is not necessary to prove to this gathering that there has been steady progress in the journalism of the world. . . . In Canada there has also been decided and notable progress. The number of the daily papers has increased about twenty-five per cent., but the combined circulation has increased in a much greater proportion. The quality and quantity of the matter have also shown an advance, while the mechanical features are notably superior. Viewed either as a commercial enterprise or as a moral and political force, the Canadian daily of the present is vastly superior to that of ten years ago. The news service is better, its earning power has greatly increased, and its expenditure for editorial and reportorial service has shown equal expansion. The social position of the journalist to-day is quite equal to that of any other profession."

Another feature, and one more marked in this country than in any other in the world, is the increase in the number of towns where newspapers are published. The rapid settlement of Canada's great heritage in the west, has almost doubled the number of publications issued in Manitoba, the Territories and British Columbia. The centre of gravity of Canadian journalism is moving westward, and it is an open question whether the great newspaper of the Dominion ten years hence will be published in Montreal, Toronto or Winnipeg.

A comparative statement, showing the number of publications in Canada in 1891 and the number published in 1905, compiled for this article from McKim's Canadian Newspaper Directory just issued, will vividly illustrate the progress referred to:

|                     | 1891 | 1905 |
|---------------------|------|------|
| Dailies.....        | 91   | 115  |
| Weeklies.....       | 580  | 851  |
| Tri-Weeklies.....   | 7    | 3    |
| Semi-Weeklies.....  | 17   | 35   |
| Bi-Weeklies.....    | ..   | 2    |
| Semi-Monthlies..... | 20   | 30   |
| Monthlies.....      | 119  | 200  |
| Tri-Monthly.....    | ..   | 1    |
| Bi-Monthly.....     | 1    | 2    |
| Quarterlies.....    | 2    | 10   |
| Semi-Yearly.....    | ..   | 1    |
|                     | 747  | 1250 |

With this large number of newspapers and periodicals, spread over the Dominion, the opportunities for advancing Canada's best interests are great indeed. Characterized very generally by the spirit of patriotism to the country in the higher, broader, and better sense; ever ready to right wrongs and advance moral questions, the press of Canada is and will be a power for good in the upbuilding of

a great nation. It has the opportunity to pour its ceaseless influence through city, town, village, and hamlet, and is embracing the opportunity fearlessly and intelligently.

By its continuous diffusion of news and expression of opinion on current events it widens the horizon of the people's sympathies, and enables them to avert a thousand evils and to promote a thousand blessings in a way which was impossible in earlier days.

One of the greatest functions of modern journalism, and markedly of Canadian journalism, is to discover and express that public opinion which is so powerful in all civilized communities. Every really capable editor has convictions and uses his journal to impress these convictions upon his readers. And the weekly paper is at no disadvantage with respect to the manufacture of public opinion, because the daily is hastily scanned and then thrown aside; the editorials often producing but slight effect, while the weekly or monthly is taken up over and over again, and in leisure moments and convenient times, and is thus more carefully read and digested.

As an educational agency the press of Canada has also its opportunities. It instructs all classes; deals with all subjects, and pours light upon the doings of all. It manifests a growing tendency to magnify the good, and expose the bad in such a way as not to fire lust nor feed greed, but to abash the evil-doer and to kindle hatred against his conduct.

The press alone makes public interests its own. "What is everybody's business is nobody's business"—except the journalist's; it is his by adoption.

He holds officials to their duty; he promotes every hopeful plan of progress; he brings all classes, all professions together, and teaches them to act in concert on the basis of their common citizenship.

In his admirable brochure, "The Power of Public Opinion," by Joseph Pulitzer, in answer to the criticisms of the utility of his benefaction in establishing the School of Journalism in Columbia University, he says: "Nothing less than the highest ideals, the most scrupulous anxiety to do right; the most accurate knowledge of the problems it has to meet, and a sincere sense of its moral responsibility, will save journalism from subservience to business interests, seeking selfish ends antagonistic to the public welfare. Once let the public come to regard the press as exclusively a commercial business and there is an end of its moral power. Influence cannot exist without public confidence. It must rest in the end on the character of the journalist. The editor, the real journalist of the future, must be a man of such known integrity that he will be above the suspicion of writing or editing against his convictions. It would be well if the editor of every newspaper were also its proprietor; but every editor can be the proprietor of himself."

Happily, the great majority of our Canadian journalists realize this responsibility, are ready to be true to the best interests of the country and its people, and whether owner of the journal he edits or not, the average Canadian journalist is "proprietor of himself."

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As we meet and touch each day  
The many travellers on their way,  
Let every such brief contact be  
A glorious, helpful ministry!

The contact of the soil and seed,  
Each giving to the other's need,  
Each helping on the other's best,  
And blessing each as well as blest.

## THE KINGDOM OF ROUMANIA.\*

BY CARMEN SYLVA  
(Queen Elizabeth of Roumania).



PELESCH CASTLE, SUMMER HOME OF  
CARMEN SYLVA—QUEEN ELIZABETH OF ROUMANIA.



**M**Y first visit to Roumania was a series of surprises. In the town there were some picturesque streets, where all the doorways were encumbered with many-colored stuffs, old iron, and green and brown pottery. Other quarters resembled a medley of dolls' houses, so singularly small were the dwellings, hidden beneath the trees,

those luckless willows which are being more thoroughly despoiled of their branches every year, or the acacias, which fill the whole town with their perfume in the spring. Open to the street were the shops of bakers, shoemakers, blacksmiths, with innumerable wine shops, where brandy made from plums, called *tsuica*, was sold—dingy little places, from the gloomy depths of which looked out men with brigandlike figures, but mild eyes and a melancholy smile. The nearer

\* The reader of this charming paper will re-

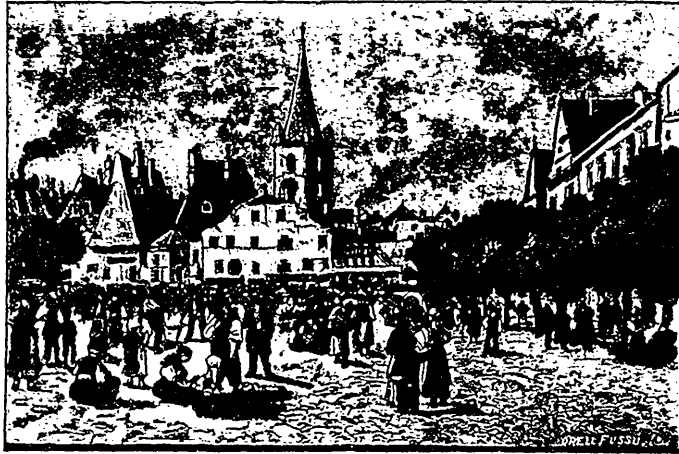
member that the writer is the Queen of Rou-

we approach the river Dimbovitza, which name signifies oak leaf, the more closely packed were the houses, with their projecting balconies and small pierced columns surmounted by curved trefoils, giving them something of a Moorish appearance.

And then the Dimbovitza itself—now reduced to subjection, supplemented by canals, lined with quays, markets, slaughter-houses, schools, hospitals, barracks, and beautiful churches (too beautiful, perhaps, because too new)—was very different



CARMEN SYLVA, QUEEN  
OF ROUMANIA.



MARKET DAY IN ROUMANIA.

in those days, and presented animated scenes on its banks such as would have delighted poets and artists. People bathed in the beautiful mud in pell-mell fashion, the children splashed about with shouts of delight, the water-carriers led their animals into

mania, the poetess, who took the *nom de plume* of Carmen Sylva in memory of her birthplace, the wood-encircled castle of Mon Repos. The daughter of Herman, Prince of Wied, and Maria, Princess of Nassau, Carmen Sylva was brought up in a refined and sheltered home. Married on November 15th, 1869, to the lover of her choice, Prince Charles of Hohenzollern, who had been elected ruler of the united principalities of Wallachia and Moldavia in 1866, Princess Elizabeth made the entry into the

the stream, wading knee-deep themselves as they filled their barrels. And in the deepest part of the ooze you could see huge forms moving about in confusion; grayish bodies with patches bald of hair, looking like hippopotami in the distance, though the

capital she so graphically describes when she had been a bride but a few days. Since then she was long the very centre and heart alike of the popular and intellectual life of her adopted country, founding clubs for the poor, herself teaching in the schools, translating books into the Roumanian language. gathering about her at court all that is best and noblest in Eastern Europe. During the bloody campaign of 1877 her palace was converted into a hospital, and many a life was saved by her unwearying care.



ROUMANIAN PEASANTS IN HOLIDAY DRESS.

massive horns, curving near the nape of the neck, and the black muzzles shining in the sun, proved them to be buffaloes.

As time went on I was to make close acquaintance with this clumsy, sluggish, antediluvian beast, so common in Roumania. The cow yields

quantities of rich milk, from which excellent cream is obtained, and of which very white but tasteless butter is made. For the buffalo to thrive it must be fed on the dried leaves of maize, and have a bed of mud to wallow in. It would die in the summer without marshes, and in winter if it did not

have a subterranean retreat and a woollen covering. In the streets of the town, and in the open country, you see numerous buffaloes harnessed, in single file, to countless heavy-laden vehicles, the animals' hoofs sinking deep in the dust in dry weather, and in the mud when it rains. Speaking of mud, what was my amusement the first time I was splashed with it, and that was in one of the principal roads, in finding that it made grease spots on my clothes! And when I saw ploughing! A plough drawn by four to six oxen, just scratching over the earth,

stretching horizon. The driver, as he goes, sings a melancholy melody, and now and then he halts beside some well to water his cattle. The structures protecting the well look rather like gallows rising solitary from the midst of the fields. Every man who has sunk a well is blessed, and many are the sins forgiven him. Whosoever drinks, after blowing in the water to drive away evil spirits, is bound to say, "May God pardon him!" Sometimes the charioteer falls asleep amongst the maize, his limbs relaxed, and abandoned to careless repose.

If we suddenly hear in the distance the ringing of small bells and long sustained cries like the whistles on the



ROUMANIAN SHEPHERD.

with the branch of a tree serving as a harrow. This is what they call ploughing here! More than that, the soil is so fertile that it is really all that is needed.

Roumanian carriages are often drawn by horses, eight, twelve or even sixteen little horses being yoked together in a helter-skelter manner, with a kind of pack-thread. A strong boy astride one of them guides them all with one hand, and in the other brandishes a long whip with a short handle very dexterously. Thus do they cross the wide plains, standing out larger than life against the wide-

railways, we know we may expect to see appear eight horses and two postilions belonging to some wealthy man going to his country-seat at a rate of twenty kilometres an hour. The postilions wear embroidered leather garments, moccasins like those of Indians, hats with long fluttering ribbons, and shirts with wide sleeves that swell out like sails in the wind as they go. Like demons, they double themselves up, scream, crack their whips, talk to their horses, or fling you a greeting as they pass by, disappearing in a cloud of dust.

In the streets of Bucharest there is



VAJDA-HUNYAD CASTLE, ROUMANIA.

a perpetual going and coming of carriages, countless hackney-coaches, all open, with just a hood to protect the hirer from the cold, the sun, or the rain. The coachmen are extraordinary-looking creatures, beardless Russians of the Lipovan sect, wearing long black velvet robes, pulled in at the waist with a colored sash. They drive very rapidly, with the arms stretched out, as in St. Petersburg. They are clean, steady, and honest. I amused myself sometimes by counting them; no matter what the weather, from 120 to 150 carriages an hour passed the windows of the palace: only between two and four o'clock in the morning was there comparative quiet.

In addition to the noise of the carriages, peddlers and porters on foot make the streets reverberate with their long, melancholy cries. These walkers are mostly Bulgarians, wearing long white mantles with wide red woollen

sashes, and a red or white fez on the head. They hawk milk, oranges, bonbons, a horrible drink of fermented millet, and sheep from which the skins have been taken, the still bleeding bodies being hung upon poles. To our streets, which are an imitation of those of Paris, they give a quaint touch of the Oriental.

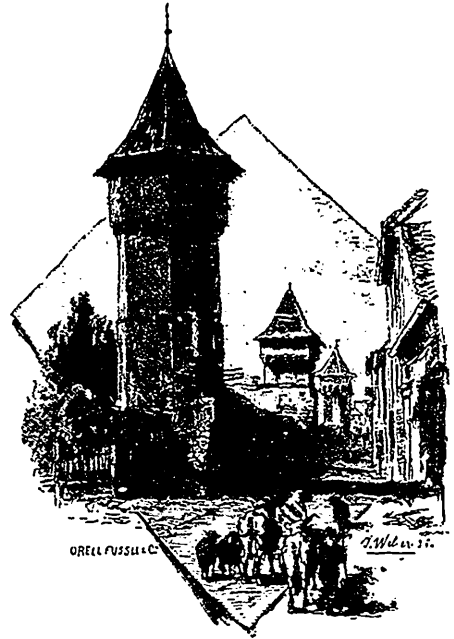
There is a good deal of amusement going on in Bucharest, and the people are very sociable and hospitable. No one would sit down to table without two or three extra covers in case of unexpected guests arriving. The peasant invites you to share his meal, if it be but a couple of onions, a few boiled beans, a half a melon. But for all that there is no real gaiety, or rather no joy. Never did I see people so sad at heart as are the Roumanians. The very children have a gravity about them unnatural to their years. Their little faces are pinched

and pale; their great eyes, fringed with long curling lashes, gleam with intelligence; but their expression is so melancholy that it breaks one's heart to look at them.

The Roumanian is never surprised at anything. The *nil admirari* is in his blood: he is born *blase*. Enthusiasm is to him a thing unknown. The Moldavian peasants who had been bitten by mad wolves, and were sent to Pasteur in Paris, were no more surprised at what they saw in that city than if it had been their native village. Death has no terrors for them. The Roumanian peasant dies with his taper in his hand, with perfect indifference, and with a dignity which is quite Oriental.

When I arrived in the country no lady ever set her foot in the streets. It was not only indecorous to do so, it was impossible, the middle of the thoroughfare being occupied by the drain. Now all the women walk on pavements bordered by shops and cafés, where people eat strawberries, with champagne and ices, seated at little tables, and trying to imitate Parisian ways. Now nothing is spoken in the town but French, whereas forty years ago Greek was the only language. We criticize the new books and the latest fashions; we cut the reviews as if we lived in one of the faubourgs of Paris, and yet we are divided from Paris by the whole of Europe.

Great fortunes have disappeared in Roumania; the large houses where a hundred sat down to table every day, and as many poor were fed, are closed, and those bearing the grand old names are trying to make a living. Education abroad is fatal to family life, and young people do not know that confession to the mother at the end of each day is a better thing than either the *Ecole Centrale* or the *Lycée Louis le Grand* of Paris can give.



OLD TOWERS AND WALL, HERMANNSTADT, ROUMANIA.

No mother is fuller of solicitude than the Roumanian; she is a perfect slave to her children. During the war the devotion of the women of our country greatly astonished the foreign doctors. Some of these women never left the hospital, not even at night; they cared for the poor young soldiers as if they had been their own children, saying to themselves that perhaps tomorrow their own boys might be wrestling with the horrors of death among strangers.

Unfortunately, the sudden changes of climate and the pestilential marshes which surround Bucharest are a cause of perpetual anxiety to mothers. Words are powerless to describe the time of the epidemic of diphtheria, when as many as three children were buried in one coffin, when whole streets were depopulated, the inhabitants all dead; families of five or seven children swept away in one week—



the poor mothers going out of their minds. It was like the last plague of Egypt, and the people called this scourge the *white pest*. Not one house was spared.\*

It was after this terrible time that taking the dead through the streets



ROMANIAN PEASANT.

in open coffins was put a stop to. Previously a funeral was a kind of public fête: on a funeral car covered with gilded angels, garlands, and ribbons, the dead maiden was carried forth in her last ball dress, with hair dressed by the barber, and decked with flowers, and often even with her face rouged so as to look better! A military band playing Chopin's funeral march followed the corpse. It was

\* Pathos is added to this account by the fact that the writer herself lost her only child, a lovely girl four years old, from diphtheria.

like looking on at a "Dance of Death," to see the head of the deceased rolling from one side to the other of the satin pillow, whilst the women shrieked, tore their hair and smote upon their breasts. Now the loss of all this is made up for by the crowds assembling in the churches, where the dead lie in state, the people jostling each other in their struggles to look on the face of the corpse or to kiss its hand. In the country the dead are still buried in accordance with ancient rites; the obolus for Charon, the ferryman of the Styx, is placed in the mouth of the corpse, corn is put into the coffin, and the body is drenched with wine before it is lowered into the earth.

The people of Bucharest are very fond of flowers; there is not a window in the town without a few pots of geraniums, carnations, or mignonette. As soon as the first snow falls, nothing but sledges are seen in the town; even the carriages are mounted on skates, and the houses are no longer shaken by the perpetual passing of traffic. Sometimes a snow-storm buries the low houses of the faubourgs, and eleven people once perished in a single night at the gates of Bucharest. It is no rare thing for wolves to come into the town.

The great cemetery of Bucharest is worthy of a visit. It commands a view of the whole town, a view which is especially grand in the evening, when the sunset bathes houses, churches, clouds, and dust in a glow of purple and violet tints, with here and there gleaming, scintillating points of light from the roofs and windows. Very touching, and very naive, too, are the inscriptions on the picturesque tombs, which are adorned with photographs and locks of hair framed in the marble of the crosses. Food is even sometimes placed on the graves, as in the days of the Romans. In

fact, the dead are never abandoned, never forgotten. One feels that they are constantly visited; and as night falls the little lamps which shine out on every side give one an impression of restless, wandering, floating souls, over which one must keep watch.

I once passed half a night with an orphan at the grave of her father, who had just been buried, among the strange scents peculiar to a cemetery after the great heat of the day, in the silence eloquent with the presence of the countless sleepers beneath the soil. The town shone as if illuminated, and

evening. The bells are all clashing together; the people are crowding to offer fresh flowers to the images of the saints. On Good Friday processions carrying torches walk round all the churches, and then take tapers from them to the cemetery, with which to deck the graves, even the most neglected receiving each a little light placed on it by charitable hands.

At Easter Eve the King kisses the manuscript gospel whilst it is being read aloud. Then he takes the crucifix and the taper, and every one comes to kiss the cross, and to light his taper



ROUMANIAN COTTAGE  
AND PEASANTS.

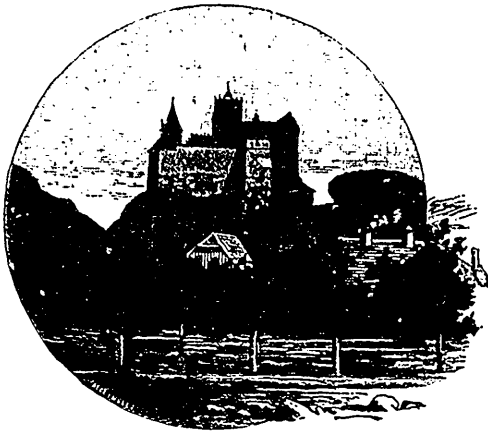
its sounds came muffled by the distance like waves breaking behind the dunes.

One's tears are stanch'd in the solemnity of the immutable peace—at least this is generally the case; but I remember once seeing an official of high rank, generally cold and impassible enough, fling himself upon the grave of his children, and tear up the ground with his fingers, calling his lost dear ones by name.

One poetic time in Bucharest is Easter week, when nearly two hundred churches are illuminated every

at that of the King. When it strikes midnight all leave the church, to celebrate the resurrection in the open air.

Many were the heart-rending and touching scenes I witnessed during the war, which were to me a revelation of the strange nature of the Roumanian people, with their superstitions, their child-like piety, their combined melancholy and fun. I have seen a devoted wife, after seeking her husband all along the shores of the Danube and in all the hospitals, finding him at last, broken down and disfigured, to greet him with a mere nod



TORZBURG CASTLE.

of the head before taking up her post at his bedside, there to nurse him day and night. I have heard some brave hero crying out in his agony for his mother, and covering the hands of that mother with kisses.

Once I was sent for to converse with a young man whose leg had been amputated, and who was in insupportable despair. Not having been present at the operation, I did not know which leg had been taken off. I sat down on the side of the bed, and remained talking to the poor fellow for a quarter of an hour, he smiling sweetly at me all the time. When I arose, my ladies of honor discovered that I had been sitting on the stump of the lost leg. I still shudder when I think of my stupidity.

"You poor fellow!" I cried; "it must have hurt you terribly."

"I would have borne it many hours for the sake of listening to your voice," he replied.

For four months I had been trying—alas! in vain—to save the life of a young man. About a quarter of an hour before his death some one spoke to me in rather a loud voice near his bed. I leaned over him, and said,

"We are making too much noise, are we not?"

"What does that matter," he replied, "if only I can look at you?"

When the end came his mother began to sob and cry; but the people about asked her to be quiet, as they did not want me to know of his death till the next day. And she had the self-control and grandeur of soul to be quiet.

On Christmas Eve, after a long severe frost, the thaw rendered the streets of Bucharest impassable. I was to go and meet the King, who was returning as a victorious hero after five months' absence. I thought it would have been a delirium of joy to me. But I had suffered too much; I had lost the power of rejoicing; I did not know how to be glad. The last days before Plevna had all but destroyed all three armies at once. After a terrible snow-storm the cold had been twenty degrees below zero. The Danube was so encumbered with ice that not a loaf of bread could be sent over it. And now the road between Plevna and Nicopolis was covered with famished crowds. I know not how many left Plevna, but only ten thousand arrived at Nicopolis!

The King started the next day on his road the same way home to his capital. He had to leave his sledge, for it jolted over corpses. Horror-struck, he mounted a horse, and pressed on along the pathway of death, the horse starting and rearing at every step. There were groups of the dead sitting round the last fire they had lit in some deep rut, carts overturned, driver and buffaloes alike frozen in their places, standing up stiff as statues. There were the dying, their arms upraised to heaven in a final petition before they sank back with a last sigh and expired.

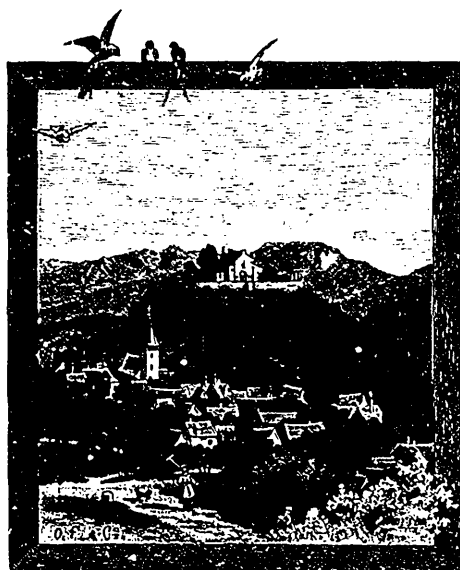
When the King found himself, for the first time in five months, in a

warmed and furnished room, with a bed to sleep on, he thought he was in an enchanted palace.

Another snow-storm endangered his life between Magomelli and Craiova, where the train awaited to take him to his capital—draped with flags, decorated with garlands, to welcome back the hero and conquerer—and to his wife, whose hair had turned white with the anguish through which she had passed, and whose joy resembled grief, so weary was her heart.

Could one but go amongst them, the Tziganes or gypsies would be a most interesting study. They are still, and ever will be, pariahs, beggars and thieves, musicians and poets, cowards and complainers, wanderers and heathen, but, oh, so picturesque! Their camp, no matter where it is pitched in the wide plain, is always in charming disorder, and of a marvellous color, especially in the evening, when the huge red sun of Roumania sets upon the violet horizon beneath the mighty green dome of heaven. The women of the camp wear garments of every imaginable hue, from tender green to brick red and orange yellow. Their nut-brown children run about half naked, their little shirts just covering their shoulders and a bit of their backs. There sit the men, with tangled hair and soft, velvety eyes, grouped about the fire, their naked feet against the copper kettles they are tinkering; or we see them gathered about the timber yards or buildings where they are employed, running about the scaffoldings with the suppleness of Indians, in attitudes and positions that are always charming. Their language is as sonorous as beaten brass, and their songs are the most beautiful; but it is only with reluctance that they will let any one hear them.

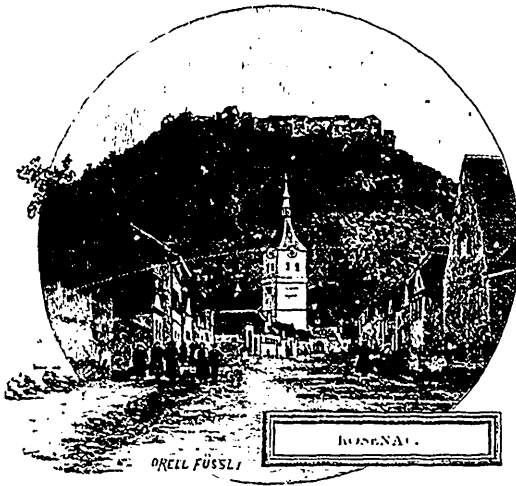
One of the most interesting sights of Bucharest is the great Fair, to which all flock to buy, amongst other



KIS-DISZNOD (MICHELBERG).

things, everything that is needed to celebrate the Fete of the Dead. This week is one long delight to children. In spite of the broiling sun, in spite of the smothering dust, thousands of carriages succeed each other in the long street. Tramway cars and carriages overflow with people, every window is packed with gaily-decked heads, some very pretty faces amongst them, and, once at the Fair, one wanders round in a labyrinth of little stalls, where terra-cotta pots, wooden pictures, and glass necklaces are sold. One sees waggon-loads of handsome peasant women and children driving off laden with purchases, and in the midst of the noise and confusion, the shouts, the brilliant colors, the bears and the giants, and the ever-thickening clouds of dust, you suddenly see the *calonchar*, or old Roman dance, begin.

The Roumanians express everything by dancing; men dance together, and women together. The soldiers in the barracks always manage to get a



violin, a flute, or a bagpipe, on which some one plays a dance of some kind for them. On a campaign, in war, after the most fatiguing marches in showers of shot and shell, they still dance, defying the projectiles, until one of the dancers is struck down.

The transformation of Bucharest into a fine modern town in the style of modern taste is now complete. It only appears Oriental to those who come from the West. Those who come from Asia give a sigh of satisfaction as they cross the Danube.

"Ah!" they say to themselves, "here we are in Europe."

Truly we are remarkable sovereigns, for we have managed to accomplish in twenty-five years what it has taken others several centuries to achieve. Railways intersect the country in every direction, taking grain to the sea, cattle to Italy, wood to Panama. There are schools everywhere, and we seem likely to suffer from having hastened our development so much, the upsetting of the equilibrium being especially felt in family life.

Roumania bids fair to become what King Charles dreamt she might—a

living artery of Europe. When the crown of the country, of the very existence of which he was ignorant, was offered to a young Hohenzollern prince, he opened the atlas, took a pencil, and seeing that a line drawn from London to Bombay passed through the principality which called him to be its head, he accepted the crown with these words:

"This is a country of the future!"

The following brief character sketch of Elizabeth, Queen of Roumania, by James Carleton Young, is taken from *The Outlook*:

It has been my privilege to know Queen Elizabeth of Roumania, widely known as Carmen Sylva, many years, during which period I have enjoyed a continued correspondence and passed many days at her palace at Bucharest.

Born Princess of Wied, December 29, 1843, in a famous castle on the Rhine, which has been the home of her ancestors for a thousand years, married to the Hohenzollern Prince Carlos in 1869, crowned first Queen of Roumania in 1881, she possesses, after all these years, an active life, full intellectual vigor, and is one of the most incessant workers among the sovereigns of the world. Knowing well many persons who for years have been intimately connected with the court life of the Queen, I have yet to hear the first criticism of any act or to meet one who did not love her.

Elizabeth has given to the world the example of a pure court where intellectual life abounds—where high thoughts are spoken and noble plans developed. Her maids of honor are women of exemplary lives, who visit the hospitals, look after the poor, and plan with the Queen during every hour of every day for the best interests of the Roumanian people. No one believes more firmly in the value



ROUMANIANS IN HOLIDAY DRESS.

of time than this industrious Queen. While the Royal Orchestra, which is excellent, and often led by her, plays afternoons in the magnificent music-hall, whose walls are lined with books, Her Majesty writes poetry which during the interlude she recites to the accompaniment of the harp. At the same time the ladies, young and old, occupy themselves in embroidering and various tasks. I cannot enumerate, in the brief space allotted me, all the characteristics and accomplishments of this marvellous woman. Cer-

tainly her least title to greatness is the fact that she wears a crown.

Carmen Sylva is one of the first poets of the Balkans, and its most talented writer of fairy tales. Her first drama was produced at sixteen, and the tragedy of "Master Manole," written in 1892, was accorded the highest praise by the most eminent critics. Her operas have been successfully presented in Munich and other cities of Europe. In collaboration with the brilliant Mademoiselle Vacaresco, she wrought the Roumanian

ian legends into "The Tales of the Dimbovitza," which for beauty of expression remains unrivalled among folk-lore tales. A bibliography of her writings would include over thirty books, besides hundreds of magazine articles. Her book on aphorisms, "The Thoughts of a Queen," was accorded a medal of honor by the French Academy. Such diversified literary talent, powerful in every phase, is rarely found.

Her work begins at four every morning, and often lasts until midnight. She embroiders exquisitely, paints miniatures on ivory, is a fine musician, having been a pupil of Rubinstein and Clara Schumann, a brilliant conversationalist, an accomplished linguist, speaking fluently six languages and understanding as many more. A poem written in native German is often read by her in English or French before an audience without previous preparation of translation. Founding schools, hospitals, and asylums, encouraging the peasant woman to embroider and the men to cultivate the mulberry-tree, a liberal patron of the arts, an architect and adviser of a nation, Elizabeth has known no rest in her reign of twenty-five years.

Although the national religion is Greek, the Queen has been foremost in building a German Lutheran church. By nature deeply religious, her devotion is shown in acts as much as by formal attendance at divine services. The walls and stained-glass windows of the church are covered by inscriptions, all written by the royal hand.

All her revenues, except those required for necessities, even the large sums received from the work of her versatile pen, are devoted to charities. The ideal charity carried on at this time is Segenhaus, the ancestral castle on the Rhine, which, with its magnificent forest, was inherited by the

Queen from her mother, who died some two years since.

Having reached the highest position which the ambitions of a woman could desire, Elizabeth shows no vainglory in being Queen. She continues to wear a crown only in an endeavor to consummate the plans for the advancement of her adopted country. No portion of Europe is richer in fertile soil and natural resources. This Queen would renounce her throne, live in a peasant's hut, attend the flocks among the Carpathians, if thereby she might bring happiness and prosperity to her people.

She lost heart when her only child, the Princess Marie, was borne to eternal rest in the beautiful park of Cotroceni. Her ardent poetic nature was centred in the lovely idol whose sweet presence she enjoyed for only four years, and she was crushed with unutterable grief, which has expressed itself in all her poetry and every subsequent action of life. But duty, love of humanity, loyalty to the King, whose genius, industry, and heroism she admires, incited her to the accomplishment of the manifold works which have enriched her life. She was at Plevna when the heroic Carlos led the armies of Russia and Roumania against Turkey in an engagement which won the admiration of the world. In those trying hours she was in the field of carnage administering to the wants of the dying, and from her private purse providing for the care of hundreds.

Is it any wonder that throughout the kingdom her loyal subjects call her "Mama Regina"? How a Queen of Northern blood, born in another land, educated to a life more Occidental than a residence in Roumania could possibly inspire, can be so devoted to an adopted people is a mystery. Yet she loves Roumania more than her fatherland.

## MORLEY'S LIFE OF COBDEN.\*

BY THE REV. SELBY JEFFERSON.



RICHARD COBDEN.



**T**WENTY-FIVE years ago the first edition of this life of Richard Cobden first appeared. Now, in its eleventh edition, it has reached a sale of nine thousand. Such popularity is, no doubt, largely accounted for by the literary charm of the work itself. But still more is it due to the remarkable personality of its living

author, and a growing interest in Free Trade.

It is given to few to unite such knowledge of world-wide history with accurate acquaintance with a special period as John Morley. Here, too, is all that subtle sympathy and keen, though kindly, analysis of the secret springs of character which is seen at its best in his late life of Mr. Gladstone. And now that he has visited our shores and everywhere met with warmest welcome, we turn with added interest to all things from his pen.

"He does not conceive it his task," he tells us in his preface, "to compile a polemical handbook" for fiscal con-

\* "The Life of Richard Cobden." By John Morley. (Ninth thousand of the popular one-volume edition.) T. Fisher Unwin, Paternoster Square, London, England. Toronto: William Briggs.



troversy. Yet here are hardest facts for fiscal study, with, besides, such clear light shed on the common life of Corn Law days as vivifies what else were but dry and dead statistical information. This book gives a complete history of the triumph of free-trade principles over the old Corn Laws. There can, we think, be no question that to Richard Cobden, more than to any other man, England owes her present commercial supremacy. Indeed, one of his admirers declares that he was "the greatest benefactor of mankind since the inventor of printing."

It is an interesting study to trace the development of the poor Sussex farmer-boy into the greatest economical leader of the age.

Born in the summertime of 1804, Richard Cobden was of ancestry traceable back to the seventeenth century. All his schooling he received at a Yorkshire Dotheboys Hall, of which he could never after endure to speak.

He began business as a warehouse clerk in London, and soon after as a traveller for the house.

At fifteen he entered an uncle's London warehouse, embarking thus upon a remarkably successful business career. But he was meant for more than making money. "Sometimes," he says, "I ask what is all this yearning for? . . . Surely not for money; I do not think the possession of millions would greatly alter my habits of expense." Nor was this forecast unconfirmed. Foregoing, afterwards, every private consideration, he abides still one of the very best examples of Britain's public-spirited men.

In his earliest undertakings there is never forgetfulness of the larger life. "When immersed in the first pressing anxieties of his new business in Manchester, he wrote to his brother in London, ' Might we not in the winter

instruct ourselves a little in mathematics? . . . I have a great disposition, too, to know a little of Latin.'"

He had literary ambition, studied French, and wrote a play, which was rejected, "luckily for me," he says, "or I should have been a vagabond all the rest of my life." He made himself acquainted with the greatness of Cervantes, the geniality of Le Sage, the sweetness of Spenser, the splendid majesty of Burke, no less than with the general course of European history in the past, and the wide forces that were then actually at work in the present.

With two other young men he began business on a capital of £1,000, and in two years were trusted by a Manchester house to the extent of £40,000. The confidence was not misplaced, the business prospered, and soon Cobden travelled in its interest and in the pursuit of health, in Europe, America, Egypt, and the Levant.

The murderous misrule that has ever characterized Turkish government stirred him to the heart's core. From the island of Scio he writes, "Of nearly a hundred thousand persons on the island in the month of May, not more than seven hundred were left alive at the end of two months."

And this wild work still goes on; goes on, too, simply because of the jealous greed of powers called Christian!

"The Crescent is still exalted,  
The cruel Turk holdeth sway,  
The Christ they so long rejected,  
Calls us to duty to-day.  
Bids us be tender, my brothers,  
Quit us like Christian men!  
Why stand we waiting for others,  
Why yield as we yielded *then*?

Athens touched him with her charms, forgetting the petty present

in the everywhere awakened memories of her splendid past. "What a genius," he says, "and what a taste had those people!"

"Half the educated world of Europe is now devoting more thought to the ancient affairs of those Lilliputian states, the squabbles of their tribes, the wars of their villages, the geography of their rivulets and hillocks, than they bestow upon the modern history of the United States, and the charts of the mighty rivers and mountains of the New World."

This is not the estimate of the political economist only, but of the healthy, modern-minded man. We have turned too much aside from those fields of living issues wherein the Greek spirit was touched to its finest issues, and have conned more carefully the mere verbal peculiarities of that old people than caught their spirit. Too many of our best youth have been singing "Arms and the Man," whilst everywhere about them have been enacted the nobler epics of "Tools and the Man."

After a six months' absence, Cobden returned with a splendid working knowledge of a national policy.

"The cardinal fact that struck his eyes," says Morley, "was the great population that was gathering in the new centres of industry in the North of England, in the factories, and mines, and furnaces, and cyclopean foundries which the magic of steam had called into being."

"The moral force of the masses," he says, "lies in the temperance movement, and I confess I have no faith in anything apart from that movement for the elevation of the working classes."

Cobden's earliest speeches were made at Clithero on behalf of the young. In 1838, amid the press of the organizing of the Anti Corn Law Association, he writes a friend in

Edinburgh, "I hope you will join us in a cry for schoolmasters as a first step to Radicalism." "Popular education had been the most important of all social objects in his mind from the first." Certainly had he lived to see the grave state of England to-day on account of this educational question, when hundreds of her most loyal and lofty-minded sons are being sent to prison for conscience's sake—a condition of things unparalleled since the Stuart regime—he had taken Bright's ground, "that no purely ecclesiastical institution should be paid for out of the public taxes."

No statesman could think long, as Cobden did on the "Condition of England Question," without confronting the great evil of intemperance. In 1849 he wrote, "The temperance question really lies at the root of all social and political progression in this country. I am not one who likes to laud the Anglo-Saxon race as being superior to all others in every quality. But give me a sober Englishman, possessing the truthfulness common to his country, and the energy so peculiarly his own, and I will match him for being capable of equalling any other man in the every-day struggle of life."

Only by remembering the tremendous strides the temperance cause has made these last fifty years, then recalling Cobden's passion for other pressing reforms, the friends of which would be sacrificed by such pronouncement on temperance, can we adequately appreciate his stand.

But even "the Condition of England Question" was not the horizon of his hopes. Neither did he simply "think in continents," or nurse the poor ambition to paint the world's map red. His were wider thoughts and far more worthy visions. For continents are bounded, and, at broadest, are but small affairs if small men

dwell therein. But principles know no limitations, nor cease, if good, to be praiseworthy, even outside the Empire.

In this healthful world-wide outlook he notes that "vulgar kind of patriotic sentiment" that delights in war. "What Cobden sought," says his biographer, "was to nourish that nobler and more substantial kind of patriotism, which takes a pride in the virtue and enlightenment of our citizens," the patriotism that responds to clarion calls for fighting unto death the evils that unnerve a nation's manhood or womanhood; a patriotism that "takes a pride . . . in the widest success of our institutions, in the beneficence of our dealings with less advanced possessions, and in the lofty justice and independence of our attitude to other nations."

How poor and shrunken a thing beside such sentiment as this is that loudly boasting Imperialism so common to-day! For it is "the moral sentiment, more than the L.S.D. of the matter" that is back of such magnificent planning as was Cobden's; and no Imperialism could allure him that conflicted with the larger conception of a Christian world. No wonder that he "had to run the gauntlet of the small wits of the House who amused themselves at his expense and tittered at the very word arbitration."

In his later years "his activity was principally directed to two objects: the improvement of international law . . . and the limitation of expenditure upon unneeded schemes of national defence." Therein, too, was he a son of this twentieth century.

But above all else is his claim to greatness founded on the triumph of the principle of Free Trade. Says Mr. Morley:

"The interest of that astonishing record of zeal, tact, devotion and courage lies principally for us in the circumstance that

the abolition of the protective duties on food, and the shattering of the protective system was, on the one side, the beginning of our great modern struggle against class preponderance at home, and, on another side, the dawn of higher ideals of civilization all over the world."

But to understand the significance of the change we must know something of the fireside history of England at the time.

"In Devonshire . . . the wages of the laborers were from seven to nine shillings a week, they seldom saw meat or tasted milk, and their chief food was a composite of ground barley and potatoes. . . . In Somersetshire the budget of a laborer, his wife, and five children under ten years of age was as follows: Half a bushel of wheat, cost four shillings; for grinding, baking and barm, sixpence; firing, sixpence; rent, eighteenpence; leaving, out of the total earnings of seven shillings, a balance of sixpence, out of which to provide the family with clothing, potatoes and all other necessaries and luxuries of human existence."

Still worse was the condition of multitudes in the industrial centres.

"From 1815 to 1835 the power looms in Manchester had increased from two thousand to eighty thousand, and the population of Birmingham had grown from ninety to one hundred and fifty thousand. The same wonders had come to pass in enormous districts over the land."

In September of 1841 Bright writes:

"The sufferings throughout the country were fearful. . . . I was in the depth of grief . . . the light and sunshine of my home had been extinguished. . . . Mr. Cobden called on me, . . . after a time he looked up and said, 'there are thousands of homes in England at this moment where wives, mothers and children are dying of hunger. . . . I advise you to come with me, and we will never rest till the Corn Laws are repealed.'"

The Anti Corn Law struggle began and organized the famous Anti Corn Law League. Its motto was the Biblical one, "He that withholdeth

the corn the people shall curse him, but blessings shall be upon the head of him that selleth it." And during the famine years of the agitation, this motto was abundantly verified.

It was because "the little group who met several times in each week in a dingy room on an upper floor in Manchester were fired by the conviction that what they were fighting against was not merely a fiscal blunder, but a national iniquity," that they prevailed.

Entering Parliament in 1841, Cobden "startled men by an accent that was strange in the House of Commons. The thoughtful among them recognized the rare tone of reality and the note of a man dealing with things and not with words." Thenceforth his every energy was bent to this one end—the repeal of the Corn Laws. In the interval of parliamentary sessions his diary reads like an early Methodist minister's in the frequency of his speeches and restless itineraries. Private business cares went by the board, and even antagonists admired the man's altruistic zeal.

Early in 1839 a subscription of six thousand pounds was raised, "the first instalment of many thousands yet to come." A bazaar in the February of 1842 brought in nearly ten thousand more. "They had been spending," said Cobden, "a hundred pounds a week. They ought to spend a thousand."

The income of the League rose to £1,000 a week, then to £2,000 a week, and when a call was made at a Manchester meeting for a quarter of a million for printing, lecturing, and public agitation, £60,000 was subscribed on the spot.

The country was deluged with tracts, and everywhere the living voice of the lecturer emphasized the silent messenger. Still, though by 1842 a hundred thousand pounds had

gone, "the Corn Laws seemed more immovable than ever." But there was no faint-heartedness. The Council made up their minds at once to raise a new fund of fifty thousand pounds; and, notwithstanding the terrible condition of the cotton trade, the amount was collected in a very short time.

Fifty thousand pounds were spent in 1843, and "a fund of a hundred thousand pounds was desired for the following year, and before the end of 1844 nearly ninety thousand pounds of that sum had been actually raised."

The Leaguers were in earnest, and after a seven years' struggle, they gained the victory.

Cobden wrote to his wife, "My dearest Kate. Hurrah! Hurrah! The Corn Bill is law, and now my work is done." The food tax was abolished, and emancipated labor soon made England the richest country in the world, a nobler victory than that of Waterloo.

Cobden, crowned with honors and with the thanks of a nation, save a few great landlords, set out to visit by invitation the great courts of Europe, and "to endeavor to enforce those truths which have been irresistible at home." At Madrid, Paris, Turin, Venice, Rome, Naples, Vienna, Berlin, St. Petersburg and Moscow, the Pope, kings, emperors, statesmen, received and feted the hero of free trade, and the people dragged his carriage and shouted themselves hoarse in honor of the emancipator of labor. Well had it been for the rulers of Europe had they given greater heed to his arguments and warnings. Two years later, the Revolution of 1848 set their thrones rocking and tumbling to earth, and showed them the danger of sitting on the safety-valve and repressing the explosive forces of society.

In this after work, following Kosuth, he anticipated the aboveboard, square deal that characterizes the new

diplomacy of Roosevelt and John Hay. With prophetic instinct he writes, in 1851, "We are on the eve of a revolution in the diplomatic world; the old regime of mystification and innuendo and intrigue cannot survive the growth of the democratic principle."

In 1860 he scored another triumph in the conclusion of a commercial treaty with France. As a result of this, "in 1877 the British exports and re-exports had risen from nine to twenty-five million pounds, and the imports from France to forty-five millions. . . . Within five years of the negotiations of 1860, France had made treaties with Belgium, the Zollverein, Italy, Sweden and Norway, Switzerland and Austria."

During the Crimean War craze, Cobden and Bright and the peace party were the most unpopular men in the kingdom, and Cobden had the honor of being burned in effigy, and otherwise abused. Bright's noble protest against the war we have previously quoted. Cobden, speaking of England's foreign wars, declared that for them "God would assuredly exact a retribution." "'Oh, but,' say the flatterers of our nation's vain gloriousness," he adds, "'we saved the liberties of Europe.' Precious liberties," he bitterly exclaimed. "Look at them, from Cadiz to Moscow!" The truer guarantees of peace and liberty were the golden bonds of commerce, as he showed by the reciprocity treaty with France, which has enriched both nations, and made them friends, let us hope for ever.

Cobden's private life was chequered by much trouble. While he enriched a nation, he himself lived and died comparatively poor. He refused an office of ease and emolument, as he had previously refused a seat in the

Cabinet, because he would not even seem to sanction the war expenditure of the nation. When besieged by place-hunters, including "brothers of peers, ay, 'honorable,' among the number," for his influence with the Government, he proudly replied, "I would not ask a favor of the ministry to serve my own brother."

The death of his son at school in Germany almost crazed his wife and wrung his own heart. His health was broken. His last trip to London was to oppose in Parliament an expenditure on fortifications in Canada. London smoke and fog brought on an attack of nervous asthma, and in a few days he died, his faithful friend Bright sitting by his side. Years before, as he strolled with a friend through the venerable Abbey Church of Westminster, his companion remarked that perhaps one day the name of Cobden might appear among those heroes. "I hope not," said Cobden, "I hope not. My spirit could not rest in peace among these men of war." So the remains of this great Englishman sleep beneath the yews of the little church of Lavington. He lived but sixty-one years. Yet had he witnessed the greatest social and economic revolution England has ever known and to him, more than to any other man, this beneficent revolution is due.

Cobden's biographer makes only a single allusion to the religious side of his hero's character. It is a quotation from an address of Mr. Bright's: "His daughter said, 'My father used to like me very much to read to him the Sermon on the Mount.' His own life was to a large extent," continues Mr. Bright, "a sermon based upon that best, that greatest of all sermons. His was a life of perpetual self-sacrifice."

## SUMMER WILD.

BY ANNETTE L. NOBLE.

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

## CHAPTER V.

## VARIOUS PEOPLE.



JOHN'S talk with his brother was very unsatisfactory. Clarence did not deny that he had taken too much "champagne," but it took only a little to affect him. He carried it off as a matter of small consequence anyway, except as it had "scared poor pious little Aunt Hannah, who knows about as much of life now-a-days as the nun of the middle ages." He plainly gave John to understand that he was "out of leading strings," and able to take care of himself. He rudely and most effectually put an end to the talk by assuming that all John's disapproval was because of his (Clarence's) inability to give money into the household treasury. He tore open his pocket-book and emptied its contents on the library table. In a moment more he was in the street.

With Aunt Hannah he took a very different course. After five minutes in her room two days later (she could not catch him before) things looked better for him. She called him in with a solemn little air of dignity that he remembered in connection with many a juvenile escapade. He followed her promptly, drew up her easiest chair, got her a footstool and then remarked, "I know, auntie, I am in for a scolding, but before you whip me I will give you this bottle of lavender salts I saw to-day on Broadway. It isn't a bribe; you can be just as fierce, only I want you to have it."

It was a cut-glass bottle with silver top, and lavender salts was auntie's special weakness.

"Now, before you begin, you blessed little midget of an aunt, let me confess just how little it was that made me tippy, and how it happened, anyway."

Aunt Hannah was no more weak-minded than any guileless old lady with a heart overflowing with love for a boy who always showed the best side to her.

Clarence let her admonish and entreat him. He disarmed her at last by a confidence of the sort most appealing to maiden aunt. He was in love with one of the prettiest girls that could be found in all New York. He drew out a picture from his breast pocket and showed it. It was of a girl with great eyes, very beautiful hair, posed in a manner a trifle theatrical. It reminded Aunt Hannah of the beauties in old-time annuals. He was not "exactly engaged to her," for he could not support a wife just yet; but he knew she loved him. There was a bloated old aristocrat of a banker (at least, he was nearly forty) who wanted his "Louise"; but Louise detested the banker. The father and mother were never tired of telling her of his seaside cottage (really a castle), of his yacht, his horses, and his magnificent city mansion. Clarence had been allowed to visit on the same footing with a dozen other young men until lately. Now the mother was very cool, always on hand, and there was trouble brewing. In Aunt Hannah's simple mind the thought of Clarence in love, poor and mournful—handsome, lovable Clarence—that thought quite blotted out the other of Clarence, tipsy and selfish and extravagant. John was so self-controlled, so undemonstrative that he could not be quite sympathetic enough in a case of love; for John had never been in love and was not likely to be. Aunt Hannah warned him to be steady, to work hard and prove to Louise's parents that he was worthy of her. She related a case of ardent attachment dating forty-seven years back. The parties were known to Clarence as an old gentleman who now wore a wig, gold spectacles, and walked with two canes, and a first wife who died thirty years ago. There had been three wives since. However, this attachment ended in happy marriage, because of the youth's discreet conduct.

Clarence sweetly listened to the entire tale, and there were details in regard to ancestors of Revolutionary fame and about the style of pink silk imported stockings worn by the lady. With a gentle air of being sad, yet in some way

strengthened and upheld by this talk with the old lady, Clarence kissed her and departed.

"Blessed old goose," he soliloquized as he lighted his cigar. "Louise is a hundred years older in worldiness than she is, but she is fixed for a while. Brother John, I guess, good as he was in mathematics, he couldn't save much if he earned a thousand and spent twenty-five hundred."

The Greek lessons went on throughout the fall without interruption. When Elizabeth came to reflect on John's estimate of her previous study of the language she was piqued and resolved to let him see that she was not of necessity superficial in her acquirements. She studied her lessons as if her life depended on them, hunting up everything that bore on them, and then, in the most matter-of-course way, recited as if the learning had been no effort. She was not deceitful, but only felt herself on her mettle. In the beginning there was with her a young fellow, Ned Brewster, because John thought they would work about equally fast. Bess was pleased, for there was more of a matter-of-fact, school-room air about the lessons. Mr. Welles treated them exactly alike, and Bess never spoke of anything foreign. Aunt Hannah (w. l. o. was always there) made rapid acquaintance with her. Bess, for some undefined reason, fought shy of the old lady at first, but yielded at last to her pretty courtesies. She soon saw how lovely Aunt Hannah was. With her altered fortune, illness in the house, and what these things signified, the old lady's own life changed. She invited no more families to stay weeks with them, gave no more stately dinners or prime old-style tea-parties. Their horses were sold, so she seldom went out, and missed her drives to the park, where in former years she had gone each afternoon. It gave her real pleasure to get Bess up in her own room and tell her of old times, or to hear about life in Summerwild, of the Cobbs and David Fenton; even of Dorothy's oddities. It was like a breath of out-of-door air. Bess was her brightest self to the old lady. She brought her late fruit and flowers. Once or twice when John was absent she came in the morning and showed her how to make some new-fashioned fancy-work. Aunt Hannah was too proud to tell of family affairs, such as Clarence's conduct, or even details of household economy. However Bess saw for herself that one most incompetent servant had taken the place

of the three well-trained ones of whom Aunt Hannah sometimes spoke. She knew the old lady was herself often very weary with tasks to which she was unused, and that the care of the invalid wore heavily on her, much as John relieved her.

After a fortnight young Brewster rebelled and privately informed John that "keep up at the rate Miss Hogarth was studying," he "could not and would not." He patronizingly added that she was a confounded nice girl, but awfully dignified. What on earth was she "cramming herself with Greek for at that rate?"

John found it necessary, therefore, to separate his pupils. This done, gradually there came to be little digressions, talks of Greek art, then of other literature. Bess needed only a touch to go off on Carlyle, Emerson, Ruskin, Pascal, and Tolstoi. Pretty soon he began to draw her out as had David Fenton. There was a difference, though. David was often attentive, but not in the least responsive. He had outlived her enthusiasms if he ever felt them. John Welles was, if more mature than Bess, still young enough to be stirred by the same forces. She began to interest him immensely. The lesson hour was something he looked forward to with unacknowledged eagerness, and he artfully prolonged it until Aunt Hannah feared he was overtaxing his pupil.

David Fenton kept himself advised of her progress. Bess went often to the Cobbs', and always talked unreservedly of her new friends.

The Cobbs began to have a great curiosity to see Mr. Welles, which was finally gratified. David Fenton found him a new pupil in a lame boy of brilliant mind living near Summerwild. John at first thought he could not give him time, as the boy was unable to come to him. He decided at last that he could go once a week to Summerwild, and the new pupil contented himself with one long weekly lesson. David laid in wait for John repeatedly and induced him to stop for lunch with him. Martha and the old father discussed him at length and decided they liked him; at least Martha ceased picking him to pieces, which was her highest token of regard for a fellow-creature. They questioned David Fenton about the Welles' past and present. After awhile John himself took a fancy to the funny old man, and used to bring him illustrated papers and books to

read. The old fellow was a great reader and had good taste in his choice of literature. John used to find some of his comments richly suggestive.

So passed October, November, and the holiday season. Journalistic work multiplied on John's hands. It was much more remunerative than teaching, and so when the New Year came in he dropped all his pupils but Elizabeth Hogarth and Paul Sanford, the lame boy. Whenever the weather was unpleasant John now went to Summerwild and gave Beth's lesson in her own pretty library. Mother Hogarth thought him far more ornamental than some of Beth's "queer cronies." The good woman had seen there an old musical Jew, a Chinaman learning the alphabet, and certain characters whom she had in mind on the occasions of locking up the silver unusually secure. Bess had in times past felt moved to teach as well as to learn.

John came to prefer these interviews on some accounts to those in his own home. Bess looked so in harmony with her dainty, girlish belongings, her surroundings of house flowers, pet kittens, canary-birds, and overflowing baskets of fancy-work. Not that he ever spoke of these, but instead was interested openly in the shelves full of heterogeneous volumes and the pictures that Beth had collected. Possibly sometimes over the pages of Greek he noted waving, nut-brown hair parted across a white brow, clear bright eyes, and a graceful figure clad in soft blue or white cashmere.

Dorothy Hakes viewed him with equal interest and admiration. Elizabeth had thought it best briefly to explain the mistake as to her teacher's age, adding that of course "it made no difference."

To Dorothy's untutored mind it made a "vast deal" of difference. When she opened the Hogarth door for him on the occasion of his first lesson in the house, she was fascinated. She later told Martha Cobb: "The blackness of his eyes and the straightness of his legs—I thought I never saw the like."

"Nonsense; his eyes are brown, and his legs are no straighter than David Fenton's."

"Well, he looks so warmly interested with his eyes, you know, when only asking common things——"

"He was asking if Miss Hogarth was home, wasn't he?" put in Martha.

"Of course, but he looked like a Venus Adonisum when he did it."

"What in all creation is——" began

Martha, but the dialogue was interrupted by a call from her father.

As the winter went on, old Father Cobb grew feeble. He had no local disease, but there seemed to be a gradual relaxing of all his bodily powers. He seldom ventured out, but sat all day in the great leather chair by the fireplace. Sometimes he dozed, soothed to slumber by the monotonous "click-clack" of Martha's knitting-needles, the fire-light playing over his bald head, and his wrinkled hand upon Sancho's back; for whenever Father Cobb slept, the dog came and stood with his nose resting on his knees, a self-appointed watcher. Sometimes he mounted his great copper-bowed spectacles, and read in the old Bible—an heirloom, too, like the clock. Whatever he did, he kept the same sunny-heartedness, the same kindness of temper, and if his laugh was not so boisterous, it was just as merry. For this reason neither Martha nor David Fenton fully realized his increasing weakness.

It was more apparent to Elizabeth Hogarth, who, without really knowing that the old man was slipping fast out of life, yet acted toward him as one who feels that in the way of friendliness and attention that which is to be done must be done quickly. She brought him flowers and fruit; she came with lively bits of news and innocent gossip, for the old man dearly loved to be informed as to his neighbors' affairs—to know how the new minister suited, what probably set the town hall on fire, and if young Smith really would get Miss Jones for a wife.

David Fenton, for his part, renewed his old intimacy with the Welleses. He spent a good many half-hours with the paralyzed father, and communicated to him a little of his own serenity. Aunt Hannah found him always ready to chat with her of friends long vanished off the earth, or to give her good practical advice about the most commonplace affairs.

He questioned no one about Clarence, but he shrewdly surmised all was not well. There was a dashing, man-of-the-world air about the young fellow, half affected, perhaps, but not agreeable to one of David's simplicity. But just about the time David was weighing Clarence in his balance, to find him wanting, that young man was fully reinstating himself in Aunt Hannah's good opinion. Early in the winter he came in one day greatly elated, and, handing the old lady a large roll of bills, exclaimed: "There,



Aunt Hannah, please let John know I have paid in quite a lump of mutual benefits. I hope to keep it up, too."

"Why, Clarence, how is it you have so much all at once?"

"Just here, little lady. I tried my hand last week in a small stock speculation. I bought some stock on a margin, it went up, and I sold before it fell. I made—a penny or two."

Now, stock meant one thing to the old lady and another to Clarence. Her ideas of business were based on the sure, slow, old-time methods, all set to the tune of the copy-book dictum that honesty is the best policy. She was greatly pleased that Clarence was getting on in business. John heard of the matter through her, and listened in grim silence. He seldom had a chance now to talk to his brother; he was never home evenings, though he often told Aunt Hannah of his whereabouts at the theatre, opera, or some merry-making where he met his "Louise." He threw out hints that matters were approaching a crisis, and the parents would soon find their daughter had a will of her own.

"That is all very well, Clarrie," said the old lady, "but I hope you are not stirring her up to disobey her parents in any way. Remember that a wilful, disobedient daughter does not make a thoughtful, good wife."

"Oh, of course, but Louise must make a stand. She does not like the old money-bags they want her to marry, and she does want to marry me."

"But how could you support a wife accustomed to luxury—that is, for some time to come?"

"Old Grace, her father, is rolling in money. He is one of the firm of which I am a humble servant. He knows I have business talent and push; he could advance me and plunk down something liberal for Louise as easy as not. Probably he will if——"

"If you can gain his approval," said Aunt Hannah, nodding her lace-capped head with an air of great sagacity, adding: "To do that, shun anything dishonorable or underhanded, and remember you are a Welles, and so, I hope, a gentleman."

Clarence departed, smiling with a half audible joke about a "gentleman," and "another cut to the creature's make-up nowadays." Aunt Hannah's notions on this head were as primitive as her ideas of business.

It was a beautiful day in mid-

winter, with a keen, cold air, but a sky as blue as a turquoise. The streets were full of people, every one seeming to feel alert and vigorous. Aunt Hannah was tempted to walk a little way on Broadway, and came in "blooming," as John told her. He, too, had been enjoying the afternoon in a trip to Summer-wild. There the spotless snow covered the lawns and fields. Nature was very lovely, and every one had greeted him most cordially. He still held an old Greek book in his hand. He would never see its brown, discolored color without being transported to the Hogarth library, to Elizabeth's presence. It had been a perfect day.

They were getting warm in the Welles parlor, and John could scarcely see Aunt Hannah in the sombre room with its heavy curtains. Suddenly there was a sharp ring at the front door, and soon after the maid brought John a letter. He lighted the gas and exclaimed: "Why, it is Clarence's writing!"

"It must be to tell why he was not home this noon," said Aunt Hannah, forgetting he would naturally be there soon to explain this fact.

John opened the letter, read a few lines, and uttered an emphatic expression of disapproval.

"What is it, John? What has happened?"

"He is starting for Washington! Has married Hiram Grace's daughter—run away with her. He says she was more than ready, but I say it is scandalous! Mr. Grace did not want him for a son-in-law."

"But Miss Grace wanted him for a husband," stammered Aunt Hannah, after the first shock.

"She is a silly, romantic girl, and I am ashamed. Mr. Grace has been, for father's sake, very thoughtful and generous toward Clarence. He has trusted him in business to a degree that has troubled me, and this is a base return," stormed John, more excited than Aunt Hannah had ever seen him.

"Oh, dear; how could he do it!" she mourned; "but then they were much attached to one another, and you, John, don't understand about such things; and, oh dear, what will the Graces do? How angry your father will be!"

John calmed himself a little at that, replying: "We must keep it from father a day or two, until we see if there can be any amicable settlement. I know that Hiram Grace has the name of being very hard when he sees fit."

"He has a right to feel aggrieved, but probably his pride will make him yield. The Welleses are an older family than the Graces, and Clarence is not a boor, by any means. If it is only a question of money, why, he must help Clarence to make it."

John looked keenly at the old lady and divined that her judgment had been tampered with.

"Have you ever seen this Louise?" asked Aunt Hannah.

"Yes; she is very handsome and gay."

"More so than Miss Hogarth?"

"Miss Hogarth is not handsome, she is not gay either," returned John crossly. He was greatly "put out" by what had occurred, and poor Aunt Hannah knew not what to say now beyond: "Well, it is done, and can't be undone."

"That is just the worst of it. Hitherto Clarence has 'done' what suited his own sweet will, and often has he got into pretty pickles that few knew about; but some way and by somebody's aid he has been able to undo.' Now the poor, extravagant, wild, undisciplined boy has taken a wife until with them 'do part.' She has started out by showing herself wickedly ungrateful, as well as deceitful, toward father and mother. I fancy we will not find her a desirable member of our family."

"Why, really, John, you are terribly severe. They have done very wrong, but 'charity never faileth,' you know. We must remember they are young."

"I am not so many years older than he, and I don't want to assume to be uncommonly virtuous, but I would steal no rich man's daughter, forcing him to take me as a dependent on his bounty, or forcing her to forego luxury and endure privations for my sake."

"If a woman loved you, John, it would not be 'privation' to give up luxuries and have only comforts—and you."

A sudden gleam passed over the young fellow's face, and he answered in a gentler tone: "Very true, other things being equal; only I would not ask such a girl to marry me, and if she would cheat her parents to come to me I never would have her."

"Will Clarence bring his wife here when he comes back do you suppose?"

"I think he must; he has no money for a separate establishment."

Not a thought passed through the elder brother's mind that Clarence, from being a burden himself the greater part of the time, had brought a double load on John's shoulders. He would have

warmly welcomed a poor wife, honorably won, had his brother desired one.

Two days later came a letter, full of quips and quirks, from Clarence. He was in the best of spirits, was sure the "pater" and "mater" would "see the thing in the right light, and do the 'bless you, my children, act' all in good time." He told of the admiration excited everywhere by Louise, and in ending confessed that, owing to circumstances in the shape of a pocket-book rapidly depleting, they might be expected home Saturday. If, however, they received a cheque from the father-in-law, with prompt forgiveness, they might prolong their holiday.

John had scarcely finished reading the letter, and had not communicated its contents to Aunt Hannah, when a carriage clattered up to the door. Two sleek men in green and silvery livery sat on the box. The black horses pawed the pavement, their dainty sides shining in the sunshine. The old man who got out of the carriage to ring the Welles' door-bell was almost overlooked by the astounded maid, who, during her *regime*, had seen no stylish callers. John knew him for Mr. Grace before he entered the parlor with the coldest bow possible to the stiffest spine.

With prompt self-control and entire dignity John checked his visitor's indignation by professing his ignorance of the whole affair until too late to interfere, while he made it plainly known that his own disapproval was most emphatic.

Mr. Grace believed him, but the interview was one of the iciest. He begged John to make known to Clarence that the Grace family hereafter were ignorant of his existence; that as for his daughter Louise he disinherited her once and for ever. She had made her choice and she might abide by it. John heard him in silence. Pride prompted him once to let the old man know that a Welles was as good as a Grace any day; then pride held him back lest he seem trying to placate money by offering "blue blood" in exchange. Most bitter of all, away down in John's heart, struggling with the love he certainly had for this brother of his, was the fear that after all he was not a Welles worthy of the name. The visit was brief; scarcely five minutes had gone before the prancing horses and the green and silver livery had vanished, giving place to the usual ash-carts, draymen, and omnibuses.

That evening, as quietly as possible, John told his father that Clarence had married a daughter of Hiram Grace.

He softened details as much as truth would allow, and strove not to excite Mr. Welles. With all his care the old man resented it deeply that Clarence was not warmly welcomed by the Graces, and he alternately praised the daughter for constancy and sneered at the parents for being "purse-proud."

It was a hard time for poor Aunt Hannah. Under the dust of years there was in her heart a store of sentiment. Fifty years ago runaway matches were more common, and some ended very happily. She dared not openly condone Clarence's action, but she thought of many mitigating circumstances; some purely imaginative. She fancied Louise unhappy at home and tyrannized over by a hard, cold father. In reality Miss Grace had never had an ungratified whim, from the childish days when she used to throw her French candies in the gutter if the colors did not please her, to the day she met Clarence at a german. Aunt Hannah was alternately fearful their home would be a little dull for her, and then secretly glad of another woman in the house. She reasoned away her fears by reflecting that John and Clarence were young enough to make Louise contented. She herself would entertain her with tales of the Welleses for generations. Who could fail to be interested? Did not Elizabeth Hogarth enjoy hearing of Madame Prue Welles, the beauty of Washington's days, of witty Mistress Mildred Welles, etc., etc.? Clarence's wife might find their present way of living very simple, but there would be no doubt to her as to Aunt Hannah's great moral support in looking over the board of ancient silver, the quaint china, and stores of fine linen. To say nothing of the fact that these relics were to be sometime equally divided between John and her husband. Still Aunt Hannah grew very weary in the next two or three days. Stupid Sally could not be of much help in fitting out the bride's apartment. The old lady's little feet toiled up and down stairs time without number before everything in the chosen room was dainty enough to suit her fastidious taste, from the lavender-scented linen, hemstitched in her girlhood, to the marvellous pin-cushion embroidered for Clarence's mother, and thought too fine for human nature's daily use. She was moved, moreover, to make the festive part of her preparations on the sly. She remembered that in the past when Clarence had been beyond measure naughty,

John never saw why he must be given twice as many jam tarts as usual very soon after. It was clear to her mind, though difficult to explain, and after all John never took a tart from him. We might add that Clarence never thought to offer him one.

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## CHAPTER VI.

### CLARENCE'S BRIDE.

As the winter went on, Bess ceased almost entirely to go into the city for her lessons. The weather was often unpleasant. Mr. Welles had to come out to Summerwild for young Sanford; and last, but not least, Elizabeth fancied the even tenor of the Welles family life was disturbed in these days. David Fenton had learned from Aunt Hannah of Clarence's marriage, and had told Elizabeth.

One day, about a month after that event, Bess received her first letter from Aunt Hannah, and found it just such an epistle as one would think characteristic. Her "calla had four blossoms"; the canary had been "distressedly ill"; her brother was quite comfortable; she read aloud to him now every day. They were interested in *Rasselas*, Prince of Abyssinia (Joseph liked old books), and when he felt serious she read her favorite, *Thomas a Kempis*. Next to the Bible that book was best beloved. It had done her "much good lately, for she had found what the old saint said especially true, that 'when but a small adversity befalleth us, we are too quickly dejected, and turn ourselves to human consolations.'" She did not mention any "small adversity" in detail, but early in her letter said that their dear Clarence's wife was a most beautiful creature, and she was desirous that Elizabeth should meet her. Then appeared the purport of the letter. She invited Bess to come for a little visit, arriving one afternoon and staying at least until late the following day. She could, if she chose, arrange to have her regular lesson during the time. Bess was pleased. She had plenty of girl friends in New York, many of them as brilliant, no doubt, as Clarence's bride, nevertheless Bess was curious to see Mrs. Louise Welles. She promptly accepted Miss Welles' invitation, and started for New York at the appointed time.

\* Sally, who now knew Bess, grinned to the entire capacity of her by no means contracted mouth and announced on

opening the door: "You go right in, and the old lady will be up in a minute; she is seeing what'll be for dinner."

Bess went into the library, which looked strange to her until she saw it was only that the shades were pulled up crooked, letting in a bolder light than usual. A box of candy, a lot of paper-covered novels, an immense bouquet of hot-house flowers, and some fancy-work covered the library table. A pug arose from a cushion and barked as if his works needed oiling; a moment after, his mistress appeared from a whole pile of cushions heaped together on the venerable hair-cloth sofa. Bess' first thought was that she was the most beautiful girl she had ever seen; on closer, cooler scrutiny, she decided it was not perfection of feature so much as coloring. Louise was like a rare ripe peach for velvet bloom of cheek, for rose pink, and golden, glowing warmth. Her sleepy, great eyes grew black with animation, when, lifting her long, feathery lashes, she discovered Elizabeth. She cuffed the pug's ears, and then held out her jewelled hand, saying: "I must introduce myself to Miss Hogarth, who knows I am one of the family now. Aunt Hannah will be up soon. I am so glad you came. Auntie is ever so nice, but not the jolliest company for a girl, you know."

Bess was a little confused, not knowing just how to begin an acquaintance, but Louise spared her any effort. She talked while she asked Bess to take off her hat and wraps, she talked as she cleared a space on the sofa for her, and soon Bess felt that all she need do was to listen. Aunt Hannah came in about twenty minutes, but before she appeared Bess seemed to have known Mrs. Clarence Welles half her lifetime.

"I hope you do not think it awful of me to do as I have done, but I could not marry Clarence any other way; and that Monroe papa was wild to have me take, was bald—actually bald—and so heavy, don't you know! It is horrid in papa to act as he does, but mamma is coming around, and maybe papa will, if we give him time. I just worked on mamma's feelings, and she wrote me when he did not know it. She sent a maid with her letter, and there were three twenty-dollar bills in it. I knew she would relent when she knew I hadn't bought a pound of candy in ten days, nor flowers—I did not need to—Clarence keeps me supplied. How he laughed at my 'teasing mamma for pennies like a baby girl,' he says; only he made me agree

not to tell John. How awfully high-toned John is! I presume he is worth a dozen of Clarence, but Clarrie does dance like a seraph (if they dance, or is singing their forte?) My! but isn't it mild and peaceful here, and slow? Actually" (Louise's voice sank to a hollow intensity of earnestness) "slow enough some days to make me long to be a fly, so I could walk wrongside up on the ceiling just for a break in the monotony. And this furniture! Did you ever see its like outside of Cypher's? I hate antiques, either old maids or claw-legged centre-tables. I don't hate Aunt Hannah, only I can't hear many more long tales of her pre-historic wardrobes, and linen closets and antediluvian festivities, without saying something shocking. Do you listen to them time after time?"

There was no ill-nature, but mere frivolity in Louise's questions. Bess suddenly wanted not to rebuke, but to help her—and Aunt Hannah.

"Why, I enjoy it all, and you will if you stop to think. Everybody can have new furniture and new houses and new friends, but don't you like to see a house with some individuality to it? I do, and then fancy how charming Aunt Hannah must have been when she was young and these things new; she is so unlike the scores of common old people as we see all the time. I think she is delightful now as she is."

"She is a lady, there is no contradicting that, but—we don't know what to do with one another," and Louise laughed at some amusing recollection, then she added: "Clarence promised that we shall go to a small, elegant hotel to board after a little."

It did not occur to Mrs. Welles that any other topic could possibly be as entertaining to a guest. To talk of herself was always her first impulse. After a while Aunt Hannah came to welcome Bess, and apologize for not appearing sooner. Her cheeks were flushed, her lace-cap a little awry, and Bess was sorry to see that she looked more tired than she had ever seen her. She glanced about the room, its untidy aspect annoying her, though she tried to talk quietly with Bess, while Flip, the pug, upset her work-basket and tasted of all her spools of silk.

"How dark it is getting! I hate to sit in the twilight," exclaimed Louise. "Shall I ring for—"

"I will light the gas. I have matches right here," said the old lady.

The match-box was empty, after all, so she tripped into another room.

"Why doesn't she call the maid?" murmured Louise. "I want her for something else," and just before Aunt Hannah returned she pulled strongly the bell-cord by the sofa.

"I am taller than you are, let me have the match," said Bess, lighting the gas and gently pushing Aunt Hannah into the easy chair. Suddenly the door flew open and Sally appeared, tying a white apron around her as she panted from the rush up-stairs.

"What is it, Miss Hannah?"

"What is what, Sally?"

"Oh, I rang," said Louise lazily. "Sally, won't you run up and bring me my pink wool wrap out of my closet or top drawer or somewhere? We have steam heat at home, and I feel the difference."

Sally scowled. She was making gravy, the one servant in the region below. Bess

felt sure a saucy speech trembled on her tongue. She asked Sally how she did, as politely as if she were one of the family, adding:

"You had the toothache when I was here before."

"I am well, thank you kindly," said Sally, mollified at once. She brought the shawl, saw Aunt Hannah look disturbed, and went down to her gravy, reflecting: "Well, I'll do that much for the old angel herself, and maybe Mrs. Clarence will find out some day that there is only one of me. A body would s'pose she thought we had a cook, laundress, a butler, and no end of maids, but she ain't ugly. She gave me a silver bokay-holder last night, though whatever I'll be doin' with it passes me to tell."

For lack of any topic of mutual interest, they fell to talking of Flip, and while Louise was giving his biography in detail, the young men came home.

(To be continued.)

## AT THE HOUSE OF A MILLION BLOSSOMS.

BY E. A. TAYLOR.



WITH its heavy overhanging tiled roof, and slight walls of wooden frames and paper, the House of the Million Blossoms was evidently "made in Nippon," though it stood on the northern slope of that mountain peninsula we have named Korea. Behind the house and village rose the dark piled-up strength of the higher mountains, their far-off peaks hidden by sunshine-illuminated clouds and vapor, while below them the rugged broken rocks, their recesses filled with masses of verdure, dropped steeply down to where the city of Gensan rose beside its bay.

About two miles above the port, the big house stood in its gardens, where the blossoming fruit trees gave it its poetical name. For it was April—April, 1904—and little soldiers stood on guard about the garden, or, off duty, spent their time gazing admiringly at the fruit blossoms. Over the house waved the flag of the Red Cross, beside another which showed it

was the temporary headquarters of the commander of Nippon's forces in that section.

Jack Craig looked at it all with disgusted eyes; he was an American newspaper correspondent, whose boundless self-confidence had got him out of as many scrapes as it had got him into. When the war broke out he was coasting off Korea, in an open sampan, with a native crew. It was always an unexplained mystery why he was not sunk on general principles by somebody. After eight days of voyaging among fog and sleet in a tiny fishing boat, without seeing anything, Craig landed himself in Korea, and, securing ponies, set out with two of his crew to find and advertise the seat of war.

He lost himself and most of his belongings several times, and then was found by a distinctly suspicious little lieutenant, and with these "brown dwarf" soldiers, as the tall Koreans called them, he was still being kept, in a very courteous custody.

They had brought him down to Gensan, and explained that when the "Goya Maru" sailed for Nippon, he would go

with her, and be handed over to the care of his most honorable friends, as a person not capable of taking care of himself. Craig thought savagely, as he glared at the cherry blossoms: "But what can a man do where bribery and bluff and blarney have failed him? And really I don't understand in the least why my interesting friend, Lieutenant Asso Hondo, took my word for it that I was not a Russian; I certainly could not have blamed him for dealing with me off-hand as a spy."

Craig had protested against his being deported, and demanded to see somebody in authority, so Asso had ridden with him to the House of the Million Blossoms, and while they waited till the general was ready to receive them, they went through the part of the house under the Red Cross.

"All our nurses are men, who have been most carefully trained, at the great stationary hospitals in Tokio and elsewhere," explained Asso, "while our women nurses have all been called out, and will take the places of the men, who have gone to the front."

"What makes you think women are not so well qualified for field hospital work?" inquired Craig.

Asso smiled. "Doubtless any people who fought with your honorable nation, Mr. Craig, would not hesitate to leave their children as well as their women, where your soldiers might find them, for I believe your army would rather even lose its guns, than commit or condone the murder or outrage of a woman or little child—you would consider the disgrace less."

"I should rather hope we would," said Craig, dryly, "we're white men, Lieutenant Asso."

Asso bowed. "And like the honorable English," he said, "you are a very self-controlled people. But we are at war with the Russians, and knowing what their honorable nature is, and as war is an uncertain thing, I am glad we do not trust our women too near the enemy, even under the Red Cross."

Craig opened his lips to speak, then closed them without saying anything, and followed Asso silently into the room, where half a dozen Cossacks—scouts wounded and captured while raiding in Korea—were lying. The surgeon-in-chief, Dr. Toshio, was bending over one of the men who was under chloroform, and as he finished his examination before leaving his patient, Craig saw him take a tawdry gilded icon from the table, and hang it

carefully where its owner would see it as soon as he opened his eyes. And the visitor wondered if, after all, the West could not learn something from the East—this self-control so perfect that even where it hated and despised most, it let no touch of its feelings mar the absolute gentleness of its dealings with its helpless foes. Certainly Dr. Toshio was a Christian, but the government which authorized and commended his work was called heathen.

Then Craig was sent for into the little bare office, where the small, very mild-eyed general was sitting on his heels. After politely inquiring after his visitor's health, he said:

"I understand from Lieutenant Asso, Mr. Craig, that you have some complaint to make. Is it regarding him?"

"I only wished to know what authority he had for refusing to allow me to remain in Korea, sir," said Craig.

The general looked at him pensively. "I believe he had mine, Mr. Craig," he said softly. "You see I have reason to think there is a war going on in this country—a very dreadful war—and you must not stay here any longer, because you might get hurt."

Craig muttered an expletive under his breath, and the general looked amused, for even the mildest form of oaths are unknown in the language of Nippon.

"Have a sweetie, Mr. Craig," he said soothingly, bringing out a corked little bottle half full of white candies. "Have a sweetie; I don't smoke nor carry cigars, for I consider the use of tobacco foolish for any man who wishes to keep his mental powers at their best. But have a sweetie."

Craig took the sweet meekly, and went out into the garden again.

"They are treating me," he grumbled half aloud, "exactly as a policeman might a kid he found lost in the streets. I would like to know, though, how Asso was so confident that the story I told of myself was a true one."

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Craig"—Dr. Toshio was standing smiling beside him—"but I believe my daughter, who came with me to Korea as my secretary, had the exceeding good fortune of being able to identify you, and save you from some possible annoyance."

"The good fortune was mine, I think," said Craig. "But still I don't understand things. I have no recollection of ever seeing or hearing of Miss Toshio till now."

"Lieutenant Asso reported his meeting

with you to me," explained the doctor. "Miss Toshio remembered your name as that of a friend of her school-mate, the honorable Miss Hunter's, and went with the lieutenant to where she saw you, and recognized you by a portrait in her friend's album."

"Then, if she is Miss Hunter's chum, O Noshi San, I have certainly heard of her," said Craig, "and it was a lucky chance that brought you near me. Frankly, I didn't realize in the least how you were able to manage things, and I made a fool of myself, taking chances that no sane man should."

"Any friend of Mr. Hunter's is mine, too," said Dr. Toshio, "and I would ask you to be my guest until the 'Goya Maru' sails. My daughter and Madame Kabokusai are returning to Nippon in her also, so you will be fellow passengers."

For the first time, Craig saw a mitigating circumstance in his enforced return to Nippon. There was a frank, good comradeship between him and Dolly Hunter, entirely unmingled with love-making, and he remembered very well her glowing descriptions of the friend she had always wished him to meet—O Noshi San—Dolly had never called her anything else, the daintiest, most bewitching little maid that even Nippon ever saw, the personification of all the flower-like beauty and sweetness of her countrywomen. Craig felt decidedly interested as he went with the doctor to Madame Kabokusai's rooms.

The reception room was dainty enough to match the maid of Dolly's description: pale, silvery-grey paper walls, patterned with delicate green willow leaves; spotlessly white mats. Craig hastily removed his boots at the door. On the tokonoma, or raised dais, was a branch of cherry blossoms in a bronze vase, and a beautiful little censer, from which a tiny curl of scented smoke rose up before a memorial tablet set in the wall.

"There will be another name added to those already on it," said Dr. Toshio, softly, "for we heard to-day that Oki Teisko, brother of our Consul in Gensan, whose house this is, died as a soldier of Nippon should, facing the enemies of our emperor."

The wall opened as he spoke, and Madame Kabokusai, a middle-aged, but very graceful woman, entered, followed by a young girl, whose appearance gave Craig a distinct feeling of disappointment.

It certainly was hard to discover the dainty flower maid of Dolly's descriptions, in that prim little woman, with her dark blue trousers and jacket, and close-cropped hair. Her sash was the only mark of her sex that she still kept, and she knelt on the mats, a little image with downcast eyes, only speaking when spoken to, and then as briefly as possible.

Craig would have hardly felt flattered had he known her thoughts as he talked to her father, for Noshi had guessed his disappointment, and misunderstood its cause.

"Because he heard I was with the soldiers in Korea," she thought resentfully, "I suppose he expected that I was a geisha, and looked to see me with painted face and bright hairpins, dressed up in gay colored robes, and seeking to lure to myself some lover. Can he not understand that women, as well as men, have honor, and do not play when out on the Emperor's service? I have known some time that he was a man without intelligence, and now it appears that he is without self-control also, for he did not like it when he saw my hair was cut, showing I was under a vow, and not for any man to touch. Bah, I suppose all white men are alike, having neither reason nor self-control, like the Russians."

"So it was not far from Gray Horse Mountain," Dr. Toshio was saying, "that Lieutenant Asso had the honorable pleasure of meeting you, Mr. Craig. That mountain will doubtless have a place in Nippon's history, for it was about it that our quarrel with Russia began. You have not heard all the story? No; well, it is rather a comical one, and furnishes some idea as to the real management of the Korean government. You know a little of Seoul?"

"I know what the court is," said Craig, "a corrupt swarm of eunuchs, soothsayers, fortune-tellers, and foreign parasites, with an Emperor that such a crowd would choose."

"Exactly, and the foreign policy of Korea has always been 'make love to the strongest nations, and obey them,' so when she saw the bloodshot eyes of Russia fixed upon her from beyond the Yalu, which, as you know, is part of the boundary between Korea and Manchuria, and heard her demand that she gave the Prino Lumber Co. license to cut timber on the Korean side of the river, she consented at once. This license, though secured in 1896, was neglected until 1903,

when Russian troops and bandits crossed the Yalu, and, under pretence of cutting timber, garrisoned the Korean port of Yongampo, at the mouth of the Yalu. Then they started works on Gray Horse Mountain, which was far beyond the limits of their grant, the whole, doubtlessly, being an armed invasion of Korea, as we carefully explained to the Korean government. They gave us to understand that they had not studied the details of the lumber business, also that their army was not trained to fight, but that if we wanted a license to cut timber on the banks of the Yalu, too, we could have it."

"Not a bad idea," observed Craig, "and while they were about it, they might have given you a license to cut timber, and some other incidental things, in Manchuria as well."

Dr. Toshio smiled. "Instead," he said, "we thought it would show our national self-control better if we asked nothing for ourselves. So, with the honorable countries of England and America concurring in our request, we asked that the ports of Yongampo and Wiju, both on the Yalu, and most absurdly held by Russia on pretence of protecting her lumber company, should be opened to foreign trade. Korea consented at once, but as Russia did not pay a bit of attention, we thought it best to negotiate instantly with Russia ourselves."

"By means of torpedoes inserted under her battleships, eh?" said Craig.

The doctor laughed and bowed. "I regret that I must leave you now," he said, "but Miss Toshio will show the pictures I have, illustrating our reasons for going to war."

There was not the least reluctance or embarrassment in Noshi's manner, as she drew nearer the guest, and explained the pictures as she turned them over, but he found it hard to believe that she was not the very courteous, business-like young man that she seemed. So he gave his attention to the pictures, quaintly drawn, and oddly though beautifully colored things. The first was apparently the picture of an old farmer of Nippon, with his wife. Noshi's explanations were rather involved, but Craig gathered that the two were the Good Old Man and Good Old Woman of Nippon's legends, also possibly representations of the Emperor, "the divine soul of Nippon," and the Spirit of Honor who watched with him over the people.

These two were busy with an egg,

which, it seemed, was Korea, "a place of great possibilities, though to outward seeming as hard and lifeless as a stone." Under the care of the wise two, it is hatched into a tiny, weakly bird. And then, while they are very busy preparing it some food, a great snake snatched it through an opening in the wall.

"The snake, of course, represents the honorable policy of Russia in the East, Mr. Craig," said Noshi.

"I see," said Craig, looking at the picture, which showed the old man and woman in attitudes very expressive of grief and horror, "and who is that rabbit there, Miss Toshio?"

"The spirit of young Nippon, Mr. Craig," said the girl, "which rises in answer to the Emperor's prayer, ready to live and die in the defence of him and the honor of our land."

"And this is evidently Brer Rabbit on the war-path," said Craig, as he turned to the next, which represented the most warlike rabbit, with the cap and rifle of an infantry soldier, sitting astride on a torpedo boat about twice the size of the Russian battleship beside it, and, as far as Craig could make out, engaged in an heroic attempt to ram the city of Port Arthur.

The last picture showed the Good Old Man with his hands outspread in benediction over the rabbit that, rifle and all, lay at his feet, its forehead pressing the ground, while the Good Old Woman is busy feeding the recovered bird, which flutters its wings in lively gratitude as it perches on her hand.

"That represents," said Noshi, "that we intend to develop the highest good in Korea, placing our consuls in every city, who will take charge of all government property and financing. Our own properly trained police have taken care of affairs at Seoul, and we hope soon to be able to extend the system through the country. We have already begun the construction of railroads and lighthouses, and adopted a scheme for the reclaiming of waste lands."

Craig looked at her. "Miss Toshio," he said, "do you really mean that at war with an enemy like Russia, your leaders are thinking of anything but how to hold their own? Why, there is hardly a western military expert who believes Nippon can get her army across Korea in time to keep Russia from making it the battle-ground, and then you tell me that your people are making reforms in the police, and reclaiming waste lands."



Noshi smiled. "If we were fighting just out of murder-just, Mr. Craig," she said, "then we might be thinking only of how to kill our enemies, but because we have taken up arms for the enlightenment of the East, I believe our battles were won before they were fought. I know your soul is laughing at me, Mr. Craig, yet being a Christian and a Saxon, you must believe in the might of national righteousness. And then, because we are treating the people of Korea with careful honor, they have become honorable towards us. You can observe, for one thing, the large bodies of guards that Russia needs to protect her railways in Manchuria, in strange contrast with the perfect order we are able to maintain here, with so little evidence of force."

Craig looked across the garden to where the little soldiers were still quietly admiring the flowers, and comparing them with the fierce fighters among the Russians, he felt afraid that Nippon's victories would never exist outside her imagination.

Then a tiny boy came slowly out from among the shrubbery. Walking unsteadily on his fat little legs, he looked like some tropical flower himself, in his gorgeous raiment of red and yellow, blue and peagreen. His funny little head was shaven, except for a little black tuft in the middle, and he smiled very broadly at Craig.

"It is Botschan" (baby boy), said Noshi, "O Kabokusai Sama's grandson."

Craig stepped down into the garden, and went towards the child, who smiled and stood still. Then, with a funny little shuffling run, a small girl darted out and stood defiantly in front of the baby. She did not look much bigger than he, though her stiff sash showed she was over seven, and her elaborately dressed hair, and dress of flowered silk made her look like a miniature woman.

Craig stood still in amused surprise as she faced him, her thin, sickly little face set in tense lines, and a narrow bit of steel flashing in her hand.

Then Noshi spoke in her own tongue, and the child's face flushed crimson, her knife disappeared, and she was on the ground at Craig's feet, hitting her forehead on the path in an agony of shame and embarrassment.

"Will you condescend to pardon her contemptible rudeness, Mr. Craig," said Noshi, softly; "she is most foolishly young, and without much manners, a

Farmer Ricefield's daughter, we would call her, something the same as your term 'hayseed.'"

"I'll forgive her. I'll do anything if you will only tell her to get up," said Craig. "But what have I done? Is it against the law to look at babies in war-time?"

Little Tasshee stood up then, though she kept very close to Botschan, and Noshi said: "We are taught that mistakes are never excusable, but Tasshee has just come from Port Arthur, and not knowing you were here, foolishly thought you were a Russian, and might hurt Botschan."

"Poor little thing," said Craig, "I suppose your people in the Russian ports suffered a good deal when this war broke out, Miss Toshio?"

"War is—hell," said Noshi quietly, "but as long as civilized Christian men talk of its glory, so long will it be carried on in spite of the sufferings of innocent non-combatants like Tasshee. Her father was a small trader like all his family, and he opened a store in Port Arthur some years ago. There was quite a colony of our people there, living in their own quarter, and when this war threatened, the Viceroy Alexieff was spoken to about them, and pledged his word that they should be protected. But on the afternoon following that first naval attack, a mob of Russian soldiers, under no control, entered our quarter and completely looted the stores and houses, returning to their barracks laden with plunder, before the eyes of their officers lounging round the cafés. There was not even a word of reproc' spoken to the men, and no attempt made to prevent further outrages. So other soldiers, excited by the sight of the booty, went down to our quarter, and, enraged at finding only empty houses, they searched the people for money and jewelry, and in many cases stripped them of even the clothes they wore. Our people fled to the seashore, where the women, many of them without clothing, went into the water, where they thought the soldiers would not follow them, and stood there that February night, holding their little children above the waves. Young Madame Kabokusai was one of these, and so she saved Botschan. Tasshee was with her father, and the drunken soldier who shot him bit the child's ear off with his teeth. Really I think the Russians are uncivilized."

Craig glanced at the child, whose care-

fully arranged hair barely hid her mutilation. "And then what happened?" he said.

"Oh, our men got some sampans, and, picking up the women, managed to escape from the harbor, and down the coast to Dalny."

"I heard part of the story," said Craig, slowly, "but to be out in open boats that bitter winter's night with women and little children in a heavy sea."

"Yes, they had a deal of trouble with the boats, many were drowned, and others died of exposure, the children's mother among them. The rest reached Dalny and, with the help of the honorable English consul, escaped to Wei-Hai-Wei. The children were brought by friends to Korea, and Madame Kabokusai came from Tokio to fetch them. And now I think I ought to apologize for talking of such unpleasant things, Mr. Craig. I fear I am keeping you from enjoying yourself by my foolish and depressing talk."

Craig looked at her cheerful, placid face. "You are a strange people, Miss Toshio," he said. "Does nothing ever madden you, not even such stories as Tasshee San's?"

"Of course, we know that if we let the Russians cross the Yalu in force, such things will be done in every Korean city. Still we think it is not best to excite ourselves with such tales. Hate is an agitating thing, and it is better for a soldier to think of the enemy with gentle indifference, and go to battle calmly determined to win."

"You have a tremendous confidence in yourselves, Miss Toshio. You seem to think of the war as won before it is fought."

"We read history, Mr. Craig, and with the one exception of the conquest of Rome by the Goths, there has never been a civilized people conquered by an uncivilized one. And that is why we have no hate for the Russians; it shows the strength of a man when he is always able to make allowances while dealing with savages."

"Dolly was right about her being intelligent enough," thought Craig, "and her dress is the most sensible one she could wear, only she is so perfectly cool about it. I don't believe she cares more for my opinion than that of the family cat. I wonder what on earth makes her keep her hair cut."

And Noshi was thinking, "After all, he is Saxon, not a Slav. You could see that by the way he looked when I told him

of Tasshee San. He may not be very clever, but he seems brave and self-controlled. I think I might like him, if only he would not always remember that I am a woman."

The port of Gensan had been full of shipping when Craig left it that morning for the House of a Million Blossoms, but when he returned that evening, on April 23, Vice-Admiral Kamimura's squadron had gone, presumably to continue operations against Vladivostok, but Craig felt that he might as well be a thousand miles away as far as seeing anything that was worth seeing was concerned, and even if he did, post and telegraph were closed to him as completely as if they did not exist.

"I might write a book," he thought, discontentedly, "on Nippon in a new light, and call it 'O Noshi San.'"

He saw her again on the next day, which was Sunday, and they met at the little service to which he had been invited. Afterwards Dolly spoke to him:

"I am leaving this afternoon," he said, smiling, "and might I ask that, with the honorable manners of your nation, you will condescend to be a friend to Madame Kabokusai and my daughter until they reach Nippon."

So the camp by Gensan was broken up, part of the soldiers marching off that Sunday "to an unknown destination," while the small remainder embarked on the transport "Kinshu Maru," which left with her destroyer escort at daybreak on Monday, for where, or what, no one in Gensan to whom Craig spoke seemed to have the least idea.

The "Goya Maru" took her passengers on board about noon. Only Craig lingered on shore till the last moment, hoping against hope that he might hear something. The squadron whose movements he had noted, might be doing anything or everything, but though Gensan lay so near to Vladivostok that her interest in Nippon's success or failure in maintaining the blockade there must be very personal, the Korean part of the population seemed amiably indifferent to war matters, and the little people who lived in their own quarter, with its always clean streets and homes, where they worked and laughed and chattered as if all their work was play, never spoke of what their own soldiers might be doing, nor seemed to notice what happened before their eyes.

Craig went to say "good-bye" to the

consul, and Oki met him smiling. "So, Mr. Craig," he said, "the honorable visit you have condescended to pay us is over. Can you forgive our rudeness toward you and our contemptible conduct in raising a disturbance on the eve of your departure?"

"Why, Mr. Oki, what is the matter?" said Craig, quickly, as a dozen little carts and rickshas passed, laden with bundles tied up in what appeared to be huge blue and green cotton handkerchiefs, and drawn by men and women. Close after them came a string of shaggy ponies, not much bigger than Newfoundland dogs, with hastily-made packs on their backs, and tiny children trotting at their heads. And then a party of soldiers and police came by at a run, carrying stretchers, with old people and sick. There was hurry everywhere, but a very systematic hurry, absolutely without confusion.

Oki smiled. "You see, Mr. Craig," he said, "the honorable Russian cruisers from Vladivostok, 'Rossia,' 'Gromoboi,' and 'Rurik,' with a flotilla of torpedo boats, are just off this port, and I think we have about twenty minutes before they enter the harbor."

He bowed and smiled cheerfully, and Craig rushed off to the "Goya Maru," where his charges were standing together on deck, watching with mild interest the Russian torpedo boats as they crossed the bay, the warships remaining outside.

Craig was standing by Madame Kabokusai when the Russians boarded the "Goya," and he stared at them with an air of insolent curiosity, like some western tourist looking at something he did not understand, and was satisfied not to.

"Yes, I am travelling with Madame and her children," he said, in answer to the officer's questions.

"And the boy, your servant, monsieur?" queried the Russian, barely glancing at Noshi, his whole attention being given to the study of Madame Kabokusai.

"I would take my oath that the woman was sixty," he said, dramatically, as he described the scene to his brother officers afterwards. "One hears much of the incomprehensible eccentricities of these English, but in Japan, where every woman is a geisha, why did he choose this one who—think of it, my brothers—is sixty."

"And so engrossed were those Russian men over the details of this supposed intrigue, that they noted nothing else in the harbor of Gensan.

Every one on the "Goya" had been ordered on shore, and from the rocky

beach near the mouth of the harbor, they watched the sinking of their ship by the enemy's torpedoes.

"Behold the avenging of your attack on Port Arthur, Miss Toshio," said Craig. "The great bear of the north has risen in insulted majesty at last, and boldly entered one of your harbors to torpedo your ships. You are now seeing a great Russian naval victory."

"I fear they have gained a strategic victory," Mr. Craig," said Noshi, very seriously. "You see, this sea of Nippon is, and must be, altogether ours; we cannot possibly allow an unfriendly fleet to be at large on it, if we would continue to exist. Admiral Kamimura was to strictly blockade Vladivostok, and yet part of its squadron is in Gensan."

"But consider the dense sea fogs of the last two days, Miss Toshio," urged Craig, rather surprised at her criticism. "Even Brer Rabbit cannot perform the impossible."

"But we must not make mistakes," said Noshi, quickly. "We are prepared for the loss of thousands of our men, if necessary, as part of some careful plan, but not to be ever outwitted by these slow-thinking Russians."

Noshi was unwontedly excited, or she would not have followed her woman's instinct to trust this man entirely, disregarding the careful maxims of her people.

"Mr. Craig," she said, frankly, "the 'Kinshu Maru' left this morning for I-won, where the troops on board would be landed to reconnoitre the neighborhood. Then she was to return with them, arriving to-morrow morning. Can we warn her, for if the enemy remains off Gensan, she will certainly be taken. And there is the merchant ship, 'Taisei Maru,'—she, too, is due here to-night."

"I have sailed this course in a sampan before," said Craig, thoughtfully, "and in worse weather. It's not very likely I can meet your ships in time to warn them, but I think I'll try."

"It would be a keissheitai, I think, Mr. Craig."

"Is that Nipponese for heap big fool?"

"I do not quite follow your exalted language, Mr. Craig, but keissheitai is when men volunteer to go to certain death for the honor of the Emperor. And it is evident to me that you are very really a Christian, seeing that you would rather risk your life for others than think only of your own safety."

"I am afraid I shall have my troubles trying to live up to your exalted opinion

of me, Miss Toshio, but you notice that the Russian cruisers don't enter the harbor, probably because they have eluded, not defeated, Kamimura, and are afraid of him catching them where they can't run away. Before dusk you will see they will recall their torpedo boats, and stand off further from the coast. The thing will be to meet your ships, and I shall have no trouble in leaving the harbor."

And he did not. The sea was rising, great, gray masses of water heaving themselves up as if moved by a power below, and the Russian ships, rolling among the waves at a safe distance from the rocky, surf-beat coast, and the harbor they feared to enter, saw nothing of the tiny, gray-painted junk that slipped out from an inlet near the harbor mouth, and ran past them among the tumbling seas.

So Craig escaped, and always believed he might have succeeded, had not the fog come rolling across the sea like a wall of smoke, and covered them up like a shroud. Wrapped up in its dark folds, the little junk went on slowly and blindly in the darkness, her crew hearing nothing but the muffled sounds of the heavy sea, till suddenly, about eleven that night, it lifted, or they passed beyond it, to find themselves in clear water, with the light of a steamer showing far away.

They met and spoke to her, the "Taisei Maru," and knew that they had passed the big transport, so Craig turned back to Gensan, feeling that he had failed in half his mission, when he heard the sound of distant guns across the sea, and recklessly carried the gray junk towards them, to where the searchlights were playing menacingly on the waters.

It was the Vladivostok cruisers and their torpedo boats. Craig could see nothing else, though he was near now—too near for his own safety, for the "Rossia" fired then, and the shot struck the water beyond his junk. He felt that the searchlights were long, ghastly fingers stretching out to clutch and destroy him, yet instead of running away to hide in the friendly darkness, he took the gray junk circling slowly round those great ships that carried her death in their loaded guns, for, as the cruiser fired, he had seen in the white path of her searchlight, a half-submerged boat with pitiful little black things clinging to it.

War is hell, and any people who would go to war except in the direst need cannot condemn the sinking of the "Kinshu Maru," with the troops on board her. But only an uncivilized people, to whom arbi-

trary authority has brought false ideas of military methods, together with perverted reasoning powers and enfeebled judgment, would have fired on their enemy struggling and drowning in an icy sea.

Thirty-seven men, five of whom still had their rifles, were taken out of the water by the gray junk before she fled to save herself. She was wounded, and only not sunk because of the remarkable character of Russian gun practice in a heavy sea. So her men kept her afloat till they were able to beach her at day-break on the desolate shore of Mayong Island. And crouching beside the drift-wood fire they had made among the rocks, Craig heard the story of the wreck from Yamamoto Gato, who still proudly held his dripping rifle.

"We sighted the enemy just before midnight," said the little soldier in his very correct English, for he had been the English-speaking clerk of the Hakubunsha publishing house in Tokio before the war called him to serve in the ranks of the army, "and with readiness for action which contrasted favorably with their unreadiness on some other occasions, the torpedo boats bore down upon us, and, seeing there was no possibility of escaping an engagement, our ship hauled down her flag."

There was a soft sigh from the men round him—in a western audience it would have been a groan—and Yamamoto continued:

"The captain of our ship and two of our officers went to the 'Rossia,' giving themselves up and asking that the crew and some business men, who were passengers, might leave the 'Kinshu' before she was attacked, as the soldiers had decided not to surrender. This was graciously permitted, and at the order of our Captain Shiina, who was now in command of us, we remained perfectly quiet in our quarters below, while the others left the vessel."

"Pardon me," said Craig, "but if two of your officers could surrender, why should you feel dishonored at doing the same?"

Yamamoto smiled. "To save the non-combatants," he said. "It was necessary that our honorable enemy should be able to return with some captives of distinction, so these two went gladly, for it is honor to be dishonored sometimes. Then the 'Rossia' opened fire on our ship, and Captain Shiina, who was alone on the deck, called us to come up. At his order we formed in line on the deck, and replied to the cruiser's guns with our rifles.

though we could not do her any harm. For half an hour she fired at us, doing little damage, as her men did not seem to understand how to work their guns. Only Captain Shiina was killed, and a few men wounded, by splinters. Mayeda, who had been a Buddhist monk, and left his convent when the war threatened, vowing never to touch wine or woman, and to die in his first engagement, sat down on the deck and committed hara-kiri, for he thought the honorable Russians would

never sink our ship. Then, with his sword still in his body, he was crying, 'Nippon Banzai,' when a shell struck our engine-room, the explosion tearing the 'Kinshu' apart, and whirling us into the sea. We could all swim, and we intended to find and right our row-boats, but the continued firing of the honorable Russians disturbed us, and had it not been for your excellent good manners, Mr. Craig, none of us would have saved our contemptible lives."

## WALKSGEWARAN OF KITAMAAT.

A STORY OF INDIAN LIFE ON THE PACIFIC COAST.

BY A. L. H.



HE sun was just setting as they drew their canoe up to the landing at Kitamaat, and prepared to disembark. The occupants—a young Indian girl of fourteen summers, her brother, Walksgewaran, six years older, and their aged grandmother, have returned from a pleasant sail on the blue Pacific.

As they stepped on shore and began to ascend the rough path leading to the village, Walksgewaran continued the conversation with his grandmother regarding his future prospects in life.

"Tell me," said he, "what should I have to do to become a medicine-man?"

"My child," replied the aged woman, "there is a course of severe discipline through which you must pass before you can attain your heart's desire. To begin with, there are three distinct orders of 'medicine-men,' the 'man-eaters,' the 'dog-eaters,' and the third class, which is a peaceful order. You must first of all decide which of these orders you will join. After you have done this, go down to the little cove on the sea-shore and drink of the salt water, bathe your limbs in the briny waves, and then, after your ablutions, you may return at sunset to the village and take your place in the council of the braves. There you will wait till you feel your soul stirring within you, then the spirit will take full possession of you, and you will be ready to be initiated into all the mysterious rites of the 'medicine-men.'"

Walksgewaran listened attentively to the words of his grandmother, and resolved to join the peaceful order of 'medicine-men.' Accordingly, the next day, after eating a light meal, he repaired to the cove his grandmother had spoken of. He took deep draughts of the salt sea-water. Then, removing his scanty apparel, he plunged into the waves as they rolled gently in upon the shore. All day long he continued at his ablutions, then, after the sun had sunk below the distant horizon, he wended his way in the dusk slowly and silently towards the place of assembly, the council chamber of the braves.

There he took his seat unnoticed and unwelcomed. For some time he continued to sit in silence. Then, feeling a sudden impulse within him, he sprang up and stood before his companions, the Indian braves. Quickly all eyes were centred upon him. The old man threw off their passivity and something like a shade of excitement passed over their stolid countenances. Walksgewaran swayed himself to and fro with an undulating movement, then waving his arms wildly, he whirled round and round uttering piercing shrieks till, exhausted, he fell unconscious on the ground. The braves gathered round and resuscitated him. With glad countenances they set him on his feet. They can hardly suppress their joy, for has not Walksgewaran shown every sign of being "possessed"? He is now qualified to enter upon the mysterious practices of the medicine-men.

Now it happened that a great feast was drawing near. The Indians of the

Kitamaat thought a good supply of "fire-water" necessary for the proper celebration of such a feast. Accordingly they discussed this matter in their council, and decided to send Walksgewaran with some companions in two canoes to Victoria, to procure whiskey for the festival. The chosen ones set out in great glee, for the task was both novel and exciting, and not without a spice of danger. Not one of the voyageurs has ever been as far south as Victoria.

All went well with them till they had completed about half the distance to Victoria, when they were suddenly attacked by Indians of a hostile tribe, who sailed out to meet them from the shore. Not wishing to engage in a naval battle, and being intent on reaching their destination, Walksgewaran and his companions bent to their task and quickly the two canoes shot out beyond the reach of their pursuers, not, however, before some slight injury had been received.

Secure from further pursuit, our dusky argonauts pursued their course over the rolling wave, and in due time reached Victoria. Having disembarked, they proceeded to view the sights. Everything seemed strange to them. The customs of the people struck them as odd. Never before had they seen so many white men. The Indians, on the other hand, attracted the attention of the townspeople in no small degree. They are strangers from the remote north; seldom, if ever before has a representative of their tribe been seen on the streets of Victoria. Everything about them attracts the white people's curiosity. Their blankets are different from those usually seen, their adornments are unique. Their whole appearance seems odd and unfamiliar. It is not long before the townspeople ask each other,

"Whence come these strange Indians?" and, "What is their purpose in visiting Victoria?"

Among those asking such questions is a certain missionary superintendent. On being informed that they are from the far distant Kitamaat, and have come to Victoria for the purpose of procuring whiskey, the missionary immediately thought of a plan for securing their moral and spiritual welfare. He accordingly invited them into the Mission Hall. There they listen to the hymns sung and, by means of an interpreter, they hear the Gospel proclaimed. Nor is the word spoken in vain; it makes impression on

the hearts of the dusky strangers, and they one and all decide to become Christians. Their intention of procuring whiskey is now abandoned, and in place of a cargo of "fire-water," they return with a goodly supply of Bibles translated into their own tongue.

Having completed their sight-seeing, Walksgewaran and his companions commenced their return voyage. Nothing of moment happened on their way back. As they neared the harbor of Kitamaat they saw a large crowd of their tribesmen gathered on the shore to bid them welcome home. No sooner had the landing been reached than Walksgewaran and his companions sprang out of the canoes and commenced to tell the eager throng concerning their experiences in Victoria. Long and loud were the cries of disappointment uttered by the expectant multitude when they learned that no whiskey had been brought.

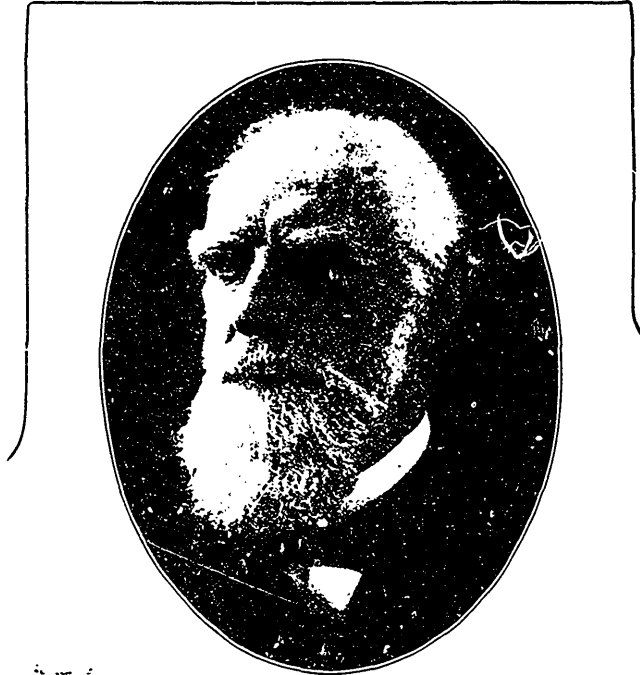
Walksgewaran tried to appease his infuriated tribesmen by telling them of the Gospel Message, and showing them the Bibles which have been given him by the missionaries. He exhorted them to forget the whiskey and to embrace Christianity. But in their frenzied state of mind they paid little attention to his words. Still undismayed, he continued to make further efforts to win his tribesmen to Christianity. Day by day he goes in and out among them, speaking a kindly word here and there. Some of the squaws and youths are impressed by his earnestness and noble bearing, and decide to become Christians. But the old men, the braves, and those who have become confirmed in paganism, refuse to listen to his words,

Thus matters continued all through the summer. On Sunday afternoons Walksgewaran used to gather around him a little band of faithful followers and expound to them the truth, even as it had been made known to him. Whilst thus engaged, one Sunday, late in the summer, the stillness was suddenly broken by a blood-curdling whoop. A band of dusky braves, resplendent in war-paint and feathers, emerged from the forest. They seized the unresisting Walksgewaran, bound him hand and foot, and with savage cruelty, tore off his scalp, then tying him to a stake they retreated a few paces and literally covered his body with a sheaf of arrows. Thus perished Walksgewaran, the first Christian martyr among the Kitamaat Indians.

Toronto.

IN THE GOLDEN GLOW.

BY AGNES GROTE COPELAND.



LORD STRATHCONA.

Safely over the billowed crest  
Our barque glides calm and free,  
Into the glow of the crimson west,  
Nearing the boundless sea.

Glide on, glide on, my love and I shall sleep and dream  
While the rippling waters flow ;  
And thro' the purple mist behold the spring-tide gleam,  
While we wait in the golden glow.

Backward, luring us up the stream,  
The meadow-bird sings again ;  
But "Onward!" the Pilot's call, we deem  
An echo of sweeter strain.

Our Pilot waits, and loved ones past the fading light  
Are whispering, "Come away, away ;"  
Thus we shall sail beyond the golden glow of night  
To the land of eternal day.

## THE HIGHER LIFE.

BY THE REV. A. H. REYNAR, M.A., LL.D.

So much of the mystical and magical has been thrown around this subject that the very title may be to some readers the signal to turn the page and pass on. Many good people there are to whom zeal, with or without knowledge, is the principal thing, but the number is steadily increasing of those who want light as well as heat, and knowledge as well as zeal. The modern mind is dominated by the idea of law in the spiritual as in the natural world—it holds that God is not a god of confusion, but that a spiritual cosmos is the “far-off divine event to which the whole creation moves.” According to an old conception the physical world came to its present order through a series of catastrophes. According to the modern conception, it has grown by the steady evolution of the forces in matter springing from the infinite and eternal Energy from which all things proceed. The same difference obtains as to the conception of spiritual life and growth. Let it not be supposed, however, that all mystery disappears with evolution, or that a knowledge of the law by which a power works explains the origin of the power.

In applying these principles to the higher life, we note that the origin of the life principle or energy is under the new conception as under the old ascribed to God alone, the only Infinite and Eternal. In the physical realm all things were made by the Divine Word; so, in the spiritual realm, “In Him was life, and the life was the light of men.”

There is in the physical life itself a higher and a lower, and living things range up from what seems but an animated sack or stomach to the most perfect and beautiful of human forms, with its multiplicity and variety of functions. In the intellectual life also there is a lower and a higher. It may be traced in the seemingly blind instincts and sensations of the lowest animals, up through the cunning of beasts and savage men, to the sublimest reasonings and discoveries of the human mind. And, in like manner, there is a lower and a higher in the moral life. Its first motions may be seen in the simplest law that curbs the selfishness of brutish men, whilst its latest and sweetest fruit may be seen in the love that leads a man to live and die

for his fellow men. Again, of these three stages or planes of life, there is a lower and a higher, or rather a lowest and a highest.

In so far as a man's life is habitually and characteristically on one or another of these planes, it is a high life or a low life. All who live for the physical or animal are on the lowest plane, though their tastes may differ and be called gross or refined. One man may gorge on bacon and beans and wash his meal down with rum, and another may fare daintily on canvas-back and champagne, but they are both living the lowest life—the physical, animal life.

When the man passes from the animal to the intellectual exercises and pleasures, he rises in the scale of life. Animal life he must sustain, and animal enjoyments he may take by the way, but the aim and purpose of his life is higher, and he will submit to plain living for the sake of high thinking. Yet he may be selfish and criminal—a bad man, notwithstanding his knowledge and cleverness.

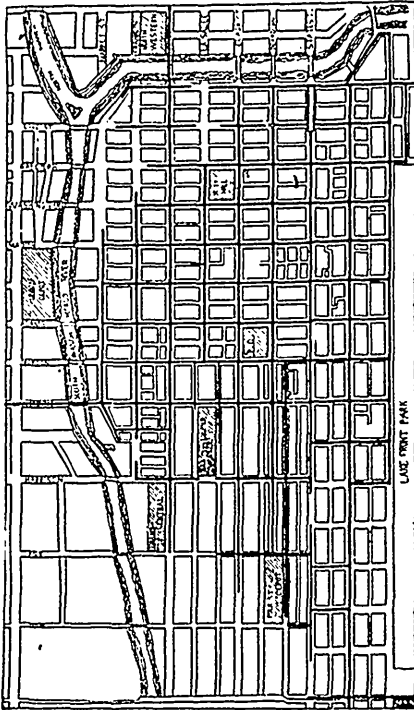
It is only when the man lives for love and truth and duty that he passes into the highest life. And, by whatever name a man may be named, when he passes into that life, he enters upon the Higher Life. “God is no respecter of persons, but in every nation he that feareth God and worketh righteousness is accepted with him.”

What, then, is the advantage of the Christian? Two chief advantages are his. In the first place, he has the sublime, the supreme example of the Highest Life in the person of Jesus Christ, who left us an example that we should follow in His steps. In the second place, there has come into the world through His person and work an inspiration—an uplifting power by which the souls of men rise from a sense of guilt and bondage to spiritual peace and to the glorious liberty of the Son of God. The experience of an innumerable company of the purest and loftiest souls is that by the grace of God, through Jesus Christ, they have passed as from death unto life, and they have found His Word a true Word: “I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly.”—Acta Victoriana.



## FREIGHT TUNNELS IN CHICAGO.

BY GEORGE W. JACKSON.



Map of Central Business District of Chicago, showing (in Heavy Lines) Network of Tunnels.

Chicago has achieved an evil reputation as a centre of labor strikes. In the famous hay-market riot two years ago batteries of artillery were planted in strategic points, creating a scene not unlike the revolution in Paris. In the more recent teamster strikes thousands of strikers assembled with riotous intention, scores were wounded, some killed, many brutally beaten. The promised municipalizing of the tram-cars and other public utilities will go far to solve these labor troubles, but nothing will do so much to make the great trading interests of the city independent of the surface teamsters as the colossal systems of freight tunnels now in course of organization. These are described as follows :

Sixty miles of tunnels are being constructed under the principal streets of

Chicago. Twenty-six miles already have been completed. Over a narrow gauge electric railway in these conduits the Illinois Tunnel Company expects to transport 50,000 tons of freight daily.

So quietly has the work been carried on, with no interruption to traffic and no obstruction in the streets, that only a small percentage of Chicago's population is aware of the scope of the enterprise, or of the fact that the business district will be honeycombed with shafts, leading to all of the railroad stations and to the principal mercantile establishments.

Under an ordinance granted by the city of Chicago on February 20th, 1899, the Illinois Telephone and Telegraph Company—a new corporation—was given a franchise for the use of space under the streets. It constructed a network of large tunnels beneath the business district, with roofs not less than twenty-four feet from the surface. These tunnels are of two sizes, the trunk conduits being twelve feet wide and fourteen feet high and the branch shafts six feet wide and seven feet six inches high. The material is cement, which in the larger tunnels is twenty-one inches thick at the bottoms and eighteen inches at the walls.

Under the roof and along the walls of the tunnels on each side are strung the telephone cables, leaving space on the floor sufficient for a railway. The company in July, 1903, therefore secured an extension of its franchise rights, permitting it to operate apparatus for carrying freight of all kinds and for handling mail matter, packages, newspapers, and other articles. The Illinois Tunnel Company last January acquired the system.

Over these rails will run trains drawn by electric locomotives, now in successful operation. The cars are wholly of iron and steel and are twelve feet in length. Each will have a capacity of thirty thousand pounds of freight. The trolley system of propulsion is being used, driving the trains at a speed of from fifteen to twenty miles an hour. A five thousand horse-power electric plant soon will be in operation.

Upon the completion of the track laying, three thousand cars and one hundred and fifty locomotives will be put in service. These will run to the six great

freight depots of the twenty-five trunk railroads which centre in Chicago. All of the stations are within a section less than two miles square, and the enormous freight traffic of the city has caused congestion in the streets. The tunnels will relieve this, as they are expected to take as a single step nearly all of the four million tons of coal burned annually within the "loop"—the elevated railway marking the centre of the business district.

The system of handling the freight will be simple. Shafts are being constructed from the tunnels directly into the freight houses of the railways, and the tunnel cars will be lifted on elevators to the sides of the freight cars ready to be unloaded. When the underground car is filled it will be dropped again into the tunnel, ready to be unloaded at the warehouse of the consignee or placed in the Tunnel Company's storage quarters to await his orders.

Nearly every large business house in downtown Chicago will have shaft connections with the tunnel system, elevators like those at the freight depots carrying the cars into the stores or storage houses. As the tunnel cars will accommodate any object that can be passed through the door of any railway freight car, there hardly is anything which the Tunnel Company cannot transport to the merchants.

The installation of this system will remove thousands of waggons from the downtown streets, keep them cleaner, and make the handling of freight much cheaper than it is at present. Chicago is the only city in the world to employ an extensive system of this kind, and the effect of its successful operation will be incalculable. There is little doubt that New York, with its subway for the transportation of passengers, will follow with its tunnels for the hauling of freight, and other crowded cities cannot but profit from the change from old to modern methods.

A feature of the tunnel system is the great distributing station at the river and Taylor Street. The Tunnel Company a few months ago purchased for nearly \$2,000,000 seven large warehouses for use as its terminals. All freight not immediately desired by the consignee, and

all of which must be re-routed, will be shipped to this centre. All the trunk lines of the tunnel meet here, and the cars can be elevated to the tops of the seven-story building and unloaded there. Merchants buying in large quantities save great sums, and fall, summer, winter, and spring stocks often begin to arrive months before they are placed on sale. The larger merchants have their own warehouses for the storage of these goods, and shafts will extend to their warehouses. The smaller dealers, however, generally are deterred from purchasing in advance because they lack room in which to place their stock. Under the new system this may be stored in the Tunnel Company's houses and taken out in small lots, just as the retailer desires it.

The ultimate intention is to extend the tunnels into the manufacturing districts, and far away from the business section.

The pneumatic system was used in the excavating. Airlocks were placed just inside the several shafts and air under pressure was admitted into the portion where the men were working. The shafts were made larger than the dimensions of the finished tubes, allowing a space of nearly two feet at the sides. Iron ribs were placed at short intervals along the inside, and within these were built walls of wood. In the space between the inner and outer walls, cement, stone, and gravel were poured, making a solid mass that would uphold all weights in the roadways above.

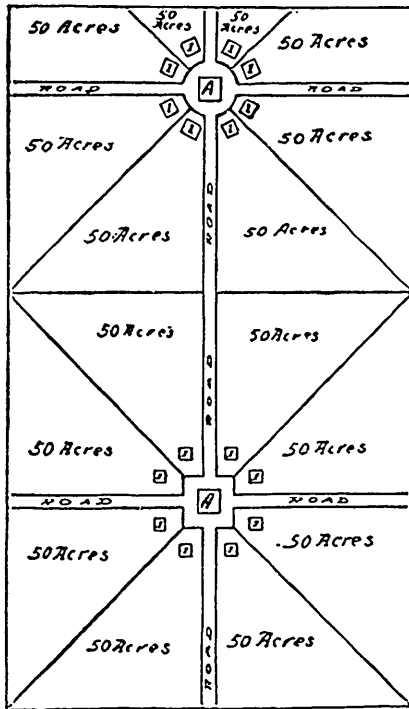
Nine hundred tram-cars were used in removing the dirt, which was taken out at the rate of more than four hundred running feet a day. The cars were hoisted up the shafts to the elevated houses a few feet above the street, and from these the dirt and stone fell into waggons beneath. The dirt then was hauled to the lake front, where it was used in increasing the size of a city park. Later the method was changed by having a tunnel extended directly to the lake front, removing the necessity of teams for hauling the filling. At another end of the system the cars were run out upon scows and the clay taken down the river. It is estimated that more than 4,950,000 cubic feet of dirt have been excavated.

O Word of God, thou precious seed,  
I take thee now into my heart;  
O spring thou up in speech and deed,  
And good to other lives impart.

Speak thou so lovingly to men,  
Of the dear, dying Christ and Lord,  
That my heart's fruit to seed again  
Shall turn, and each work have its word.

## Current Topics and Events.

BACK TO THE SOIL.



A SECTION OF GOODE CITY.

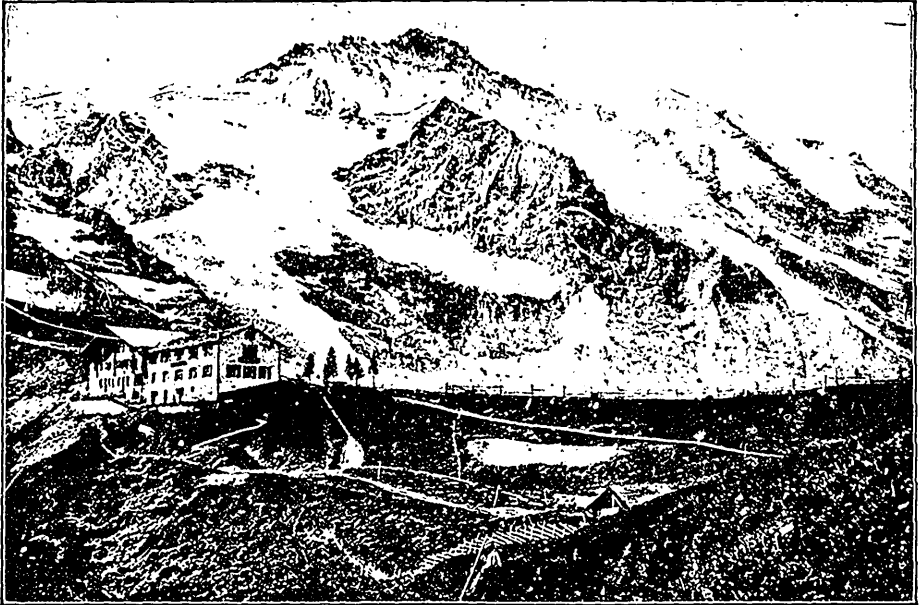
1. Farm house. A, School, church, hall or other building.

A novel application is about to be made of Bradley Gilman's New England story, "Back to the Soil." A colonization project at Goode City, near Houston, Texas, is, according to Peter H. Goldsmith, writing in the Boston Transcript, to be nothing less than an application of Mr. Gilman's ideas in urbanizing the country. The story was published nearly four years ago, but in February of this year one of the editors of *The American Farmer* read it, and was so struck by it that he wrote an editorial which furnished ammunition for Mr. Solon L. Goode, the president of the company which publishes the paper.

Mr. Gilman's purpose in the book was

to demonstrate "the hopeful possibilities of country life," the object being to overcome the loneliness and isolation. "A company, so the story runs, is formed, and the sum of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars is raised to carry out an experiment. A site is chosen, several unremunerative, but sufficiently fertile, farms are bought at a moderate price, and thrown together, and development is at once begun. The four square miles of territory is laid out in one hundred farms, radiating from a circular centre, which is to contain the common, the public buildings, music-stand, promenade, etc. The houses are built at the apices of the farms or lots, facing the circular 'square.' The farms vary in form and size, according to their uses, and the nature of the soil which they contain. Each house-lot has a frontage of sixty feet, the houses being twenty feet wide, and costing somewhat more than eight hundred dollars each. The lots are alike for about a hundred yards back from the street on which they face, each one thus having about a third of an acre for a yard and garden. The company erected the houses, paved the streets, and constructed the roads, installed water-works, electric and gas lighting and sewerage systems, and supplied and managed the school, church, lyceum, etc. Later a line of electric cars is built.

"The plan supplies what they seek; a scheme for urbanizing country life, for furnishing fresh air, sunshine, varied industry, independence, a simple and normal existence, with all the advantages of social contact and co-operation. Stress will be laid upon the proximity of residences and ease of access. The town spirit of solidarity is to be developed. The main difference between Mr. Gilman's Circle City and the Goode City project lies in the simplification of the general architectural scheme, fewer houses being grouped together around one centre, and the number of centres being multiplied in the latter. Everything is in favor of the success of the enterprise. The farms are to be of about fifty acres each, and diversified agriculture, with numerous other industries, will be fostered."—Public Opinion.



THE JUNGFRAU, THE FAMOUS ALPINE PEAK.

## CROSSING THE ALPS BY BALLOON.

One of the most daring ascents ever made is reported from Switzerland. Captain Spelterini, a famous aeronaut, has succeeded in crossing the Alps in his balloon. He ascended to the Eiger Glacier station on the railroad up the Jungfrau, where a departure platform had been erected. To this his balloon was attached. It contained sixteen hundred cubic metres of gas, and was carefully ballasted to allow for the height from which the start was made. As the balloon rose, it was watched with intense interest by the spectators. While still in the lower latitudes, the captain could be seen taking photographs of the lesser peaks. Gradually the balloon rose until it was lost to view. Later in the day, when the captain descended safely at Adelboden, he reported that he had enjoyed splendid weather, and had taken several fine photographs. The view of the summits of the Alps was marvellous. The maximum height attained was 20,000 feet. The Jungfrau itself is 13,671 feet high. He passed over the summit, and drifted in the direction of Valais. There the wind changed, and he was carried back toward the Berne Canton, where a landing being considered advisable, the balloon was brought to

the ground after its adventurous trip. The scene from the balloon was exceedingly beautiful, the mountain tops viewed from that novel position being most impressive.

The Jungfrau (the maiden) is one of the most famous of the Alpine peaks. It is celebrated in story and romance and adventure. It received its name from the unsullied purity and dazzling brightness of the snow, with which it is covered. There was a tradition that no mountaineer had ever climbed to its summit, but in 1811 two Swiss gentlemen succeeded in reaching it, and since then Agassiz, Professor Forbes, and others, made the ascent. The railroad up the mountain was commenced in 1898. It is intended to carry it to the summit, where an observatory will be erected. The work is one of extreme difficulty, the gradients in some instances being twenty-five per cent. The grandeur of the scene witnessed by the aeronauts must have been wonderful beyond description. Never before have those those snow-clad peaks been viewed from any one on their level. To any one gazing at their vast bulk and meditating on their majestic proportions, how overwhelming must be the prophet's idea of the power of the Almighty.

## Religious Intelligence.



THE EXCEPTIONS PROVE THE RULE.

The Scoffer: "The black sheep among your flock are conspicuous."

The Pastor: "I am glad of that, for they wouldn't be noticeable if they were not surrounded by white ones."

—Ram's Horn.

### FOUR YEARS' GROWTH IN METHODIST MISSIONS.

The total membership in the foreign Conferences of the M. E. Church (including probationers) has grown from 182,104 in 1899 to 216,476 in 1903—an increase of 34,372, or seventeen per cent. The regions most fruitful in accessions to membership have been: Korea, from 3,897 to 6,915; the Philippines, from a handful to 7,842; North-west India, from 34,469 to 42,672; Gujarat District, Bombay Conference, from 3,443 to 10,985. The number of Sunday-school pupils has grown from 191,917 to 230,158—a gain of 38,241, or nineteen per cent.

### JAPANESE STATESMAN ON CHRISTIANITY.

Baron Maejima, an ex-Cabinet Minister of Japan, says of Christianity: "No matter how large an army or navy we may have, unless we have righteousness at the foundation of our national existence we shall fall short of success. I do not hesitate to say that we must rely upon religion for our highest we are. And when I look about me to see upon what religion we may best rely, I am convinced that the religion of Christ is the one most full of strength and promise for the na-

tion." Viscount Watanabe, a prominent statesman and a Buddhist, warns Christians against the idea that Christianity must be modified to meet the needs of Japan. One reason for the deterioration of Buddhism, he says, has been its modification to suit Japanese ideas. His conclusion is a striking testimony to the religious decay of his own faith: "I do not say that Buddhism is not a religion, but when I ask myself how many modern Buddhists there are that have religious life in their souls, I answer, None!"

### CONCERNING THINGS IN THIBET.

Interesting things about Thibet are told in *The Strand Magazine*, by M. Tsybiko. Commissioned by the Russian Imperial Geographical Society, he visited Lhasa, and, strange to say, returned to Russia unharmed. He was struck by the lowness of wages. An ordinary laborer receives three halfpence a day; an expert spinner 3 1-2d.; and a lama, 5d. for a whole day's praying. If well-to-do, a Thibetan invalid engages a lama to read litanies to him: if poor, he gets along with a grain of barley which a lama has blessed—he has more faith in it than in medicine. On account of the immense number of



THE CHRISTIAN AND NON-CHRISTIAN WORLD, A.D. 1549.

celibate priests in Thibet, women play a greater part in business than in any other country of the world. "I can recall no occupation that is carried on in the country in which women are not actively engaged, and they often conduct great undertakings quite independently of men."

AN OBJECT LESSON IN THE PROGRESS OF CHRISTIANITY.

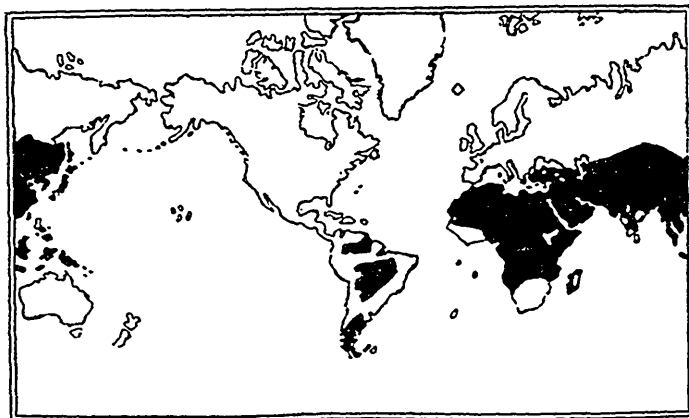
The Rev. G. C. F. Bratenahl, of the Protestant Episcopal Church of St. Alban's, Washington, D.C., says *The Literary Digest*, has made a series of maps graphically illustrating the progress of Christianity towards its promised conquest of the world. Two of these maps we reproduce from *The Churchman* (New

York), which comments upon them in part as follows :

"First of all, the world is shown as it was at the end of the first century. The Western hemisphere is, of course, in outer darkness, so is nearly all of Africa, Asia, and Europe. Christianity is practically confined to the southern shores of the Black Sea and the eastern extremity of the Mediterranean."

The first map here shown represents the geographical status of Christianity in 1549.

"Spain has now become, at least nominally, wholly Christian. The entire Scandinavian peninsula is Christianized, the larger part of what we now call Russia in Europe, and most of the territory now covered by the Balkan



THE CHRISTIAN AND NON-CHRISTIAN WORLD, A.D. 1900.

States. But even after these fifteen centuries and more Christianity is still known only in a corner of the world."

The next map represents the world in 1900. Says The Churchman :

"How complete is the transformation when we turn from the situation in 1549 to that in 1900. Only four centuries and a half have intervened, a period less than between the first Crusade and the Reformation, yet now, thanks to that Reformation and to the missionary spirit that it reinfused into the Church, the relation of Christian to pagan is transformed. We do not have to look for light amid the darkness, but rather seek out what still remains of darkness in the flooding light. Africa alone remains still the Dark Continent; subtropical Asia still beckons to missionary emprise; but the whole North Temperate Zone and almost the whole South Temperate Zone is Christian, and if there are still blotches of black in South America, these districts are not yet Christianized only because they are sparsely inhabited and hardly habitable. Much indeed remains to be done, but it is relatively little in contrast with what has been achieved. No wonder that missionary optimism looks forward to the Christianizing of the world 'in this generation.'"

#### CHURCH UNION IN ITALY.

Word has been received, says World-Wide Missions, of the consummation of negotiations which have been going on for more than a year looking toward the uniting of the Evangelical Church of Italy with the Methodist Episcopal Church in Italy, and with the Wesleyan Methodist Church. The churches and stations which come to the Methodist Church by this union are scattered all over Italy, from the extreme north to the southeastern part of Sicily. By far the larger number of the stations, however, are in central and northern Italy, most of them within the bounds of Rome district. By this union there have been united sixteen stations, having a total membership of about five hundred, beside two hundred probationers. There are good schools at three points. In six of the cities or towns there is good church property, estimated to have a total value of about \$47,000. The most valuable church properties are in the cities of Venice and Leghorn, in the first of which the Methodist Church hitherto has had no church property. Of the stations already mentioned only two are in cities—namely, Venice and Pisa, where our Church is already at work.

#### HOSPITALS IN NORTHERN ONTARIO.

Dr. Bruce Smith, Inspector of Hospitals and Charities, has recently returned from a tour of inspection of the public institutions in the north-western portion of Ontario. The growth of the population on the north shore of Lake Superior makes the maintenance of hospitals in that district an absolute necessity. The building of the Grand Trunk Pacific will still further increase the demand in frontier towns. To meet this demand the hospital at Port Arthur has been enlarged. When completed it will be the largest town hospital in Ontario. At Kenora there are two hospitals, and at Fort William, Sudbury, Thessalon and the Soo there are well-equipped institutions doing excellent medical and surgical work.

The contractors for the Canadian Pacific from Sudbury to Toronto have established a special hospital near Sudbury for the care of their employees.

Says the Congregationalist and Christian World :

"A personal letter from Pope Pius X. to the Mikado of Japan has been sent conveying the thanks of the Roman Church of Japan for its kindness and justice to the Church's missionaries in Manchuria, in territory where, when Russia was powerful, the opposition of the Greek Church was felt acutely. Japan's tolerance in matters of creed makes friends for her who are not to be despised when political and diplomatic readjustments come."

#### A MORAL CRUSADER.

With the death of Mary Ashton Livermore, of New England, there passes away one of the noted women of the world. Throughout her life of eighty-four years her voice and pen have been constantly employed in the causes that make for the uplift of men. Mrs. Livermore was one of the heroic figures during the days of the Civil War. Her volume, "My Story of the War," reached a sale of 60,000 copies. She was the first editor of *The Woman's Journal*, a staunch advocate of woman suffrage; in temperance reform a leader, and a colleague and close friend of Frances E. Willard; a well-known lecturer, and an eloquent preacher. Says *Zion's Herald*: "She was a combination of Garrison, Wendell Phillips, and Edward Everett Hale, a marvellous preacher when a preacher was needed." Beside all these, Mrs. Livermore filled a bright and happy place in the domestic world.

## Book Notices.

"Seven Supreme Poets." By Robert P. Downes, LL.D. Author of "Pillars of Our Faith," etc., etc. London: Chas. H. Kelly. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. xi-336.

Readers of Dr. Downes' previous volumes will be glad to greet a new work from his pen. This book exhibits the same high thought, the same noble expression, and the same keen sympathies. In this volume he employs these for the study and interpretation of the world's great masters of verse. He exhibits wide scholarship, and what is more, for scholarship may be dry as dust, a vivid sympathy with the great sages and seers of all the ages. Old Homer, whose *Iliad* and *Odyssey* have moulded the thoughts of successive generations, is first discussed, then Aeschylus, the father of tragic poetry, as Homer was of epic verse. "If Homer speaks to us as the sea speaks, the voice of Aeschylus," says our author, "is as that of the storm among the mountains." Out of his ninety plays only seven have been spared by the ruthless hand of time. The greatest of these, Prometheus Bound, and the story of Orestes, are here described. Our college experience in grappling with the difficulties of the Greek Chorus rather marred the enjoyment of their lofty poetry; but that is all far behind us now, and in this sympathetic interpretation of Aeschylus and Socrates we find a fresh delight.

Virgil has been described as sweetest, purest, gentlest, best beloved of the poets since the dawn of civilization, yet in our judgment, he falls far below the mighty three of the Greek poets. Sublimier than any of them, in our judgment, is the great Tuscan, who wandered through the realms of gloom. John Ruskin says, "The central man in all the world, as representing in perfect balance the imaginative, moral, and intellectual faculties, all at their highest, is Dante." His cruel and unmerited exile contributed in large degree to that bitterness of spirit in Dante, "the hate of hate and scorn of scorn," from which we sometimes recoil; but in moral dignity and sublimity he surpasses, we think, every other writer.

Shakespeare, the myriad-minded, "the greatest intellect who, in our recorded world, has left a record of himself in the way of literature," to use the phrase of Carlyle, receives a keen and sympathetic interpretation. It is the glory of our language and literature that an English writer, John Munton, was found worthy to walk step by step with Dante through the regions of eternal gloom, and with an even loftier insight and expression.

"Primitive Traits in Religious Revivals." A Study in Mental and Social Evolution. By Frederick Morgan Davenport. New York and London: The Macmillan Company. Toronto: George Morang Co. Pp. xii-323. Price, \$1.50 net.

This is a clever, ingenious, and unsatisfactory book. It is the expansion of the author's thesis for the degree of Ph.D. at Columbia University. He describes religious revival as essentially a form of impulsive social action, analyzes the character of primitive man, and describes the mental traits of a psychological "crowd," which follows a leader for good or ill like a flock of sheep. He describes religious revivals of the old-fashioned, tumultuous sort, as in essence akin to the ghost dance of the North American Indian, or to the morbid enthusiasm of a primitive race emerging from barbarism like the American negro, an emotional, but not ethical, movement. He finds analogies to this in the Scotch-Irish revivals in 1800, in Kentucky and in Ulster in 1859, and in the New England awakening under Jonathan Edwards, largely caused by the tremendous and menacing preaching of the revivalists. He even finds much of this in the English revival under John Wesley, and in the great revivals of Finney and Moody. The emotion aroused by these great leaders he describes as a sort of hypnotism—the people followed in spite of themselves. Wesley was saved from fanaticism by his sturdy English common sense, so was Moody.

The effect of rhythmical sounds and motions conduce, he explains, to this emotional revival, as does the power of



suggestion and contagious example. He affirms the conviction that one of the secrets of Moody's success in the field of revival was his past-mastership in the art of hypnotism. The big, burly, prosaic, and common-sense Moody a hypnotist, forsooth!

The author learnedly describes how "the motor and sensory reflexes are always correlated with strong imagination and emotion." He gives a diagram of the nervous system especially influenced by these agencies. The clever essayist errs, we think, like one before him, "in not knowing the Scriptures and the mighty power of God." So shrewd an observer as William T. Stead finds no explanation of the mighty wave of revival in Wales than this same power, and the reformed lives, the closing of the public-houses, the payment of long overdue debts, the renovated condition of wide communities show that it was the result of no mere temporary hypnotism, mesmerism or magnetism. This is strikingly true of the moral revolution caused by the Wesleyan movement which saved England from a bloody physical revolution, which followed in France.

Of course there are psychological laws which can be discerned in every great religious revival, but that does not eliminate its supernatural character.

What though He thunder by law?  
Yet is the thunder His voice.

This, indeed, the author admits in the words: "All's law, but all's God."

The New Evangelism, to which he devotes a chapter, is one of education and training, especially of children. He lays much emphasis upon their native religious impulse, its guiding light is the psychological insight of Jesus, "Suffer little children to come unto me." Religious instruction in church and Bible school should, of course, be brought up to the psychological and pedagogical ideas of our time. The fruit of the Spirit is not the subliminal uprush, the ecstatic inflow of emotion, the rhapsody, the lapse of inhibition, but rational love, joy, peace, long-suffering, kindness, goodness, faithfulness, meekness, self-control, which he specially emphasizes. While containing much that is good and some wise criticisms of wrongful methods of revival, still the great failure of the book is the refusal to recognize the divine and supernatural element of the Holy Spirit, and its convincing and converting power.

"Back to Bethlehem." Modern Problems in the Light of the Old Faith. By John H. Willey, Ph.D. New York: Eaton & Mains. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 286. Price, \$1.00 net.

In this book the author has sought to consider some of the problems of the modern world, and their solution as wrought out by the slow process of time. He finds everywhere Him of whom Moses and the prophets did write. Christ is not only the author of our faith, but the author of our civilization. He not only saves us from sin and littleness and atrophy, but he saves us to the largest and fullest life. The influence of environment, the true significance of the survival of the fittest, the unity and development of the race, the curse of militarism, the law of service, Jesus and the new age, the evolution of the Book—that is, the development of the Bible as a library throughout fifteen hundred years, as God in times past spoke unto the fathers by the prophets, in these last days by His Son, all find lucid and luminous exposition.

"Every-Day Evangelism." With Personal Incidents and a Plea. By Valance C. Cook. Author of "The Pastor as an Evangelist," etc. London: Chas. H. Kelly. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. xvi-201.

The author of this book has had large and successful experience as a Methodist evangelist. The volume is the substance of a paper on "Ten Years' Evangelistic Ministry," read before the Wesleyan Methodist Council of Huddersfield, England. The discourses are strikingly fresh and vigorous, a marked note being their aggressive evangelism.

"The Transfiguration of Jesus." By William Ernest Beet, M.A. London: Chas. H. Kelly. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. xv-135.

The important subject of our Lord's Transfiguration has been strangely overlooked in biblical exposition. This book is, so far as we are aware, the first separate treatment of this important subject. The author accepts unreservedly the objective character of that august event. He discusses the place, the time, the conditions, the doctrine, and the results of this sublime theophany.