

METHODIST MAGAZINE AND REVIEW.

DEVOTED TO

Religion, Literature and Social Progress.

W. H. WITHROW, M.A., D.D., F.R.S.C.,
EDITOR.

VOL. LXIV.

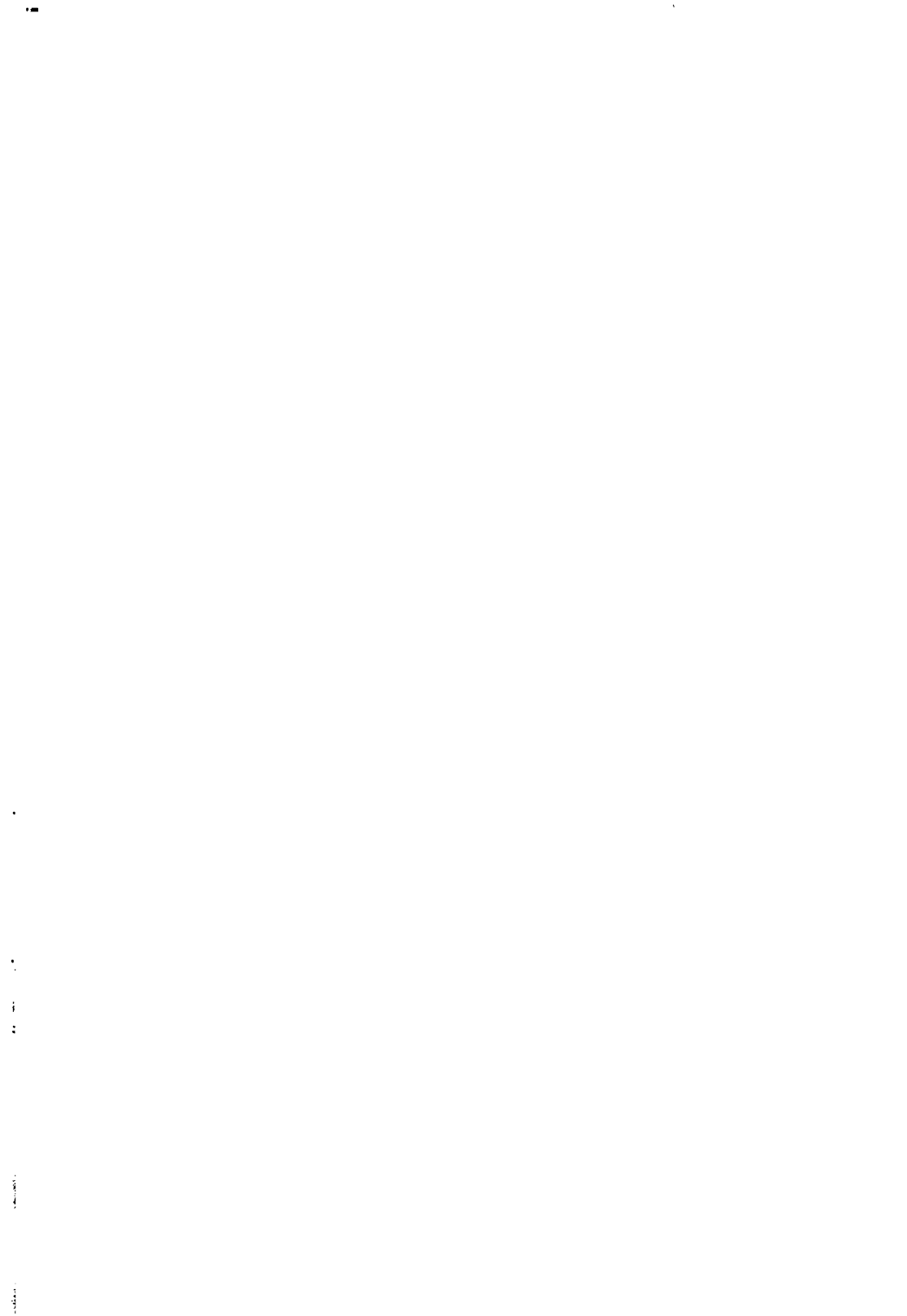
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Vol. LXIV / 599

JULY TO DECEMBER, 1906.

62519

TORONTO:
WILLIAM BRIGGS, METHODIST PUBLISHING HOUSE.

HALIFAX:
S. F. HUESTIS, METHODIST BOOK ROOM.



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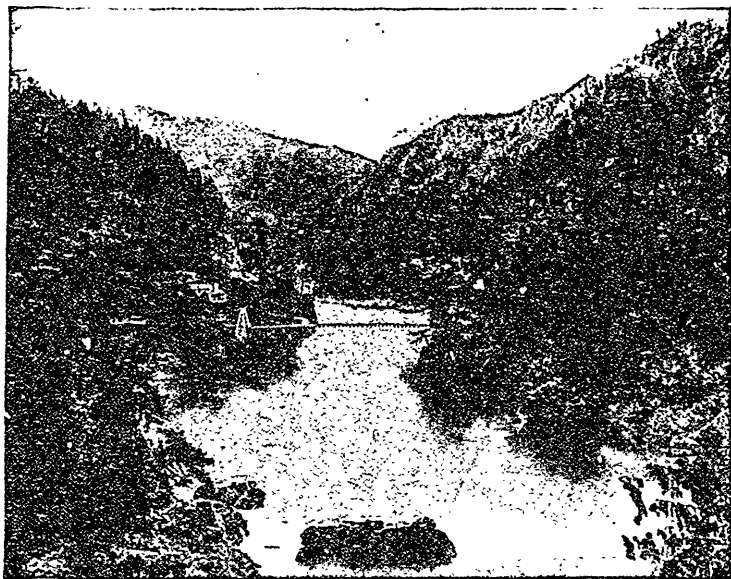
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A PLEASANT OUTLOOK ON LAKE LOUISE.



OLD CARIBOO BRIDGE, FRASER CANYON.



WIND MOUNTAINS.



OKANAGAN LAKE.

Methodist Magazine and Review.

JULY, 1906.

THE SWITZERLAND OF CANADA.*

BY THE EDITOR.



MOUNT STEPHEN, FIELD, B.C.

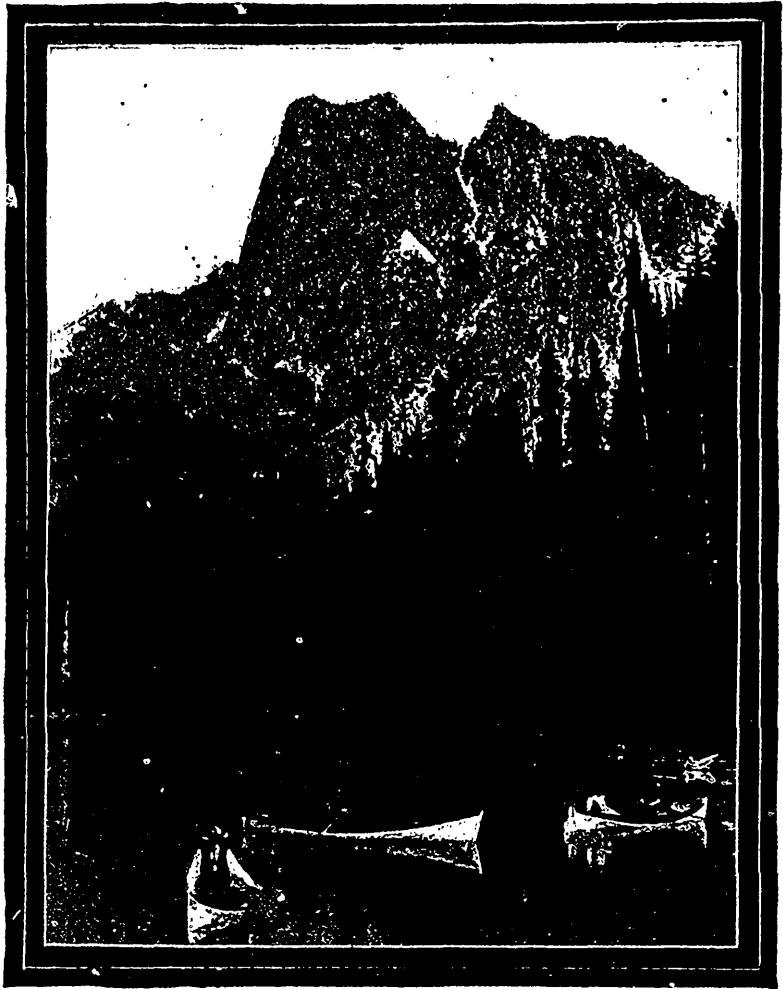


THIS title is by no means adequate to express the reality. The Canadian Alps in vastness of extent, in might and majesty far exceed those of Europe. Fascinating as these are they owe much of their attractiveness to their human interest—their historic memories. They are better “groomed” than our Canadian mountains, cultivated or used for

pasture almost to the snow line. The Rockies have a stern and sometimes savage majesty of their own. Like everything else on this continent, they are built on a gigantic scale. The earth heaves in range after range of mountains, each of Alpine grandeur, for five hundred miles. We cross in succession the Rockies, the Selkirks, the Gold and the Coast ranges, each with its distinctive features and varying types of grandeur and sublimity.

They are all the more striking by

* For the illustrations in this article we are indebted to the courtesy of the Canadian Pacific Railway.



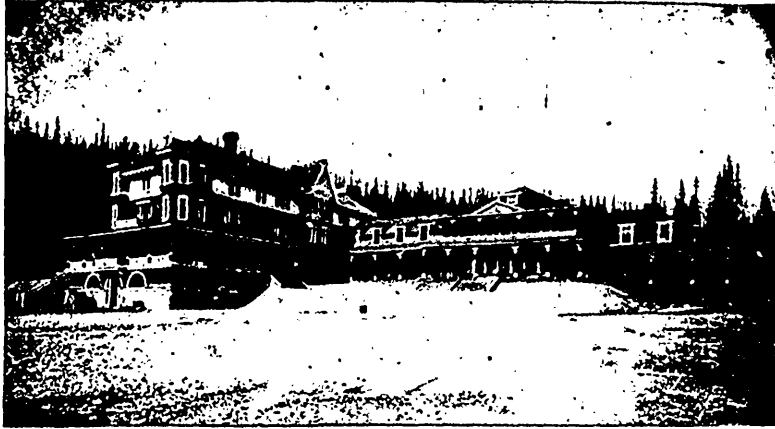
MOUNT BURGESS, EMERALD LAKE.

contrast with the eight hundred miles of prairie, seemingly boundless as the sea, by which they are approached.

From Langevin, the higher peaks of the Rocky Mountains may be seen, one hundred and fifty miles away. Beyond Gleichen they come into full view—a magnificent line of snowy peaks extending far along the southern and western horizon.

Calgary is charmingly situated on

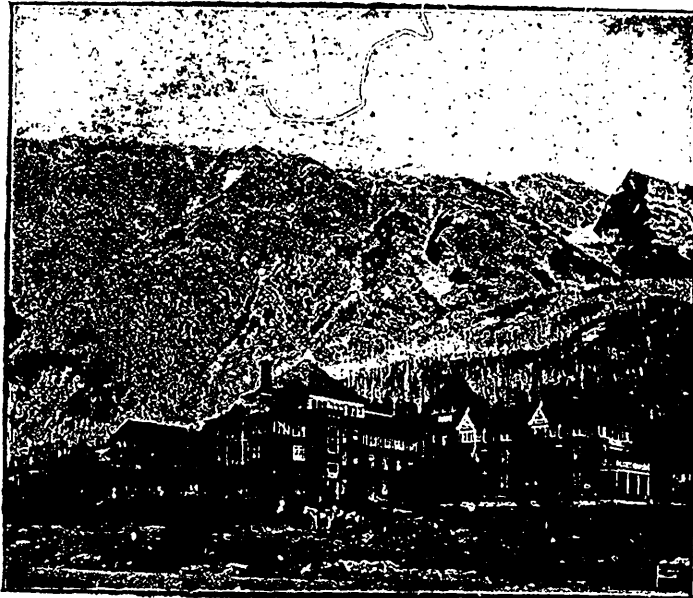
a hill-girt plateau, overlooked by the white peaks of the Rockies. It is the centre of the trade of the great ranching country and the chief source of supply for the mining districts in the mountains beyond. Lumber is largely made here from logs floated down Bow River. Extensive ranches are now passed in rapid succession,—great herds of horses in the lower valleys, thousands of cattle on the terraces, and myriads of sheep on the



CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY COMPANY'S LAKE LOUISE HOTEL.

hill-tops may be seen at once, making a picture most novel and interesting. Sawmills and coal mines appear along the valley. After crossing over the Bow River a magnificent outlook is obtained, toward the left,

where the foothills rise in successive tiers of sculptured heights to the snowy range behind. "The wide valleys change," writes Lady Macdonald, "into broken ravines, and lo! through an opening in the

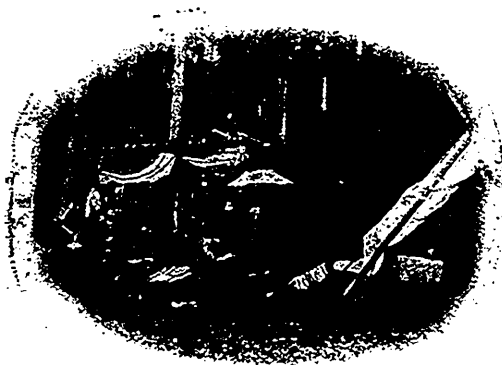


CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY COMPANY'S MOUNT STEPHEN HOUSE, FIELD, B.C.

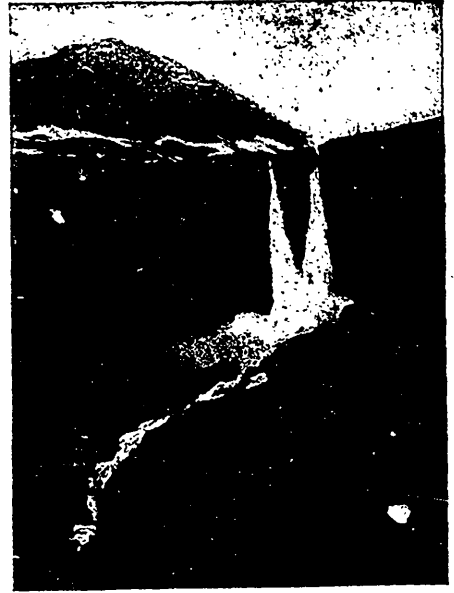


KANANASKIS FALLS.

mist, made rosy with early sunlight, we see, far away up in the sky, its delicate pearly tip clear against the blue, a single snow-peak of the Rocky Mountains. Our coarse natures cannot at first appreciate the exquisite aerial grace of that solitary peak that seems on its way to heaven; but, as we look, a gauzy mist passes over, and it has vanished."



CAMP AT EMERALD LAKE.



TWIN FALLS, YOHU VALLEY.

The mountains now rise abruptly in great masses, streaked and capped with snow and ice, and a bend in the line brings the train between two almost vertical walls of dizzy height. This is the gap by which the Rocky Mountains are entered. At Canmore, the foothills of the Rockies are fairly reached, and the repose of the plains gives place to the energy of the mountains.

Banff, the most famous pleasure resort of the Canadian Rockies, enjoys a situation peculiarly advantageous for realizing the magnificence and charm of the mountain



CLIMBING THE GLACIER.

scenery. Not only are there mountains on every side with all the sublimity of snow-capped peaks and rocky steeps, but many valleys radiate from it affording a delightful contrast.

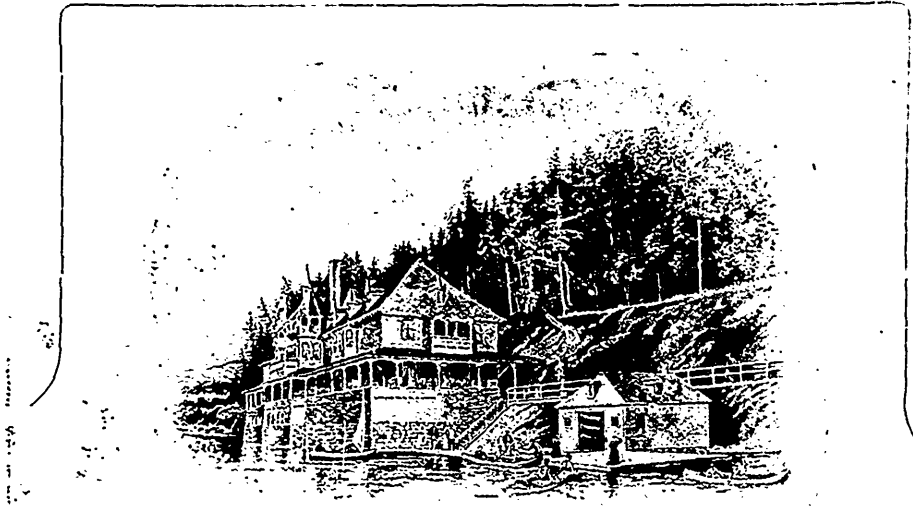
Here is a Government reserve of ten miles by twenty-six, which has been converted into a noble national park and health resort. The Canadian Pacific Railway has also erected a magnificent hotel at this place. The crystal-clear Bow River meanders through a lovely valley, begirt by lofty mountains—Mount Cascade, rising ten thousand feet above the sea; Norquay, nine thousand five hundred; Sulphur, eight thousand five hundred, and other lesser peaks. There are three notable mineral hot springs which have remarkable curative properties, especially for rheumatic and cutaneous diseases. One of these springs, gushing out of the rock about eight hundred feet up the slope of Sulphur Mountain, is exceedingly hot—119° Fh.—almost too hot for the body to bear.



STONY CREEK BRIDGE.



THE GREAT GLACIER.



CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY COMPANY'S HOTEL SICAMOUS, SICAMOUS, B.C.

Another spring was more curious still. I climbed a hill about forty feet by steps cut in a soft porous rock, and reached at the top an opening in the ground about four feet across. Through this a rude ladder protruded. I descended the ladder into a beehive-shaped cave, whose sides were hung with stalactites. At the bottom was a pool, crystal-clear, of delightfully soft water at the temperature of 92°. The bottom was a quicksand from which the water boiled so vigorously that the body was upborne thereby, and it seemed impossible to sink. The entrance to this grotto is now effected by a horizontal passage at its base, and the Canadian Government has erected well-appointed bathing-houses. The Rembrandt-like effect of the flood of light pouring through the opening in the roof into the gloomy cave was very striking.

Admirable roads and drives have been constructed. The hotel, since completed, will accommodate two hundred persons. The elevation of

this mountain valley—four thousand feet above the sea—the magnificent scenery, the romantic walks, and drives, and climbs, and these foun-



THOMPSON CANYON.

tains of healing, conspire to make this one of the most attractive sanitarium on this continent.

In Buffalo Park, the government reservation of eight hundred acres, are kept the last of the great herd of buffalo that once ranged the prairies in countless thousands. When the greed of the hide hunter had almost succeeded in exterminating them from the face of the earth, the Canadian Government corralled sixteen, among whom were two females, and sent them to Banff. Here they have lived and thrived, and now there are over forty, which feed at their ease, secure from the attacks of men and animals, and it is hoped will further increase.

Tunnel Mountain lies temptingly near, and rises about two thousand feet above the valley. It was comparatively easy climbing, though in places so steep that the crumbling shale with which it was covered slipped down the mountain in great sheets as we continued scrambling over it.

The sight of this magnificent sunset view was well worth all the fatigue of the climb. The far-winding Bow River could be traced for many a mile through the valley. The snow-capped mountains gathered in solemn conclave, like Titans on their lordly thrones, on every side. The purple shadows crept over the plain and filled the mountain valleys as a beaker is filled with wine. The snow-peaks became suffused with a rosy glow as the sun's parting kiss lingered on their brows. It was a world of silence, and wonder, and delight. This delightful vicinity is

destined to be a favorite resort of multitudes to seek the recuperation of jaded nerve and brain amid these mountain solitudes.

Leaving Banff, Laggan is the station for a land of rare beauty. Within the mountains that overshadow it are enclosed the three lakes in the clouds, Paradise Valley, and the Valley of the Ten Peaks. The scenery differs from that which excited admiration at Banff, but it is of even greater charm. The first sheet, Lake Louise, is reached from Laggan station by a drive of two and a half miles ever upward through a



BUFFALO AT BANFF.

spruce forest. Here on the very verge of the water in the midst of the evergreen wood, the C.P.R. has built a lovely chalet, which has since been enlarged to a great hotel. Swiss guides, horses and packers can be hired for excursions near or far. This lovely tarn lies at an elevation of 5,654 feet and is shut in on every side by rocky, snow-capped heights, offering a picture of perfect peace. Mr. Edward Whymper has compared it to Lake Oeshinen in Switzerland, but has declared it "is more picturesque and has more magnificent en-



THE GREAT DIVIDE BETWEEN THE PACIFIC AND ATLANTIC.

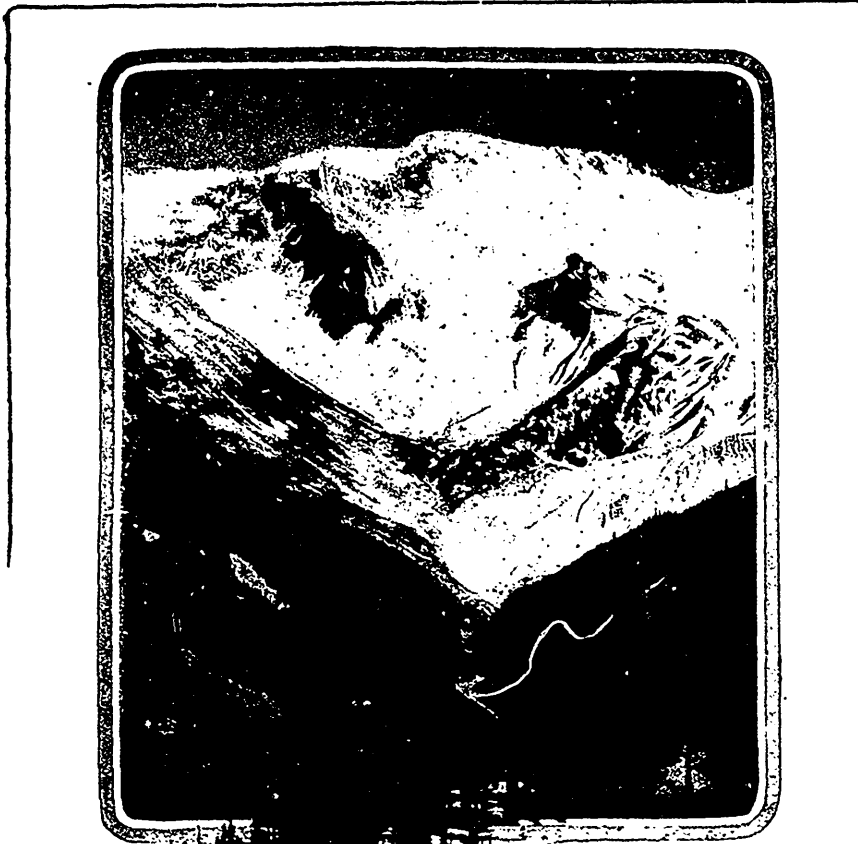
vironments." It is about a mile and a half long and half a mile broad, while its depth is six hundred feet. To row out on it, before the pink and golden hues of sunrise have faded from the sky, and the peaks are still suffused with the blush of dawn, is to seem cut off from all the world and to float suspended in mid-air. A little sandy cove receives the boat, and a bed of blue forget-me-nots stretches from near the water's edge to the very foot of the glacier. The air is still, without a sound, except when now and then a rumble, like distant thunder, tells of some avalanche, crashing and falling from the heights of Mount Victoria.

Six miles from Laggan the summit of the Rockies is reached, and the Great Divide is passed, 5,296 feet above sea level. It is marked by a rustic arch spanning a stream, under which the waters divide by one of those curious freaks with which nature occasionally diverts herself. For the two little brooks have curiously different fates, though they have a common origin. The

waters that deviate to the east eventually mingle with the ice-cold tides of Hudson Bay, while the rivulet that turns to the west finally adds its mite to the volume of the Pacific.

I came out on the rear platform of the car while the train swept down the wild canyon of the Kicking Horse Pass. The scenery is now sublime. The line clings to the mountain-side at the left, and the valley on the right rapidly deepens until the river is seen as a gleaming thread a thousand feet below. Looking to the north, one of the grandest mountain-valleys in the world stretches away to the north, with great white, glacier-bound peaks on either side. The scene strikingly reminded me of a wild gorge and mountain vista on the Tete Noire Pass, in Switzerland.

The valuable fisheries, forests and mines on the extreme western end of the road, the agricultural produce of the great prairie region, and the mines, timber, lumber and minerals of the eastern section, will be more than sufficient to ensure an immense



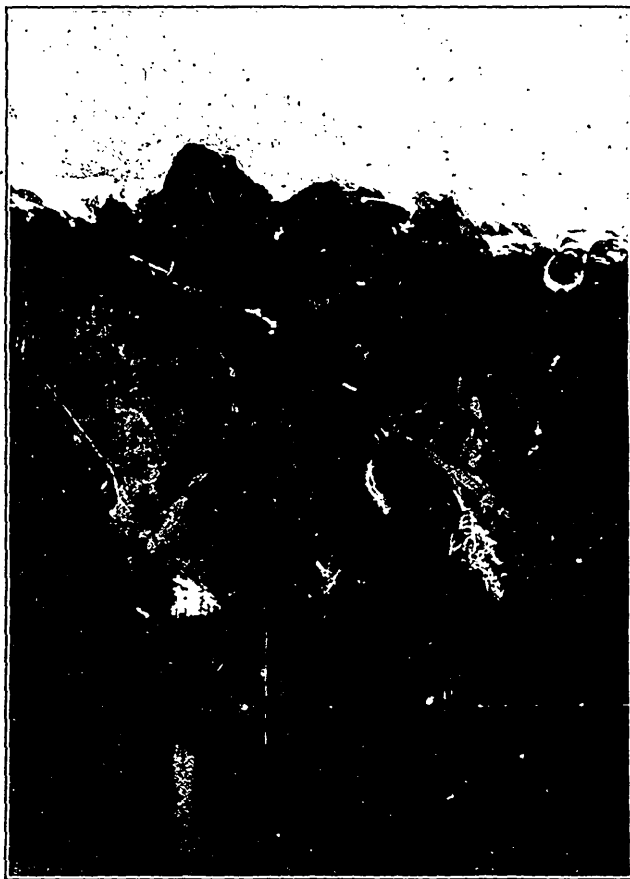
VSULKAN GLACIER.

local and through traffic over the Canadian Pacific Railway, and the new projected railways.

At Field Station, at the foot of the Kicking Horse Pass, we take on an additional engine of tremendous power and weight, to push us up the ascending grade. Mount Stephen is the highest peak in the range, eight thousand feet above the valley, and dominates for many a mile over all the Titan brotherhood. On its mighty slope is seen, high overhead, a shining green glacier, eight hundred feet in thickness, which is slowly pressing forward and over a

vertical cliff of great height. When its highly-colored dome and spires are illuminated by the sun it seems to rise as a flame shooting into the sky.

Near Field is the famous Yoho Valley, one of the most beautiful mountain vales in the world. It was discovered by hunters in pursuit of game. From what is now known as Look-Out Point they saw spread before them a broad, deep valley. But it was not the valley that drew the hunters' eyes. Directly opposite to them, a mile away across the bottom, from the other cliff leapt a splendid cataract, 1,200 feet high.



LAKE LOUISE.

"Takakkaw!" "It is beautiful!" exclaimed an Indian of the party, and Takakkaw Falls they are to this day. Eight times as high as Niagara it compares with anything in the Yosemite Valley, and, fed by the melted snows of the glacier, it is at its best in summer.

Further up the valley, on the left branch of its forked stream, are the Twin Falls, an almost unique phenomenon, and as beautiful as it is unexpected. Two streams plunge side by side into the abyss. Every

waterfall is beautiful, but when there are two falls leaping side by side and mingling their waters in a common stream below, the spectator lingers long, loath to tear himself away from a sight that appeals to his deepest sense of beauty.

Just beyond Glacier Station is one of the most remarkable engineering feats on the line—a great loop which the road makes, returning within a stone's-throw of the place of departure, but at a much lower level. It was on a glorious afternoon on



KAMLOOPS LAKE.

which I rode through the Selkirks along the brawling Illicilliwaet, past Albert Canyon and the magnificent Twin Buttes, through the valley of the Columbia, and up the wild gorge of Eagle Pass and Griffin Lake. The air was as clear as crystal, and the mountain peaks were cut sharp as a cameo against the deep blue sky. The conductor obligingly stops the train at points of special interest to enable us to inspect the gorge of Albert Canyon, nearly three hundred feet deep and only twenty feet wide, with perpendicular sides smooth as a wall; and to scramble down to a natural soda fountain in another romantic ravine.

During the twilight we passed much fine scenery, of which I got all too brief glimpses as we swept around the great curves.

At Savona's Ferry the mountains draw near, and the series of Thompson River canyons is entered, leading westward to the Fraser through marvellous scenery. The hills press close upon the river, which cuts its way through a winding gorge of almost terrifying gloom and desolation, fitly named the Black Canyon. At Thompson Canyon the mountains draw together again, and the railway winds along their face hundreds of feet above the struggling river.

Before dawn I was at my post of outlook on the rear platform of the sleeper, for the ride down the Fraser Valley is the culminating point of interest on the road. Here the difficulties of construction are greater, the rock-cutting more tremendous, and the scenery more awe-inspiring than at any other place. It makes one's flesh creep to look down on the swirling, rushing current of the rapid Fraser,

from the train which creeps along a ledge cut in the mountain-side, in some places by workmen let down by ropes from above. On the opposite side of this deep, narrow canyon is the old Cariboo Road, climbing the cliff in places, two thousand feet above the river. It is in some parts built out from the wall of the rock by wooden cribwork, fastened, one knows not how, to the almost perpendicular precipice.

On our train was a Canadian M.P., who recounted his exploits in travelling with a load on his back over the Indian trail to Cariboo, a distance of four hundred miles, before this road was made. In those palmy days sometimes miners took out as much as \$800 in a single day. But prices were correspondingly high: \$100 was paid for a sheet-iron stove; \$1 a pound for salt; \$5 a pound for butter; \$1 for a weekly Globe; \$14 a day for digging.

The hardships of the miners in those early days seem, as told to us now, almost incredible. But long before there was anything but an Indian trail over the mountains, the miners "packed" on mule trains the whole outfit necessary for their operation and sustenance. In some places even mules could not go, and



FRUIT ORCHARD, LORD ABERDEEN'S FARM, NEAR VERNON, B.C.

everything had to be carried on the backs of men.

A peculiar effect is produced by the contrast between the huge boulders by the river side, covered with a deep brown or almost velvet-black moss, and the foaming, swirling waters of the river. Indians are seen on projecting rocks down at the water's edge spearing salmon or scooping them out with dip-nets, and on many prominent points were Indian stagings for drying and smoking the salmon, and in many of the trees were "cached" the rude coffins of their dead. Chinamen are seen on the occasional sand or gravel-bars, washing for gold; and irregular Indian farms or villages alternate with the groups of huts of the Chinese.

The principal canyon of the Fraser extends twenty-three miles above Yale. The scenery has been well described as "ferocious." The great river is forced between vertical walls

of black rocks where, repeatedly thrown back upon itself by opposing cliffs, or broken by ponderous masses of fallen rock, it madly foams and roars. The railway is cut into the cliffs two hundred feet above, and the jutting spurs of rock are pierced by tunnels in close succession.

At Yale, a straggling wooden town of considerable importance in the old mining days—the head of navigation on the Fraser, the scenery is grand. I have seen few things that will compare with the majesty of the mountain background of the little town, and with the gloom of the deep canyon of the Fraser, deepening into purple shades in the distance.

The first sight of any great feature of nature—as the Alps, the Mediterranean, the Prairies, the Rockies, the Pacific—cannot fail to kindle somewhat the imagination. At Port Moody the waters of the Pacific come into view.

Soon the canyon widens out, and

is succeeded by a broad, level valley with rich soil and heavy timber. The rude Indian farms give place to broad, well-cultivated fields, which become more and more frequent, and vegetation of all kinds rapidly increases in luxuriance as the Pacific is approached.



CANADA.

Canada! Maple-land! Land of great mountains!
 Lake-land and river-land! Land 'twixt the seas!
 Grant us, God, hearts that are large as our heritage,
 Spirits as free as the breeze!

Grant us Thy fear that we walk in humility,—
 Fear that is rev'rent—not fear that is base;—
 Grant to us righteousness, wisdom, prosperity,
 Peace—if unstained by disgrace.

Grant us Thy love and the love of our country;
 Grant us Thy strength, for our strength's in Thy name;
 Shield us from danger, from every adversity,
 Shield us, O Father, from shame!

Last born of nations! The offspring of freedom!
 Heir to wide prairies, thick forests, red gold!
 God grant us wisdom to value our birthright,
 Courage to guard what we hold!

—A. C.

THE REGIMENT OF GOD.

Every mason in the quarry, every builder on the shore;
 Every woodman in the forest, every boatman at the oar,
 Hewing wood and drawing water, splitting stones and clearing sod,
 All the dusty ranks of labor in the regiment of God,
 March together toward His temple, do the tasks His hands prepare;
 Honest toil is holy service, faithful work is praise and prayer.

THE NEW CANADIAN WEST.

BY THE REV. R. O. ARMSTRONG, M.A., B.D.



Y the New West we mean that part of Canada lying, mainly, between the Lake of the Woods and Keewatin on the one side and the Rockies on the other, and embracing within its bounds the provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta—over a half-million square miles.

This excludes British Columbia, which is generally known as the Far West.

A minister, having settled in a prominent Manitoba town, wrote back to his friends in the East that he was not in the West at all. Such ideas prevail in many minds. But within the area above defined the people are practically one in their aims and general characteristics. "The Western Spirit" pervades the whole. The natural features and the commercial relations of this vast region make for the unity of its people. Brandon and Carman are as much in the West as Moose Jaw or Calgary. The typical conversation is the same.

Winnipeg, though far removed from the geographical centre, is yet the metropolis of the West. The comparative influence of Winnipeg will diminish in proportion as other cities rise in importance; but the precedence is established, and the present and future cities of the West will together share in the most friendly rivalry the burden of nation building.

The New West! It is always new. One needs to take a great Winnipeg

daily like The Free Press to keep abreast of the phenomenal development. Yesterday and to-day are two different eras in Western Canada. Yesterday there was forest, lake, and prairie primeval, with here and there an Indian wigwam, a settler's sod shanty, or a quiet and isolated hamlet; to-day the whole land is astir, immigrants pour in by scores, by hundreds and by thousands, the locomotive whistle is heard in every direction, new railways are projected into the remotest parts, the virgin soil is upturned, dwellings are erected, and prosperous villages, towns and cities dot the land.

" Behind the scared squaw's birch canoe
The steamer smokes and raves ;
And city lots are staked for sale
Above old Indian graves."

Yesterday there was but one province, and that struggling for existence; to-day there are three provinces, the two of which, recently established, are of magnificent proportions, and contain, probably, more facilities for remunerative living than any other equal area in the world. Five years ago Winnipeg had a population of 50,000; to-day a conservative estimate would give it over 100,000. Yesterday where there was unshorn prairie, or only a small trading post, we see to-day towns and cities like Edmonton with 12,000 population, Calgary with 20,000, Moose Jaw with 8,000, and Brandon with 7,000. From the simple social divisions of yesterday we count to-day something like sixty different nationalities and languages. Among our neighbors are 90,000 Germans, 75,000 Russians, 50,000

Scandinavians, 18,000 Icelanders, 10,000 Doukhobors, 8,000 Galicians, and 7,000 Austrians.

Fifteen years ago any one who commended the Canadian Pacific Railway encountered no end of political prejudice; to-day plans for two or three more transcontinental railways are in popular demand. Nine years ago about 10,000 settlers arrived in the West; twenty times that number are expected this year. Five years ago the elevator storage capacity was 18,800,000 bushels; to-day 50,000,000.

Nor has the progress of the Churches been less marked. If we take our own Church for an example the following figures represent a development, we think, without a parallel: In 1886, church membership 5,033; in 1905 it had reached 28,315. The Missionary Fund leaped from \$4,133 to \$41,001. The total raised for all purposes at the beginning and end of this same period was \$50,961 and \$505,976 respectively. Fifty young ministers are brought in to supply new fields. They sink away into the work like rain into the thirsty land, and next year another call is made for a still greater number. A prominent official in the Roman Catholic Church is authority for the statement that during the incumbency of the present Archbishop of St. Boniface, a period of eleven years, the number of priests has increased from 83 to 183. The diocese extends only to Moose Jaw. Manifestly, then, the West is "new," and is likely to form a subject for fresh treatment for many decades to come. The West is only in its beginning.

"Awake, my country!
The hour is great with change.
Awake, my country!
The hour of dreams is done."

A writer in Collier's Weekly who

has been observing the West tells us that our wheat crop has startled the world, that between Hudson's Bay and the Rockies, Great Slave Lake and latitude 49, is an empire as resourceful as European Russia, and thereupon are growing cities that are destined to be greater than St. Petersburg or Moscow. "Great" is the watchword of the New West, great in area, resources, possibilities, and destined to be the home of a great people!

Miss Agnes Laut, in "Pathfinders of the West," tells in her lucid style what the early explorers saw when they first looked upon this heritage.

"They saw what every Westerner sees to-day, illimitable stretches of prairie and ravine, forested hills sloping to mighty rivers, and open meadow-lands watered by streams looped like a ribbon. They saw a land waiting for its people, wealth waiting for possessors, an empire waiting for nation-builders, a door of escape from stifled older lands to a higher type of manhood and freedom than the most sanguine dreamer had ever hoped. They saw a terrestrial paradise where from time immemorial the Indians have given thanks to a God of earth and forest."

There seems to be a striking resemblance between this new land and what the Israelites saw in the Canaan which they believed was the gift of God to their nation.

"For the Lord thy God bringeth thee into a good land, a land of brooks of water, of fountains and depths, springing forth in valleys and hills; a land of wheat, and barley, and vines, and fig trees, and pomegranates; a land of oil, olives, and honey; a land wherein thou shalt eat bread without scarceness, thou shalt not lack anything in it; a land whose stones are iron, and out of whose hills thou mayest dig brass. And thou shalt eat and be full, and thou shalt bless the Lord thy God for the good land which he hath given thee."

Hundreds of such Canaans might be carved out of this new land.

" Oh, would ye hear, and would ye hear,
Of the windy, wide North-West?
Faith ! 'tis a land as green as the sea,
That rolls as far and rolls as free,
With drifts of flowers, so many there be,
Where the cattle roam and rest.

" Oh, could ye see, and could ye see,
The great cold skies so clear,
The rivers that race through the pine shade
dark,
The mountainous snows that take no mark,
Sunlit and high on the Rockies stark,
So far they seem as near.

" Then could ye feel, and could ye feel,
How fresh is a western night,
When the long land breezes rise and pass
And sigh in the rustling prairie grass,
When the dark blue skies are clear as glass,
And the same old stars are bright.

" But could ye know, and for ever know,
The word of the young North-West !
A word she breathes to the true and bold,
A word unknown to the false and cold,
A word that never was spoken or sold,
But the one that knows is blest."

A chosen people are coming into possession of a great heritage, and they are becoming more and more conscious of this. The West is not a second-hand edition of Europe, nor a colony of Eastern Canada, but a corporate body, an entity, with idiosyncrasies of its own. "The Western Spirit" has become a practical factor in Canadian affairs. The people who come West soon cease to look back. They come to live and die here; not simply to make fortunes like the early fur-traders and then retire.

It will be interesting to note some of the characteristics peculiar to the Western people. The climate and topography, we believe, take first place in their influence upon the character of the people. Nature has done her best for us in the climate, which is generally uniform. The air is strikingly transparent, the skies are intensely clear, the weather is free from extremes, and violent storms are of rare occurrence. Winter turns into spring, frost

deepens, storms arise, less noticeably, perhaps, than in any other part of America. All this gives a sense of restfulness to people used to climates of a fickle character.

The vastness of the country is impressive. The great majority of the incoming population come from lands intersected by mountains, woods, or barrens; but here how striking the change, where a man may travel for days without seeing much of either. The mind and heart soon imbibe the spirit of nature, and assimilate something of its vastness. One's theology, like one's conversation, savors of the widening idealism of the people. The transformation from the old to the new is in the great majority of cases very rapid. The Western spirit is contagious.

It is interesting to speculate on the probable effect of all this on the coming generations. The open, treeless, heaven-bounded prairie seems to be exhilarating and educative on the whole. Nevertheless, we are sincerely inclined to believe that considerable is expected of the people, in the way of home decoration, gardens, ornamental trees, healthful social recreations, and broad mental culture, to offset the monotony of the landscape. Astronomy might prove a very desirable study under such circumstances.

Under the broadening influences of the Western prairies such noble causes as Church union, patriotism and social unification will receive their greatest impetus. There are indications of this already. Western people are generous to a fault. The ease with which they quarrel and make up is astonishing. Petty prejudice and denominational strife receive their quietus in the pellucid atmosphere of the prairies.

The West is a youthful country. That means energy, self-reliance,

venturesomeness, idealism and optimism. The greatness of the West is proclaimed everywhere. An imaginative mind, untutored by actual experience, very often gets an exaggerated notion of that word "great." Allured by fancies the fortune-seeker comes West, and probably at first suffers bitter disappointment because the people and their homes are only of the ordinary type. Nevertheless, that word, great, is all right. This is a land of great ideals. Let a man get his eye on the ideal, the future rather than the present, and he will be enamored with the West. The realized result, which is often a surprise, in many cases follows closely on the effort or venture put forth.

The present mayor of Winnipeg came to the city in 1892. For a short time he worked with a shovel at two dollars per day, but he became imbued with the characteristic idealism, and pushed out for himself as a contractor, took an interest in municipal affairs, and—succeeded! All classes of workers can testify to similar effort and similar success. There are poor in the land, but that is incidental to the human family. Scarcely a day passes but some new plans are proposed, new resources discovered, or new industries established. The very environment fosters the youthful spirit. The conditions which have made the present so hopeful are substantial as the continent itself.

The West is democratic. Free land holders make the most independent citizens in the world. Wealth and influence are more evenly distributed in these provinces than in any other part of the world not similarly situated. Jack is as good as his master, and may soon be wealthier. They are generally on the best of terms with each other.

The West is a cosmopolitan

country. The unclassified throng that may be seen almost any day at the C. P. R. station, Winnipeg, appeals to all the senses. This is an educative element in itself. Imagine the effect that a sudden influx of foreigners would have on a quiet eastern village, where things had kept the even tenor of their way for about a century. What a commotion would take place in the thoughts of the people. What readjustments in their opinions! In a similar way is the West being constantly stirred. There is not time to look a man over before speaking to him. The people take each other on trust.

We are dealing with something tangible, then, when writing about the West. But there must be some other purpose for bringing it into the light of public gaze than simply to be admired. None of us liveth to himself. The historical situation is what appeals ultimately to thinking minds. The "why" of the West in the perspective of history is the question that looms before us. Our belief in an all-ruling Providence makes an intelligible answer possible.

The possibilities of the West are too momentous to be made the subject of barter or gossip. The material aspect of Western development is the mere husk of the situation. As Egypt was to the ancient world on account of its wheat, so the Canadian West will be to the modern world. Space forbids the details of statistics from which we infer this and other conclusions mentioned. The money power of the West will be enormous. The spirit of freedom that hovers over these plains will be an attracting magnet to immigrants for generations to come. The bond of sympathy will grow stronger between the new and the old country as people of one blood find homes in both.

The West is profoundly affecting

the East of Canada commercially and socially, and what may be of still greater import, the line of her influence is reaching across the Pacific to the newly-awakened nations of Japan, China and Korea. The Anglo-Saxon genius for government is finding its most fruitful sphere of activity in these new provinces. If the unequalled prestige of England and the United States is due to the amalgamation of the various races of people, no country in the world is more fortunate or promising in its constituent elements than Western Canada. The best are coming, and out of them a great nation should be made. All this goes to show the strategic importance of the West.

"Westward the Star of Empire takes its way.

Westward for six thousand years man has been groping his way, entering into possession of "promised lands," where he might dwell under the aegis of a better flag and work out his destiny under the palladium of a purer religion. From Central Asia, in the dim days of the past, to the broad and fertile prairies of Western Canada, there has been a long and weary pilgrimage for humanity. The evening and the morning have alternated with marvellous rhythm. The battle is the Lord's.

But the battle is not over. The opposing forces have taken new positions, and on the issue of the battle in Western Canada, in a large measure, depends the outcome of Western civilization. The West is being watched, not only by the centuries that are past, but will be by the centuries that are to come. The history of the world is the perspective through which the complete citizen of Western Canada wants to look at his country to-day. How will our present ideal look from

that distance of time of which Lord Macaulay wrote, when some New Zealander, standing on a broken arch of London Bridge, would sketch the ruins of St. Paul's? The history of the Canadian West, when it is finally written, will tell of the greatest victory or the greatest failure in the annals of Western civilization.

History is working again to a climax in Western Canada. In this land humanity has reached the end of its journey Westward. Both the Christian Church and Western civilization have their greatest opportunity here. It is their Waterloo. If they are defeated it may mean a journey for mankind around the earth from east to west again; if the victory is theirs the heavens and the earth will rejoice in the triumph of a righteous nation at last, and the birth of the Kingdom of God upon earth.

"We cross the prairie as of old
The pilgrims crossed the sea,
To make the West as they the East,
The homestead of the free!"

"We go to plant the common schools
On distant prairie swells
And give the Sabbaths of the wild
The music of her bells.

"Upbearing, like the ark of old,
The Bible in our van,
We go to test the truth of God,
To meet the needs of man."

The Western problem, or "burden," differs from that of any people with which our country is most nearly allied. England had its wars between the classes and the masses, and its struggle for supremacy with Holland, Spain, and France; the United States had its negro question; and Eastern Canada its struggle of races and creeds. These difficulties, generally speaking, were settled once for all.

The problem out here is more advanced. We inherit what our

fathers fought for, but we in turn have new difficulties to face. What our fathers saw afar off and dreamed about is now a practical problem. The battle has become more intense, because more spiritual. Under the leadership of the devil all the evil spirits known to history are being mustered and mobilized to seize this new land; the Cains and the Esaus, the Philistines and the Amalekites, the Pharaohs and the Neros, compromising Ahabs, disobedient Sauls and voluptuous Herods, Baal and the devotees of Beelzebub, of Moloch and Bebal, the money-loving Judas and the time-serving Pilate, all are here contending for mastery. It is a life and death struggle with the sons of light. Woe unto them that are at ease in Zion! The man who shirks his moral responsibility, who continues to speculate in stocks and accumulate land and property, hardening his heart to the claims of the higher life of this strategic land, is a monster consciously or unconsciously in league with the devil to work utter destruction.

The solution of the Western problem will be best understood and brought to a successful consummation through the principles vindicated by the Word of God. With perfect insight the principles by which nations rise and fall are there revealed. In the history of God's chosen people we read our own. We, too, are God's people, and this is God's land. The hour is coming, and now is for us to be alert. "The time is at hand." The wisest traditions, the maturest counsels, the best experience of history, are at our disposal. It was the men of the Cross who wrested the Holy Land from the Saracens. We are treading where the saints have trod. "This day will I begin to put the dread of thee and the fear of thee

upon the peoples that are under the whole heaven, who shall hear the report of thee and shall tremble and be in anguish because of thee. . . . Only take heed to thyself and keep thy soul diligently."

Every conceivable difficulty and crisis that may arise in the future is mirrored for us in the Divine Book. A nation-building people like the West needs to study especially the Old Testament in the light of present-day events. We are on trial as others before us. The nation that will not serve God shall perish.

We believe that special emphasis needs to be placed upon the home and family life of the people. The home should have its "altar." The man that God chose to lay the foundation of the Jewish nation was one that erected the altar in his home. Give that the central place, and sooner or later the best of art, culture and character are bound to polarize around it.

The school is also a vital factor in the building of a nation. Waterloo was won at Eton. In respect of educational facilities Western Canada has made a praiseworthy beginning. Winnipeg is better equipped with public schools than New York. A national school is the desideratum, and a school where the Bible may be read and the Divine Being recognized apart from denominational control.

Municipal matters, the initial point in the general affairs of the state, should receive the attention of every citizen. All should know how to rule, though all may not have the gift of ruling. The burden of training in good citizenship rests upon the English-speaking people of the West. The others look to them for guidance, and they should teach those who, deprived of their rights in their native countries, lost the art of governing themselves. National holi-

days should be observed, where our new neighbors may have a chance to catch our patriotic spirit and hear our national songs. Popular lectures on national heroes and ideals, in both Church and State, should be encouraged. Municipal intelligence will be the death-knell of graft, bribery and political corruption.

Finally, we submit that the West should give the greatest deference to its Church life. The glory and honor of the people are bound up in its success. The type demanded in this new country is of the highest quality; spiritual, alert, aggressive and modern. The pre-eminent need of our Western Church to-day is a new Pentecost, having a similar relation to the throbbing life of the West that the Jerusalem Pentecost had to the great Roman world, that the Reformation had to continental Europe, and that the Wesleyan revival had to modern England.

The Christian forces are not feeling the unity of their mission as they ought, and need to, in order to realize the highest results for the Kingdom of God. A "Pentecost" would be a great unifying influence for the present, and would be an inspiring tradition to hand down to the future.

The importance of the Church and its mission out here cannot be exaggerated. Its ministers should seek to realize and embody the highest ideals of prophet, priest and king. The aim of the Church of the Canadian West should be to weave a civilization whose warp is truth, whose woof is righteousness, in the loom of the twentieth century, untearable, unshrinkable, dyed in the blood of self-sacrifice—a mantle for the King who sits on the throne in the midst of the New Jerusalem.

Emerson, Man.

SONG OF CANADIAN PIONEERS.

BY LURCAN FOYLE.

We have felt the fire of a wild desire,
We have followed our whim to roam;
We broke from the yoke of our plodding folk,
And severed the ties of home.

As our fathers before, in days of yore,
Came wand'ring over the main,
To conquer the soil with their blood and toil,
And people a wide domain.

We have pushed our way where the beavers
play,

In the hush of the virgin wood;
We have lifted the sod where man ne'er trod
Since the Lord pronounced it good.

And our path has led where the buffalo fed
On the prairies vast and wide,
Where the glitt'ring grain now brightens the
plain,
And the farmstead close beside.

We have wrung the gold from its icy fold
On the verge of the Arctic line;
And the mountains yield to the tools we wield
The glist'ning wealth of the mine.

We have cast our nets where the Fraser frets
Against the rush of the tide—
For our lives are free as the boundless sea
And wide as our land is wide.

We have garnered a store on every shore;
We have tasted the first-fruits sweet;
But thro' danger's breath, in the face of
death,

The price we have paid was meet.
How many have died by the wild trail-side—
How made a comrade's laid
In his lonely grave where the pine-trees wave
Or plains in horizon fade.

We have opened a way for you who stay
In the pitiless cities' strife,
To the free clear air, where there's land to
spare

And a man can live his life.
Tho' hard be the toil till we win the soil,
The harvest is rich indeed,
For ye build a home that is all your own,
And ye fill an Empire's need.

—The Lumber Jack and his Job

"THE GOLD OF THAT LAND IS GOOD."

Genesis ii. 12.

BY C. B. KEENLEYSIDE, B.A., B.D.



IN describing the Garden of Eden the Book of Genesis says (ii. 12), "The gold of that land is good." All gold is equally good. Intrinsicly there is no difference, but commercially there is a vast difference. The gold in the heart of the Sierras is as good gold as the gold in the highly-prized and much-sought-for sovereign, but it is useless. Value depends on position. Gold is worth only what it can bring in exchange.

Some years ago a miner returning from the California gold-fields was wrecked. Buckling his gold in a belt about his waist, he sprang overboard to swim to a near-by beach, but the gold carried him to the sharks. In this case the good gold was not only of no value, but it cost the man his life. In its position it could bring him nought but death.

The other day, on board the "Valencia," which was wrecked in the Pacific, a man was on his way home from the Yukon with a bag of gold worth \$60,000. As the boat was sinking he threw the gold to the deck and offered to give it to any one who would get him ashore. His fortune he would gladly exchange for a shore-line, but the good gold was useless and he and it went down in the deep. On that boat, at that time, gold had no commercial value. It could buy nothing worth having. No one would indeed take it as a gift. There are no pockets in shrouds, and gold cannot enter the gates of eternity.

Here is a man, in no danger of his life, living in a small hut in a Canadian town. A large quantity of gold he has stored away in various hidden places. From his secret store he draws barely enough to eke out a wretched existence. His store of gold is of some value to him, inasmuch as it brings him that which keeps body and soul together. Beyond that it is of no value, for it brings him nothing in exchange—nothing at least that is worth having. True, he has the miser's joy, and may be seen ever and anon rubbing his hands and chuckling softly to himself. But the sum of the value of his gold is but the poor food and poorer clothing used to keep his unhappy soul on earth. And, note, it is the gold he uses that brings him even these poor returns. The gold he has hidden away brings him daily, yes, hourly, fear and dread.

Hoarded gold brings nought in exchange but misery. Indeed, there is nothing else it can bring. Nothing but misery is cheap enough to be had for hoarded gold. Peace, joy and happiness, are exquisite things, and their price is costly. They cannot be priced with hoarded gold. The rapture of self-sacrifice, the bliss of service, the glory of collaboration with God in making this world more like heaven, these things are not even to be named with it.

No, there is nothing by public or private sale going cheap enough to buy with hoarded gold, save only misery. If you doubt this open your eyes and look about you.

Not long ago the writer met on the street two young ladies, with spark-

ling eyes and radiant faces. They stopped and told their story. They were returning from a home of great want and suffering, whither they had gone like good Samaritans carrying food, clothing and good cheer. They had exchanged some gold for these creature comforts, and had in turn exchanged these at the poor man's house for the sparkle in the eye and the joy in the heart. That gold, well placed, had brought not only great rejoicing to the poor woman and her large family, but had also brought bliss to the two stewards who used it for its owner.

Here is another scene. To this man life's cares are over, its burdens laid down. He sees the King in His beauty in that land that stretches afar. He stands before One who, although He was rich, became poor that we might be rich. And these are the words that strike upon this man's startled ear: "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the Kingdom. I was hungry and ye gave me to eat, thirsty and ye gave me to drink, naked and ye clothed me." He finds, to his amazement and delight, that the gold he gave away while upon earth for the Master's sake is the gold which has eternal value. He gave his gold—he inherits a kingdom.

And now see how the story runs. About the waist of the swimmer gold means death; on the deck of the sinking steamer it is worthless; in the hidden recesses of the miser's hut it means a poor existence and a troubled soul; but gold put in God's hands to help Him clean up this stained and soiled, but withal glorious world of His, is a splendid thing. It is worth bliss here and a kingdom in that sinless, stainless land of which the Lamb is the light. This gold brings to the spender joys that will outwear eternity.

It is a far cry from the gold that

cost the man his life to the gold that bought the man his kingdom, and yet all gold is good.

Gold has a magic touch. In the affairs of man it is well-nigh omnipotent. It can save a life or warp a soul, engage a preacher or buy a murderer, purchase beef or prussic acid. One day in this city a man passed over some gold to a starving woman to buy food for her eight famishing children; near-by gold was buying whiskey to ruin a young man body and soul; not far away it was being spent on lust to kill and cast into the pit, and everywhere thereabouts it was being hoarded to the soul's warping.

Yes, gold has a magic touch. There came to the door of a Methodist mission house in Japan, not long ago, a widow with two wee bairns, begging that the children be cared for. The woman by honest toil could earn her own keep, but not the keep of the children too. They were starving; but, and because the little house was full to overflowing with war orphans—while the Methodist Church in Canada was busy taking care of its untold millions—the missionary had to refuse them admission. "Then," said the woman as she turned away in tears, "come on, children, we can at least die together." This was more than the missionary had bargained for, and he said, "Well, come in, and we will see what can be done."

Just two days later there came to that mission house a self-denial thank-offering from a housekeeper in Canada which solved the problem of the keep of those two wee ones until spring, and, better still, brought them and their mother under Christian influences. Can you estimate the value of that gold in the twilight of eternity?

While this scene—grim tragedy, lit by God's love, and transfigured

into a hallelujah chorus—was transpiring and the housekeeper was laying up for herself rich treasures in heaven, a man in this same city, with the gold mania, worth many hundreds of thousands of dollars, was cutting off entirely his contribution to the missionary funds, and saying by that act, "Let the war orphans starve, the widows be prostitutes, and the whole nation drift to atheism for aught I care. Give me gold—gold—gold." He is getting the gold, but think of the cost.

Seldom in the history of the world have men had such opportunities for amassing wealth as they have to-day in Canada. Like learning, health and talents, gold is a sacred trust from the All-Upholder. And like them, when used as a trust for God and the race, it is a glorious thing worth striving for to the utmost limit of one's powers.

Get gold? Yes, get it by the train-load. Blast the mountains, tunnel the hills, drill the earth, wash the sands, crush the rock, work early and late, plan, organize, develop, advertise, push, use brain and brawn, but with it all, and in it all, fail not to acknowledge the ownership of the All-Upholder.

Get gold? Why not? Has not it an omnipotent arm? Is it not the lack of gold that makes the old chariot drive hard upon its wheels? Has not lack of gold made impossible, as yet, the swinging the world to Christ? Are not tens of thousands starving this day in India and Japan for lack of that which gold can buy?? Are not the widows of these two lands being driven by the thousands to sin for lack of gold? The churches of the land are burdened with mortgages, and many of the great missionary societies are carrying heavy debts, while hundreds, if not thousands, of young lives are

being turned away from missionary work for lack of gold.

Get gold? The man would be fit for a mad-house who would advise against it. Gold can teach the ignorant, feed the hungry, clothe the naked. It can build churches, schools and colleges, hospitals, asylums and homes. It can—in fact what can it not do?

One personal word. The writer of these articles is not a clergyman, whose calling makes gold-getting impossible, neither is he an old and disappointed gold-seeker, but a man in the midst of a strenuous life, giving many hours a day to the gold-getting problem, and one who thinks it not impious each day to pray for great and abounding prosperity, believing it to be one of God's best gifts. Nevertheless, were the choice his, he would prefer a life of poverty with God's blessing to the wealth of a million multi-millionaires, if that wealth should warp and lead him from the Master's side. To be made trustworthy, and then to be trusted is a safe and a sane prayer.

Just as our age and our land is unique in opportunities for gold-getting, so it is unique in open doors for wondrous investments. Fields abound in which to plant gold and reap untold harvests.

Here are, say, 5,000,000 Canadians, given by the All-Upholder the stewardship of over 3,400,000 square miles of God's own choicest land, stored by the Creator with untold wealth, in timber, minerals and agriculture. It is the last great tract to be peopled and it is filling fast. They are coming to us from all nations untaught and untrained. They are, by their very presence amongst us, helping to lay the foundation of this nation which is to mean so much in the world for weal and woe in the days that are ahead.

Optimists tell us that the blending of races is good, and point to the might of the British as a proof. It must be remembered, however, that the races blending to form the modern Britain were not assisted immigrants living in filth and squalor, but they were the sea kings and the conquerors of Northern Europe. Not paupers, but princes. Not refugees from Southern Europe, but the flower of Normandy and the pick of the Angles, the Jutes, Saxons and Danes—men of the North, men of brain and heart and muscle, restless, unconquered, empire-builders. These men, under the transforming touch of Christ, have made the British of to-day. And now, in greater hordes than ever swept over Great Britain, the foreigners are coming to our land in their ignorance and vice, and unless they are trained, educated and saved, this Canada in the years to come, instead of being the great northern beacon light showing the world the way in all the arts of peace, will be a veritable Sodom in its evil and degradation.

Unless the Church is planted throughout this new land ahead of the saloon and the brothel it may take centuries to overtake the lost ground. Now this needs money, and much money. Gold placed here—and placed here promptly—will bring in exchange a rich heritage, not only to the giver and his children, but to the land and the kingdom of Jesus.

Not only are the foreigners coming with their strange ways and narrow vision, but the brightest and most enterprising of the sons of Old Canada are going to this new land, and unless the Church is there to greet them, many a fair character, the hope and joy of the old home, will be eternally smirched, and many a promising life will be ruined. Here, then, is an opening better than ground-floor stock in a chartered

bank or transcontinental railway. Better? Yes, as heaven is better than earth, and eternity is longer than time. If this article were the prospectus of a new company to extract gold out of moonbeams, and the Banks of England and Montreal guaranteed its stock on a ten per cent. dividend basis for all time, how the gold would pour in. I dare say Wesley Building itself would be taxed to its utmost to accommodate the prospective investors. And yet the investment in human character is vastly more valuable. "Wouldst thou plant for eternity? Then plant in the infinite faculties of man."

Here are two cases from life. Two young men went west in the early eighties from Christian homes in Ontario. Both were for a time caught in the whirl of things ungodly. But one, being under no church or home influence, drifted into the vilest of vices, and staggered in time to a suicide's grave. The other, settling near a Methodist church, was brought under its influence, was converted, and is to-day preaching the Gospel of an incarnate, crucified, risen, and ascended Saviour. Would you not like to know that some of your money went to build and support that pioneer Methodist church? Now, this is but a type of what the Church is doing all over that land—and, sad to say, a type of what is happening, too, where the Church is not.

The other Sunday morning the writer spoke in an old frame church on the bank of the Sydenham River. At the close of the service one of the patriarchs of the section said: "I helped to build this church over forty years ago, and it has served its day and generation well." To this the writer ventured the assertion that it had proven a good investment, both for the investors and for the district. "Yes, indeed," said the old

man with emphasis, "we have known glorious days in this old church, and I suppose if all who have been converted here were present, that field over there would not hold them. Yes, it was a good investment." As he said this a soft light came into his eyes, for they had fallen upon his boy, now a grey-haired leader, who was one of the redeemed. The old gentleman was cashing his interest coupons that day.

This is our day for investing—to-morrow, that long to-morrow, whose twilight human eye shall never see, will be our day for dividends.

Again, careful statisticians tell us that 5,000 of our fellows in Canada go annually to drunkard's graves. This means many times 5,000 broken hearts, multitudes of hungry children and darkened homes. The squalor and sorrow, caused by whiskey, baffles words to picture. It must be seen—nay, it must be felt, to be understood. One out of every six of our boys falls a victim to liquor, and no home is sure of safety. No one can tell whose boy will fall. It may be yours, it may be mine. Often the most unlikely one stands, and the boy of careful nurture and tender training falls.

And yet we Christians have the power in our hands to end this whole ghastly, gruesome, hell-filling, heart-breaking tragedy. And why do we not? Partly because of inertia, but chiefly because of avarice. Gold blocks the way. Many men will not fight it because their property or business, they think, would suffer. Besides this nearly every temperance effort that fails, fails for lack of funds. Whiskey has money and uses it. We have little or none.

A strong, well-organized, central committee in each provincial capital of Canada, with plenty of money with which to push the battle, could

in a few years have the most of Canada under local option. And it is a short road from that to prohibition.

Is not this an attractive investment for your gold? What dividend would this pay? How would a sober Canada do? A land in which every home was secure from the enemy, whose aim is the souls of boys. A clean, pure, God-fearing land, with all the filth, squalor and sorrow of the infernal traffic blotted out. Would that pay?

And then, as a field of investment, consider the foreign missionary work. Some years ago a few godly Scotchmen invested a few hundred pounds in a young fellow named Paton, and sent him to the New Hebrides, and to-day, as the outcome of that investment, 17,000 cannibals, born and bred, are Christian communicants, and thousands have gone from the earthly Church to the heavenly. How would you like some stock in that investment?

Away back in the sixth century some self-sacrificing men and women in Rome sent a zealous young man, named Augustine, with forty monks, up to the island of the Angeles. He was followed by others, and those blue-eyed, fair-haired conquerors of the sea became Christians, and lo, to-day we have the Anglo-Saxons leading Christendom in devotion to the Master. Think of the wondrous results. Think of Bede, Caedmon, Wycliffe, Wesley, Knox, Chaucer, Shakespeare, and the hundreds of unknown but true followers of Christ who have gone home or are on the way home. Think of the tremendous value of Anglo-Saxondom to the Kingdom, and then reckon, if you can, what dividends are due to the unselfish men of the long ago who invested their money in human life and character. What

do you suppose that investment is quoted at to-day on the Stock Exchange of Eternity? Which would you prefer, their dividends or those of the men who hoarded their gold or spent it in selfish extravagance?

“Is thy cruse of comfort failing?
Rise and share it with another,
And through all the years of famine
It shall serve thee and thy brother.

Love divine will fill thy storehouse,
Or thy handful still renew,
Scanty fare for one will often
Make a royal feast for two.

“For the heart grows rich in giving,
All its wealth is living grain;
Seeds which mildew in the garner,
Scattered, fill with gold the plain.
Is thy burden hard and heavy?
Do thy steps drag wearily?
Help to bear thy brother's burden,
God will bear both it and thee.”



THE FLOWER-WREATHED CROSS.

BY FLORENCE W. PERRAS.

We take the empty cross,
That for our sakes He bore,
And twine it lovingly
With bud and blossom o'er.
We bring the roses sweet
Of pink and white and gold,
And oh! how tenderly
Its barren arms they fold!
Roses of love, and may they never be
Such as we cannot bring, O Lord, to Thee.

We bring the lilies bright
In blinding radiance down,
Fair as the moonlit snow
That forms the mountains' crown,
We heap them at the base
Of that once cursèd tree,
Transformed to emblem proud,
A thing of mystery,—
Lilies of peace, and may they ever be
Such as were purchased first, dear Lord, by
Thee.

Next, poppies silken soft,
Thou knowest them ev'ry one,
We bear in airy clouds
Illumined by the sun.
We thought them deathless bright,
Pakan, Alberta.

But ah! so soon they fade,
With naught of profit left,
To grace the offering made.
Poppies of dreams, ah! may they never be
Dreams that might bring, fair Lord, offence to
Thee.

Then, sombre violets
That seem in reverie,
Scented and purple-dim
We scatter mournfully.
Like heavy tears they fall
Of passionate regret
For visions fading fast,
Their tender leaves are wet.
Violets of grief, ah! may they ever be
Griefs we can bring for comfort, Lord, to Thee.

One more, the mystic flower,
The glorious Edelweiss,
Torn from its sunlit home
Of snow and glacier ice,
With bleeding hands and feet
We bring it humbly here,
Our last, our best, our all,
Than love of life more dear.
Our pure ideal bloom! may it ne'er be
Too useless, too remote, to pleasure Thee.

MESSAGES OF MODERN PROPHETS.*

HENRIK IBSEN.



THE LATE HENRIK IBSEN.



TO a great many people Ibsen is yet a name of dread, and confession must frankly be made that not without reason is it so. He is so determined a foe of conventions, and so unhampered in his style of dealing with them, that he was for long excluded from what may be called respectable households. His is the temper of revolt from the prejudices, pruderies and provincialisms of present-day life, and if, occasionally, there is some grossness, and some

* Abridged from *The Primitive Methodist Magazine*. The recent death of this distinguished writer lends special interest to this appreciation of his genius.

exaggeration, Ibsen is, in a very true sense, a prophet of the modern time, heralding in his own way—which is perhaps not ours—the movement for a new theology, a new politics, a new sociology, which shall conserve and transfigure all that is noble in the past, and yet stand in vital touch with the throbbing life of the present.

Ibsen was born in 1828 at Skien, a small market and seaport town on the south coast of Norway. There is a curious mingling of blood in him, which, with his physical and national environment, will account largely for the many-sided power which he displays. His great-grandmother was a Scotchwoman, and one of his male fore-elders was a Dane. His own mother was German, and his father Norwegian. The father was a ship-builder, active and joyous; his mother, the well-dowered daughter of a German merchant, is described as a dry, thin, cold person. These two notes give the genesis of his courage and originality, his bursts of animal spirits on the one hand, and his Puritanic earnestness, together with his love of moralizing and spiritualizing, on the other.

His mother, we are told, moralized far more than she loved him. The joy of life was abroad, the discipline of it at home. Both went to the making of the boy and the man. It is at first as medical student that we meet him, but he soon gave up medicine for dramatic psychology, and became a diagnoser of souls rather than of bodies. His outward personal presentment may be swiftly sketched. In person he is short and burly, with a massive head covered with strong

white hair, thick bushy whiskers of the same hue—for he is now long past seventy years of age—a peculiarly broad and high forehead, indicating great power; small, keen, blue-grey, deep-set eyes, which “seem to penetrate,” say all who know him, “to the heart of things.” His mouth is firm and closely compressed in a fine thin line, denoting the man of iron will, and there plays about it an ironic half-smile. Shy and sensitive, feeling deeply the neglect of his countrymen, as all great minds because of their very eminence have been doomed to do, fighting for life literally and metaphorically, he is the very type of the man of genius.

To give an idea of the man and his message I will take two of his most representative social plays and tell the story of them. These two shall be the oft-heard-of “A Doll’s House” and “Hedda Gabler.” The very title of the former is a revealing flash of light. When the play opens we are introduced at once to Nora Helmer, the heroine, a young married woman with three children, but the victim of a false system of education, and the spoiled pet and puppet of a weak and silly husband. She is pretty, amiable, engaging, generous, but, not unlike Dora in “David Copperfield,” childish and irrational. She has all a child’s fondness for sweetmeats, which, against the advice of her doctor and the wish of her husband, she eats on the sly, and when taxed with taking them covers her indulgence with a lie. She has made dolls in her turn of her own children, and has spent extravagant sums in dressing them. Her husband calls her his “lark,” his “squirrel,” his “little spendthrift.” She has been lapped, as it were, in cotton wool, and rocked into sleep by father and husband.

But away back in the past, some five or six years before, she had com-

mitted, in her ignorant light-hearted affection, a serious crime. To enable her husband to take a tour into the South which was necessary to restore his health, she had forged a promissory note in her father’s name, and represented to Helmer that the money was a gift from her father. The money-lender, however, was not duped. With the astuteness of his kind he knew that such bills are often the surest to be paid. Nora, happy in having saved her dear Torvald’s life, sets to work to pay off the debt by slaving in secret at copying work, and has nearly succeeded in her purpose at the time when her husband is appointed manager of the bank in which he has been employed. Krogstad, the money-lender, now also a clerk in the bank, is threatened with dismissal, and flies to Nora with the forged bill to induce her to use her influence in his behalf. A forgery which had previously been committed by Krogstad himself supplies Helmer with a text from which he preaches to Nora a sermon that begins her disillusion:

“Such a misty atmosphere of lying brings contagion into the whole family. Every breath the children draw contains some germ of evil. As a lawyer, darling child, I have remarked *that* many a time. Nearly all men who go to ruin early have had untruthful mothers.”

A further stage in her awakening comes when, in order to redeem the forged bill, she seeks to borrow the balance due on it from a certain Doctor Rank, a friend of the family. In trying with him the little coaxing and wheedling tricks which she has been in the habit of practising upon her husband, she draws from him, to her intense surprise and alarm, an unexpected declaration of love. At once her eyes are opened to the full truth. Her whole family life has been

a fiction. Her home has been a mere doll's house, in which she can no longer endure to stay; and after a scene with her husband, which occupies sixteen pages, and in which he flies into a vulgar rage and heaps invectives on her for disgracing him, she dashes out into the city, and into the night, and the curtain falls as the front door bangs behind her. In this drama the process of disillusion is so managed as to show the deeper possibilities of character which lay dormant in Nora. Beside her vulgar, self-complacent and respectable husband she comes out as a woman with a soul which has simply been asleep. She is not a doll by nature, but only through her false training.

"Ghosts" has been much criticised, but often unfairly. It has been called the tragedy of heredity, but heredity figures in the play only as one of those great laws of Nature and God which the conventions of society so often and so tragically disregard. It is the drama of a pure and high-minded woman sold in marriage to a dissolute "pillar" of Society and of the Church, and of the consequences of such a union for the children. We would say deliberately that no more powerful presentment was ever given to the world, outside of the Bible, of the truths that the iniquities of the father are visited upon the children; that when the fathers eat sour grapes the children's teeth are sure to be set on edge; that God is not mocked, and whatsoever a man soweth *that* will be reaped some day and by somebody.

Take "Rosmersholm" and its moral as another illustration of the strength and sanity of Ibsen's message. We are left with Rosmer's rooted moral

ideas, no longer mere conventions, but purged and purified by sorrow, as the teaching of the play. These, we are shown, cannot wantonly be set at nought, as they are sought to be by the adventuress, Rebecca West. "No cause ever triumphs," says the chief character, "that has its origin in sin. The cause that is to win a lasting victory must be borne forward by a joyous and innocent man. . . Ah! no, we cannot be ennobled from without, Rebecca." There speaks the deeper Ibsen.

Of Brand and Péer Gynt the moral is equally striking. God made each one of us to be *himself*. But there is a selfishness which is not individuality, and that selfishness often assumes the form of being afraid to face the facts of life and take moral decisions. By such a man the true self is never realized, and such a man, especially, was Péer (or Peter) Gynt. He is a moral coward to the end—doing anything, shirking anything, for an easy life. He sees a peasant deliberately maim himself by chopping off a finger to escape conscription. Péer soliloquizes. "One might think of it, wish it, determine it even—but do it! no, that I can't understand." Péer is ever unready—and so he becomes—a nobody. It is Browning's lesson in the Statue and the Bust. The peasant's act was a dishonorable one, but it tested and revealed his resoluteness.

Let a man contend to the uttermost
For his life's set prize, be what it will.
The counter our lovers staked was lost
As surely as if it were lawful coin:
And the sin I impute to each frustrate ghost
Is—the unlit lamp and the ungirt loin,
Though the end in sight was a vice, I say.
You of the virtue (we issue join)
How strive you?

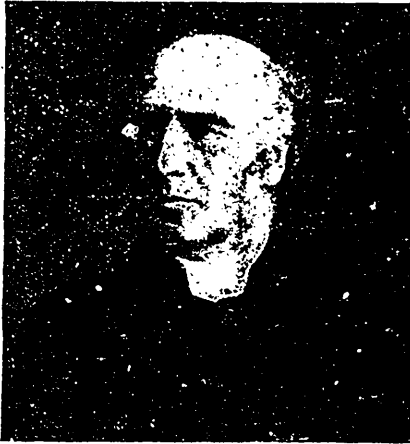
J. D. T.

"We hear the bell struck in the night,
We hear the noise about the keel,

We see the compass glimmer bright,
We know the pilot's at the wheel."

BROTHER ANTHONY.

BY MARK GUY PEARSE.

SCENE: *A Monastery Garden, May, 1632.*

THE REV. MARK GUY PEARSE.

How fair a dawn, all things so sweet and calm;
 The gentle dews refresh the flowering earth;
 Each glistening leaf as if with diamonds hung,
 And pearls bedeck the grass. From out the elm
 The blackbird bravely sings—S. Chrysostom,
 As Brother Simon calls the golden-bill;
 The rapturous lark soars high to greet the sun.
 But on my fevered heart there falls no balm;
 The garden of my soul, where happy birds
 Sang in the fulness of their joy, and bloomed
 The flowers bright, finds only winter now;
 And bleak winds moan about the leafless trees,
 And chill rains beat to earth the rotten stalks.
 Hope, Faith, and God alike are gone, all gone—
 If it be so, as this Galileo saith,
*"The earth is round and moves about the sun;
 The sun,"* he saith, *"is still, the axle fixed
 Of nature's wheel, centre of all the worlds."*
 Galileo is an honest soul, God knows—
 No end has he to serve but only truth,
 By that which he declares, daring to risk
 Position, liberty, and even life itself. He knows.
 And yet the ages have believed it not.

"Fear not the westering shadows,
 O Children of the Day!
 For brighter still and brighter,
 Shall be your homeward way.

Have they not meditated, watched and prayed—
 Great souls with vision purged and purified?
 Had God no messenger until arose
 Galileo? Long years the Church has prayed,
 Seeking His grace who guideth into truth,
 And weary eyes have watched the sun and stars,
 And heard the many voices that proclaim
 God's hidden ways—did they believe a lie?
 The Church's Holy Fathers, were they wrong?
 Yet speaks Galileo as one who knows.
 Shrinks all my soul from breathing any word
 That dares to question God's most holy Book,
 As men beneath an avalanche pass dumb
 For fear a sound should bring destruction down.
 If but a jot or tittle of the Word
 Do pass away then is all lost. And yet,
 If what Galileo maintains be true!—

"The sun itself moves not." The Scripture tells
 At Joshua's command the sun stood still.
 Doth Scripture lie? The blessed Lord Himself,
 Spake He not of the sun that rose and set!
 So cracks and cleaves the ground beneath my
 feet.

The sun that fills and floods the world with
 light

My darkness and confusion hath become!
 Oh, God! as here about the old grey walls
 The ivy clings and twines its arms, and finds
 A strength by which it rises from the earth
 And mounts toward heaven, then gladly flings
 Its grateful crown of greenery round the height,
 So by Thy word my all uncertain soul
 Hath mounted toward Thy heaven, and brought
 Its love, its all, wherewith to crown my Lord.
 Alas, the wall is fallen. Beneath it crushed
 The clinging ivy lies; its stronghold once
 Is now the prison house, the cruel grave.

There sounds the bell that summons me to
 prayer.

Resplendent as the morning,
 With fuller glow and power,
 And clearer than the noonday,
 Shall be your evening hour."

CANADA BY THE PACIFIC.

BY THE EDITOR.



BANNINGTON FALLS, KOOTENAY RIVER, B.C.

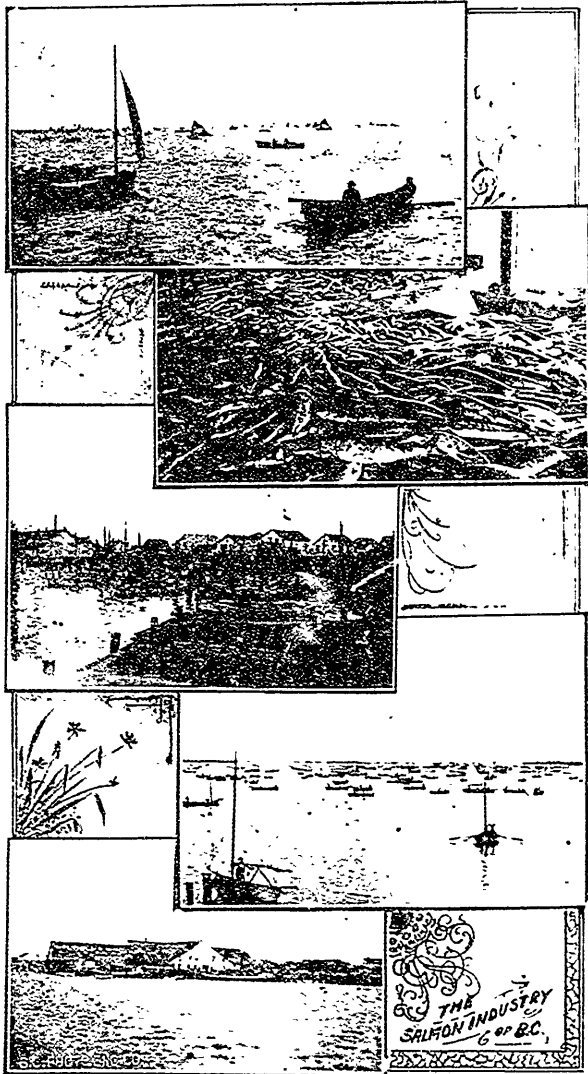


BRITISH COLUMBIA forms the western face of the Dominion of Canada: and it would be difficult to say whether its geographical position or its great resources are of more value. It has a coast line of about five hundred miles on the Pacific Ocean, with innumerable bays, harbors and inlets. It has an area of 341,305 square miles, and if it be described from the characteristics of its climate and great mineral wealth, it might be said to be the Great Britain and California of the Dominion. It is as large as Norway, France and Belgium taken to-

gether. The province is divided into two parts—the Island of Vancouver and the mainland, and the island is about three hundred miles in length, with an average breadth of sixty miles, containing an area of about twenty thousand square miles.

First among the resources of British Columbia may be classed its mineral wealth. The surveys in connection with the Canadian Pacific Railway established the existence of gold over the whole extent of the province. This precious metal is found all along the Fraser and Thompson rivers, and on Vancouver Island, and at the Cassiar Mines, reached through Alaska.

The coal mines of British Columbia



FISHING SCENES IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

are probably even more valuable than its gold mines. The coal from the Nanaimo mines leads the markets at San Francisco. It is of incalculable

importance, not only to this province of the Dominion, but also to the interests of the empire, that its fleets and mercantile marine, as well as the



A GREAT GLACIER IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

continental markets, should be supplied from this source.

The forest lands are of great extent, and the timber most valuable. They are found throughout nearly the whole extent of the province. The principal trees are the Douglas pine, Menzies fir, yellow fir, balsam, hemlock, white pine, cedar, yellow cypress, arbor vitæ, oak, yew, white maple, arbutus, alder, dogwood, aspen and cherry. The Douglas pine is almost universal on the sea coast, and is found as far inland as the Cascade range. It yields spars from ninety to one hundred feet in length, can often be obtained one hundred and fifty feet free from knots, and has squared forty-five inches for ninety feet. It is thought to be the strongest pine or fir in existence. The timber contains a great deal of resin, and is exceedingly durable. The bark resembles

cork, is often eight or nine inches thick, and makes splendid fuel.

The white pine is common everywhere. The Scotch fir is found on the bottom lands with the willow and cottonwood. The cedar abounds in all parts of the country, and attains an enormous growth.

The Fraser River and its tributaries, with the numerous lakes communicating with them, furnish great facilities for the conveyance of timber. The Lower Fraser country especially is densely wooded. Smaller streams and numerous inlets and arms of the sea furnish facilities for the region further north.

Every stick in these wonderful forests, which so amply and generously clothe the Sierras from the Cascade range to the distant Rocky Mountains, will be of value as communication opens up. The great arch of timber lands beginning on



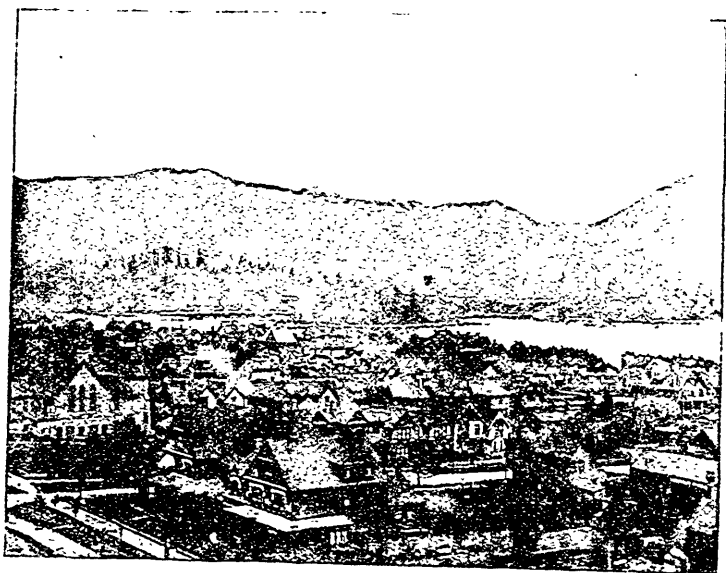
MOUNT BURGESS, EMERALD LAKE, FIVE MILES FROM FIELD, B.C.

the west of Lake Manitoba, circles round to Edmonton, coming down among the mountains, so as to include the whole of the province.

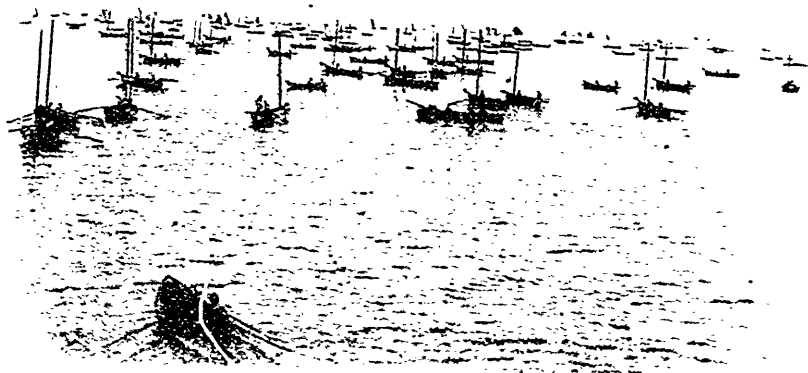
The business of the canning of salmon, which has assumed such large proportions along the Pacific shore, great as it is, is as yet only in its infancy, for there is many a river swarming with fish from the time of the first run of salmon in spring to

the last run of other varieties in the autumn, on which canneries are sure to be established. The fisheries are probably the richest in the world.

The Province of British Columbia cannot be called an agricultural country throughout its whole extent. But it yet possesses very great agricultural resources, especially in view of its mineral and other sources of wealth, as well as its position. It



CITY OF VANCOUVER, B.C.



SALMON FLEET. MOUTH OF FRASER RIVER, B.C.



AN ALBERNI PASTORAL SCENE, VANCOUVER ISLAND, B.C.

possesses tracts of arable land of very great extent. A portion of these, however, require artificial irrigation. This is easily obtained, and not expensive, and lands so irrigated are of very great fertility.

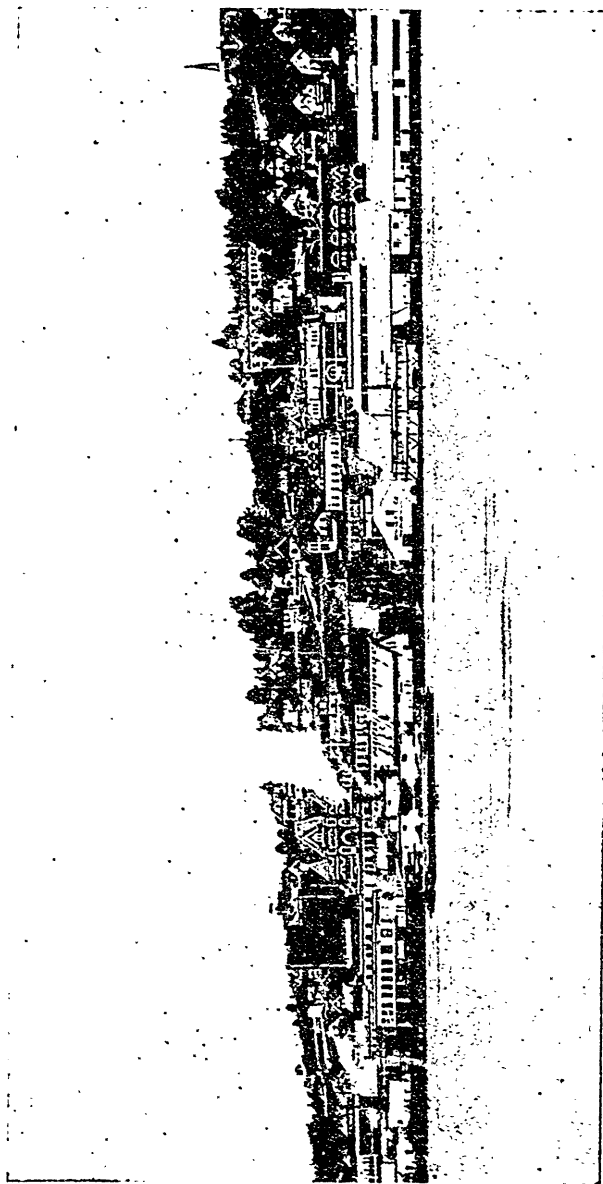
The tracts of lands suitable for grazing purposes are of almost endless extent, and the climate very favorable, shelter being only required for sheep, and even this not in ordinary seasons. The hills and plains are covered with bunch grass, on which the cattle and horses live all winter, and its nutritive qualities are said to exceed the celebrated blue grass and clover of Virginia.

The valuable fisheries, forests and mines on the extreme western end of the road, the agricultural produce of the great prairie region, and the mines, timber, lumber and minerals of the eastern section, will be more than sufficient to ensure an immense local and through traffic over the Canadian Pacific and the new projected railways. British Columbia

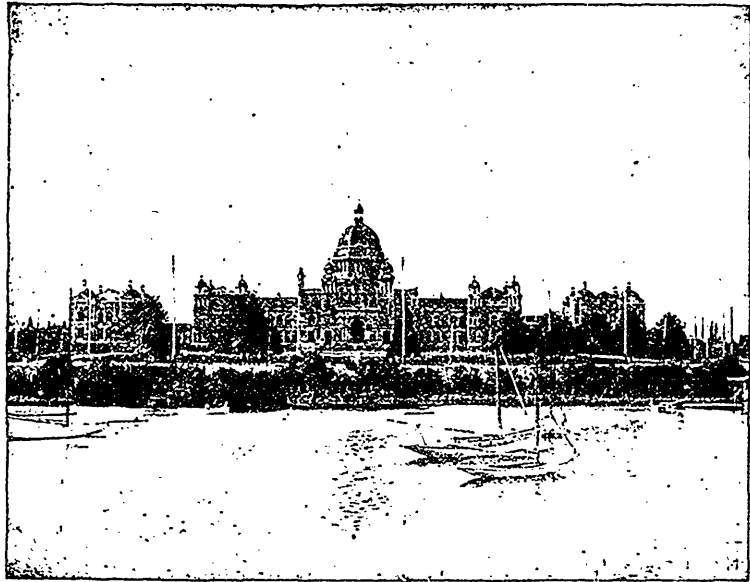
contains some of the most magnificent scenery in the world. Four great ranges of mountains are traversed by the C. P. R.

Soon the canyon widens out, and is succeeded by a broad, level valley with rich soil and heavy timber. The rude Indian farms give place to broad, well-cultivated fields, which become more and more frequent, and vegetation of all kinds rapidly increases in luxuriance as the Pacific is approached.

The first sight of any great feature of nature—as the Alps, the Mediterranean, the Prairies, the Rockies, the Pacific—cannot fail to kindle somewhat the imagination. At Port Moody the waters of the Pacific come into view. From here to Vancouver the railway follows the south shore of Burrard Inlet; the outlook is impressively delightful. Snow-tipped mountains, beautiful in form and color, rise opposite, and are vividly reflected in the mirror-like waters of the deep-sea inlet. At intervals along



NEW WESTMINSTER, BRITISH COLUMBIA, OF TO-DAY.



PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS, VICTORIA, B.C.

the heavily wooded shores are mills with villages around them, and with ocean steamships and sailing craft loaded with sawn timber for all parts of the world; on the other hand, and towering high above, are gigantic trees, twenty, thirty, and even forty feet in circumference.

The appearance of things materially improves as we drop down the harbor of Vancouver City. The shores become bolder; the forests of Douglas firs fresher in verdure and more stupendous in size; the water deeper, clearer, bluer. Vancouver City is all bustle and activity. The situation is most perfect as regards picturesqueness, natural drainage, harbor facilities, and commercial advantages.

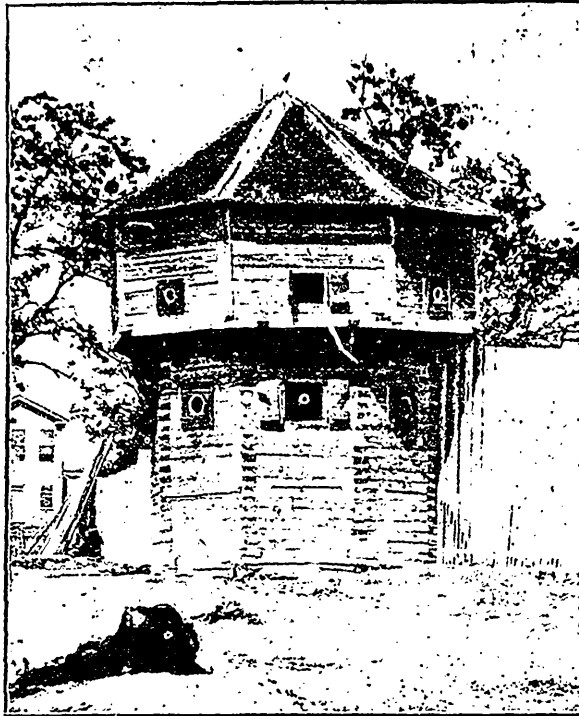
The place is destined to be a large and busy port, and an important *entrepot* of the trade with Australia, China, and Japan. The scenery all about is magnificent—the Cascade Mountains near at hand at the north;

the mountains of Vancouver Island across the water at the west; the Olympics at the south-west; and the great white cone of Mount Baker looming up at the south-east. Opportunities for sport are unlimited—mountain goats, bear and deer in the hills along the inlet; trout-fishing in the mountain streams; and sea-fishing in endless variety.

The sail across the noble Gulf of Georgia to Vancouver Island was very exhilarating. So solitary was the voyage that it almost seemed as if

“ We were the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea.”

The only vessel we saw was a large timber-laden Norwegian barque. To one unaccustomed to seafaring it is a great surprise to see a full-rigged ship, apparently swallowed up by the sea, and then heaved high on a huge wave. The view of the bold shore and serrated rocky peaks of the main-



SOUTH BASTION, OLD FORT, VICTORIA, B.C.

land is very impressive. As we thread a maze of islands the cheerful signs of habitation are seen, and as we enter at night the beautiful harbor of Victoria, the far-gleaming electric lights, quivering on the water, give evidence of the latest triumphs of civilization in this western Ultima Thule of Canada.

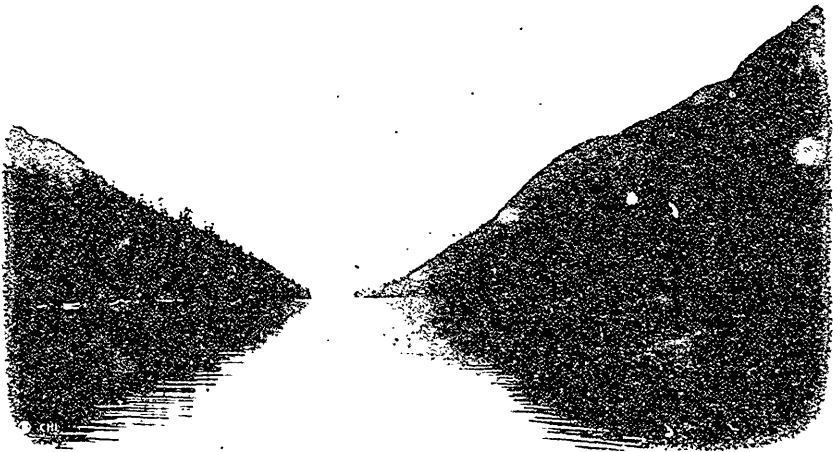
The island of Vancouver has a length of nearly three hundred miles, and about fifty in width on an average, and has some thirteen thousand square miles of territory. Its low-lying hills and valleys produce excellent grass, fine grazing for domestic animals. The most valu-

able land and principal settlements are on the eastern and southern shores.

The Pacific side is inhabited chiefly by Indians, of whom there are some seven thousand. Catching the fur seal and halibut is their leading pursuit, and they may be said to live in their canoes. They surpass the tribes of the mainland in point of intelligence and aptness for various kinds of labor. The Abt tribe is extensively known for its skilful work in gold, silver, wood, bone and stone. Their manufactures of these materials command high prices, and are a source of considerable revenue to the



MARBLE CANYON, INTERIOR VANCOUVER ISLAND, B.C.



THE ALBERNI CANAL, VANCOUVER ISLAND, B.C.



SCENERY, INTERIOR VANCOUVER ISLAND, B.C.

island. The centre of coal-mining on the island is the town of Nanaimo, a thriving port with a fine harbor, some sixty miles from Victoria.

At Victoria my attention was called to a small steamer, closely wedged between two superior crafts, a little way from the dock.

"That steamer," said an English sea-captain, "is the first that ever turned a wheel in the Pacific Ocean. She is the old 'Beaver.' She was built in London, and left that port for Fort Vancouver, on the Columbia

River, in 1838. She was a boat of prodigious strength, and has been in service for half a century. There is barely a sunken rock in all this vast system of inland waters that she has not found, not because she sought it, but because she struck it. At the next dock above lies another, the mate of the 'Beaver,' and the second steamer to plow the Pacific."

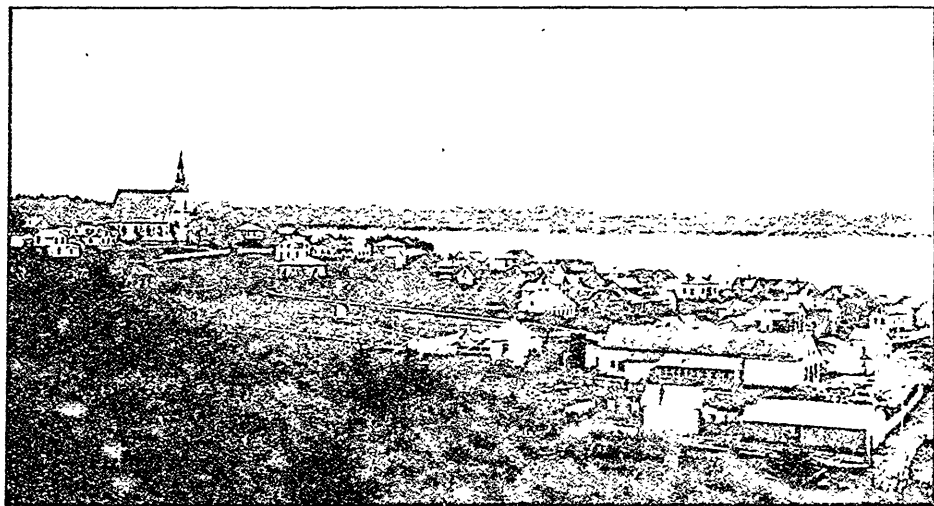
The Eastern tourist is first struck with the exceedingly bland atmosphere of Vancouver Island. Though the month was October, the air was



A VIEW IN INTERIOR OF VANCOUVER ISLAND, B.C.



SCENE ON VANCOUVER ISLAND.



PORT SIMPSON, B.C.

balmy, the sun warm, the foliage green, and the roses, pinks and dahlias were in full bloom in the gardens. The Methodist churches are handsome and commodious.

The chief glory of Victoria is the delightful drives in its vicinity. There does not appear to be the same feverish rush of business as in the East, if one might judge from the large turn-out of carriages at an open-air concert on Beacon Hill, given by the band of the flag-ship of Her Majesty's North Pacific Squadron.

The varied view of sea and land, obtained from a lofty knoll, with, in the distance, beyond the Gulf of Georgia, the pearly opalescent range of the Olympian Mountains, was one of the most exquisite I ever saw. The clouds above were gorgeous with purple, rose pink, silver gray and glowing gold, while the far-shimmering, sunset-tinted mountain-peaks seemed too ethereal for earth. They were surely like the gates of pearl and walls of precious stones of the New Jerusalem. In the south-

cast rises Mount Baker in a beautiful isolated cone to the height of thirteen thousand feet.



VANCOUVER ISLAND SCENE, B.C.

CANADA FOR CHRIST.

BY GRANT BALFOUR.

See the sunrise on the mountains,
Flashing far from crest to crest !
Light to light the signal sendeth—
FAITH on seraph wings descendeth,
Calling Canada to Christ !

Down among the careless peoples
Folly breathes infectious breath,
Scorn treads Truth in reckless savage,
Mammon shouts as beaded savage,
Lust incarnate kisses Death.

In the misty valley weeping,
'Tween the living and the dead,
While she soothes the broken-hearted—
Lo ! the leaden clouds are parted—
Pity, startled, lifts her head ;

For the light above the mountains
Streameth thro' the fetid mist,

And down the tidings sendeth—
HOPE on pinions bright descendeth,
Crying, Canada for Christ !

Sons of God, to battle gather !
Meet the minions of the Night,
From the far Atlantic gather,
From the far Pacific gather,
Fight incarnate Darkness, fight !

Night retreats to hidden caverns,
Vanquished all her black-winged brood ;
Truth and Goodness now victorious,
Robed with Peace in raiment glorious,
Reign in faithful brotherhood.

See the Sun high o'er the mountains !
See on earth the light—the Christ !
Light to light glad tidings sendeth !
LOVE on golden wings descendeth,
Singing, Canada in Christ !

SABLE ISLAND.



SABLE ISLAND.—THE SUPERINTENDENT'S HOUSE.



IN the North Atlantic, says Aubrey Fullerton, about eighty-five miles from the nearest point on the Nova Scotia coast, is one of the most remarkable, and at the same time one of the most dangerous, bits of land in American waters. It is on the map as Sable Island, but it bears also the unenviable name of "the graveyard of the Atlantic," for it has the dismal record of one hundred and fifty-five shipwrecks in the past hundred years.

Nearly four hundred years ago, in 1518, Baron De Lery, with a company of French colonists, landed on Sable Island, but were compelled by its inhospitable climate to abandon it. The cattle that he left, however, multiplied remarkably, and their pro-

geny have frequently rendered subsistence to shipwrecked mariners. Eighty years later the Marquis de la Roche received a commission as viceroy of New France, a designation which included the whole northern part of the new continent. He fitted out an expedition, strangely inadequate to the colonization of the vast territory assigned him.

He ransacked the prisons for pioneers of Christianity and civilization in the New World. The vessel in which they sailed was so small that the crew, leaning over her sides, could wash their hands in the sea. De la Roche landed his forty-five convicts on the desolate sand-dunes of Sable Island, off Nova Scotia, apparently fearing that they would desert as soon as they reached the mainland, and sailed away to select a site for his colony. But a western gale drove his frail vessel back to France. Here he came under the power of enemies, and was thrown into prison. For five

* For a number of the cuts which illustrate this article we are indebted to the courtesy of Acta Victoriana.

years the wretched convicts were abandoned to their fate. They subsisted on fish and on wild cattle, the descendants left by De Lery eighty years before. They clothed themselves in the skins of wild beasts, and obtained shelter in a cabin, built out of a wreck. Their savage natures found vent in violence and murder. When a vessel was sent for their release, only twelve of the forty remained alive. In shaggy attire and unkempt hair and beards

—"rough with the salt of the sea, and brown with the brand of the sun"—they were brought before the generous-hearted king, and received a liberal bounty from his hands. The Marquis was utterly ruined, and soon after died of chagrin, on account of his broken fortunes.



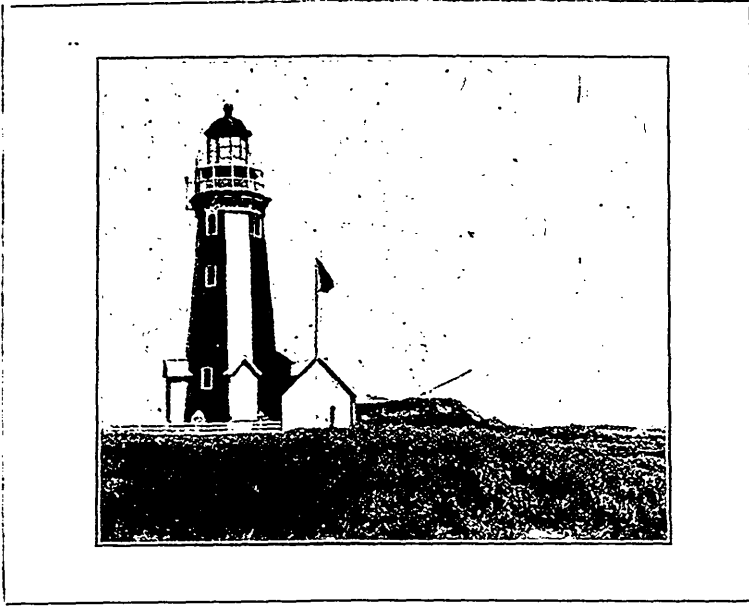
LANDING.

Sable Island, continues Mr. Fullerton, was built by the winds and waves. Two ocean currents, one from the northern Baffin Bay, and the other from the Gulf of Mexico, meet off the coast of Nova Scotia, and during many centuries have thrown up immense sand bars, which now extend for miles in all directions into the ocean. The winds have caught some of this sand, blown it into hills and great piles, and thus made what is probably the strangest island on the continent. Crescent-shaped and bending to the north, its whole length is twenty-three miles, with a maximum width of only a little more than one mile.

The Atlantic winds which have brought it into being sweep across it at a speed sometimes reaching sixty and eighty miles an hour, and in some places the sand hills thus formed are one hundred and ten feet above the water. The sand is ever drifting. In a single night the telephone posts are often buried entirely out of sight, and the sand drifts with such a biting force that it kills all



THE POSITION OF SABLE ISLAND.

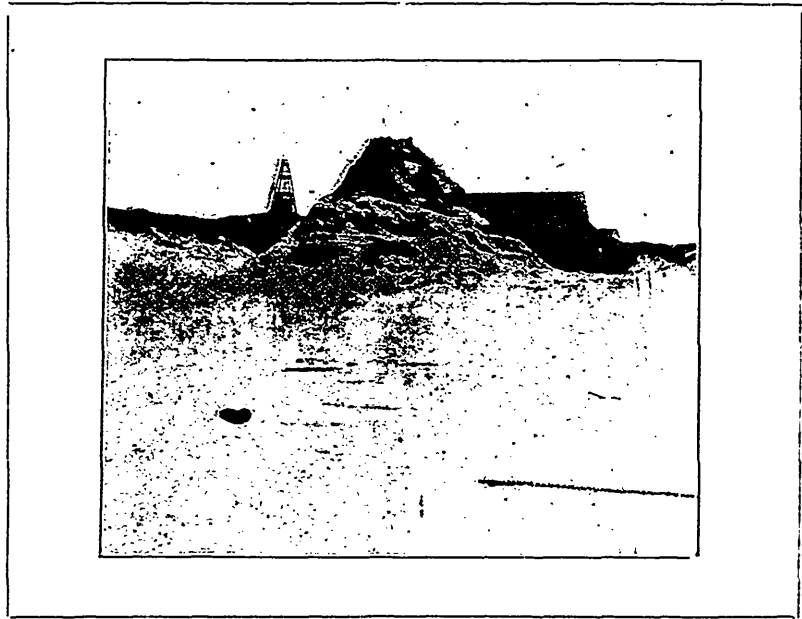


THE LIGHTHOUSE.

sand is continually being blown across, Sable Island might in time become good, solid, farming land. The only trees that will grow well are a species of hardy pine, imported from Brittany, though many others have been experimented with. A very interesting feature of this island of the winds is the fact that wild ponies roam over it and are as much a part of it as the sand hills themselves. The lineal descendants of animals left there over three hundred years ago number to-day about two hundred, and wander about in droves of from five to fifteen, each drove having its own special feeding and drinking places. "The ponies are very hardy," says the letter already quoted, "and live out all winter without any shelter but the banks. They get thin by spring, but fatten quickly when the grass comes. Those used by the station are stabled every night in winter, and so are kept in good condition for work.

The snow rarely lies long, and when the ground is bare the wild ones have plenty of hay, as the wild grass is thick and long, and in fall dries and lies over in bunches. The wild ponies are not afraid of a person on foot, as they are never harmed; but when chased to get them in the pound to ship, they are like deer, and never give up till forced right into the wings of the pound. Some are intelligent and lovable, others are stupid and slow, and never train out of it."

They are only shipped from the island when the superintendent considers the supply large enough to spare some, and then he selects a lot of twenty or thirty and sends them to Halifax, the nearest port on the mainland, where they are sold at auction. The difficulties encountered in catching them are frequently repeated when the time comes for landing and selling them. Some of them are particularly unmanageable,



A PYRAMID OF SAND.

as was one high-tempered animal that refused to be handled until very severe measures were taken with him; at the end of half an hour he walked away as quietly as a well-trained farm horse—conquered. Usually, however, they are tractable, and soon learn to know what is expected of them. They average about seven hundred pounds in weight and are both larger and hardier than the Shetland ponies.

Often on the streets of Halifax may be seen a team of these little ponies, drawing a little carriage at an easy trot, and sometimes making a very stylish appearance. They are frequently sent to other parts of Canada and to the United States, for the Sable Island ponies are much valued, particularly for young folks' use. Plucky little creatures, toughened by the winds that they have felt all their lives, and well in keeping with the peculiar character

of their island home, are these ponies of the Atlantic sand bar. And they are withal historic; an unbroken line of descent for three centuries or more in the face of adverse nature, is a good record, even if it be to the credit of only a ragged, shaggy pony.

This Isle of Sand, for that is the meaning of its name, says Marshall Owen Scott, is slipping away fast. The west light will have to be moved farther east within a year. It has already been taken down twice since 1873 and moved eastward to prevent its being swallowed up by the ever-encroaching waves. From the recorded measurements, it has been calculated that three hundred years ago the island was two hundred miles long, with cliffs probably eight hundred feet high. To-day it is barely twenty miles long, with a breadth of about a mile, and hills scarcely one hundred feet high. The rest of the



PREPARING FOR THE PLANTATION.

island has been obliterated by fierce storms and undermining currents.

When the British took over Canada from France, the French maps showed the island to be forty miles in length and two and one-quarter in breadth. A few years later, the British Admiralty ordered a special survey, which gave a length of thirty-one miles and a breadth of two miles. Thirteen miles of the west end of the island had gone, but four miles had been added to the east end, a net diminution of nine miles.

Although barely twenty miles of sand line still remain visible in ordinary weather above the surface of the Atlantic, there is a chain of breakers, full fifty miles or more, from west to east.

It was suggested to the Government of Canada some time back that measures ought to be taken, if possible, for the preservation of what remained of the island, for beacon purposes, to indicate the whereabouts

of this dangerous spot to vessels out of their course or in distress. The ocean in the vicinity of Sable Island is not a locality where ordinary lightships could be moored with safety.

Mr. Maury, writing of the gales that spend their fury on the northern edge of the Gulf Stream in this vicinity, says "their awful violence is one of the most striking phenomena of the island. The boldest hearts are sometimes struck with awe, if not with terror. The full force of the Atlantic, beating on the shores, seems to cause the earth to quiver to its foundations, while the people exposed to the rage of the tempest tremble at its fury, and every moment expect to be hurled into the seething ocean."

The currents around the island are terribly conflicting and uncertain, sometimes being in opposition to the direction of the prevailing winds, and sometimes passing around the whole circuit of the compass in twenty-



WILD PONIES.

four hours. As currents of water, like currents of air, meeting from different direction, produce eddies, these result in marvellous swirls around the island. An empty cask will be carried round and round the island, making the circuit several times, and the same is the case with bodies of the drowned from wrecks.

Under the direction of Colonel Gourdeau, Deputy Minister of Marine, considerable experimental planting of specially selected trees and sand-binding grass was done on the island, on methods suggested by long experience gained on the coasts of Brittany under somewhat similar conditions of exposure and wastage.

An examination of the records gives a clear idea of the manner in which the disintegration of the island is proceeding. In 1881 a gale removed bodily from the west end of the island an area of a quarter of a mile in length by seventy feet in

width. At another time, observations showed four miles of sea-front swept away by the roaring billows in four years. In 1882 the \$40,000 lighthouse, erected a mile inside the grass hills which were supposed to form a permanent barrier against the inroads alike of roaring surf, undermining currents, and heavy winds, had to be abandoned. Storm after storm had washed away the sand until one day an outside building toppled over and was swept out of sight and seen no more. The foundation of the lighthouse itself began to give, and the men on the island were obliged hastily to remove the apparatus to save it from impending destruction. A site one mile east was selected, from which the light again flashed through the darkness over the waves, but the sea continued to eat into the sand hills, and in 1888 the removal of the apparatus was again found necessary, and it



A TAME SEAL.

was put up at a place two miles farther east. The sea is a leveller, but the wind is a builder. The wind may shift the sand, but only to pile it up somewhere else.

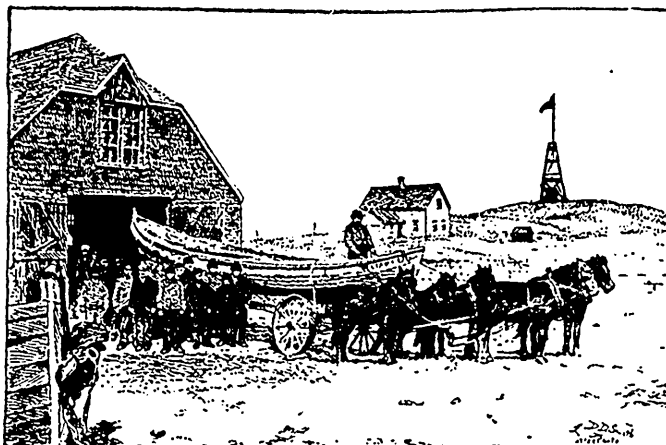
Wherever there is the slightest obstruction mounds are formed, sandwort takes possession, year by year the mound grows, and grass gets a foothold, and by and by a hill is found where the surface was low and level. But with all this the washing away continues.

Where grass is sown the sand does not blow away unless the sod is broken up. Around the shore and in the lake thousands of seals are seen basking in the sun. Fresh water is found all over the island.

Pirates and wreckers resorted to the island from the earliest years of settlement on the coasts of Nova Scotia and New England. In the huts of these men, along the shores of the mainland were stored the pick of rich cargoes of ships bound to the

west, and carried out of their course by contrary winds and currents and wrecked on the shoals. The ghastly records of lost lives and destroyed vessels begin with the first authentic accounts of the island.

Since the Dominion Government has taken charge of the island, the loss of life and shipping has steadily decreased. The lighthouse and life-saving establishments have been constantly improved, wrecks are consequently fewer, and the percentage of lives saved larger. In fact, very little loss of life has been reported since 1873, when the present lighthouses were constructed. The Government stations on the island number six, including two lighthouses, one at the east and the other at the west end. The lights show a distance of twenty miles. Three miles east of the west lighthouse is the main station, where a lifeboat crew is maintained, with a lifeboat, a surf-boat, and a line-throwing apparatus with a breeches



THE SABLE ISLAND LIFE-SAVING BOAT, DRAWN BY FIVE PONIES.

buoy to carry the shipwrecked from the ships to the shore.

During thick weather, and in snowstorms, the entire sea-front is patrolled twice a day. At other times the guardian of each station must patrol the coast between his station and the next from dawn to dusk. Each station is in charge of a married man, and there are consequently six wives and families on the island. The entire crew on the

island numbers sixteen, and the whole number of souls is forty-five. The stations are connected by telephone, and the island ponies are utilized for the lifeboat and other services. The island is the property of the Government of Canada, and no one is allowed to reside there except the Government staff.

Soner or later, a great expenditure must be made to preserve what is left of this famous island.

WHEN NATURE CALLS.

(A Rondeau of the Early Morning.)

BY MISS M. A. WOLCOTT.

When Nature calls, at dawn of some bright day,
And gives the invitation—"Come and play!"
With sweet imperious cadence, felt and heard
In cool blue skies, wet grass, and fresh-voiced bird
We leave all else her summons to obey!

For as of old the piper's witching lay
Charmed every child from Hamelin town away,
So Nature's children heed the first soft word
When Nature calls.

Green woods cry "Come!" and distant sea-notes say—
"The waves are warm, the white ships dance and sway!"
By some vague longing is the spirit stirred;
The room grows close, the book's dull page is blurred;
All outdoor beckons, and we cannot stay
When Nature calls.

Kingston, Jamaica.

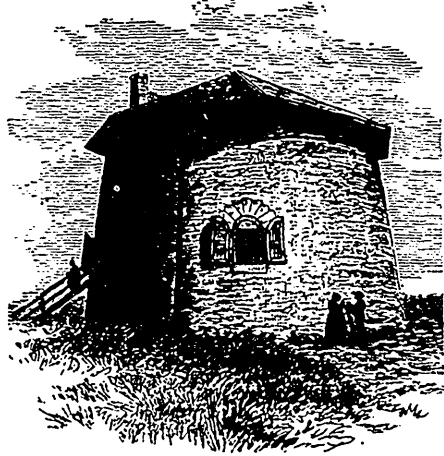
THE EARLY DAYS OF CANADA.*

BY THE REV. J. E. SANDERSON, M.A.



THE New World has not lacked for writers to chronicle its historical events, and to portray its natural characteristics. No less than one hundred and seventy-three works are cited by Dr. Dawson as referring more or less directly to the subjects treated in this volume. But now for the first time after four centuries has the grandest system of water ways in the world received adequate presentation. In these pages its historic, picturesque, and economic features are traced by a master hand, and the painstaking author cannot fail of grateful appreciation.

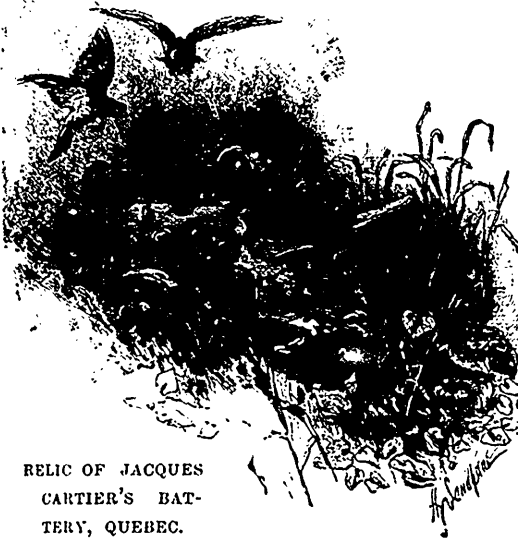
Spain, Italy, France, and England, have each good claims to share



OLD MARTELLO TOWER.

the honor of western discoveries. Columbus, an Italian, was aided by Spain in those early explorations which awoke the slumbering nations of Europe.

John Cabot, born at Genoa, trained at Venice to a seafaring life, repulsed from Seville and Lisbon as a visionary enthusiast, secured at last, through British merchants, the patronage of Henry VII., and letters patent for free navigation to all countries east, west, and north, under the authority of the British flag. With one small vessel and eighteen men, he set sail May 5, 1497, and westward took his course, with Cathay—China—as the goal of his ambition. After a perilous voyage of fifty-five days he landed—not “on the icy solitudes of Labrador,” as Green suggests, but “where the land is



RELIC OF JACQUES
CARTIER'S BATTERY,
QUEBEC.

* “The Saint Lawrence, its Basin and Border Lands; the Story of their Discovery, Exploration and Occupation.” By Samuel Edward Dawson, Litt.D., F.R.S.C. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co., Limited.



JACQUES CARTIER.

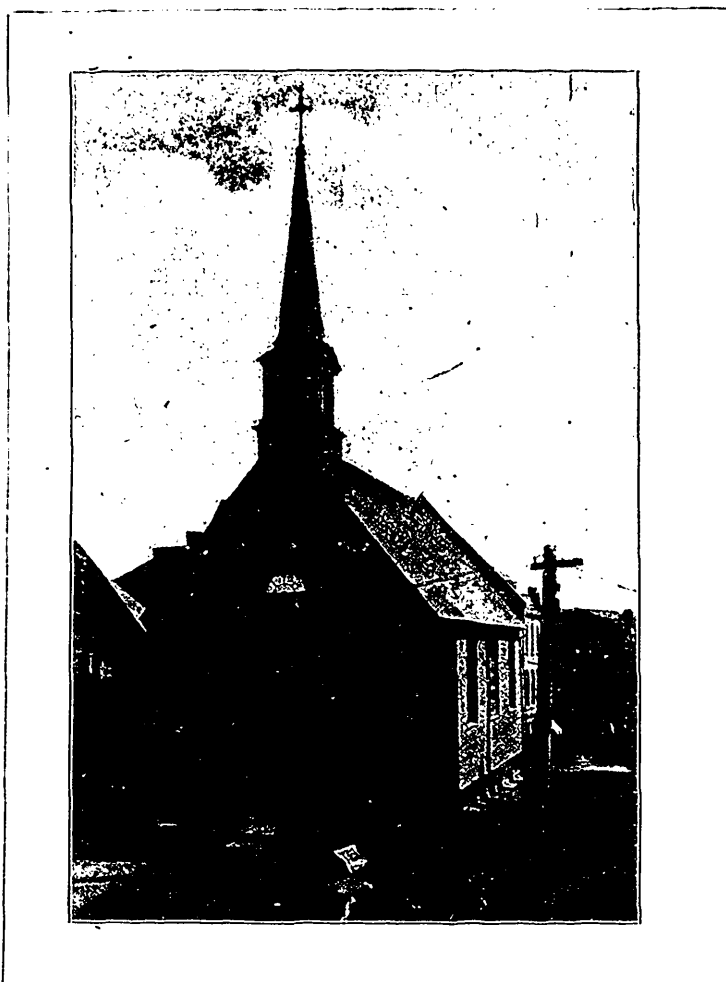
excellent and the climate temperate"; conditions which point to Cape Breton, then and for a hundred years supposed to be a part of the mainland. Thus by two years in the discovery of the mainland did Cabot precede Columbus. He was rewarded by King Henry with £10, and an annuity from Bristol of £20.

Authorized by the king, and assisted by private purses, Cabot sailed again in May, 1498, with five ships and three hundred men, provisioned for a year. The name of John Cabot disappears, but his son, Sebastian, seems to have sailed up the coasts of Labrador "among icebergs and polar bears." The silence

of English chronicles concerning their return indicates disappointment. There was no Cathay, no market for clothes and silks among Eskimos.

Discouraged by a single failure, England let slip her golden opportunity. Her right of possession was so little valued during the next century that France was allowed free license of occupation.

To Jacques Cartier it was reserved to enter the Gulf and explore the mighty river. For twenty years, however, no account of his grand achievement appeared in print, of such small account was it esteemed. He sailed from St. Malo, April 20, 1534, with two vessels, and reached New-



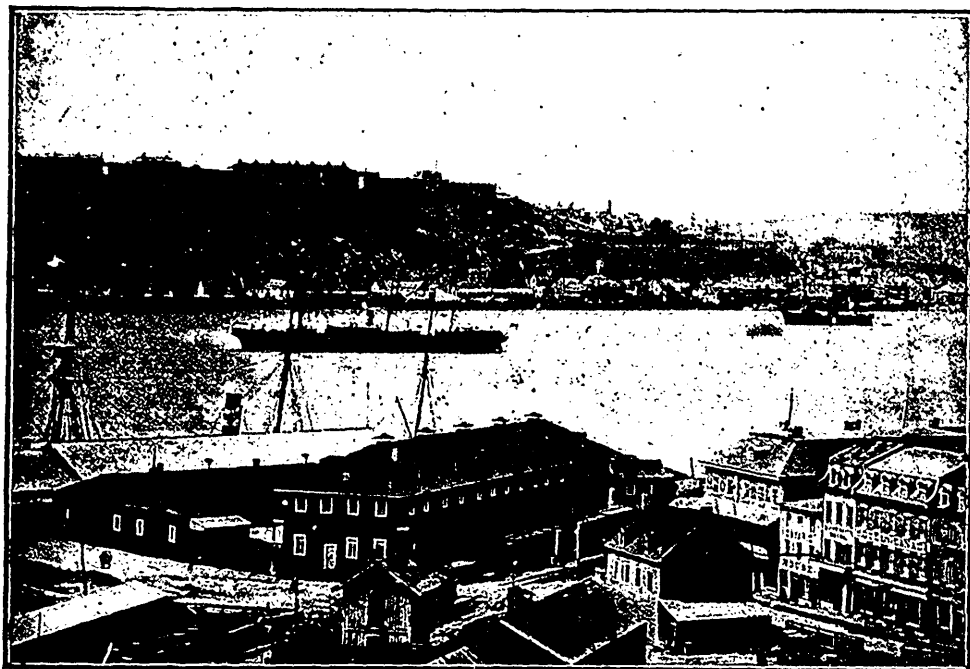
CHURCH OF NOTRE DAME DES VICTOIRES. COMMEMORATION OF VICTORIES
OF THE FRENCH IN 1690 AND 1711.

foundland in twenty days. After some weeks spent in exploring capes, coasts and islands, he rounded Anticosti, and was rewarded by a glimpse of the far-extending waters which he hoped yet to explore, but for the present he set sail for home.

In May, 1535, he left on a second voyage, with three ships and one hundred and twelve persons. On August 10th they entered a large bay

on the coast of Labrador and named it St. Lawrence. Great whales and porpoises—"like greyhounds, and white as snow"—surrounded them. Presently, Donnacona, the "Lord of Canada," with twelve boats appeared, there was great rejoicing and all were treated to bread and wine.

Leaving his boats at St. Croix—St. Charles River—Cartier ascended the lofty promontory, glowing in the

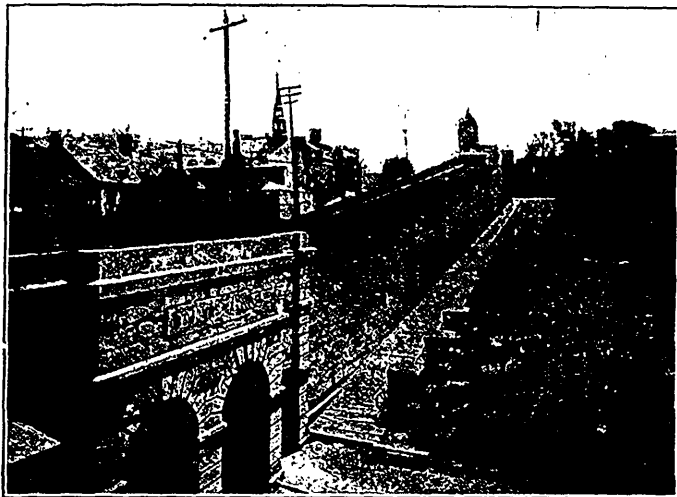


QUEBEC, FROM POINT LEVIS.

splendor of autumnal beauty. From Stadacona (Quebec), where he had left his larger vessels, he proceeded to Hochelaga; here a thousand Indians were assembled to welcome him. At their town he was greeted with a great bonfire and presents. He examined their houses and fields, surrounded by a circular rampart, and read them lessons on our Lord's passion. Ascending the mountain and surveying the splendid prospect, he named the place Mount Royal. Having gleaned much information the strangers took their leave, followed by the sorrowing natives, and soon rejoined their ships at St. Charles. The western explorations were ended for sixty years.

A fort was constructed and winter quarters prepared. They

were attacked by scurvy and twenty-five had died before they learned from the Indians the healing virtues of the spruce tree. In a week all were well and giving thanks to God. On the 3rd of May Cartier was ready to leave. The "Lord of Canada" and six of his people were persuaded to accompany him back to France. By "Canata" the Chief, Donnacona, said they meant a town; and missionaries say that "Kanata"—pronounced Canada—in Iroquois signified a collection of huts, or town. Arriving home in 1556, Cartier found the people too much absorbed in politics to think of his discoveries or listen to Donnacona's tales of western kingdoms. Nor was he able to fulfil his promise of a speedy return. Meantime, the change



ST. JOHN'S AND KENT GATES, QUEBEC.

to France proved too great for his Indians, and one by one they died.

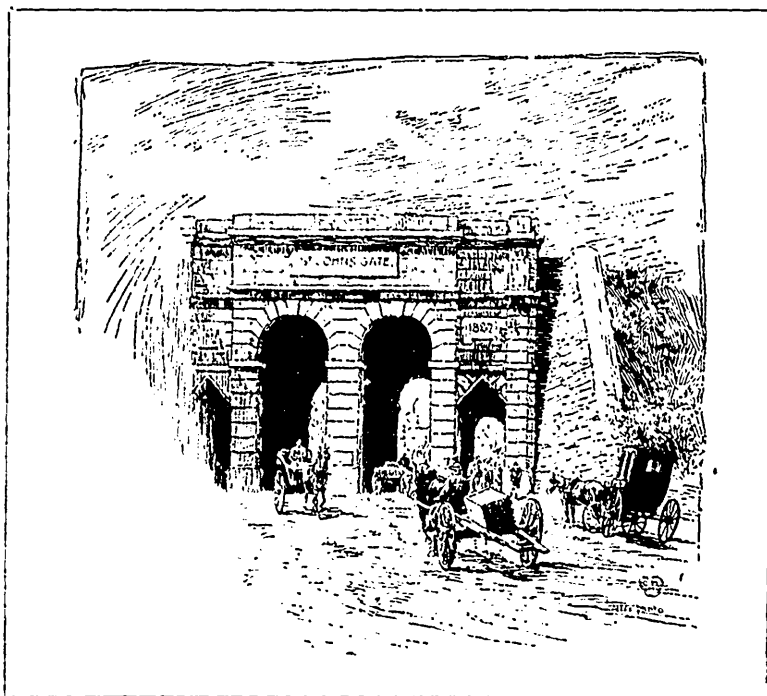
Once again only did Cartier venture into the great forest-winged waterway. With five ships he reached Stadacona on the 20th of August. In building a fort he found, as he supposed, gold and diamonds, "which glisten as sparkles of fire." Alas! he had found only quartz! Yet the name was given to the famous citadel, Cape Diamond. With two boats he proceeded to Hochelaga. Everywhere the Indians rushed upon him with inquiries for their friends whom he had taken to France. And though he was warmly received, he soon discerned a lack of confidence. Knowing the insufficiency of his forces he sailed again for St. Malo.

More than a year before Roberval had been appointed to succeed him as leader of the next expedition. Time proved the mistake. Roberval was

inexperienced and unqualified. He started forth with three ships and two hundred convicts to found a colony. It was a sorry fate, however, that awaited both him and his convicts. Ere long he required assistance to reach home. He had shown none of Cartier's ability to cope with difficulties.

Exploring unknown seas and dangerous coasts Cartier never lost a vessel. His discoveries do not rank in magnitude with those of Columbus, but he was more humane, a better commander of men, and a prince among sailors. His close observation added greatly to geographical knowledge. Our first intimation of Lake Ontario is from his chart. In the annals of his native town, St. Malo, his name is associated with many important events, and there, at the age of eighty-six, he died.

The great river was long known



OLD ST. JOHN'S GATE.

as the "River of Canada," but the name St. Lawrence prevailed. Its waters, the coasts of the Gulf, Acadia and Newfoundland drew fishermen from all points. Beyond fishing, England manifested little interest in the discoveries.

In 1578 Queen Elizabeth issued letters patent to Sir Humphrey Gilbert, authorizing possession and settlement of the new lands. In 1583 he took possession of Newfoundland. Ten years later two ships sailed from Falmouth for Magdalen Island "to kill the huge and mighty sea oxen, with great teeth"—the walruses—whereof fifteen hundred had been taken by one small bark in 1591. The century closed with the tragedy of Sable Island, where La Roche landed a colony of convicts and left them to their fate.

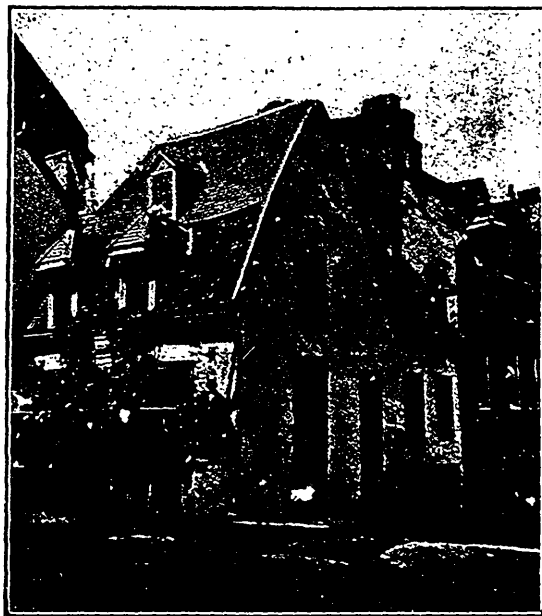
In 1603 Samuel de Champlain, commissioned by Louis XIII., joined an expedition, under Pont-Gravé, to found a colony in New France and find a gateway to the golden East. He reached Tadousac on the 24th of May. At the Saguenay they met several bands of Indians rejoicing over a hundred scalps taken from the Iroquois. Passing up the river, Champlain admired and named the Falls of Montmorency. The name Stadacona had given place to Quebec, which means a strait or narrow. Proceeding westward to the site of Montreal, he heard of the Great Lakes and the Falls of Niagara. Returning to France, he presented maps and reports to the King, who aspired to create a new France beyond the sea. In 1604, Sieur de Monts, commissioned as



GENERAL JAMES WOLFE.



GENERAL MONTCALM.



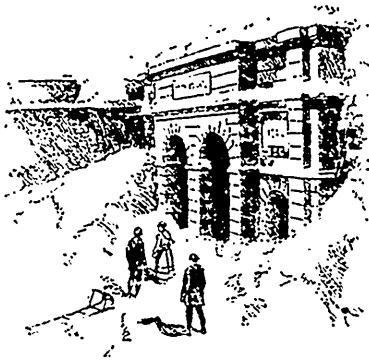
MONTCALM'S HEADQUARTERS, QUEBEC.

Lieutenant of the new regions, sailed with Champlain and a large company to found a colony. Pont-Gravé followed with supplies. They settled on the island of St. Croix, where one-half their people died during the winter. The remnant moved to Port Royal and were cheered by new arrivals under Poutrincourt, as Governor. They cleared some land—which became the site of Annapolis—and erected a mill—the first permanent European settlement north of the Spaniards. Their future Iliad of disaster was not foreseen. "Oh, blindness to the future kindly given!"

The claims of France and England soon came into conflict. On the coast of New England no permanent settlement was made until the arrival of the Pilgrims in 1620. Champlain received chief command in 1608,

spent three years in Acadia, then returned to St. Malo. Commissioned as Lieutenant in a fur-trading expedition to the St. Lawrence, in the month of June he laid the foundations of the future city of Quebec. The year following he planted another settlement on the site of the present city of Montreal. One of his servants, Louis, hearing of an island—"the home of the herons"—succeeded in reaching it; but so overloaded his canoe with the birds that he was drowned. It is still called Isle aux Herons, and the grand Sault from that time has borne the name Sault St. Louis. In May, 1613, Champlain reached Gatineau, the Rideau, and Chaudiere Falls.

On his return to France new interest was awakened in his work. The Recollets were induced to undertake

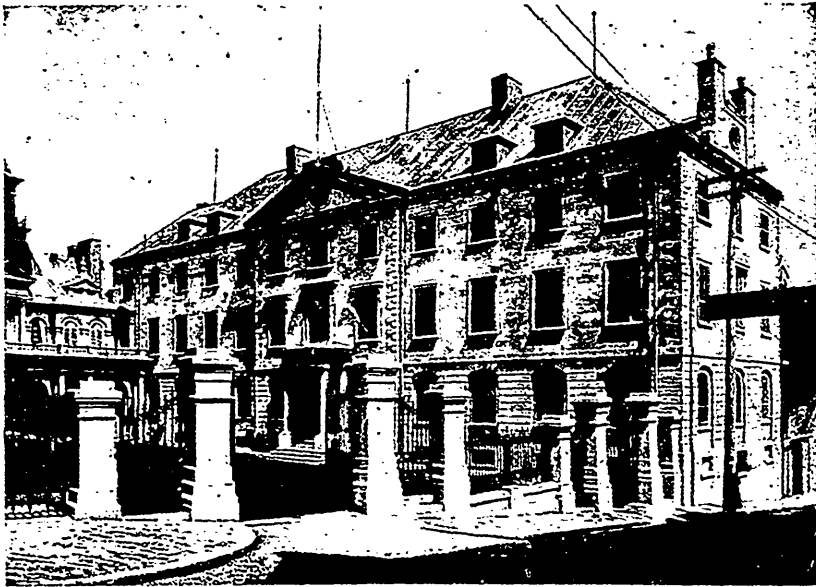


OLD ST. JOHN'S GATE, WINTER.

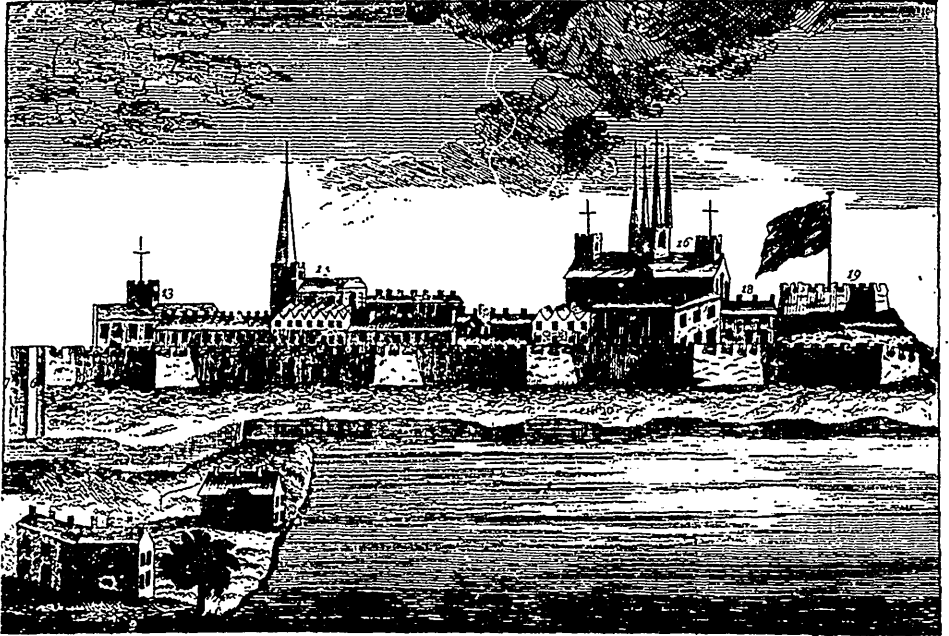
the conversion of the native tribes. The Huguenot merchants of Normandy, more keen for the profits of trade than for evangelistic work, forfeited their early religious supremacy to the followers of St. Francis. Champlain, with two Frenchmen and ten Indians, followed the difficult route by way of the Ottawa, the Mattawa, Lake Nipissing, French River, and Georgian Bay to Lake

Huron. They were delighted to see the Indian crops—corn, squashes, etc.—and extended their observation to the present sites of Barrie, Midland and Parry Sound.

Champlain's coming revived the war feeling, and forces began to muster. By way of Lake Simcoe, the Otonabee River, Rice Lake and the Trent, they reached Lake Ontario, then over to Oneida Lake, where they struck the heart of the Iroquois confederacy—the League of the Five Nations, afterwards joined by the Tuscaroras and called the Six Nations. This League, offensive and defensive, originated with Hiawatha, of Huron-Iroquois stock, about the middle of the fifteenth century, as a means of ending their incessant intertribal wars. By 1650 the League had possession of all the country, known now as Ontario, as far as Sault Ste. Marie. On the south they extended to the Tennessee, and on the west to the Mississippi. There they met the



THE CARDINAL'S PALACE, QUEBEC.



A Perspective View of the Town and Fortifications of Montreal in Canada.

Sioux, and on the north-west the Ojibways.

In May Champlain reached Quebec and left for France. He had noted the varieties of soil and climate, explored most of the rivers and lakes from the Gulf to Lake Huron, and learned the habits of the native tribes. Colonizing and Christianizing New France were henceforth to be the work of his life. Hostility of traders, tribal wars and dissensions between Catholics and Huguenots impeded his way. In 1629 the English captured Quebec, and sent Champlain a prisoner to England. But at the peace Quebec was restored, he was released and in 1633 returned to Canada, where two years later he died.

The St. Lawrence opened the way to all the west. With canoes in summer and snowshoes in winter, exploration went rapidly on. The

Recollet friars prepared the way for the Jesuit Fathers, who, with the fur-traders, spread among the tribes.

In 1634 three expeditions left Quebec, one for Three Rivers, another to restore the Huron mission, and the third, under Nicollet, to find entrance into Lake Michigan, the key point of the western lakes, where Lakes Superior, Huron and Michigan touch, and the enormous basins of the St. Lawrence and the Mississippi are in closest proximity. Thus was being discovered and opened up the course of our mighty steamers for a thousand miles through the centre of this great continent.

The Sioux and Assiniboines, drifting eastward, had heard of the coming of the white men, and thousands gathered to meet them. Nicollet, clad in embroidered robe, advanced, discharging firearms, and created consternation. The chiefs



JEAN BAPTISTE TALON, FIRST INTENDANT OF NEW FRANCE, 1665-1672.

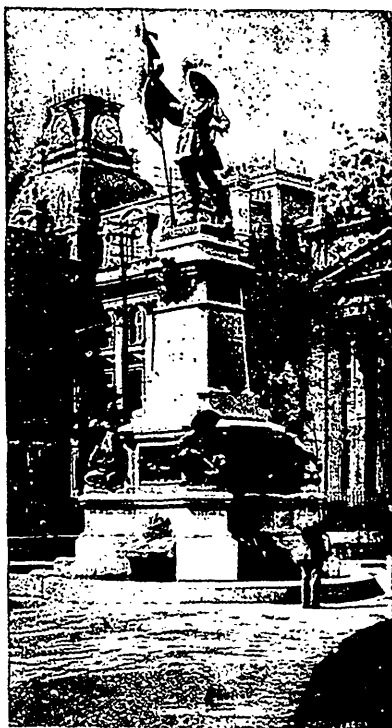
made him a great feast, and entered into peace negotiations. A mission residence, built near the present site of Midland, was occupied by twenty priests and fifty laymen. The cultivation of the ground and the generous hospitality to the Indians won their confidence.

In 1658 the fur-traders Radisson and Chouart went by the Ottawa route to the Georgian Bay. They explored Lake Superior, the regions west and north; spent the winter at Sault Ste. Marie, and in 1660 returned to Montreal. In visiting Hudson Bay they had been preceded by English explorers—Hudson in 1610, Butler in 1612, and James in 1631. In 1663 they returned, and sailed for France. Foiled in French courts they offered their services to England; and thus originated the Hudson's Bay Company.

The coming of Courcelles, in 1665, with twelve hundred veteran soldiers made peace for twenty years. In 1669 La Salle, with twenty Frenchmen and two canoes of Indians, reached the head of Lake Ontario, and followed the route of Jolliet to Lake Superior, and the French, in 1670, took formal possession of all these vast regions. Representatives of fourteen tribes gathered at Sault Ste. Marie. Amid impressive demonstrations the French received the adhesion of the chiefs. A cross was set up and an escutcheon bearing the arms of France; a hymn was chanted—

“ The Royal Banners forward go;
The Cross shines forth with mystic glow,”

with shouts of “Vive Le Roi,” discharging of firearms, orations and exclamations of the natives.



CHAMPLAIN MONUMENT, QUEBEC.

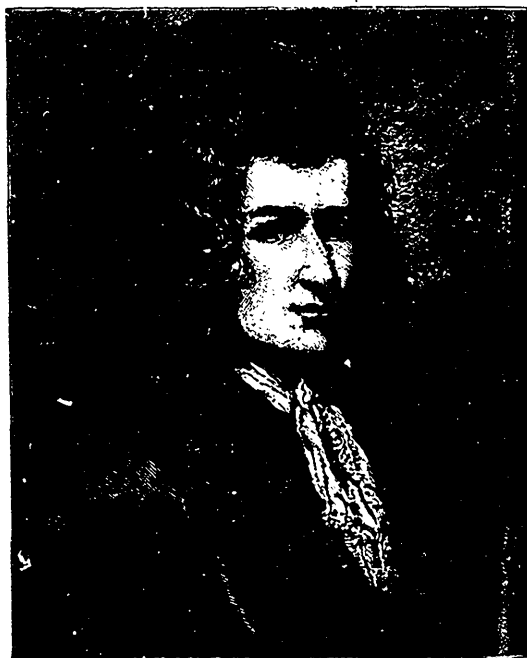
At Quebec sailors and soldiers were having their way. After a ball one of the sisters exclaimed, "The officers and soldiers have ruined the vineyard of the Lord!" In 1672 Jolliet and Father Marquette explored as far as the present site of Chicago.

A patent of the Seigniory of Fort Frontenac was granted La Salle in 1675, and trade opened with the Indians. He undertook the building of a little vessel for the lakes, and on the 7th of August launched his tiny bark on Lake Eric and sailed away through the St. Clair and Huron to St. Ignace, where the large-winged boat and the thunder of his cannon amazed the simple denizens of the woods.

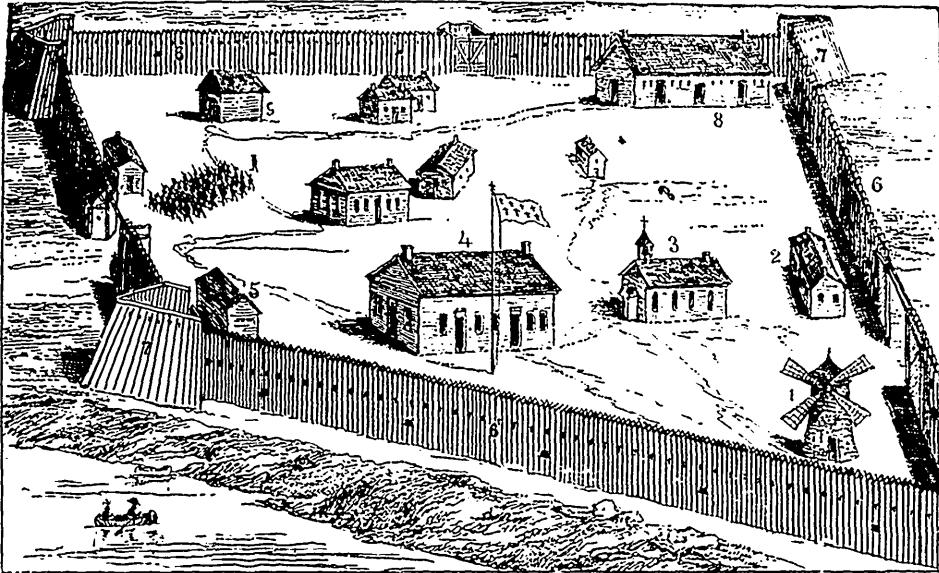
Encouraged by Frontenac, he made further explorations, descended the

Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico in April, 1682, and erected a pillar bearing the arms of Louis XIV., claiming all the vast country from the Saguenay to the great river of the west for France.

From the basin of the Mackenzie River, and the vast plains east of the Rocky Mountains, with its innumerable streams and lakes, fed by countless marshes, issue the tiny rivulets which grow into the mighty rivers pouring into Hudson Bay. Near to the springs of the Mississippi the brooks which lead into the Red River take their rise; and on the east the St. Louis River, the ultimate source of the St. Lawrence. The streams and great lakes were stocked with fish and fowl; the marshes and reedy water-fields produced wild rice, with its broad, grassy leaves and light waving spikes garnished with pale, yellow-green blossoms. The adventurous explorer, Sieur du



LA SALLE.



FORT AT LACHINE, 1671.

1, Windmill; 2, Priests' House; 3, Church; 4, La Salle's House; 5, Barn;
6, Palisades; 7, Bastions; 8, Warehouse.

L'Hut, whose name is perpetuated in the growing city at the head of Lake Superior—Duluth—continued the explorations. Thirty years he spent establishing marts of trade at Detroit, Fort William, Lake of the Woods, and Hudson Bay. He died at Montreal, reputed the bravest of the many brave soldiers who had served France in the New World.

Throughout the seventeenth century the possession of the provinces by the sea, embraced in Acadia, alternated between the rival powers of England and France, and they were the theatre of many romantic and thrilling events into which we cannot enter. By the peace of Utrecht, in 1713, they fell to the English crown. The Acadians, though largely French, prospered under the mild rule of Britain, but the plotting of their priests led eventually to their expulsion. Their lands, after the American Revolution, were opened to the inrush of Loyalists who preferred British to American rule. The city

of St. John was founded in 1783, and New Brunswick set off from Nova Scotia in 1784.

The war of 1812-15 spread excitement and bloodshed through large portions of the regions we have had under review. The subsequent rapid increase in population; the union of Upper and Lower Canada in 1841; the grander confederation of provinces in 1867, constituting the Dominion of Canada; the purchase of the great North-West in 1870; the perfecting of water communication by a grand system of locks, culminating in Sault Ste. Marie Canal, nine hundred feet long, giving to merchant vessels and mighty steamers free access from the Gulf to the western lakes; the multiplication of railways, from ocean to ocean; the rapid increase of towns and cities, from Halifax to Vancouver; the work of education; the growth of churches, are among the way-marks of progress along the great basin of the St. Lawrence.

THE WRONGED MUJIK.

BY THE REV. WM. M'MULLEN, B.A.



IN every nation's history there are dark and bloody pages, and national tragedies have been enacted in every zone, yet there are few darker pages and few deeper tragedies than those that Russia has furnished during the last hundred years. There need be scant fear of exaggeration in the recital of Russia's woes, for the reality itself is all too grim and hideous.

European Russia is, and will remain for long, an agrarian nation. Probably nearly eighty per cent. of her one hundred and ten millions cultivate the soil. The progress of this great agricultural class will mean national advance, and its stagnation or regression must prove a national misfortune. What is the condition of Russian agriculturists to-day?

Prior to 1861 the Russian peasants were serfs, half of them belonging to the nobility, the other half the property of the crown. In 1861, however, the Emancipation Act came into force, and the serfs of the nobility were declared free. In 1866 this was followed by a similar Act, setting free the serfs belonging to the crown.

There can be no question as to the justice and moral righteousness of these Acts, and yet thoughtful, observant Russians will tell us to-day that, in some respects, the peasantry is in worse condition than it was when serfdom prevailed.

Under the old system the serf gave, on the average, about three and one-half days in the week to his master, and was allowed about the

same for himself. He was allotted sufficient land to supply himself and his family with bread. He also had free pasture for his cow, and the privilege of cutting what firewood he needed in his owner's forest.

Then, as now, the Mir (the village council) divided the land as it thought fair amongst the different families of the village. Property in land, as we understand it, is opposed to all Russian traditions. There the communistic system prevailed, and a man's title to a plot of ground ceased when he failed to cultivate it. When emancipation came the peasants had no other idea but that all the land would become theirs, the nobility retaining only what they could use, and becoming pensioners of the Czar.

This proposal was actually before the Government; but confiscation on such a scale was too dangerous an experiment, and purchase too gigantic a financial undertaking for the Government to consider.

It adopted instead an easier plan, and took from the large estates enough land to give every peasant family a plot sufficient to live upon in comfort, the intention being to have a small land-owning aristocracy and, clustered about it, a great number of small but self-supporting peasant proprietors.

Theoretically, the scheme was a good one; practically, it was an utter failure. It is estimated that in Russia it takes from thirty to fifty acres to support the ordinary peasant family, and the allotment averaged only from nine to ten acres for the serfs of the nobility, and from ten to twenty acres for the serfs of the crown. This of itself insured the failure of the plan.

The newly-freed serfs could not live upon their scanty allotments, and in addition they had to hire pasture for their cows, and then either rent land at ruinous prices from the nobility or seek work away from home.

In 1871, only ten years after the first Act was put in force, symptoms of distress became so alarming that a commission was appointed to investigate the matter. Amongst other things, the inquiry unearthed the astounding fact that, in thirty-seven provinces of European Russia, the former state peasants were paying taxes of all kinds up to 92 3-4 per cent of the average net product of their fields, and the taxes of the other serfs averaged 198 1-4 per cent. of the net produce of their land.

But, you say, how could they do this? The taxes were so heavy and the harvests so poor that it took, in some cases, twice the product of the small farm to pay the taxes, and the peasant was forced to work away from home most of his time in order to pay his taxes and live.

Taxes in Russia are immoderately high. The ordinary peasant household, taking peasants of every class, pays in taxes 45 per cent. of its total income (including industrial wages). Is it any wonder that there is distress in Russia? What country could stand such a drain? And yet the Government plunges into uncalled for and costly wars, in utter disregard to the day of reckoning that cannot be far off.

But high taxes are not the only woe that afflicts the Russian peasant. One of other evils, that goads an ignorant, impoverished, and improvident people to madness, is the usurer. Other countries also have felt this curse, but none to a greater extent than impoverished Russia. From Archangel to Odessa these village vampires, merciless and con-

scienceless, fatten on the misery of their hapless victims. An illustration will show their methods. A large village, Soloturn, borrowed from a merchant the sum of \$3,000, interest paid in advance, and bought from the same man hay for their starving cattle. Repayment was to be made on October 1st, and a penalty of \$25 a day was to be added for every day's delay. On October 1st they brought \$1,000, and the rest of the debt was allowed to remain till September 1st of the following year, when the merchant sued the village for \$7,500. The lower court disallowed the manifestly unjust claim, but the higher court, on appeal, sustained it, and ordered the village to pay. Meanwhile, time had passed, and finally the villagers paid the man \$15,000 to repay the debt of \$2,000 with interest for, perhaps, two years.

Again, the peasants of Shendorf borrowed from a clergyman \$3,500, promising to pay \$5,250 in eight months, or, in default, to let him have 10,000 acres of village lands, at an annual rent of about one and a half cents per acre. They could not pay when due, and so he had the 10,000 acres at this nominal rent. But, of course, he had no use for the land, and the villagers had, in fact, must have it, and so he re-rented it to them for the usual rent, about 86 1-2 cents per acre, netting him about \$8,500 for his loan of \$3,500.

As the peasant is but a poor manager, he affords the finest opportunity for the exercise of the usurer's peculiar talents. Then, during the winter, the peasant's finances are at a low ebb, and if a friend comes along seeking to hire men to work on sugar-beet plantation, or elsewhere, and offers to loan him money to supply his pressing need, if he will only sign a contract to work for him during the summer, the peasant

readily, sometimes eagerly, signs such contract. Here is a copy of an actual contract.

"I, the undersigned, agree to submit myself to all the rules and customs in force on the estates of N— N—. During the period of work I will be perfectly obedient to N— N—'s managers, and will not refuse to work at nights, not only such work as I have undertaken to do, but any other work that may be required of me. Moreover, I have no right to keep Sundays and holidays."

Imagine a workman in Canada signing such a contract.

In this contract work the wages run less than half the ordinary wages. Where others get thirty cents a day, the contract laborer gets ten or fifteen cents. So it goes from bad to worse. What the tax-gatherer leaves, the usurer devours. The cows are sold, and there is no milk; then the horses are sold, and the implements, and the poor peasant becomes a landless man.

Ten years after emancipation from five to fifteen per cent. of the rural districts were destitute of land, i.e., had leased it permanently to usurers, and in 1886 about twenty millions of peasants had lost, or alienated their land. And the current still flows with increasing velocity in the same direction. Unless a miracle happens, or revolution ushers in a new state of affairs, Russia's small farms will become a thing of the past, and instead of peasant proprietors we will have ninety or ninety-five million of landless men.

And yet there is no land famine in Russia. Only about twenty-five per cent. of the available land is cultivated by the peasants; the rest belongs to the state and the nobility, and a great portion is entirely uncultivated. (Nearly eighty per cent. in European Russia, as against forty per cent. in Great Britain, and seventeen per cent. in France.) Surely

Russia has land enough for her toiling, hungry children.

We have said that Russia's peasant population was poor. The extent of that poverty, and its menace to the national life, appears in a most unexpected quarter.

The Russians should be a healthy race. The climate is cold, but not more so than that of Norway and Sweden; and her territory is so immense that even her vast population does not begin to overcrowd it; and her sons are a hardy, vigorous race. Hence, we would expect a death-rate similar to that, say, of Norway or Sweden, but, alas, Russia's death-rate is over thirty-five per thousand, almost double what it ought to be.

What is the cause of such an abnormal death-rate? The Surgeons' Congress gave as its deliberate opinion that the primary cause was deficiency of food. Russia's millions are slowly starving to death. In twenty years the consumption of bread was cut down one-seventh. The meat and grain exports keep up, but only at a frightful cost to Russia's sons. The average peasant family seldom tastes meat, and whole-meal rye bread is only possible for three, or, perhaps, six months in the year. Is it any wonder the death-rate is abnormal?

Usually the death-rate is higher in cities and lower in rural sections, but in Russia the death-rate is higher in the rural sections, i.e., amongst the peasants. Yet it is not filth, nor lust, nor drunkenness, that is killing so many, but simply lack of bread. And at the same time Russia is exporting immense quantities of grain and cattle.

And there is no need of this suffering. E. Reilus says: "If Russia cultivated her land as Great Britain does she would produce eight times

her present crop." Russia's average yield of grain is less than three to one (seed excluded), i.e., one bushel of seed averages less than four bushels of crop. The one reason is "Ignorance."

Then if death were the only evil it would not be so bad; but there is more than death.

In 1874, when compulsory military service went into effect, seventy and one-half per cent of the young men were accepted as able-bodied, but in 1883 only fifty-nine per cent. were found fit for soldiers, and this amongst the young men twenty years of age, and eighty per cent. of them farmers.

Surely facts like these should cause Russian statesmen to think. There must come a change somewhere.

Again, the peasant is not poor enough through taxes and usury and ignorance, and so he is plundered in the very money that pays him for his grain and cattle. Money in Russia means always paper, nominally redeemable in gold, but, in reality, an irredeemable currency. When grain is moving in the fall, during the three autumn months 86 per cent. of the year's issue is put out, and the rouble drops in value until it is worth about sixty-five cents on the dollar. The grain buyer gets his roubles at this price, and then for one dollar's worth of the peasant's wheat he gives paper money that cost him only sixty-five cents. Is it any wonder the poor get poorer?

But this is not all. Let us look at another side of the peasant's life. When taxes come due, and he cannot pay, what do the tax collectors do? At first they got angry, and sold his cow, his horses, or his implements; but they soon found that this did not pay, as next year it was impossible to collect taxes from the man whom they had thus stripped of everything.

So now, when the peasant cannot pay, he is simply *flogged*, to remind him, we suppose, that it is a crime to be poor. In one district alone, in Novgorod, fifteen hundred were condemned to be flogged for non-payment of taxes.

So it goes. Every year more peasants are forced to sell their one cow to meet taxes, and every year the taxes increase. What wonder that riots occur.

In some cases the wives and mothers break out in frenzy, and beat the tax-collectors, and are in turn beaten by the police and the soldiers. Every autumn some of them are lodged in jail for a few days, and some taken to the town prison for a month, and so quiet is restored.

We have said that the peasant is ignorant. When we remember that probably seventy or seventy-five per cent. can neither read nor write, we are not surprised at this ignorance. And yet there is some improvement. There is now often a school for every five or six villages, with perhaps one hundred pupils out of a possible two hundred. This school is usually supported by the taxes of the peasants, or is the product of some nobleman's generosity. The government determines the text-book, and the only safe way for a teacher is to get the scholars to memorize the text, for otherwise the teacher may teach something that will arouse suspicion, and she will be given scant notice to quit. If two or three teachers meet together to discuss their work, probably inside of forty-eight hours the police call to investigate, and politely, but firmly, let them know that all such gatherings are unlawful.

The children who attend the school come very often a distance of three or four miles. They get breakfast before 7 a.m., and get nothing more

till probably 6 p.m., for the peasant cannot afford more than two meals a day.

Yet the parents are exceedingly anxious that their children should get an education, and keep them regularly at school, for, amongst other benefits, the law provides that any one holding a certificate from one of these schools *shall not be flogged*.

So, in spite of poverty and a hundred other difficulties, suspected and harassed by the police, but prized by the ignorant, poverty-stricken people, the schools are doing their work of dispelling the ignorance of a thousand years.

Other forces are at work. The emigrants and exiles in France, Switzerland, Great Britain, and America have found free men and free institutions, and letters and newspapers are slowly circulating from them throughout Russia, and the peasant is coming to realize that his extreme poverty is not the decree of God, but the fault of man. Slowly, very slowly, he is mastering the great truths that men have a right to freedom, and that human ills often spring from human errors, and may be removed by human efforts. The sleepy mujik is learning to think. The great thought currents of to-day are flowing across the Russian border line in spite of censor, and police, and an anxious bureaucracy.

What is the Church doing for Russia's millions? She baptizes, marries, buries, performs masses and, in some of her churches, provides magnificent music, and in addition to it all she helps, by the extortion of her clergy, to make the peasant still poorer. Otherwise, as an educative force, and as a spiritual uplifting power, we fear the Church in Russia cannot be reckoned upon. She counts rather with the forces that are responsible for the ignorance and suffering that so largely prevail.

The national misery is so great and so widespread that it has produced a disaffection that is as wide as the bounds of the empire, and in certain places, particularly amongst the student or educated class, this disaffection has given birth to a spirit of revolt.

Every symptom of revolt, however, has been met on the part of the autocracy by ruthless measures of repression, which so far have signally failed in their purpose. For a generation the Government has been fighting for its life, and, where police activity fails, the Cossacks, of whom there are 400,000 in the ranks, have been called in.

What their mission is, and how well they fulfil it, may be gathered from a correspondent who last year visited one of the disaffected regions where the Cossacks had been employed. What did he find? First, poverty, poverty, poverty, cabins bare and cheerless, cattle, pigs, and people huddled together in one room on the uneven dirt floor. "And still," the people complained, "the taxes go up." And everywhere sullen-faced, angry-eyed people, whose sons, brothers, and fathers had been killed in a war they hated. The country had been squeezed into famine and riots by the ever tightening grasp of despots; property insecure; judges, police, and Cossack leaders for ever at hand, blackmailing and bullying, and only kept off by bribery. Mines undeveloped; vineyards neglected; the whole country suffering, and every inhabitant a confirmed revolutionist.

In a riot at Batoum, a little boy five years old began to shout "Down, down, down with—," but he never finished his cry. Six Cossacks seized him. Let the narrator tell his own story.

"I took him to the Cossack colonel; showed him the child's bleeding face, and told him

of scores of women and children flogged by his men, who laughed while they did it. The colonel burst out: 'Now we know their sly tricks; women and children to rouse sympathy for their cause. Well, I tell you, we will kill all their brats till the parents learn the lesson.'

And this is not all. Nameless horrors are enacted, but appeal is useless. Female honor is a thing of no account; and the old, old story goes on, and hate is growing silently; and desperate men think grimly of a day of reckoning.

The cities have their own tale of woe, the artisan class, the student class, professional men, all have their grievances. What means the railway strike and the telegraphers' strike, the battleships' mutiny, and the soldiers' revolt? Only this: the revolutionary ferment is working, deeper, faster, and farther, than men dream. The whole nation is astir with a new and menacing life. The autocracy must yield or fight. There seems little doubt as to which it would prefer, but what use would it be massing regiments and battleships against the revolutionists if, at the critical moment, the man with the rifle and the man behind the great gun remember that they also belong to the people; and what would happen if the guns that were to blow the revolution into thin air, by chance became turned against the tottering throne? There are so many chances in such a game, and even the soldier has a heart.

What then will the future bring? In the struggle the democracy has drawn first blood, and the first Russian Parliament, about to meet, is the visible token that the people have triumphed. But if it meets! The voices of one hundred millions will not be drowned by voice of priest or general or Czar, but will rather become a veritable cave of the winds, and insist that it be heard above all others.

It seems too much to expect that the Czar will ever become a constitutional ruler, and yet, unless he does, there will be no Czar. Will the revolution be peaceful? Who can say? The awful tragedy of the French Revolution is an object-lesson Europe will never forget.

And all the elements that went to make it terrible for ever, seem present here; the decay or absence of vital religion, the long-silent misery of dumb millions that had never been known to rebel before, the abounding wealth of the nobles and the frightful poverty of the hunger-bitten multitude, a weak-willed king, a soldiery that forgot its orders, but remembered its birth, a few men who had ceased to worship the king, and had begun to dream of fraternity and liberty and equality. All these we find in Russia to-day, as in France one hundred years ago.

True, the Slav and the Gaul are dissimilar, and Gallic effervescence will not be reproduced on Russian soil; but if ever the ninety million mujiks feel that they are masters, no living man can predict the outcome. They have become embroiled by ignorance for which they were not responsible, they have been embittered by cruelties that will rankle for life, they have been oppressed and starved, dogged by spies, flogged by police, maltreated by Cossacks, harried and robbed by usurers, and plundered by the Church. With such a history, who could complain if this blind Samson, with newly-awakened strength, stung by the bitterness of his lot, and the age-long contempt of his oppressors, should pull down upon his foes the house wherein he made them sport? There is a Nemesis for nations as for men. Well for Russia, well for us all, that the Unseen One never leaves His throne.

Alvinston, Ont.

THE LATE BARONESS BURDETT-COUTTS.*

BY R. C. ANDREWS.



THE name of the Baroness Burdett-Coutts has been a household word for more than half a century. Her immense charities to all kinds of deserving institutions for the good of the people have earned for her lasting gratitude and honor from all classes of the community. She was indeed a noble woman, and has been the pioneer in many benevolent movements, and always the ready helper in any cause tending to ameliorate the condition of the masses.

Miss Burdett, as she was known in her early days, was the youngest daughter of Sir Francis Burdett, Bart., a prominent politician of the middle of last century, and a doughty champion of the Great Reform Bill of 1832. In contending for the rights of the people his career was rendered by no means smooth. On one occasion he was committed to the Tower for breach of privilege, and the room is still shown at the residence of the Baroness in Stratton Street, where the military broke the windows in order to arrest him. When at length he was prevailed upon to surrender, the crowd took up his cause, and pelted the Guards with stones, shouting: "Burdett for ever."

Sir Francis married a daughter of Mr. Coutts, the banker, and on the death of the banker's widow, who had after his decease married the

* The death within a month of this noble-souled Lady-Bountiful gives additional interest to this story of her life.

Duke of St. Albans, the subject of our sketch found herself heiress to an enormous fortune, and, at the early age of twenty-three, the head of a banking house second only to the Bank of England. This vast wealth, it is pleasing to know, has been largely used in ministering to the wants of others.

Nearly every grade of life has profited by her munificence: the distinguished litterateur, the mechanic, and even the "coster" of the London streets, owes much of her generosity and practical help. Her hospitable door has ever been open to all ranks and conditions of men—royalty, statesmen, churchmen, writers, artists, travellers, and scholars, have all delighted to call her friend.

A list of her numerous benefactions would occupy too much of our space. Among the most notable was the building and endowing of St. Stephen's Church, Westminster, with its schools and institute, which stands as a lasting monument, at a cost of little short of £100,000. From that time till the present the Baroness has supplied the working expenses of manifold branches of this active centre of religious and philanthropic work, with its clubs, guilds, classes, friendly societies, district visiting, etc. No less than fifteen thousand boys and girls have been trained and fitted for the battle of life in these schools. Thrift has been encouraged, for the working capital of the Self-Help Clubs amounts to £2,000. The establishment of the Townshend Schools, at Westminster, was the outcome of a fund of which Miss Coutts was one of the trustees, and was largely under her supervision.

In those days the education of the country was backward, and the privilege of the better-off classes. To meet the needs a nominal fee of one penny was charged, but in many cases children were admitted free.

A technical institute is also in connection with the schools, and is open to all, with the proviso that they are either earning or intending to earn their livings by the arts and crafts taught there. Some hundreds of students are receiving instruction likely to assist them in their future career. Among the many crafts taught are joinery, carpentry, brick-laying, and plumbing, building construction, metal work, mechanical drawing and design; cookery and dressmaking classes are held for girls, and civil service classes for both sexes, where book-keeping, shorthand, languages, algebra, mathematics, and a large number of other useful subjects are taught.

Among the other notable efforts of the Baroness in the cause of education may be mentioned the foundation of the Whitelands Training College for lady teachers, and an Art Students' Home, which now, thanks to her generosity, is self-supporting. Many useful things now generally taught in schools were first started in these institutions.

The Baroness handsomely endowed the three Colonial Bishoprics of Adelaide, Cape Town, and British Columbia, and something of the magnitude of her benevolence may be gathered by the fact that one of these bishoprics cost her no less a sum than £50,000. Almost the first use Miss Coutts made of her wealth was to assist largely in building churches in London and elsewhere. One of the most valued portraits which she possesses is that of an aged colored man, who was the first convert of one of the Colonial

churches in which she had taken a deep interest.

It is reported that to Charles Dickens the honor belongs of arousing Miss Coutts, as she then was, to consider the social and moral condition of the East End. Together they often visited some of the vilest slums in London, when "slumming" was anything but fashionable, and even philanthropists were not safe in venturing over the border from the West End to the crime, squalor, and pollution of the East. On the site of one of the blackest slums of London, "Nova Scotia Gardens," the "rendezvous" of murderers, thieves, and criminals of the deepest dye—a place where rubbish and refuse of every sort were shot in heaps, and which had long been a trap for fevers and loathsome diseases—Miss Coutts pulled down the wretched buildings and erected four blocks of model lodging-houses. Each block contained between forty and fifty tenements, with every accommodation in the shape of laundry and baths, etc., together with a good library and reading-room. These buildings not only hold their own with those of much later date, but are in many cases in advance of some for such general requirements as drainage, ventilation, and light.

During the severe winter of 1861, the "Hand Weavers" of Spitalfields were almost in a state of starvation owing to the importation of foreign silks and the destruction of their trade. So great was the distress that nothing short of the miraculous could stay the havoc which was being wrought. Then it was that Miss Coutts came forward and became the mainstay of the London Hand Weavers' Association. Some were assisted to emigrate; others were started in little businesses; girls were trained for situations; married

women were employed in making shirts for the soldiers and police, and each woman as she came into the sewing-room was given a good hearty meal. In this way these unfortunate creatures were materially aided in keeping things going till the crisis had passed. So neglected had the girls and women been, that they had actually to be taught the use of the needle before work could be given them. But Miss Coutts' charity did not stop here. Clothing, blankets and provisions were freely distributed: half-day jobs were found for the unemployed: outfits were provided for boys and girls starting in new situations, and nothing that money could do was left undone by this noble lady to mitigate the sufferings of these wretched people.

Almost immediately this trouble was over, distress broke out amongst the tanners, and once again Miss Coutts found a way to render timely aid. She appointed a trusty agent to visit the police-courts where applications for relief were made, and by this means funds were disbursed for present wants, and the means of saving their homes until brighter days dawned.

During the cholera epidemic of 1867, in the East End of London, Miss Coutts was once more the active benefactor, and hers was the hand that gave freely but judiciously. She employed, under the superintendence of a competent medical man, eight trained nurses, two sanitary inspectors, and, under their orders, four men to distribute disinfectants.

In 1859 she took a leading part in the organization of the Shoe-Black Brigade. More recently she organized the Flower-Girl Brigade, the members of the latter being not only helped and befriended in their present occupation, but also taught the duties

of domestic service, or initiated into the art of making artificial flowers in a factory especially opened for them. This society has put upwards of eight hundred girls into a more desirable way of earning their own living. She led the way in the establishment of a Reformatory for Women, at Shepherd's Bush, whence women were sent out to the Colonies to commence life afresh.

She originated the Turkish Compassionate Fund, for the aid of the peasants who fled for refuge to the villages of Danube, during the Russo-Turkish war, in 1877. Her letter to *The Daily Telegraph*, an extract of which we give, roused the country:

"I would pray one and all to bear in mind the unhappy sufferers in a far away country of another creed, whose lives are ebbing fast away, uncheered, desolate, and abandoned. We cannot, perhaps, staunch their life-blood; we can wash our hands, though, free of its stain, by binding up their wound; if not by our money, by our sympathy. If silver and gold there is none, we have prayers still: and He to whom all flesh comes, hears the cry of the poor for His creatures suffering from the sword, as He also accepts the gifts of the rich. . . . When your vast public reads these few lines I trust much bodily or mental anguish will begin to be soothed through that real Christianity, which is still, in God's providence, the appointed means by which hunger and thirst are assuaged, sickness alleviated, and consolation given."

The Baroness headed the list with £1,000, which sum was afterwards doubled, and in a few days the collections reached the handsome sum of £20,000, besides many gifts of clothing and food. Mr. Burdett-Coutts went out as special commissioner, accompanied by Sir Francis de Winton, and several other officers who rendered valuable assistance. They contended with famine, pestilence, and bitter weather, so great was the distress. Many were literally frozen to death, and women actually threw themselves into the rivers to

save themselves from graver perils. At Constantinople a refuge was found for many in the mosques, in the houses of the rich, and a large number in the Royal Palace, which the Sultan threw open to them.

She largely assisted Sir James Brook, an old friend, in his work at Sarawak. By her aid this ordinary English gentleman became King of Borneo, and founded a sovereignty. The lamented General Gordon was a valued friend, and often visited her. It is said, on the occasion of his last visit, he picked up a small letter-case, and asked, "If he might have it for a keepsake?" and the keepsake was found in his breast when he met his death at Khartoum. His captivity at Khartoum aroused to exertion the Baroness, and, in conjunction with several friends, communication was opened with him by means of a Morocco merchant, who, disguising himself, conveyed to Gordon the last letters and papers he ever received from England. Well and nobly did she plead for timely efforts to rescue Gordon, and she regarded his death as leaving a deep stain on the national escutcheon.

The Irish fishermen have also cause to be grateful to her. When dire famine made havoc among them, and, for lack of boats and gear, fishing was impossible, the Baroness generously made loans to deserving men of sums of £300, to be repaid by yearly instalments. Later, she established a fishing school, in which no less than four hundred boys from all parts of Ireland could be thoroughly initiated in the art of boat building, net making and mending, carpentry, coopering, and fish-curing. This school was opened by the Baroness in person in 1887. When she arrived in her yacht at night the people bedecked the place with flags, table-cloths, and pocket

handkerchiefs. Huge bonfires were lit on all the surrounding hills, and on the next day, when the actual opening took place, the scene of enthusiasm was unexampled.

Unceasing were the efforts this honored lady put forth to prevent cruelty to children, and it was mainly due to her influence that the Bill of 1889, which made it lawful to remove the little sufferers from the custody of inhuman parents, and force them to contribute to their support, was passed. She—as is well-known—was foremost among the founders of the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, and the first committee meeting was held in her drawing-room. Thousands of cases are dealt with annually by this praiseworthy institution.

Since the death of the Earl of Shaftesbury, she has been the hard-working president of the Destitute Children's Dinner Society, which provides each season about three hundred thousand substantial penny and half-penny dinners for poor children.

She was President of the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. At Holly Lodge is a white donkey presented to her ladyship by a number of costermongers. For many years it was her habit to give prizes to those costermongers who exhibited the best kept and best fed animals at their periodical shows. Among her most cherished presents was a silver donkey presented by a costermongers' club. The object of these clubs is to enable street vendors to purchase their own barrows, the requisite amount being advanced to the men and paid back in weekly instalments. She took sides with the costers in the recent crisis in their trade, when it was proposed to remove them from the streets, and owing to

her influence the donkey and barrow came out triumphant. The Baroness's humanitarian instinct embraces our little feathered friends, and she was greatly instrumental in the passing of the Protection Act for Wild Birds, and she was foremost in remonstrating against the practice followed by many ladies of fashion in wearing wings, and even small birds, in articles of dress.

Few honors were better bestowed than when our late revered Queen, in 1871, made Miss Coutts a baroness in her own right, on account of her worthy deeds. Such a recognition of worth conferred as much honor upon the giver as upon the receiver. The Baroness also wore the Orders of Medjidieh and the Shafakat, given by the Sultan in token of gratitude for the services rendered to the unfortunate refugees. She also received the freedom of many cities, notably those of London and Edinburgh. At the invitation of H.R.H. the Princess Christian, the Baroness wrote a book entitled "Woman's

Mission," for the Chicago Exhibition. In this she was aided by a number of well-known women, such as Florence Nightingale and Miss Agnes Weston, etc., obtaining from each information of the different kinds of work in which they were interested. A lengthy appendix, touching specially upon each, was contributed from her own pen, as also a preface of remarkable power and earnestness, dealing with the progressive education of women during the past sixty years.

In 1881 the Baroness married Mr. William Ashmead Bartlett, a man of distinguished appearance, pleasing manners, and a willing helper in the charitable works of his noble wife.

Years gathered thickly upon her when the shadows of life's eventide fell, but the day of life has been well spent, and her reward is: "I was eyes to the blind, and feet was I to the lame"; "I was a father to the poor, and the cause which I knew not I searched out."—Aldersgate Magazine.

A HYMN OF THE PILGRIM CHURCH.

BY ALLEN EASTMAN CROSS.

Three denominations, the Congregationalists, the United Brethren, and the Methodist Protestants in the United States are now moving toward organic union. For this the name of The Pilgrim Church has been suggested by a minister of the United Brethren, as one significant and beloved.

They hailed the pillars of the Lord,
They dared the desert sand—
The fire, the scaffold and the sword—
They knelt upon the strand.

From Abraham to Robinson
Pilgrims of God were they;
From earth to heaven they journeyed on—
They camped with God alway!

One Lord, one Faith, one holy sign
For those strong souls sufficed;
And Brethren all, like Otterbein,
They kept the prayer of Christ.

Then not in sorrow, nor in gloom,
Repeat the ancient word;
It speaks of men that dared the doom
As martyrs of the Lord.

It tells of hero and of saint
That greet us from afar,
To whom the sky was but a tent,
The earth a fading star.

Pilgrims of morning, not of night,
By dark or death unawed,
Bequeath to us this word of light,
O Pilgrim Church of God!

—Independent.

THE PARSONAGE SECRET.

BY ANNETTE L. NOBLE.

CHAPTER I.

THE BARGAIN COUNTER.



MISS MATILDA PARKS was the person, the time was half-past five, and the place "Thompson's Grand Emporium," otherwise a bargain-counter in one of New York's huge shops, where you may buy a penny tape or a thousand-dollar Ispahan rug.

What Miss Tilly was saying just then was:

Yes, ma'am, we sell more of those than of any other kind. Ladies all say

they wear well."

What Miss Tilly was thinking was:

"Forty-five years old to-morrow, and all my folks lived to old age. How long must I plod on, I wonder? I am dead sick of it all!"

Her surroundings you can picture: Streams of silk, wool and cotton rolling past her on either side, breaking into fripperies of lace, overhead a low-hanging firmament of linen and lawn, tapestries and damasks; all around about her people surging, jostling, gabbling, perspiring, in number like the sands of the sea. Over them that heavy, stifling, nauseous air that makes one gasp, longing to have the roof taken off and the wind let to blow through the whole place. That is what you would have seen. Yes, and possibly you might have noticed Tilly herself among the more youthful, pseudo-stylish "shop-ladies," who were browbeating customers on all sides of her. Then you would have seen a woman with a bright face, well along in years, looking like a—well, say a real, pink hollyhock, plucked from a sweet old country garden, and beginning to fade, thrust in among a lot of cloth and paper flowers; flowers that being false would look flamboyant, no matter in how hot or dusty an atmosphere.

Again, what Tilly herself saw would have been quite different from what you had seen. While her lady customer examined nineteen sizes, more or less, of safety-pins and failed to be suited, Tilly saw the country. That was the dearest

thing on earth to her. No particular country, but unseasonable ripe wheat-fields—it was early April—breezy mountain-tops, with outlooks off to glorious far horizons, woody glens full of pale, greenish lights, such as she had seen that morning in a French landscape displayed in a Broadway window.

The lady went away. The people began to sift through the near doors like sand out of hour-glasses. In course of time the shop was deserted, the counters cleared, the clerks set free.

In upper New York, about the Park, spring comes with almost as many sweet tokens and fragrant zephyrs as herald its arrival in more rural places. In lower New York spring seems to leave behind its own peculiar perfumes and merely lets loose all the local bad odors that the winter has hitherto frozen up.

Miss Tilly sauntered wearily down Sixth Avenue. The air was humid. Her ears were deafened by the roar of steam-cars above her, the hurrying last traffic of the day all about her. Her eyes wandered from the stands of stale fruit to the dirty faces of the children who constantly shot up their heads from basements, like weakly jacks in boxes. She was, indeed, "dead sick of it all."

Her life-story was not wildly romantic. It was simply the same as an old woman's who scrubbed the shop-floor, and who had that day told Tilly that she had seen "better circumstances, but had lost them all." The circumstances that Miss Tilly had "lost" were after this fashion: Until she was thirty years old she had been "as good as anybody" in a large New England town. Then came the death of her parents, loss of all her property—but why go into details? Miss Tilly could not teach; even then she was not up to date. She had no mission, no hobbies, no accomplishments. She came to New York and got into a shop. She had been in the same one fifteen years. To-morrow she would be forty-five years old. New York had not done much for her. She continued to read the Bible, to say her prayers, to keep Sunday in old Connecticut fashion. She darned her stockings, bought gowns that would dye or turn, and knew about as much of the fashion and folly around her as ii she

were a home missionary away out West. About sin and misery she knew much, and helped in spots as the Lord gave her opportunity.

This night Miss Tilly climbed three flights of stairs to her hall bedroom. She smoothed her hair and tied it up a bit before going down to the mixed-pickle sort of society of this boarding-house that stood for home to her. She was quite a pretty woman. She had delicate features, friendly eyes; her brown hair looked soft, and if any spoke kindly she brightened; she even blushed absurdly on occasions, and then the pink effect of the process made her seem almost young.

Dinner over, Miss Tilly returned to sit in the dark at her window. She could rest while she listened to the organ-grinder below playing "Something to play with; something to love and adore"; or heard the fire-engines tearing around a near corner, or shouts of laughter from the doorsteps below, where the younger boarders congregated for flirtation and smoking.

"Oh, I am so tired," she moaned, "and to-morrow is bargain day, when people swarm into the shop and act like lunatics, paying for stuff that would be dear if given to them. If I were out of my place, I would never like to see a shop again."

Some one tapped on the door; then Tommy Bell, who roomed next door, called out:

"Letter for you. Postman just left it. Man's writing. Caught you this time! Let me know in time for wedding present!"

He beamed on her when she opened the door to take it. All the boys in the house liked Miss Tilly. She was good to them in ways they appreciated; "talked like their old grandmothers," they said, when they made fun of her—fun without malice.

It was a business advertisement probably, for she had paid her pew rent, and she had no correspondents. But after Miss Tilly had upset her work-basket, lighted the gas, opened the envelope, and read its contents, she did not look as if she knew business from pleasure, or what the letter signified in any way. She gasped, she stared, she gazed open-mouthed at the bold signature of "Joel Peters, attorney-at-law." Then she leaned limply against the side wall under a very poor and dismal group-photograph of her father, mother and three brothers, all dead and buried in the country. She leaned there because things

were swimming around her, and she might be going to faint, as she did nineteen years before when a bank cashier vanished with her last dollar. When the iron bedstead stood firm on its legs again and the floor ceased to tilt, Miss Matilda Parks slowly read that letter, one word at a time, and out loud. In fact, so stupid was she, she did that twice over, and all the time nothing could be clearer than that letter of Mr. Joel Peters. The gist of it was this: Her mother's cousin, Sabrina Underwood, having lived to be eighty-seven years old, had died in the town of Hazelport, Connecticut. The property left by the aforesaid Sabrina, who had never married, consisted of a farm, a business block, and forty thousand dollars well invested. The farm was left to Matilda Parks, the business block to Elizabeth Ann Roberts. The forty thousand dollars was to be equally divided between the two women. Joel Peters was the lawyer who had drawn up the will. He had been the old lady's legal adviser for twenty years. He requested Miss Matilda Parks to come, if possible, to Hazelport, and give directions about the house and other matters.

The rest of the evening Miss Tilly was light-headed, doubtful who or where she was. She had never had the faintest intimation of her late relative's intentions. She had scarcely known of her existence, except by hearsay. About midnight it occurred to Miss Tilly to go to bed, but sleep was impossible. Queerly enough she did not lie awake making plans for the future; she just let herself fully and freely acknowledge how she had loathed her shopwork. The one reflection that it was all over for ever was like that exquisite peace which, it is said, used to come to one who was taken from the rack in days of old-time torture.

Toward daylight she fell asleep, not awaking until much later than usual. What made her heart begin to beat so joyfully, almost before her eyes were open? What made the hall bedroom seem so illumined with an immortal sunlight? Joel Peters' name and a sheet of letter paper had changed the whole world for her, and that, too, on her forty-first birthday. No other birthday could ever be like it! With a laugh such as she had not given, who can tell when, Miss Tilly sprang up and giddily resolved to treat herself to breakfast in a dainty French restaurant. She knew one where the coffee smelled delicious, and the rolls were not like those of her ordinary matutinal

repast. That enjoyed, she would report at the shop, come home, and start for Hazelpport that afternoon. Mr. Peters had written that it was but a few hours' journey from New York.

CHAPTER II.

ON THE WAY.

There are periods of time that never seem to us other than dream-days. In them we move about with a vague self-pity or an undefinable exhilaration, as the case may be, saying meanwhile to whatever of self does not elude us: How like reality all this seems, but real it cannot be! In such a frame of mind was Miss Tilly Parks as the express train rushed her by fields of winter wheat, past farm-houses, through villages—on toward Hazelpport. The train was not crowded. There were more men than women on board. Miss Tilly had a choice of many unoccupied seats and much attention from train-boys. She had even refused "Ridley's mixed candies," "nice, fresh cakes," "all the latest periodicals," etc. The vendor of these last began at her with "Samantha Allen," offered her everything he had in stock to "Moody's Sermons," and was about to give her up. Thinking better of it, he returned and put in her lap, "Shall Women Vote?" She let it slip unnoticed to the floor, reflecting:

"Perhaps Mr. Joel Peters will think I am in a great hurry to appear, but so I am. What is the use of pretending that I am not? I am fairly dazed with delight. Grief I could not feel for Miss Sabrina Underwood. I should not have known her if she had come to my counter the day before she died, assuming that she was out shopping, which she probably was not. Well, I only hope I shall not find myself laboring under temporary aberration of mind, as the newspapers say."

The passenger nearest Miss Tilly was a very lovely girl, with big gray eyes, and what might have been an intellectual face but for two dimples and a saucy nose. Miss Tilly classified her at once. Fifteen years in a shop had supplied her with labels for humanity as well as for dry-goods. She put the girl down at once as "real, not imitation; the kind that treats clerks politely, even if the change does not come on the minute. Her hat and cape are the latest style, best sort of kid gloves—whole costume is in good taste." Then Miss Tilly's thoughts wan-

dered back to the Peters letter and the house that could be kept open or not, as she gave "directions"—a house, a home, her very own home!

The whistle blew, the train made a short stop. Half a dozen riotous school-boys tumbled in, scattering books, and all talking at once. Next came a tall, clerical-looking man with a fine head, a forceful jaw, and a face decidedly uncommon in character. This, however, impressed Miss Tilly later. What she saw first was a baby he carried, and a small boy he led. Involuntarily she looked behind them for the mother with another child or carrying the commissary department. Nothing of the kind followed. The man, who was tall and muscular, was not clumsy nor in the least embarrassed by his family cares. He swung the five-year-old boy into the corner by the window and settled himself with the baby in his arms. It was about ten months old—whether a boy or girl Miss Tilly could not tell. She watched it as it gazed about with that solemn serenity which may precede decent behavior, or may be merely the delusive prelude to yells, teeth-gnashing, and all the sometime diabolical tactics easy to irresponsible infancy. The boy, with cheeks like red apples, promptly applied himself to washing the smoky window with his moist and pudgy hands; later, of course, wiping them on his face.

"Poor man!—minister, I should say. Wife just dead, no doubt, and he is taking the babies home to her mother. How he will hate to leave them! He has the strongest pleasant face, or the pleasant strong face I ever saw on a man. But what searching eyes! He is gentle with that baby, and handy, too. He has not even given one look," thought Miss Tilly, "to see who is watching his manoeuvres. Some men, especially some ministers, who are often real conceited, would feel queer with that stylish girl sitting just behind. I don't believe he knows she is there, or cares if he does know. I like it in him. He is a good father—regular man, though, or he would see that Freddy, as he calls him, was bedaubing his nice little shirtwaist."

The grime being about all transferred from the window to himself, Freddy next dived into his father's pocket after crackers. Prolonged feasting on fodder of that dry sort produced its natural effect, and soon Freddy clamorously demanded drink.

Now the water-tank was a long way off, and Freddy was such an obese juven-

ile, he would, if started, certainly roll down the passage-way and out of the car door. Evidently he must not go alone. Miss Tilly was humane. She was debating whether she should go for the water or offer to hold the baby, when the young lady before mentioned slipped a silver cup from her hand-bag, went away quickly, and a moment later Freddy was drinking deep draughts over his father's shoulder and spilling the rest down that father's neck. The man himself only said, "You are very kind." He did not look around to see if a Hebe or a Ganymede bore the cup.

Then the baby bestirred itself and set up a kind of dry howl. It kicked its father and snarled at Freddy's boisterous endearments. It received a banana with apparent satisfaction, and then basely attempted to beat its parent's nose with the tropical dainty, threw a proffered ginger-cake across the aisle, and—to quote Miss Tilly's own words later—"just screeched for all it was worth."

All that a man could do the minister did, deftly, promptly, and ineffectually. Miss Tilly's conscience told her that it was arrant cruelty for any person of the feminine sex to sit passive and see that fracas without any effort to break it up, but the perspiration started out on her forehead at the thought of trying. She knew nothing infantile less well behaved than the Edison talking dolls of the "Grand Emporium," who never said anything but "mamma" in a shrill and proper tone.

Once more the young woman opposite came to the rescue. She gave Miss Tilly a dazzling display of gray eyes sparkling with merriment, of dimples playing hide-and-seek in very pink cheeks; then she went across to the baby, gave a soft little chuckle, put her kid-gloved hands on either side of its little ribs, and lifted it boldly into mid air. Surprised at her act, it opened its tearful eyes, stared critically at its captor, and forgot to finish its musical repertoire. In fact, it allowed its small self to be carried peacefully across the aisle, and beguiled into smiling angelically at a pocket-book with a jingling chain. This time the father wiped his fine forehead and gratefully remarked, "A man is very awkward at his best." Then he fished Freddy from under the seat where he had gone in search of a button and found an uncommon amount of dust, different from that on the window, but just as adhesive.

The train sped on. The baby continued to act like a little Christian. It drew

off its white muslin cap, and showed a beautiful curly head of yellow hair. It—or she—for now one could see that it was a fine little girl—showed an obstinate preference for feminine society. She refused to go to her parent, and when he tried to insist, she gave a scowl and a hint that she could turn on full vocal power if her present case was interfered with.

"Now," thought Miss Tilly, after he had held out his long arms once or twice in vain, "he will get talking to the young lady and tell her all about himself."

He did no such thing. He took out his clean handkerchief instead and worked away at the plastic features of his grimy son with great earnestness but small result.

Another half-hour passed and Tilly had forgotten everything in the knowledge that she must be approaching Hazelport. When at last the trainmen called out the name of that station she did not know what passengers got off or who stayed behind, for she plunged into the unknown. In plain words, she gathered up her hand luggage and stepped down on the platform of a village station. A few people stood about; a few carriages waited. A brisk old man suddenly held out his hand, exclaiming:

"Miss Parks, I presume. I got your telegram. Mr. Joel Peters. Very glad you could come right on. I will just drive up to the house with you. Fine weather we are having."

The idea occurred to Miss Tilly that he looked like a grasshopper in an auburn wig, although how she knew the appearance of an insect thus adorned, we cannot tell you. She was grateful for his friendliness, at any rate, and followed him to the carriage in waiting. They drove through a pretty town with wide-shaded trees and farm-houses set far back from the road, while all the time Mr. Peters kept up a cheerful chatter.

"You will find everything in prim order. The old lady was mighty particular. Queer old person. Would not let me write you a word before she died. Went off right sudden at the last. She worried for years, lest you could not come right into the house when your time came, because she feared the cat and dog would suffer and moths get into her flannel blankets. If you decide to stay, you will do as you think best, of course, about help; but the man there now—Nathan Wilkes—has lived with her

for years, and is honest as the day is long. The old lady had his sister Jane there, too, along toward the last, for general housekeeper and nurse. She stayed on to see to things till we could hear from you." They reached the outskirts of the town, crossed a rustic bridge over a brawling stream, passed newly green fields and budding trees, saw the whole west aflame with pale gold and rose tints, Miss Tilly all the time wondering if she were in the body or not. She fancied that in a minute she might hear the whistle of a ferryboat or factory, instead of the twittering of the robins. When had she seen or heard a robin before?

Miss Parks had a passion for Easter and Christmas cards of one special kind. She was always buying penny ones adorned with old-fashioned houses having vine-covered porches and primitive well-sweeps. She much preferred them to angels or even to Biblical scenes. Tonight just such a picture met her delighted gaze when Mr. Peters suddenly turned off the road into a lane, drawing up before a rambling, cosy old red-brick homestead.

Nathan—raw-boned, homely, civil, and very curious—helped her down on the flat stone by the open door. Her sister Jane stood just behind him. She wore her Sunday black cashmere gown and her gold cuff-pins. If Miss Tilly was "to put on airs" she must find "help," as she "could do her own housework." If she understood that Jane "worked out" because she "chose so to do," had six hundred dollars at interest, well and good. Under certain circumstances Jane might be persuaded to stay, to cook delectable pies, to make gilt-edged butter, to show what real New England housekeeping was, even in these degenerate days.

Now, when Miss Tilly gasped out, "Oh, isn't it beautiful here!" and shook hands with both of the Wilkes, they saw that she was trembling and got pale and red by turns. No bolder policy could have so soon conciliated them. Jane hurried her into the house, begging Mr. Peters to "stay to tea, for everything was all ready."

The next thing Miss Tilly was asking herself once more was what she was doing: was she just home from the shop and going down to the boarding-house dinner, or was she actually taking off her brown-straw bonnet in a big unfamiliar bedroom with white window-curtains, furniture covered with chintz in a gorgeous pattern of sky-blue roses and

yellow lilies. Surely, those must be real crystal candelabra like her grandmother's—those over there on the tall mantelpiece above the fireplace where on brass fire-dogs glowed a wood fire. Somewhat later, by her hunger and her keen enjoyment of her supper, Tilly once and for all time decided it was not into any wonderland she had entered, but that, at last, the lines had fallen to her in pleasant places.

When she went to bed that night—"on live geese feathers in the pillows and a real hair mattress under her"—as she quaintly assured herself, she begged the Lord to help her to be good, now that she was rich. She considered herself on a financial equality with any millionaire in the land.

CHAPTER III.

SOME OF THE NEIGHBORS.

The next morning Tilly was awakened by the crowing of cocks, the lowing of cows, and the singing of birds in every tree top. Another new day of delight began. First there was the house to go over, with Jane Wilkes always ready to explain everything. It was a house, too, full of quaint, old-fashioned things—or, as Tilly knew—of that late fashion that has revived or imitated the use of antique mahogany and brass or of most ancient bric-a-brac.

The evening before Mr. Peters had said that the old lady first meditated leaving the homestead to Elizabeth Roberts and the business block to Miss Parks.

"I am so glad that she did not," said Tilly, "for I would a thousand times rather have a home like this one."

She meant to ask Mr. Peters something about Elizabeth Roberts, but so many other things came up for discussion that she neglected to do it. When bidding her good-night, Mr. Peters said:

"I shall soon send for Miss Roberts. There are business matters to arrange in which you are mutually interested. She is staying now in Bridgeport, but her home is in Brooklyn."

"Then she is unmarried," thought Tilly, and when later Jane Wilkes happened to say that Miss Roberts had recently come back from a tour around the world, Tilly fancied that she knew just what sort of a person she was. She imagined her as tall and stately, with white side-puffs and gold nose-glasses, elegant in manner, precise in language. A lady like this had sometimes bought

small articles at the bargain counter. Tilly always wondered that she knew the names of such insignificant articles as pins and needles.

During the morning Nathan also carried her off to see the farm, the live stock, and other of her new possessions of which she was as yet profoundly ignorant, by reason of there not having been any cows, sheep, or swine for sale in the Grand Emporium. But, wise or ignorant, the refrain that kept singing itself in her grateful heart was, "All this and heaven, too!" Every little while came a new delight that would have been taken as a matter of course to one used to bequests of farms and such like things, but which was wholly a surprise to Tilly. Who but this lone woman, for instance, would have longed to dance and sing when introduced to a staid old horse and a lumbering chaise? But then not every woman has waited for fifteen years to go driving over hill and dale, past streams and woods, longing for that, but standing all day behind one shop counter.

In the afternoon Miss Tilly, tired with excitement, seated herself in the big chintz-covered chair of the bedroom, giving herself up to the unwonted luxury of doing nothing. It was not exactly an interruption when the door was pushed gently ajar, and in walked the family cat, followed by three kittens of various colors. Tabby was lean by reason of her family cares, but the kittens, fat as butter balls, were up to every caper dear to kittenhood. The mother, stopping in front of Miss Tilly, looked her well over with tolerant, yellow eyes; then, as if saying, "Now that you mean to abide here, let us be on friendly terms," she bounced boldly into her lap. Tilly stroked her gray fur, saying:

"Well, old pussy, you want to make me feel at home, don't you? I guess you are used to coming into this room."

Pussy may have been, but probably those little imps of hers were not, judging from the way they tried to climb the muslin curtains, careered around the claw-legged table, and "raised Cain" generally. However, their capers were soon cut short. At the first round of a snuffling, shuffling, soft thumping in the outer hall, they fled under the bed, their little tails growing bigger, their eyes gleaming like live coals.

Thump! thump! like a decrepit old lion, came Robin, the house dog, to pay his respects to the new mistress. He had a mighty bark, but as for his bite—well,

Nathan told the truth: Rob had been a coward from his birth, but the mere size of him frightened kittens and tramps. He now succeeded in making Miss Tilly understand that he also would transfer his allegiance to her, provided nothing more unpleasant than he now knew of were to transpire.

"Really," said Miss Tilly to herself, "this is quite a reception."

Then, supposing the guests had all arrived, she fell to musing over the last occupant of this house that she had never seen until yesterday. How strange it seemed that a human being could live almost a century in one dwelling until every object in it must have a thousand associations! Then, some day, this thinking, loving, suffering inmate should go out into the unknown, carrying nothing with her, and a stranger come into her place, one to whom the past was a blank!

Patter! patter! through the hall, and this time the door was pushed wide open and a child entered the room. Where had Miss Tilly seen this child before? A bare-headed, round-eyed, dirty little boy. At least, his blouse was dirty, but his face was pretty enough for a valentine cupid. He returned Miss Tilly's stare with interest until she exclaimed:

"Why, it is that child I saw on the cars!"

"Your big dog won't bite Fweddy?" he asked rather anxiously.

"No. Where did Freddy come from?"

"He came visiting."

"Where is papa?"

"Don't know."

"Where is little sister?"

"In her cwib."

"Where do you live?"

"Oo ast too many k'estions," he coolly remarked.

Then, espying one piebald kitten venturing from under the bed, he pounced on it and held it clasped to his breast spitting and revolving like a pin-wheel.

"For the land's sake!" ejaculated Jane Wilkes, suddenly appearing. "I thought I heard that west door squeaking open, and I knew by the draught that somebody came in and left it open. If here ain't that Stoughton youngster again! I heard his father had gone after him."

"Who is he, and where did he come from?"

"Well, I'll just tell you all about him," returned Jane, nothing loath to have an interval for gossip. "He is one of our new minister's young ones. Father Bradford, our old parson, died last July, and

we had a lot of candidates before we ever settled on this Mr. Stoughton. He is a mighty smart preacher, and real earnest; most everybody likes him. His wife was delicate, had a young baby, so she did not come first off, but stayed with a sister. When she did come—well, I don't want to be hard on folks for lacking what ain't in 'em, but that woman, she ain't no sort of wife for a minister, nor for any other man as to that. Anybody deaf, dumb or blind would make that out in half an hour. She is pretty as a picture in a fashion-book, don't know the first thing about housekeeping, don't want to, can't keep help scarcely one night, not being considerate of 'em. This boy runs wild. They live just down the road in the last house in the town limits. Ours is just outside the corporation. Folks do say that half of the time Mr. Stoughton cooks the vittals and dresses the young ones. Lately I have had more charity for her since I heard she had dreadful attacks of sick headache, neuralgia, or something of that sort. When she comes to church she is dressed fit to kill, but around the house she don't care how she looks. I wouldn't give her away to a stranger if it was not town talk. I do suppose they live in the most hand-to-mouth fashion. He buys all he can at the bakeries and sort of tends to the rest himself. They have Bill Jones' Polly to wash, iron and scrub, so they manage; but it ain't what Hazelport people consider good housekeeping—not much! Lately, it seems to be wearing on him, I think. He often looks worried and dismal, but he never lets on to a human being that she ain't a regular stayer at housekeeping and a mother in Israel into the bargain. I like that in him. See here, you little image! quit pulling that cat's tail, or it won't be the cat alone that will be yelling. Now I will go and get a lot of cookies for him. That Freddy is always perfectly empty, no matter what hour of the day it is."

At the mention of cookies Freddy dropped the kitten and promptly started kitchenward. Jane followed, and old Robin—with a clear notion that some portion might fall to him—patted solemnly after.

For a long time then Miss Tilly heard Freddy's chatter in the kitchen. He ignored all such pointed remarks from Jane as "Run right home now, you have your little stomach full," until she was heard to say, "Well, maybe you might stay until Nathan comes to see you over the bridge. I am always expecting you will be fished out of the river.

If you belonged to me, I would tie you to a bedpost."

That afternoon, among many other pleasant thoughts that came to Miss Tilly Parks, was one about the well-filled book-case in what Jane called the "keeping room." It held few books written within the last quarter of a century, but if you will only remember how old-fashioned Tilly herself was, you may understand her happiness at the idea of having time again to read "David Copperfield" and "The Newcomes." It was in a springtime like this when she, an eighteen-year-old girl, first laughed over Peggotty and Aunt Betsey Isotwood. She had her hand on the book-case when Jane ushered in a man, saying:

"Miss Parks, our minister, Mr. Stoughton."

He looked very tall under the low ceiling, but he was as simple as he was big.

"I am glad to know you, Miss Parks, though I might not have visited you the first day after your arrival if my son had not led the way. When he goes making parochial calls, I am a little afraid he may never come home."

Miss Tilly shook hands with him, saying, cordially:

"Let him come as often as he likes. I will always see that he gets safely past the river. I have so few children lately that he will be really welcome."

Mr. Stoughton took the larger chair she pushed forward, saying how glad he was to know that the house was not to be left unoccupied. Next, he talked awhile about Miss Underwood's illness and death. Soon Miss Tilly found herself confiding her recent emotions and experiences to him as to an old friend. Perhaps she was still under some excitement or his manner was sympathetic. He asked few questions but he seemed quick to catch hints of her previous unhappiness and her present content. He was very kindly, direct, and sincere, so Tilly in some way understood that while with a man he might talk of larger issues, he would have much in common with all men, women, or children, just because he liked his own kind. She was not self-conscious enough to detect his increasing interest in her own sweet, wholesome personality, her unworldly simplicity. The truth was, his heart went out to her most unreservedly. He found himself wishing he could appropriate her as a sister, mother, aunt—in any relation that would allow of his going often to her for the human help he greatly needed.

When Tilly spoke of seeing him on the cars, he said that he had not noticed her.

He had been to a town fifty miles distant to bring home his children after a visit at their aunt's—a visit made necessary by his wife's state of health.

"Your wife is an invalid?" Tilly asked sympathetically.

"She is not very strong," he replied.

Then, after a few words more, he secured his reluctant son and started homeward.

"He must be a good man," soliloquized Miss Tilly. "He makes me think of words I have heard somewhere—in the Bible, perhaps—'A just judge, strong and patient.' He looks like that."

Time never went faster with Tilly than in the next few weeks. She made one brief visit to New York to put in order as quickly as possible all her affairs there. Her departure from the city was joyful, although she shed a tear or two when she said good-bye to her hall bedroom, perhaps a tear of sympathy for its next occupant.

It was the very next day that Tilly made acquaintance with Elizabeth Roberts. She was unpacking her trunk and putting its contents away in the drawers of the big "swell front" bureau with brass handles that Miss Underwood must have bought when she and the century were young together.

Tilly heard wheels stop before the front door, but being new to her surroundings did not attach any importance to the fact. A minute after some one tapped on the bedroom door. Tilly said:

"Yes, Jane, come in."

"It is not Jane. It is me — Bessie Roberts," called a sweet, ringing voice.

Then the door opened wide. Always after Tilly thought of that coming of Bessie's as a picture, not an event. She let in a flood of morning sunshine, with just behind her, for a background, budding trees and a filmy network of greenish vines. Tall and slight, her face was familiar, only the sun turned her bronze hair golden, and her grey eyes were dark with surprise.

"Why, where have we met before?"

"You, too, were on the cars that day," each exclaimed in her turn.

Then remembering the rampant baby and the looks they had exchanged, both laughed merrily, shaking hands like old friends.

"If this is not funny!" said the girl. "I fancied Mrs. Matilda Parks would be about as old as my Great-aunt Sabby! If I had known that you were you I should not have kept poor Mr. Peters waiting a week after he wrote me to come."

"Not 'Mrs.,' I am a 'Miss,' and as for you, I supposed Miss Roberts was sixty, at least, gray-haired and solemn."

"Is it not far better as it is?" asked Bessie, contentedly seating herself. "And you may as well call me 'Bess' to begin with, for I have never been 'Elizabeth' since I was named until I got into this will. Was I not thankful that she did not leave me this ancient abode with all her lares and penates to look after. Moth and rust and thieves would in time have carried us all off together. As for the farm part—well, perhaps she remembered that when I was little I asked her whereabouts in the orchard the turnip trees grew. But Mr. Peters says you actually like it."

"Like it! I feel as if I had got prematurely into Paradise," cried Tilly.

"How fortunate! And you have already made the old house cheerful. All the windows used to be shut and the curtains drawn down. You mean to live here, perhaps?"

"Indeed, I do."

"Well, no doubt, it is a valuable old place of its kind," commented Bessie, pretending to look around the room, but studying Tilly.

She made up her mind that Tilly was a "dear little body, good and refined-looking."

Remembering her duties as the hostess, Tilly next urged her to have some refreshments and feel herself entirely at home. Bessie, thereupon, frankly announced that she came to stay a day or two "if I did not find you disagreeable, for Mr. Peters said it would take that time to attend to the business he had on hand."

She made herself at ease in a charming way. Her beautiful long hair coming down, she brushed and arranged it while she chatted to Tilly about Aunt Sabby, the Wilkes, Mr. Peters, Hazelpoint, and intermingled bits of information about herself.

Tilly learned that she was an orphan and not a poor one. She had seen considerable of the world, and had travelled with her guardian's family. She seemed a little lady—merry, intelligent, and sensible.

Mr. Peters spent the afternoon, with them. He was very kind, if business-like. He evidently considered them about ten years of age and instructed them accordingly.

The next day Bessie might have returned to her friends in Bridgeport; she chose rather to stay another day and still three more.

When at last she departed, it was with the understanding that she was to return for June and July. She had seen enough of fashionable hotels. She said she wanted to try a summer on a farm.

(To be continued.)

THE SUB-CHIEF OF SECTION "D."

BY E. A. TAYLOR.



"I'm inclined to think this Kartzow was one of your Nihilists, Palma," Craig remarked, as their little steamer ran past the black picturesque rocks of Quel-part Island, where the sea was dancing in the early morning sunshine.

Andrei Palma, artist, Russian by birth and American by naturalization, smiled. "Really I could not say," he answered. "What do you

think, Monsieur Gordon?"

Rab Gordon was looking at his wife, Helen, a tall girl with red-gold hair, who sat near them with Frank Worth, who was leaning back in his deck chair with the listless look of a man who has been sick for many weeks, and who does not feel enough interested in life to be glad he has come back to it,—it was he who answered Andrei:

"I know a Lieutenant Yourie Kartzow," he said, "are you speaking of him? what has he done?"

"He is a Russian naval lieutenant, yes," said Andrei, "and his doings are what in America we would call great. First, he is entrusted with very important dispatches by Stoessel, just before the surrender of Port Arthur. Nihilist or no, his commanders seem to have known they could rely on him. Then he runs the blockade successfully, reaches Chefoo, and charts one of your own ships, Frank Ivanovitch, the 'Venus,' a Canadian steamer, which had been carrying supplies to Vladivostock, from where they had sent her to Port Arthur, which she reached too late, and escaped by what you might call the skin of her teeth to Chefoo. She seems to have been rather a desperado ship, one of those little English 'cargo boats,' which if there was money in it, would cheerfully undertake to carry a load of ice to Hell. Her reputation made her anxious to leave Chefoo as soon as possible, there being several people in the neighborhood who wanted her very badly, so she willingly contracted to deliver Kartzow wherever he would, and left Chefoo to play tag with Togo's cruisers. They did their part all right, but what

can you do with a ship whose men have learnt their business in your island of Newfoundland, where, I understand, fogs and reefs are met always and everywhere. The 'Venus' did what no one believed she could do, took some undiscovered route among the islands, where her way was wrapped in fog and strewn with shoals. Then needing some repairs she coolly entered a harbor in some isolated part of Nippon, where her character was suspected. When she attempted to leave she was attacked by a swarm of fishing boats. These she managed to beat off, and escaped for good this time, and is now probably with the Baltic fleet."

"I guess he was a Nihilist of some sort, all right," said Craig, "but even if he was the mysterious sub-chief of Section 'D,' who is supposed to be at large in the neighborhood, I would advise his government to pardon him. Men who, when they are told to do an impossible thing and make a way to do it, are too scarce to be let go when you do meet them."

"In the Russian service," said Andrei, who had left his native land in a hurry, because of a serious misunderstanding with his government, "the man who can think, and lets it be known, is marked as a suspect, unless he proves his oneness with his rulers by inciting, and taking part in a Jewish massacre or some other similar devil's work."

"Kartzow wasn't that kind," said Craig. "He was a white man all right, and certainly the coolest kid I ever came across."

"Mr. Craig," said Helen, "did you say you met Lieutenant Kartzow at Chefoo? Was he alone? I mean was there a woman with him?"

"There was a lady who registered at the hotel as Madame Kartzow, traveling with him," answered Craig after a moment's hesitation.

"Was she young, dark haired, and beautiful?" said Helen eagerly.

"Yes, all three," replied Craig. "Only she was very quiet, and her eyes looked tired. I never spoke to her, as Kartzow did not introduce us."

Helen clapped her hands softly. "It is Anna Jakobovna Lazarus," she said, and she looked at Frank and smiled.

"I knew Miss Lazarus very well," said Frank slowly, looking at Craig, "and I heard from her brother of her intended marriage with Kartzow. Evidently from what you say, it is a fact."

"Evidently it is," said Craig, "but I am rather sorry for Madame Kartzow, not that I have anything against her husband, for I couldn't help liking the kid. But somebody with some sense should have kept a boy like him from marrying."

"Kartzow is a cur," said Frank with quiet emphasis. "He married a woman knowing she was a Jewess, because I suppose he wanted to, and then he is ashamed to own her as his wife,—the cur!"

"Mr. Worth," said Andrei Palma, "I once knew Lieutenant Kartzow well, and I am very sure that if you knew his motives you would not blame his actions."

"Be quiet, Andrei," said Helen laughing. "No one shall defend Yourie Kartzow here but me, and I will not do it till he and Mr. Worth meet. I am sure that then Frank Ivanovitch will take back all that he has said of him."

Andrei laughed as he followed his two companions across the deck, and Helen turned to Frank, chatting lightly to him, without appearing to notice his constrained silence.

"I have never met Anna," she said, "though I know of her, but I remember her brother, Dr. Lazarus, very well. He was a thorough Jew, with all that pride of race which no other people have ever equalled. You may tread a Jew down in the mire, and even when under your feet he will still feel sure of his superiority over you. Not even nineteen hundred years of the bitterest hate and contempt that was ever poured out on a nation has weakened in the least the Jew's proud faith that he is the chosen of the one God, and that to his nation was first given the Law."

"I have never studied the Jewish question," said Frank as she paused. "Really I never thought of the Jews as being different to other people."

"No, for you are English, Mr. Worth, and under English law to-day all men are really free and equal, no matter what their creed or race may be. Yet the English have only grown slowly into this position of fearless charity, and it is interesting to trace the upward trend of English thought in the pictures your great writers have given of the Jew. There are Chaucer's Jews in the Prior-

ess's tale, unhuman, inhuman things, that could not be men. Then two centuries later comes Shakespeare's Shylock, and, controlled as he was by the anti-Jewish feeling of his time, the great poet who knew so well how to paint a perfect villain, yet added a careful touch here and there, which makes us almost pity the poor, wretched, baffled Jew of Venice. Then came Scott with his madonna woman, Rebecca the Jewess. And in the century just past, Dickens and George Eliot have shown us the Jew as a man and a saint."

"Russia seems to be back in Chaucer's time, as regards the Jew," observed Frank. "And the Jew on his part, as far as I can see, seems to be trying to be a pest to the land which persecutes him."

"I am afraid both are true," said Helen gravely, "I, as you know, am half a Russian, and I was brought up in this unnatural hate of the Jews, but I was only fourteen when I joined the Intelligentsia,—what you call Nihilists,—and I soon learned to lift myself above anything as foolish and wicked as hate or fear of any man. Were not all men my brothers? and did not that include the Jews, even though as moneylenders and drink-sellers they were cruelly hurting our poor stupid peasants?"

"And did you find the Jews quite ready to receive you as an equal?" said Frank rather bitterly.

Helen shook her head. "No," she said. "I had to escape from Russia at last, with Murray my brother, and at one time on our flight we were sheltered in the house of Dr. Lazarus, who, though not an active member of any of our societies, was always ready to help us. We were his guests three days, and I remember how he, with a humility which was only mock, apologized for the food on his table; he feared, he said, that we might miss some dishes we were not used to go without. I answered by speaking highly of the Mosiac law from a hygienic standpoint, and he looked at me hard with his gleaming, mocking black eyes."

"Helen Gregoriovna," he said, "the Law was given to us, the Jews, by the Lord God, and do you think that I obey the command to abstain from pork because I am afraid of trichinosis? I tell you that if we knew that the only way to save our bodies from being the breeding places of trichinae was to eat your pig meat, every true Jew would obey the Law which before all men his nation was

entrusted with, and take the consequences.'

"I asked him if he did not think such blind obedience was cramping to the intellect, and if the God who gave us our reason was not best pleased when we used it, even in asking the reasons for His commands; and he laughed at me.

"'It is easy to see you are of the Intelligentzia,' he said, 'those famous boys and girls whose intellect has lifted them far above such puny things as the princes and laws of Russia, and now it seems you have even reached a height where you can match your reason with that of the Lord God Almighty. No, Helen Gregoriovna, spit in our faces and trample us in the dust as you will, but we never for a moment can forget that we are the only people that the Lord God called out by name to be His chosen among the nations. Our temple has gone, with all the glory of its sacrifices and with it our national honor; yet we are still the chosen people of God, for is He a man to go back from His word? And He is our God. Our answer to those who see in us the objects of God's wrath for ever, is, 'Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him.' Has He not said, 'to obey is better than to sacrifice?' and so we obey, without asking for reasons, His smallest command, even unto death. Oh, you who prate of freedom, will you never learn that the only free man is he who is a slave to his own conscience, and above all other men the Jew is free.'

"Mr. Worth, as I listened to Dr. Lazarus that night I understood for the first time what it is that holds the Jews together, and makes them the wonder, as well as the hate, of the ages."

"Mrs. Gordon," said Frank, "I do not judge all Jews by Dr. Lazarus, but I know that in his case this pride of race which you seem to admire has made him a blind, implacable bigot, really, I believe, as inhuman as any of his Russian enemies. I know that he and his sister were the only survivors in his father's house after one of those awful riots and massacres, but did that justify him in treating her as he did? I knew Miss Lazarus, and as perhaps you have guessed, hoped to make her my wife. Her brother, her only guardian, had allowed her when only sixteen to take the oath of one of your revolutionary circles, and then to save her from the 'disgrace' of marriage with a Christian—he owned he had nothing but my race against me—he worked on the girl's mind to force her

to become the wife of a man she could not love, and who despised her."

"But Yourie Kartzow is a Christian, too. I do not understand," said Helen.

Frank smiled bitterly. "Dr. Lazarus's words to me were, 'She has gone, not to live, but to die with this man, and as I know their deaths will mean some added shame and loss to Russia I am content.' I was a prisoner of war at the time, so could do nothing. You heard Craig's story, and know what implications this Russian officer and patriot lets his wife lie under, only tolerating her because he can use her in some of his infernal schemes of treachery and murder. I know that if she falls into the hands of the Russian officials, and he escapes, he shall answer to me for it, though all his assassin gang were behind him."

"Poor Yourie," said Helen smiling, though her eyes were grave, "I wish, Mr. Worth, I could tell you some things which I must not yet, but this you can be sure of, Lazarus would not have allowed Anna to go, and Yourie would not have taken her, had not they both known that she was in no danger whatever. If Yourie is not hung or shot soon, it is only because of the unprecedented stupidity of the Russian authorities; but he will die alone; you can trust him to see that Anna comes to no harm."

"Mrs. Gordon," said Frank wearily, "you are so good a woman that you can only see in others what you are yourself. I have been trying to believe things were as you say, but Craig's story has shown me what I have always known, the kind of man Kartzow is. I don't wish to criticise Russian or Nihilist standards of honor, but in Canada we have not a pleasant name for the man who, when his country is at war, enters her army to plot the murder of his brother officers and betray their plans. A spy I can respect, but not a traitor."

Helen's eyes blazed. "Yourie is no more capable of treason than you are, Mr. Worth," she exclaimed, "his country, Russia, the great silent land, whose people have never been allowed to speak, is not at war. Her worst enemies, her rulers, may be, but he only entered their army because they forced him to, and he obeys orders as a convict in prison might, not from any feeling of loyalty to those who give the commands, but because he is afraid of the consequences if he ignores them."

"I do not wish to criticise his ideas of honor," repeated Frank.

"His honor," said Helen. "Mr. Worth, you and your fathers before you were freeborn, and you do not understand that killing is not always murder. Personally I do not believe in assassination, but Yourie is no more a murderer than a judge in your own land who sentences a man proved guilty to death. You call him a traitor, but when his own commanders wished for a man to perform a dangerous duty, they chose him. They did not know that he was one of the most desperate of the Nihilist leaders, but they did know they could trust him, and they were right."

Frank did not answer her, and the others joined them as their steamer reached her destination, a shallow bay among black broken rocks, in one of the many islands of the Tsushima Strait. On the barren shore were a few fishermen's huts, and in the bay were a score of boats, stoutly built craft, manned by small brown fishermen who feared neither storms or fogs as they reaped the harvest of Nippon's narrow sea.

The steamer which had brought Craig and his friends there was one of the auxiliaries to the great fishing fleets, which had been ordered by Admiral Togo to hold all their boats in readiness in the neighborhood of the Tsushima, to save what lives they could from the wrecks that would be made when nearly fifty great armored warships turned their guns on each other in battle. For it was Friday, May 27, 1905, and the world was waiting for the news of that meeting between the fleet which had sailed from Europe to save Russia's empire in the Far East, and the ships whose men stood for an awakened Asia.

"I guess they know their business," said Craig to Rab Gordon that evening, "but it strikes me that Togo is taking mighty big chances. Here he has all his force down at the Tsushima, and what's to hinder Rojy taking the northern straits and slipping through Tsugaru or Soya? The first thing we would know of it would be that he had reached Vladivostock."

They were watching the whitish gray fog rolling in heavy masses over the face of the sea, and shutting up the mouth of their harbor. Outside the wind and sea were rising, and it was a night to be thankful for safety in port.

"Rojestvensky has men that he is afraid to trust, and ships he does not really understand," replied Rab, "he would not dare to attempt the passage of the dangerous northern straits at this

season of fogs. No, he must take the broad way, to whatever it leads."

"Togo is banking everything on what the Russian does not know, his men, his ships, and the whereabouts of his enemy," said Craig. "To think that not even the people at that Nipponese town we left two days ago knew that their fishing boats were going out, not to work, but to put their nets aside and lie in some harbor waiting for orders, with the Red Cross flag at their mast-heads."

"Then there is the possibility—I could not say it was a probability," said Rab—lowering his voice, "that there are traitors among the men most trusted on the Russian ships. I know that the navy is honeycombed with Nihilism, and it is hard to judge an uneducated emotional man, half crazed by what he knows of Russian justice (?). A Nipponese victory here would mean that their way was open to occupy Saghalien, and free the many politicals in that prison hell, and men whom no gold could buy might turn traitors, being careful to take no reward whatever from the enemy."

"You are thinking of Kartzow," said Craig softly.

At sunrise the next morning, while the fog still lay on the sea, the Baltic fleet drew near to Quelpart Island. Between it and the rugged Korean coast it passed, seeing nothing of the enemy but a few slow guard-ships, which only the fog and heavy sea saved from destruction. And satisfied that the Tsushima Straits were but weakly guarded, the Russians went on to their doom.

In the afternoon the fog lifted, and the Baltic fleet, in two long columns, were in the Tsushima. The heavier Russian vessels were next to the cliffs of Kiushiu, while their outer line was composed of their lighter cruisers, torpedo boats and colliers. Beyond that, in front of, and behind them, was the enemy.

The story of that first day's battle is an easily told one, the Nipponese could bring the great guns of their battleships to bear on both lines of the enemy, while the Russians were hindered in their free use of their heaviest artillery by the forward line of their own ships. Before night three out of the eight great Russian floating forts, which we call battleships, were sunk, with several lesser ships.

Night came with searchlights flashing over the dark sea, and swarms of Nipponese torpedo boats darted out to attack the

disordered Russian fleet. Then Sunday dawned, the sea, already rough, began to run very high, and the Russian ships, rolling heavily, sent their shot high in the air, or into the sea. Their enemies, their aim quite undisturbed by the unsteadiness of their gun platforms, took advantage of the exposure of the vital parts of the Russian ships, as they rolled and tossed on the sea. That Sunday night the great Armada which had threatened the life of Nippon was sunk or captured, except half a dozen of its smaller ships, fleeing scattered and shattered to Vladivostock. The loss of life on the Nipponese ships was incredibly small.

The Red Cross boats had gone into action very early, Craig having left his friends to go off on a fishing boat, which ran easily among the great waves, with the thunder of a thousand guns vibrating above and around her, and perilously near the exploding shells. Once they darted forward as a big armored cruiser went down, to be whirled round in the suction as the sea closed over her, then from among the debris which rose they picked up the bodies of men, some scalded with steam, and others torn by shot, and many almost drowned. Most of these they carried back to the hospital steamers, and some they gave back to the sea, for they were dead.

Then they picked up a score of small boats, struggling overcrowded and aimlessly driven among the waves, and the men in them, big fair Russian peasant sailors, looked bewildered at the kindness they received. But most of their rescue work was done on the shores of the numberless rocky islands that fringe Kiushiu, where men had come in broken boats, or drifted clinging to wreckage, and in many cases wounded, lay down helplessly and hopelessly to die.

Before sunrise on Monday morning, after their last visit to the hospital ship, they were sent to search a distant section of rocky coast, where they found no one, and as the light came they saw on the sea near them a battleship steaming very slowly by herself, with her hull shell-marked, and many of her guns smashed and dismantled. The Russian flag still drooped from her mast, but above it waved the scarlet and white of the Mikado's banner.

Craig had heard that six of the Russian battleships had been sunk, and two captured, and that one of those surrendered was the flag-ship of Rear-Admiral

Nebogatoff, who had yielded with his squadron, and he looked with considerable interest at the great battered ship as they came near.

Then he was hailed, and called on board her, and obeying he found Hayashi, whom he had a tolerable acquaintance with, on the bridge. And standing there with him he looked across the upper deck of the captured warship. The conning tower, steering room, and all the lighter work on the deck had been battered and marked by the storm of shot and shell which the ship had passed through. The ponderous stanchions of one gun had been struck and torn to ribbons of steel, and another giant shell had skimmed across the deck, ripping the planking up right along its way, as a plow might turn up caked snow. And everywhere there seemed to be black stains. Craig remembered the ghastly tales that had come to him, telling how when this same ship had first gone into action, three hundred of her crew had been killed and wounded, and they lay in heaps on the decks. There seemed to be no provision for caring for the wounded, and their cries so disturbed the men still fighting, that those who would not, or could not, be silent, were thrown into the sea. "I expect the story is true," Andrei had said to Craig as he repeated it, "of course they were only sailors, peasant filth, as we are taught to think them."

Another story of the surrendered battleship told that her crew had risen in mutiny during the battle, bound their officers, some said thrown them overboard, and raised the white flag. The state of the ship disproved the scandal that she had not done her share of the fighting, but Craig rather wondered that, seeing how near he was to the shore, Nebogatoff had not destroyed his ships instead of surrendering them; their crews would have had a good chance to escape.

Hayashi and his men looked rather tired out, but very contented; they had fought for two days and nights without sleep, and were in charge of a shot-riddled vessel, whose original crew, now their prisoners, greatly outnumbered them.

"This ship," Hayashi remarked in his usual mild voice, "appears to have had what in America you would call a lively time. She started by delaying the whole fleet by being sunk by some one at her dock in Cronstadt. Then on the way her crew were so deficient in good man-

ners that they rose in mutiny, and had to be very seriously repressed. I am not in a position to know their behavior during the battle, but with three other vessels they tried to escape and reach Vladivostock, and were again surrounded. They did not seem to be preparing for resistance, and on this ship some one hoisted a Nipponese flag, and then as they did not answer our signals, we sent a boat to ask what their honorable intentions were, and met the honorable Admiral Nebogatoff, also in a boat, coming to formally surrender himself."

"And how did his crew seem?" said Craig.

"Oh, they seemed quiet," answered Hayashi, "that is, at first. I set guards over them, but whether they were so used to mutinying that they did not know when it was time to leave off, or whether they had really forced their admiral to surrender, and then, repentant, wished to save their honor by re-taking and destroying the ship, I do not know. It is quite probable that they did not know themselves, for really the Russians, as a race, seem very thoughtless. At midnight some one managed to drop an anchor pin into the electric dynamo, extinguishing all the lights on board, and at the same time others opened the sea valves, causing the ship to list suddenly to port. Not knowing the reason, and thinking she might be about to capsize, I was forced to allow the prisoners up on the upper deck, where they at once made a determined attack on us, but as we were about to fire on them, one of the ship's former officers, a Lieutenant Kartzow, earnestly begged that he might be allowed to go and speak to them; he seemed to think he had influence over them, and to save life, if possible, I let him go."

"Would they hear him?" said Craig as Hayashi paused.

"Only for a minute," said Hayashi, "then while a few stood by him, the others, shouting things in their own tongue which I did not understand, turned on him. He went down among them, and we fired several times into the crowd. Then we attacked them with clubbed rifles, and they speedily became tranquil."

"And Kartzow," asked Craig, "was he killed?"

"Oh, no," answered Hayashi, "the men attacked him with their fists and knives and he was trampled on till the fight was over, but the doctor reported

that his wounds are really very slight, the thing that is troubling me about him, is that the doctor also explained that he is a woman, an imitator, I suppose, of the Russian maid immortalized in Alfred Austin's poem, 'The Last Redoubt,'—

'Did the Muscovite men like their maidens
fight,
In their lines we had scarcely supped to-
night.'"

Hayashi paused and sighed gently, while Craig, too astonished to speak, looked at him. Then the little captain went on.

"It is not convenient that I keep a woman on board this ship, especially a white woman, and I judged that the chivalrous manners of your honorable nation would make you very willing to take charge of her. Would you condescend to take her on your boat now?"

"Certainly," Captain Hayashi; happy to oblige," said Craig, ruefully reflecting that a reputation for chivalry has its disadvantages, and wondering what specimen of Russian woman he was going to have on his hands.

"I asked the lady to oblige me with her correct name," continued Hayashi, "and she said it was Sofie Palma,—you may have heard of her."

Craig had so had the police of half Europe, for Sofie Palma was counted one of the most desperate and reckless of the Nihilist leaders. It was even whispered that she was the unknown sub-chief of the terrible Section "D." Certainly Helen Gordon had spoken of her as her friend, but that was years ago, and Helen was inclined to see people as what they should be, instead of as what they really were. Craig remembered a long article in a Russian paper describing her,—a red-lipped, passionate Delilah, hot-breathed and witch-eyed, who had lured many an unhappy boy from virtue and loyalty, and sent him, "robbed of innocence and honor, to madness and death." Then he thought of the stern-faced boy he had met and liked, and while he was trying to reconcile the two, Sofie herself came up on deck.

She wore a long white kimona with the Red Cross on its sleeve, which made it easier to realize her sex, but her short cropped hair gave her a very boyish appearance, and as Craig looked at her thin, very straight figure, and her pinched old-young face, he thought of Shakespeare's outcast Imogen rather than of Delilah. There was no sign of embar-

rassment in her manner as she stood before the two men, waiting their pleasure, and looking at them directly, almost sternly. She had forgotten that they knew she was a woman, she had almost forgotten she was one herself,—a woman who had tasted the savage discipline of Russian prisons, and then taken a dead man's name and place to work among men, striving to bring her people nearer to what she believed was their salvation, until the flame of her fanatic faith had burned away almost all knowledge and feeling of sex within her.

Craig escorted his charge back to the fishing boat, and attempted to talk to her, but as Sofie seemed determined to confine her remarks to "Yes, monsieur," and "No, monsieur," he made every possible arrangement for her comfort, and left her to herself, until she called him to her with a smile that made her face look young, but hardly girlish yet, Craig thought.

"Pardon me, monsieur," she said. "I had forgotten that you were an American, and Americans, it seems, will not force their company upon a woman, even if she happens to be their prisoner, unless she asks them to. I shall be pleased to talk with you on everything except my politics."

"Would it be political to ask where Miss Lazarus is?" said Craig.

"Her brother would not wish me to tell you, nor would she," was Sofie's quick reply. "You are asking this for Frank Ivanovitch, but the best and wisest thing he can do is to give up all thought of marriage with a Jewess. Anna was my friend, and though she has not, and never shall, if I can prevent it, become one of us extreme Terrorists, she is what you call a Nihilist, and I believe she came to the front when I did, mainly

because she hoped to help me, and twice she nursed me, saving me from a risk of discovery which would have been unfortunate just then. Dr. Lazarus wrote to me afterwards urging the deception which should make Frank Ivanovitch give Anna up, and because of the great aid the doctor had given to the cause I consented. Then, when I left Anna, she made me promise never to give her Christian lover any clue to her whereabouts. I suppose you intend to tell him that Kartzow is one with Sofie Palma."

"Certainly, madame," answered Craig, "and as I am sure Miss Lazarus cannot be afraid of my friend, it follows that she runs away because she is afraid of herself, and I shall advise him to look for her."

Sofie said nothing, but she looked as if she approved, and Craig watched her, thinking how, because she had preached revolt to men, and they had practised anarchy, she had gone recklessly among them, for he guessed that it was more the wish to share their punishment than any hope she could influence them which had sent her among those mutineers that Sunday night. He wondered if this experience would teach her to leave her people to develop into something a little higher than they were at present before she tried to help them, but as if in answer to his thought he heard her repeating softly some lines of Turgeniev's,—

"I know, and knowing, do not fear,
Cold, hunger, hatred, slander's blighting
breath,
Nor suffering, nor death.
Unthanked, unhonored, desolate, alone,
My grave unmarked, my toil, my love un-
known,
And none in days to come to speak my
name,—
I ask no pity, thanks nor fame."

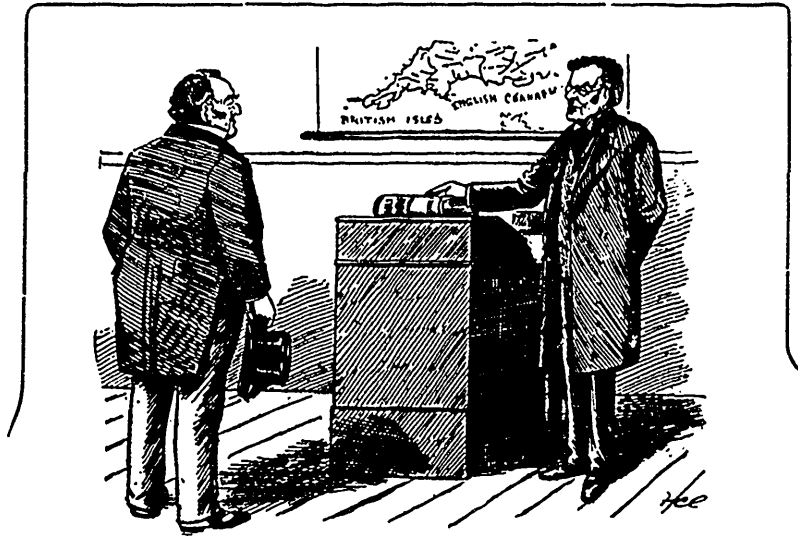
RUINS.

BY THE REV. VERNON WADE WAGAR, A. M.

Smoke cloud and fire-glare affright waking host,
Sad, sad the hunger that eats till all's gone,
The needy turned out, the house wing'd and flown;
We dread cruel flames that leave but the ghost.

Though fire never rule, the structure may fall
And sink into ruins like long-grown moss-heap,
Through simple remissness the destruction's complete—
Why ignore creeping sin till the soul wears a pall?

Current Topics and Events.



THE BIBLE IN THE SCHOOLS.

John Bull: "You seem to have roused a storm over your Education Bill."

Mr. Birrell: "I expected that, but I'm surprised at the way in which the Bible in the schools is being attacked."

John Bull: "Never mind; I'm quite content with the Bible in the schools I have to support."

—The Westminster Gazette.

THE MERRY WAR.

The war about Mr. Birrell's education bill waxes strong and furious. The extreme clericals and extreme radicals both denounce it, a pretty good evidence that it has struck the golden mean, and is possibly the best solution of a vexed question at present possible. All but a few infidels and radicals maintain the importance of religious instruction in some form or other. Surely the solution of this problem ought not to be beyond the resources of civilization. Mr. Stead in his trenchant manner treats the subject in the last number of his review. We make a few quotations.

Education Bill.—As every member of the Liberal and Labor majority was pledged to place all schools supported entirely by public funds under public control, and as they were not less straitly pledged to abolish religious tests, the Government had no option but to embody

these principles in their bill. This was inevitable, and was foreseen to be inevitable by Archbishop Temple when he warned his brethren of the consequences of venturing upon the "slippery slope" of rate-aid. Given these two fundamentals, upon which the mandate of Ministers is unmistakable, the bill is remarkable for the tenderness with which it deals with the denominational schools. The Church is to keep its schools for its own purposes, except during school hours, and yet it is to be relieved from all cost of maintaining the buildings in repair. This is equivalent to a relief of £200,000, or the annual interest on a capital sum of £7,000,000. Moreover, the Church is to receive rent for the use of its buildings during school hours—a special grant being made from the National Exchequer for this purpose of £800,000 per annum, equivalent to the interest on a capital sum of nearly £30,000,000. As the Church



FELLOW SUFFERERS.

Dr. Birrell: "My boy, this can't hurt you more than it's going to hurt me."

school buildings are only estimated to be worth £25,000,000, this can hardly be regarded as confiscation. Still further to temper the wind to the shorn lamb, the Church is to be allowed to send its clergy into the schools two days in every week to teach the Church Catechism as fully and as dogmatically as they please. And as a further concession, in 800 school districts in which 5,000 denominational schools stand in the midst of 24,000,000 of the population, they are to be allowed to teach the Catechism and their dogma as they have done heretofore wherever four-fifths of the parents of the children desire such teaching to be given.

The Mistake of the Bishops.—There are 14,000 denominational schools attended by 2,000,000 scholars in England and Wales. All these will henceforth pass under public control because they are maintained solely at the public expense. The local authorities can decide whether or not religious teaching is to be allowed, but if they decide against the secular policy—which they will do, for they have always done so in the case of the schools already under their control—they are forbidden to teach any formulary distinctive of any sect. Simple biblical teaching, with hymns, prayers, and lessons, embodying

the religious beliefs of all Christians without any trespass upon the domain of controversial theology, is to be imparted to the children. This arrangement was originally proposed by a Churchman, Cowper-Temple, and it was carried out by the London School Board on the motion of Mr. W. H. Smith, Churchman and Conservative. It has been embodied in syllabuses drawn up by nearly all the School Boards and County Council educational authorities, on most of which Churchmen have been in the majority. The quality of the religious teaching given under this clause has been repeatedly certified as excellent by Archbishops and Bishops. No parents have objected to it, nor has any Anglican yet been able to produce a single instance in which this Cowper-Temple teaching has been used to prejudice children against the Established Church. Nevertheless the bishops and the clergy, with a few distinguished exceptions, have declared war against the bill, on the ground that it establishes and endows Birrellism, Nonconformity, undenominationalism, and the like. The fiery cross has been sent round, the pulpit drum ecclesiastic is being beaten lustily, and if the Anglicans have their way they will drive the nation to secularism, which is the only logical conclusion.

The Bishops will fail in defeating the Education Bill because they have failed to restrain the sacerdotalism of their clergy. The bombshell which will burst in the midst of the Episcopal brigade is the report which Sir Michael Hicks-Beach's Royal Commission has drawn up upon the disorders in the Church. Without in the least undervaluing the zeal and devotion of the priestlings to whom Protestantism is a thing abhorred, they should not forget Cardinal Manning's



TAKING HIS LITTLE PIGS TO MARKET.

—Westminster Gazette.

warning that Oliver Cromwell is not dead, he is only sleeping, and nothing is more likely to revive him than a crusade against simple biblical teaching headed by the Sacerdotalists. The priestlings no doubt have a good deal to say for themselves. They believe quite sincerely that they are miraculously endowed by virtue of their apostolical succession with sundry gifts and graces and magical powers which are not only quite invisible to the ordinary man, but which do not include the saving grace of common sense.

If England were polled to-morrow it would be found that our people are quite

pen. The Episcopal crusaders are advancing to the attack over a hidden mine.

THE RUSSIAN DEADLOCK.

The Czar, with his fatal vacillation, seems to have again lost his chance in dealing with the Douma. It was the opportunity of his life. He might have stood forth as a constitutional sovereign and won the lasting gratitude of the hundred millions of his subjects. But like Bunyan's Mr. Facing-Both-Ways, he listened to the counsels of the reactionary bureaucrats and went back on his promise of constitutional liberty. Certainly the Douma, and the hitherto dumb millions of Russia behind it, will not tamely yield in this conflict; nor will they permit the Czar, while keeping his promise to the ear, to break to the hope; nor will they accept a stone for bread. Only by breaking with the traditions of the past and boldly facing the demands of the future and learning from the logic of events can the Autocrat of all the Russias save his dynasty from destruction.

The cartoonists are busy showing how the gagged and fettered Douma resents the restrictions and a futile endeavor of the Little Father to prevent by fetters and chains the tree of constitutional liberty from growth. An old picture shows how the roots of a growing tree overturned an ancient monument and split the stones of its foundation—which things are an allegory. Let the Czar learn their meaning.



JOHN BULL (TO CLERICALISM) "OUT OF THE LIGHT!"

"All great democratic countries are moving against Clericalism, which they regard as the common enemy."—Mr. Lloyd George in the House of Commons.

—London Chronicle.

as hostile to clericalism as are the French electors who have just disestablished their State Church. It is difficult to say whether the out-and-out Secularists or the out-and-out Sacerdotalists would be in the smaller minority against the overwhelming although illogical majority which would vote for simple biblical teaching such as has been established in Board Schools ever since the Education Act of 1870. And what is true of Englishmen as a whole is also true, although to a less extent, of the laity of the Church of England. Wait until the Beach report is published, and then see what will hap-

LITERATURE OF GRAFT.

Is not the literature of exposure being rather overdone? Andrew Carnegie says, "To read the magazines these days you would be led to suppose that everybody is a crook." It is the exceptional that excites attention. It is not that we live in an age of crime so much as that the daily papers dish up every crime, great or small, in almost the wide world. It is the runaway horse that excites attention, and not the thousands of decent, well-behaved horses who go about doing



THE DOUMA.

Bureaucracy—"The good Czar has granted you the liberty to speak. What more do you want?"
 People—"To speak out whatever I choose!"
 —Fischietto (Turin).

their honest day's work. The Montreal Star has a cartoon of a bookstall with the following leading articles: Runsey's, Steel Men Robbers; Every One's, Graft; Maklure's, Aldermen are Chicken Thieves; Scribber's — Exposed; and prints the following verses:

Are there any living statesmen
 Sailing on an even keel?
 Are there any politicians
 That would hesitate to steal?
 Are there any railroad owners
 With clean money in their jeans?
 Are there any thieves with honor?
 Well, not in the magazines.

Are there any straight insurance
 People in this tearful vale?
 Are there any city fathers
 Fit to be outside a jail?
 Are there any folks whatever
 Here amid these earthly scenes
 That are even half-way honest?
 Well, not in the magazines.

THE MUCK RAKE.

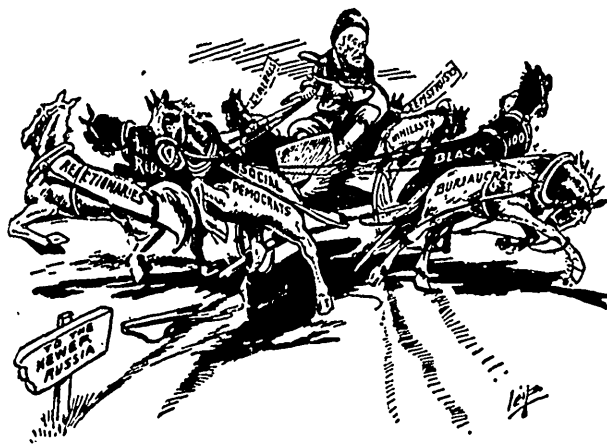
The muck rake has stirred up a most unsavory odor. First, Mr. Sinclair's book, "In the Jungle," revealed the horrors of the stock yards and packing houses of Chicago, Kansas, and the great meat producing centres. These have been supported by the investigations of unimpeachable experts. An out-

burst of indignation has come from far and near. General Miles declared that the conditions had gone from bad to worse in seven years since the investigations as to the "embalmed beef" of the Cuban campaign. Five thousand United States soldiers, he affirms, were the victims of that fraud and crime. The selfish greed of the monopolists, it is said, will cause a money loss to the nation of one hundred and fifty million dollars. Honesty is the best policy after all. Now is the best time for Australia and Canada to win the markets of the world by the maintenance of the high reputation of British honesty which they so enviably possess.

The Sultan of Turkey has tried again his game of trusting to the jealousies of the powers before submitting to the inevitable, but this time not successfully as often before. Rightly or wrongly, the Kaiser got the credit of backing up the wily Sultan, but Germany has behaved very well in disavowing any purpose of invalidating Britain's claim to control of the Red Sea route. The burly policeman, John Bull, has only to hint at the sending in the ambulance to overcome the inertia of the Turk.



WILL THIS RESTRICT ITS GROWTH?
 —Maybell in the Brooklyn Daily Eagle.



TOO MANY FOR HIM.

Witte—"Anybody who thinks he can do better is welcome to the job."
—Leipziger in the Detroit News.

Strange that the peninsula of Sinai should be the ground for controversy between the Turkish Sultan and the British Government. The aggressions of the Sultan menace, the British think, the control of Suez, a thing which they will never surrender. The new-born interest of the Turk in this long neglected region is said to be inspired by Mukhtar Pasha, the Ottoman High Commissioner in Egypt, a hater of the English and suspected of being in the pay of Emperor William. The British garrison in Egypt is being increased by three thousand men, and there is talk of the mobilization of an army corps in England. The Sultan will doubtless play his game of bluff as long as possible, and then more or less gracefully recede from his untenable position.

It was a very graceful tribute of Toronto University to confer upon the members of the University Commission the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws. We congratulate Doctors Flavelle, Walker, Colquhoun, Canon Jody, and Rev. D. McDonald on their well-earned honors. The same dignity was also conferred upon our own Dr. Potts, Mr. Speaker St. John,

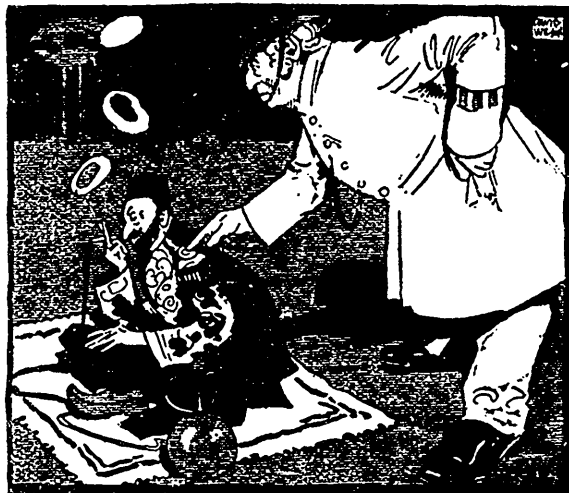
and Judge Hodgins. Dr. Hodgins received his degree just fifty years to a day from his graduation in the university. Dr. Potts was referred to by the Vice-Chancellor as "a statesman of the church, a thoroughly representative man, and a warm friend of higher education."

The surplus of over seventeen million dollars in the British budget, the steady diminution in the revenue from spirits, wine and beer, the increase of five million dollars in the post office receipts, and the anticipated economy in the military estimates are all evidences of the

steady progress of the Old Land.

CHARITY

"Nature, so far as in her lies,
Imitates God, and turns her face,
To every land beneath the skies,
Counts nothing that she meets with base,
And lives and loves in every place."



P. C. Bull: "I say, mister; I've asked you several times most politely to move, and you have taken no notice. What I want to know is: are you going quietly now, or are you waiting—for the ambulance?"
—Wilson in London Chronicle.

Religious Intelligence.

A YEAR OF GRACE.

The Conferences of the current year have special interest as being the quadrennial round-up before our quadrennial parliament. Though complete statistics are not yet available, evidences of marked prosperity everywhere appear in increased membership, increased missionary and other givings, increased output of Methodist literature, and a hopeful and aggressive outlook for the future. Some of the Conferences pronounce strongly in favor of the proposed union of the Methodist, Presbyterian, and Congregational Churches, and some look with hope to a still wider union of evangelical Christendom. The Presbyterian General Assembly received with enthusiasm overtures in this respect. Canada has had a brilliant record in showing the way towards this ideal. May she have the still further honor of demonstrating its feasibility and success.

The Conferences pronounce strongly against the attempt to eviscerate the Sunday legislation before the Parliament. The new Lord's Day Act is described by the Rev. T. Albert Moore as the most advanced in the British Empire. A day of rest will be saved to one hundred and fifty thousand people and twenty-five thousand small stores will be closed. The greed of the great carrying corporations, as usual, seeks to minimize its influence by seeking practical immunity from its provisions, and the Seventh Day Adventists and Jews try to neutralize it altogether. Legislation must be for the greatest good of the greatest number, and must not be estopped from seeking this end by the objections of very, very small minorities.

THE REUNION OF CHRISTENDOM.

On this subject Mr. Stead writes :

"While the nations are thus drawing together, the Churches are also showing signs of a disposition to dwell together in peace and unity, and even to co-operate in the peaceable works of righteousness. Bishop Gore, of Birmingham, has secured the signatures of the two Archbishops, the Primate of the English Church in Scotland, the Moderators of the Presbyterian Churches in Scotland and England, the

presidents of the Methodist Churches, and the chairmen of the Congregational and Baptist Unions to an appeal to all Christian ministers of religion in England to unite in special prayer on Whitsunday for the reunion of Christians. The signatories accept as common ground the assumptions—

"That our Lord meant us to be one in visible unity.

"That our existing divisions hinder, or even paralyze His work.

"That we all deserve chastisement, and need penitence for the various ways in which we have contributed to produce or promote division.

"If the Churches cannot combine to secure for the working people the enforcement of that indispensable Charter of Health and Happiness which secures them one day's rest in seven, what, in the name of their Founder, is the use of the Churches?"

THE TORREY-ALEXANDER REVIVAL IN ATLANTA.

Dr. Torrey and Mr. Alexander have begun a stirring campaign in Atlanta that it is believed will shake the entire South. Says a writer in Ram's Horn :

"I have rarely seen such deep conviction so early in a campaign. One man was so deeply moved by Dr. Torrey's first sermon that he gave up his entire business in order to get right with God. I learned this morning that one of the largest saloon-keepers in town is so concerned about his eternal welfare that he cannot rest day or night."

The press has come forward in a most sympathetic attitude. For a year Atlanta has been making preparations. Much is undoubtedly due to the head of the executive committee, ex-Governor Northen, one of the most honored men in the Southern States.

AT THE GENERAL CONFERENCE OF SOUTHERN METHODISM.

The great debate that agitated the General Conference of Southern Methodism was that concerning a revision of the twenty-five articles of religion and a re-statement of the doctrines of the

Church. The majority were in favor of such re-statement. The final vote was taken by orders, the ministers returning a larger majority for re-statement than the laymen. There was strong feeling on both sides, and a formal protest against the action of the Conference was placed upon the minutes. Dean Tillet, of Vanderbilt University, led in the movement for revision. Briefly stated, his arguments were: First, the present articles are stated in sixteenth century language and thought; second, they place the emphasis upon the sacraments, instead of upon spiritual and moral truths; third, not a particle of distinctly Methodist doctrine is to be found in the articles—for instance, there is no statement of regeneration, or of Christian perfection, or of the witness of the Spirit; fourth, the articles were made from the standpoint of the Calvinistic type of theology, which even the followers of Calvin are now abandoning. The resolution as to the interchange of ministers between the Northern and Southern Churches did not carry the Conference. It was resolved, however, to appoint a federal council as an advisory body on such matters as missions, education, evangelization, etc., as between the two bodies. Three new bishops were elected, the Rev. John J. Tigert, D.D., LL.D., the Rev. Seth Ward, D.D., the Rev. James Atkin, D.D.

PRESBYTERIAN UNION IN THE UNITED STATES.

An official union has just been consummated across the line between the Presbyterian Church (North) and the Cumberland Presbyterians. At the General Assembly of the former in Des Moines, Iowa, a delegation of the Cumberland Presbyterians was received with the greatest enthusiasm. For fully five minutes the calm Scotch nature let itself out in the waving of handkerchiefs and resounding cheers. The Northern Church was unanimously in favor of union, as was also the best sentiment of the Cumberland Presbyterians. Unfortunately, however, a minority of the latter are opposing the cause with much determination and there may possibly be a small number who will not go into the union, though so small that it is doubtful if they would be able to form a working Church.

PROGRESS IN INDIA.

The semi-centennial of Methodist Episcopal Church missionary work in India, looked at from India's viewpoint, certainly reveals a harvest that proves this Church to be "perhaps the greatest single Christian force in the transformation of India," with her hospitals, schools, colleges and Christian literature. Something of the work being done in that land may be gleaned from the following figures:—The Methodist Episcopal Church in India publishes sixteen papers. One hundred and forty-seven Christian newspapers and magazines are issued by the various Churches of the Empire, and the missionary publishing houses issue over fifty million tracts and over two hundred million pages of reading matter a year. . . . Above all, the missionaries and native pastors, the missionaries' wives and deaconesses, the native Bible-women, the representatives of the Young Men's and the Young Women's Christian Associations, and the members of the Christian Endeavor Society and of the Epworth League are bringing the people into direct contact with the living Christ and are witnessing miracles of regeneration similar to those seen on the Day of Pentecost.

GIVING UP APOSTOLIC SUCCESSION.

Those who fear the practicability of the union of two denominations with long histories that differ, and prejudices that have become settled, will find a difficult argument in the recent stand of a rector of the Protestant Episcopal Church. Rev. Edward McCrady, of Canton, Miss., has issued a book on "Apostolic Succession and the Problem of Unity." He recognizes the distinction between the doctrines of Apostolic Succession and of the Historic Episcopate, and is willing to drop even so cherished a doctrine as that of Apostolic Succession in the interests of unity. The doctrine he believes is without incontestable validity, while that of the Historic Episcopate would make a platform broad enough for all Protestantism. He believes it is the duty of his Church to proffer such a broad and tolerant platform as will make this wider union possible, instead of excommunicating the children of God who do not interpret in the same way a doctrine that cannot after all be demonstrated.

We would that our Churches had more of this love that is "broader than the measure of men's minds."

THE TRIAL OF DR. CRAPSEY.

It is interesting to note that the recent trial for heresy that has provoked so much criticism should occur in what Phillips Brooks described as "the roomiest Church in America," and a Church one of whose rectors has but recently come out on the broad platform of giving up Apostolic Succession for unity's sake. The trial of the Rev. Dr. Algernon Crapsey, by the ecclesiastical court of Western New York, has been remarkable for its freedom from bitterness and vehemence. Four of the five members of the court found Dr. Crapsey guilty of radical departure from the creed of his Church.

It has been contended that by this trial what would otherwise have burned itself out in a small and obscure circle, has now been blazoned abroad upon the world. The secular press has in many instances risen valiantly in Dr. Crapsey's defence. There is no doubt about his being a man of whole-souled devotion, of eager heart and burning eloquence. But this does not make him a profound theologian nor an infallible exegete. Even with the broadest platform, a line must be drawn somewhere. No Church can afford to make itself responsible for every interpretation that may be put on Scriptural truths. The Church has not tried to suppress truth in this case. Dr. Crapsey is as free to preach the truth as he sees it as he ever was. The Protestant Episcopal Church has simply repudiated that interpretation of truth as its own. A trial for heresy no longer means what it meant in the Middle Ages, nor does it any longer attach a stigma to the name of the man on trial.

IS IT A "LOST LEAF"?

There has been an interesting find among the excavations at Oxyrhynchus, in Egypt, where Drs. Grenfell and Hunt have been investigating for some years.

It is a vellum leaf believed by Professor Seymour, of Yale University, to be a leaf from "a lost gospel." It describes the visit of Jesus and his disciples to the temple, and a Pharisee's reproach because they had failed to purify it. There is a beautiful reply from the Christ's lips on the difference between inward and outward purity.

The discovery is likely to provoke much interest and discussion.

THE TENT CAMPAIGN.

The Tent Campaign in New York City continues in vigor. The campaigners not only visit the crowded quarters of the poor, but have invaded Wall Street and held services in the vicinity of the Stock Exchange. It was a new thing there, where the heart of financial America is throbbing, to hear the echo of old Gospel hymns at noon-hour. Some of the most prominent ministers in the city spoke from their stand in the "gospel waggon." Says The Exchange:

"Almost without exception those who stopped to listen were reverent in their attitude. The leader asked all who would assist in some way in the summer gospel campaign to join in the Lord's Prayer and take off their hats. This was evidently a test question. A large number of hats came off at once; others compromised by putting their hands up and pushing their hats over on one side; encouraged by the numbers who had got theirs clear off, these finally separated their heads from their reluctant headgear. Some just touched the brims in a sort of military salute. A few, manifestly uncomfortable and looking somewhat abashed, kept theirs on. It was, indeed, a touching sight to see several hundred men bowed in prayer in the very centre of financial America, where men live for to-day, and self seems to be the only interest that sways men's souls. The only unpleasant incident was the contents of a glass of water which was sprinkled on the assemblage from one of the offices in a neighboring skyscraper. The speakers were several times applauded."

"So the purer life grows nigher every year,
And its morning star climbs higher every year,
And earth's hold on us grows slighter,
And the heavy burdens lighter,
And the dawn immortal brighter, every year."

Book Notices.

"Wesley and His Century." A Study in Spiritual Forces. By the Rev. W. H. Fitchett, B.A., LL.D. Toronto: William Briggs. Montreal: C. W. Coates. Halifax: S. F. Huestis. 8vo. Pp. vii-537. Price, \$1.50 net. By mail, \$1.65.

This will be unquestionably the people's Life of Wesley. Dr. Fitchett is one of the most popular and brilliant writers of the age. His "Deeds That Won the Empire," "How England Saved Europe," and "Fights for the Flag," have stirred the hearts of the people as few books of recent times. He has the historic imagination which enables him to make his readers see the very persons and things whom and which he depicts. No nobler subject for his canvas could he find than that great movement which lifted England from a Slough of Despond and saved it from a revolution which, like that in France, shook both throne and altar in the dust. And admirably has he treated his noble subject. He traces the household forces which went to the making of the man and training of the saint. With broader outlook he describes the quickening of the nation and the evolution of the Church which has filled the world with its ministrations and missions. The closing chapter describes some personal characteristics of John Wesley, his love affairs, his odd opinions, his power in literature, and the gentle euthanasia of his death. The book has portraits and fac-simile letters. For one of its size, to say nothing of its merit, it is remarkably cheap.

"A History of the Reformation." By Thomas M. Lindsay, M.A., D.D. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. Toronto: William Briggs. 8vo, pp. xvi-518. Price, \$2.50 net.

That great reform of which Luther was the prime mover in Germany will never lose its interest to mankind. This one has special features which differentiate it from any others we know. Few have given much attention to the popular and family religious life in the decades before this great movement, yet nothing could be more important, for the Reformation was an evolution rather than a revolu-

tion. There was in the hearts and lives of the German people a sincere and reverent fear of God, though overloaded and corrupted with the accretions of Romanism. Hence a most interesting section is devoted to the social conditions in town and country and religious and family life of the German people. This is prefaced by a brief study of the papacy, of the political situation of Europe, and of the Renaissance, or the transition from the mediaeval to the modern world. Book II. treats the personal life of Martin Luther, the corruptions of the Church which called forth his indignant protest, the collision with the power of the Empire at the Diet of Worms, the Peasants' War, the subsequent events to the death of the great Reformer. Other chapters discuss the organization of the Lutheran Churches and the Reformation in Denmark, Norway and Sweden. The book is based upon very wide search of contemporary documents, and is written in a very interesting style.

"Fenwick's Career." By Mrs. Humphrey Ward. Author of "The Marriage of William Ashe," etc. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. xi-377. Price, \$1.50.

A new book by Mrs. Humphrey Ward is a literary event. This, her latest work, contains some of her best work. She depicts the slow and sure deterioration of character through lack of moral courage and loyalty to truth. The lesson is, To be weak is to be miserable. John Fenwick had splendid artistic gifts, but he was a selfish egotist, jealous of the success of others, ashamed of his country-born wife, and through his moral cowardice, makes shipwreck of his career. It is a wonderful analysis which shows how "the little speck within the fruit, the little rift within the lute," grew and widened to the ruin of his life. The tale is saved from being a tragedy by the restoration to moral manhood and faith and loyalty of Fenwick through the potent spell of a wife's and daughter's love. Several of the scenes of this story are laid in our own Dominion, which gives it to us a special interest, though the accomplished author's geography is sometimes a little astray.

"Drew Sermons." First Series. Edited by Ezra Squier Tipple, D.D. New York: Eaton & Mains. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 276. Price, \$1.25.

The pulpit has not lost its power, it is still a potent factor in the moral progress of the world. In this volume some of the strongest preachers of American Methodism, sons of old Drew, present their views on some of the great topics of the day. One of the most striking of these is President Buttz's sermon on "Some Obligations of the Present Day Minister," an obligation to follow the truth wherever it leads in the high confidence that it will never lead astray. "Its divine authority will only be the stronger when the most rigid tests have been applied." We are glad to see a sermon in a similar vein by our own Dr. Wallace, Dean of the Victoria Theological Faculty, a distinguished son of Drew, on "The Supreme Freedom."

"The Diviner Immanence." By Francis J. McConnell. New York: Eaton & Mains. Toronto: William Briggs Pp. 159. Price, 75 cents.

The doctrine of the divine immanence has been greatly emphasized of late. It affirms the presence and power of God throughout all nature. "I know," said Herschel, "no theory of the law of gravitation other than the will of God." It is no absentee Creator that the devout physicist finds in nature. In fact, the more law the more mind. But this truth may receive a one-sided application. It may imply that everything is divine and so lead to a doctrine of pantheism. This book seeks to show a way out of this dilemma, the distinction between the divine and diviner immanence. In Christianity "we have given a diviner nearness, a deeper immanence than merely scientific and philosophical labor can establish, though the lower nearness may be gloriously preparatory and introductory to the higher." This thesis wisely discusses the problems of nature, evolution, miracle, history, the Scriptures, the church, the individual. It is a thoughtful and judicious treatment of an important subject.

"A Vision of Immanuel." By the Rev. J. Johnstone. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 65.

The New West is contributing not merely to the wheat crop of the world but to its higher thought and poetry. The

book is of sustained poetic merit, and is an expansion and interpretation of the testimony of John the Baptist to Jesus in John i. 29. The somewhat complex stanza is very well managed. We give an example:

"Christ comes to me in my extremity:
And in my grief I cannot help but raise
My eyes to His, and find love as I gaze
Upon His visage marred turned full on me,
And through my tears His every wound I see.
O God of mercy! has Thy love found ways
To reach me through the gates of death? At
last,
Mine eyes behold Thee, and Thou hold'st me
fast,
And all the bitterness of death is past."

"The Gift of Tongues, and Other Essays." By the Rev. Dawson Walker, M.A., D.D. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. viii-248. Price, \$1.60.

The first essay in this volume treats the remarkable phenomena of the early Church, "the gift of tongues," a phenomenon which has in some degree been paralleled in more recent times. The author cites the remarkable manner in which during the recent Welsh revival unlearned people who knew almost nothing of Welsh were under the spiritual afflatus enabled to pray with strange power in idiomatic Welsh speech. The principal essay is that on the legal terminology in the Book of Galatians. The author presents a strong argument in favor of an earlier date of the Acts than that for the most part hitherto accorded. The book deserves a thoughtful study.

"Rubaiyat of Hope." By A. A. B. Cavanness. Cincinnati: Jennings & Graham. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 35. Price, \$1.00.

"The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam has achieved an extraordinary distinction. It has been multiplied in costly editions, and has won the homage of an intense if narrow cult. But his song is one of cynicism and despair. Its burden is that of the preacher of Ecclesiastes, "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity." As Dr. Quayle says in his eloquent introduction, "Omar's rose is red, but it is red with wine—and blood." The poet of this volume sings a song of hope and triumph, a song of Christian consecration. In the same stanza as that of the famous Persian, it breathes an infinitely loftier spirit of Christian consecration.

"A Parson's Ponderings." By G. J. Low, D.D. Author of "The Old Faith and the New Philosophy." Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 184.

It is a foregleam of the closer union of the churches that we have here a book by a distinguished Anglican clergyman dedicated to the Chancellor of a Presbyterian University and published at the Methodist Book Room. This fact is typical of the breadth of view expressed in these thoughtful chapters which appeared as contributions to that high-class periodical, the Toronto Week. A sprightly vein of humor runs through the book which makes even the theological papers sprightly and spicy.

"Two in Italy." By Maud Howe. Author of "Roma Beata," etc. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 274. Price, \$2.00 net.

Maud Howe has an hereditary right to literary brilliance. The daughter of Dr. Howe, the famed philanthropist, and of Julia Ward Howe, his accomplished wife, she lived in a literary atmosphere from her youth, had the entree to literary and social circles abroad, and travelled in the very footprints of her father where he had suffered imprisonment and proscription and persecution for his sympathy with Polish patriotism. The book is very handsomely printed, and gives clever pictures with pen and pencil of romantic scenery and people of Capri, of Rome, of Poland, with sympathetic interpretation of the spirit, the humors, the quaint superstitions, and the noble patriotism of their people.

"Spiritually Fit." A Young Man's Equipment. By Albert G. Mackinnon, M.A. Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 189. Price, 2s. 6d.

This book comes to us saturated with the smoke from the Toronto Post Office fire, but there is nothing smoky about its teaching. It is a clear, strong, cogent discussion of the young man problem. It shows what is meant by the phrase "in fighting form" in spiritual fitness for Christian service. The very titles of the chapters show the vigor and vivacity of the treatment—What Counts, Advice to Investors, Salvation a Sequence, The Advantage of Personality, and The Fascination of the Future. We heartily commend this book especially to

young men as marvellously helpful in the avoidance of moral perils and the building of manly character.

"The Great Promises of the Bible." By Louis Albert Banks, D.D. New York: Eaton & Mains. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, \$1.50.

Dr. Banks has given the readers of homiletic literature this fourth volume in a series, the other three of which are, "The Great Sinners of the Bible," "The Great Saints of the Bible," and "The Great Portraits of the Bible." The author is not an expository preacher, but is an adept as a preacher of sermons that abound in lucid, practical illustrations that feather the arrows of truth with marked results. These sermons proved to be "wells of salvation" to the worshipping multitudes in Grace Methodist Episcopal Church, New York City, and, apart from their messages of grace, should teach the reader the value of the quickened imagination and the observant mind.

"James Smetham, Painter, Poet, Essayist." By the Rev. W. G. Beardmore. London: C. H. Kelly. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 128.

James Smetham is one of the most striking products of modern Methodism. Himself the child of the parsonage, he developed amid religious surroundings. Poet, painter, diarist and essayist, he was in all a man of genius. His famous picture of the Last Supper was sold for three hundred and fifteen pounds. His religious life was sweet and tender and pure. A striking vein of humor runs through his career. As class-leader and teacher and preacher he was a splendid example of consecrated genius.

"On Common Ground." By Sydney H. Preston. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co. Pp. 316. Price, \$1.50.

A marked trend of the times is that back to the land. The trolley-car, the automobile, the commuter's train, enable busy city men to drop the strenuous city life, and, Anteus-like, gain strength by contact with mother earth. His former book, "The Abandoned Farmer," abounds in a spontaneous, hearty, genuine humor. The same vein runs through the present story. The adventures of the gentleman farmer, his experiences with his fowls, his pigs, and his rural haps and mishaps are enlivened by a gentle vein of romance which runs through the tale.